

## THE ARGUS.

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1891.

A GIRL of 15 at Atlanta, Ga., was recently divorced from one husband and has just taken another.

Fires in London have lately been thicker and blacker than for years, and gas is frequently lighted at midday.

REDWOOD trees 400 feet high and thirteen feet in diameter are found in Washington.

A CONVICT in the Colorado penitentiary has invented a gallows that compels criminals when sentenced to death to become their own hangmen.

Is the treasury of the sultan of Turkey a gold cradle, studded with diamonds. It is kept under guard in Constantinople and in it a dozen sultans have been rocked.

ARNOLD KOCH, of St. Louis, brother of the famous Dr. Robert Koch, says that the latter is the third of thirteen children, the first nine of whom were boys, and that he was uncommonly studious as a boy, studying Hickeys and Mosses under the microscope while the others were playing.

LOUISIANA has the largest farm in the world. It runs 100 miles north and south, and twenty-five miles east and west. It cost \$50,000 to fence it. All cultivation is done by steam power. Three men, with cable ropes and portable engines, plow fifty acres per day. The Southern Pacific runs through this farm for a distance of thirty-six miles.

CORRESPONDENTS are taxing their descriptive eloquence in efforts to set forth the beauty of the bride of young James R. Garfield. One of these enthusiasts winds up his pen-picture by saying that "she beams like a star in a world of angels," which somehow doesn't seem to mean much except, perhaps, beer on the part of the waiter.

ROSE COGHLIN and Lydia Thompson met by chance at a hotel table in Albany the other week, and to the surprise of some observers, fell to exchanging reminiscences in a very social way. During their talk the fact was developed to an interested few that Miss Coghlin first came to this country from England when a girl, with Miss Thompson, playing a subordinate part in a company under the management of the latter.

SECRETARY WINDOM's sudden death at the banquet table at Delmonico's Thursday evening last naturally created a profound sensation throughout the country. The secretary was a man of robust physique and apparently vigorous health. That the death messenger should have come to him so suddenly, striking him down while in the full tide of a successful career, in the center of festal scenes, surrounded by a bright and brilliant company, is another startling reminder of the uncertainty of life and the vanity of all that poor humanity strives and struggles for.

REV. SAMUEL BAYS, of Bowling Green, Ky., is a daisy. He not only furnishes spiritual consolation to the souls of his congregation, but to their bodies as well. On Sundays he dispenses the gospel and on week days sets out good old Kentucky bourbon to his thirsty parishioners, also cigars and tobacco. He has been making a good thing out of this thrifty mingling together of secular and sacred pursuits. But he has struck a snag, in his broad and liberal interpretation of the command to "be all things to all men," as recommended by St. Paul, and left our venerable relative, Uncle Sam, entirely out of his field of view. In selling whiskey he may have been violating the divine law as interpreted by most of the churches, and for this he has not up to the present time been called to account. But he has also been violating the internal revenue law of this country in not first obtaining a license. For this he is called to account and now languishes in jail, without any bail, and until he gets out his congregation will go dry seven days in the week.

Guarding Against Counterfeit Bills.  
The Lounge was sitting in a notary's office the other day when a man came in to make an affidavit to some papers. The notary's charge was twenty-five cents, and the man handed him a \$2 bill.  
"Do you know whose picture that is?" the notary asked in a genial tone, pointing to the portrait on the bill.  
"That's Hancock," replied the stranger.  
"Is it?" The notary did not seem to be certain about it, and putting on his glasses he held the bill up to the light and scanned it closely.  
"Yes," he said at last. "I guess you are right. It is Hancock." Then the stranger received his change and went away.  
"I always do that with people I don't know," said the notary to the Lounge when the stranger had gone. "You see it gives me a fine chance to see if the bill is a counterfeit."—New York Tribune.

## THE UNREDEEMED.

Oh, an elegant incense-burner pipe am I,  
My couch is a velvet case complete,  
And many companions round me lie.  
As we steadily stare at the story street.  
For fate's unkind, and the months have flown  
Since the sacred fire on my altar gleamed;  
No friend have I, for I'm left alone  
Along with the rest of the unredeemed.

