

THE ARGUS.

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MONDAY, APRIL 6, 1891

DEMOCRATIC CITY-TOWNSHIP TICKET.

- For Mayor.....JOHN OHLWEILER
For City Clerk.....GEORGE W. HENRY
For City Attorney.....JOHN LOONEY
For City Treasurer.....J. M. BUFORD
For Supervisors.....ARTHUR BURRELL
.....FRED APFELQUIST
For Collector.....ED BURRILL, JR
For Assessor.....J. R. JOHNSTON
FOR ALDERMEN
First Ward.....MARTIN WEINBERGER
Second Ward.....E. D. MCARTNEY
Third Ward.....DANIEL CORKEN
Fourth Ward.....LESTER HUSUNG
Fifth Ward.....ALEXANDER McDONALD
Sixth Ward.....THOMAS DONAHUE
Seventh Ward.....J. E. LARKIN

McCONOCHIE'S RECORD.

Falselyhoods Resorted to by the Morning Paper to Conceal it.

The Union is kicking up a terrible ado because THE ARGUS has dared to expose some of the most flagrant short-comings of McConochie's administration of city affairs, and in order to distract attention from the neglected condition of the streets, it puts Mr. Ohlweiler on the back and calls him a jewel. Yet, in the same breath, it accuses him of having promised the appointment of street commissioner to Stephen O'Connor. While the Union is correct in its opinion of Mr. Ohlweiler as a man, its attack upon him in the same breath, is most outrageous. Its tactics are very similar to those employed by the cut-throat who flatters a man to his face while he attempts to drive a stiletto into his back. The assertion that Mr. O'Connor is to be street commissioner should Mr. Ohlweiler be elected is maliciously false. In the first place Mr. O'Connor is a republican, has always been one and under no circumstances would Mr. Ohlweiler be obligated to appoint him. In the second place Mr. Ohlweiler has made no pledges nor promises of any kind. Two years ago, it will be remembered, Mr. McConochie had all his appointments promised long before he was elected. In fact when he was elected he had not enough offices to go around. It is well known that he has employed the same methods in the present campaign, and he stands before the public as one completely bound and gagged. In fact he has not only pledged appointments to all who have gone to him, but has promised the same office to several applicants in many instances. This is not true, however, as to the street superintendent, Mr. Harris, the present incumbent, having a lien on the office as the mayor's pet, and no matter what else shall happen, Mr. Harris will receive this appointment, if the mayor gets a chance to give it to him. This is one reason why the Union is accusing Mr. Ohlweiler of having made promises already, for even the Union is ashamed of Mr. Harris' record.

Why Dogs Don't Venerate Masters.

Not only is our modern dog learning to regard himself as a lackey or a lapdog, he is rapidly finding out that others besides his owner are ready to prize him just as highly. In our big towns he is daily brought into contact with the once suspected stranger, who, on closer examination, turns out to be very much like his master, wearing the same kind of a coat and hat, and, what is of greater consequence, manifesting toward him very much the same friendly sentiments. Would it not be unreasonable under these circumstances to expect the animal to condescend his ancient monothism and worship his master as supreme and unique? Let us not forget that we have made our domesticated quadrupeds intelligent, and that by introducing them into conditions of modern life we are directly putting them into the way of seeing through their primitive illusion. The sagacious quadruped that in his daily rounds with master or mistress has ample opportunity of observing the general diffusion of good manners among men cannot be expected to go on venerating his master in the old naive manner.—Corhill Magazine.

One Kind of Good People.

You and I are acquainted with many excellent persons of the national church establishment who comport themselves as if they could hardly speak two words with a beggar or a being in rags without delectation. They believe fully in externals. It is so precious to be able to look every one in the face without winking to be in the family pew punctually at 10:30 every Sunday morning without missing once in the year, and to be pervaded with a sense of uprightness that nothing in the world can diminish. And yet how odious such good persons are! Thanks to their belief that Virtue and vice are never in one soul. A man is wholly wise, or wholly a fool, they are among the worst of companions, and are by no means the best kind of Christians. It is not to such as they that the man or woman in distress is impelled to apply.—All the Year Round.

An Odd Provision.

