

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, BUSINESS CARDS, AND NOTICES

FOR SALE

FOR SALE — Chester White male hog, a good one. D. A. Helm, phone 881-K Route 3, Decatur, 184-g3tx

WANTED

FOR RADIO or ELECTRICAL repairs call MARCELLUS MILLER, phone 625. I specialize in auto radio installation and repairs. Miller Radio Service, 226 No. 7th st. 172tf

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—A Lady's white kid slipper. Finder please return to this office. 183-k2t

Clean Out Your Radiator with HOFFMAN RADIATOR CLEANER

ENGLAND'S AUTO PARTS

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Test Your Knowledge

Can you answer seven of these ten questions? Turn to page Four for the answers.

1. Who wrote "The Gentleman from Indiana?"
2. Where was the capital of the U. S. when the Constitution was adopted?
3. What does laparotomy mean?
4. What is the most expensive commercial metal, not an alloy?
5. In which time zone is Ohio?
6. What is the title of the ruler of Japan?
7. What is the gem symbol of the 60th wedding anniversary?
8. Where is Antioch College?
9. What is the capital of Abyssinia?
10. Where are the Pocono Mountains?

COURT HOUSE

Divorce Asked

Curtis Wolfe vs. Flossie Wolfe, divorce. After threatening to kill him the plaintiff alleged his wife stated, "You may as well commence digging your grave." The complaint further alleged that Mrs. Wolfe "has had hallucinations, that she imagines she has an enemy, who is continuously attempting to enter the home for the purpose of poisoning her food stuff or by some other means taking her life." Mr. Wolfe claims that the defendant bars all the entrances to her room at night to preclude her supposed enemies from attacking her. The couple separated August 2, 1934.

Rattlers Thrive After Hogs Are Penned Up

Gerber, California (U.P.)—Rattlesnakes in Northern California are more abundant than they have been in 10 years, all because farmers have adopted the habit of fencing in their hogs.

G. R. Milford, Red Bluff authority on snake lore, blames the fencing for the situation. Previously, he said, when hogs ran loose on the range, they contacted rattlers frequently, and killed them. The fat part of the hog is immune to the snake's poison, Milford contended.

See me for Federal Loans and Abstracts of Title.

French Quinn, Schirmeyer Abstract Co.

MAG CLEAN
"SUPER-CLEANING THAT RESTORES MARBLE TO GLORY!"
Sheets Bros. Cleaners
N. 2nd st. Phone 359

HORSE SALE!

ZANESVILLE, IND.
13 miles south of Fort Wayne

Wed., Aug. 8, 1934

Commencing at 12 o'clock sharp
100 — HEAD — 100
Lots of good mares with colts by side. Some good 1, 2, 3 yr. old mares. A few good broke.

2 good Saddle Horses.
Pair Mules weighing 3,000.
Arthur Merriman
Owner.

MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

LOCAL MARKET
Decatur Berne Craigville Hoagland
Corrected August 4
No commission and no yardage.
Veals received Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday.

160 to 200 lbs.	\$4.80
200 to 250 lbs.	\$4.90
250 to 300 lbs.	\$5.00
300 to 350 lbs.	\$4.85
350 to 400 lbs.	\$3.75
400 to 450 lbs.	\$3.00
450 to 500 lbs.	\$2.50
Roughs	\$3.00
Stags	\$1.50
Vealers	\$5.75
Ewe and wether lambs	\$6.00

East Buffalo Livestock

Hogs 500; market 5 to 10 cents higher, heavies \$5.40 to \$5.55; mediums \$5.15 to \$5.30; lights \$5. Cattle 50; market generally 25c higher during week.
Vealers \$6.50 down.
Sheep 50, lambs 50c to \$1.00 higher during week.

Fort Wayne Livestock

Hogs 5c higher; 250 to 300 lbs. \$5.20; 300-350 lbs. \$5.05; 350-400 lbs. \$4.90; 400-450 lbs. \$4.75; 450-500 lbs. \$3.90; 500-550 lbs. \$3.65; 550-600 lbs. \$3.25; 600-650 lbs. \$2.80; 650-700 lbs. \$2.45.
Roughs, \$3.75; stags \$2.00. Calves \$6.00; Lambs \$6.50.

LOCAL GRAIN MARKET

Corrected August 4
No. 1 New Wheat, 60 lbs. or better 92c
No. 2 New Wheat (58 lbs.) 91c
Oats, 30-lb. test 40c
White or mixed corn 85c
First class yellow corn 35c
Wool 20 to 25c

Five Plan Scaling of High Peak in Alaska

Seattle (U.P.) — Five daring and experienced mountain climbers are enroute to Alaska to attempt to scale Mount Foraker, heretofore unconquered by man.

