

ESTABLISHED 1854.

THE LEON REPORTER, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1910.

VOLUME LVII NO. 16.

CORN IS WORTH 40c RIGHT NOW

That's our honest opinion and will back it up by trading you any goods in the room for your corn and allow you 40c per bushel until our cribs are full.

Auction Sale every Saturday from 1:30 'til 5 and 7 'til 10 and Wednesday evenings commencing at 7 o'clock. Private Sale every day.

New Lines of Goods are Being Added Constantly.

Don't Miss This Chance to Buy Winter Goods Cheap.

HURST BROS. ANNEX, - - LEON, IOWA.

WARREN SAMKEY, Manager.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM IDAHO

Dear Readers of The Reporter: By the consent of our kind editor I will write a few words through the Leon Reporter. I was asked by so many of my friends this last summer while I was visiting there among old friends and relatives, to write them of my trip on my return home, in the far west, and by the editor's consent I will proceed.

The Leon Reporter is a welcome weekly visitor in our western home. It has been a little over a month ago since I started home, and here it is after Thanksgiving. Sometimes I wonder where the time has gone.

I left Leon October 14 at 6 a. m. got to St. Louis, Mo. at 11:40 a. m. and took train 41 west bound at 12:40 p. m. I was quite a little amused at an old man while boarding the train there, the porter being kind to him, helping him, so he was tempted to open his heart, so he said to porter, "I never did tip a porter, but I am going to tip you tonight now." The porter said as you like, and he handed the porter a five-cent piece. The porter laughed at so large hearted man and putting the five cent piece in his hat band, saying that he would see what it would bring him.

We got started out on time and we passed over quite a stretch of country, everything telling so plainly that autumn was here, but it was not long ... the shadows of night shut from our eyes the works of God and man. Soon our suppers were eaten and we all were settled for our night's rest. I went to sleep early and slept very soundly till I awakened at 2:15 in the morning, and we were standing perfectly still, and such an unfavorable silence. Everything quiet, only the great engine ahead, and it seemed it was fairly groaning, and such a flow mourning, wheezing sound it made; and not a light in the car, only three little oil candle-like lamps. One was near me, so I could see by my watch what time it was. Not one in the car had awakened yet, only me, and it seemed to me the stillness of the night, and the darkness was almost unbearable. And while I was thinking of myself and wondering where we could be, also what had happened, the conductor came in the car. I asked him what was the matter. He said a little wreck a little way ahead. I asked if there was anything killed. He said yes, one or two cattle and one or two sheep. Then I asked him why we couldn't have lights. He had got orders to put all lights out and it was the same in all the cars. Finally he said that maybe the passengers would sleep better. Soon they were all awakened. We had gotten to this little place Seneca, Neb., at 1:50 a. m. and here we stood until 7:40 a. m. Mullen, the first station ahead, was where the wreck was. We were 15 or 20 minutes late at Mullen so they had run a through freight train in on our time, and they had sidetracked the local, but had not pulled in far enough, so the caboose was still on the main track, and the through freight crashed into the caboose. Everybody jumped, but nobody was hit. The fireman was scratched up some.

Well, when we started from Seneca, Neb., at 7:40 I asked the conductor if he would show us the wreck, and he said that we would all know when we reached the wreck. It was only about 15 or 20 minutes ride until we were in sight of the wrecking train at work. Our

train stopped about a half mile from the wreck. A lot of us got off me taking my parasol, for I never seen the sun shine as warm as it did that day. At Mullen, and when we got to the scene of the wreck my, my! such a sight, I never saw before, and I hope I may never see again. A great lot of it on one side of the track had been set afire when the crash came from the engine and there was piles of the irons of the cars and wheels. Some of the poles were burning yet but most all was out. We all could see only too plainly where we would have been had we come into Mullen on time. One old man had been grumbling all the evening before because we were not going faster. He had declared that next time he went west he would go horse back but he was one that never had any more grumbling to do, as I heard. There were eight car loads of sheep all in a pile; all dead in a long, high pile just as the cars had crashed and crumbled together. I think they must have been on the end near the caboose, for they were piled all on one side and quite a bit down from where the engine and tender were. While on the other side by the engine so many cars had burned. A caboose, for they were piled all on strewn on both sides of the track. A good many of them had been burned and the ends of some of them were burning that hadn't been cut off.

