

NEWS FROM NEARBY TOWNS

DAVENPORT

Court Opens Tomorrow.—Court for the September term will open Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock in the district court, Judge Horan of Muscatine and Judge Letts of Davenport presiding. The docket will be called at 10 o'clock, and it is thought that a number of important cases will be set for hearing at the opening of the term. There are sufficient cases now on the docket to insure a heavy term.

Licensed to Wed.—John W. Boller and Miss Bertha La Frenz of Davenport.

Obituary Record.—John Driscoll, a prominent and highly respected citizen of Davenport, and until the time of death the oldest living locomotive engineer in America, passed away at his home, 1744 Park avenue, Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, at the age of 83 years, death being caused by dropsy. John Driscoll was born Aug. 15, 1828, in County Clare, near the city of Cork, Ireland, and came to America in 1838. Mr. Driscoll was married to Ellen Delaney Feb. 9, 1850, and to them were born four sons, two of whom are living, J. E. Driscoll, the Fourth street druggist of Davenport, and John Driscoll of Des Moines. His wife died May 2, 1891. John Francis O'Hern, infant son of

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. O'Hern, died Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the home, 1308 Brady street, at the age of 2 months and 5 days. He was born July 4 last. Surviving are the father and mother. The funeral was held at the home yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment took place at St. Marguerite's cemetery.

Mrs. Bertha Wunder passed away at her home, 730 West Fifteenth street, Friday night at 11 o'clock after a short illness, at the age of 70 years. She was born Jan. 3, 1841, in Probstel, Holstein, Germany, where she was reared. She came to America in 1864 and direct to Davenport, in the vicinity of which she had since resided. Surviving are five sons, John and William Wunder of Manning, Iowa, Fred Wunder of Hartley, Iowa, and Louis and Charles Wunder of Maysville, two daughters, Mrs. Minnie Keppe of Davenport and Mrs. Roshjen of Washburn, N. D., and one sister, Mrs. Anna Wease of Donohue, Iowa.

Mrs. Mathilda Carstens died at her home, 415 Marquette street, Saturday morning at 11 o'clock, following an illness of a year's duration, at the age of 56 years. She was born in Germany Sept. 20, 1856, and came to America when 15 years old. She is survived by her husband, John C. Carstens, and two children, Louis and Pauline Sears. The funeral will be held at the home, 415 Marquette street, Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment will be in Fairmount cemetery.

he said at last, "that I have never allowed an affair of this importance to be conducted without my personal presence. But could I not be concealed somewhere near?"

"Impossible! You must be there openly or not at all. But let me assure you that you have nothing to fear. We can protect you."

"Suppose he should attempt to run away with me also! Do you know what that means?"

"I know perfectly well, Mr. Grayman, the importance of your person. But in this case you would have nothing to fear. Payton would never dream of running away with you. What would he gain by that, supposing he could do it with me and my men there ready to interfere? Nothing whatever. It would be the ruin of his negotiation."

"Well," Grayman said, "perhaps you are right. But, come, tell me your plan and then I'll see."

"As I was just telling you," resumed the commissioner, "there are woods not far from the bluff in which men and aeroplanes can be concealed. Now, my plan is to take four swift police department fliers and hide them in those woods. Moreover, I shall have a dozen sharpshooters concealed in the treetops. He will drop down over the bluff in his aeroplane and keep it hovering near during his conference with you. Then when you have him engaged in talk my men at a signal will drop him in his tracks."

"Hold on!" said Mr. Grayman. "You are going too fast now. If you kill Payton, how are we going to find my daughter?"

"By capturing the Chameleon and compelling his men to reveal his hiding places."

"But perhaps they won't talk."

"We have means of making men talk," said the commissioner grimly.

"Perhaps you have, but I don't like that part of the plan. It is too dangerous for my daughter. She would be killed for vengeance. But the aeroplanes are good. Go on with that part of the scheme, keeping your sharpshooters for an emergency. But why not take more aeroplanes? How many has the police department?"

"Eight. But it would be impossible to conceal more than four of them. I can dispose four in such a way as to cut off retreat in every direction. The aeroplanes, with power up, will be hidden just in the tops of the trees."