Wilson Noble, the member of parliament for Hastings, England, and the son-in-law of R. H. Dana, Jr., of Boston, the author of "Two Years Before the Mast," was left an allowance of \$30,000 a year by his father, John Noble, the varnish manufacturer. By an eccentric provision of the will this income is to be reduced \$10,000 if the son ever fails of election to parliament.—Harpers' Weekly.

An Object Lesson in Science.

First Traveler—Are you a married man, sir? Second Traveler—No, I'm an instance of the survival of the fittest.—Kate Field's Washington.

AN ARMY PORTIA.

By CHARLES KING, U. S. A., Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "The Deserter," "From the Ranks," "Dunraven Ranch," "Two Soldiers."

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CHAPTER XVII.



Had him hauled off by two stalwart infantrymen.

The court had finished its labors and gone. The correspondents had gone, but presumably only to renewed labors. The various journals throughout the northwest that had so confidently predicted the summary dismissal of the offending lieutenant were now in a somewhat difficult position. They had started in to prove the officer a blackguard and the private a martyr; the result was exactly the opposite, and the problem was now how to get out of the pickle. To the average man, soldier or civilian, the consciousness of having publicly wronged a fellow being would have proved a source of distress so deep that a thing short of retraction as public and apology as far reaching as the affront would satisfy the offender. But, in its Jewellike attitude as censor of the morals and manners of the people, the press has no such qualms of conscience.

As one eminent journalist expressed it, "Of course we are sorry we are misled somewhat, but we can't take back what has been said; that injures the paper." And of course as between injuring the paper and injuring the man it is the man who must suffer. Another gifted editor, in whose eyes no benefit was quite to be compared with free advertising, expressed himself as considering that "That young fellow really ought to feel very much obliged to us; nine-tenths of the people might never have heard of him at all if it hadn't been for this." And he spoke in all seriousness.

Of course the correspondents themselves had long since seen the inevitable results, and had duly prepared their respective papers for the crash. Some of these journals promptly dropped the matter at once and for all as no longer worthy of attention; others transferred their assaults from the array of lieutenants to the array of courts martial. Others still, too deeply committed to extricate themselves, threw open their columns to any damaging story affecting the army which their correspondents could fabricate; and these papers which made any reference to the facts elicited before the court did so in the smallest type, but head lined the item in sarcastic or explosive big capitals.

The Palladium, or rather its editorial head, when explaining matters to a knot of men at the club, quietly justified the course of his paper by saying: "We did not send Mr. Abrams there at all. He had gone to Central City on some personal business of his own, to look into some property, and while there this Mr. Schonberg, a wealthy, prominent, and, as we supposed, reputable business man, told him about the offensive manners of the officers to the people, and offered to prove that they would be insulted and ostracized if they ventured to visit the garrison; and Abrams got warmed up and telegraphed to the managing editor that he was 'on to a good thing,' and so we wired him to go ahead." But a junior member of the editorial staff frankly admitted that he, in common with other journalists, had for sixteen years been "laying" for a chance, as he expressed it, to get in a good whack at the young West Pointers; and here they thought they had it.

Meantime the record had gone to department headquarters for the action of the general commanding, and Lawler went with it to fight the case to the last. There was not a soul at Ryan that did not know that, though the lips of the court were sealed, the finding had been "not guilty" on every possible specification. All Lawler could hope to do now was to persuade the general to pick the court in his review of the case; but even this proved futile. The general, it seemed, would do nothing of the kind; it was even hinted that he rasped Lawler for the very one-sided investigation that he made at the outset.

For two days following the adjournment of the court Fort Ryan was fairly in a ferment. Schonberg, terrified by the prospect of his town being impaled on the belief that he was to be prosecuted for perjury, had slid away on a night train—"gone to purchase goods in St. Louis," said his unhappy spouse. Welsh, the martyr, had essayed to desert the same night, and, as a cat plays with a mouse, old Kenyon had let him go until the intent was made plain by his boarding the eastward bound train in civilian dress, and then had had him snatched off by two stalwart infantrymen and, incidentally, by the nape of his neck, and once more Welsh was remanded to his familiar haunt—the guard house at Ryan. This time a still more serious charge was hanging over his head—that of assault-

ing a non-commissioned officer in discharge of his duty, for Corp. Brent had recognized him as his assailant the instant he heard his voice. So had another witness. It was Georgia Marshall who turned to Kenyon the moment Welsh had finished his testimony and said, "I have heard that man speak before," and who unhesitatingly declared after Goss appeared that though by sight she could identify neither man, by voice she knew that the one who had assaulted the corporal of the guard that night was not Goss, but Welsh. Then Welsh himself broke down.

