

THE ARGUS.

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J. W. POTTER - PUBLISHER.

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All communications of a critical or argumentative character, political or religious, must have real names attached for publication. No such article will be printed over fictitious signatures.

Correspondence solicited from every town and city in Rock Island county.



MONDAY, MARCH 2, 1896.

MAINE paid last year \$1,662 in bounties for seals caught in the waters of the coast of the state. The bounty is for the benefit of the fishermen.

VENONA is a pretty old Maine town, but it never had a clergyman, a lawyer, or a doctor living in its limits, and it is the only town in Maine that has no postoffice.

A HUNTER in Bracken county, Ky., last week cut down a tree to get a possum, and when the tree came down he found it contained four possums, two coons, five young squirrels, and about a hundred pounds of honey.

NEW YORK CITY has adopted an ingenious plan to keep bicycles out of her avenues. She is going to make a superior bicycle track 100 feet wide entirely around the immense new reservoir which she is building above the city. This attraction will be so irresistible that every bicyclist will take the nearest way to it every time he goes for a ride.

An extraordinary wagon. The stories of bravado bets which have been so frequent in Paris reached a climax when a shop assistant, named Alexander, laid a wager of 500 francs that he would swallow a yard of galvanized iron stove piping. The bet was accepted and witnesses and referee appointed. Alexander and one of the witnesses went to buy the piping, which was about one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness and five inches in diameter. Alexander took it to a whitewash and requested him to file it down into a powder in the presence of the witness, who subsequently carried it to a cafe in the Rue de la Chapelle, where the operation of swallowing the filings was carried out. Quite 100 persons attended as spectators. Alexander divided the filings into five portions, placed them in five glasses of beer and tossed them off at intervals of ten minutes. He played cards during the process of drinking, and when the last glass of beer and its metallic addition had been consumed the bet was declared won and the 500 francs handed over to him. He stated afterward that he felt no inconvenience whatever from the feat.—Paris Letter.

Mr. Vernon's Perpetual Pointer. "That pointer of mine is a great dog," declared Howard Vernon as he petted his \$1,000 dog Glenbeigh. "I can always depend on him. When he makes a point, I know that he has scented a bird, and I know that he will not move a muscle while I have a chance at it. "I was hunting quail up at Point Reynolds when I lost Glenbeigh. I know he must be pointing in the brush somewhere, but I looked everywhere for him and could not find him. The next day I resumed the search, with no better success, but on the third day I found him in a dense thicket standing perfectly rigid, with his tail sticking straight out behind and one foot up. A quail had run into a hollow tree, and the dog stood at the opening pointing. The quail dared not come out, and the dog, true to his training, wouldn't move. He had been standing in that position, without so much as moving a foot, for 65 hours, and when I tried to lead him away he could not walk."—San Francisco Post.

Breaks Up the Party. At a card party in the northwest a few evenings ago a cross-eyed man was posing as the man who knew it all, giving his positive opinions on every subject in a loud voice and otherwise making himself a general nuisance. A Boston girl was particularly annoyed at the lordly air he assumed and the attacks he had made on some of her pet theories. She made up her mind to bowl him over if she ever got a chance. It came sooner than expected. A few minutes later the Boston girl was the partner of the cross-eyed man, who immediately proceeded to give elaborate instructions as to how certain cards should be played to insure them the game. He finished by saying, "Now, go ahead, Miss Back Bay, and remember I have my eye on you." She never looked up, but in the most innocent way imaginable, said, "Which eye, Mr. Jones?" It broke up the party.—Washington Post.

A Palmerston Reminiscence. Lord Palmerston on one occasion took the chair at a meeting in connection with University college, London. He was not so familiar, writes Mrs. S. E. de Morgan in her reminiscences, with the sort of speech expected in such a place as he would have been at Westminster, and meaning to adapt his rhetoric to the occasion began very appropriately, "It has been said that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing,' but it is better than—better than—better than"—Here came a dead stop. Lord Brougham, who sat beside the speaker, came to the rescue, speaking with his peculiar nasal twang, "Better than a great deal of ignorance." This of course brought down the house, and during a

volley of laughter, cheers and Kentish fire, Lord Palmerston recovered the lost thread of his speech, and finished it with his usual ease and fluency.

Wordsworth and Burns. A friend writes us from England: We visited the simple tomb of William Wordsworth in Grasmere churchyard. The old church stood near it, among the ancient trees. The rapid Rotha passed the graves and the grand hills lifted their green domes in the cloudless sky.

We had ridden past the poet tumbled lakes of Windermere and Grasmere, with memories of Coleridge, De Quincy, Christopher North, Mrs. Hemans and Harriet Martineau, and had rested by Rydal Water in the shadows of Rydal Mount.