"You know we must not fail," Grayman said.

"We shall not fail," was the confident reply.

Still, Mr. Grayman was half disposed to reject the scheme and try something else. But he could think of nothing else, and then his daughter's absence and her imminent danger smote his heart.

"Done!" he said decisively. "I'll try it."

"Then," remarked the commissioner, "I'll send off the aeroplanes tonight in order that nobody shall witness their arrival. Their commanders, who are the men that accompanied me to Tribes Hill, know exactly what to do. They will prepare the ambush and be ready for work in the morning."

"How many men will you have in all?"

"Thirty-six will go in the aeroplanes, of whom twenty-eight will be armed to the teeth. The twelve marksmen will be sent on by train in various disguises. We ourselves will take the midnight express for Albany, and a local train will bring us to Tribes Hill early in the morning."

MOLINE

Will Wind Up Company.—Stockholders of the Moline Manufacturing company met Friday evening for annual election of directors. Affairs of the company will probably be wound up with the year, according to a statement from A. E. Floyd. The company was organized originally to manufacture brick. This project was abandoned some time ago but the company still holds 50 acres of land at the head of Fifty-fifth street and until this is disposed of the company will continue in existence. On sale of the land the company will be dissolved.

Leaves for New Field.—Axel Tollne, for 30 years employed by Deere & Co., has entered the employ of Parlin & Orendorf, a large plow manufacturing concern in Canton, Ill. He began work at his new place this morning. He will be foreman of the paint department of the Parlin & Orendorf plant and he has signed a contract, the life of which is several years.

Resigns His Position.—N. C. Starofsky has tendered his resignation as night sergeant at the police station. The resignation, filed with Commissioner Eastman Saturday morning, was accepted immediately. Officer E. E. Walline of the east bluff beat has been appointed acting night sergeant. Starofsky will not retire from the force, but will have the night patrol of what is known as the central beat between Fifteenth and Twentieth streets from the river to the foot of the bluff.

Obituary Record.—Death summoned Rena Aurora Victoria Headstrom, a prominent member of the Swedish Lutheran church at 8:15 Friday evening. She had been ailing for six months. She was born in Molino, Aug. 9, 1838. She is survived by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Headstrom, and a brother, Elmer T. Headstrom. Funeral services will be held at the home at 2:30 Tuesday afternoon. Rev. C. G. Anderson will officiate and interment will be in Riverside cemetery.

the bluff where the meeting was to take place hardly exceeding a quarter of a mile. The commissioner's principal dependence was on surprise. He calculated that Payton seeing no aeroplane would boldly descend to the bluff and fall straight into the trap, because the police, getting into motion simultaneously at a signal, would be upon him from all sides before he was aware of their presence.

The signal was to be a white handkerchief waved by the commissioner himself from a point which he had selected not far from the bluff and which could be seen from each of the aeroplanes. One thing which the commissioner had not thought of arranging—and it was a capital error, as the sequel will show—was to place the aeroplanes so that their crews would have one another always in view. As it turned out, when they were once in position they could not see each other at all.

Dawn comes early in June, and the commanders of the fliers had hardly completed their arrangements and settled down for a long wait when a pale streak illumined the heavens in the east.

"Boys, keep quiet now," said the captain in charge of the aeroplane which was stationed on the south side of the bluff, farthest west. "Daylight is beginning, and there must be no noise."

It was Captain Patrick Phelan, one of the bravest officers on the New York force.

Captain Phelan's men had obeyed his injunction and were keeping quiet. Most of them were lying on their backs looking up through the narrow interstices in the canopy of leaves with which they had covered their craft. Their arms were conveniently stacked in the center of the deck. Suddenly a shadow fell over them. Before a man could count five the branches were brushed away and an aeroplane dropped beside them. In a moment nine men stood in a circle around their stacked arms, with pistols leveled at their heads. Half of the policemen were not yet on their feet.

"This game is up, boys," said the leader of the boarders. "I'll blow out the brains of the first man that utters a sound. Up with your hands!"

