

NEWS FROM NEARBY TOWNS

DAVENPORT

Arrange for Poultry Show.—At a special meeting of the Tri-City Fanners' association Monday night L. C. Schmidt was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of W. O. Calvert of Bettendorf. Final arrangements were also made for the annual show, which will be held in Armory hall Thanksgiving week. Several handsome trophy cups have been donated to the association for special prizes at the annual show.

Will Try Horse Thief.—Howard Pierson, indicted by the grand jury on a charge of grand larceny, is to be tried in the district court. Pierson is the man who was arrested for the theft of a horse from R. A. Brown of Pleasant Valley some months ago.

Obituary Record.—Mrs. Minnie Miller died Monday at her home, 1512 West Seventh street, at the age of 50 years. She was born in Davenport, Aug. 22, 1861, and has spent her entire life in this city. Deceased is survived by two sons, Harvey and Elmer Miller; two daughters, Mrs. Adie Moeller and Mrs. Clara Buesing; one brother, Frank Picklum of Davenport, and one sister, Mrs. Mary Proetsch of Chicago.

William Joens died yesterday morning at 7 o'clock at Mercy hospital, following a lingering illness, at the age of 23 years. He was born in Shuby, Schleswig, Germany, Nov. 12, 1887, and came to America and direct to Davenport seven years ago. Deceased is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hans Joens of Germany; five sisters, Mrs. Hans Kuehl and Mrs. Tina Grunel of Davenport and Maria, Anna and Margaret Joens of Germany; and one brother, Claus Joens of Germany.

Mrs. Johanna Frederica Mathias died Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock at Mercy hospital, after a lingering illness, at the age of 32 years. She was born in Germany, Oct. 22, 1879, and came to America with her parents when a child. Those who survive her death are her husband, Peter A. Mathias; four sons, Bernhard, Walter, Albert and Otto Mathias; one daughter, Velma Mathias; her father and mother, two brothers and six sisters. Funeral services will be held at the home, 2319 Rockingham road, Thursday morning at 10 o'clock. The remains will be taken to Clinton for burial.

Downer in Charge.—Harry E. Downer, for many years past the genial

LACE CAP FOR ROOM WEAR



There is a fad among college girls this season for wearing the becoming "boudoir" caps when studying or serving afternoon tea. Charming dish parties and afternoon teas are very popular and the hostess and guests come in bathgowns, negligees and those charming caps, which are doubly charming over fresh, young faces.

This cap is made of dotted net with a veil frill, above which is set a wreath of small pink mousseline roses. The bow is of pink satin ribbon.

and popular principal of Washington school, is the new superintendent of the People's Union Mission, succeeding Ned Lee. Mr. Downer will sever his connection with the public schools this week and will immediately assume charge of the affairs of the mission. Mr. Downer is particularly well qualified for the position of mission superintendent and the trustees and friends of the mission consider themselves exceedingly fortunate in securing his services. Some time ago Judge Nathaniel French and Dean Marmaduke Hare were appointed members of a committee to secure a superintendent for the mission. They have given much time and study to the matter and upon their recommendation Mr. Downer, at last evening's meeting of the board of trustees was engaged for a period of two years.

should he further risk his life and liberty?

As I continued to ruminate upon this I became so convinced that I had hit upon the real explanation of the cessation of his efforts that I spoke about it to Miss Grayman and told her of my plan for getting away.

At first she vigorously opposed me, but I presented the matter so clearly that finally she gave in to my opinion. The time seemed endless before the day became sufficiently dark to render my attempt safe against possible detection. I crawled down the rocks, keeping in the darkest places, and then wound my way over the open ground until I reached the place where Payton took his tumble. From this I followed the dry rivulet already spoken of until I attained the brush. This rivulet was a tributary of a larger stream which ran over a pebbly bottom, the cold water collecting in little pools. I took a long drink and filled my helmet.

Although more and more convinced that I had nothing to fear from lurking enemies, I did not relax my caution, thinking of the stake I had in the security of Miss Grayman, and once more I got down on my knees to cross the open space.

