Garden Grove.

The many friends of Mrs. John Jordan, of Indianola, a former resident here, will regret to learn that she fell on the ice this week and broke one of her limbs. Her son, O. C. Jordan and wife went to Indianola Monday afternoon.

B. Hill and sister, Miss Evalyn, who have been visiting at the Leo Duffield home, left for Decatur, Ill., Monday.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Ross Gamble, on Feb. 5th, a girl baby.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hanson are the parents of a baby boy born Feb. 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Luce entertained about fifty guests on Wednesday evening in honor of their son, Ira, and wife, who will soon move to Manchester, Iowa. A pleasant evening was spent and refreshments were served.

Dr. and Mrs. T. J. Wilkins, of Saline, Mo., drove up Sunday in their car and visited Mrs. Robert McCaull.

Dick McCullough went to Chariton Monday night where he has work.

Mrs. A. W. Stearns left last week for State College, Penna., to visit her daughters, Mrs. Ruth Havner and Miss Marcella.

Mrs. Fred Woolley left Thursday for Washington, D. C., for a visit with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Harry Crago, of Leon, visited at the James Crago home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Lyon loaded their car the last of the week for Minnesota, where they are interested in some land.

G. W. Weiser, of near Leon, has rented the Mrs. Lane property near the new school house and expects to open a produce station here.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Hoadley, of Cainesville, Mo., came Monday to visit her mother, Mrs. Boyce.

R. W. Rhamy and C. M. Rhamy went to Humeston Monday to visit at the Martin Smith home.

Mrs. Glover and brother, Mr. J. L. Johnson, went to Leon Monday.

Mrs. Walter Hammil, who has been visiting relatives here, left for her home in Miles City, Montana, Monday.

J. L. Fisher and son, Charles, left on a business trip to St. Joe Sunday. They will soon start a home bakery here in the Boeger store building.

Brush College.

Mrs. David Robison and daughters Effie and Catherine visited Monday at Steve Latta's.

David Hubbard spent Wednesday and Thursday of last week at the Ralph Frost home.

Mrs. Mike Griffin and daughter spent Saturday afternoon at Charley Campbell's.

Walter Blakesley and family visited a few days last week at George Blakesley s.

Those who visited Sunday at Clyde Waller's were Fred Potter and family, Mr. and Mrs. Rolla Craig and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Still.

Nell Still and wife were Sunday visitors at the Jim Osborn home.

Dan Griffin returned home one day last week after a few weeks visit with friends and relatives near Lovilio.

David Hubbard was a Davis City caller Friday.

Maurice Grogan spent Sunday at the Mike Griffin home.

John, Herbert, Willie and Beulah Hubbard were Sunday visitors at Jim Still's.

Catharine Williams and Lawrence Latta spent Saturday at Andy Smith's.

The O'Boyle young folks spent Saturday evening at Mike Griffin's.

Robert McDaniel spent Sunday at Jim Still's.

Steve Marble and family visited one day last week in Pleasanton at William Henderson's.

David Hubbard called on M. L. Dale Monday afternoon.

Glass Finch spent one night last week at Jane Lillie's.

Ed Owens called at John Hubbard's Sunday.

Will Bennett and family and Pat Griffin were Sunday visitors at the Ed Griffin home.

Original Notice.

In the District Court of the State of Iowa, in and for Decatur county. March Term, 1917.

Alice M. Lewis, Plaintiff,

vs.

Mary Gaines and Robert Gaines, her husband; Ira S. Hamilton, Alva J. Hamilton, Eliza A. Drake, R. B. Drake, her husband; Emma L. Baker, James I. Baker, her husband, and Nora B. Hopton and R. R. Hopton, her husband, Frank Lewis, Rolla Alexander, Abigail Alexander, Bernice Alexander, Margaret Alexander, Eugenia Alexander Lula LaRue Pierce and Jack Pierce, her husband, Laura E. Brickett, ——— Brickett, her husband and Nellie Cornelius and ———Cornelius, her husband, Defendants.

