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perfected in old cases which have been neglected or unskillfully treated. No experiments or failures. We undertake no incurable cases, but cure thousands given up to die.

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A family can suffer no greater affliction than to have a child subject to fits or epilepsy. Many a father or mother would give their all to restore such a child to health.

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is just what it is represented to be, a medicine compounded especially for nervous diseases, such as fits, spasms, St. Vitus' dance, convulsions and epilepsy. These diseases frequently lead to insanity or cause weak minds. Dr. Miles' Nervine has proven most effective in relieving these dreaded maladies.

Sold by all druggists. If the first bottle fails to benefit your money is returned. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

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Anything from finest silk fibre to heavy wool curtains.

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I do all kinds of repair and custom work in a workmanship manner

The Joys of Christmas Time

By Kennett Harris



Hark! the merry chimes are warning us that this is Christmas morning. And it's time that we were rising, though the hour isn't late. Still, the kids will be flocking, each to overhaul his stocking. And there's scads of things we've got to do that really cannot wait.

Yet, before we kick the clothes off (quite determined not to doze off), let's indulge in dreamy musing on this joyous Christmas tide; let us, while the bells are pealing, get up some real Christmas feeling. Fill ourselves with sweet emotions that are not quite cut and dried. True, the minutes fast are gliding, but, consarn 'em, let 'em glide.

Think of these long weeks of waiting, all the glad anticipating. Of the gay and festive season that, at last, at last is here; never resting, never stopping in our mad career of shopping.

Searching over the ideal, not too cheap and not too dear; crushed and elbowed in the reeking crowds, that like ourselves are seeking. Just the very thing of all things that their loved ones most desired. Limp and dragged then emerging from the pushing, struggling, surging. Mob, with parcels overlaid, reaching home at last, dog tired. Those experiences may be best described as "most all-fired."

Yet no antiquated stoic showed endurance more heroic. Than we've manifested through the weary ordeal of that time; we have stood the stress of barter with the courage of a martyr; now we find sweet compensation listening to the Christmas chime.

Whose clear cadence, soft and mellow, seems to whisper to a fellow that the worst is nearly over, that we soon may breathe again. Soon may find succor of sorrow, and that, maybe by tomorrow. Or the next day, may be lifted something of this mental strain. That a blessed sense of rest may soothe the tissues of our brain.

We have done with haste and flurry, no occasion now to worry. Lest some sensitive relation may have been quite overlooked. All the lists of names are checked and all the walls with green are decked, and now within a few short hours the Christmas dinner will be cooked. Hall to Christmas! happy season! There is some substantial reason to be gleeful at thy advent—the beginning of the end.

As thou comest wreathed with holly, we can certainly be jolly. Welcome thee with feast and wassail, and in general unbend. For we know that we have spent for thee the last cent we can spend!

Now the door bell will cease ringing to the people who were bringing an endless string of packages from morn to day eve; we no longer will be running to conceal those things with cunning. And we'll lose our wonted air of having something up our sleeve. There will be a deuced litter, when the gewgaws gleam and glitter.

Of waste paper, string and cotton, from the kitchen to the hall; but, with consciences elastic, we will grow enthusiastic. And "wonder how they guessed," as on the donors' necks we fall, looking blissful over dewdads that we didn't want at all.

Ah, this blessed thing of giving! It is half the joy of living. To watch the looks of gratitude and pleasure and surprise. That, at least to outward seeming, are upon loved faces beaming. As the loved one opens his parcel and digs out his gaudy ties. And the gentle wife and mother her emotion tries to smother.

When conducted by her husband, to some secret corner, where, as a proof of fond affection, he has hid from her detection. His gift to her, a cozy, costly, well-upholstered chair. (Of whose comforts, in the future, you may bet he'll get his share).

Now this Christmas spirit moves us to sense that it behoves us to keep Poverty's bare platter and fill Destitution's cup. Bring turk and pie and gladness to the homes of empty sadness! To help out sweet Christmas charity who would not loosen up? But it's highly aggravating not to say exasperating. When we've given most nobly and without thought of stint. To find out, as we expected, that the modest are neglected. And our princely benefaction hasn't found its way to print. (Certainly we didn't ask it, but a man might take a hint).

But away with sad reflection! This is no time for dejection. Merry Christmas, happy Christmas, as we said, has come at last! All the many tribulations, all the trials and vexations. That have crowded thick upon us for the last six weeks, are past. Not a protest shall be uttered, though the house with toys is cluttered. And the kids are all parading to the sound of horn and drum. Lusty lung and larynx voicing the extent of their rejoicing. We will have to stand the racket now that Christmas day is come. (Later tone our nervous system at some sanitarium).