Captain Phelan half drew a pistol from his holster, when the weapon in the hand of the leader who had spoken flashed, with the wicked smack of the modern arm of precision, not audible a dozen rods away, and the gallant officer fell with a bullet through his brain. It was all over in half a minute. Captain Phelan was dead, and his eight men, including the engineer and steersman, were helpless prisoners on their own deck. The element of surprise had played even a greater part in this brief tragedy than the commissioner had expected. Alfonso Payton had begun to turn the tables on his foes with his usual plan. But as yet he had by no means finished the job.

"Aboard!" he commanded sharply. His men sprang upon the Chameleon, and she was away in a flash. Running low again, she headed down the river for a second piece of woods, where another of the hidden aeroplanes floated among the treetops. Here a similar scene was enacted. Even more utterly unprepared than their unfortunate

comrades, these policemen were taking an early breakfast. Some of them were knocked over with the cups in their hands.



THE GALLANT OFFICER FELL WITH A BULLET THROUGH HIS BRAIN.

comrades, these policemen were taking an early breakfast. Some of them were knocked over with the cups in their hands.

Captain Billings, their commander, was seized from behind by Payton before he even knew that an enemy was aboard. Not a man had a weapon ready, and not a shot was fired. The captives were gagged and bound like the others, and the Chameleon was off again for her third victim, on the north side of the river.

This time there was a fight, but a most unequal one, because the surprise was virtually as complete as in the first two cases. The Chameleon had indeed been seen a quarter of a minute before the attack, but unluckily she was mistaken by Captain Campbell for one of his consorts, and while he was beating his brains to understand what she wanted there Payton and his men leaped aboard almost unopposed.

Even then Campbell probably never comprehended that it was the famous Sky Pirate who had attacked him. He had no time to think of anything except the fact there was an attack, and, having his pistol in his hand, he shot the first man who put his foot on his deck.

Immediately a bullet passed through his own heart. His men rallied gallantly, but only three of them succeeded in getting hold of their weapons.

Payton pushed the assault like a demon. His pistol leveled two of these men with shots so nearly simultaneous that their reports blended. The third was brained with his own weapon by one of the Chameleon's crew, who showed the strength and agility of an acrobat. In the meantime the other five, being unable to reach their weapons, were easily overpowered, gagged and bound.

Not a sound of this struggle reached the fourth aeroplane, something less than a third of a mile distant. Indeed, the shots could not have been heard as far as the edge of the little woodland in which the fight occurred. This, by the way, is one of the disadvantages of our modern freerams—if they do not betray one's location to the enemy, they equally fail to convey information to friends.

The fourth aeroplane, under Captain Burns, was situated westward from the bluff. Payton once more ran the Chameleon near the ground until he reached the edge of the woods, then rose quickly above the trees, located his prey in spite of its fancied security and was upon it without the slightest warning having been given. Here again the men were at breakfast, and the scene was almost a duplicate of

Burlington Route Special Train to JOSLIN

For ROCK ISLAND COUNTY FAIR

September 14

Leave Rock Island 9:30 a. m.
Leaves Moline 9:45 a. m.
Leave East Moline 9:55 a. m.
Leave Barstow 10:10 a. m.
Leave Osborn 10:20 a. m.
Arrive Joslin 10:30 a. m.

RETURNING

Leave Joslin Sept. 14 5:45 p. m.

that enacted at the second assault. In every case Payton was careful to leave the little flags, which were to indicate to the commissioner the presence of his aeroplanes at their prescribed posts, undisturbed.

No sooner were Burns and his men secured than the Chameleon rose almost vertically in the air to a great elevation and then, assuming her sky blue dress, for the sun was rising in a cloudless heaven, soared off southward. When he had got well beyond eye shot from Tribes Hill Payton ordered the aeroplane to hover over the farm checked township of Florida and sent his men to breakfast.

"A pretty good morning's performance," he said, laughing in his hearty manner and addressing the steersman, who, in each case, had been the only one left in charge of the Chameleon, all the others being engaged in the fight and capture.

The steersman's only reply was a delighted grin. Like his comrades, he fairly worshipped his peerless commander.

