

THE ARGUS.

Published daily at 1624 Second avenue, Rock Island, Ill. (Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter.)

Rock Island Member of the Associated Press.

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

TERMS—Ten cents per week by carrier, in Rock Island; \$3 per year by mail in advance.

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Telephone in all departments. Central Union, Rock Island 145, 1145 and 1145.



Monday, May 4, 1914.

"Colonel Lowden is logical man; Cal Feizer asserts that Lowden can lead party to victory," says a newspaper head. Very well; if Cal says so, we might as well all get into the bandwagon.

Representative A. N. Abbott of Morrison, announcing he will not be a candidate for reelection, makes a statement urging the support of the republican party and candidates. Evidently he is not laboring under the impression that his advice is going to be generally followed.

The Clinton Advertiser has been sued for \$10,000 by Robert Stanley of DeWitt, who alleges libelous statements injurious to his reputation regarding the sale of Ford automobiles by him. The Argus extends its heartfelt sympathy to the Clums. We, too, have been sued.

William Bayard Hale, who was President Wilson's investigator in northern Mexico, describes Huerta as "an apple Indian, aged, one-eyed, and subsisting on brandy." Imagination halts in contemplation of what Mr. Hale's description of the usurper would be had he got a close range view of him.

Another of those who have been persistent in obstructing the measure advocated by President Wilson will hereafter be pointed for what he is worth. Senator Rindexter the other day introduced a joint resolution expressing the thanks of congress to Doc Cook for "discovering" the north pole and ordering the presentation of a \$300 gold medal.

Rather than impair its surplus, the United States Express company went out of business. The Adams company, waiting about confiscation, in the last half of the year did \$18,468,544 of business as against an average yearly business of about \$32,000,000 previous to adoption of parcel post. It is paying dividends of 12 per cent a year and it can continue to pay that rate out of incomes from investments of excess earnings in the past if future operation should yield no profit.

NOT ALL BAD.

When we see an individual being painted in dark colors we usually look for compensating virtues. The law of averages teaches us that there is always a bright side somewhere and usually its effulgence is in inverse ratio to the somberness of the aspect to which attention is called.

Here in Rock Island we feel that this same rule applies to cities. Outsiders who come here to investigate our evil reports seldom find their worst fears realized. And the longer they stay the better they like the city. Natives of the city know that compensating virtues are numerous and strangers quickly learn that we are not so bad as report has it we are.

In sentencing white slavers in Davenport Friday, District Judge Smith McPherson is quoted as saying:

"We have got to stop this white slavery business right here. I have an idea that the looseness of this town across the river has got something to do with this. Davenport is a pretty decent place and Moline seems to be well governed, but I understand that this town of Rock Island is about as tough a place as you or I ever heard of. If you men here don't want to be brought before me at the next term of federal court you had better stay on this side of the river."

Evidently the court based his opinion on testimony given from only one side of the case. We are not as bad as that all the way through, at least. Even as white slave centers it is doubtful if either Moline or Davenport has any real cause to invite comparison, if the truth were known. When things happen in most cities they cover up the facts for the sake of appearances. Here we have a faculty of braying them to the world.

If Judge McPherson or any other person who thinks ill of Rock Island investigates he will find that braying is our greatest failing.

CROSS-EYES.

One of the most conspicuous and annoying conditions that may occur in the eyes of a young child is squint, or what is commonly known as "cross-eyes." It occurs chiefly between the ages of 2 and 6 and comes on gradually at first, showing some slight turning inward in one eye, at times, until finally something occurs to precipitate a definite attack and the eye turns in to a greater or less degree and remains so. Frequently a convulsion or

an attack of coughing, especially during whooping-cough or some like irritation to the general nervous system, brings on the attack, and is considered by the child's mother to be the cause. This is incorrect. When the eye is turned it will not look directly at the object at which the other eye is looking, and doubling of the vision is the result. This "doubled vision" is very annoying, as any one may judge for himself by slightly pressing one eye out of position with the fingers. In order to escape this annoyance the child unconsciously stops using the eye that is turned in, and this, in time, leads to changes in the nerve tissues which makes the child's sight defective in that eye. Formerly many physicians advised parents to wait until the child grew older before having anything done to the eye, feeling that 8 or 10 years did the sight in the eye is defective from disuse, and cannot be restored, and this failure of vision has usually occurred even though the eye has straightened itself spontaneously. It is very important, therefore, not to allow the child to stop using the squinting or turning eye. It is not usually necessary to operate. Usually glasses have to be worn to stop the strain, and there are other forms of treatment which are many times effective. If these means fail and the eye continues to turn, an operation may have to be done to keep the eye straight and to save the sight in that eye. But not more than half, perhaps even less, will require operation. Fortunately treatment is much more judiciously given and often is more successful now than it used to be, and the present generation of children will probably not show so frequently the defects caused by neglected "cross-eyes."

