

# NEWS FROM NEARBY TOWNS

## DAVENPORT

**Two Fined for Speeding Autos.**—Dr. A. W. Benadom was fined \$1 and costs by Magistrate Roddewig for exceeding the automobile speed limit. He admitted that he was running at the rate of 15 to 18 miles per hour. Ed Slavin, who was arrested last Thursday on the same charge and who was allowed to go free on condition that he appear at the station, failed to show up. He was encountered by Officer Phelan Friday night and forced to put up \$15 as a guarantee for his appearance. He denied that he was exceeding the speed limit, stating that he was going at the rate of eight miles per hour when arrested. He was fined \$5 and costs, which he paid.

**Miss Powers Painfully Injured.**—Miss Anna Powers, 316 Taylor street, met with a painful accident Friday evening. She was alighting from a Central park car and had passed the rear end of the car when her foot was caught in a trolley rope that was lying on the street. The car starting suddenly, she was thrown to the pavement and received a severe blow on the back of the head. She was also dragged by the car for quite a distance. At present she is lying at her home in a serious condition, and as yet it is not ascertained what the result of her injuries will be.

**Costly Attempt by Incendiary.**—An attempt to burn the apartments of Con J. Gleason at the Wöhler flats at 515 Ripley street was made Saturday night at 9 o'clock by an unknown party, and but for the prompt arrival of the fire department the entire apartment building would have been razed by the flames. The loss to the Gleason suite will be in the neighborhood of \$500. The flames were first discovered in the apartment shortly before 9 o'clock and an alarm was at once turned in to the fire department. When the firemen arrived at the flat building the entire second floor was one mass of flames,

fire being in every room in the apartment. The application of chemicals, however, proved to be sufficient to extinguish the fire, which was confined principally to bundles of cotton which had been spread over the floors of every room and had been saturated with kerosene. The damage was done chiefly to the furnishings, the carpets, some furniture and the woodwork in the suite being scorched and burned by the flames. That the attempt was made with the intention to destroy the Gleason apartment, if not the entire flat building, is apparent from the manner in which the cotton had been distributed over the rooms. The matter was reported to the police and an effort is being made to apprehend the guilty party. Shortly before the Gleason alarm was turned in the fire department was summoned to Nahant, where the railroad office of the Milwaukee road was burning. The fire was soon extinguished after the department arrived, but the loss was heavy, the building being badly damaged.

**Auto Victim Buried.**—The funeral of William F. Holl, the victim of Friday's automobile accident, was held this afternoon at 2 o'clock from the home, 1838 West Fourth street. Services were held in Trinity cathedral and interment was in Oakdale cemetery. A crowded court room heard the testimony at the coroner's inquest. The following verdict was returned: "An inquisition holden at Davenport, in Scott county, on the 13th day of May, A. D. 1911, before Justice W. R. Maines, acting coroner of said county, upon the body of William F. Holl, there lying dead, by the jurors whose names are hereto subscribed. The said jurors upon their oaths do say, after having heard the evidence and examined the body, we do find that deceased came to his death by having his skull crushed by being struck by an automobile near the crossing of Third and Howell streets, in the city of Davenport, Scott county, Iowa, at about 12 o'clock, noon, on May 12, 1911, said automobile being driven by F. L. Schmidt."

**Obituary Record.**—Joseph Edward

Du Bois passed away at his home south of Blue Grass, his death following an illness which dated back to last September. He was born in Scott county and was 57 years, 9 months and 11 days of age. He is survived by five children: Mrs. Sadie Baumbach, and Mabel, Cora and Esther Du Bois; three sisters, Misses Tina and Margaret Du Bois, and Mrs. C. F. Sparrow of Custer City, Okla., and two brothers, D. C. of Verona, Mo., and William of Dallas, Texas; also one granddaughter, Mabel Baumbach. The funeral was held from the home Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock with interment at the Blue Grass cemetery.