There's a volume there, a birthday gift  
That a mother bestowed on her only son;  
But he's long been out on the world's drift,  
And his parents' face on earth is run.  
"To My Darling Boy," so the sentence goes  
You may read inside, and she doubtless dreamed  
Of a future bright for the lad—who knows?  
But the book lies here with the unredeemed.

There's a diamond ring that was often worn  
By a handsome pink tip fingered belle,  
And many a vow was duly sworn  
When it first was placed where it looked so well;  
But the faithless jade had a stony heart;  
She was false when fortune frowning seemed,  
So the ring went back, and their ways apart,  
And the dullest came to the unredeemed.

A petticoat yonder's up for sale  
That has long been left for a paltry sum,  
But the woman that pledged it looked so pale,  
As though by weariness overcome.  
She'd a tiny child, and it cried for bread,  
Her motherly heart had planned and schemed,  
Till she had come to the shop, she said;  
And the garment is here with the unredeemed.

Aye, we are a most mysterious crowd  
Of pledges, the sign of cold neglect;  
Some of us once were wondrous proud,  
Some of us claimed the world's respect.  
Now we are tumbled, all may spy,  
Time our appearance has scarred and seamed.  
Never a purchaser comes to buy:  
Who will invest in an unredeemed? —Scraps.

## THE WEB OF LACE.

Some little while ago a young Italian couple who had come to Paris in search of fashionable life became customers of mine in my capacity as a broker and banker. The husband was of very high birth, and had resigned his commission as a captain of cavalry at his marriage. The wife was very pretty, very rich and the daughter of a great railway contractor. Their establishment was luxurious, sober and serious. The husband used to speculate on the Stock Exchange, but with prudence. I met them at Trouville, dined with them in the winter and hunted with the count on his grounds near Goetz. One day about two months ago I was returning to my office after the last board when my clerk stopped me and told me, with a strange look, that a lady was waiting to see me. A lady? I could not guess who she was. My clerk said she was young, elegantly dressed and appeared violently agitated and afraid the police would come. I was startled, but would not let my clerk suspect it. I walked boldly forward and found my charming Italian countess. She rose quickly, and with her eyes filled with tears, stretched out her hands to me.

"Here you are at last," she said, "I have been here so long—I was so afraid you would not come."  
"But, madame, what is the matter? What procures me the pleasure?"  
She made a feverish gesture and said in a hoarse voice:  
"Do not speak—listen to me. What I have to say is so terrible that if I delay an instant I shall never have the courage to tell you. Yes, it is cruel, but I must speak. Only you can save me!"  
"Save you?"  
"Yes. Do not look at me—I shall have more force to tell you what you must be told."

We exchanged alarmed looks. I listened in horror. What could this woman, proud, intelligent, accustomed to every situation and protected by all possible safeguards, have done to be placed in so terrible a predicament?  
"Oh, mon Dieu!" I heard her murmur. "How can I make such a confession? I would rather die. And yet my husband—my son!" She wrung her hands, and her convulsed features expressed the most complete despair.  
"But madame," I cried with emotion, "tell me at once, since you see in me a possible savior. Do not leave me in doubt. What has happened? What have you done to you?"

She grew deadly pale, and from her trembling lips fell the avowal:  
"Two hours ago at the Magasin—at the lace counter of the Paradis des Dames—I was arrested—for stealing!"  
"For stealing?" I repeated mechanically, so absurd did the idea seem to me.  
"Yes, for stealing a piece of lace!"  
"And that piece of lace?"  
"Was found on me!"  
"Why, some shoplifter, fearing to be caught herself, must have slipped it into your jacket without your knowing it."  
"No!"

The word fell like a stone on my head. I looked with stupefaction at this well born, carefully nurtured girl, delicate and refined, who sat before me overwhelmed at having to acknowledge that it was not by chance that the lace was found on her person.  
"Why—why?" I stammered.  
"Why, it was I, of course, who took it. I stole it—don't you understand?" she cried, almost beside herself.  
"You, madame?"  
"Yes, I! How did it happen? I don't know; but yet it is so."