MAKING HEROES OF CRIMINALS.

Here is a fact vouched for by a writer in the New York Survey: On the evening of the day in which the four New York gunmen were executed a club of 35 boys under 16 years of age gathered in a settlement house, acting upon the suggestion of one of their number, considered seriously the motion that they rise and stand for two minutes in honor of the dead gangsters.

The writer says: "These boys were exceptionally brave, ambitious and clean-minded, a few of them wage-earners, most of them in the public schools—a club formed by the union of two gangs from rival streets, now welded together with a fine club spirit. The basketball championship won the previous week, the club's annual play now only a few days off, the debate of the evening was all overshadowed, for the gunmen had been electrocuted, and the details of their death must be firmly impressed on the mind of each one."

When the pros and cons of the question of capital punishment are being weighed—and the question is more alive today than ever—let it be considered whether this club of young Americans would have debated such a matter as paying honor to convicted murderers who were serving life sentences at hard labor?

THE RULING PASSION.

Saving His Own Life Was a Strictly Business Proposition. In the Wide World Magazine Malcolm Savage Treacher tells the story of a German mountain climber who did not forget to be economical even in the midst of deadly peril.

A party was crossing a glacier on the slope of Mont Blanc when one of the travelers called to the others to stop and listen. Strange cries came from the ice beneath their feet.

"Some one has fallen into a crevasse!" exclaimed one of the party. "His groans seem to indicate that he is already beyond help."

"We've come to save you," said one of the guides.

"You save me?" answered the gentleman quite tranquilly. "How do you know I want to be saved?"

"Because you called to us for aid," said one of the bewildered guides.

"Perhaps I did," replied the German, "perhaps I didn't. You came anyhow. Now, what'll you take to rescue me?"

"And before we allow the guides to hitch him to the rope and drag him to the surface he compelled them to set down in writing the exact amount they would require for the performance of their life saving duty. He was a business man, whatever any one could say against him, and, moreover, he knew the guides of Switzerland."

Hancock and Gwinnett. Probably John Hancock is the best known signer of the Declaration of Independence. That is because that patriot was not ignorant of the value of advertising. One has to stand some distance from a framed copy of the Declaration to be unable to read that name, which has passed into our language as a synonym for "signature."

There are many signatories of the Declaration who are remembered, many who are forgotten, but Button Gwinnett lingers in our memory. It is not altogether easy to imagine a man named Button by his parents as a patriot and a man of influence. His name was enough to single him out in that sober company. But his fame rests secure on something else. History takes account of men for various reasons, but Button is important because he was apparently cautious about signing his name. His autographs are more valuable today than Hancock's.

Washington Inaugurated 125 Years Ago April 30th

Just 125 years ago April 30 was the first presidential inauguration in the United States. The ceremony took place on the balcony of Federal hall in Wall street, New York, which city was then the federal capitol. Dawn of the inauguration day was greeted with a salute of artillery and practically all of the 30,000 inhabitants of New York and many visitors from other cities thronged the streets. The church bells were rung, and at noon a troop of horse, two companies of grenadiers and highlanders in kilts escorted the president-elect in a coach of state to the scene of the ceremonies. Livingston, chancellor of New York state, administered the oath of office. Washington's fervent response was met with cheers, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States," from thousands of throats. From Federal hall, Washington went to the neighboring St. Paul's church to attend divine services. Artillery roared and bells rang throughout the afternoon and evening. At dusk bonfires and fireworks lighted up the streets and gala balls were held, which continued into the following day.

Today on the steps of the United States sub treasury building, the exact spot where Washington stood when he took the oath of office, stands his bronze statue, whose legs have been worn shabby by the urchins of Wall street who have tried to climb up to touch the bronze hand of the father of the country. The point today is called the monetary nerve center of the country. The trees which shaded the narrow thoroughfare in Washington's day have all gone, and all about are buildings whose stony monotony towers several hundred feet above the scene. The land where Washington stood sold at \$2.75 a square foot at that time; today it is valued at \$600 a square foot, and is one of the most valuable tracts in the world. The buildings about it are said to represent a real value of \$300,000,000, and in their vaults there ordinarily reposes about a sixth of all the money in the United States.

