

THE ARGUS.

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NO DAY MARCH 2 '91

The senatorial contest at Springfield starts anew today.

Let the F. M. B. A. members do the right thing this week and elect Gen. Palmer.

Like the pugilist who has virtually lost the battle, the republicans at Springfield sparred for wind last week.

An eminently practical German scientist is said to have applied a mild current of electricity to a swarm of bees, quickly causing them to fall to the ground in a stupefied condition.

Republicans on Streeter.

Notwithstanding the humiliating spectacle which the republican assemblymen have presented at Springfield in flocking to the standard of an unprincipled demagogue simply in the vain attempt of defeating the people's choice for United States senator, it seems that the rank and file of the party is still inclined to retain their self respect and do not approve of the alliance with Streeter by their representatives.

ALDO, Ill.—Senator Evans. Dear Sir:—Although an entire stranger to you, I take the liberty of addressing you a few lines. I wish to congratulate you on your manly, republican position on the senatorial question.

And here are a few extracts from republican papers:

Republican newspapers engaged in reading the riot act to those republican members of the legislature who will not support Streeter would better let up.

The senatorial situation can be briefly stated. The last ballot taken yesterday gave Palmer 101 votes, Oglesby 8 and Streeter 92.

The republican members of the Illinois legislature have a plain duty to perform. They were elected to carry out the principles of the republican party and to vote for a republican for United States senator.

The most powerful and best organized body among the British workers is the coal miners' union. Of the 500,000 men employed in the mines of England, Scotland and Wales, 300,000 are organized.

Five hours per day on the part of an who owe the state brain or physical labor would, under a rational system of distribution, enable all to live as well as the best and at the same time give them leisure to enjoy home and social life and all means of culture.

BILL NYE AS A FIREMAN.

THE PRECARIOUS CONDITION OF THE VILLAGE OF BILGEWATER.

William Gives a Brief Insight Into the Harrowing Relationship Between the Department and Mr. Teeter—Life as a Volunteer Fireman.

A very disastrous fire occurred night before last in the village of Bilgewater, on Staten Island, destroying valuable property belonging to our fellow townsman, Mr. Cicero Teeter, whose summer home is at Jimsenhurst-by-the-Sea, and who spends the winter here.



WALKING TO TEETER'S FIRE.

We must, before going any further, state that the trustees of the village of Bilgewater and three companies of the fire laddies are not on good terms.

The trustees have an appropriation which they handle each year according to the dictates of their own consciences, which is supposed to go to the fire department, but this year they do not hand it over without the duly receipted bills of the department to show that the money has not been misappropriated.

As the roof falls in the Wet Spell Engine company, of Tottenville, and the Rise-Up-William-Riley-and-Come-Along-With-Me Hook and Ladder Truck company, of Eltingville, reach the ground and begin to cople on to the hydrant, meantime emitting the shrill cry of fire.

Then the trustees appealed to the patriotism of the fireladdies, saying: "Surely you will not go and sell your bright red trucks and things to a comparative stranger, and then on the Fourth of July have no machine to haul around past the Dutch pond and along the Fingerbow road. Come, now, boys, don't act that way!"

With this state of affairs, which has been unchanged for several weeks, it is not strange that when the shrill cry of fire burst forth from the massive throat of Mr. Teeter, at 11:47 on the above night, several volunteer firemen coyly looked out at window and then went back to bed again.

"Help! help! will no one save me?" cried the haughty official as he stepped on a cold, toy rubber ball with his bare foot, and shrieked again till the affrighted night caught up the refrain, and two men who were passing by on their way to catch a boat almost stopped to see what the matter was.

By this time the forked flames began to lick their chops and reach out for combustible material. The fire fierd soon discovered, for it was but the work of a moment, that the building was fireproof, so there would be nothing to prevent not only gutting it but actually wiping it from the face of the earth.

Sending the hired man (after tipping him) to the nearest drug store to telephone the fire department, Mr. Teeter began to twist the tail of the fire fierd alone, meantime only pausing long enough to shriek or take a sip of mince pie flavoring which stood on the escritoire.

Just then some neighbors came by on their way home from the city where they had held a theatre party conversation. The ladies were in full dress, and the full orb moon came out, took a good square look at them and hastily retired behind a large, cool cloud.

