

# J. W. H. BLOOD IS DECEASED

Passing Away of Keokuk Man at an Early Hour This Morning From Pneumonia.

## CAME FROM THE EAST

First Visit to Iowa in 1866 and Came to Keokuk in 1877—Business Man and Devoted Church Worker.

John W. H. Blood, a well known citizen of Keokuk, died early this morning at 1:05 at his home, 604 Grand avenue. Mr. Blood has been ill but a short time, having suffered an attack of pneumonia a week ago. For a time it appeared as though he would rally from his illness but with other ailments prevalent during a siege of pneumonia, resulted in his passing away.

Mr. Blood was born at Charlton, Worcester county, Massachusetts, May 31, 1847. A number of years ago, he was married to his first wife, Flora Blood, who died some years after moving here. Mr. Blood first came west in 1866 and was one of a corps of engineer workers in railroad service in the western part of this state. He returned to the east later and established himself in the grocery business.

Mr. Blood made his second trip to Iowa in 1877, coming to Keokuk and remaining here since that time. He was at one time engaged in the hardware business with L. H. Ayer, Sr. For the past twelve years, however, the deceased had been connected with the Iowa Vinegar company of which L. D. Sheppard is president. At one time Mr. Blood was in the retail grocery business in Keokuk.

Always conscientious and active in his business pursuits, Mr. Blood was liked by all who knew and respected him. He was devoted to the work of the Westminster church of which he was an active member, and had for a number of years been one of the leading spirits in the mission work of the Westminster Sunday school and branch departments.

Mr. Blood was one of the influential and representative members of the local order of the Royal Arcanum lodge No. 536. He was recording secretary of that order. The decedent was a christian man, faithful and home loving. He was married on April 26, 1906, in this city to the devoted wife who survives him.

Those who survive beside the wife, Mrs. Priscilla Blood, are: His brothers, H. B. Blood, of Keokuk; sisters, Mrs. Mary Harrington and Mrs. Emily Knight of Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. Martha Eaton, of Auburn, Mass.; Mrs. Martha Sawyer, a sister of Mrs. Blood, also lives in this city. A niece Miss B. S. Blood and nephews of this city, W. G. and H. Boyden Blood, survive. N. E. Eddy and family of St. Louis and Mrs. E. F. Bisbee of Oklahoma City, Okla., are relatives of the deceased.

Funeral services will probably be held on Saturday afternoon from the family residence.

## Foley Kidney Pills

Are tonic in action, quick in results. A special medicine for all kidney and bladder disorders. Mary C. Abbott, Wolfboro, N. H., says: "I was afflicted with a bad case of rheumatism, due to uric acid that my kidneys failed to clear out of my blood. I was so lame in my feet, joints, and back that it was agony for me to step. I used Foley Kidney Pills for three days when I was able to get up and move about and the pains were all gone. This great change in condition I owe to Foley Kidney Pills and recommend them to anyone suffering as I did." Wilkinson & Co.

## AFFINITIES ARE ARRESTED

William Parsons and Mrs. Minnie Copenhaver, Both of Macomb.

William H. Parsons, a former well known restaurant proprietor of Macomb, having a wife and several children in that city still, and Mrs. Minnie Copenhaver, who has a husband in



BLANCHE WALSH IN "THE OTHER WOMAN AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, MONDAY, JANUARY, 23, 1911.

## Famous "Pint of Cough Syrup" Recipe

No Better Remedy at Any Price. Fully Guaranteed.

Make a plain syrup by mixing one pint of granulated sugar and 1/2 pint of warm water and stir for two minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of pure Pinex (fifty cents worth) in a pint bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup. This gives you a family supply of the best cough syrup at a saving of \$2. It never spoils. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

The effectiveness of this simple remedy is surprising. It seems to take hold instantly, and will usually stop the most obstinate cough in 24 hours. It tones up the jaded appetite and is just laxative enough to be helpful in a cough, and has a pleasing taste. Also excellent for bronchial trouble, throat tickle, sore lungs and asthma, and an unequalled remedy for whooping cough.

This recipe for making cough remedy with Pinex and Sugar Syrup (or strained honey) is a prime favorite in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada. The plan has been imitated, though never successfully. If you try it, use only genuine Pinex, which is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in guaiacol and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this recipe.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Macomb, were arrested yesterday at 313 Vermont street in Quincy, where for several months they have been living as man and wife. The complaint against them was made by the woman's husband, who came to Quincy Monday night in search of his wife, who left Macomb with Parsons more than a year ago. Yesterday afternoon they were taken before County Judge McCarl, where both pleaded guilty to a statutory charge and were fined—Parsons \$100 and Mrs. Copenhaver \$50. Being unable to pay the fines, they were sent to jail, and if they are still unable to pay up this evening will be sent to the work house to do labor for the county and city.

