

"If You Buy It of Coe It is All Right."



Do You Know

that if I sell you a case and guarantee it 20 years it will wear the 20 years or you will get a new case free of charge.

GEO. A. COE.

Jeweler and Optician North Side Square

Any Woman can make

Better Bread

from Any Flour

with YEAST FOAM

Yeast Foam is the yeast that took the First Grand Prize at the St. Louis Exposition...

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

We Risk It

Druggists Who Sell Dr. Miles' Nervine Agree, If It Fails, To Refund Cost.

Of course we reimburse the druggist. You know him, and trust him.

It cures diseases of the internal organs, by giving tone to the nerves which make these organs work.

It is a novel theory—not of anatomy, but of treatment; first discovered by Dr. Miles, and since made use of by many wide-awake physicians...

If you are sick, we offer you a way to be made well—Dr. Miles' Nervine.

This medicine is a scientific cure for nerve disorders, such as Neuralgia, Headache, Loss of Memory, Sleeplessness, Spasms, Backache, St. Vitus' Dance, Epilepsy or Fits, Nervous Prostration, etc.

By toning up the nerves, Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine will also cure those diseases of the internal organs due to a disordered nervous system.

Some of these are: Indigestion, Bilious Headache, Kidney Trouble, Chronic Constipation, Dropsy, Catarrh, Rheumatism, etc.

"My brother had nervous prostration, and was not expected to live. I prevailed upon him to try Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, and now he has fully recovered. You remember I wrote you how it saved my life a few years ago, when I had nervous trouble."

Write us and we will mail you a Free Trial Package of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Balm, the New Scientific Remedy for Pain. Also Sympom Blank for our Specialist to diagnose your case and tell you what is wrong and how to fight it. Absolutely Free. Address: DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., LABORATORIES, ELKHART, IND.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, featuring an illustration of a woman's face and text describing the medicine's benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for Parker's Hair Balm, featuring an illustration of a woman's face and text describing the balm's benefits for hair.

John O. Bernard. Was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1850 and died Dec. 20th, 1904. He moved with his mother and family to Wayne county when about twenty-two years of age, and he with his brother farmed for some years then he decided to embark in the barber business...

A Thousand Dollar's Worth of Good. A. H. Thurman, a well known coal operator of Buffalo, O., writes, "I have been afflicted with kidney and bladder trouble for years, passing gravel or stones with excruciating pain. I got no relief from the medicines until I began taking Foley's Kidney Cure, then the result was surprising..."

Mrs. Elizabeth Lovell. At the home of her son, Nephi, in New Buda township, on December 14, 1908, Mrs. Elizabeth Lovell, died at the age of eighty-two years, nine months and nine days. For eleven years she had suffered from paralysis and for several years had been entirely helpless...

Her husband died June 29, 1895. They were married in England in 1843 and came to America in 1855 dwelling in Philadelphia one year, and after that for fifteen years they lived north of Burlington, Iowa. In 1871 they moved to the neighborhood of Chariton and lived eleven years, then to Decatur county in 1882, where yet three sons have their homes, Alfred, Nephi and John, while two sons live elsewhere...

Funeral services were held in the brick church in Lamoni and she was laid by the side of her husband in Rosehill cemetery. Sermon by Elder H. A. Stebbins, Elijah Sparks assisting.—Lamoni Chronicle.

A Frightened Horse. Running like mad down the street dumping the occupants, or a hundred other accidents, are every day occurrences. It behooves everybody to have a reliable salve handy and there's none as good as Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Burns, cuts, sores, eczema and piles, disappear quickly under its soothing effect. 25 cents at L. P. Van Werden's Drug Store.

