

ALBIA HAS A \$10,000 FIRE. The Cramer Block of Buildings Badly Damaged Last Week.

About 4:30 Thursday evening Lattimer Bros. & Dunn's store in the east room of R. O. Cramer's brick block on the south side of the square took fire from the gas plant used in lighting the room and like a flash it communicated from the rear of where the machine is located to the ceiling and thence to other parts of the building. The alarm was given and the department responded promptly, but the boys experienced great difficulty in holding the fire down to the one building and the cistern on the south side was completely exhausted before the fire was gotten under control.

Lattimer Bros. & Dunn had an immense stock of holiday goods which were almost entirely destroyed by the fire and water, and their loss will be about \$7,500, with \$5,500 insurance in the Royal of London, the Northwestern National and the Concordia of Milwaukee.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Ramsey and Mr. Mrs. Jacob Rallsback had apartments over Lattimer's store and their household goods were badly damaged by smoke and water. Their loss is fully covered by insurance.

R. O. Cramer & Son lost about \$500 worth of goods in the rear room over Lattimer's store. The stock is fully covered by insurance with the Pennsylvania Fire Insurance Company.

The smoke rolled out from the hallway in such a large volume that it looked very much like the fire fiend would communicate to the other two buildings before it could be subdued, but the boys worked like trojans and succeeded in putting out the fire before the first building was destroyed.

The Higgs-Hanna Hardware Co. and R. O. Cramer & Son sustained losses on their goods from smoke and water, but the damage will not be heavy. R. O. Cramer's loss on building will be about \$2500 or \$3000, and is insured in the Continental.

Several families live over the stores and their household goods will be damaged to some extent. Mr. Dunn went into the building to get his books and after securing them he started for the front door and was almost overcome by the smoke before he got into the open air.—Albia Union.

Boy Prodigy of Boston is in High School at 8.

A recent news telegram from Boston says: A little lad, puny and stoop-shouldered and wearing double-lens glasses, astonished the pupils of the Brookline High School the other day when he entered the institute and coolly took a seat in the freshman class. The boys about him tower above him in height and otherwise physically are Brobdignagians as compared with the new pupil. But intellectually, the new comer is a giant of the assemblage, as a statement of his varied accomplishments will show.

He speaks four languages fluently. He is an expert in mathematics and algebra and his knowledge of physics is almost equal to that of a college professor. And the wonder of it all is that he is not 8 years of age.

The new student and scholastic prodigy is William James Sidis. He is the son of Dr. Boris Sidis, a German physician, who moves in the best circles in Brookline. He has written letters almost before he could walk; and before he could speak plainly he was able to read.

The boy has been named after Prof. William James, a Harvard psychologist, who is observing with keen interest the astonishing intellectual development of this baby mathematician and linguist.

Should the lad's health continue unimpaired, the expectation is that he will rapidly outstrip all the other boys in the school and be graduated in a short time.

It is supposed to be the youngest high school boy in the United States, if not in the world.

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Geo. W. Franklin, editor in chief of the Register and Farmer, known to many of our readers as the original "Farm Furrows" man of the Homestead, whose articles snuck of the farm and who has the happy faculty of looking at things from the farmer's standpoint, and the telling about them in an interesting way to other farmers. The Register and Farmer, while the equal of any dollar farm publication in the state, is only fifty cents per year, and may be had still lower by clubbing with this paper, both being offered for \$1.50. Ask for sample copies at this office.

Reform without selfishness, is one of the things necessary to hasten the millennium.

The sure way to keep friends is not to use them except in cases of dire necessity.

The greatest penalty that follows foolishness is the food for thought that it furnishes.

A TRUE STORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

(Original.) A member of the Russian revolutionary committee in New York recently came upon a man the sight of whom startled him.

"Why, Sergius, I thought you were dead."

"But you see I am alive." "Your name certainly came through our secret press as having been executed, together with a number of others."

The man addressed seemed haunted by some danger, some memory—that it was his friend could not tell. He looked about him as though he feared a policeman or a Cossack was coming from behind to cut him down.