"Wordsworth," said one of our party, calling to mind the author of the "Excursion," "seems to be the soul of all these scenes. He made himself the ever prevailing spirit of the English lakes."

"Burns was his teacher," said another. "How was that?" we asked. "There, under the grand trees lifting their solemn tops to the sun, our friend repeated a single verse from Wordsworth's poem on the death of Burns: 'I mourned with thousands, but as one More deeply grieved, for he was gone Whose light I hailed when first it shone And showed my youth How verse may build a princely throne On humble truth.'"

—Youth's Companion.

Papaw Vines For Luck. The Rev. T. D. Witherspoon in a sermon at Paducah related an amusing story of his experience while evangelizing in the mountains. One day while passing a cornfield in Leslie county he was surprised to see long strings of papaw bark knotted together and tied to stumps. He asked his guide what it meant and was informed that it was "to bring luck."

"And does such a foolish superstition exist all over this community?" asked the minister. "Oh, no," said the mountaineer; "the old preacher over in the settlement yonder says papaw vines don't do no good."

"An intelligent man," interrupted Mr. Witherspoon, "I'm glad to find one man who isn't lost in ignorance." "Yassie," the native continued, "he 'jows that yam strings beats papaw strings all hollow when it comes to bringin' luck. Fact is, he don't use nothin' but yam strings."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Polite Child. Professor Sully, in an article in The Popular Science Monthly, commenting on the jealous regard for ceremony and the proprieties of behavior as seen in the enforcement of rules of politeness by children, cites a delightful instance that fell under his own observation as he was walking on Hampstead Heath. "It was a spring day, and the fat buds of the chestnut were bursting into magnificent green plumes. Two well-dressed 'misses' aged, I should say, about 9 and 11, were taking their correct morning walk. The elder called the attention of the younger to one of the trees, pointing to it. The younger exclaimed in a highly shocked tone, 'Oh, Maud, you know you shouldn't point!' The notion of perpetrating a rudeness on the chestnut tree was funny enough. But the incident is instructive as illustrating the childish tendency to stretch and generalize rules to the utmost."

Open Car Windows. A correspondent writing of open car windows and the disagreeable draft from the same suggests that screens similar to those used in sleeping cars be provided for coach windows, and that only trainmen be allowed to place or remove them. A lady writing to the same paper suggests original tactics by the person annoyed: "Simply raise your umbrella or parasol in front of you, so that the wind, cinders, dust and smoke blow from your umbrella on the back of the neck of the person who sits by the window in front of you. A very few minutes suffice to convince this person that the wind is blowing harder than he thought and is very disagreeable and uncomfortable. So down goes the window, and also the umbrella, with a quiet smile of gratitude and content, and the result of self protection."—New York Tribune.

A Sponge Status. Sponge is certainly one of the most original and unlikely materials in the world for a statue; but, for all that, one of Germany's great men is modeled in this unpromising substance. In the Friedrichstrasse, Berlin, is a shop which contains a statue in sponge of Mr. Witherspoon. He is represented life-size, seated in an armchair and holding his notes for a speech in his hand. Every one acknowledges that the likeness is an excellent one, and the manner in which the statesman's frock coat and gold spectacles are represented is a subject for universal admiration.

Booker's Anus Salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Harts & Ulmsmeyer.

For Over Fifty Years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The ARGUS delivered every evening at your door at 10c a week. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

BIRD FANCIERS ORGANIZE.

Western Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association Formed.

Quite a delegation of chicken fanciers from Rock Island and surrounding cities assembled at Turner hall Saturday evening and formed the Western Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock association by electing the following officers:

President—F. H. Cooper, Moline. Vice President—John Surman, Rock Island.

Secretary—Charles F. Kammerer, Rock Island. Treasurer—D. G. White, Rock Island.

Executive Committee—F. H. Cooper, D. E. Cowan, Charles Ralsch, Moline; D. G. White, Charles F. Kammerer, Rock Island.

The charter membership embraces the names of about fifty of the more prominent bird admirers of Rock Island county and a few outside cities, and it is calculated to increase this to 100 immediately. Then, the gentlemen interested represent, will be commenced what will eventually develop into an organization embracing all the fancy chicken raisers of western Illinois. The organization has been under discussion for a considerable time, and as there is nothing of the kind in existence in this section it is believed a popular move has been made. The intention is to have annual exhibitions of fancy birds. The first will be held in Rock Island next Thanksgiving week.

A SICK SAVAGE. Robert Louis Stevenson Tells of the Delusions of One of His Servants.

