THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Correspondence solicited from every township in Rock Island county.

Monday, February 2.

One fact is exceedingly apparent. The trusts are not afraid of Roosevelt nor alarmed over his recommendations.

The effect of public clamor in securing free coal involves the lesson that mere tariff revision can be forced by the people getting up and howling.

The fellow who "saw it first" of course bobs up again. Augustus C. Carey, of Boston, claims to have operated a wireless system of telegraphy on the Marconi plan as early as 1886.

If Chili is disposed to part with her prize warships, it would hardly seem likely that she would dispose of them to a power that is bullying the United States into a fight over this country's right to defend South American republics.

According to the opinion of many officers in the United States navy Americans need not go into spasms at the possibility of our ships having to fight those of Germany. An officer in the Brooklyn navy yard has this to say: "The German navy looks great on paper, but it is not as formidable as is generally supposed. Leaving aside any question as to the torpedo fleet, I have found on examination that nearly 68 per cent of the cruisers, battleships and other large vessels are unable to go more than 600 miles from home because of the inability to carry sufficient steaming coal. This is not imagination. It is an epitome of official figures."

An unintimidated member of the Kansas legislature has introduced a bill subjecting all able bodied bachelors and spinsters to an annual tax of $25. No doubt this proposition will be denounced as impertinent and unjust, and some may even go so far as to declare that it violates the constitutional provision against cruel and unjust punishment. But may not the honorable member who proposes it plausibly contend that it is rather complimentary than censorious, inasmuch that implies that every bachelor might be a husband if he wanted to be, and that every spinster has chosen to remain unmarried? If that line of argument is promptly adopted and gallantly maintained, the author of the bill may at least escape premature baldness, even if he fails to augment the revenues of the state.

A "Conservative" Trust Bill.

It is reported in Washington that an understanding has been reached upon trust regulation legislation. A measure "which will contain nothing drastic or radical" is to be passed. The trust lobbies will not fight the bill, being satisfied that some sort of legislation must be enacted to pacify public clamor, but they will see to it that it is not inimical to their interests. This report may be open to suspicion, but there are many circumstances which give it color. A bill for the regulation of trusts containing "nothing drastic or radical" and satisfactory to the trust lobbies is certainly not what the public has the right to expect. It means that the new bill will be "safe" from a monopolistic standpoint and therefore valueless as a remedy for existing evils. If it is the intention of congress to attempt to fool the people in this way it must fail.

What the public is interested in particularly is not legislation, but effects. If the new bill does not produce results the public will be very quick to see through the scheme, and the consequences may not be satisfactory either to the trust lobby or its congressional marionettes.

The country expects congress to make good and it will judge by results. There is no possibility of deceiving the people by sham legislation on the trust issue.

Poor Mr. Morgan and the Tariffs.

J. Pierpont Morgan believes in protection in some things but not in others. He thinks it is right to put a high tax on the necessities of life but wrong to tax luxuries. He would place statuary, paintings and works of art in general on the free list but put high duties on wool, shoes, coal and other articles that come into general use.

Mr. Morgan recently spent a large fortune abroad in art treasures. He arranged to ship them home, but found the duties were so high that it would cost another fortune. So he rented a warehouse in London where he will store his treasures until congress takes off the duties on the rich man's luxuries. There is no occasion for sympathy for Mr. Morgan. He is one of the sponsors for a proscriptive tariff. He is willing to tax the many but complains when the same tax is saddled on the few.

And just now Mr. Morgan is attempting to convince the assessor that he has no taxable personal property—but on the contrary is heavily in debt. What a glorious thing it would be to be Pierpont's creditor.

NEWS IN OUTLINE.

A. R. Van Nocker, a shoe manufacturer of LaCrosse, Wis., is dead of pneumonia.

Fire in the United States assay office at New York was quenched after doing $2,000 damage, but it put in peril for awhile over $40,000,000 in cash.

Herr von Delbrueck, honorary Prussian minister of state, is dead.

The sultan of Maciu, P. I., is dead of cholera.

There is danger that Morgan will defeat the isthmian canal treaty because he doesn't approve of some of its provisions.

The melting of the snow has caused extensive floods and serious damage in Scotland.

The Hill of Tara, so rich in historia memories, will shortly be sold at auction in Dublin.

Columbia defeated Yale in a 300 yards relay swimming race in the New York Athletic club tank Saturday night by ten yards.

The strike on the Netherlands railways has ended, the company being defeated.

A joint resolution has been introduced in the house proposing an amendment to the constitution prohibiting polygamy.

The Southern Pacific has reached an agreement with its firemen on the question of wages.

The Denver and Rio Grande railroad has voluntarily increased the wages of all machinists, boilermakers, blacksmiths, tin workers, inspectors, car repairers and their helpers.

Andrew Gullickson, a farmer of Sterling, Wis., was butted to death Saturday by a large dehorned bull.

The ice yacht races Saturday at Kalamazoo, Mich., were failures—no race finished in the time limit.

Mrs. Marguerite Allen, the oldest woman in the state of Washington, is dead at the age of 104 years.

President Diaz has received the Boer generals cordially and said that Mexico would welcome the Boer colonists.

The house of Frank Gleffner, near Dixon, Ills., was wrecked by a dynamite bomb, and wife and child injured.