Mr. Copenhaver stated yesterday to a Whig reporter that he was sick in bed at the time his wife deserted him for Parsons and with her went more than a hundred dollars of his hard earned money. He had suspected before the intimacy which existed between the two and did all in his power to break it up. During the time Parsons conducted the restaurant Copenhaver and his wife were employed by him, and it seems that during that period the intimacy grew. Mrs. Parsons is now working in a

# The Adventures of Mr. Peter Ruff

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

## Delilah from Streatham

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It was a favorite theory with Peter Ruff that the morning papers received very insufficient consideration from the majority of the reading public. In glance at the headlines and a few of the spiciest paragraphs, a vague look at the leading article, and the sheets were thrown away to make room for more interesting literature. It was not so with Peter Ruff. Novels he very seldom read—he did not, in fact, appreciate the necessity for their existence. The whole epitome of modern life was, he argued, to be found amongst the columns of the daily press. The police news, perhaps, was his favorite study, but he did not neglect the advertisements. It followed, therefore, that the necessity for their existence, the appeal of "M" in the personal column of the Daily Mail was read by him on the morning of its appearance—read not once only nor twice—it was a paragraph which had its own peculiar interest for him.

"Mr. Spencer Fitzgerald, if still in England, is requested to communicate with 'M.' at Vagall's Library, Cook's Alley, Ledham Street, Soho."

Peter Ruff laid the paper down upon his desk and looked steadily at a box of india-rubber bands. Almost his fingers, as he parted with the newspaper, had seemed to be shaking. His eyes were certainly set in an unusually retrospective stare. Who was this who sought to probe his past, to renew an acquaintance with a dead personality? "M" could be but one person? What did she want of him? Was it possible that, after all, a little flame of sentiment had been kept alight in her bosom, too—that in the quiet moments her thoughts had turned towards him as his had so often done to her? Then a sudden idea—an ugly thought—drove the tenderness from his face. She was no longer Maud Barnes—she was Mrs. John Dory, and John Dory was his enemy! Could there be treachery lurking beneath those simple lines? Things had not gone well with John Dory lately. Somehow or other, his cases seemed to have crumpled into dust. He was no longer held in the same esteem at headquarters. Yet could even John Dory stoop to such means as these?

He turned in his chair. "Miss Brown," he said, "please take your pencil."

"I am quite ready, sir," she answered.

He marked the advertisement with a ring and passed it to her.

"Reply to that as follows," he said:

"Dear Sir: I notice in the Daily Mail of this morning that you are inquiring through the 'personal' column for the whereabouts of Mr. Spencer Fitzgerald. That gentleman has been a client of mine, and I have been in occasional communication with him. If you will inform me of the nature of your business, I may, perhaps, be able to put you in touch with Mr. Fitzgerald. Under the circumstances, I shall require proofs of your good faith. Truly yours, Peter Ruff."

Miss Brown glanced through the advertisement and closed her notebook with a little snap. "Did you say—Dear Sir?" she asked.

"Certainly!" Peter Ruff answered. "And you really mean," she continued, with obvious disapproval, "that I am to send this?"

"I do not usually waste my time," Peter Ruff reminded her, mildly, "by giving you down communications destined for the waste-paper basket."

She turned unwillingly to her machine. "Mr. Fitzgerald is very much better where he is," she remarked.

"That depends," he answered. "She adjusted a sheet of paper into her typewriter.

"Who do you suppose 'M' is?" she asked.

"With your assistance," Peter Ruff remarked, a little sarcastically—"with your very kind assistance—I propose to find out."

Miss Brown sniffed, and banged at the keys of her typewriter.

"That coal-dealer's girl from Streatham!" she murmured to herself. . . .

A few politely worded letters were exchanged. "M" declined to reveal her identity, but made an appointment to visit Mr. Ruff at his office. The morning she was expected to wear an entirely new suit of clothes and was palpably nervous. Miss Brown, who had arrived a little late, sat with her back turned upon him, and ignored even his usual morning greeting. The atmosphere of the office was decidedly chilly. Fortunately, the expected visitor arrived early.

Peter Ruff arose to receive his former sweetheart with an agitation performance concealed, yet to him poignant indeed. For it was indeed Maud who entered the room and came towards him with carefully studied embarrassment and half doubtfully extended hand. He did not see the cheap millinery, the slightly more developed figure, the passing of that insipid prettiness—which had once charmed him—into the bloom of an over early maturity. His eyes were blinded with that sort of masculine chivalry—the heritage only of fools and very clever men—which takes no note of such things. It was Miss Brown who, from her place in the corner of the room, ran over the cheap attractions of this unwelcome visitor with an expression of scornful wonder—who understood the tinsel of her jewelry, the cheap shoddiness of her ready-made gown; who appreciated, with merciless judgment, her mincing speech, her cheap, flirtatious method.