Some of the sheep were laying around, not dead yet, but mangled terribly. A good many were killed by stepping on their throats and shutting their wind off. Some few had escaped and could be seen in bunches not far away on the hills. Although I think quite a few of them had been injured. Some of them had been buried all of 200 yards from the track, where they fell and was fairly crushed. I was amused at one of the sheep, it I think, being hurt badly, was standing about 75 or 100 rods away from the scene of the wreck, his head turned from the scene and looked like he was disgusted and had turned his back to the scene. There was not any signs of a caboose, only the cushions of either one of the cabooses. I with some others were favored with a cushion being placed on one end of a big pole, making a good seat where we could watch the work of the clearing away of the terrible wreck, taking hours to undo what what was done in one minute. No. 42 was down at the other end waiting while our train, No. 41, was at the other. So when we had walked around till we were tired we sat on the seat prepared for us and watched the getting of the great and powerful, but now helpless Mogul engine, on track to get out of way. Some of it's wheels were gone. The smoke stack and front was all destroyed and the cab all battered to pieces, and its great tender laying at one side of the track on its side, not a wheel on it and not a piece of a board of any kind of the cars three feet long. Nothing remained but kindling wood. Some of the men were rebuilding the track while others were getting the engine on so when the engine was on the track we was all ready to go. The passengers from the two trains that were waiting made quite a crowd in the little town of Mullen, but some never left the car in all that time, being afraid they would be left. It was 12:50 I think, when we was ready to start.

Then we got to Alliance, Neb.,

about 3 o'clock and we turned our time one hour back, which made the longest day on the trip. We got to Edgmont, S. D. some of the passengers got off and were standing on the depot platform when a little boy looking to be eight or ten years old took his place by a couple of the men and commenced playing the French harp, as if he was playing for their especial benefit and some one in the car said that he was a poor widow's son trying to help. He could play to a perfection. His crowd kept gathering and giving the change; one old lady piped out to me to ask him if he could play "Near My God To Thee" and as he was by my window I asked him and he did. She gave me ten cents for him. In all I knew of he had taken \$2.90, and a good lot I hadn't got to count. I asked one to ask him what his pa done, but they wouldn't, thinking him an orphan, so I asked him his name, and what his pa done. He surprised them all by saying that he was an engineer on that road but it spoilt the collections, for that was at an end, but in about twenty minutes or so he had taken in four dollars. I expect more than his pa had made that day, so we called him our little musician. Our stops were most all cut short the rest of the way on account of the wreck in the sand hills of Nebraska, so usually we lost no time on road or at stations, so none of us thought anything of rattling lively over rough roads, but when we got through the long Bosceman tunnel, my we did do some rambling. Sometimes we could feel one side then the other of the car raise up like a spring wagon over a rough road, but in some way the air brakes had become disconnected and they had lost control of our train, and we did ramble. I thought we would make up time by those rates, the grade being so steep they couldn't do anything but the helper on the rear end was on yet so they helped to stop us, and a busy lot of trainmen for both crews were busy running back and forth. They talked quite a bit of French when they were so excited, and working so hard. We were soon started again on our adventuresome journey which it sure did seem to me.

We didn't see much along the road aside from the beautiful scenery, and this being the third for me it was not so interesting. Then again one living in the west among its lofty mountains and rushing streams and beautiful lakes. So those lovely sceneries are an every day affair to us.

It was along the mountains of Montana we saw a couple of hunting parties. Three women in one party and four women in the other. The ladies looked fine in their red and black hunting suits, with high top button boots, while the men wore a red jacket and red cap, or red band on cap. The red is a much safer color when hunting large game in our western country, for many times one is shot by accident, when wearing more common colors.