"Who lives here?" asked one gent who had taught himself not to show any emotion. "I think Teeter lives here," said one of the party, "but I do not know them. We have never called on them, for we cannot really find out whether they came here first or we."

"Oh, well, then, if you are not acquainted, let us not fool away any more time here. Come, Waterloo!" "Waterloo, you mean," said a bright young lobster dealer who happened to be passing by at the time, and who is known as the wag and raccoon of Toad Hill.

By this time the hired man had returned and said that the telephone was not working, so the fire department could not be reached. The trustee then went to the engine house personally, and would have got the machine out if he had not been arrested by the police for burglary, the engine being the private property of Mean Temperature hose company No. 34.

But it was now apparent to a number of all night people that there was a fire near by, and word was sent by the Jersey Street Vestibule Horse Car line to West Brighton that the fire fierd had broken loose in the residence of Trustee Teeter, of the village of Bilgewater, S. I. The trustee having given bail, went home to see what he could do toward saving his home and family.

At this moment a hose cart was heard on Westervelt avenue, running at a high rate of speed, and soon the beautifully clocked horse of Recalcitrant Hose Company No. 2 hove in sight, but lost some time by stopping to ask a pedestrian for a few dollars to buy new uniforms for the company.

The hose company soon after arrived, but the engine of course had not yet reached the disgusting episode, or holocaust rather. The fire now began to make sad havoc amid the beautiful house decorations of the trustee's high priced home.

Now we can hear the pulsing beat of the hoofs of those who are coming to the rescue from Tottenville pulling an engine. The fire has eaten out the whole interior of the structure, having gutted the entire house, and wound up by chasing the trustee himself for two squares.

No sooner is the apparatus ready than an opprobrious epithet is hurled at the company by one of the rebellious firemen of the village of Bilgewater, hitting him back of the ear, and quicker than one can ejaculate the remark "scat" the hose is turned on the rude person and held there till the fire has gone out.

We as a village of 17,000 people may learn a valuable lesson from the above little incident. In the first place we must not fool with fire, and in the second place we must not fool with a volunteer fire department. While the two companies, for instance, squirt water at each other the damage is done, so also while the official and the fireman squabble the rates go up on insurance.

I once belonged to a volunteer fire company, and I recall with much pleasure the day I resigned. I never looked well on parade, and my hat was too heavy and too hot. I always got a severe headache and then a fire broke out.

Completed to Deadwood. The Burlington Route, C. B. & Q. R. R., from Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis, is now completed, and daily passenger trains are running through Lincoln, Neb., and Custer, S. D., to Deadwood. Also to Newcastle, Wyoming. Sleeping cars to Deadwood.

Do You Cough? Don't delay. Take Kemp's Balsam, the best cough cure. It will cure your coughs and colds. It will cure pains in the chest. It will cure influenza and bronchitis and all diseases pertaining to the lungs because it is a pure balsam. Hold it to the light and see how clear and thick it is. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Large bottles 50c and \$1.

Rev. H. H. Fairall, D. D., editor of the Iowa Methodist, says editorially, "We have tested the merits of Ely's Cream Balm, and believe that, by a thorough course of treatment, it will cure almost every case of catarrh. Ministers, as a class are afflicted with head and throat troubles, and catarrh seems more prevalent than ever. We cannot recommend Ely's Cream Balm too highly."

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rescue a large heavy girl whom I had never even met and who was in her bare feet.

A volunteer fireman has too many social strains to stand for the salary he gets. Another time I was fined for not attending a fire because I was asleep at the time it occurred. I was very angry when I learned that I was, fined again, and for such a trivial offence, too. I then offered my resignation. "What you want," I said, with scathing and searching scorn, "is a somnambulist. I am not one of those. Search elsewhere for your firemen. I am not lacking in courage, but I am not constructed according to your plans and specifications."

Once I was fined also for seeing a young lady come after the alarm of fire had been given. I appealed, but lost my case, and had to pay for simply an act of common gallantry. Others, I presume, would leave a bright young lady standing in the street, where the cars might run over her, and rush wildly off to a fire, but I could not do that. I never could.

Socially I was a great triumph as a volunteer fireman, and no one in the history of conflagrations and hairbreadth escapes could "call off" better at a firemen's ball than I, but when I would get smoke in my lungs and retire to the orchard to cough, the foreman would curse me bitterly and say that "he wouldn't be likely to take but a little more off me." Then he would report me and fine me. I was found \$5 that way three times.