Poor Misi Folo—you remember the thin boy, do you not?—had a desperate attack of influenza, and he was in a great taking. You would not like to be very sick in some savage place in the islands and have only the savages to doctor you? Well, that was just the way he felt. "It is all very well," he thought, "to let these childish white people doctor a sore foot or a toothache, but this is serious—I might die of this! For goodness' sake, let me get away in a day or two we kept him quiet and he must go. He had had his back broken in his own island, he said. It had come broken again, and he must go away to a native house and have it mended. "Confound your back," said he. "Lie down in your bed." At last one day his fever was quite gone, and he could give his mind to the broken back entirely. He lay in the hall. I was in the room alone. All morning and noon I heard him roaring like a bull calf, so that the floor shook with it. It was plainly humming. It had the humming sound of a bad child crying, and about 2 of the afternoon we were worn out and told him he might go. Off he set. He was in some kind of a white wrapping, with a great white turban on his head, as pale as clay, and walked leaning on a stick. But, oh, he was a glad boy to get away from these foolish, savage, childish white people and get his broken back put right by somebody with some sense. He nearly died that night, and little wonder, but he has now got better again, and long may it last!

All the others were quite good, trusted as wholly, and said to be cured where they were. But then he was quite right if you look at it from his point of view, for, though we may be very clever, we do not set up to cure broken backs. If a man has his back broken, we white people can do nothing at all but bury him. And was he not wise, since that was his complaint, to go to folks who could do more?—Robert Louis Stevenson's "Letters to a Boy" in St. Nicholas.

PAY YOUR TAXES. Collector Baker Announces the Extreme Limit of Time for Payment of Taxes. The time for collecting taxes being limited by law to the 10th of March and the board of supervisors having by resolution declared its intention to comply with the law in regard to taxes on personal property, I shall be obliged to levy for all personal taxes which are not paid by March 10. Taxes on real estate will be received up to March 25. WILLIAM BAKER, Tax Collector.

A Remarkable Cure. Mrs. H. B. Adams, 1609 Wabash avenue, Chicago, says: "I had a scrofulous taint of the blood from childhood, which, however, remained dormant. An ulcer began on the side of the nose, having all the appearances of a most malignant cancer. The agony of mind I suffered cannot be described as I contemplated the progress of such a malignant disease. Finally I was induced to try Foley's Sarsaparilla. It appeared to neutralize the poison in the blood. The growth of the ulcer ceased. The diseased tissues in the bottom and edges of the sore seemed to loosen and the natural flesh to take its place. No part of the disease remains." For sale at M. F. Bahnsen's drug store.

Ladies' Auxiliary Attention. The ladies' auxiliary of Camp 1550, M. W. A., will meet at Odd Fellow's hall Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock for permanent organization. All ladies eligible to membership and members of sister lodges are invited to be present. F. J. CARY, Chairman Committee.

Licensed to Wed. 29—William Vemore, Miss Emma Fiegel, Rock Island. March 2—William C. Cole, Jr., Miss Etta E. Mann, New Windsor. Subscribers for THE ARGUS.

Words Fail

To express the gratitude of many who dispensed of help, but have been cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla, as in this case:

"I cannot tell the great value Hood's Sarsaparilla has been to me. For two years I have been in poor health, taking medicine all the time with little benefit. In the winter I had a severe attack of rheumatism and thought I should never get rid of it. I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and concluded to try it. Since taking five bottles I am like a new person. It is worth its weight in gold. It will convince the most skeptical of its merits." Mrs. LIZZIE SHAFER, River-ton, Illinois. Remember, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye today. \$1.50 for 8 Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c.

CRANKY GUESTS. Experience of Hotel Clerks in Dealing With Some of Them. "I cannot sleep in that room," said a guest at a hotel in this city last evening as he walked to the desk in the office and threw the key upon it. "What is the matter with it?" asked the clerk. "There is nothing the matter with it except that the bed is in the wrong place," the guest replied. "For more than 20 years I have slept in a bed with the head toward the north, and it has become such a habit with me that it would be actually impossible for me to sleep with the head in any other direction."

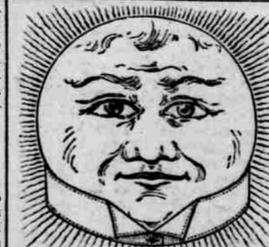
"It will be impossible for me to give you a room containing a bed with the head in that direction," said the clerk. "The hotel is well filled tonight, and I have only two vacant rooms, but I will have the bed turned for you." Calling a porter, the clerk instructed him to turn the bed in the gentleman's room so that the head would be to the north. The guest followed the porter up stairs, and as nothing further was heard from him it is presumed that he retired and slept peacefully.