When we got to Billings the train auditor got on, and so many of their tickets he condemned and gave them new ones. The conductor came just behind to punch the ticket when he was through finding fault with them. When the auditor looked at my ticket he said you have no right riding on this car on this ticket. I said sir, I have a great deal of confidence in that little piece of paper, it has taken me a long way and taken me about as fast as I want to go. So saying it was good, also saying about fool agents. Well, I said, none of these conductors have seen any flaw yet, and you keep quiet and we will all get home all right. He laughed and told me to sign my

name, he also putting his name to it. Then the conductor told us no use in so much red tape when the auditor had gone. We arrived at Butte, Mont., at 3:15 Sunday only stopping 10 minutes, but we got off and had something to eat in a hurry. We went most a block away. I drank my coffee and took the other in my hands and ran for the depot. When we got there they laughed, and said all aboard; said they wouldn't have left us for nothing. It was after this that my little girl's nose bled quite badly for a while. We left Missoula after 10 p. m. and about five or ten minutes ride from there our lights all went out and they got stuck and had to call for help. In about thirty minutes we were well lighted and started by a helper, and at Missoula we also lost our train crew some way by being so late. We were eleven hours and fifty minutes late so they gave us a couple of freight boys. It did look funny to see them instead of our crew and some of us laughed and asked them if they had run them down and tagged them for to help. They wore common soft black felt hats, but they were tagged by the plate on the front. They also laughed, saying they run fast, but were caught then also explained the cause of the exchange. They went as far as our conductor should, to Paradise, Mont. While they were on no stations were called. They would just stop and go to the passengers and help them off, not being used to the country. We took on a full crew at Paradise, but we had gotten used to not having any stations called, and some took it in their hands to help me off when the train stopped, took my suit case and was going to kindly set me off, saying it was Hope. I thought differently, telling them to put it down that I would run the risk of being carried by. Soon the conductor came and told me we was 39 miles from Hope and at the next station they would take on a man that had been shot, as they had just taken on a doctor to tend to him until they got to Sand Point. When they got to the place they took him on the baggage car and it seemed the train was moving by the time the doctor had examined him, finding he had been dead for over an hour, so they took him on anyway, and when we got to Hope it was 11:50 at night. The word came that No. 41 would be here at 9 p. m. and then at that time they got word it would not be until 11:50 p. m., making it 12 hours late, for if I remember right it is due here at 11:40 a. m. when on time. So all that was waiting my return went home at 9, finding it later, but my husband, and he was walking the depot platform very restlessly. Although the office crew had denied such a thing as a wreck to him.

O My! Such a beautiful moonlight night it was. It seemed a pleasure to walk the mile to my home such an evening.

Dear Readers: I hope I have not wearied you, and if this does not fall in the waste basket I will come again.

We have had lovely weather here until Thanksgiving. It commenced to snow that night and today is Monday and it is snowing, but the clouds are getting higher up.

Yours very truly,
MRS. PERRY MARTIN.

Heavy, impure blood makes a muddy, pimply complexion, headaches, nausea, indigestion. Thin blood makes you weak, pale, sticky. Burdock Blood Bitters makes the blood rich, red, pure—restores perfect health.

REPORTER FOR SALE BILLS.

BIG FINANCIAL INSTITUTION FOR CAINSVILLE.

A Trust Company With Capital of \$250,000 is Being Organized.

Cainsville may be the home of the largest financial institution in North Missouri or Southern Iowa, outside of the larger cities. This is a strong probability which may be seen during the next year.

While Messrs. Tyson, Rambo and Aldefer, of the Norristown syndicate were here last week they renewed the proposition made some months ago comment on which was published in these columns that a trust company with a capital of \$250,000 be organized here. They proposed that the stock and surplus of the Cainsville Bank be merged into the new financial institution and that they (the Norristown people) would take enough stock to bring the capital up to the point desired. We understand that local people would be given a chance to take all the stock they want.

It will be remembered that about the first of the year Mr. C. H. Alderfer bought the corner lot east of Wilson's store and it is a part of the plan if the merger goes through, to erect a three or four story building on this lot for business purposes. The ground floor would be used as the home of the new financial institution, a store room, lobbies for hotel, etc. The second story would be made into rooms for hotel, etc. The third story would be made into rooms for hotel purposes. It is proposed that this building shall be fitted up with all the modern conveniences and its estimated cost is put at \$15,000 exclusive of furnishings. The News has no means of knowing what the Cainsville bank people think of the proposition but we understand that they are giving the matter due consideration. We do not know of anything that would help the community more than the addition of \$75,000 or \$100,000 to its working capital.