To Mary Gaines and Robert Gaines, her husband; Ira S. Hamilton, Alva J. Hamilton, Eliza A. Drake, R. B. Drake, her husband; Emma L. Baker, James I. Baker, her husband, and Nora B. Hopton and R. R. Hopton, her husband, Frank Lewis, Rolla Alexander, Abigail Alexander, Bernice Alexander, Margaret Alexander, Eugenia Alexander Lula LaRue Pierce and Jack Pierce, her husband, Laura E. Brickett, ——— Brickett, her husband and Nellie Cornelius and ——— Cornelius, her husband:

You are hereby notified that there is now on file in the office of the clerk of the district court of the above named county and state, a petition of Alice M. Lewis, saying that plaintiff and defendants, Mary A. Gaines, Ira S. Hamilton, Alva J. Hamilton, Eliza A. Drake, Emma L. Baker, Nora B. Hopton, Rolla Alexander, Abigail Alexander, Bernice Alexander, Margaret Alexander, Eugenia Alexander, Laura E. Brickett, Lula LaRue Pierce, are the owners of lot 2, block 15, Shaffer's Addition to Leon, Iowa. Plaintiff asks that said real estate be partitioned and sold and after the cost of this proceeding, including attorney fee, is paid that the net proceeds be divided, 9-11th to the plaintiff and 1-11th to each of the following defendants: Mary A. Gaines, Ira S. Hamilton, Alva J. Hamilton, Eliza A. Drake, Emma L. Baker, Nora B. Hopton, Nellie Cornelius, Laura E. Brickett and Lula LaRue Pierce. That Rolla Alexander be entitled to 1-33rd of said property, Abigail Alexander, Bernice Alexander, Margaret Alexander, Eugenia Alexander each be entitled to 1-66th of said real estate subject to the life estate of Rolla Alexander as set out in the will of Bertha H. Alexander, deceased, and for general equitable relief. For full particulars see petition.

Now, unless you appear thereto and defend on or before noon of the second day of the next term of said court to be held at Leon, in said county, commencing on the nineteenth day of March, 1917, default will be entered against you and judgment rendered thereon in accordance with the petition.

Carrying a War Message

By F. A. MITCHEL

During that period of the pan-European war when Servia was being overrun by the Germans, when the allied troops were pushing northeastward from Saloniki to form a junction with the Servians, the latter desired to send a message to the French, who were endeavoring to get in touch with them.

One Boris Gustab, a Servian private soldier, who had done some good secret service work and knew the country well, was willing to undertake the task, but he was only a peasant and without the intellect or education to understand or remember what he would be required to say to the allied commander. The message must be written and if captured by the enemy would result in disaster both to those who sent it and those for whom it was intended.

Boris, though uneducated, was ingenious. He confided to his general his plan for concealing the message, which was a long one, full of details for contingencies. It was written on the thinnest paper. The next day Boris started to work his way across the mountains toward the allies. He walked with a cane, for in the battles the Servians had been fighting with the Germans he had been wounded in the calf of his leg. His danger was not from being captured by organized armies, for such did not lie in his path. What he feared was the people whom he would meet on the way, whose sympathies were with the Bulgarians and who were on the lookout for spies.

Boris was hobbling along southward when he encountered three Bulgarians who were picketing the road, and he was stopped for examination. He told them that he was a Roumanian who had been in Servia when attacked by the Germans and had been impressed into the Servian army. He had been wounded in the leg and while in the hospital had found a way to escape. He was on his way home.

The men refused to let him pass without a thorough examination, for they had been stationed on the road to make sure that there should be no communication between the armies trying to effect a junction. They took off every bit of his clothing and, after examining it thoroughly, burned it, including his hat and his shoes and the staff on which he leaned. They even combed his hair. When they were satisfied that he bore no message they procured him clothing from a farmhouse in which they made their headquarters and, cutting him a cane from a tree, let him pass on.

This stoppage confirmed his belief that the enemy were impressed with the importance to their cause of preventing any communication between the Servians and the allies. He had passed the first picket, but felt sure that it was not the last. True enough, while descending a mountain which lay between the two opposing armies he met a guard of Bulgarian soldiers who had been ordered to look out for spies, or, rather, for any one who would be likely to carry a message.