I had not progressed more than a dozen yards from the edge of the brush when a scream broke the stillness. It came from the summit of the rocks.

My pulse stopped beating, but instantaneously I sprang to my feet, dropped my helmet, drew my pistol and, shouting I knew not what, ran with all my speed toward the rocks. I heard another scream, muffled and cut short, and madly as I ran, without aim or object, I fired my pistol three or four times.

"Helen! Helen!" I shouted. There was no reply, of course. I could hear a scrambling, however, on the other side of the huge pile, and it occurred to me that I could make a further progress by skirting the steep rocks. Accordingly I ran round them, but when I arrived on the opposite side there was not a sound or a moving thing in sight.

I had in my pocket a small electric lamp of my own contrivance, which I always carried and which had a mirror throwing a bright shaft of light to a considerable distance. I now brought this into requisition and with it carefully swept round on all sides.

Nothing was to be seen except the rocks, the ground and the distant brush.

"They may still be on the summit," I thought, and hastily I began to mount. I had made but a few upward

How to Make Your Old Complexion New Again. (Women's Fortnightly Journal.)

The quickest and most natural way to renew an old complexion is to remove it. We all know that the outer skin should throw off the dead matter clogging the pores, of its own accord, but what with cosmetics, smoke, dirt, wind and all the other hardships we impose upon it, the outer skin becomes discouraged and only half performs its function of throwing off dead and disfiguring skin particles. The result is—pimples, sallowness, liver spots, etc., etc. The only safe as well as sure process to clear the complexion of these blemishes is to apply pure coaleated balsam at night. Get an ounce and a half from your druggist, and you will be delighted to see that it wastes no time in beginning its work of clearing and actually removing all blemishes from the skin. Your complexion can be kept clear and lovely by using coaleated balsam, which invigorates, whereas the majority of cold creams and lotions clog and retard elimination of waste matter from the skin.

MOLINE

Thief Still at Large.—A sneak thief who invaded the Dawchinsky boarding house at 428 Eighth street on Saturday night is still at large. Robbery of an open face nickel watch and \$16, belonging to roomers in the place, is reported.

Bank Capital Increased.—At a special meeting yesterday afternoon stockholders of the State Savings Bank & Trust company voted to increase the capital stock from \$250,000 to \$275,000. The bank will move soon to new quarters at Fifteenth street and Fifth avenue.

Claims He Was Robbed.—Local police are endeavoring to assist Gerard Sturem, who boards at 503 Tenth street, to recall with certainty just what depot in the twin-cities it was that he spent Saturday night and was relieved of a watch and \$3 in cash. Sturem, bearing the marks of a night's dissipation on his countenance, reported the robbery Sunday morning.

Spends Week in Jail.—George Hendrickson, who has had his name on the police docket for the last week, is now a free man. Yesterday morning in court he entered a plea of guilty to a disorderly conduct charge and paid the fine, \$5 and costs, which Magistrate Gustafson imposed.

Arrested for Theft.—Oscar Landmesser, machinist employed at the Velle works, was arraigned in police court yesterday morning on a charge of petty larceny, preferred by C. D. Britton of the tool department of the carriage plant. It is alleged that Landmesser took tools valued at \$12 away from the shop and has them safe under lock and key at his home. On request of the defendant, Magistrate Gustafson, before whom the preliminary hearing was conducted, granted a continuance in the case until Friday morning.

Obituary Record.—Death came to Mrs. Clara Sophia Brissman, residing at 837 Nineteenth avenue, at 5:20 Monday afternoon. She had been suffering with cancer of the stomach since the early part of May. She was born in Sweden July 8, 1845. She was married at the age of 19, and with her husband came to Oregon in 1880. Settlement was made in Moline, when removal to Moline was made. Deceased is survived by her husband, L. P. Brissman; one daughter, Mrs. Aaron Peterson, and five sons, John, Oscar, Carl, Sanford and August, all of Rock Island county.