Thank the Giver if we're able to sit 'round a well-spread table, where the plump white-bosomed turkey sheds its savor through the room. And pudding comes on smoking, and there's no end to the joking. And no heart that harbors malice and no mind o'ercast with gloom.

Let us be profoundly grateful that we have at least a plentiful. Grateful for the pepsin tablets that correct our Christmas cheer; hold it as among our mercies if there's coin left in our purses. Be thankful for those dear to us and those who hold us dear. (And most supremely thankful Christmas comes but once a year).

CHRISTMAS IS A PROPHECY. It forecasts the Perfect Social Conditions Which Will Fulfill the Promises of Christ.

Christmas is not only a fact commemorating the one sacred festival in the world's calendar, but the glorious prophecy of a coming day, surpassing all the brightest social dreams that have ever visited the most advanced human mind. He sprang, on His human nature side, from kings and peasants, from saints and sinners. He is yet to lift every peasant to the kingliest throne of character and transform the chief of sinners into the holiest of saints. He allied Himself with poverty and the common people. He is yet to banish poverty with all its ills, from the world, and to give to common humanity their rightful sovereignty. He worked with His hands for His daily bread. He is yet to dignify and glorify in the thought of mankind all honest toil. He honored woman with His sympathetic and appreciative regard. He is yet to relieve her from every form of serfdom created by the past ages. He took little children in His arms and blessed them. He is yet to make blessed the child life in every welcoming home. He gave His peace to His distracted disciples. He is yet to make wars cease unto the end of the earth. He united His brethren with Himself and His Father in one unbroken oneness. He is yet to make every man a brother to his fellow-man and set one with His Father in Heaven.

Christmas Legends

ALL around the season of the Coming of Love as a little Child there have sprung legends and beliefs, like blossoms in a gracious clime, which testify with subtlety to the depth of the appeal of the birth of Christ. Here divinely spiritual symbolism and there sweet human tenderness and pathos appear, and, blended, they evidence the world's belief that this was both Son of Man and Son of God.

An Irish legend tells that, on Christmas eve, the Christ-Child wanders out in the darkness and cold, and the peasants still put lighted candles in their windows to guide the sacred little feet, that they may not stumble on their way to their homes. And in Hungary the people go yet further in their tenderness for the Child, they spread feasts and leave their doors open that He may enter at His will, while throughout Christendom there is a belief that no evil can touch any child who is born on Christmas eve.

The legend which tells how the very hay which lined the manger in which the Holy Babe was laid put forth living red blossoms at midwinter at the touch of the Babe's body could only have arisen from belief in the renewal of life through the Lord of Life.

The Holy Thorn

IT is not so many centuries ago since there was that holy thorn at Glastonbury which blossomed every Christmas, and, so ran the legend, had done ever since St. Joseph of Arimathea, having come as apostle to Britain, and, landing at Glastonbury, had stuck his staff of dry hawthorn into the soil, commanding it to put forth leaves and blossoms. This the staff straightway did, and thereby was the king converted to the Christian faith, the faith which preached life from death.

The holy thorn of Glastonbury flourished during the centuries until the civil wars. During those it was uprooted; but several persons had had trees growing from cuttings from the original tree, and those continued to bloom at the Christ-season, just as their parent, which had grown from St. Joseph's staff, had bloomed. And about the middle of the 18th century it was recorded in the Gentleman's Magazine how the famous holy thorn would not deign to recognize the new style calendar, which had then come into force but would persist in blossoming as of old on old Christmas day!

In those days the anniversary of the advent of the Babe had certainly meant more to the common people than merely a time for feasting and revelry, for giving and receiving; it had been also a season for holy observances, for they refused to go to church on New Christmas day, the holy thorn not being then in blossom. So serious became the trouble that the clergy found it prudent to announce that Old Christmas day should also be kept sacred as before. Only another story of men's weak, superstitious minds? True, perhaps; but they are better who evidence some spiritual weakness than those who wallow in the wholly material, and when we cease to be careful of the cup and the platter, we become not over careful of their contents.

The Christmas Rose

NOTHER of those spiritual parables is the legend of the Christmas rose, and it tells how good things, fit for giving, spring up ready to the hand which earnestly desires to give to the Child. It is said that a certain maiden of Bethlehem was so poor that she had nothing to give to the Babe to whom kings brought wealth from afar, and, as she stood, longing and mourning, and angel appeared to her, saying: "Look at thy feet, beneath the snow," and lo! on obeying the maiden found that a new flower had miraculously sprung up and blossomed at her needs. Every since then, runs this story, this exquisite flower, with its snowy petals just touched by suggestions of pinkish bloom, is to be found at this season; and, indeed, its half-opened cups are like chalices of love, and its fully-spread petals are like a happy innocence, fit symbols for the gifts for the Babe of spotless innocence, whose heart was the vessel of love.