The party includes Carl Anderson of Anchorage, Alaska; Oscar R. Houston of New York City; Prof. T. Graham Brown, of the University of South Wales; Charles S. Houston, Secretary of the Harvard Mountaineering Club and Charles Storey of Harvard.

Ask F. D. R. to Aid Cripple

St. Louis (U.P.) — Democratic leaders of St. Louis county appealed to President Roosevelt for his aid in placing William Seditz, Jr., seven-year-old infantile paralysis victim in the Warm Springs Foundation Sanitarium at Warm Springs, Ga. The boy has been in a plaster cast for a year, completely helpless. He is the son of an unemployed laborer.

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M-O-N-E-Y

To Loan

On Furniture, Automobiles, Livestock, Etc.
Any Amount up to \$300
Small Weekly or Monthly Payments to Suit Your Income.
Special Plan For Farmers.
AUTOS REFINANCED
on Smaller Payments.
Extra Money if Desired.
Loans made in a quick and confidential manner. Call, phone or write us for details.

Franklin Security Company

Decatur, Indiana
Phone 237.

A Rich Milk Food.

CLOVERLEAF
ICE CREAM
Approved by Good Housekeeping

N. A. BIXLER

OPTOMETRIST
Eyes Examined, Glasses Fitted
HOURS:
8:30 to 11:30 12:30 to 5:00
Saturdays, 8:00 p. m.
Telephone 135.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY
A Guaranteed Permanent Ringlet End Curls Shampoo and Set Included Croquignole, Spiral, Combination
COZY BEAUTY Shop
Room 5 K.C. Bldg. Phone 266

Brood Spurned Mother Turkey
Gold Beach, Ore. (U.P.) — A mother turkey today was surprised that her babies failed to overlook a small matter of odor. She spied a skunk following her brood. Meeting the animal half way, the mother turkey beat the skunk into a hasty retreat, but emerged from the battle soaking with the well-known odor. The little turkeys have avoided their mother.

Rattler Turned "Trick"
Fort Davis, Texas (U.P.) — Norris Creath boasted he could pick up a rattlesnake without being bitten. "It's a trick," he said. Creath picked up a three and a half foot serpent by the neck. The "trick" failed when the snake bent its head and struck Creath on the hand. Snake bite serum prevented serious consequences.

"DEATH SONG!"

by JOAN CLAYTON AND MALCOLM LOGAN

CHAPTER XXXIV

"Sit down, Miss Montague," Finn said. "Make yourself at home. I want to look around." He pulled open a bureau drawer. Miss Montague took a cigarette case from her bag and lit a cigarette. Her hands shook slightly. I watched her closely as the sheriff contemplated the opened bureau drawers, bursting with clothing. He began to look methodically through the top one. It seemed to me that when he pushed it shut, some of the tension left the woman's face.

The sheriff found a few old letters addressed to Elaine Montague, bills and photographs. He looked disappointed. Turning, he surveyed the room, but there was no other article of furniture that promised to reveal anything of interest.

"I'd advise you to look more thoroughly in that top drawer, Mr. Finn," I said.

Miss Montague turned on me furiously. "What right have you got to interfere?" she cried shrilly. "Sheriff, I won't stand for this! Put this man out of my room! With an effort she controlled herself and added with attempted indifference, "Look through anything you want. Turn the whole place upside down. You won't find anything I wouldn't show you."

The sheriff looked at her narrowly. Then he opened the top drawer without a word and began taking the clothes from it, carefully laying them on a chair. When they were all out, he pulled out the brown paper that covered the wood.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. He picked up a letter and began to read it. "So," he said, "you got a letter addressed to Miss Francine Martin, General Delivery." He nodded his head slowly. "Postmarked a week before Vail was killed—after you say his wife died."

He took the letter from the envelope, reading it laboriously: "My own beloved wife: "Of course I shall be charmed to see you again, after this separation which I know has grieved you so. I am overwhelmed with sorrow to hear that you are in need of money and delighted that you had no absurd scruples about requesting help of the man you deserted."

"Anything I have is yours, of course—on only one minor condition which I know you will be delighted to fulfill. I will pay you well for the name of the man whom you preferred to me. I am sure you won't hesitate to betray him, if the price is large enough. Have you ever let a little thing like loyalty interfere with your pleasure?"

He broke off and looked triumphantly at Miss Montague. "I guess you still deny you're Mrs. Vail?"

"Certainly do," she said. "I wrote to him in his wife's name because I had to see him."

The sheriff laughed. He turned again to the letter, reading the rest to himself, his lips moving. Finally he folded it, returned it to the envelope and put it in his pocket. "You see, you just how to get into his room through that private door, I see," he said. "All right, Mrs. Vail, I'll give you time to put some clothes in a suitcase and then you're going back to Sherwood Forest with me."