"So this is the metropolitan police!" Payton continued with a sneer. "And their commissioner thought that he could take me in! I'm half inclined to give him a taste of my jug, when he arrives with his billionnaire client."

The fact was, as subsequent investigation fully developed and as I have already hinted, that Payton knew the commissioner's plan through the medium of his spies, whom he had everywhere in wireless communication. So, instead of being trapped, he had himself turned trapper. Now he only awaited the arrival of the commissioner and Mr. Grayman to complete his achievement.

He knew the hour when the local train would arrive from Albany, and he took his measures accordingly.

BREAKS AIRSHIP RECORD

French Aviator Sails 776 Miles in 14 Hours 7 Minutes. Etampes, France, Sept. 11.—M. Helles, the French aviator, competing for the Michelin cup, beat his own record of 746 miles in 15 hours, made Aug. 26 last at Mourmelon, by flying 1,253 kilometers (776.86 miles). His time was 14 hours, 7 minutes.

Taylor Dismissed.—Chicago, Sept. 11.—Another step in the settlement of the Illinois Central "graft" cases was taken when the suit against John M. Taylor, former storekeeper of the road, was dismissed.

Advertised List No. 37.

Following is the list of letters remaining uncalled for at the Rock Island postoffice for week ending Sept. 9: Miss Francis Adams, Mrs. D. Burhans, Miss Myrtle Baxter, Mrs. L. S. Bernhard, J. H. Blincoe, Miss Dollie Clark (2), Miss Minnie Carter, Mrs. Jane B. Evers, Shirley F. Everett, Charles Fondig, Miss Helen Gable, Mrs. Lizzie Gaspy, Mr. Grout, Mrs. Melinda Grady, Macy Humphreys, Joe Hodsam, Mrs. Lee Herben, James Kokos, Miss Mattie Leslie, Mrs. Kate E. Lange, J. A. Leslie, Walter B. Morris, Delmar Morden, George Miller, Frank McCaw, Myrtle Marks, C. J. Matthews, Miss Mamie Machamer, Miss Mattie McChurch (2), A. R. Moses, Miss Alice Norton, Gufrem office, Robert O'Neil, Mrs. George Pesch, Miss Bessie Rae, J. N. Reddig, J. G. Sutter, Miss Mable Seymour, Mrs. J. A. Spencer, Charles M. Tee, Miss Bessie Wiense, Miss Emma Wyatt, Edgar

Wood, E. S. Woods, Bertha A. Young, William L. Young, Foreign: Mrs. Tony Forman, Graham & Co., Gunnar Herstrom, Sig. Valma Nichols, Harold Svenson, Miss Frida Svenson (2), Monsieur David Van Eechoute, Herr Fritz Willhamm, Thomas H. Sullivan. HUGH A. J. McDONALD, Postmaster.

AFTER 7 YEARS SUFFERING

I Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Waurika, Okla.—"I had female troubles for seven years, was all run down, and so nervous I could not do anything. The doctors treated me for different things but did me no good. I got so bad that I could not sleep day or night. While in this condition I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and began its use and in this condition I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and began its use and in a short time I had gained my average weight and am now strong and well."

—Mrs. SALLIE STEVENS, R. F. D., No. 8, Box 31, Waurika, Okla.

Another Grateful Woman.

Huntington, Mass.—"I was in a nervous, run down condition and for three years could find no help. I owe my present good health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier which I believe saved my life."

"My doctor knows what helped me and does not say one word against it." —Mrs. MARI JANETTE BATES, Box 134, Huntington, Mass. Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, and nervous prostration.

INDEPENDENT EXPRESS

318 Twenty-second St. Express service and hauling of All Kinds. Call West 981. C. H. THORNHILL

Treating Your Friends Coldly

Isn't always a good plan, but treating them to some of Math's peerless and delicious ice cream or fruit ice is at all times well and gratefully received. Our creams are of the most exquisite flavor at all times to tickle the palate and refresh the anatomy.

Our candies are of the finest quality also. MATHS' Both Phones. 1716-1718 Second Avenue. Try our home made bread, just like mother made.

Wouldn't You Have Done the Same? : : : By Munhall