There are two sides to the great war on Staten Island, but in the mean time an occasional house burns down before the Perth Amboy fire company can come and chop a hole in the roof.

Possibly before this is printed the trouble may be quieted in some way, and all be again at peace. Otherwise I see no way but for a few of the wealthy taxpayers to meet at my slosh, opposite the reservoir, and form a company of volunteers to be called the Damp and Noiseless Squirt Company of the Kills.

As it is now, I can point out a thousand young villages of the new west with 1,500 people that would easily shame this wealthy and populous town of over ten times the population and a dozen times the wealth.

My own experience as a volunteer fireman teaches me that we cannot hold a volunteer fireman down to the same rigid requirements that we can a paid department, and possibly the best way out of the trouble is, after all, to unite with the United States at the same time that Canada comes in.

Staten Island has many very attractive features aside from her fire department, fisheries, night blooming cereus, oil refineries, Constable Hook (and Ladder company), Sabbath baseball, suicide and summer street railroads, which run when it is not too stormy. All these and many other reasons are urged why we should enter the Union, adding South Beach, the great Newport of Richmond county, to the desirable watering places, for stock especially, which the United States could then claim.

With a large cool tunnel open at both ends and connecting us with Brooklyn we might become an important factor of the future great metropolis. The present United States minister to Staten Island, of course, is a good man, but as a citizen and taxpayer, also Veritas and Pro Bono Publico, I would favor annexation.

Bill Nye

A Real Balsam is Kemp's Balsam. The dictionary says, "a balsam is a thick, pure, aromatic substance flowing from trees." Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs is the only cough medicine that is a real balsam. Many thin, watery cough remedies are called balsams but such are not. Look through a bottle of Kemp's Balsam and notice what a pure, thick preparation it is. If you cough use Kemp's Balsam. At all druggists. Large bottles 50c and \$1.

The world may despise a kicker, but it is interesting to note that it keeps its shins out of the way.

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Great Clearing Sale

FROM February 2d to February 14th,

TO MAKE ROOM FOR SPRING STOCK.

Will close out a large line of Bed Room and Parlor Sets at cost, also a great variety of Odd Chairs will be sold cheap. Do not miss this opportunity.

W. S. HOLBROOK, No. 103, 105 and 107 East Second St., Davenport, Ia.

H. SIEMON & SON, DEALERS IN Stoves and Tinware, PUMPS, NAILS, & C. Baxter Baconer Cooking and Heating Stoves and the Genesee Cooking Stoves. Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Work. 1508 SECOND AVE., ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

J. B. ZIMMER, THE WELL KNOWN MERCHANT TAILOR, STAR BLOCK, OPPOSITE HARPER HOUSE. has purchased for the Spring and Summer of 1891, A larger and finer stock than ever. These goods will arrive in a few days. Wait and see them.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE S. B. & S. \$3.00 Calf Goodyear Welt Shoes? The best Men's fine shoe in the city for the price. STABY, BERGER & SNELL, Second and Harrison Sts. Davenport.

J. M. CHRISTY, Steam Cracker Bakery, MANUFACTURER OF CRACKERS AND BISCUITS. They are best. Ask your Grocer for them. Specialties: The Christy "OYSTER" and the Christy "WAFER". ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

SEIVERS & ANDERSON, Contractors and Builders, ALL KINDS OF CARPENTER WORK DONE. General Jobbing done on short notice and satisfaction guaranteed. Office and Shop 1419 Fourth Avenue, ROCK ISLAND ILL.

ST. JAMES HOTEL, Corner Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, ROCK ISLAND, ILL. J. T. RYAN, Proprietor. This house has just been refitted throughout and is now in a No. 1 condition. It is a first class \$1.00 per day house and a desirable family hotel.

A. BLACKHALL, Manufacturer of all kinds of BOOTS AND SHOES. Gent's Fine Shoes a specialty. Repairing done neatly and promptly. A share of your patronage respectfully solicited. 1618 Second Avenue, Rock Island, Ill.

NICOLAI JUHL, CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER, Shop corner Twenty-second street and Ninth avenue. Residence 2305 Thirteenth avenue. Is prepared to make estimates and do all kinds of Carpenter work. Give him a trial.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889. Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE