THE ARGUS.

Published Daily and Weekly at 1624 Second Avenue, Rock Island, Ill.

J. W. POTTER, - - PUBLISHER.

TERMS—Daily, 50c per month; Weekly, $2.00 per annum.

All communications of a critical or argumentative character, political or religious, must have real name attached for publication No such articles will be printed over fictitious signatures. Anonymous communications not noticed.

Correspondence solicited from every township in Rock Island county.

SATURDAY MARCH 14, 1891

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

At the earnest solicitation of my friends, I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of collector subject to the decision of the democratic city township convention.

LOUIS OBLWEILER.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of collector at the suggestion of many friends, subject to the decision of the democratic city township convention.

WM. ECKERMANN.

THE gallant 101 will be feasted at Chicago tonight.

THE election of General Palmer, remarks the Burlington Gazette, causes almost as much rejoicing as does the election of a president. This is because it was a triumph of the people.

OLD STREETER has issued a manifesto, in which he endeavors to show that Messrs. Cockrell and Moore treated him treacherously. Well, that's the proper way to treat a traitor.

A. J. STREETER was the recipient of a box containing a couple of crows the day following his defeat for the United States senate. He should have turned them over to the republican steering committee

CORPORAL TANNER'S appointment to the Illinois railway commission puts him where he can do the g. o. p. effective service without inflicting that awful mouth on a long suffering public. For the latter let us all return thanks.

WITHOUT the burden of prohibition around their necks Iowa cities would progress many times as rapidly as they do now. The "granges" of the state, as some republican organs delight in calling the farmers, owe to the cities freedom from this incubus

WE had hoped that Illinois would be allowed to retain the services of Gen. John M. Palmer entirely to itself, but if the democracy of the nation is determined to elect him president THE ARGUS will interpose no objection. It is the essence of democratic doctrine that the majority shall rule. He would make just as able a president as it is conceded that he will senator.

FINDING that W. J. Gamble is ineligible to office by reason of having removed to Moline for a couple of months last summer, the Union gives him a nice complimentary notice and regrets that he will be compelled to wait a year before he can be a candidate for collector. If Mr. Gamble had been eligible the Union would hardly have been so generous with its compliments.

Reed's Rules Must Go.

Congressman McMillan, of Tennessee, a prominent candidate for the position of speaker for the next house, has been interviewed as to the probable retention of the Reed rules. He declares emphatically that there will be no such rules in the next congress. To quote his own words he says. "There will be no such rules in the next congress. I can not conceive it possible that the democratic party dominant in the next house, fortunately for the country, would adopt the extraordinary methods in legislation which were the practice of the congress which has just folded its tent. There is a great deal of unnecessary gabble on the subject of the efficiency of this house to transact business. No house that ever adjourned left so large an unfinished calendar. No house that ever assembled, so far as I know, took seventeen or eighteen of the days set apart for the consideration of the private calendar in order to get through its business. As to the efficiency of the methods adopted that can be questioned without rashness and disputed within truth. As an illustration, the second session of this congress was engaged continually in patching up the rents in the McKinley bill. There was the tobacco rebate clause, the binding twine paragraph, the chocolate clause and the overriding of the Hawaiian treaty. It will be remembered that Texas, the greatest state in this union, was legislated in this congress out of existence and put in the the territory of Oklahoma. To cap the climax of the supreme blundering that resulted from precipitate action, congress, during its last hours, had to amend the bill for the relief of the supreme court by the adoption of a paragraph which saved the supreme court docket from abolition and prevented chaos in the judiciary of the country. It is a fact, though it does not seem to have become generally known, that if the supreme court bill had not been thus amended after it had received the signature of the president, the supreme court would have been divested of jurisdiction of every one of the civil cases upon the calendar. This would have expedited business with a vengeance, but it would hardly have suited the country."

AN ARMY PORTIA.

By CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "The Deserter," "From the Ranks," "Dunraven Ranch," "Two Soldiers."

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CHAPTER XII.

But Mabel and Georgia Marshall met at the parlor door.

There were sore hearts at Ryan in the week that followed. As had long been anticipated, orders came for the summer practice march to the Indian territory, and the Eleventh—band and all—had jogged away, leaving Maj. Kenyon to command the post, with his little battalion of infantry to guard it. The orders were received two days after Welsh's enlivening tour of guard duty. The command was to march in forty-eight hours, equipped for field service, and Lieut. Hearn, with the other troop commanders, was occupied every instant in getting his horses and men in thorough shape. Kenyon and Lane, after consultation among some of his friends, had induced the young fellow to promise not to open one of the marked copies of the newspapers which now began to crowd in with every mail, but to leave them all to be considered by the little council of three, in whose hands he had been persuaded to rest his case.

