

TEAM RUNS AWAY; DRIVER IS KILLED

MAX GERVICH, RUSSIAN JEW JUNK DEALER, CRUSHED TO DEATH UNDER WAGON. THROWN OUT, WHEELS CRUSH CHEST, INJURING HEART

Team Became Frightened on East Church Street Hill and Upset the Wagon, Throwing Gervich Under It—Man Dies Half Hour Later at Home of Brother, Morris Gervich.

Thrown from his wagon when his horses ran away on East Church street about 10:30 o'clock this morning Max Gervich, aged 36, a Russian Jew junk dealer living at 715 East Main street, received injuries from which he died less than half an hour later at the home of his brother, Morris Gervich, 601 East Main street.

He saw now in her face an agony that appalled him. He would have gone to her again, but there came loud voices from the forest, and recovering his pistol he sprang to the door. Half a hundred paces away were Obadiah and the king's sheriffs. They had stopped and the councillor was expostulating excitedly with the men, evidently trying to keep them from the cabin. Suddenly one of the three broke past him and ran swiftly toward the open door, and with a shriek of warning to Nathaniel the old councillor drew a pistol and fired point blank in the sheriff's back. In another instant the two men behind had fired and Obadiah fell forward upon his face.

With a yell of rage Nathaniel leaped from the door. He heard Marion cry out his name, but his fighting blood was stirred and he did not stop. Obadiah had given up his life for him, for Marion, and he was mad with a desire to wreak vengeance upon the murderers. The first man lay where he had fallen, with Obadiah's bullet through his back. The other two fired again as Nathaniel rushed down upon them. He heard the zip of one of the balls, which came so close that it struck his cheek.

"Take that!" he cried. He fired, still running—once, twice three times and one of the two men tumbled down as though a powerful blow had broken his legs under him. The other two turned into the path and ran. Nathaniel caught a glimpse of a frightened, boyish face, and something of mercy prompted him to hold the shot he was about to send through his lungs. "Stop!" he shouted. "Stop!" He aimed at the fugitive's legs and fired.

The boyish sheriff was lengthening the distance between them and Nathaniel halted to make sure of his last ball. He was about to shoot when there came a sharp command from burst into view, running at double-quick. He saw the flash of a saber, the gleam of brass buttons, the blue glare of the setting sun on leveled carbines, and he stopped, shoulder to shoulder with the man he had been pursuing. For a moment he stared at the man with the naked saber approached. Then he sprang toward him with a joyful cry of recognition. "My God, Sherry—Sherry!" He stood with his arms stretched out, his naked chest heaving. "Sherry—Lieutenant Sherry—don't you know me?"

The lieutenant had dropped the point of his saber. He advanced a step, his face filled with astonishment. "Plum!" he cried incredulously. "Is it you?" For the moment Nathaniel could only speak the other's name. He tried to speak but his breath choked him. "I told you in Chicago that I was going to blow up this damned island—if you wouldn't do it for me," he gasped at last. "I've had a hell of a time."

"You look it!" laughed the lieutenant. "We got our orders the second day after you left to 'Arrest Strang and break up the Mormon kingdom!' We've got Strang aboard the Michigan. But he's dead."

"Dead!" He was shot in the back by one of his own men as we were bringing him up the gangway. The fellow who killed him has given himself up, and says that he did it because Strang had him publicly whipped day before yesterday. I'm up here hunting for a man named Obadiah Price. Do you know—"

"What do you want with Obadiah Price?" "The president of the United States wants him. That's all I know. Where is he?" "Back there—dead or very badly wounded! We've just had a fight with the king's men."

The lieutenant broke in with a sharp command to his men. "Quick, lead us to him, Captain Plum! If he's not dead—"

He started off at a half run beside Nathaniel. "Lord, it's a pretty mess if he is!" he added breathlessly. Without pausing he called back over his shoulder: "Regan, fall out and return to the ship. Tell the captain that Obadiah Price is badly wounded and that we want the surgeon on the run."

A turn in the path brought them to the opening where the fight had occurred. Marion was on her knees beside the old councillor.

Nathaniel hurried ahead of the lieutenant and his men. The girl glanced up at him and his heart filled with

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START ORDINANCE FIGHT

Marshalltown Light Power and Railway Company, Secures Restraining Order to Prevent City From Enforcing Hull Rate Ordinances—Hearing Set For October.