A stone's throw away St. Paul's church stands with its back to Broadway preserved just as it was when Washington knelt there for his first prayers as president of the United States.

because so few of them are in existence. Perhaps it was hard work for Button to sign his name.—American Boy.

How Tolstoy Made His Will.

How Tolstoy made his will is told in the annual of the Tolstoy society by Alexei Sergejevo, who was one of the witnesses. On July 22, 1910, he was summoned by a lawyer, who said that Tolstoy wanted to make his will without an hour's delay. They rode away at once to the meeting place, a mile from Tolstoy's home. He met them and led the way into a dense forest. "In the thickest part of all," the narrative continues, "we stopped at a big stump of a tree. Tolstoy sat down on the stump, took a fountain pen from his pocket and asked for a sheet of paper. With feet crossed he began to make the rough sketch of his will." It was completed, signed and witnessed then and there, and then "he rose, and going to his horse said to me, 'How ghastly all this legal business is!' With an activity remarkable in a man of eighty-two, he swung himself into the saddle and vanished quickly in the dark greenery of the undergrowth."

The Wide and Winding Rhine.

From a guidebook published in Frankfurt-on-the-Main the following is taken:

The Rhine, a boundary stone of the German history, is only and solely of its kind. On his banks one meets the vestiges of past civilization, we find there traces of its regeneration and of the modern civilization of which children we are. Various impressions make arise in us so many different sensations, so that a profound enthusiasm gets hold of us. On the one hand the works of the hand of art, and on the other the imposing curiosities of nature combine themselves on the banks of the Rhine, crowned by vineyards, to an admirable symphony. In which we are touched all accents shuddering the heart and the powerful accents of the profoundest emotion. Therefore, one cannot be astonished about it, that the Rhine has always given inspirations to many poets to their most celebrated works.

The Cinque Ports.

The lord wardenship of the cinque ports goes back to the Saxon period, when the five ports, Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney and Hastings, constituted an essential part of England's defense against France. The warden

was a highly important personage, who exercised civil, military and naval jurisdiction, being at once sheriff, justice rotulorum, lord lieutenant and admiral. Winchester and Rye in later days were added to the five towns, but the name remained cinque ports, as of old. In the days of the first Edward these ports were bound to furnish fifty-seven ships fully equipped and manned at their own cost for fifteen days, in consideration for which they were freed from certain taxes and granted special privileges.—London Standard.

How the End Will Come.

The professor of natural phenomena had acquired a gasoline car. "The day is coming," he said to his class a few weeks later, "when the tire will sag and punctures pierce the inner tube and the casing blister—and then this old earth of ours will have a blowout that may shake the Dog Star from its kennel and hurl the Dipper to kingdom come!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In on the Ground Floor.

"I have always been suspicious of good things," said a well known New York lawyer, who has a reputation for a large philosophy. "I remember when I was a young man I had an opportunity to get in 'on the ground floor' of what looked to me like a load of easy money.

"I consulted one of the old time conservative men of Wall street. He smiled and said: 'Listen to this story and then decide: "A wife arriving home in high spirits tells her husband she has purchased a new bonnet. "And, sweetheart," she said, kissing him, "I got something for you too." " "Good!" exclaimed the happy husband. "What is it?" " "The bill," she said."—New York Sun.

Catacombs of the Druids.

Eleven miles southeast of London, in Kent, not many years ago were discovered the catacombs of the ancient druids, which are now much visited by sightseers and are lighted, for a part at least, by electric lights. Over fifty miles of chambers, cut in the chalk cliffs, have already been explored. The druids lived in these catacombs when attacked by their northern enemies, and here they buried many of their dead. The stone in which the human sacrifices were made is still to be seen, and also the well, from which water is drawn to this day.

Bed Time Tales

By Clara Ingram Judson.

A Hidden Spark

ONCE upon a time, a spark lived in a long trolley wire.

For some days he ran up and down the wire, hunting a place to live. If you've ever hunted you know just what a very hard time he had hunting a pleasant home. If a corner seemed fairly comfortable, it was sure to prove too public or if it was cozy and snug it was too near the trolley.

You see, this spark, even though he was very little was very wise, and he knew that if he made too much light or noise the repair men would come and then his fun would be over.

So most of the time he kept very quiet, only occasionally would he sputter and crackle and really have a good time.