## MILAN

**Father and Sons in Corporation.**—James A. Rose, secretary of state in Illinois, has issued articles of incorporation to Gust Ed Construction company of this city, the capital stock being \$25,000. Stockholders and incorporators are Gust Ed and his sons, Robert Ed and Joseph Ed. Gust Ed is president of the new corporation, Robert Ed is vice president, treasurer and general manager, and Joseph Ed is secretary.

**Boyer Held to Grand Jury.**—Charles Boyer, arrested Thursday in Chicago, faced a larceny charge Saturday in Police Magistrate Gustafson's court. Boyer admitted to the police that he took \$22 of J. V. Claar's money and \$5 that belonged to two lodgers at the Interurban hotel, at a time when he was employed as night clerk in the hotel. Boyer was held to the September grand jury. His bond was fixed at \$1,000 and being unable to furnish the sum he was committed to the county jail. Boyer is an old circus man and he traveled with the Barnum & Bailey aggregation for years. He has been in a great many foreign countries.

**Auto Runs Down Farmhand.**—Victor Carlson, a farmhand who has been working near Bettendorf, was struck by a touring car at Sixth avenue and Fifteenth street. D. H.

## MOLINE

**Four Acres for Home.**—G. M. Loosely announces that he has purchased four acres of ground on the bluff that faces Fourth avenue at Forty-fifth street. Two acres were purchased of J. B. and J. L. Oakleaf and two acres of W. A. Tolles. The tract has a frontage of 250 feet on Fourth avenue and extends back to Sixth avenue. The purchase price is not announced, but it is understood that it was in the neighborhood of \$1,000 an acre. Mr. Loosely purchased the site for building purposes and eventually he will erect a beautiful residence.

**Obituary Record.**—Samuel Rosenfield, 415 Ninth street, was buried this afternoon in Riverside cemetery. Funeral services were conducted in the home by Rev. J. A. Hurley, pastor of the First Baptist church. Mr. Rosenfield, who died Friday night after an illness of seven weeks of blood poisoning, was a brother of the late Morris Rosenfield, president of the Moline Wagon company. Mr. Rosenfield was a veteran employee of the Moline Wagon company, having been with that concern for 40 years. The greater part of that time he had served as foreman of the shipping crew. He was taken ill while at his work. He was born in Germany and had lived till Sunday would have been 64 years old. He came to America when he was 18, accompanying his brother, Morris, who had returned to his native land for a visit. Samuel Rosenfield settled here and had always made this city his home. He was married Sept. 2, 1875, to Miss Martha Scherhorn of Cordova, who survives with one daughter, Mrs. Julia Colenour, at home.

**Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured in Three Days.**—Morton L. Hill of Lebanon, Ind., says: "My wife had inflammatory rheumatism in every muscle and joint; her suffering was terrible and her body and face were swollen almost beyond recognition; had been in bed for six weeks and had eight physicians, but received no benefit until she tried Dr. Detchon's Relief for Rheumatism. It gave immediate relief and she was able to walk about in three days. I am sure it saved her life." Sold by Otto Grotjan, 1501 Second avenue, Rock Island; Gust Schlegel, 220 West Second street, Davenport.

Snoke of Davenport, was driving the car. Carlson was decidedly under the influence of liquor and was crossing Sixth avenue 60 feet east of the east line of Fifteenth street. Snoke was driving west at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. Carlson caught on the fender and Snoke became excited and forgot how to stop his car. Carlson was carried 70 to 80 feet before the car stopped. A badly bruised left shoulder and minor bruises on his back were the extent of injuries. Snoke was more frightened than Carlson was hurt, though the latter was removed to the city hospital.

**Stream; a bridge which had been constantly defended and which we had never attempted to force.** It appeared as if neither side wanted an engagement. They made no attempt to drive us off, yet had they attacked us in full force I doubt if we should have been able to successfully resist them. Some thought of this kind was evidently in Vasca's mind when he saw the enemy in motion. "They have made up their minds at

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had snapped my own. My teeth were clinched in impotent rage.

