

THE GRADE JACK



Missouri Bill

He is a brown jack, with white points, stands 15 1/4 hands high, and has extra good bone and a good big foot and ears. He is a dandy good one, and proved an extra good breeder last year.

Will make the season of 1914 at the Sperm Rumley barn, 1/4 mile north of Leon.

State Certificate No. 725. The jack named Missouri Bill, owned by W. H. Akers, Leon Decatur county, Iowa, described as follows: color, black; markings, white points; foaled in the year 1909, is not of pure breeding, and is, therefore, not eligible to registry in any study book recognized by the Iowa Department of Agriculture, but has been certified to by Dr. F. G. Hume, veterinarian, as being free from hereditary, infectious, contagious or transmissible disease or unsoundness specified in the stallion law.

Dated at Des Moines, this 27th day of April, 1914.

A. R. COREY, Secretary Iowa State Department of Agriculture.

Terms:—\$15.00 to insure colt to stand and suck. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur. Parties disposing of mares or taking them from the county, forfeit the insurance and the fee becomes due and payable at once.

Parties from a distance wishing to breed to this jack can come and see him, and if they don't say he is the best jack they have ever seen in Decatur county we will pay them for their trip to see him.

W. H. AKES, Keeper.

The Grade Percheron Stallion



Grey Prince

Is a beautiful grey, weighs close to a ton, and has a splendid reputation as a breeder.

Will make the season of 1914 at the Sperm Rumley barn, 1/4 mile north of Leon.

State Certificate No. 2967. The stallion Grey Prince, owned by W. H. Akers, Leon, Decatur county, Iowa, described as follows: color, grey; foaled in the year 1904, is not of pure breeding, and is, therefore, not eligible to registry in any study book recognized by the Iowa Department of Agriculture, but has been certified to by Dr. F. G. Hume, veterinarian, as being free from hereditary, infectious, contagious or transmissible disease or unsoundness specified in the stallion law.

Dated at Des Moines, this 22nd day of April, 1914.

A. R. COREY, Secretary Iowa State Department of Agriculture.

Terms:—\$12.50 to insure colt to stand and suck. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur. Parties disposing of mares or taking them from the county, forfeit the insurance and the fee becomes due and payable at once.

W. H. AKES, Keeper.

Iowa Steam Laundry Co.

Anything from finest silk fibre to heavy wool curtains. Dye Works in connection. Send Basket Monday and Wednesday. J. A. Caster, Agent.

DR. C. H. MITCHELL. Surgery and Obstetrics a Specialty. Biggs block, Leon, Iowa. Phone 48. All calls answered day or night. Hours 2 to 4 p. m. and 7 to 8 on Saturday.

J. O. WOODMANSEE. Osteopathic Physician. Consultation and examination free. Office at Woodmansee House, 1 block north of square. Phone 6. Office hours 9 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 4 p. m.

J. E. BRITTON, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Decatur City, Iowa. Calls answered promptly night or day.

FRED A. BOWMAN, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Office hours 11 to 12 a. m., 1:30 to 5:00 p. m., 7:30 to 9:30 p. m. Calls answered 9 to 11 p. m. on Saturday.

Union Chapel.

Mr. and Mrs. Love and family of High Point, spent Sunday at the home of Lee Butts.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dingman spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of R. B. Bright.

Marion Palmer was a Leon caller Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Reynolds visited Sunday at the home of Cap Bennett.

Miss Edna Bright visited Saturday night at the home of her sister, Mrs. Harry Plummer.

Misses Helen and Lulu Rumley were Leon callers Saturday night.

Misses Fern and Lois Melvin went to Eliston Saturday to visit for a week.

Will Bright and family spent Sunday at the home of Al Vanpelt.

Jesse Spicer and family spent Wednesday at Cap Bennett's.

Little Garland Weldon is staying at the home of his grandparents.

John Rumley and family and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Rumley called Sunday afternoon at the Charles Imhoff home.