"I had already made several purchases, paying for them all, when I saw an exhibition of laces they had at the Magasin. There were some marvelous beautiful ones, particularly a point d'Alencon, remarkably fine and high, of a royal design, and I stopped to admire it. Seeing this the clerk forced it on my notice, and spread it before me, and carried away by an incomprehensible impulse I sat down. He unrolled it, twisted and turned it about, showed it off against the velvet, and I, my eyes fixed on the fine meanderings of the harmonious design, gazed at it fascinated. I no longer heard the honeyed and stupid voice of the clerk; I was absorbed by the adorable lace. My reason was abolished, nothing remained of my instincts, tastes and ways, and in the vacuum of my mind I found nothing but an intense desire to possess the precious tissue. I would have done anything to get it. I felt that I must have it, no matter how, and that without delay. The clerk talked on and on. I heard him saying that it was an extraordinary bargain; that the design was unique and would never be reproduced; that the price was only 200 francs a yard; that last year it would have been 2,000; that only queens wore such lace! There seemed to be an accent of scorn in his voice, as if he were saying, 'Such marvels are not for an ordinary woman like you.'"

"He added, 'We have some very cheap Valenciennes.' With a turn of his hand he rolled up the point d'Alencon, and leaving it before me rummaged in the big shelves behind him, bringing out a number of very pleasing patterns, and displayed them with as insinuating zeal as when he had been showing the masterpiece which he seemed to have forgotten, but which I devoured, letting my eyes feast

on it constantly without being distracted by anything, like a wild beast patiently watching its prey. Just then he was called by a fellow clerk, to whom he replied impatiently. 'Don't you see that I am busy?' 'But the other insisting, after excusing himself to me he quitted his place for a moment. That moment sufficed me. When he returned the piece of point d'Alencon was beneath my jacket.

"His eyes seemed to me to fix themselves on my visage with sarcastic insistence, and the tone of his voice changed. I noted the difference. Had he divined that I was a thief? He could not have seen me, as I took the point d'Alencon from beneath all the Valenciennes, and yet he no longer urged me to buy, as if he were thinking: 'It isn't worth my time. This woman is no customer. She steals!'

"An insupportable heat suffused my face, and I suffered so that I shut my teeth so as not to cry out. I was on the point of throwing down the lace on the counter and saying, 'I only wanted to see if you would miss it.' But then a voice rose in me crying: 'But then you will no longer have the laces which have turned you into a criminal. It is impossible for you to give them back. You must have them, you adore them, they are part of your flesh and blood. It would be torture to tear them away from you. No, no! Go hurry away, carry them off with you!' And I could not resist. I was no longer myself. I was carried away by a monstrous instinct. I comprehended nothing of what was going on in my maddened brain, and yet I recollected all the steps of my moral fall with atrocious precision. I rose and said, 'Decidedly you have nothing to tempt me.'

"I inclined my head to the clerk and walked slowly away through the crowd, longing that I could dare to run, so half dead I was with fear. My heart beat as if it would break, my legs trembled, the perspiration rolled down my forehead, and I tried to smile, thinking that all the people who surrounded and pushed against me were on the alert to discover me. At that moment, and when only ten steps from the door, a gleam of reason illumined my brain. It was as if a curtain separating me from the light had been suddenly torn away. I saw my conduct clearly. I fell into a horror of myself, and turned to pick up the piece of lace on the counter. A second terror more intense than that which had preceded overcame me. Suppose that in the instant my conscience was saving me from myself I should lose all by attempting to repair my fault? No, I could not turn back. I must go, I must escape quickly, but without taking the stolen treasure, without remaining a thief. I loosened the lace inside my jacket and let it fall on the floor. Instantly a voice behind me said, 'Madame, you have lost something.'

"I raised my eyes and stood rooted to the spot. The clerk who had served me was by my side. He still smiled, I stammered, 'This is not my bundle.' 'Yes, pardon me, it is yours. It dropped out of your jacket.' Curious faces were already gathered round, eager for a scandal. I cried, 'For pity's sake, not here!'

"The clerk understood, bowed, and making me walk before him ushered me into a corridor. A door opened. I was in the office of an inspector. How shall I tell you my fright and despair? What supplication did I not pour out to this man who held in his hands my honor, my life and the future of those dearest to me? He listened coldly, and to all my prayers and tears answered in the harshest terms:  
"Yes, yes, we know all that. It's the old story; we hear it every day. Pray be assured that it no longer deceives us. Every month thousands of frames' worth of goods are stolen from us, and if we do not take severe measures we shall be ruined. Who are you, madame? Kindly give me your name and address."