**5¢ a Package**  
(Never sold in bulk)

**Uneeda Biscuit**  
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Fresh in every climate: Hot or cold, wet or dry.  
Adapted to every condition: Rich or poor, sick or well.  
Suited to every color: White, black, red, yellow.  
Used by every age: Childhood, youth, manhood, old age.  
Good at all times: Breakfast, lunch, dinner, supper.  
And in all places: At work or play, by day or night.

**Uneeda Biscuit**

Maud, with a diffidence not altogether assumed, had accepted the chair which Peter Ruff had placed for her, and sat fidgeting, for a moment, with the imitation gold purse which she was carrying.

"I am sure, Mr. Ruff," she said, looking demurely into her lap, "I ought not to have come here. I feel terribly guilty. It's such an uncomfortable sort of position, too, isn't it?"

"I am sorry that you find it so," Peter Ruff said. "If there is anything I can do—"

"You are very kind," she murmured, half raising her eyes to his and dropping them again, "but, you see, we are perfect strangers to one another. You don't know me at all, do you?"

"I have only heard of you through the newspapers. You might think all sorts of things about my coming here to make inquiries about a gentleman."

"I can assure you," Peter Ruff said, sincerely, "that you need have no fears—no fears at all. Just speak to me quite frankly. Mr. Fitzgerald was a friend of yours, was he not?"

Maud smiled. "He was more than that," she answered, looking down. "We were engaged to be married."

Peter Ruff sighed. "I knew all about it," he declared. "Fitzgerald used to tell me everything."

"You were his friend?" she asked, looking him in the face.

"I was," Peter Ruff answered fervently, "his best friend! No one was more grieved than I about that—little mistake."

She sighed. "In some ways," she remarked softly, "you remind me of him."

"You could scarcely say anything," Peter Ruff murmured, "which would give me more pleasure. I am flattered."

She shook her head. "It isn't flattery," she said, "it's the truth. You may be a few years older, and Spencer had a very nice mustache, which you haven't, but you are really not unlike Mr. Ruff, do tell me where he is!"

Peter Ruff coughed. "You must remember," he said, "that Mr. Fitzgerald's absence was caused by events of a somewhat unfortunate character."

"I know all about it," she answered, with a little sigh.

"You can appreciate the fact, therefore," Peter Ruff continued, "that as his friend and well-wisher I can scarcely disclose his whereabouts without his permission. Will you tell me exactly why you want to meet him again?"

She blushed—looked down and up again—betrayed, in fact, all the signs of confusion which might have been expected from her.

"Must I tell you that?" she asked. "You are married, are you not?"

Peter Ruff asked, looking down at her wedding-ring.

She bit her lip with vexation. What a fool she had been not to take it off!

"Yes! Well, no—that is to say—"

"Never mind," Peter Ruff interrupted. "Please don't think that I want to cross-examine you. I only asked these questions because I have sincere regard for Fitzgerald. I know how fond he was of you, and I cannot see what there is to be gained, from his point of view, by reopening old wounds."

"I suppose, then," she remarked, looking at him in such a manner that Miss Brown had to cover her mouth with her hands to prevent her screaming out—"I suppose you are one of those who think it a crime for a woman who is married to even want to see, for a few moments, an old sweetheart?"

"On the contrary," Peter Ruff answered, "as a bachelor, I have no convictions of any sort upon the subject."

She sighed. "I am glad of that," she said.

"I am to understand, then," Peter

Ruff remarked, "that your reason for wishing to see Mr. Fitzgerald again is purely a sentimental one?"

"I am afraid it is," she murmured. "I have thought of him so often lately. He was such a dear!" she declared, with enthusiasm.

"I have never been sufficiently thankful," she continued, "that he got away that night. At the time, I was very angry; but often since then I have wished that I could have passed out with him into the fog and been lost—but I mustn't talk like this! Please don't misunderstand me—quite happily married!"

Peter Ruff sighed. "My friend Fitzgerald," he remarked, "will be glad to hear that."

Maud fidgeted. It was not quite the effect she had intended to produce!

"Of course," she remarked, looking away with a pensive air, "one has regrets."

"Regrets!" Peter Ruff murmured. "Mr. Dory is not well off," she continued, "and I am afraid that I am very fond of life and going about, and everything is so expensive nowadays. Then I don't like his profession. I think it is hateful to be always trying to catch people and put them in prison—don't you, Mr. Ruff?"

Peter Ruff smiled. "Naturally," he answered. "Your husband and I work from the opposite poles of life. He is always seeking to make criminals of the people whom I am always trying to prove worthy members of society."