The Marshalltown Light, Power and Railway Company is out to prevent the city enforcing the Hull rate ordinances, passed by the city council a few weeks ago. On the application of the company's attorney Judge Smith McPherson, in the federal court at Des Moines, Wednesday issued a restraining order, preventing the city from enforcing the ordinances. This is the company's first move to beat the new set of city ordinances, which lowered the existing rates for gas, electric light and power. These ordinances were to go into effect on July 1.

According to the notice from the federal court, the hearing at which time it will be determined whether the restraining order will be made permanent or a permanent injunction will be denied is set for the October term of the federal court which is to be held in Council Bluffs.

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She raised her face, glorious in its love. "If you want me—still." And he whispered: "For ever and for ever!" THE END.

Richard Loney Dead. Did Resident of Timber Creek Township Succumb to Cancer. Richard Loney, 73, an old resident of Timber Creek township, died at his home, 226 Player street at 7:20 o'clock this morning of cancer of the stomach. Mr. Loney had been sick for almost a year. On May 16 he was taken to St. Thomas hospital where an exploratory operation was made. When the real nature of the disease was discovered no attempt was made to operate.

Mr. Loney was born in Knox county, Ohio, Dec. 7, 1837. He came west, settling in Iowa in 1856, and five years later during the California gold craze he went to that state, but returned to Ohio, where he married Miss Marie Burger, on Dec. 10, 1863. Mrs. Loney died May 3, 1871, and on March 30, 1882 Mr. Loney married Miss Anna E. Trichman.

Mr. Loney settled in Timber Creek township in 1877, where he continued to live until 1905, when he moved to this city where he has since resided. He is survived by four children: Ormanthus and Howard Loney, and Mrs. Alice French, of Gilman, and Edward R. Loney of this city. He is also survived by the following brothers and sisters: Jackson Loney, of Carrollton, Mo., and Joseph Loney, of Chillicothe, Mo.; Mrs. Sarah Scowles, of Clarksville, Mo.; Mrs. Anna Hughes, of Chickasaw, and Mrs. C. Witherspoon, of Bartlesville, Okla.

The funeral will be held from the friends church Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Rev. N. M. Hodgin officiating. The church will be open from 9:30 to 2:30. Interment will be in the Timber Creek cemetery.

Local Weather Record. Ninety-six was the maximum temperature Friday, one degree warmer

than the maximum for Thursday. The minimum temperature during the night was 64, the same as the lowest mark for the night before. At 7 o'clock this morning the government thermometer registered 69, one degree cooler than at the corresponding hour Friday morning.

Must Be Above Suspicion. Kidney and bladder ailments are so serious in their consequences, and if unchecked so often fatal that any remedy offered for their cure must be above suspicion. Foley Kidney Pills contain no harmful drugs, and have successfully stood a long and thorough test. McBride & Will Drug Company.

He coughed and blood flecked his lips. "She left—Marion and Nell!" He sank back, ashen white and still, and with a cry Nathaniel turned to the lieutenant. The officer ran forward with a flask in his hand. "Give him this!" The touch of liquor to Obadiah's lips revived him. He whispered weakly: "The children, Nat—I tried to find them—and years after I did—in Nauvoo. The man and woman who had killed the father in their own house had taken them and were raising them as their own. I went mad! Vengeance—vengeance—I lived for it, year after year. I wanted the children—but if I took them all would be lost. I followed them, watched them, loved them—and they loved me. I would wait—wait—until my vengeance would fall like the hand of God, and then I would free them, and tell them how beautiful their mother was. When Joseph Smith was killed and the split came the old folks followed Strang—and I, too—"

He rested a moment, breathing heavily. "I brought my Jean with me and buried her up there on the hill—the middle grave, Nat, the middle grave—Marion's mother." Nathaniel pressed the liquor to the old man's lips again. "My vengeance was at hand—I was almost ready—when Strang learned a part of the secret," he continued with an effort. "He found the old people were murderers. When Marion would not become his wife he told her what they had done. He showed her the evidence! He threatened them with death unless Marion became his wife. His sheriffs watched them night and day. He named the hour of their doom—unless Marion yielded to him. And to save them, her supposed parents—to keep up the terrible knowledge of their crime from Nell—Marion—when—"

Again he stopped. His breath was coming more faintly. "I understand," whispered Nathaniel. "Obadiah's dimming eyes gazed at him steadily. "I thought my vengeance would come—in time—to save her, Nat. But it failed. I knew of one other way and when all seemed lost—I took it. I killed the old people—the murderers of her father—of my Jean! I knew that would destroy Strang's power—"

In a sudden spasm of strength he lifted his head. His voice came in a hoarse, excited whisper. "You won't tell Marion—you won't tell Marion that I killed them—"