Such was the feeling against him among the men, such were the threats which he could not but hear as he lay in his barred cell, that he begged to be allowed to see the commanding officer. He was in fear for his life—poor devil! and indeed nothing but the discipline so derided of the newspapers saved him from the tarring and feathering and riding on a rail that the soldiers were wild to give him. In piteous accents he implored Kenyon to have him sent away, even to prison at Leavenworth. He would plead guilty to desertion, guilty to theft, guilty to assault, guilty to anything, if the major would only get him away from the terrible scowls and curses of his erstwhile companions. Only if the major would but believe him, he really had never struck the corporal at all; he had hurled the pepper in his eyes and run. Brent, blinded and raging, had rushed in pursuit, and had struck his head against the sharp edge of the brick pillar at the south end of the troop barracks. Very possibly this was true; for the gash was deep and jagged.

And Brent was convalescing rapidly, but the ladies of the Lane, Brodie, Cross and Graves households stood in danger of being killed with kindness. There was just the least little spark of jealousy among the women of the infantry because it was to a comparative stranger that he should have revealed his identity, and by her he brought to the front at so supreme a moment. But it was Miss Marshall who had been greatly interested in his case from the very night of his mishap, and she and Mrs. Lane had been most kind and assiduous in their attentions to him during his days of suffering.

When he heard of the charges against Lieut. Hearn, and of the outrageous falsification of the St. Schenberg, his determination to conceal his name was at last overcome, and to Miss Marshall and to Dr. Ingersoll he told his story. His father's sudden and lamentable death at the hands of the Apaches had left him no alternative but to make over to his sister every cent that had been hoarded up and set aside for his education—every cent—that was his by the old soldier's will—and then, leaving with her the little box that contained the captain's papers and letters, and quitting college he went to New York and enlisted, choosing the infantry service rather than the cavalry, because his father's old friends and associates were mainly in the latter, and though he had seen none of them since his boyhood days, he thought recognition not impossible, and he determined to make his own way and owe nothing to any man.

"I'm glad he came to us," said old Kenyon. "I'd do pretty much anything to see him in any other profession, but as he is bound to be a soldier I'll do all I can to place 'candidate' alongside his name on our muster roll, and then it would be just my luck to find him commissioned in the cavalry."

But if there was excitement at Ryan, just fancy the feelings of the officers and men in the Eleventh, now 200 miles away in the Indian Territory, when the letters came detailing the events of the last day of that court martial—Schenberg's exposure, Brent's unweaving, Welsh's disgrace, Hearn's undoubted acquittal, Lawler put to confusion and flight, and Georgia Marshall the heroine of the whole thing!

"A Daniel come to judgment; ay, a Daniel," quoth Martin, as Lane read aloud Mabel's enthusiastic description of what she termed the "trial scene." "The whole regiment sends heartfelt congratulations to Hearn and love to Portia; was the telegram that came flashing back to Mrs. Lane. Morris lost no time in dictating a diplomatic message to his absent subaltern, expressive of his desire to welcome him back to duty after so complete a vindication. But Morris felt very ill at ease, and was not surprised that no answer was vouchsafed. He retired to his tent, and was not seen for some hours after learning of Brent's identity.

Meantime, just when one would suppose that all was plain sailing, balmy breezes, rum hissed wavelets, etc., just when nothing should have stood in the way of Mr. Hearn's rejoicing with all his heart, and just when the course of his true love ought to have been smooth and sweet, the very imp of perversity seemed to have suddenly developed in Georgia Marshall's breast, and she who had done so much to clear his name of "the clouds that hovered over" it, and had for two weeks been the young soldier's most valued friend and ally, now most unaccountably held aloof and fairly shunned his society. She met him only in a crowd. She simply would not meet him alone. On one pretext or another she avoided him, and poor Hearn, wounded, utterly unable to account for this sudden change, utterly incapable of fathoming a woman's whim, was now plunged in the depths of a distress exceeding that from which he had just emerged. She had rescued him

from the toils only to plunge him into worse entanglement.

