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Royal Baking Powder

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THE ARGUS.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1893.

The race is not always to the swift, as the accidental mayor of Chicago will learn to his sorrow next Tuesday. John P. Hopkins will win in a canter.

The A. F. A.'s of Chicago are waging their nefarious methods of warfare against John P. Hopkins. As the organization is an auxiliary of the republican party, however, it is not to be wondered at that they are supporting Swift.

EX-GOV. RUSSELL of Massachusetts, it is said, has been tendered the mission to Rome and the collectorship of the port of Boston, and has declined both. It is needless to say that Gov. Russell is a democrat. No one ever heard of a republican declining anything.

The special majority contest in Chicago is attracting considerable interest throughout the state. By the election of Swift the republicans see the only possible chance of carrying the state next fall, and they are resorting to desperate measures to defeat Hopkins. It is a slender thread to cling to, but drowning men will clutch at straws.

SECRETARY CARLISLE has called for the resignation of 25 republican officials connected with the internal revenue service, and other branches under his control. Of course, the resignations will be forthcoming at once, as no republican officeholder would be guilty of staying where he is not wanted. By the way, we presume the collector of the Rock Island port has signified his willingness to retire at any time.

The Inter-Ocean accuses Hon. Ben T. Cable with dumping a lot of money into the political cauldron at Chicago. This is the same wail the Union raised here when Mr. Cable licked the republicans out of their boots in 1892. Somehow or other the republican papers seem to get nervous when Mr. Cable interests himself in a campaign, and we don't blame them. Their past experience with him is decidedly unpleasant.

The Chicago papers of today announce through their Washington correspondent that the appointment of Frank Lawler as United States marshal for the Northern district of Illinois is assured, and will probably be made Monday, while J. C. Donnelly is to be rewarded with the apprenticeship. The failure of T. S. Silvis, Rock Island's candidate, to secure the marshalship, will be received with feelings of deep regret here, which will not by any means be confined to the ranks of the democracy in which Mr. Silvis has always proved a valiant leader. People, regardless of politics, were for their distinguished and popular fellow citizen and their best wishes attended his candidacy. An unusual combination of events which could not be ignored has confronted the president just at this time. The special election in Chicago made it necessary for party leaders to select a Chicago man, and the pressure brought to bear in Mr. Lawler's behalf, not the least of which was the petition of \$5,000 Chicago citizens favoring his candidacy for postmaster, impressed the president with the duty of giving him the next best thing, the marshalship. Had the contest been merely between Silvis and Donnelly, with Chicago out of the question, the Rock Island candidate would have won overwhelmingly.

Two Promising Students. Two students at the Corcoran Art school in Washington in whom the art world has great pride and from whom much is expected are Miss Daisy and Miss Helen. Miss Daisy is the daughter of General Horatio King, and Miss Helen is the daughter of the young...

TO THE PROFESSOR.

Your path and mine lie wide apart; For you, the things of head and heart, The level of that loftier plane, Where soul draws near its source again; For me, the sordid street and mart. Your choice has found "that better part," And, Martha-like, I feel the smart, And oft contrast, with secret pain, Your path and mine!

DICK PROPOSES.

"Lo, Mag." "That you, Dick?" "Aye, it's me, Maggie—hooray ye?" "I'm brawly," said Mag, a little caucily. "It's a fine night." "Aye, there's nothing wrang wi' the night." "Fine night for a walk, Maggie." "If that's sae, hoo dae ye no gae an tak' yer walk?" said Mag, pointing. Dick looked cautiously into Mag's eyes and stroked his chin. "I heard ye were walkin wi' Bob Spaldin," he said warily. "Did ye, tho'?" "An that you an him were too mak' a match o'." "Did ye, tho'?" "Is't no true, Maggie?" "Speer nae questions, Dick, an I'll tell ye the facts." Dick stroked his chin again, looked up and down the road and changed the leg on which he had been resting. "If it's no true, Maggie," he said, "I'll stop the stories that are gain the rounds."

"I'm much obliged tae ye, Dick Lang," said Mag, giving her head a toss. "It'll be nae bather at a'. Ye ken me better than that, Maggie." "Dae I tho'? And what about yer self, who ken more about me than ken I myself?" "An ye say it's no true—noo donna thraw me, Maggie, but juist up an out wi' the truth, an I—I—" Mag was staring at him, and Dick's tongue clung to the roof of his mouth. "Hoo's Mary McDougal?" she asked. "I haena seen her in sax months tae speak tae—Mary McDougal—nichty." "Did ye cast out?" "There was nae casting out about it, Maggie. There was never anything between us. I've kent the lassie a' my days an gaed wi' her at an anterin time juist for friendship's sake. Oh, no, Maggie, yer clean aff there." "So ye say, but maybe I've been hearin stories about ye." "Wha-what did ye hear?" "Oh, never mind." "Weel, there a' doon richt lees, every ane o' them." "Sae as sure's death, an I'll believe ye." "An sure's death."