Roy, Willard and Lawrence Freestone spent Sunday with Lester and Dale Case.

Fred Woodard and Miss Georgia Hull were Decatur callers Sunday evening.

Mrs. Will Bright and daughter Helen and Mrs. Harry Plummer spent Thursday with Mrs. R. B. Bright.

John Myers and family spent Sunday at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Joe Hamilton.

Jimmie Hull was a Leon caller Monday.

Mrs. Mack Baker visited Monday at the home of her son, Orville Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Plummer spent Sunday at the home of John Garber.

Miss Helen Imhoff spent Friday evening at Pearl Elvin's.

Miss Georgia Hull spent Monday night at the Henry Ross home.

John Baker went to Des Moines Thursday and was married to Miss Freda Hines.

Mrs. Minnie Woodmansee and daughter Thelma called at the Painter home Monday and helped cook for threshers.

The Imported Prize Winning Hackney Stallion

1650 (8190) Imported by Truman Bros., Bushnell, Illinois. Is a magnificent Hackney type of stallion, a beautiful roan, with good style and has no equal in Decatur county for action.

Will make the season of 1914 at the Sperm Rumley barn, 1/4 mile north of Leon.

State Certificate No. 6920. The pedigree of the stallion Imp. Hockwold Bordeaux, owned by W. H. Akers, Leon, Decatur county, Iowa, described as follows: Registered in the English and American Hackney Stud Book; breed, Hackney; stud book No.: 1650, (8190); color, roan; marks, four white feet; foaled in the year 1901, has been examined in the office of Iowa State Department of Agriculture and it is hereby certified that the said stallion has been registered in the proper stud book duly recognized by the Iowa Department of Agriculture, Des Moines, Iowa, and has been certified to by Dr. F. G. Hume, veterinarian, as being free from hereditary, infectious, contagious or transmissible disease or unsoundness specified in the stallion law.

Dated at Des Moines, this 22nd day of April, 1914.

A. R. COREY, Secretary Iowa State Department of Agriculture.

Terms:—\$15.00 to insure colt to stand and suck. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur. Parties disposing of mares or taking them from the county, forfeit the insurance and the fee becomes due and payable at once.

W. H. AKES, Keeper.

Lorin V. Tullis Decatur, Iowa

Live Stock and Real Estate Auctioneer. I guarantee to satisfy you. Write or phone for date.

J. W. ROWELL. Dentist. All work done first-class and guaranteed. Office in Long block.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS. For Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, etc. Sold everywhere.

Bethel.

Someone be kind enough to tell us why we can't have another of those good rains.

Pete Zimmerman and Mrs. Sufrona Terrell from Pekin, Illinois, came Tuesday to visit their neices, Mrs. C. M. Akers, Mrs. Jenn Ellis, Mrs. Joe Dobson and Mrs. F. M. Huston of Pleasanton and other relatives.

Mrs. Terrell and Mr. Zimmerman are sister and brother of Mrs. Jacob Warner.

Those who visited with Mr. and Mrs. Parker and ate ice cream last Sunday were Sperm Turpin and family, Mrs. Ira Smith and two daughters of Davis City, Mrs. Joe Dobson and some other young company.

Several took advantage of the weather Monday, the hottest day of the season and delivered their hogs about day light Monday morning at Davis City.

Mr. and Mrs. Harve Morgan were business visitors at Davis City last Monday.

Mrs. Julia Baker and daughter, Ottilie, were Davis City visitors Monday.

Camp meeting begins at Davis City next Friday and a large crowd is expected.

Several of the boys or young men indulged in a little scrap at Bethel last Sunday. Nobody killed.

Mrs. Dow Parker and son Alva and Mrs. Shaffer visited at Sperm Turpin's last Monday at Davis City.

Last Saturday must have been auto day as there were about 100 autos passed along the Inter-State and Waubesa trails from day light until dark.