For some days now he had been particularly good and quiet, and was getting very tiresome.

"I'll declare," he said to himself one morning, "I've been good so long that I'm afraid something is the matter with me. If I don't do something dreadful pretty soon there won't be any sparkle left in me. But what is there I can do?"

He kept very still and thought the matter over carefully. He decided, "Can't do anything much. I must hunt up some other sparks."

So every time a trolley car went by his wire home the spark called out "Crack! Crack! if any of you sparks want some fun, come here!"

"One spark alone," he believed it, from nearly every trolley pole that passed there was a sputter and flash of a dozen sparks.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the conductor, as everybody jumped or screamed, "where did those come from—a wire must be loose."

And the gay little sparks chuckled to themselves to think he didn't know it was just a game.

pleasant, but I thought we were going to really do something." "Sure enough we are," said the little spark host, "only I'm waiting till dark. Who ever notices sparks in the daytime? But now it's almost time. When that next limited goes by, you must all be ready to jump out and sputter and spark the very loudest and brightest you can."



There was a sputter and flash of a dozen sparks.

All the little sparks chuckled to themselves and got ready.

In about ten minutes the big limited came rushing along. Just as it reached the pole where the sparks were hiding there was a sputter and flash of a dozen sparks.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the conductor, as everybody jumped or screamed, "where did those come from—a wire must be loose."

And the gay little sparks chuckled to themselves to think he didn't know it was just a game.

Tomorrow—Almost a Fable.

The ONLOOKER

BY HENRY HOWLAND

Blighted Interest



The sun may shine again—I s'pose it will. But I'll not care a cuss nor about with glee; The orchard trees may blossom on the hill, But that'll make no difference to me.

The ones who like the smell of new-plowed ground And think a wild rose beautiful and sweet Will probably still want to tramp around. Glad that the sod is soft beneath their feet.

The boys will build their little boats and let them float on rivers I could step across; The yearlings and their scraggy coats, Out in the fields and gain a shiny gloss.

The cows will stand and chew their cuds But I'll not care a cuss nor about with glee; The fisherman will loiter beside the stream, But that'll make no difference to me.

The people in the busy town will try, No matter what they have, to still have more; The lights will flicker and the flags will fly, The wheels will keep on turnin' as before.

On Sunday mornings they will ring the bells, At quittin' time they'll blow the whistles, too; The home run will be followed by loud yells, And men may sing at what they have to do.

The world will still roll on, but there is one Who said last night that "it could never be"; I s'pose we'll still have sunshine from the sun, But that'll make no difference to me.

Hardly Fair.

"All's fair in love and war, you know," she said, after she had refused to let him have the kiss she had promised him if he would get passes for her and her mother to attend the matinee.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "but this isn't war, and there's no love about it, is there?"

Cold Wave.

Nellie—They say mustaches are coming back. Mamie—Do you care? Nellie—Certainly. I think most men look much handsomer and knightly with them.

Mamie—Well, of course, I suppose you know. I was too young to take notice when they went out of style.

Our Curious Ways.

"We are queer people." "Yes?" "We elect men to office and then condemn them."

"But that is not all. We have umpires to officiate at ball games, and we mob them for insisting on officiating."

IT DEPENDS.

"How long has your husband's suit for damages been going on?" "Let me see! I think it is eleven years."

"Eleven years! Does it take that long to get a lawsuit settled?" "Yes, when you can find a lawyer who is willing to fight on for what he can get out of it at the end."

He Knew It.

"Pa, an aviator has just fallen in our garden." "Confound it, I told your mother it would be useless for us to try to have a garden unless we kept a dog."

Who?

It is easy enough to save money. No matter how small your pay; You have only to learn To spend less than you earn— But who wants to save that way?

The Long, Long Run.

"I believe honesty pays in the long run." "So do I; but I often wish it were not such a mighty long run."

Poverty.

"Remember that it is no disgrace to be poor." "Oh, I know that, but being poor isn't anything to boast about, either."

The Balcony Scene.

"The balcony!" exclaimed Juliet, drawing back indignantly. "I couldn't get orchestra seats," explained Romeo hurriedly. "Don't make a scene."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cautious Reply.

Long Stayer—Don't you like a man with enterprise about him, Miss Pert? Tired Maiden—Some kind of enterprise. I certainly like one with some getup and go about him.