"I cried out, 'Never!'  
"Then I must give you in charge of the commissary of police."  
"But your head partner—take me to see M. Bontemps!"  
"Impossible! That is expressly forbidden. M. Bontemps cannot lose his time listening to the ridiculous stories of all the shoplifters whom we catch. This happens here ten times a day. Come, madame, decide. Your name and address or the police office."

"Then I saw that I could obtain nothing from this hardened slave of duty. I could not speak or pronounce my name, hitherto honored, but when the inspector pushed pen and paper to me I wrote with one movement what he asked for. He looked at the signature, and in his eyes I read the suspicion of a false name. And I had not even thought that he would doubt me! Indignantly I drew out my card case and almost flung a card in his face. He smiled to see himself so well understood, and bending down wrote under my name, in the large and regular hand of a veteran lieutenant, 'Arrested for stealing lace.'

"I felt the blood rush to my face like a flame, and throwing myself on the door I fled from the magasin!"  
Listening to this story from the lips of its shuddering heroine made my blood run cold. I looked at this woman, pale and overwhelmed by her misfortune, and asked myself if I were not the sport of a phantom. I have assisted at many touching scenes during my financial career. Those whom I have helped have been ungrateful, none of those whom I have refused to assist has killed himself, as he threatened to, so that I am little inclined to soften. But this Italian girl was so beautiful in her distress and adorned herself with such sincerity that I warmed in her cause and shared in her despair.

"What did I do when out of doors?" she said. "I felt that I had utterly thrown myself away. I should not have yielded. That man could not have given me up to the police, and if he had the commissary would have listened, and if not he, then the prefect. Those men have power, have they not? They can take it upon themselves to save the honor of a family, or else what is authority worth? Oh, if I had been led into his presence I should have found words—I should have thrown myself at his feet—he would have saved me. Whereas now—now there exists in the hands of a living being a material, infamous, ignominious proof of my guilt, which may some day reveal what I have done. I saw the Seine before me as I thought of this, and the desire to throw myself into the river came into my mind. I repulsed it with horror, not from the fear of death, but from disgust at the scandal which such an ignoble end would raise. I hastened away through the Tuilleries garden, talking aloud to myself, weeping and so wild looking that every one turned to look at me. At the Rue de Rivoli I took a carriage to go home, but on the way the impossibility of facing my husband came upon me so strongly that I shuddered. To whom could I turn? I have no friends or relations here; my father is in Italy. When the carriage passed before your door the sight of your name was like a message from heaven. I remembered your kindness, the delicacy of your character, the exceptional probity of your reputation—what more can I say? I came here

(Continued on Fifth page)

## An Interesting Situation

Is suggested in the picture below.



But then you must know that Captain King is given to introducing all sorts of interesting situations all through his stories.

We are about to publish

"AN ARMY PORTIA,"

One of the Captain's latest and best serials. It is probably not necessary for us to suggest that

You Should Not Fail to Read This Story.

To Serve and Carve a Leg of Mutton.

A leg of mutton should always be brought to the table on its back, with the "handle" or knuckle to the right of the carver. Cut crosswise, beginning almost in the middle, but a little nearer the knuckle than the tail. Cut the slices toward the right until you come to the bone, proceeding in the same way on the other side. If you are studying economy use the less juicy slices near the bone while hot, as the thicker slices are much better to be warmed over or eaten cold.—Cor. New York World.

Mexico celebrates on the 5th of May the anniversary of a great victory over the invading French army, and most of the other American republics observe the anniversaries of important events in their own history.

A Partial Reform.

"Have a cigar, William?"  
"Yes, sir, sir."  
"Given up smoking?"  
"No; given up your cigars."—New York Sun.

His Word Sufficient.

Bohr (the author)—Wait a minute, and I'll show you the proofs of my novel. Gore—No, no! I don't want any proofs. Your word is enough.—Pack.

If Your House is on Fire

You put water on the burning timbers, not on the smoke. And if you have asthma you should attack the disease in the blood, not in the nose. Remove the impure cause, and the local effect subsides. To do this, take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, which radically and permanently cures asthma. It also strengthens the nerves. Be sure to get only Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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