It was the fourth day after the adjournment of the court when Maj. Kenyon came to Mr. Hearn's rooms with a telegram just received from division headquarters, and found that young gentleman dejectedly reading a long letter in the handwriting of Judge Hearn, his father. Kenyon had grown to know it well. "Inclosed from arrest, lad! That means you can go and join the regiment as soon as you like. What does the judge say now?"

"Read that page," was the answer, as Hearn placed the letter in the major's hand. And with knitted brows Kenyon read as follows: "And now again I urge upon you, my son, the step I so earnestly counseled in my last. Maj. Kenyon's telegram just received says that your acquittal is assured and that your vindication is triumphant. This I felt would be the case. But what reparation have you for the wrongs and insults heaped upon you by the northern press? What proportion of the people who have had you portrayed to them as a low bully, a drunken brute, and a swindler will ever know the contrary? What paper that has vilified you will have the decency or the courage, now that it knows the truth, to make the faintest amends? Not one."

"The time has come for you now to quit at once and for all a profession which the people of the north so little appreciate and so persistently decry. I am aging fast, and shall be glad to have your strong arm to lean upon. A year or two in my office will fit you for the bar. Meantime you can have nearly double the income that the government pays you, and when I am gone all I have, practically, will be yours. Come back to us, my boy; come to the mother, the father, and the people who love you; come home to us who know and need you; you are not wanted where you are."

For some time Maj. Kenyon stood in silence. At last, seeing that he was expected to express his opinion, he slowly spoke:

"I feared that that first letter would come, and I might have known that this would follow. When will you answer?"

"Not just yet. I must think it over. Not—not until after to-night, anyway."

That evening Mrs. Morris insisted upon everybody's coming to her house "to celebrate." The news that Hearn had been released by telegraphic orders was all over the post in half an hour, and that he would start to rejoin the regiment in the field was of course a foregone conclusion. Only, said that all important personage referred to generally as "everybody"—only he will probably want to delay a little while on Miss Marshall's account, for if they are not already engaged it is solely her fault. Any one can see he is utterly in love with her.

Once in a while "everybody" makes a mistake. This time "everybody" was practically right. No one more thoroughly than Hearn himself knew how utterly he was in love with Georgia Marshall, and nobody but Kenyon knew that, yielding to the plea in his father's letter, Hearn might not return to the regiment at all.

It was a joyous gathering at the Morrises', and yet there had been a singular conversion at the Lanes' before Mabel could induce her friend to go at all.

"Mr. Hearn will certainly come and ask to be your escort," said Mabel the moment Mrs. Morris was gone. "How can you say so?"

"He will ask you, Mabel, as I shall not be visible, and you must accept. If you will walk over there and back with Mr. Hearn, I will go; otherwise I shall have a splitting headache and be confined to my room."

"How utterly absurd, Portia! Everybody expects him to escort you. No other man in this post will ask you so long as he is here. It is a foregone conclusion that Mr. Hearn will."

"That is why I want you to go with him. If I go it will be with Maj. Kenyon." And then Miss Marshall took the flushed, perplexed, but lovely face of her hostess between her slender hands and kissed it. "Mabel, I must not go with Mr. Hearn. Some day I'll tell you why." And then she ran to her room.

"Tell me, indeed! I know too well," was the almost tart answer. "You are prouder, far prouder, than I ever was."

And so, though she gained her point for the time being, though Hearn had to offer his services to Mrs. Lane when he called and could not see Miss Marshall, though Mabel went on that moody young gentleman's arm and Miss Marshall followed with her staunch friend the major—Hearn racing with jealous pain the while—the time came when she found her premonition of no avail. Mr. Hearn was too much in earnest, too deeply in love, to be longer held at bay.

"Mrs. Lane," he stammered at last, as they were walking home late at night, "I must speak to Miss Marshall. Surely you know why. Have I not your good wishes? Will you not help me?" How could Mabel Lane refuse? Once the gate was reached she had both men come in, though Miss Marshall would have dismissed the major; and then slipping from the parlor along the hallway to the dining room she left Miss Marshall to entertain her guests, while with nervous hands she set forth wine, and then presently called Kenyon, as though to her aid. He came instantly, but Hearn was too quick and sprang before her to the doorway. For three-four minutes, nervously, incoherently, Mrs. Lane strove to keep up a laughing chat with the bulky major; but he, too

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