Mrs. W. T. Robinson. The death of Mrs. W. T. Robinson occurred at her home in Knoxville, Ill., Monday evening, Dec. 19, 1904. Through out unexpected the news did come as a shock to her friends in Glenwood who knew her during the time she resided here, coming as it did so soon following the death of her husband which occurred Dec. 8, only eight days previous. The maiden name of the deceased was Martha Sadler and she was born near Harrisburg, Penn., Jan. 21, 1837. She removed with her parents and family to a farm near Knoxville, Ill., where her childhood days were spent. She was married to W. T. Robinson, Feb. 15, 1861, and was the mother of eight children, four of whom survive her. She was always an active woman, taking a lively interest in all public affairs until the dreaded rheumatism attacked her, and this was the indirect cause of her death. In 1896 the family removed to North Carolina for the wife and mother's health, but the climate was not beneficial and they returned to Knoxville. During most of the time since they left Glenwood Mrs. Robinson has been a constant sufferer and a great portion of the time has been in a wheel chair or a bed. The true character of a person is brought out during such continued suffering and in the case of the deceased it was no exception, for during all her illness she was bright and cheerful and did much to make the home pleasant for her children and for her husband, who was always active in business. The funeral occurred yesterday afternoon at Knoxville from the family home and her remains were laid to rest beside her husband. The children were all present except L. S. Robinson, of this city, who was compelled to remain at home.—Glenwood Opinion.

GEMS IN VERSE

Royalty. That regal soul I reverence in whose eyes Suffices not all with the city known To pay that debt which his own heart he owes; For less than level to his bosom rise The low crowd's heaven and stars; above their skies Runneth the road his daily feet have pressed; A loftier heaven he heareth in his breast, And o'er the summits of achieving hies, With never a thought of merit or of meed; Choosing divinest labors, through a pride Of soul that holdeth appetite to feed Ever on angel herbage, naught beside, Nor praises more himself for hero deed Than stones for weight or open seas for tide. —David A. Wksson.

The Cry of the Age. When has there been an age like this? When has there been an age that called So loudly and beseechingly For noble men and noble deeds? For mighty brains to take and solve perplexing problems, mighty hearts To dare and do and mighty souls—Broad, generous, forceful—to instruct And lift and lead? From every path That man has blazed into the wild; From every highway where the feet Of thousands press; from every mart The cry goes up, an earnest call For earnest men! The world today Has needs it never knew before. For it has passed the shadow, passed The travail of the ancient world, Passed from the grip of primal things, Passed into light and taken there Its first full goblet from the sun!

That graft has stirred the very rocks Upon the hills, has turned to power The wasteful waters, has instilled A purpose in the truant winds. The air is pregnant with great news—Great news of glories yet to be, When we have answered to the age, When we have wakened to the light!

Strong men and true, great men and good; Brave men and wise in simple faith; Men warm with love and rich with hopes; Men with high aims and lowly hearts. The age is calling out for every mart Crying along the crowded streets, Crying along the quiet lanes. Its voice is booming from the towers And whispering from the furrowed fields: "Give us my strong and earnest men! Give me my Davids and my St. Johns!" —Elwyn Hoffman in Youth's Companion.

Little Men and Women. When the sun has left the hilltop And the daisy fringe is furled, When the birds from wood and meadow In their hidden nests are curled, Then I think of all the babies That are sleeping in the world.

There are babies in the highlands And babies in the low; There are pale ones wrapped in furry skins On the margin of the snow, And brown ones naked in the isles Where all the spices grow.

And some are in the palace On a white and downy bed, And some are in the garret, With a clout beneath their head, And some are on the cold, hard earth, Whose mothers have no bread. Oh, little men and women, Dear flowers yet unblown; Oh, little kings and beggars, Of the peasant yet unshorn, Sleep soft and dream pale dreams now; Tomorrow is your own. —Laurence Alma-Tadema.

In Clover. Mother Earth has many children, Humble weeds and blossoms fair, Tiny grasses, royal roses, Saintry lilies, tall and fair;

But the dearest of her nurslings Are the rosy weans that stray In the fields and wayside places; Bonny clover blooms are they.

Christen'd with the rains of heaven, Fed with sparkling sun and dew, How they riot in their freedom— Fragrant little gipsy crew!

While the butterflies above them Float on silken, yellow wings, Darting down anon in rapture To caress the rosy things.

Often, too, come human lovers Through the verdure and perfume, Seeking for the four leaves hidden Somewhere 'neath the dewy bloom.

Happy token that shall bring them, If they find it, luck untold, Love unclouded, faith unchanging, Gifts and blessings manifold.