Again Boris was stopped and ordered to give an account of himself. He told the same story as before. He was stripped and his clothing examined, but it was returned to him. They even unwound the bandage about the wound in his leg to see if there was anything concealed in it. They were about to let him pass when one of them suggested that he might have swallowed a paper ball with a message on it and proposed to give him an emetic. Procuring some mustard from a house near by, they forced him to drink some of it mixed with water. He threw up everything on his stomach, but nothing in the nature of a message. Then they gave him a piece of rye bread and bade him proceed on his journey.

A third time he was stopped not far from the French lines and put through an oral examination by the officer commanding an outpost, before whom he was taken. This man plied him with so many questions that he contradicted himself, and, although nothing incriminating was found on him, he was held and placed under guard. During the night he began to groan as if in pain and presently lay stiff and stark, as though dead. There was no medical man at hand to examine him, so they covered him with a cavalryman's cape and betook themselves to sleep.

As soon as Boris heard their snores he rolled into some brush near him and, getting up on his legs, proceeded on his journey. At dawn from a height he saw the French flag flying below and, descending, reached the picket line at sunrise. He asked that the commanding officer be called and when ushered into his presence told him that he was the bearer of a written message from the Servians. When asked for it he said that he must have a surgeon. One was sent for, and when he arrived Boris removed the bandage from his leg and told the surgeon to probe into the wound.

From between the muscles the surgeon drew forth a flat capsule and handed it to Boris, who broke it open and took out some carefully folded thin paper, which he gave the general. It contained 500 words so closely written and in such diminutive letters that a microscope was needed to read it.

Boris' wound was not improved by the insertion, but it had been done by a surgeon, and the capsule had been medicated and oiled, so that the damage was partly balanced by the healing advantage.

ROMANCE OF A SHIPWRECK

Strange Meeting of Relatives After Many Years.

In the latter part of the last century a steamer crossing the Atlantic was lost by collision in a fog. Among the passengers never heard from were a lady and her little daughter.

Twenty-five years passed. One summer a "want ad." appeared in a newspaper stating that a lady desired the position of chaperon to young people on a trip to Europe. This led to the engagement of Miss Adelia Craven to take charge of two young girls, Teresa Fay and Rachel Cunningham.

These three were one day visiting one of the art museums in Dresden. Miss Fay stood looking at a picture which seemed to interest her, and while she was doing so Miss Craven, the chaperon, came up.

"A copy of that picture is in father's collection at home," said Miss Fay.

"It is also familiar to me," said Miss Craven. "It has been a part my surroundings at some time in my life, but I can't recall when or where. I have or had an uncle who had a copy of the picture in his library."

"Why do you say 'have or had?'"

"Because I have not heard of my uncle for years."

"Did he lose you, or did you lose him?"

"I don't know. I was quite young when I last saw him. We drifted apart, I suppose."

Whether there was something in the picture connecting the two or what was the reason, from the time of this conversation about it there seemed to be something in the voice or the manner or the walk of her chaperon that was familiar to Miss Fay. The incident led the two to chat upon family matters connected with the past, and there was a singular sameness in certain events pertaining to both families. While there was some sixteen years' difference in the ages of the two, there sprang up a lively friendship between them. It became evident that instead of a friendship during the trip they would more likely be intimate for life.

One day while traveling in a railway car a gentleman asked Miss Fay if she would object to his raising a window. She said she would not. Then he asked if it would be disagreeable to her mother, referring to Miss Craven. The girl smilingly explained that Miss Craven was not her mother or any relation to her, whereupon the gentleman apologized, saying that he had been uncertain whether they were mother and daughter or an older and a younger sister. He certainly saw resemblances between them, though he could not define them.

Miss Fay had letters to people in Rome, which procured her an entree to the best Italian society there. A young man of excellent family fell in love with her and signified his wish to make her a proposition of marriage. Unfortunately there was no one on the continent of Europe of whom he could make a formal application except the chaperon, who was not authorized to give the family consent. The result was that Miss Fay wrote her father of the affair. He took the first steamer, traveling night and day till he reached Italy.

"What sort of a chaperon is this you have," he exclaimed, "to permit you to receive attention to lead to such an unfortunate result?"