"Ye ken what yer a sayin, Dick?" "I dae, if I should dee this mornin'." "Wha put on yer tie for ye, Dick—nichty, it's juist like a hurraa clood throon round yer neck. Como here, an I'll cast it for ye." Dick smiled affectionately, took a step toward Mag, placed his arms akimbo and held up his head. "There, now," said Mag, after having taken off his tie and readjusted it a bit. "Got yer work a' done, Maggie?" "Ouy aye—lang sime." "Lat's tak' a walk." Mag ran into the house to "smoke" herself up a bit, and Dick walked up and down in front, humming. "We're a' John Tamsan's Baiters." When Mag emerged, a tartan shawl was thrown over her shoulders, and a small bonnet adorned her head. Her cheeks were ruddy as the rose, and her hazel eyes sparkled with the happiness she felt. "Whaur'll we gae, Dick?" she asked, looking him in the face. "Whaur dae ye think?" asked Dick, returning the look with compound interest. "Ouy whaur ye like, Dick." "I think we'll gae doon by the Burn an along by the trees, whaur we used tae gae, Maggie, ye ken." It was a delightful evening in the fall of the year, and Dick Lang was never happier in his life, with Maggie Wotherspoon, the prettiest girl in the village, by his side. But Mag was a saucy girl at times, for she knew her charms, as every pretty girl does, and when she was in the mood she loved to tease those whose admiration or affections she had won. Nearly every young man in the village had made advances to her, and with one exception she had turned them all against her on account of her saucy, coquetish ways, which the young men failed to understand, and invariably sent them off in a huff. The one exception was Dick Lang, whose love for Mag was a passion. He had begun by eying her at a distance and gradually getting nearer. At first she treated him with indifference, and in his presence had some always seemed to think more of some one else than of him. Bob Spaldin was a strapping young fellow and to all appearances made the most progress in his advances. Of course Mag had as much as denied that there was anything between her and Bob, but she was so full of fun at times that in order to believe implicitly all she said it was

necessary to have it in black and white. The fear that Bob would carry off Mag made Dick all the more anxious to win her before it was too late. And the opportunity he was now given was all that he wanted. It was a common saying about the village that Dick was rather long headed and knew a good thing when he saw it. He knew a little of human nature, and below all Mag's nonsense he could discern a true and warm heart. At all events, Dick was determined to have her if he could. They had walked nearly a mile without saying much, beyond talking about the weather, for Dick was making up his mind what to say and trying to get courage at the same time to say it. When they reached a clump of trees not far from the barn, Mag suggested that they sit down, remarking that they had had a big washing at the house, and she felt a little tired. "I might a' thought o' that afore, Maggie, if ye'd only told me," said Dick repentantly, "but lat's sit doon noo." "It's a foo' moon the night, isn't it, Dick?" asked Mag, looking up into space. "What did ye say, Maggie?" "I asked ye if it was tae be a foo' moon—man, whar's yer legs?" "Oh—ah—I'm thinkin it is." Then Dick stroked his chin and tore up the sod with his heels. "It's a fine thing, a moon, Maggie, isn't it?" Dick at last found words to say, in order to break the monotony and gain time, but without being able to explain why he had said so. "Hoo isn't a good thing?" asked Mag, looking at him with the tails of her eye. "Weel—a—I—I've heard it said—a—that the moon, ye ken, was a gude thing for a-kinin milk an preservin cheese," Dick said, looking very guilty, not by any means satisfied in his own mind that he had answered the question in the right way or had fully comprehended it, his thoughts at the moment being in an entirely different direction. There was a merry laugh in Mag's eyes, but she restrained its vocal expression. She merely shook for a moment with the emotion and then tried to appear serious. "Maggie," said Dick at length, still digging up the earth with his heel, "ye'r no engaged, are ye, tae anybody?" "Engaged?—nichty."