The friends and neighbors planned a surprise on Mrs. Pearl Tuller and daughter Veta, last Sunday as it was their birthday. They took in ice cream and the ice cream fitted the day as it was very warm.

White Oak.

Mr. and Mrs. John Scott and family visited Sunday at the Jesse Durham home in Humeston.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Beavers of Villisca, came last week in the Beavers auto and are visiting at the F. M. and W. S. Rosengrant homes this week. They expect to spend several days visiting relatives and friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Myers and family visited Sunday at the Nate Myers home.

H. S. Miller shipped a load of fat cattle to Kansas City the first of the week.

James Hill was called to Illinois Thursday to see a sick brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Williams and children, and Miss Alta Hart of Weldon visited Sunday at the James Wagner home.

Mr. Edwards, the piano agent of Humeston, was visiting in this vicinity Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hinebaugh visited Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Scott.

Harry Muck of High Point is visiting this week with Will Scott's.

Miss Grace Nish of Weldon, came Sunday to visit with her friend, Mae Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Job Ridgeway of Chillicothe, Mo., are visiting at the Trullinger and Scott homes this week.

Lonesome Ridge.

Alma Poole and family spent Sunday at Sperm Davis'.

John McDaniel and family visited at Pinkney Stanford's Sunday.

E. J. Evans and family and Miss Minnie McDaniel spent Sunday at John Evans'.

Roy Blakesley and Miss Merle Dale spent Saturday night and Sunday at Walter Blakesley's.

Miss Belle Webster spent Friday and Saturday night with Minnie and Vesta Evans.

Miss Margaret Adkins of Keokuk, came Saturday for a visit with relatives and friends in this vicinity.

Zack McDaniel, Floyd Webster, Minnie, Vesta and Hattie Evans spent Sunday at T. A. Webster's.

Mrs. Margaret Sutherland and baby were guests at the Roy Waller home Sunday. Mrs. Sutherland will be remembered as formerly being Miss Margaret Crawford.

Mrs. Zimmerman, Mrs. John Barrett and children, Minnie and Vesta Evans spent Thursday at John Flynn's.

Burr Oak Ridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Chastain were very pleasant callers at Chas. Chastain's Sunday afternoon.

Misses Evans were guests at Tom Webster's Sunday.

Miss Agnes Barry was called home from Des Moines by the illness of her mother. She was accompanied home by a sister from the St. Joseph Academy. They returned Sunday.

Julia Chastain and Eva Rumley attended church services at the Catholic church and spent the day with Mary Richards.

W. A. and J. M. Johnson and their families spent Sunday at the Frank Stiles home.

Roy Chastain is having a seige of bronchitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham were afternoon callers at Frank Stiles' Sunday. A number of guests were entertained at Tom Webster's Sunday. Charley Johnson furnished the music with his graphophone.

Winnie Shira returned home from Cedar Falls where she had been attending Summer School.

Rose Hill.

Threshing is the order of the day. Miss Maggie Adkins of Keokuk, came Saturday to visit at the home of her uncle, John Flynn.

John Grogan and sister, Bridget of Eliston, drove down in their new car Sunday and attended service at St. Mary's church.

Hear Hon. Caleb Powers at the Leon Chautauqua, August 11-16.



If the career of Caleb Powers could be put into a romance, it would rival in thrilling interest the most powerful tales of fiction.

He is a man born in poverty, who educated himself, gained party leadership and won the election of one of the highest offices in the state of Kentucky.

Mr. Powers is a brilliant orator and a speaker of wide experience. He will thrill you with his lecture: "Right Upon the Scaffold; Wrong Upon the Throne."

Sand Creek No. 2.

Mrs. Vera McGahuey called on Mrs. Pete Eilers Sunday.

Miss Verna Butcher and Amos Vanderflugh called on Pete Eilers' Sunday.

Katie Williams, husband and children were Decatur callers Saturday.