Christmas Eve Legends

HERE are several exceedingly touching legends concerning bells, which are heard ringing from buried cities and villages at this season. One belongs to a village near Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire, and the story runs that once, where there is now but a valley, there was a village which, with every trace of life and habitation, had been swallowed by an earthquake; but ever since, at Christmas, the bells of the buried church are heard to ring as of old.

A similar legend is told of Preston, in Lancashire, and yet another and more moving one comes from the Netherlands. It is said that the city of Been was notorious for its black and shameless sins, as well as renowned for its beauty and magnificence. To the Sodom of the middle ages came our Savior on one anniversary of His birth, and went as a beggar from door to door, but not one in all that Christmas keeping city gave the Master of the abundance. His beam rampant on every side, but not

a trace of Christmas bounty and good will, and he called to the sea, which, as of old, obeyed his voice, and Been, the city of sin, was buried deep, clean out of sight, beneath the waves. But ever at Christmas up from beneath the covering waters comes the sweet calling of church bells buried in Been. It is a legend which appears to tell in parable that nothing which ever belonged to the Christ, and was dedicated to his service, is ever wholly lost from him and alienated from service; that ever and again something of their inherent beauty and compelling sweetness rises from the depths through all seeming ruin.

The Manger

TRADITION declares that within the stone manger there was another one of wood, and that the stone cradle in the Chapel of the Nativity is, indeed, the outer manger. Splendid is that humble stone trough now with white marble, softly rich with costly draperies, and radiant with a silver star, which is surrounded by 16 lamps, ever alit. But yet more glorious is the wooden manger at Rome, held to be the veritable manger in which the Christ-child lay. It was removed to Rome in the seventh century, during the Mohammedan invasion of the Holy Land, and there it is preserved in a strong brazen chest, from which it is brought forth on Christmas days, when it is placed on the Grand Altar. It is mounted upon a stand of silver, which is inlaid with gold and gems, and the shrine in which it rests is of purest rock crystal. In the days in which this was accomplished men, whatsoever may have been their shortcomings in other directions, gave magnificently to the Church Visible.

Christmas Bells

TRADITION says that the hour of the Babe's birth was the hour of midnight, and legend adds that from then until dawn cocks crow. In Ireland it is held that whoso looks into a mirror on this eve will see the devil or Judas Iscariot looking over his shoulder, surely thought sufficient to drive the hardest soul to a thought of the innocent Babe. Another legend tells that, on Christmas eve, Judas Iscariot is released from that hell—"his own place"—and is allowed to return to earth that he may cool himself in icy waters.

Wild and improbable although such and such legends appear on their faces, they bear study and repay it, for we then see that they are full of subtle spiritual expression, as it were; that they are parables of certain spiritual facts, and it will be ill for us should the Christmas day ever dawn on which such flowers of tender faith and wonder shall appear to us no more than dry curious specimens from the dead roots of superstition.

What Christmas Means

Christmas means hope and its realization. The child grows eagerly expectant as the time approaches for the visit of Santa Claus. While this fiction remains unquestioned, the imagination opens new and wider worlds, and ideals become so much a part of the mind that the prosaic and commonplace can never crush them. Until the youth reaches manhood and independence, Christmas is the happiest day of the year. Its gifts and hearty good cheer impress family affection, parental thoughtfulness and brotherly love. The dullest and most irresponsible of fathers and mothers are uplifted to a vision of higher life by the interchanges of souvenirs and the merry meeting with children and grandchildren at the table and fire-side. Few can escape and all enjoy the meaning of the festival, the lessons it conveys and the inspiration it gives, and we enter upon a brighter future and a fuller appreciation of the beneficence of the practice of faith, hope and charity. The loved ones who have crossed to the other side, the loved near and far who are still with us, the old homestead with its precious memories, the old church whose sacred associations tie together childhood, maturity and age, love, marriage and death; the schoolhouse where the beginnings of education were so painful, and the ever-increasing pleasures of the pursuit of learning through the high school, academy and college are recalled and recited, and there is exquisite delight in these oft-told tales, and new experiences enliven this blessed anniversary.—Leslie's Weekly.

First Christmas Observance

Christmas gets its name from the mass celebrated in the early days of the Christian church in honor of the birth of Christ, its first solemnization having been ordered by Pope Telesphorus. This was in or before the year 138, for in that year Pope Telesphorus died.