Among the curious taxes imposed in Germany on various objects are those on baby carriages, where the amount is 40 cents each, and \$1.50 tax on aged nightgowns, of which there have not been any for many years, and tourists, for whom the hotel keeper is taxed 2 1/2 cents, which is added to the bill.

The Daily Story

The Claimant—By Louise B. Cummings. Copyrighted, 1914, by Associated Literary Bureau.

There is in man a faculty for development that the lower animals do not possess.

An illustration of this diversity between men and animals occurred during the eighteenth century in the case of a young Irishman who emigrated to America and later returned to his native country. Arthur Donovan was a younger son of the Earl of Strongford. Young Donovan was devoted to hunting, and since there was a fine pack of hounds on the estate, he occupied himself largely with the sport. Neither of his two older brothers cared for it, so that the dogs came to look upon Arthur as their master, and he never went among them that they did not show the greatest affection for him.

Arthur was not only beloved by his dogs, but by every one who knew him. He was a fine, manly fellow, while his older brothers were disposed to lead a dissolute city life. The heir to the title and estates spent most of his time in London, while the second was an officer in one of the aristocratic English regiments. Arthur, having only the remotest chance to inherit the title, became restive and did what a great many younger sons of British noblemen did in those days—he emigrated to America.

Arthur Donovan was but eighteen years old when he left Ireland for America. The last goodbye he spoke was to the dogs. Going out to the kennels, he called to them, and they gathered about him, barking their joy, supposing that they were going for a hunt.

There was one dog, Hector, of which Arthur had made an especial pet. He was very young, but Arthur had found him capable of being trained far easier than the other hunters. Hector loved his master, and his master loved Hector. When it came to bidding farewell to this dog Arthur's eyes became wet, and, breaking away from his pet and waving adieu to the pack, he returned to the house, where a conveyance was waiting to take him to Belfast, from which point he was to sail for Virginia.

Arthur reached America not long before the breaking out of the Revolutionary war. In civil strife the side youngsters take is liable to be decided by circumstances. Perhaps young Donovan was influenced by a hereditary antagonism to England, but the immediate cause of his advocating the American cause was his meeting with John Paul Jones, who became famous as a naval commander. Jones was as much Scotch as Donovan was Irish. Donovan joined the future conqueror of the Serapis and was with him during that famous battle, receiving a wound in the face which left a scar which largely changed his expression.

At the end of the war Donovan had been in America ten years. Between eighteen and twenty-eight there is always a considerable change in a man's appearance, but in this case there was much more than usual. When Arthur left Ireland his face was smooth. Now it was covered with a beard, which he wore partly to hide the scar he had received in battle. Then he had a thick head of hair, which was now thin, and he had inherited a family predisposition to become gray early. As soon as hostilities ceased, with some prize money he had received he bought a tobacco plantation in Virginia, and settling down on it, there was every prospect of his living the life of an American southern planter.

When Arthur joined Paul Jones he wrote his family in Ireland of the fact, and his father ordered that his name should never again be mentioned by any of the family. Eight years passed without a word between him and them. The oldest son died of dissipation, and the next younger brother, who had been sent with his regiment to America, was killed at the siege of Yorktown, which occurred near the end of the war. Neither of these men was married.

This left Arthur Donovan Earl of Strongford by right, but there was a barrier between him and the title which would be difficult to pass. In the first place, a cousin, Herbert Donovan, a keen and unscrupulous lawyer, was next of kin, and with Arthur out of the way, would possess the title and entailed estates. Secondly, Arthur, having had no communication with his family for years, would likely have difficulty in proving his identity. Thirdly, in endeavoring to establish his claim against his cousin his having fought England, especially with the so called pirate, Paul Jones, would prejudice every one against him.

When the Earl of Strongford died Herbert Donovan laid claim to the inheritance, taking the ground that Arthur was dead. To prove this he sent an agent to America with instructions to find a record of the death of some one bearing the name of Donovan and manufacture evidence that the deceased was the youngest son of the Earl of Strongford. This was not difficult. There were plenty of Donovans in America, and a record was found of an Arthur Donovan who had been killed at the battle of Trenton. Ireland was much farther from America in those days than now, and to make up a case proving this man was a son of the Earl of Strongford was not the task it would be today.

The position taken by Herbert Donovan was well fortified before Arthur heard of the great changes that had occurred since he left home. The occasion of his hearing of it at all was that the case became known to a Dublin attorney, O'Rourke, who knew the Strongfords, especially Herbert, and through a desire for gain, as well as a sense of justice, concluded to aid Arthur, if alive, and notify him that his inheritance was about to pass to another. He, too, sent an agent to America in the matter of the Strongford title and estates.