"There is no unfortunate result in my case, papa," she replied, "nor in hers either."

"What do you mean by her case?"

"She's engaged already, while I'm waiting for your consent. A member of the Italian parliament, a widower, wants her."

"A fine pair to send abroad together! Both you and your chaperon receiving marriage proposals! However, I will look into this affair of yours."

While Mr. Fay's investigations were pending his daughter told him of the picture that both had seen in Dresden, a copy of which was in both families.

"There has never been but one copy of that picture made," replied Mr. Fay, "and that was for me by special permission."

"That proves it," replied the daughter. "I have known it all the while. She is a relative of ours."

There followed an investigation not of a man's family, but of Miss Craven's. The next day Mr. Fay called upon that lady's fiance and said to him:

"I understand, sir, that you are engaged to Miss Craven, and she has told you she has no relative of whom you may make a formal application for her hand. When she told you this she was mistaken.

"Many years ago a ship was lost at sea by collision with another vessel in a fog. My sister and her little girl were passengers on the lost vessel. I never had heard a word of the mother or of the daughter till yesterday. By a remarkable chain of coincidences it has been discovered that Miss Craven is my niece. The child was rescued, adopted and raised, growing up without knowing who she was."

The outcome was a happy one for all concerned. The two friends were delighted to find that they were cousins. Miss Craven was delighted to know that she was a member of the Fay family instead of being a waif. This was especially a relief, since the man she married prided himself on his ancestry, and it had been mortifying to his fiancee that she could not even tell him who her parents were.

A MISTAKE IN IDENTITY

By OSCAR COX

Having been invited to spend the week end at Seabright, on Friday afternoon, suit case in hand, I appeared at the railway station. A pale faced child poked a bunch of violets under my nose and looked an appeal to buy them. I did so, and putting them in the buttonhole of my coat I strolled toward the door through which passengers were going to the trains.

"Are you Will?"

The voice came from a very pretty girl who was looking into my face inquiringly. My name is William, and it is so common for men that I was not especially surprised at being asked the question by a stranger, thinking her to have made a mistake in the person. My reply was:

"It is."

"I supposed so by the violets. Come; let us get on to the train. I have my ticket."

She slipped her arm through mine as confidingly as if I belonged to her. Not knowing what to do I did nothing, but I fully intended to make her aware of her error at once.

"That last letter of Clara's," she said as we walked to the train, "decided me."

Curiosity here stepped in to take a hand. I wondered what Clara had said in the letter.

"Um," I said by way of saying nothing. But by this time we reached the car steps, and I handed the young lady in. She took a seat, and I sat down beside her. I had thus far taken no advantage of her mistake. I would let her go on a little further before heading her off. I have noticed that if a woman has anything to say she will usually say it without encouragement.

"Clara is just too lovely for anything," said the girl.

"Um!"

"She has been very kind to me. When she wrote me that you had grown tired of your lonely life, that a big city like New York is of all places in the world the most desolate, that you wished she would introduce you to some girl who would make you a good wife and without the bother of a courtship, I realized that it was the same for men as for women, and, while I didn't like your words—'the bother of courting'—I felt that in the main you were right. Then I received her letter making the arrangement for us to spend the week end with her and saying that you would meet me for this train and would wear a boutonniere of violets."

I had got the whole story in a nutshell. There was none of that shooting out in different directions like a bursting rocket, but a concise narration of facts. Just then the conductor came along taking tickets. My companion showed one for Dune, a station not quite so far as Seabright. Both tickets were taken up, and she did not see that mine was for a different station from hers. I began to explain:

"I dare say you will blame me when you have heard"—

"Clara told me all about your marriage and divorce," she interrupted. "I may as well say right here that I don't consider you in the least to blame. Indeed I don't see how you could have acted otherwise."

Why not make the break right here? I concluded to plunge.

"I am not a divorced man," I said. "I have never been married. I think you must have made a mistake. For whom have you taken me?"

She looked at me in astonishment. "Clara gave me no name except Will. She said your other name would come later if the affair proceeded."

"I am quite sure there has been a mistake. I began to tell you a few minutes ago, when you interrupted me."

"Oh, my goodness gracious!"

