

ROCK ISLAND DAILY ARGUS.

VOL. XXXIX. NO. 85.

ROCK ISLAND, TUESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1891.

Single Copies 5 Cents.
Per Week 12 1/2 Cents.

OUR

BIG KNIFE HAS DONE ITS WORK.

January has certainly been a big month with the London--Far beyond our expectations. Almost all our Overcoats, Heavy Suits and Heavy Underwear are gone.

Good Goods at Low Prices is What Talks at the London.

After our successful "January Sacrifice Sale" we find broken lots and sizes left in each department

We are Bound to Make a **CLEAN SWEEP** of all Odds and Ends.

We will inaugurate the Greatest Clean Sweep Sale ever Known or Heard of.

This Great Sweep Sale begins SATURDAY MORNING, JAN. 24, and will last but a few days only, as goods at these prices are bound to be gobbled up.

COME AND GET OUR PRICES.

THE LONDON

The People's Great Money Savers.

The American Olive.

The growth of the olive is to be, it seems to me, one of the leading and most permanent industries of southern California. It will give us, what it is nearly impossible to buy now, pure olive oil, in place of the cottonseed and lard mixture in general use. It is a most wholesome and palatable article of food. Those whose chief experience of the olive is the large, coarse and not agreeable Spanish variety, used only as an appetizer, know little of the value of the best varieties as food, nutritious as meat, and always delicious. Good bread and a dish of pickled olives make an excellent meal. The sort known as the Mission olive, planted by the Franciscans a century ago, is generally grown now, and the best fruit is from the older trees.

The most successful attempts in cultivating the olive and putting it on the market have been made by Mr. F. A. Kimball and Mr. Edward Cooper. The experiments have gone far enough to show that the industry is very remunerative. The best olive oil I have ever tasted, and which is that produced from the Cooper and Kimball orchards, but not enough is produced to supply the local demand. Mr. Cooper has written a useful treatise on olive culture, which will be of great service to all growers. The art of packing is not yet mastered, and perhaps some other variety will be preferred to the Old Mission for the table.

A mature olive grove in good bearing is a fortune. I feel sure that within twenty-five years this will be one of the most profitable industries in California, and that the demand for pure oil and edible fruit in the United States will drive out the adulterated and inferior present commercial products. But California can easily ruin its reputation by adopting the European systems of adulteration.—Charles Dodge Warner in Harper's.

Cattle in America.

The first cattle that were brought into the American colonies were landed at the James river plantation in Virginia, in the year 1607. They came from the West Indies, and were descendants of cattle taken to those islands by Columbus on his second voyage, in 1493. In 1610 several cows were landed, and in 1611 about 100 head more were brought to the plantation. This was the origin of the cattle business in America. In order to encourage the cattle industry to the fullest possible extent an order was passed forbidding the slaughter of any animal of the kind under penalty of death. Under this restriction the number of cattle increased to 30,000 in Virginia alone by the end of the year 1633.

The first cattle brought to New England arrived at Plymouth in 1624. They were imported from England by Governor Winslow. Three heifers and a bull made up the party. In color, the old record says, they were black, black and white and brindle. In 1625 twelve cows were sent to Cape Ann; in 1629, thirty more. In 1630 about 100 were imported for the colony of Massachusetts Bay. During the years last above mentioned, 163 cattle had been sent from Texel, Holland, into New York, so that by the year 1630 there were a good many head of horned cattle in the colonies.

From 1631 to 1633 a large number of cattle for those times were brought into New Hampshire from Denmark. These were large yellow cattle. Taking all of these cattle together, they were the foundation from which all the common native cattle of our country have descended.—St. Louis Republic.

Talleyrand Meets Benedict Arnold.

Talleyrand tells very briefly his expedition from England, and at the moment of setting out for America gives a pitiful glimpse of a certain well known American. Fortunately the danger we were running was noticed on shore, and induced some Falmouth lightermen to brave the fury of the sea and come to our assistance. With their help we managed to reach the harbor. Whilst our ship—all the rigging of which was much damaged—was being repaired, a very striking incident added an impression of a special kind to the many I was to experience in the course of this voyage. The innkeeper at whose place I had my meals informed me that one of his lodgers was an American general. Thereupon I expressed the desire of seeing that gentleman, and shortly after I was introduced. After the mutual exchange of greetings I put to him several questions concerning his country, but from the first it seemed to me that my inquiries annoyed him.

Having several times vainly endeavored to renew the conversation which he always allowed to drop, I ventured to request from him some letters of introduction to his friends in America. "No," he replied, and, after a few moments of silence, noticing my surprise, he added, "I am perhaps the only American who cannot give you letters for his own country—all the relations I had there are now broken—I must never return to the states. He dared not tell me his name. It was General Arnold; I must confess that he excited my pity, for which political puritans will perhaps blame me; but I do not reproach myself, for I was a witness of his agony.—Century.

The Same Name.

Teacher—Where was Moses when the light went out?
Bright Boy—He was hugging my sister in the parlor.—New York Herald.

The Beggar Maid.

How pale and wan she was, poor child!
Was 't hunger made her eyes so wild?
Or was it pain and fear?
Her dress was scrupulously neat,
But poor and thin, the waxy streak
Was frozen, dark and drear.
She asked for a few pence for bread:
I gave her good advice instead.
"Oh, wherefore do you roam,
Unhappy child, this winter's day?
To give thee pence no one will star:
So why don't you go home?"

"Home," moaned the child to sorrow stirred.
"Home! Ah, to me that sweetest word
Strikes no harmonious chord."
Then shamed-faced and with drooping head
The little wretched wanderer said,
"I have no home—I board."
—H. W. South in America.

A Steady Improvement.

Up to five years ago 25 per cent. of the people intending to go out on a certain train arrived too late. In these days it has been discovered that 75 per cent. of them arrive at least fifteen minutes too early, while only 2 per cent. are too late. In other words, the public has learned the meaning of "on time."—Detroit Free Press.