Mrs. Anna G. Ford died at 8:10 yesterday morning at the home, 1216 Fourteenth street. She had been failing for nearly a year and the end was not unexpected. She was first stricken with paralysis, and later had been troubled with heart and other ailments. Miss Anna Johnson was born in Sweden Jan. 6, 1838, and was married in that country in 1845 to Alfred Anderson, with whom she came to this country and to Moline in 1868. Mr. Anderson died here in January of 1881, and the following year, in September, she was married to Charles Ford. His death occurred in 1897. Mrs. Ford is survived by four children by her first marriage: Andrew A. Anderson, O. F. Anderson and John A. Anderson, all of Moline, and Mrs. Gust Johnson of Redfern, Iowa. One daughter by her second marriage, Miss Cora Ford, also survives. The funeral service will be held at 2:30 Thursday afternoon at the home and burial will be in Riverside cemetery. Rev. C. A. Lincoln will officiate.

steps when an arm stole swiftly and silently round my neck, and in an instant I was throttled in the grasp of a man whose strength, combined with the advantage of his position, made my struggles unavailing.

A knee was pressed remorselessly against the small of my back, and in less time than it takes to tell I was lying prone on the rocks, rendered powerless by the cruel pressure on my throat and back.

I had always been something of an athlete, but I could do nothing now. My pistol had fallen from my hand, but I could not have used it if I had had it.

In another minute my arms were pinioned behind, and then my captor without a word rolled me face upward, and by the light of the fallen lamp I saw that he was an Indian.

A savage grin overspread his features.

"Wah!" he said. "Much bear hug! Don't like him, huh? Come! Must go quick!"

He jerked me to my feet and pulled me down to the level ground. Then, still grasping the bonds about my arms, he began to drag me toward the brush.

The Indian had picked up my lamp and my pistol. The latter he thrust into his belt; the former he kept in his hand. He seemed sufficiently familiar with its use and employed it to light the way.

"White man's eye," he said. "Good to see in night."

As we entered the bushes he uttered a whoop, which was immediately answered by a shout, and in a few min-

utes we passed into a small open space where, without the aid of the lamp, there was twilight enough to have enabled me to recognize the forms of a woman and two men.

I heard the words, "Oh, my God, he is taken!" in the voice of Miss Grayman, and she moved quickly toward me, but a hand arrested her, and a man's voice, singularly sweet and thrilling with its strange, sympathetic quality, which belied the irony of its words, said: "Ah! Another little romance, I see, Miss Grayman. Your suitors pursue you even in the wilderness. But we will have no tender scenes here if you please, John," he continued, addressing the Indian, "hand me that lamp."

The Indian handed it over, and Payton turned off the light.

"We want none of that here either," he said.

Then he approached me so near that I could make out his features in the dim light.

"You are Lieutenant Allan," he said. "It may comfort your heart, Lieutenant, which will not enjoy many more thrills in this world, to hear that I learned your name from the lips of the dear girl for whom you have sold your life. Allow me to congratulate you, by the way, on your excellent plan of campaign and on your ability in grand tactics as well as strategics."

"I confess," he continued, "that I do not comprehend how you found us at the lodge, but it is no matter. No man ever had the better of Alfonso Payton for long, and all who have ever tried conclusions with him have ended the same way."

During this speech, uttered with pitiless sarcasm, but in a perfectly cool, even voice, I saw Miss Grayman convulsively cover her face with her hands and heard her sob.

The sight and the sound gave me for the moment the strength and fury of a demon. The Indian had let go of me to hand the lamp to Payton, but the other man had taken his place. I threw this man off with a sudden lunge and then dashed at Payton with lowered head.

I had been a football player in my student days, and I knew how to break the line. But Payton was as quick as I. He stepped aside, and I found myself plunged head first into the brush on the other side of the little opening.

Not having the use of my hands, I fell on my face, and instantly Payton and the Indian were on my back. I struggled madly, but it was all in vain. In a few minutes I was rendered helpless by cords bound about my arms and legs.

"Take him up," commanded Payton, still in a cool voice, although he was panting a little from the exertion.