"Come with me," said the other. "I will take you where you will feel more comfortable. You cannot have been in this free country long or you would not fear your shadow. When did you arrive?"

"Yesterday." When they were settled at a table in a cafe with something warm before them to restore the courage of the newly arrived man he told the following experience:

"You know, of course, of the putting down of the revolution in the Baltic provinces. You also know that my father's paper did not support the revolution, though it was liberal. Since the czar had promised liberty of the press we supposed we were safe. But the troops were all about us, and whenever they entered a town they would declare martial law and by their drumhead courts martial proceed to get rid of those they thought proper to destroy. One day our peaceful village received such a visitation. Some countries fear hurricanes, some fear earthquakes. I would prefer either to what came upon us. The soldiers respected no one, old or young, sick or well, male or female. My father was arrested as editor of our paper, and I, having written for it, was also arrested. I was ill at the time, but that made no difference.

"We were tried by the 'drumhead,' which should be named the 'black death,' and, of course, convicted. It mattered not whether we were innocent or guilty, a certain number must be sacrificed to strike terror into those who remained. There were about eighty of us selected to be shot, my father and I among the number.

"It is a horrible thing—that which is common at home today—to be marched out in a gang to be shot down like dogs. Men and women were driven together to a pen while our fellow citizens looked on without power to help us. I can see my horror-stricken companions weeping, praying or weeping their end in silence. I can see—their hands over their eyes—my father standing among the rest and the look he gave me—me whom he had brought up from a babe. I can see that line of death, hear the word of command from the officers. I saw these men raise their pieces and bring them to an aim. The suspense between the aim and the fire was too much for me, weakened as I was by illness. I fainted and as the balls mowed down my companions I fell, too, but from another cause.

When I came to myself, remembering the horrible situation, I supposed that I was in the agonies of death. Then, in darkness, suffocating, a load upon me, it occurred to me that I had been buried alive. I had struck the truth. After the execution the bodies were gathered and thrown into a trench dug for the purpose. The bullet intended for me had gone over my head, and I was not hurt, I was thrown in with the rest and all were covered over with earth, but not deep or I would not be here with you today.

"But I was not thinking of this then. I was working as well as my strength would permit—of course it was greatly mangled by my situation—and at last scrambled out. As I lay on the surface gasping to fill my lungs I saw it was night. There was a chance for my life.

"I lay still for some time, listening. There was no sound near me that I could hear. No sentry was needed to guard the dead. Perhaps the troops that had stricken us had passed on to the next town. At last I gained sufficient strength and courage to crawl away. You remember Ivan Drovoznik. Well, his house was not in the town. It was on the outskirts and near the shooting pen. I went there and called him up. When he saw me standing at his door he thought I was my ghost. I told him my story, and he took me in and concealed me.

"Fortunately, as you know, we were not far from the German border, and my friends advised and helped me to reach it. They furnished me with a disguise and started with me, since I was too weak to get on by myself. Of course I had a better chance than one the police were looking for. No one looked for me, for I was supposed to be dead. I reached the border safely and, traveling through Germany, took a steamer for the United States.

"But I cannot shut out that dreadful scene. I see strong men and weak women waiting for the slaughter. I see their neighbors, their children, who have followed them to the place of execution. I see again and again always that fearful line, their pieces aimed at our breasts. Every night I wake suffocating in that pit wedged in among the dead, my companions, and begin anew that fearful struggle for air, for life. I dread to live more than I dread to die."

"Cheer up, my old friend. In this land where there is no czar, no Cossacks, where the people are the only rulers, the visions that haunt you will fade away." MORRIS WYNNE.

Earthquakes.