The fury of our combat, or I should say, rather, his, had cleared a space about us. My sword twisted in my grasp as he came upon me again. I could have flung it down in my mad fury and given up the fight. But he saved me from that folly. He struck, and my sword was wrenched from me altogether. For one moment I saw it flying through the air, and I thought that the end had come. We were side by side; our horses seemed to be locked together. I heard him grunt in savage satisfaction as he raised himself in his stirrups to strike again and give me my quietus. But as he rose so did I, and, swinging my arm, I almost flung myself from the saddle as with all the strength I had I struck his head with my clinched mailed fist. It was a good blow. I felt his head jerk as a bone clicks in its socket, and, giant that he was, he reeled in his saddle, his sword falling lightly and harmlessly across me. At least we were on equal terms now. But, no; the blow had done its work, striking in his helmet it may be, for as the horse plunged the rider rolled to the ground and lay there.

"Well struck, Sir Verrall!" Walen was beside me. A new sword was in my hand, this time held in a grip of iron, but there was little work for it to do. Almost before we realized the fact the enemy were making for the bridge.

"Are we never to cross the river?" I asked. "Of what use is a victory unless we follow it up?"

"I have given up trying to read that riddle," Walen answered. "Probably we shall return and be feted as though we had done great deeds."

"And we have done nothing. If her

"She, after all, is a woman, Sir Verrall," he said. "What should she know of war?"

"A woman, maybe," I answered rather hotly, "but at heart a warrior, I warrant you."

The next day the camp was struck, and we were returning, almost like retreating, as O'Ryan put it.

"It's hard after such a fight that we should gain nothing by it," he said, "although, for my own part, it pleases me well enough."

"You are more easily satisfied than I am."

"Doesn't it occur to you that I have been fighting against my former friends and comrades?"

"Well, what of it? You are in the service of the princess now, with sure promotion before you. What more would you have?"

"A little better knowledge of the future, Sir Verrall. There is too much jealousy surrounding the princess. We had not been going back now were it not so. I say again we might be in retreat were it not for those poor devils of prisoners. They bespeak us conquerors, but where is the honor in a few prisoners?"

"Will they be?"

"And then I paused.

"Splitted in the market place? Or a certainty they will."

I was thoughtful. These prisoners troubled me.

(To be Continued.)

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## THE KNIGHT OF THE SILVER STAR

A Romance Of Drussenland

### CHAPTER VIII.

**A** FEW moments later I passed from the camp with my troop. Again I saluted the princess and again received scant recognition, or I thought so. "What new plot was Vasca hatching this morning?" asked O'Ryan when we were alone that night. "Becoming my friend," I answered. "A foolish plot indeed. I would sooner have him as an enemy."

"We must wait and see, O'Ryan."

"Yes, and ride as far apart from him as possible when we charge the enemy. It is so easy to make a mistake when you ride as a friend beside your bitterest foe," he went on. "We have changed them fighting for the real thing, but—"

"But still you are not satisfied," I laughed.

"No. We haven't left any of our dangers behind us. We've brought them all with us, excepting one."

"And that one?"

"The princess."

"How could you expect we were going to leave our dangers behind?"

"I didn't expect that you were going to become such an important piece in the game, Verrall," he answered promptly.

"A kind of white elephant to you, eh?"

"Well, I confess to a partiality for less exalted personages to deal with in games of this kind. The greater you are the more numerous are your enemies."



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even in the civilized world. In a country like this, devil of a rule is there to go by."

"I do not quite see how the princess is a danger," I said.

"It gave me considerable pleasure to bring the conversation back to her."

"For the reason that she is a woman," he answered, "and, if you want an additional reason, because she is a princess. At present I believe she is your friend, but tomorrow—who knows? Why, even Bridget?"

"Bridget! Who is she?"

"My wife in Yadsara. I told you about her."

"You never said her name was Bridget."