The Indian and the other man seized me by shoulders and feet and began to carry me.

"It is too near the rocks to finish him," said Payton. "They make too good a landmark. Carry him along, and when we reach a good place we will put him where we put Mr. Green, who was so unreasonable not long ago."

After I had become quiet, through necessity, Miss Grayman, who was close ahead of us and directly behind Payton, who led the way, held back a little and said to me in tones that went to my inmost heart: "Lieutenant Allan—John—if you die, I shall die too. Oh, I could never live!"

I knew what such words, uttered in such a presence, must have cost her, and I blessed her with all my soul. The poor, poor girl! What a terrible situation for such a confession to be forced from her lips! But she felt that it might be the only opportunity that she would ever have to utter the feelings of her heart, and I had made plain enough to her where my heart was.

"Helen," I replied, "God bless you forever for speaking to me like that. But do not think of dying. I am not dead yet, and"—

In an exasperatingly cool voice Payton, without apparently turning his head, broke in: "Don't flatter yourself, Lieutenant Allan. She'll forget you soon enough. That is the way with women. Why, it's only a little while since she was as cheerful as a lark in my company."

Oh, heaven, heaven! What frenzy, what delirium of fury, was this for me! With insensate struggles I tried again to get at the demon until the Indian struck me a blow upon the head that dazed me.

But Miss Grayman avenged herself not as she should have been avenged, but like an insulted and infuriated and desperate woman. She sprang to Payton's side and with all her force smote him upon the mouth. Even in the darkness she could see the wild flash that shot into his eyes, but if he raised his hand it was instantly lowered again, and he did not touch her.

Twice again, with all her woman's strength, she struck him full in the face. Then, like a woman, too, she staggered and fell in a swoon.

(To be Continued.)

Scientist Kankakee Head. Kankakee, Oct. 11.—Dr. E. R. Wil-

Cumbering Wrinkles and Double Chin Quickly Removed.

The cause of wrinkles is well known to few outside the medical profession, and a real doctor, although he knows what causes wrinkles, does not prescribe for them. He is so absorbed with stomachs and livers and appendices that a few wrinkles, more or less, make him say "Pooh!" But we women know how important wrinkles and enlarged pores and blackheads are to us. Why, they are almost a matter of life and death to us, sometimes. Anyway, we are glad to find out that thermized jelly will quickly and permanently remove them. Just get an ounce and a half from your druggist and rub half a teaspoonful into your face every day. It penetrates through the outer skin and reaches the fibrous tissue beneath, needing heat-energy and nourishment. Pure thermized jelly will very quickly bring about really marvelous results.

—Physical Century Magazine.

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

gus of Elgin, a scientist and formerly professor in the University of Illinois, was installed as superintendent of the Eastern Illinois Insane hospital at Kankakee yesterday. This position was formerly held by Dr. Frank Morbury who resigned because of a beating administered one of the patients by an attendant. Dr. Morbury was later appointed state alienist by Governor Deussen.

All the news all the time—The Argus.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TABLES TURNED AGAIN.

NOW this double disappearance began to trouble me. At last I could endure the uncertainty no longer, and, clambering down the northern face of the rocks, I found the man I had shot there, dead, but no trace of the others. They had evidently got clean away.

The fact that I was not disturbed in this reconnaissance encouraged me to try another on the southern side.

I crept cautiously down to the spot where Payton had fallen, found the depression into which he had rolled and saw that it was the dry bed of a brook, by following which he could have crawled away to the brush unnoticed.

Was he preparing a second bomb or had he some other resource of which I knew nothing?

I climbed painfully up the rocks again, for now my ankle, the injury to which I had forgotten in the excitement of the defense, began to trouble me.

As I dropped upon a stone in the middle of the inclosure Miss Grayman first noticed that I had been hurt. She turned pale and again showed a concern on my account that I could not attribute solely to the fear that she might be deprived of her only defender. She insisted that I should take off my shoe and stocking and, calling Susan, who had recovered from her shock, aided me with the utmost ten-

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