

CLASSIFIED
ADVERTISEMENTS,
BUSINESS CARDS,
AND NOTICES
FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Baby Chicks, Model Hatchery, finest quality, hatches every Tuesday and Thursday. Lowest prices. Model Hatchery Phone 44, Monroe, Ind. 20-61

FOR SALE—14 head of Shoots. Lulu Walters, Route 8, Decatur, Ind. a21t3 eod

FOR SALE—16 acres. Fair buildings. Mostly black land. 1/4 acre of berries on pine about 1 mile from town. A bargain. \$1600. Part cash, part time. Address Box C. H. in care of Democrat office. g16x

FOR SALE—9 brood sows, 4 are full blood Duros and 5 are OIC. Double immune. Will farrow during February and March. Ray Smith, phone 5621. g25-3t

DECATUR QUALITY—Big, husky baby chicks hatching every week. All from culled and tested stock. Play Safe! Buy the best at lowest prices. Early chicks for greater profits. Place your order right now. The Decatur Hatchery Phone 497 Decatur, Indiana. 23-6t

WANTED

WANTED—Canner and cutter cows fat cattle and hogs. Anybody having fat stock to sell call William Butler, phone 274. g10-1t

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Modern 4 room apartment. Heat furnished. Private entrance. Inquire at 333 North First St. g23-3t

COURTHOUSE

Real Estate Transfers
William Aschliman etux to Mary Ann Reinhard, 160 acres in Kirkland township for \$1.00.

Mary Ann Reinhard to William Aschliman etux 160 acres in Kirkland township for \$1.00.

Marriage License
Homer Rhodes, welder of Toledo Ohio, and Donna Strause, clerk, Toledo, Ohio.

Cases Filed
Lola Bohr vs. Coulson Bohr, suit for divorce. H. R. McClenahan, attorney.

Old First National Bank and Trust Company of Fort Wayne vs. Albert D. Dollarhite et al, suit on note and foreclosure of mortgage, venued from Allen superior court No. 2.

Receive Transcript
County clerk Milton Werling this morning received a transcript of the judgment of Clarence R. McNabb, judge of the Allen circuit court, against the stockholders of the Peoples Loan and Trust Co., of this city. The first payment of 25 per cent must be made on or before Saturday, February 4.

VOTE TO REPORT
BEER-WINE BILL
TO THE SENATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE
discuss revenue features and the report was voted after an hour and 10 minutes consideration. Canon William Sheaf Chase and other prohibitionists waited outside the closed door in a vain hope of testifying.

Raise Revenue
Washington, Jan. 30.—(UPI)—Secretary of Treasury Mills today reported before a secret session of the senate finance committee that the proposed 3.05 per cent beer-wine bill would raise between \$125,000,000 and \$150,000,000 of revenue for the treasury.

BARGAINS—Bargains in Living Room, Dining Room Suites, Mattresses and Rugs. Stuckey and Co. Monroe, our phone number is 44-ct.

For Better Health See
Dr. H. Frohnapfel
Licensed

Chiropractor and
Natropath
Phone 314—104 So. 3rd st.

Neurocalometer Service
X-Ray Laboratory
Office Hours: 10 to 12 a. m.
1 to 5 p. m., 6 to 8 p. m.

N. A. BIXLER
OPTOMERIST
Eyes Examined, Glasses Fitted
HOURS:
8:30 to 11:30; 12:30 to 5:00
Saturdays, 8:00 p. m.
Telephone 135.

S. E. BLACK
Funeral Director
It is a comfort to know that when the time comes for the last farewell the last rites can safely be entrusted to us.

500—Phones—727
Lady Asst. Ambulance Service
Ambulance Service, Day or Night
Lady Attendant Phone 105-44
Funeral Home, 110 So. First St.

MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

BERNE MARKET

Corrected Jan. 30

No commission and no yardage.

140 to 220 pounds	\$3.30
220 to 250 pounds	\$3.15
250 to 300 pounds	\$2.90
300 to 350 pounds	\$2.80
100 to 140 pounds	\$3.00
Roughs	\$1.75 to \$2.00
Stags	\$1.00
Vealers	\$6.75
Lambs	\$5.50

FARM BUREAU ASSN
Paying Prices

No. 1 Eggs, dozen	10c
No. 2 Eggs, dozen	8c
No. 3 Eggs, dozen	7c

Poultry Market

Heavy hens, lb.	10c
Heavy Pullets, lb.	10c
Lephorn hens, lb.	6c
Chickens, lb.	7c
Lephorn young roosters, lb.	4c
Old Roosters, lb.	4c

Fort Wayne Livestock

Hog market 5 higher; 100-140 lbs.	\$3.50; 140-200 lbs.	\$3.50; 200-225 lbs.	\$3.40; 225-250 lbs.	\$3.30; 250-300 lbs.	\$3.25; 300-350 lbs.	\$3.15; roughs \$2.25-\$2.50; stags, \$1.50; calves \$7; ewe and wether lambs \$6-\$25; bucks \$5.25.
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Cattle market, steers, good to choice \$4.50-\$5.50; medium to good \$4.50-\$5; common to medium \$3.40-\$4; cows, good to choice \$3.30-\$5; medium to good \$2.50-\$3; cutter cows \$1.75-\$2.25; canner cows \$1.15-\$2; bulls, good to choice \$3.25-\$5; medium to good \$2.50-\$3; common to medium \$2.25-\$3.50.