He had written a full denial of The Palladium's scandalous statements with regard to his financial entanglements, and a full description, as has already been told, of the original trouble at the trader's store with Private Welsh. These had both been handed to Col. Morris in his office. No one had heard from Lawler. No one knew just exactly what disposition the colonel had made of these papers. Mr. Abrams, too, had disappeared the day after Welsh's tour of guard duty; but the whole garrison now was flooded with newspapers by the hundred. It would seem as if the guild of the western press had resolved on a sudden and simultaneous assault on the army in general, and as if Fort Ryan was the vortex of the storm. Sensational dispatches were published from various quarters. Other journals, envious of The Palladium's exploit, unearthed other victims, long since out of the army for general worthlessness, and with flaming head lines displayed to a sympathizing public the tale of official abuse and tyranny which had compelled these several gallant and patriotic sons of America to quit the service they were so well fitted to adorn.

Dozens of tramps and tatterdemalions reaped sudden and unexpected harvest of eleemosynary quarters and lunches from gaping audiences in the beer saloons by detailing individual experiences of their own when serving under Lieut. This or That in the Eleventh horse or the Thirty-third foot. Dozens of Munchausens wore the reporters' pencils down to the wood with details of their harrowing sufferings. Then the editorials began, and gravely lectured the people on the wrongs of the whole, system—the unrepublican character of an army anyhow, the repugnance in the American mind to all idea of discipline. Meantime of course The Palladium was firing hot shot by the ton, and new so called scandals at Ryan, fresh outrages on the helpless and downtrodden soldiery were the subjects of Mr. Abram's lurid delineations, until it was to be wondered at that in their wrath the offended public did not wipe the foul blot on their civilization from the face of the earth.

It was on Friday evening that in answer to certain dispatches he had been firing at department headquarters, Col. Morris received a message that at least put him out of uncertainty. That day The Palladium had outdone itself, and no one not conversant with the illimitable faculties of the paid correspondent can begin to imagine the heroic size attained in its columns by the incident briefly sketched in the last chapter: "Continued Persecution of Trooper Welsh! Heaped Up Humiliations on His Head! Forced to Show Slavish Homage to His Insulter! Helpless Wrath of Comrades!" etc. The details of the incident, as told by the special correspondent, lost nothing of sensationalism, and Lieut. Lewis came in now for his share of obloquy. Poor Welsh was represented as having been marched out, and with brutal curses compelled to salute Lieut. Hearn, despite the fact that he, as member of the guard, was by law and regulations exempted from the requirement. "In vain did the young soldier plead that paragraph 391 of the regulations fully excused him. His relentless persecutors defied the laws of congress, and compelled him to 'stand and deliver' for the purpose of adding to the indignities already heaped upon him. Could the readers of The Palladium have heard the low, deep mutterings of the men in the garrison this night no mutiny on their part need have surprised them."

The editor, too, backed up his correspondent in a three-quarter column assault on the ridiculous etiquette of the army. "It may be," he said, "all well enough in the conscripted camps of Europe, where whole nations are forced to service under arms, to exact of the rank and file this slavish exhibition to superiors, but it is an insult to the high intelligence of the soldiers of free America that because a beardless boy happens to have a strap upon his shoulder thousands of scarred veterans should be compelled to do him homage. The whole idea of the salute is repugnant to the republican mind and should be abolished; and for that matter, as we have no further use for an army, why stop at the salute?"

No doubt the ninety-and-nine of The Palladium's readers thought their editor was sound, and were as opposed to the idea of that courtesy which is officially declared to be "indispensable among military men," as to any exhibition thereof in the streets of their own peaceful and remarkably well regulated metropolis.

But Col. Morris was himself wofully perturbed about this time. After immolating Cross and other officers by name, as was to be expected, The Palladium man had taken to poking ugly little insinuations at the post commander, and this, thought Morris, was the height of ingratitude. He was in no pleasant mood when the men came marching up from stables, and it stung him to see how cordial everybody was to Hearn, who, confound it! was the cause of the whole row. The telegram he had just received settled that matter once and for all; yet he was glad he had an adjutant on whom to devolve the coming duty.

Ever since Hearn's trouble began Captain and Mrs. Lane had lost no opportunity to make him understand that they were devotedly his friends, and that if he would but come to them in his sense of utter wrong the shelter of their home, the welcome of their fireside, would be some compensation at least for the harsh treatment accorded to him by the world at large. Thanks to the efforts of the western newspaper a million or more of free people had learned to look upon his name as the synonym for all that was swaggering, brutal, drunken and bullying; and it was easy to see that the young soldier was cut to the heart.