The sheriff, the woman who called herself Elaine Montague and I arrived at Cold Valley on the afternoon train and went directly to the sanitarium. During the journey the woman had maintained a frightened, sullen silence. Mark was expecting us, for I had telephoned him from the station and on the train I had persuaded Finn to take the woman to his room.

"Well!" he cried when we came in. "Visitors! Sit down, everybody."

To the woman he bowed slightly and said, with an impish smile, "Mrs. Vail, I presume?"

She darted an unpleasant look at him and turned away.

"My congratulations, Mr. Finn!" said Mark.

Coming up on the train, the sheriff had railed at Mark's interference, but his indignation subsided as Mark grinned at him.

"You'll find yourself in trouble yet, holdin' on information on me," he grumbled. "I thought you were goin' to work with me."

Mark looked very penitent. "I should have consulted you," he said. "I realize that now. But I didn't know this idea of mine would work out. It was a thousand-to-one shot. What did you do—follow Bob to New York?"

The sheriff nodded complacently. "That was clever of you," Mark said. "Did you have any idea a wig he was making the trip?"

"I got my own sources of information," Finn said with dignity.

"After this, you better remember that. If this woman had got away, you'd be charged with obstructing justice, Mr. Hilger. You're lucky I found out what you were up to."

"I always have been lucky," Mark agreed. He did not smile, and he wondered afterwards how he controlled himself; for the sheriff's information had come from Mark himself, transmitted through Sue. Mark wanted the sheriff to accompany me, and, knowing Finn's stubbornness, decided that the best way to coax him to New York was to make it appear that we were trying to steal a march on him.

"I'm so glad you've come back to help us, Mrs. Vail," Mark said, turning to Miss Montague, who had sat down near the porch door.

"What is this, an insane asylum?" she asked wearily. "How many times have I got to say my name's Elaine Montague?"

"I'm so sorry, Miss Montague," Mark said courteously. "You see, I assumed that the person we were looking for was Mrs. Vail, since all the facts we have indicate it. If you'll only explain—"

He smiled placatingly and added, "For your own sake, won't you tell us why you wrote Vail that letter and came to see him?"

The woman crossed her chignon-stocking legs. She said, "This is a hospital, isn't it? I very seldom drink, but my nerves are bad, after all I've been through—"

"Bob," said Mark, "will you pour Miss Montague a drink from that liquor bottle? Would you like mineral water or ginger ale, Miss Montague?"

"Thank you, no," she said, taking the generous drink I poured her. "I can take it straight."

She tossed off the drink I had given her and lit a cigarette. Sue came in quietly and sat down. Miss Montague, evidently enjoying her importance and our suspense, began to talk.

"Francine died a month ago, as I told this—she passed peacefully and looked at the sheriff coldly 'this person. I had met her on the Riviera a couple of years before. That was after she left her husband."

Mark nodded and said casually, "She left him for another man, didn't she?"

The woman returned the nod with the negligence of one sophisticated communicating with another.

"Of course," she said. "From what she told me about her husband, she probably would have left him, even if she hadn't met Rivers on the ship going to Europe. Vail was crazy about her, she said, and he was jealous. He was always accusing her of having affairs with other men. But Francine was the kind that had to have a new man before she left the old one."

She smiled significantly at Mark from under her painted eyelashes. "So she met this man Rivers on the boat and went with him abroad," Mark said.

Miss Montague nodded and, reaching for the bottle, poured another drink. Her voice was slightly husky when she continued.

"Rivers was getting tired of her when I met them, and after a while he left her. She had a hard time for a while. She was sick and she didn't have any money left, and Rivers had spent all she took over with her. I helped her for a while and then she began to get a little money regularly every month. Later she met a Portuguese with plenty of money, and she was all right until just before she died, when he got tired of her, too."

"Where did this monthly allowance come from?" Mark asked.

"New York. But Vail didn't send it. She said she wrote him once and he wouldn't give her a cent. When she died, she left me what little she had. It wasn't much. She pawned most of her jewelry when she was sick."

"Did Vail ever meet her friend Rivers?"

"No, and it's probably a good thing for Rivers he didn't. Vail came over to find him, but Rivers and Francine ran away."

"Where did they go?" Mark asked.

"To Barcelona. They stayed there until Francine heard Vail had gone back to the States. Before he left, he put it in the papers that he had died. She didn't care. She said there wasn't anybody back home who cared whether she was alive or dead. It was Vail's idea of revenge, she told me."

"Why did you write to Vail, using his dead wife's name?" Mark asked.

"I wanted to see him, and I thought that was the best way."

"Why did you want to see him?"

"It was private business about his wife," she said, and her lips closed on the words like a trap.

"When you entered Vail's room, you turned on the phonograph, didn't you?"