Among the many strange relationships which earthquakes hold to various natural phenomena there is possibly one between the times of their occurrence and of irregularities in the revolution of the world. For many years it has been observed that there are slight but irregular changes in latitude, or, in other words, the axis of our earth does not always point in the same direction. The pole wanders about in a mean position, sometimes in a path that is nearly circular, while at others it appears to be exceedingly irregular and even retrograde. The world top is not spinning truly, but it slightly wobbles. When the change in direction of its axis is sharp large earthquakes have been frequent. If a swiftly moving body is, so to speak, compelled to turn a corner, that it should be subjected to strains which might result in yielding is easily conceivable. Regarded from this point of view, the times at which strata in seismic strain give way are to some extent governed by erratic movements in the rotation of our sphere. The earthquake and the wobble may, however, be due to a common cause, and the question therefore is one which requires closer examination.—John Milne in National Review.

A Good Horse's Color.

A good horse cannot be a bad color. It is said, it is certain that Derby winners are not drawn from certain colors. Has a gray ever won the race, or a dun or a skewball or a piebald? Has there ever been a thoroughbred of the latter type? Quite black thoroughbreds are rare, white still more so, gray uncommon even among the less exalted of public performers. The "Stud Book" would not bear out these statements where colors uncommon on the race course are described. The explanation is, of course, that the horse is there described as he appeared as a foal. An owner of a bay thoroughbred looked up the "Stud Book" to find his purchase pictured as a chestnut and complained to the men of whom he had bought the horse. The former owner assured him that the description was correct at the time it was entered. Other owners, less certain as to what color may appear when the first coat has been cast, have before now made such singular entries as "gray, roan or chestnut."—St. James' Gazette.

The Porcupine's Quills.

The spines are very loosely attached to the porcupine, and they are very sharp—as sharp as a needle at the outer end. At almost the slightest touch they penetrate the nose of a dog or the clothing or flesh of a person touching the porcupine and stick there, coming away from the animal without any pull being required. The facility in catching hold with one end and letting go with the other has sometimes caused people to think that the spines had been thrown at them. The outer end of the spines, for some distance down, is covered with small barbs. These barbs cause a spine once imbedded in a living animal to keep working farther in with every movement of the muscles, so that it is not a pleasant thing to get stuck full of them.

A Sad Picture.

At Varzin once, after sitting for some time sunk in profound reflection, Bismarck lamented that he had derived but small pleasure or satisfaction from his political activity, but, on the other hand, much vexation, anxiety and trouble. He had, he said, made no one happy by it, neither himself, his family nor any one else, "but probably," he continued, "many unhappy. Had it not been for me there would have been three great wars the less, the lives of 80,000 men would not have been sacrificed and many parents, brothers, sisters and widows would not now be mourners."—Bismarck's Table Talk.

Unique Rainmaking.

One of the oldest rainmaking plants is the invention of a native of one of the Indian provinces. By means of a rocket he sends more than a mile into the air a reservoir of ether attached to a parachute. This, being released at the highest point, floats gently back to earth, the condensation being caused by the evaporation of the ether. It is said to be decidedly efficacious even where there is scarcely a trace of cloud.

Cut It.

"Yes," said the college student, "dad got the idea that I was cutting up too much, and so he cut in and threatened to cut down my allowance unless I took a brace. I felt all cut up at first, but I didn't want my allowance cut off or cut into just for a little funny business, and so I cut it out." And the listening foreigner remarked, "What did the young man say?"—Somerville Journal.

Breaking It Gently.

Captain of Steamer—Madam, it gives me great pain to be obliged to tell you that your little boy's hat has blown overboard. Fond Mother—Why, I thought it was tied on with a string! Captain—Yes. That was just the trouble. The string did not break.

Corrected.

"Miss Isabel, you are not at all like other girls." "That is not a compliment, Mr. Spooner. You should say that other girls are not at all like me."

Quite Proper.

Little Rollo—Pop, what is an upright piano? Pop—One that plays only sacred music, my son.—Woman's Home Companion.

Not Concealed.

She—All men are concealed. He—Not all. I see a man every day who is not concealed. She—Where? He—In the mirror.

Symptoms.

A physician was talking about his patient's symptoms. "Young, strong people don't give me enough symptoms when they are ill," he said, "but the middle aged and the aged give me too many. Thinking about their health all the time, studying their condition all the time, the aged and the middle aged discover a symptom in every muscle, in every organ, in every limb. Thus they confuse me.