"How noble!" Maud exclaimed, clasping her hands and looking up at him. "So much more remunerative, too, I should think," she added, after a moment's pause.

(To be Continued)

## SAVE "SUNKIST" ORANGE WRAPPERS.

Buy Sunkist oranges, California's choicest, tree-ripened, hand-picked oranges, and save the wrappers. For 12 orange wrappers and a few cents additional, you can get a genuine Rogers' Standard Orange Spoon. For details note Sunkist orange advertisements or ask your fruit dealer. "Sunkists" are as cheap as good oranges can be, so you should choose them and get valuable premiums free.

## Interest in Old Books.

Ladies who are looking for something original in the way of an exhibit might find more than the usual interest in a collection of children's books, as supplied by their friends, no book to bear date of less than twenty years ago. One such collection proved most delightful entertainment. There were quaint Peter Parley books and all sorts of books of grandmother's day. An added attraction was the personal idea each suggested, with the names of the original owners and verses warning not to steal the precious book on danger of coming to the gallows in the end and so on. One woman who is something of an invalid has amused herself by getting together a collection of the old McGuffey schoolbooks that she used in her childhood. She had some difficulty in supplying some of the readers, but finally got them all.

## Two Children Near Death.

CLINTON, Jan. 18.—Two little girls aged 3 and 5 years, daughters of Mrs. Kurawak, on Central avenue, started a fire in the house while their mother was absent. The younger was burned quite badly and is in a serious condition.

## FRATERNAL CARDS

MASONIC. Hall, corner Fourth and Main Eagle Lodge, No. 12—Holds its regular meeting the first Tues day evening of each month.

Hardin Lodge No. 29—Holds its regular monthly meetings the second Monday evening of each month.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS. Hall Seventh and Main Streets. Keokuk Lodge, No. 13, meets regularly Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Geo. Hardin, N. G.; Otto Anschutz, Recording Secretary.

Pucketchuck Lodge, No. 48, meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Geo. W. Sweeney, N. G.; Geo. W. Imnegart, Permanent Secretary.

Herman Lodge, No. 116 (German), meets regularly every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. A. H. Linnaburger, N. G.; Albert Kiefer, Rec Sec.

Pucketchuck Encampment, No 1 meets first and third Tuesday evenings of each month. Otto Anschutz, Scribe.

A. C. U. W. Keokuk Lodge, No. 256—Meets every Thursday night at 7:30 o'clock at hall over Keokuk Savings bank, corner Fifth and Main streets. Visiting brethren cordially invited. Ed Vaughn, M. W.; A. A. Baur, Recorder.

Morning Star Lodge, No. 5—Meets Fifth and Biodeau, K. of P. building Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. C. B. Laka, Chancellor Commander; J. A. Burgess, K. of R. and S. Visiting Knights fraternally invited.

KNIGHTS AND LADIES OF SECURITY, KEOKUK COUNCIL No. 1039. Meets the first and third Monday of each month, at A. O. U. W. hall at 8 o'clock. O. W. Rowe, president; E. Whitmarsh, Financier; Marys C. Schenk, Secretary.

MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA Gibbons Hall. Keokuk camp, No. 622—Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. Our latch string is out to neighbors, John Wustrow, V. C.; J. A. Pollard, Clerk.

B. P. O. ELKS. Keokuk Lodge, No. 106—Meets first and third Thursday nights at Elks hall, Gibbons opera house block, Sixth and Main streets. Club rooms open daily. Visiting brothers cordially invited. James Cameron, Sr., E. R.; William Reinbold, Secretary.

ORDER OF OWLS. Regular meeting of the order of Owls the first and third Tuesdays of each month at their hall in the Schilt building, corner Third and Johnson streets, third floor. Visiting Owls are cordially invited. F. M. Ballinger, worthy president; Ed W. Kiser, secretary.

FRATERNAL ORDER OF EAGLES. Keokuk Aerie, No. 683—Meets first and third Wednesday of each month at Eagle's hall, corner Eighth and Ninth streets, third floor. Visiting brothers cordially invited. Frank Mosler, W. President; C. A. Noaks, Secretary.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy never disappoints those who use it for obstinate coughs, colds and irritations of the throat and lungs. It stands unrivalled as a remedy for all throat and lung diseases. Sold by all dealers.

**You Only Pay for the Soap— You Get Something MORE**

Every cake of Peosta Soap contains five cents worth of soap and something else worth much more.

The ability to get the clothes clean by simply soaking them.

Peosta is made to save clothes as well as labor, time and money.

These savings are worth while. Phone your grocer now and order Peosta. If he is out of it, write to us.

**JAMES BEACH & SONS, Dubuque, Ia.**  
Also manufacturers of Peosta's Floating White-Castle for Dish and Hand.

Gets the Dirt and Spots the Clothes