"Well, it isn't," O'Ryan answered. The fence, or rather some heathen name of runs was in, but you couldn't expect me and without calling her that so I Chris and Clemons walked and French of bunted to Delia. Phil felled the ball cleanly, but threw to the wrong place and all three men were safer. A Wilkes followed with a fly to center and Wall scored after Stevens had caught the ball.

**COLLINS SPOILS CHANCE.**—It looked in the sixth as though the Islanders were going to even things up, but at this stage of the game Collins got in some of his work. Three singles put three men on with two outs and Kelly hit the ball and the awful blow and apparently had it tabbed for a double between right and center. It was out of Long's silly reach, but Collins managed to get to it before it landed and the inning

## THE KNIGHT OF THE STAR

By Percy Brebner

"I have been too busy watching others. One of us has got to do the watching, you know."

"And I don't, you would say."

"No offense, Verrall. We must stick together, and a man in love is seldom the man to act most cautiously. I quite sympathize, but for both our sakes I wish you did not think so much of Princess Darla."

It had never occurred to me to doubt Count Vasca's ability as a leader. I had become used to hearing him spoken highly of, but during the next few days it did seem to my unpracticed mind that he lost good opportunities. He knew the country and the enemy; I knew neither, and I therefore concluded that he knew best.

We advanced slowly until we were under the walls of Yadsara, and yet it seemed to me that we had accomplished nothing.

"Are we going to attempt to take it by assault?" asked O'Ryan.

I shook my head. Although with other knights I was constantly in council with Count Vasca, I had no idea

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what his intention was. He looked sagacious, talked valiantly, but did nothing. Still, it was absurd to think that he was afraid, as O'Ryan suggested.

"You can never tell," O'Ryan said when I laughed at the idea. "Such a stronghold might frighten the bravest man."

Between our encampment and the city ran a broad river, full of strange and unexpected currents and of immense depth, so O'Ryan told me. The city lay obliquely to the river in the form of a rough triangle, the city gates, as I afterward found, being situated at the angles at the base of this triangle, and the city rose from this base gradually toward the huge rock which formed the apex of the triangle. This rock, which was the only part of the city which actually touched the river, rose sheer out of the water for at least 900 feet, with hardly a bird's foothold upon it. It was the dominant feature, towering above the highest part of the city, presenting a problem as to how access was obtained to the fortress crowning the summit. It was a problem I was destined to solve later. The fortress seemed to be cut out of the solid rock.

For several days we encamped idly before Yadsara. The enemy had crossed the river by means of a bridge of boats nearly two miles higher up the stream, but we made no attempt to follow them. I was doubtful if they had ever crossed it in great force. As far as one could judge, there was no excitement in the city.

I spoke to Walen about it. "If we are not to attack the city why are we here?" I asked.

"The enemy have retreated. Probably the count thinks that victory enough."

"I do not wonder that the war has been such a long one if it has been carried out in this way."

"No wonder you are impatient, my dear Verrall. So am I. But, then, Vasca commands. It is not without a certain pleasure that I see his comparative failure. Her highness may next time intrust her forces to abler hands."

I could not mistake his meaning. I could not afford to underplay my part.

"It shall be no laggard's campaign, then, I promise you, Sir Walen," I answered.

That night, being sleepless, I stole out of camp to the river. Suddenly there was a sound near me. I stepped back quietly into the darker shadow of a tent and listened. There was no mistaking the sound now—stealthy feet—and the next moment two figures hurried past me toward the river and disappeared over the bank. I opened my mouth to give the alarm as I heard the first dip of an oar, but before I could cry out a third figure was at my side.

"Is it treachery?" he whispered.

I pointed to the river, where the dim outline of a boat was just discernible as it crept into the shadow of the great rock.

"I heard the sound of footsteps and followed," he said. "How came you here?"

"I could not sleep."

He was silent for a moment.

"Better let them think they have got away undiscovered. I will at once have a sentry placed here. We will not give the alarm tonight. Let's to

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