"Don't disturb yourself. Your secret is perfectly safe with me. But I regret that you should have fallen into the wrong hands. Is there anything I can do to right matters?"

"No, no, no!"

"How do we know that if you have made a mistake Fate has not?"

The young lady was apparently at least calmed by this. At any rate, she seemed interested. I took out my card case, drew a card and, having penciled my address on it, handed it to her, asking her to let me know how her affair with Will came out. A few moments later the train slowed up, the guard cried, "Dune!" and I handed my new found friend out of the train. She gave me an embarrassed smile at parting. I saw her enter a carriage driven by a coachman in livery and roll away.

I heard nothing more of the matter till one day I received a note signed by a name I did not recognize as among my acquaintances. As soon as I had read a few lines I knew it was from the girl who made the mistake. To keep her promise she informed me that the matter which had come to my knowledge had not materialized. She seemed much mortified at having entered upon it in the way she had.

I wrote asking permission to call and received it. I found one who had lived in affluence, but, having been reduced to want, had gone to the city to earn her living. She had so suffered from loneliness that when a friend undertook to make a match for her in a rather crude way she was tempted. She discovered that the man she was to meet did not suit her.

I found her ready to be consoled in the matter and consoled her, but not without "the bother of courting."

Decatur No. 2.

Tom Maynard helped Mr. Reed saw wood Friday.

S. W. Sams called at Warren Sams' Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Tolly and children spent Friday at the Fred Bruner home.

Will Deemer and family spent Sunday at J. M. Deemer's.

Will Main and wife spent Sunday at Warren Sams'.

Mabel and Blanche Maynard spent Sunday afternoon with the Bevelen children.

Mrs. Emma Deemer and children spent Wednesday at Will Euritt's.

Will Sams spent Monday evening at Tom Maynard's.

Fred Deemer called at J. M. Deemer's Wednesday.

Warren Sams was a Leon caller Wednesday.

Joe Deemer and Emil Euritt called at James Bonner's Wednesday.

Isaac Tolly called at Fred Bruner's Thursday.

Mrs. Tom Maynard returned from a visit with relatives in northern Iowa recently.

We are pleased to hear that Mrs. Bevelen who has been quite sick is much better at this writing.

Those who attended the meeting Sunday night at Terre Haute were Mrs. Etta Sams and Lawrence and Emil Euritt and sister Susie.

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION OF NEW YORK WORLD IN 1917.

Practically a Daily at the Price of a Weekly—No other Newspaper in the World Gives So Much at so Low a Price.

The value and need of a newspaper in the household was never greater than at the present time. The great war in Europe is now half-way into its third year, and, whether peace be at hand or yet be far off, it and the events to follow it are sure to be of absorbing interest for many a month to come.

These are world-shaking affairs, in which the United States, willing or unwilling, is compelled to take a part. No intelligent person can ignore such issues.

The Thrice-A-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the Leon Reporter together for one year for $2.15.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is $2.50.

A STITCH IN TIME

saves nine, is an expression so old that it is almost threadbare. But it's true.

How about your coat sleeves and the button holes; don't they need a stitch?

Why do you allow your clothes to look shabby? We can repair, clean and press them in a most suitable manner. A few stitches at the right time, in the right way means saving your clothes.

Suits from $11.00 up.

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Over Penniwell's Meat Market.

START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT

Buy groceries where your money goes the farthest for the best groceries.

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Bring me your eggs, I pay cash or trade for them

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be any better off a year from now than you are to-day?

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Two Different Plans; Eight Different Clubs

UNIFORM PAYMENT PLAN

$ .25	Club Will	Pay You	$ 12.50	Plus	Interest
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$1.00	Club Will	Pay You	$ 50.00	Plus	Interest
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INCREASING PAYMENT PLAN

1c	Club Will	Pay You	$ 12.75	Plus	Interest
2c	Club Will	Pay You	$ 25.50	Plu	Interest
5c	Club Will	Pay You	$ 63.75	Plus	Interest
10c	Club Will	Pay You	$127.50	Pl s	Interest

To the above amounts this bank will add 5% INTEREST, 5% and mail you a check for the full amount on December 15, 1917.

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