At first Christmas was what is known as a movable feast, just as Easter is now, and owing to misunderstandings was celebrated as late as April or May. In the fourth century an ecclesiastical investigation was ordered, and upon the authority of the tables of the censors in the Roman archives December 25 was agreed upon as the date of the Savior's nativity. Tradition fixed the hour of birth at about midnight, and this led to the celebration of a midnight mass in all the churches, a second at dawn and a third in the later morning.

Original Notice

In the District Court of Decatur County, Iowa, January term, A. D. 1912. C. W. Hauenstein, Plaintiff, against Mrs. M. S. Hauenstein, Defendants.

To said defendants: You are hereby notified that there is now on file in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of Decatur County, Iowa, the petition of the plaintiff aforesaid claiming that the plaintiff and defendant, M. S. Hauenstein, are the owners of lots one and two in block four, Mason's addition to the town of Grand River, Decatur County, Iowa; that the said lots were of the value of about \$300.00. That the said lots by mistake and oversight were deeded by Henry Hauenstein to M. S. Hauenstein, and that a third interest in said lots is all that should have been deeded to the said M. S. Hauenstein, the other two-thirds, to be the property of plaintiff and Henry Hauenstein. That this plaintiff has improved the said property, as per agreement, by erecting thereon a dwelling house and other improvements, the total value being \$85,600. That the defendant, M. S. Hauenstein, has never invested anything of any kind or character in said property. That prior to the commencement of this suit Henry Hauenstein deeded his one-third interest in said property to this plaintiff. Plaintiff asks that the said deed be reformed so as to conform with the real contract, and that in case the said M. S. Hauenstein fails to make deed to the two-thirds of said property to plaintiff, then that a commissioner be appointed by this court to make said deed; that this plaintiff be declared the owner of two-thirds of said property and that he have a lien on the one-third interest claimed by the defendant, M. S. Hauenstein for one-third of the purchase price of the said lots and for one-third of the improvements placed on said property by plaintiff; that there be an accounting and that plaintiff have a lien upon the said property for any amount the court may find he has invested in said property for the benefit of the defendant, M. S. Hauenstein, and for general and equitable relief.

For full particulars see petition. You are also notified that unless you appear thereto and defend before noon of the second day of the term of said District Court of Decatur County, to be held on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1912, a default will be entered against you and judgment rendered thereon. C. W. HOFFMAN and ED. H. SHARP, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Notice of Probating Will

To whom it may concern: You are hereby notified that there is now on file in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of Iowa, in and for Decatur county, an instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of Walter McCully, late of said county, and that 10 o'clock a. m., of the 16th day of January, 1912, has been fixed for the probate of said will, at which time you can appear at the Court House in said county and show cause, if any there be, why said Will should not be admitted to Probate. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said court at Leon, Iowa, this 4th day of December, 1911. J. L. MENDENHALL, Clerk of District Court.

Notice of Appointment of Administrator

In the District Court of the State of Iowa, in and for Decatur County. In probate. In the matter of the estate of Walter McCully, deceased. To whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of Walter McCully, late of Decatur County, Iowa, deceased. All persons in any manner indebted to said deceased or his estate will make payment to the undersigned; and those having claims against said deceased or his estate will present them in manner and form as by law required, for allowance and payment. Dated this 4th day of December, A. D. 1911. John McCully, Administrator of said estate.

Notice of Appointment of Administrator

In the District Court of the State of Iowa, in and for Decatur County. In probate. In the matter of the estate of Patrick Flynn, deceased. To whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of Patrick Flynn, late of Decatur County, Iowa, deceased. All persons in any manner indebted to said deceased or his estate will make payment to the undersigned; and those having claims against said deceased or his estate will present them in manner and form as by law required, for allowance and payment. Dated this 5th day of December, A. D. 1911. John Flynn, Administrator of said estate.

Notice of Appointment of Administrator

In the District Court of the State of Iowa, in and for Decatur County. In probate. In the matter of the estate of Patrick Flynn, deceased. To whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of Patrick Flynn, late of Decatur County, Iowa, deceased. All persons in any manner indebted to said deceased or his estate will make payment to the undersigned; and those having claims against said deceased or his estate will present them in manner and form as by law required, for allowance and payment. Dated this 5th day of December, A. D. 1911. John Flynn, Administrator of said estate.

Dr. F. G. Hume

Veterinarian Graduate of Kansas City Veterinary College. Office at VanWerden & Kopp's drug store. All calls answered promptly day or night. Phone: Office, 23, residence 115