But an unexpected ally had been discovered. Hearn, who had at first held aloof in solitude, brooding over his troubles, began to show decided readiness to come. And though at all times grateful and most attentive to Mrs. Lane, that clear sighted young matron speedily noted how his handsome blue eyes would wander about in search of her quietly observant friend, and that ever since the night of her tilt with Lawler Miss Marshall's interest in the case had been quadrupled. Now, this was not exactly what Mrs. Lane had planned. She wanted Georgia to marry in the army, but she also wanted, and saw nothing in the least unreasonable in so wanting, to select that spirited young woman's husband for her. She did not for a moment think that there was any danger of Georgia's falling in love with Hearn.

He was several years her senior, to be sure; he was handsome, distinguished as a soldier, a man of unimpeachable character as modern men go; but, she argued, "he is so much younger for his years than Georgia for hers." She had had to think so much for herself, and now the man she should marry was—well, not crabbed old Maj. Kenyon, of course; he was a widower—sour and yet susceptible. It was only too plain that he loved to come to the house and talk with Miss Marshall by the hour, especially when the cavalrymen were all down at stables. Neither did she want the doctor, whom Jeannette McCrea could have if she would only make up her mind to drop Jim Wallace, who was now so devoted that the yearning medical man had no chance whatever. No, she didn't see, after all, just the right man for Georgia; still she had always thought of some one so much older, utterly ignoring the fact that when left to themselves most women have very different views of their own. Not a word had she uttered to Georgia, of course, but to her loving and indulgent spouse she had gone so far as to say:

"It is lovely to see how he is beginning to find comfort in her society; but, Fred"— And madame breaks off, irresolute, yet suggestive.

"But, Mabel"— responds her gray eyed lord with indefiniteness equal to her own.

"Just suppose"— And then another pause on her part.

"Just suppose what, Mrs. Lane—that it should snow before September?"

"Now, Fred, you know, or else you haven't any eyes for"——

"I haven't—except for one," says Lane, parrying the situation with the very words he knows will most delight her.

"You absurd boy!" But she comes fluttering across the room to reward him as he deserves. "What I mean is, Georgia might get to think of him."

"Well, everybody is thinking of him just now, and in the light of such a catastrophe I suppose I'd have to make him think of her."

"He does now; and if he doesn't—you can't make people fall in love, can you?"

"Agreed, Mrs. Wisehead. Neither can you prevent it, can you? I know I couldn't stop a fellow from falling in love with you some few years ago, hard as I tried. The more I tried to put you away, the more you kept coming into that fellow's empty head." (Here Capt. Lane is rewarded again, and as soon as able to speak resumes.) "So why worry now?"

"Well, I'm not worrying exactly, only"——

"Only what? Every man can't have a wife like mine. Still, wouldn't she make rather a good one?"

"Good? Goodness! But the question is to find the right man. However, I know what you mean, Fred. Don't interfere; so I won't. And there they are chatting in the parlor, yet, and it's time for him to get ready for parade— Why, here's Mr. Mason!" And Mrs. Lane, who had slipped into the dining room, caught sight of the adjutant at the front door.

"What is it, Mason?" asked Lane, a sudden trouble in his eyes, as he hurried through the hall.

"The colonel wishes Mr. Wharton to assume command of C troop temporarily. I'm ordered to place Hearn in arrest," was the answer, in tones that trembled a little despite Mason's efforts at impassibility.

Lane's hand was extended as though to close the parlor door, which stood ajar, but he was too late. The clink of the scabbard without had already been heard, and almost at the instant Hearn stepped forth into the hall.

"You won't have far to look, old fellow. Here I am."

"My heaven, Hearn! I thought to find you over home, or I would never have come here on such an errand."

"Never mind; I am with you. Good-by, captain; say good afternoon to—to the ladies for me."

"By Jove! I'm going over with you," said Lane, snatching a forage cap and springing down the steps. He did not want to encounter the questioning eyes within.

But Mabel and Georgia Marshall met at the parlor door.

"Have you heard—do you know?" was the faltering question of the former.

"Hear! Know! Who could help hearing? Is it not an outrage?"

(To be continued.)

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c.

I have been bothered with catarrh for about twenty years; I had lost sense of smell entirely, and I had almost lost my hearing. My eyes were getting so dim I had to get some one to thread my needle. Now I have my hearing as well as I ever had, and I can see to thread as fine a needle as ever I did, my sense of smell is partly restored, and it seems to be improving all the time. I think there is nothing like Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh. Mrs. E. E. Grimes, Rendrill, Perry Co., Ohio.

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