"There is no accounting for tastes," said the clerk, turning to the reporter, "and the funny experiences we have in the hotel business would fill a volume. Before the night is over we may have calls for beds with their heads turned to every point of the compass, and of course we are obliged to accommodate every one. "I remember an instance like this several years ago. A man slightly inebriated came into the hotel one night, and producing a pocket compass said that he wished a room where the head of the bed should be placed to the northeast. We sent two boys with him, and they turned the bed as requested. The joke was that the compass was furnished with a little stop, which held the indicator in a certain position. It so happened that the gentleman's bed, which had been carefully placed northeast according to the compass, was in reality placed with the head to the south. The man discovered his mistake the next morning and was cured of the fit."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Unkind. "There are 14 varieties of apes in Venezuela," he said after a long silence. "And only one variety here," she responded sadly. And again the silence settled upon them.—Detroit Free Press. The most graceful of domestic animals is the cat, while the most awkward bird is the duck, but it won't do to use these facts for a basis if you want to call a woman pet names.

SEED STORE. Louis Hanssen, Davenport. High Class Seeds. Of all kinds suitable for the most critical market Gardeners and Trainers. CLOVER AND GRASS SEEDS OF ALL KINDS. Garden Tools, Seed Drills, Cultivators. We carry a complete stock of the celebrated "PLANET, JR.," TOOLS. Send for Catalogue. Wholesale and Retail.

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Want Column.

FOR SALE—NEW 8-ROOM HOUSE, 2005 Sixth avenue. Apply on premises.

FOR RENT—A 7-ROOM FLAT, INQUIRE of V. Barber, 1214 Third avenue.

FOR SALE—AT A BARGAIN, POST, BUGGY and harness at 1214 Third street.

WANTED—WORK BY THE DAY AT DRESS-making and general sewing. No. 800 Twenty-fourth street.

INSURANCE AGENT WANTED—U. S. INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 31 Schmidt building, Davenport, Iowa.

FOR RENT—NICE FLAT OF THREE ROOMS in Indiana Block, Room next east next stove. Apply to T. H. Thomas.

FOR SALE—ON EASY TERMS, TWO ONE-half acre lots on Webb street, South Rock Island, by George F. North, Masonic Temple.

WANTED—A PLACE TO WORK BY A MAN who has had experience with horses. Can furnish references. Address "L.," Argus.

WANTED—ENGAGEMENTS BY A CERTIFIED professional nurse, late of Manchester, Vermont. Terms very reasonable. Apply 1014 Fourth avenue.

FOR SALE—A FIRST-CLASS SHOOTING gallery in good order, with or without rifle; clean for cash if sold quick. Address Charles Wolf, No. 121 Eighth street.

HARRY B. IRVIN, DEALER IN NEW AND second-hand goods, also goods handled on commission. Cash paid for all valuable furniture. Before buying give me a call—1211 Second avenue, Rock Island.

WANTED—EMPLOYMENT BY YOUNG MAN experienced as cookman, JUNIOR MAN meat market. Best of references for issued. Call at 311 T-enty-second street.

WANTED—GIRL TO DO COOKING AND kitchen work, to go to Toledo, about thirty miles from Rock Island; good place to rub "par-y." Call at 1225 Second avenue. Joe Schroeder.

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE BOARD TO girl going to school or clerking for her services as companion to a lady in the evening. Good place for the right person. Address "Companion," care of THE ARGUS.

WANTED—TO BUY FOR CASH SECOND hand goods of every description. Money to loan on chattels and all articles of value. Goods stored and sold on commission. Leave your order at 1622 Second avenue.—J. W. Jones.

WANTED—MEN WHO WILL WORK FOR \$75 a month salary or large commission selling people goods by sample to doctors. Experience unnecessary. Write us, Household Specialty company, 71 W. Fourth street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WANTED—HOUSEKEEPERS TO KNOW that Crystal marble enameled preserving kettles also Acme cake heater and E. d Star silver polish, is sold by agents permanently located at 218 Twenty-fourth street. An 8 quart kettle including strainer, patent cover, price \$1.50.

WANTED—SCHOLARS TO LEARN THE French Edible system at 1611 Second avenue. The complete system embraces the model, complete instructions in cutting, styling, French braiding and finishing for men. Usual price for system complete, \$25. Mrs. M. E. Lawson.

WANTED—GOOD RELIABLE HELP OF ALL kinds who can furnish references to use THE ARGUS want column. Calls are received at this office daily for domestics, etc., who can come well recommended. Try this column for a situation and if you are reliable you will get one.

CLAIRVOYANT—MADAM JEROME, THE world's greatest medium. If you want to know how to succeed in business, a situation, investment, law, love, marriage, or anything pertaining to the human welfare, the medium will please you. Private room 1525 Fourth avenue.

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