EMBLEMATIC

White man, what you doin'
A-loadin' up de gun
An' stahtin' in foh battle
Jes' de same as if 'twas fun?
Nebber stop foh singin',
Nebber stop foh play;
Does you see de cullud people
Actin' dat a-way?

De cullud man's complexion
It isn't out of place;
Dar's got to be some black folks
In dis here human race.
When I looks into de paper
An' reads dem solemn facts,
I reckons we's in mournin'
Foh de way de white folks acts.
—Washington Star.

A Matter of Taste.

"Are you fond of lobsters?" he asked, running his eye over the bill of fare.

"Nothing I like better," answered the chorus girl, turning her eyes away and winking.—Philadelphia North American.

Off His Beat.

The recent civil service examination brings to mind an amusing story which was told in connection with one of the earliest examinations for policemen. The question asked by the examining commission was, "How many miles to the moon?"

Pat, a lusty son of old Erin, whose right to a place on the force had never before been disputed, answered:

"I don't know how many miles it is, but I know that it is far enough away to be outside my beat even when it's full."—New York Times.

All the news all the time—The Argus.

DAILY SHORT STORY

A Real Heroine.

[Original.]

If the heroine of a story could be transformed into a real person, her life would have in it an important element of happiness. Such cases, vice versa, have occurred—that is, a woman who has shown herself heroic has lived to an old age in the enjoyment of her honors.

During the American Revolution a small palisade fort erected on the site of the present city of Wheeling was the center of a small settlement. The dwelling of Colonel Ebenezer Lane stood about 200 feet from the palisade, and in it were kept many of the supplies of the fort. One morning—it was Sept. 1, 1777—a man rode up to the place, threw himself from his horse and excitedly announced that one Simon Girty, with a large number of savages, was advancing to its capture. This man Girty was descended from the lowest order of people, his father having been an outlaw and his mother a disgrace to her sex. Simon had inherited the worst proclivities of both. Captured by the Indians when a boy, he had become one of them, and their savage practices were as natural to him as if he had been born an Indian. Such was the man who was advancing at the head of several hundred red men to murder the men, women and children within the palisade. The place was made ready for defense, and Colonel Lane's house, occupying a favorable position for resistance, was made a part of the inclosure to be defended. There were but a dozen men to protect the women and children who were huddled together in the palisade, expecting the worst possible fate.

The party came up, and Girty demanded the surrender of the fort, which was of course refused. Then commenced a fire from besieged and besiegers which was kept up till night, when it ceased. At midnight the negro cook Sam, seeing a flicker of light through a crevice in the palisade, looked for the cause and saw an Indian outside attempting to fire the palisade. Sam shot the man dead and averted the danger.

The next morning the attack was renewed with a hollow log bound with chains for a cannon, but the log burst at the first discharge and killed several of the besiegers. Enraged at the failure, Girty attempted to carry the fort by storm, but the rifles within were true, and he lost many men without accomplishing his object.

It was now discovered that the supply of powder in the fort was about exhausted. There was a keg in the Lane house, but to procure it some one must go nearly 200 feet and return with it exposed to the fire of the Indians. The commander called for a volunteer to make the attempt, an attempt that would almost surely result in death. Every man in the fort volunteered.

Among the women was a delicate girl, Elizabeth Lane—she was nicknamed Patty—who had recently returned from school in Philadelphia. From the refining influences of a school in what was then the first city in the land she had been transported to a wilderness and now was confronted with savage warfare. There is but one position in which we can imagine such a girl under such circumstances, and that is pale and trembling, eagerly scrutinizing the expressions of those defending her to learn if there is any hope. Patty Lane was the very counterpart of this. She stepped forward as a volunteer, a volunteer to run a gantlet of bullets that would bring almost certain death. Not only did she volunteer, but pleaded to be allowed to go, arguing that the men were all needed for the defense of the lives of the women and children; that not a man's life should be risked in this way, but the life of a woman, who was not fit for hardier service. If she were killed, she would not be missed.

It was not only the offer that was surprising, but the Spartan arguments by which it was supported. The men all knew that they were true. Reluctantly the commander gave his consent. Patty, kneeling for a moment in prayer, arose and, sallying forth, with the fleetness of a fawn cleared the space between the fort and the house before the savages noticed her or had recovered from their surprise. Not a shot was fired at her. Placing the powder in a tablecloth and tying it about her waist, she started on her return trip.

This return was a very different matter from the going. The savages had been warned and were on the alert. Besides, the bundle she carried was sure evidence that she was transporting some article contraband of war. Patty ran as rapidly as she could impeded by her burden. Scarcely had she started when a bullet sang by her, then another and another. It was like shooting a bird on the wing. The few seconds during which she was exposed to fire were terribly long to those who were watching her from the fort. There was every chance that she would not make the goal. Half, three-quarters, seven-eighths of the distance was covered, yet she ran. Was she struck and ready to fall the moment she arrived, or was she still unscathed? There was no time to answer, for with the fleetness of a bird she covered the last dozen yards and landed her precious burden behind the palisades.

Then it was discovered that not a bullet had touched her.

Armed with the ammunition she brought, the whites fought on till succor arrived, and the lives of all were saved.

Patty Lane passed a lifetime as a heroine. She lived to be a very old woman in her home on the banks of the Ohio river near the place where she had shown the mettle there was in her and adored by all who knew her.

GRACE ELLERTON COOKE.

Amusements.