While here last week the officials of the coal company decided upon what kind of machines to use in the mine. At first it was thought that electric machines would be used but these have been found impracticable and compressed air machines will be used instead. They have therefore ordered an air compressor and four machines. By the use of these machines the output of the mine will be greatly increased. These machines operate by compressed air and take the place of hand cutting.

W. C. Rambo who will be superintendent of the electric light plant is a very busy man these days, and is bending every energy to get the plant in operation as soon as possible. The poles have been ordered and as soon as they arrive the work of setting them will begin. The main lines were described in these columns last week. An addition will be built to the boiler house so that the engine for the dynamo will be close to steam. The engine formerly used for the Excelsior factory will be used to furnish power for the light plant.

Mr. Fred Morck who has been promoting the drilling of a test well in the vicinity of Mt. Moriah the past few months, was in town last week to meet and confer with the representatives of the Coal company from Norristown, informed us that the well was a "dry" hole, that it is showing no sign of oil. Drilling stopped November 16th in Mississippi lime stone at about 1000 feet, and they had drilled 175 feet into this limestone. A vein of coal about two and one-half feet in thickness was found at 433 feet, but it had neither top nor bottom and was worthless as a mining proposition. The boiler, engine, casing, etc. used

in drilling the well have been brought up here for shipment. Mr. Morck estimates the cash expense in drilling the well at about \$3,500.

Coal has been taken out at a lively rate the past week and the demand is simply great. Almost every day there is a continual stream of teams from the country round about and neighboring towns after coal and all are being accommodated as rapidly as possible. "Can we get some coal," is a question most asked by our visitors and the trade is limited only by the amount brought up. We understand that every effort is being made to supply the demand.—Cainsville News.

EVER WATCHFUL.

A Little Care Will Save Many Leon Readers Future Trouble.

Watch the kidney secretions. See that they have the amber hue of health;

The discharge not excessive or infrequent;

Contain no "brick-dust like sediment";

Doan's Kidney Pills will do this for you.

They watch the kidneys and cure them when they're sick.

W. M. Zimmerman, Mill and 11th St., Leon, Iowa, says: "I suffered from a weak back for some time, caused no doubt, by disordered kidneys. I was so stiff and lame that I could not stoop and the kidney secretions were too frequent in passage, causing me annoyance. I tried first one remedy and the another, but without any good results until I procured Doan's Kidney Pills from L. P. Van Werden's Drug Store. (From statement given in 1902.)

Confirmed Proof. On August 12th, 1908, Mr. Zimmerman said: "I still have great faith in Doan's Kidney Pills. Although my health is fine I take a few doses of the remedy occasionally with the best of results."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

A peculiar incident happened on the Chicago Great Western railroad not long ago. A farmer took advantage of the emigrant rates and with a quantity of household goods, machinery, etc., loaded ten head of stock. On this rate ten head of stock is the limit in one car, but during the transit of the car two calves were born and the agent at the arrival point charged the farmer excess for the two calves. The farmer claims that he should not be forced to pay the extra charges as he started out with only ten head, and the agent claims that if he allowed this car to go through without excess for the two head the company would be rebating and consequently violating the Hepburn law. The matter has been referred to the interstate commerce commission.

Looking One's Best.

It's a woman's delight to look her best, but pimples, skin eruptions, sores and boils rob life of joy. Listen! Bucklin's Arnica Salve cures them; makes the skin soft and velvety. It glorifies the face. Cures Pimples, Sore Eyes, Cold Sores, Cracked Lips, Chapped Hands. Try it. Infallible for Piles. 25c at Van-Werden & Kopp's.

We have a good supply of cord wood cut in 16-inch lengths, split or in the block. Prompt deliveries. Phone H. A. Wright.

REPORTER FOR SALE BILLS.