Blessing on these wayside prophets Growing humbly at our feet! May the lot ordain'd the lovers Be as happy and as sweet. —Lucy R. Buck in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The City Dwellers. I pity those who are by fortune doomed To live within the city, where the heat And dust and noise and smoke make every street Well nigh unbearable. The woods, illumed With sunlight, and the pleasant meads perfumed With bloom are not for them. Their weary feet Tread other paths, and nature's treasures sweet They never taste; but, as it were, entombed Mid piles of brick and stone, they spend their days Far from the sweet content and restful ease Of country life. The wind, low murmuring, Where cattle wander, and the birds in spring Do never gladden them with their sweet lays. —Oscar Johnson in National Magazine.

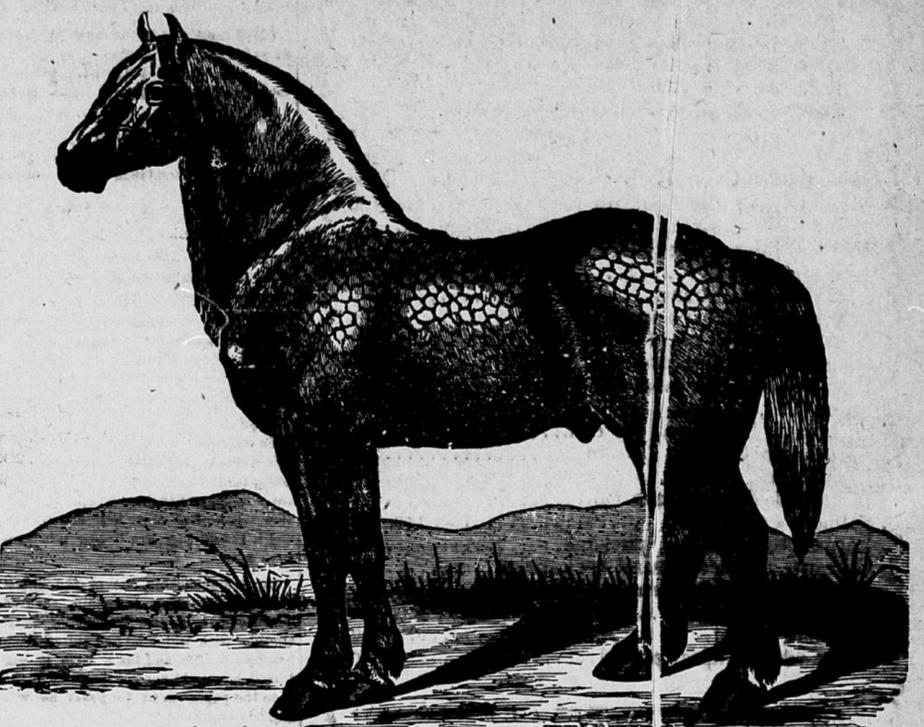
What is Success? What is success—the winning of much gold? Perhaps, if it be won in honesty, But he who, striving after higher things, Dies poor may equally successful be.

What is success—the winning of a name? It may be if the record shows no spot; Yet he may be successful who is true, Although he pass from earth to be forgot.

What is success—the winning of much power? It may be if while power one doth seek He still respects the rights of other men And trembles not upon the low and weak.

What is success? Not wealth nor fame, nor power. But purity of heart and love and truth And honest work well done for God and man. Success like this be yours, ambitious youth! —Mary M. Currier in Ram's Horn.

Another Horse Sale!



At C. M. Akes' Sale Pavilion, Leon, Iowa, Friday, Jan. 6, 1905. Sale Commences at 12:30 Sharp, rain or shine.

100 to 200 Head

We will have buyers from Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, Minneapolis and Ohio, who will buy anything from a pony to as big as they grow. They'll buy your mules also. Our horse sales have always been a success and now is the time to sell.

D. A. McMAINS, Auct. FRED TEALE, Clerk. LEON HORSE CO.

Advertisement for Pearson's Magazine, featuring 'Solid Subscription Bargains' and 'Rock Bottom Prices'. Includes a list of subscription rates and a list of periodicals available for purchase.

Advertisement for Edgar Allan Poe's Works, featuring 'Special Combination Offers' and 'A Ten-Volume Set of the Works of Edgar Allan Poe'. Includes a list of books and their prices.

THE LEON REPORTER, Leon, Iowa.