Arthur was riding over the broad acres of his tobacco plantation when a man accosted him and handed him a letter from O'Rourke notifying him of the death of his father and brother

and saying his cousin had laid claim to the title and estate. Arthur at once put his affairs in America in a position to go to Ireland and took the next vessel that sailed from Philadelphia. Arriving in Dublin, he went straight to O'Rourke, whom he had known before leaving home, and introduced himself as Arthur Donovan. He received his first setback in the fact that the attorney recognized nothing in his appearance of the youth he had seen more than ten years before. He asked Arthur what proof he had of his identity, and Arthur was obliged to confess that the life he had led as a sailor during the American war had resulted in the destruction of every paper he had possessed connecting him with the family.

O'Rourke was disheartened. He had spent some money in sending an agent to America, which it now appeared he was likely to lose. He was very doubtful about his client being the real Arthur Donovan. But Arthur, who had learned in his experience with the colonists how to put up a good fight, persevered and succeeded by narrating events which had happened in his family with which O'Rourke was conversant in putting sufficient confidence in the attorney to induce him to undertake his case, though Arthur was obliged to send to America for means to pay the costs.

When Herbert Donovan saw the claimant to the Strongford title he felt quite comforted. He had seen his cousin frequently in years gone by and now saw not the slightest resemblance between this man and Arthur Donovan. He had taken possession of the late earl's residence and ransacked the house, searching for any papers or likeness that might aid in establishing Arthur's claim. He had found some letters and a miniature painting on ivory made when Arthur was sixteen years of age. He had destroyed the letters and kept the portrait till he could discover whether it would aid his own case or his cousin's. Death and change had played havoc with the Strongford household. Lady Strongford had died before Arthur left home. Most of the servants had gone elsewhere, and of those who remained many pronounced him an impostor, the rest being in doubt. Michael Monahan, the keeper of the hounds, was still there, though but two or three dogs were left of the pack, since no member of the family had hunted since his departure. Michael when he saw Arthur was in doubt whether he was the man he had known as a youth or an impostor. Asking Arthur for his hat, he put the lining up to his nostrils and drew a long breath.

"Ah, Mr. Arthur," he exclaimed, "you're the rale hunter that went to Ameriky! I know you by the fine perfume of you."

Arthur at once communicated the fact to his attorney as important proof. But O'Rourke saw nothing in it, and if there had been he said it could not be utilized in court. If Michael had not seen Arthur since his return to Ireland and would pick him out by his personal odor among a number of men it would go far toward establishing his claim. Was there any one else who had not seen him who could recognize him by his odor, which was very like musk and agreeable rather than unpleasant?

Unfortunately not a person could be found who had ever detected this personal odor. Arthur worked hard to get other evidence, but for every bit he got in his favor his cousin secured one against him. His counsel took the matter up for trial with misgivings, but hoped for the best. Michael Monahan made an excellent witness, and O'Rourke told Arthur that if he could get anything in the same line to reinforce it he believed that he could win the case for him.

Arthur asked Michael if any of the dogs he left behind when he went away were still living. Michael thought awhile, then replied that there was one left, old Hector, but he was half blind. After a conference between O'Rourke and Arthur it was decided to bring Hector into court as a last hope.

The scene when the old hunter was led up to Donovan was long remembered in those parts. Hector cast a glance at his master and looked away. Donovan drew nearer the dog till he was within a few inches of the animal's nose. Then Hector began to sniff, nosing about as though trying to remember something. Then he gave a low moan, which he kept repeating.

"Hec!" said Donovan, "hined and ratted himself till his forepaws rested against Donovan."

It was now evident that the dog remembered his former master, laying his head against Donovan's breast and crooning like an old woman over a newly found child.

The case was won. What it is difficult to describe in words was easy for the jury to interpret. Donovan won and soon after took possession of the title and estates. The most valued creature on the premises was old Hector, which died at the advanced age of thirteen.

May 4 in American History.

1775—Washington started on horseback from Mount Vernon to attend the Continental congress in Philadelphia.

1804—The United States congress voted against recognition of the empire of Mexico. General R. E. Lee marched his army into the Virginia Wilderness to confront the Federal Army of the Potomac. General W. T. Sherman's army, 100,000 strong, began its march toward Atlanta.

All the news all the time—The Argus.