Ed Williams and wife and daughter Edna were the guests of D. A. Williams' Sunday.

Belle Sellars, Geo. Smith and wife and son called on Nelson Smith and family Sunday.

Henry Quigley and family were the guests of John Sellars and family.

Isaac Norman called at the home of Frank Sellars on business Monday morning.

Several from this vicinity attended the Sabbath School at the Hill School house. They are having a very successful school. Let everyone help and everybody is invited to come. You are always welcomed. There will always be room for one more and if it gets too crowded in the house there is plenty of shade and we will try and make everything comfortable. School commences promptly at ten o'clock every Sunday.

Crown.

E. Housh shipped several cars of cattle from Crown last Monday.

Chas. Morgan has been quite sick but was some better the last reported.

Lightning struck J. F. Lewis' new barn recently and damaged it to a considerable extent. He had it insured.

Mrs. Mattie Stiles went to Humeston Monday to visit her son Rolla.

Mr. Nauman's oldest boy fell last Sunday evening and broke his arm below the elbow. The doctor put his arm in a cast and it is getting along nicely.

Abe McVey is preparing to build a new coal house. He says that he is going to stop chopping wood.

If the weather stays good the threshing will all be done by Chautauqua week so that the farmers can attend the Leon Chautauqua this year.

A Scene Not in a Play.

An extraordinary scene took place in the Princess theater, London, on the night of the first production of Charles Reade's great play, "Never Too Late to Mend," Oct. 4, 1855. During the prison scene a large quantity of water was thrown over Miss Moore, who took the part of Joseph, the character doomed to death by the warders. One of the critics, Mr. Tomlin of the Morning Advertiser, rose from his seat and publicly protested against the unnecessary cruelty. This aroused almost a riot among the audience, and the action of the play was stopped for some considerable time. Fuel was added to the fire by George Vining, the lessee of the theater, who was playing the part of Tom Robinson and who made a most imprudent speech, in which he practically insulted every critic present, with the result that the theater was left severely alone by the press for many months. The play, however, turned out to be a popular success and had, for those days, the phenomenal run of 140 performances.

Trapped by Its Portrait.

If an old English writer be true in his observations the pheasant must be a very simple bird, for he declares that it puts its head in the ground and thinks that all its body is then hidden. The same author says that it was also captured by another curious plan. A picture of the bird was painted on cloth and then placed in a spot where it was sure of being seen. By and by a silly pheasant coming along catches sight of the portrait and goes up to have a close view of the new neighbor. While engaged in inspecting the canvas the fowler draws near from behind and throws his net over the unwary art student.

Trusting some men is all right, provided you trust them with the right thing. Takes a smart man to know where to draw the line, sometimes.

The man who has a good opinion of himself is always sure to have at least one admirer.

A NARROW ESCAPE

By SAMUEL E. BRANT

When young Mrs. Marshall came to L., knowing that the start one makes socially in a place counts for a good deal, she made herself agreeable to every one, became familiar with only the best, was careful that her costumes were cut in the latest fashion, and, since the dominant circle admitted of cavaliers for their prominent members, she rather encouraged the attentions of Huntington Dabney.

It must be admitted that keeping Mr. Dabney up to his duties as her cavalier was hard work. His main accomplishment was leading a cotillion, and he was not known to have any secondary one. Mrs. Marshall could stand to be put in a straitjacket costume and listen to society gossip, including private quarrels and the mishap of the last social climber who had fallen from an upper round of the ladder to the bottom, but found it tiresome, indeed, to pretend to be flirting with Huntington Dabney in a solitary corner at a function in order to maintain a reputation for being one of those ladies to whom husband and children are a bore. And it was the harder for her because she was devoted both to her husband and her children. As for Mr. Marshall, she told him in the beginning what her designs really amounted to, but he didn't take sufficient interest in the matter to remember the explanation.