"Weel—I was juist speerin, ye ken." "An whar mak' ye speer a question like that, Dick?" "Weel—tae tell ye the honest God's truth, Maggie, I want tae be engaged tae ye myself." "Dick Lang." "Aye, lat's me that's speakin, Maggie, an nooither. Mag, lassie, if ye only kent hoo much I loo ye. I haena had a night's sleep thinkin about ye for the last fortnicht." "That's no muckle." "But that's no a', Maggie. I was thinkin about Bob Spaldin. It was the thoct o' him takin ye frae me. That was it, lassie—that was it. I've been thinkin about ye for years." Mag looked across the fields at the red ball of fire that formed a great semicircle on top of a purple hill that sounded the far side of the distant plain. "Will ye hae me, Maggie?" asked Dick impudently. "No, I wiinna," came promptly from her lips. "Ye wiinna—O Maggie, think again, for an answer like that gae hame like the stab o' a knife. Is't possible that ye dinna ken I've never loved anybody but yer self? I've had nae heart tae gie tae anybody sin I kent ye years lang gae by. I'm no sae gude lookin as Bob Spaldin, an I dinna carry my haud sae high, an maybe that stands i' my wi noo. But, Maggie, I've a heart here that's yours as though it had never belonged tae me. When my granny dees, I get'er biggin, 'er coo an a' 'er chat-les—that's in 'er will, Maggie. The hoo's wad be o'er sin, an proud wad I be tae mak' ye its queen. But abune a' that, Maggie, I loo ye sairy, an I'll never loo another. Think again afore ye answer me—will ye hae me, Maggie?" Dick took Mag's hand in his, and she pressed it. She said nothing, but simply smiled. Her silence was acceptance.—Detroit Free Press.

Rickety wooden houses, many stories high, seemed to lean all round us in every possible direction, each unlike its neighbor in color and height, though nearly all with beautifully carved shutters, hanging in picturesque angles from windows, innocent of all other protection. In the warm sunlight, the brown and white tones ripened into rich shades of yellow and red, and here and there a pale pink house, with emerald green window frames, threw in a strong dash of color, and over its neighbor's dark carved shutters would hang strings of red tomatoes drying in the hot sun. Most of the houses seemed full of people who looked out listlessly from behind their many colored draperies as we passed. Others, more curious, crowded together on overhanging verandas, while a few absolutely "no visible means of support," but whose insecurity seemed in no way to affect the laughing, chattering group of people upon them. Every here and there the irregular line of houses was broken by a narrow street, winding away into almost black darkness, so sharp was the contrast between it and its sunny surroundings. Springing has six bridges crossing the Jherum at various intervals, and between two of these all fishing is prohibited by the maharajah who nominally governs the land, the reason given being that the soul of a late maharajah has passed into a fish, who resides in this part of the river!—Corahill Magazine.

It appears from a treasury statement that there are \$5,000,000 bills, 14,500 \$2,000 bills and 47,000 \$1,000 bills in circulation in the empire.

Monte Cristo Castle. The castle and park of Monte Cristo are advertised for sale at a judiciary auction in the Palais de Justice of Paris. The castle was built by the elder Alexandre Dumas in the village of Fort Marly, along the road to St. Germain, and named after his famous novel. There is in the park a miniature Chateau d'If, in the middle of a little pond, and recalling to mind the Mediterranean prison in which lived Edmond Danton, the hero of the novel, who became Comte de Monte Cristo. The legal advertisement states that the whole domain will be offered at auction upon a first bid of \$50,000.—Paris Correspondent.

The Potato Bust. A bursting—not emery wheel, boiler or dynamite bomb, but a plain and ordinarily ambitious potato—may cost a Camden (N. J.) woman her sight. Potatoes were baked for supper, and in the attempt to take them from the oven one blew up, burning her eye so severely that the chances are it will become blind. The kitchen was powdered with bits of the flying potato, which went to pieces with a vengeance. To bake potatoes, however, may still be regarded as a fairly safe operation in these days of football and trolleys.—Camden Correspondent.

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J. E. Montrose, Manager.
Monday, Dec. 18th.
"Sweet Singer"
Chas. A. Gardner,
(KARL)
In His New Comedy Drama,
THE PRIZE WINNER.
By Jas R. Garey and Dr. E. A. Wood.
New Songs!
New Scenery!
New Costumes!
5-GENUINE TYROLEAN SINGERS-5
at every performance
Sale of seats at Harper House Pharmacy Dec. 16th. Prices 75, 50 and 25.

Harper's Theatre,
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Wednesday Night, Dec. 20
The Finest of Comedians, EZRA KENDALL in his latest comedy success,
The Substitute,
Supported by a splendid company of players showing the funous little com. dia.,
ARTHUR DUNN.
Or "The Soldier," "Crestal Sings," "An Pats" and the "Little Old Man of the Sea" of "Patched" time, and the charming little comedienne,
MISS JENNIE DUNN.
In their first and greatest character creations, John Hart of "Two SISTERS" and "Two Johns" also "The Soldier" by Harry English, Harry Jardie, Miss Josephine Conwill, Miss Ed Stevens and other well known favorites. Don't miss Arthur by any imitation of "Patched" and come with John Hart.
The same I may old man.
Pr. res-25, 50 and 25.
at on sale at Harper House Pharmacy, Monday, Dec. 18.

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Cigar Store and Billiard Parlor.
Always on hand the best brands of domestic and imported cigars. All brands of tobacco. The score of all the ball games will be received daily.
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