"The average sufferer of fifty or so will pour upon my head a deluge of symptoms like this: "Well, doctor, I'm miserable all over, feverish one minute, freezing the next. I've a gnawing pain in my hip and side and back and an all gone sensation in the stomach, with a shooting, neuralgic headache over the left eye. I have a queer taste in my mouth, a dizziness when I stoop over and a dull ache up and down the right side, along with a kind of numbness. I cough a lot, my throat's sore, and I've the carache. Appetite's fair, but not what it should be. I have a feeling of lassitude, and I'm very weak. These are only a few of my main symptoms. To proceed, etc."—Exchange.

An Unruffled Spirit.

A contented spirit was Mrs. Snow's, so contented that at times her neighbors found it trying and took an unrighteous satisfaction in presenting any small thorns which might prick through her comfort.

"No, my Angie hasn't the measles," said Mrs. Snow one day. "Well, perhaps it seems strange she should escape the epidemic, but my children are unusually fortunate always in those respects. Of course I take the best of care of them, and, then, they inherit a tendency to throw off any germs. I anticipate no illness with Angie."

In spite of this the redoubtable Angie came down with measles a week later, and the inquiring friend again approached Mrs. Snow.

"Yes, dear Angie has the measles at last," said the contented mother. "Now, most of the other children are well, and as the doctor has plenty of time to attend to her it really seemed an opportunity for Angie. I don't suppose there ever was a child on whom they came out more beautifully than on Angie. I tell the doctor I think he may well be proud of his little patient."—Youth's Companion.

The Atmosphere.

Even if it were possible for man to live without breathing air he could not exist on the earth if it were without an atmosphere. Plants derive carbon, the most important element of their food, from the air, and without plants there could be no food for animals and therefore no human beings. Water also comes from the atmosphere, but if there were no water there could be neither plants nor animals. If food and water could be supplied in some other way the world would still be uninhabitable by plants and animals owing to the severity of the cold. Without an atmosphere there would be no winds and consequently no waves or ocean currents. The sea—if we may suppose one to have been supplied by some unknown cause—would be a stagnant pool, uninhabitable by seaweed or fish.

American Buyer in London.

"My American accent came near to taxing me just \$430 on my last trip to London," remarked a clubman. "When I tried to buy a certain bulldog pup there the kennel man priced it at \$500, as he had me sized up as an American and, in his regard, an easy mark. I made a deal with a caddy at the hotel stand, who went around and bought the same pup for me at \$60, a very fair price, as the dog will never be a show winner. I gave a \$10 tip to the caddy, so I made \$430 by employing an agent who called his hansom an 'ansom and his horse an 'orse."—New York Sun.

Jackdaw and Magpie.

In England the daw is hardly ever mentioned but as Jack, yet daw and not jackdaw is the proper name of the species. It is suggested that the pie owes the "mag" to some corruption of Margaret or Meg. To mag is to chatter, but whether the verb was derived from the name or the name from the verb is a question. It is more than probable that the Jim Crow of America (the old name for a negro boy) was brought across from England in the days when a crow was Jim, as a swallow was Dick.—London Standard.

Egg and Bottle.

Take a boiled egg, remove the shell, have a bottle with a large neck, add a piece of paper to the neck and light it. When in blaze put the egg on it, point down, and the heat will pull the egg with great force inside. Now put again a glazed paper in the bottle and manage to have the egg in the neck point up, and the heat will push out the egg with an explosion.

Perpetual.

"You always appear to be worried about your housekeeping," remarked the sympathetic friend. "But really," replied the housekeeper, "there are only two occasions when I am really worried. One is when I haven't a servant and the other is when I have."

At the Art Museum.

Her Husband—That statue isn't true to nature. His Wife—What's wrong with it? Her Husband—Why, it represents a woman sitting still, saying nothing.—Columbus Dispatch.

Is It?

Ethel—Mamma, what makes the lady dress all in black? Mamma—Because she is a sister of charity, dear. Ethel—Is charity dead, then? The first Lombardy poplar in America was planted by Michaux in 1785.

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