Among the other penalties Mrs. Marshall must pay for effecting an entrance into L. society was the sitting in tight slippers for several hours at dinner parties. Her feet were tender, and for this reason her footwear was made of light material, but even silken slippers, made very small, binding the feet for hours on a stretch, will at last cause pain. It was sitting thus at a dinner party for an unusually long period that brought about a mishap to Mrs. Marshall that came very near plunging her to the foot of the social ladder and rendering her fall so unfortunate that she would not have been able to begin to climb again.

At the dinner in question Mr. Dabney was assigned to take Mrs. Marshall out. Mr. Marshall having been honored by being assigned to the hostess, Mrs. Marshall's shoe pinched, and after enduring a long period of suffering she slipped it off. Mr. Dabney, who was a restless man, must needs kick his legs about under the table till he sent the slipper off to parts unknown. When at last the innumerable courses had been finished and a pouffe cafe put a close upon the feast the diners arose to go into another part of the house for a cotillion.

Mrs. Marshall, who had for some time been feeling with her toe for the missing slipper, finding that without some expedient she must go with the others in a stocking foot, so to speak, when the party were rising, kept her seat, talking very hard to her cavalier, pretending to be so wrapt in her subject as not to notice the movement. Of course the gentleman kept his seat, too, and was all attention. The lady watched out of the corner of her eye the retiring guests and saw that no especial notice was taken of her remaining behind. As soon as the others were all gone she informed Mr. Dabney that she had lost her slipper under the table and had lagged behind to recover it. Dabney started to get it himself, but the lady stopped him and, getting down, groped for the missing article. It was dark down there, and Mrs. Marshall was nearsighted. She hunted some time without success. Then Mr. Dabney's gallantry got the better of his discretion, and down he too, went under the table to help.

The host had scarcely left the dining room before he proposed that the men return for a pony brandy. Several of the ladies whose heads were not easily overturned by spirituous beverages declared that they, too, wanted "another." Suddenly the dining room door was thrown open, and a merry party entered. Mrs. Marshall, realizing the horror of the situation of being caught under the table with her cavalier, whispered to him: "For heaven's sake be still!" Mr. Dabney obeyed orders. What else could he do? The host poured the liquor and all were standing around the table ready to drink when "those under it heard him say: "What the deuce became of Dabney and Mrs. Marshall? They didn't leave the dining room with the rest of us." "They must have gone out by another door," suggested one of the women. "Drink her down," said the host, "and we'll go and look for them. They must have gone up that stairway. I don't allow any scattering in my house," he added jocularly.

The revelers tossed off the brandy and ran laughing up the staircase. As soon as the last one had disappeared Mrs. Marshall scrambled out and ran like a deer to an unoccupied music room, followed by Mr. Dabney with the slipper. Then Mrs. Marshall sat down to a piano and began to run over the keys. This brought those who hunted for them, and all exclaimed: "How did you do it?" "When Mrs. Marshall that night before going to bed told her husband of the narrow escape she had had he looked at her in holy horror. "Great Scott, woman," he exclaimed, "that's the narrow thing to a catastrophe that ever happened in this house."