INDIANAPOLIS LIVESTOCK

Indianapolis, Jan. 30. — (UPI)—Livestock:
Hogs: 5,000; holdovers, 93; generally steady: 160-210 lbs., \$3.50-\$3.55; 210-235 lbs., \$3.40-\$3.45; 235-275 lbs., \$3.30-\$3.35; 275 lbs., up, \$3.15-\$2.35; 140-160 lbs., \$3.40-\$3.45; pigs, \$3.25-\$3.50; most packing sows, \$2.25-\$2.75.

EAST BUFFALO LIVESTOCK

East Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 30.—(UPI)—Livestock:
Hogs: on sale, 4,100; active, strong to 5c over Friday's average; desirable 170-210 lbs., \$3.85 to mostly \$3.90; plain kinds, \$3.75; 220-260 lbs., \$3.50-\$3.75; pigs and underweights, largely \$3.50.

CHAPTER NINE

It was on a March day that a message came in from Moor Farm on the northern edge of Tarling Moor. Dr. Threadgold was out, and Wolfe at work in the dispensary making up physic. The maid took Mrs. Mascall's note to Mrs. Threadgold, who exerted her jurisdiction in such matters when Dr. Montague was absent. Snob though she was, Mrs. Sophia had a shrewd knowledge of the neighbourhood, and had an experienced finger for the pulse of the local pride. To send an understrapper into certain houses would be an act of indecent folly.

Mrs. Threadgold decided that Wolfe could deal with the case in question. Mrs. Mascall was a fat, good-tempered old person. Montague could drive up to-morrow. And the Mascalls were abominably healthy.

"Sykes, take this note to Mr. Wolfe, and tell him to attend to it at once."

"Yes, ma'am."

And Wolfe had his orders.

Threadgold kept a spare horse for his assistant's use, and since the animal had been broken to both saddle and trap, Wolfe, who preferred the saddle to the little old black-and-yellow-wheeled gig, rode out for Tarling Moor. It was a clear, still afternoon, and Navestock lay like a toy town in the valley below. The Lombardy poplars beyond Josiah Crabbe's house at the end of West Street looked like the stiff wooden trees from a child's Noah's ark. Wolfe passed Beech Hill, Turrell the brewer's pretentious battlemented house. It was a great white building set in the midst of beautifully kept grass and splendid trees, but the house reminded Wolfe of a fat man in a white waistcoat. The windows of Beech Hill overlooked Navestock town, and Wolfe wondered whether Jasper Turrell realized how his tenants lived down by the river. The Turrells were ostentatious people. The brewer made a boast of everything that belonged to Beech Hill, but no one would have mentioned Bung Row at his dinner-table. It was probably very few of the local gentry remembered that such a place as Bung Row existed.

Moor Farm was a group of red-brick, red-tiled buildings set on the first ridge-spur of Tarling Moor. It was a grazing farm, and its grasslands swept in green slopes towards the valley of the Wraith. A white

gate opened into the home paddock where geese gaggled and a fat, brown pony nosed the grass. The house faced the south, with orchard and garden ground gathered about it, the byres, barns, and cattle lodges standing towards the north. Two huge cypresses grew in the garden in front of the house, their dusky spikes visible for miles above the outline of the moor.

Moor Farm itself was a long, low house with casement windows, stone mullions, and a great, brick porch. A mellow and homely solidity possessed it. Standing within a stone's throw of the wild and primitive moor, it threw back the south, west wind from its walls and roof, and glimmered its casements in the sunlight. Holly hedges, eight feet high and a yard thick, stood squarely round the orchard and the garden. A brick terrace ran along the front of the house, with grass below it that was kept sleek and smooth.

Wolfe whistled to a boy, who was carrying a bucket across the paddock, and the youngster ran to hold the doctor's horse. A path paved with rough stone slabs led to the porch. Moss and grass grew between the stones, and in one place the roots of one of the cypresses had lifted the flags. There were flower borders under the house, full of old-fashioned black velvet and old gold poiyanthuses. Lent lilies, and London pride. The date 1678 was carved on a stone set into the brick face of the porch.

Wolfe had his hand on the iron bell-pull when the oak door swung open, and he found himself looking into the eyes of a tall girl whose black hair fell over her shoulders. Lithe, dark, and alert, she had come sailing down the broad oak stairs, hair flying, brown eyes full of a glint of haste.

The door was hardly open when Wolfe saw the girl's face change its expression. There was a mobile quality about her that was quick and free as the sunlight over the moor.

"I thought Dr. Threadgold—

"I am Dr. Threadgold's assistant."

"I run up and tell mother. Oh, I say, what's your name?"

"Wolfe."

The girl still seemed to be waiting for some decisive impression.

"Yes."

"I have left my horse at the gate. If you prefer to wait three or four hours I can ride back to Navestock and send Dr. Threadgold over."

She looked at him fixedly. There was the faintest glimmer of amusement in the man's eyes.

"That sounds silly."

"It does, doesn't it?"

"She began to smile."

"You began—I felt—"

"Of course you did."

"Dr. Threadgold's young—his assistant—"

"Young fools—shall we say!"

"It never meant that—"

"Say fools and we will shake hands on it."

She stepped back with a frank, girlish laugh and let him in. Immediacy was part of her nature.

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