While scanning a newspaper for the purpose of passing the time my eyes lighted on the following advertisement: Mme. Durant - Healer. Removes the wear and tear of domestic troubles. Reunites divorced couples. Effects reconciliation between parted lovers. I cut the ad. out of the newspaper and put it in my pocketbook. About once an hour I read it over. I wondered if Mme. Durant could help me. I wanted some one to go to Della and show her how unreasonable she had been. At last I started for the address given, with no definite purpose. I expected to find Mme. Durant in a dingy apartment, with worn furniture and not doubtlessly, Madame herself would doubtless be either French, Italian, Spanish or of some other superstitious race and rely chiefly for her fees upon any or all of these peoples. She would be of tawny complexion, hair like an Indian and eyes piercing black. She was nothing of the kind. I rang the doorbell of a neat little house, and a tidy young woman answered the summons. She was Mme. Durant, only she was an American and Durant was not her name. She had adopted it because she considered it more attractive than her own, Ida Smith. She invited me into a neatly furnished living room, and after hemming and hawing and stammering I finally got out what I wanted to tell her about my difficulty with Della and asked if she would engage to bring the young lady to her senses. She said that from what I had told her she judged Della to be entirely in the wrong, while the position I had taken was unimpeachable. She would engage to settle the matter between us for \$100, half of which was to be paid in advance and the other half after the reconciliation. If there was no reconciliation I was not to pay the remainder of the fee. She was to make the acquaintance of my ex-fiancee, and without letting her know her mission gain her confidence and convince her that she owed me a humble apology. This was a heads I win, tails you lose in favor of Miss Smith. But she seemed very confident of being able to bring Della and me together and had an honest countenance. This and my desire for a "makeup" decided me, and drawing a check for \$50 I gave it to her. I sat some time after this listening to the cures she had effected. She had brought together a father and a daughter, the latter having been turned out of doors for marrying a man the father did not like. She had reunited no end of divorced couples and parted lovers. She did it all on a principle which could be stated in three words. When I asked her to give me these words she laughed and said, "Should I do so you would expect me to hand you back the retaining fee you have given me, and there would be no reconciliation."

ALL IN THREE WORDS

By ALLAN C. LAMOND

This was a heads I win, tails you lose in favor of Miss Smith. But she seemed very confident of being able to bring Della and me together and had an honest countenance. This and my desire for a "makeup" decided me, and drawing a check for \$50 I gave it to her. I sat some time after this listening to the cures she had effected. She had brought together a father and a daughter, the latter having been turned out of doors for marrying a man the father did not like. She had reunited no end of divorced couples and parted lovers. She did it all on a principle which could be stated in three words. When I asked her to give me these words she laughed and said, "Should I do so you would expect me to hand you back the retaining fee you have given me, and there would be no reconciliation."

I heard from Mme. Durant, or Miss Smith, as I prefer to call her, within two days. During this time she had managed to make Della's acquaintance and learned about our separation. The following was the letter I received from the woman I had hired to convince Della that she had ill treated me: Dear Sir—I suppose you were giving me a correct version of the disagreement between you and your fiancée. I am convinced from what Miss Douglas has told me that you are entirely unworthy of so estimable a young lady. I return your check, since I find that the conditions under which I accepted it are entirely at variance with the facts. Yours truly, MME. DURANT.

P. S.—Should you desire any further information in the matter you are at liberty to call at my house, and I will give it to you.

Astonished, chagrined, mortified, I began to consider what I had done to bring about such a result. I spent a week thinking upon my own share in the quarrel. At the end of that time I had made up my mind that I was as much to blame as Della. Then it occurred to me that if I was as much to blame as she the fault was all mine, for a man should have more control over himself than a woman whose nature is supposed to be more volatile. I could not doubt Miss Smith's sincerity, for she had returned my fee and had no interest in deceiving me. I went to see her and had a talk with her, but gained no information. I confessed the result of my deliberations and told her I preferred that she should be paid for her trouble. So I handed her the check she had returned to me. Before accepting it she asked me what I was going to do. I told her I would go to Della and take all the blame for our disagreement. As soon as I said this Miss Smith put the check in her portmanteau and, taking a note from a desk, handed it to me. I immediately recognized Della's handwriting. It read:

Dearest George—Miss Smith has convinced me that it was all my fault. Forgive me. Your loving DELIA. I looked up at Miss Smith and saw her smiling at me. I sat thinking for a few moments, during which an understanding of her adroitness found its way into my stupid brain. "I think I can tell you," I said to her. "What is the principle on which you work. It is contained in three words. It is 'Look within yourself.'"

"You have hit it exactly," was her reply. "And now—I continued taking out of my pocket my check book—"It is time to pay you the balance of your fee," and I wrote a check for double the amount. Then I went post haste to Della.