"Yes, when I saw what the record was, I started it."

"Oh, then you knew the record?"

"She nodded. "Francine used to play it sometimes, when she felt mean. She said she liked the song when she met Vail, so he made the record as a present to her. She played the accompaniment for it."

"The record was on the machine when you went in?"

"Yes. I guess Vail put it on. I decided to wait him up with it."

"And then when he didn't wake, you saw that he was dead?"

Her face was pale. "Yes. I was frightened, and I got away as soon as I could."

"What was Rivers' real name?" Mark asked suddenly.

"That's the only name I knew him by," the woman answered promptly. Then she bit her lip.

"But," said Mark gently, "I understand that in his letter to you Vail offered to pay you for the man's name, which obviously wasn't Rivers. Why did you come here to see him if you couldn't tell him that?"

The woman refused to answer, even when Finn roared the question at her. Mark sank back on his pillows.

"If you'll excuse me," he said in a faint voice, "I'd like to be alone for a while. I'm very tired."

As soon as Finn had gone out with Miss Montague, all Mark's weariness vanished. He sat up and said to Sue, "Tell Finn to keep her around." To me he said, "Swell work. Bob, you're promoted to lieutenant."

"It seems more confused than ever to me," I said. "Why did she come here, anyway, if she didn't know what Vail wanted?"

"She came to get a cut of the money John was paying him, of course," Mark said. "She thought she could blackmail Vail's sister, too. That's the only reason we found her." He grinned. "It's working out. I'm beginning to see the light. Now run and bring John Calvert here."

He began to hum one of his own songs as I went out of the room.

I found John Calvert in his office, slumped in a chair listlessly staring at some medical records on his desk. The defiant gaiety he had exhibited when Felipe's story had involved him in Seiferth Vail's murder had gone from him. His eyes were tired and his face haggard as he looked at me and nodded.

"Mark would like to see you if you have a few minutes to spare," I said.

He smiled bitterly. "I have plenty of time nowadays," he said, but he did not move.

"Mark thinks he's working it out," I said. "Won't you go to see him?"

The doctor arose slowly. He looked at me for a moment and then, shrugging his shoulders, went out with me. We said nothing as we walked down the hall to Mark's room.

"Hello, John," Mark said. "I've missed you these last few days. You knew Mrs. Vail pretty well, didn't you?"

The doctor nodded. "I saw her frequently."

"You could identify her, then, even if she's dyed her hair?"

The doctor took a step toward him. His eyes suddenly lost their dullness.

"Of course!" he said. Then the defeated look returned to his face. "But she's dead, Mark!"

"Maybe," Mark said. "If she died, it was only a month ago. Bob went to New York today and found a woman who told that. There's just a possibility that she's Mrs. Vail herself."

"If only she is, Mark!" Calvert cried. "If she is—"

"We'll find out in a minute, John," Mark said kindly. He rang his bell and Sue came in. There was pity in her eyes as she looked at the doctor, pacing up and down the room. She said gently, "Good afternoon, doctor," and then looked inquiringly at Mark.

"Please bring the sheriff and Miss Montague here," he said.

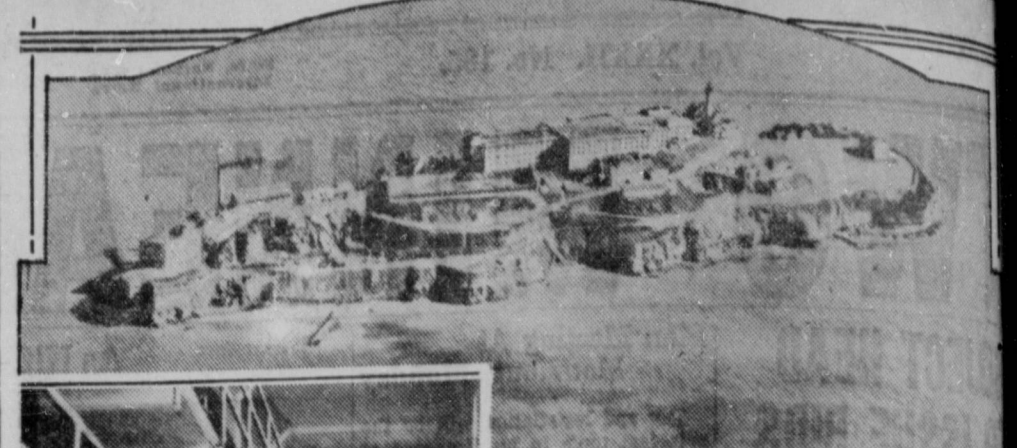
When Sue had left, Mark said, "Don't be too hopeful, John. It's quite possible that she's telling the truth; but she hasn't told everything she knows, and she knows plenty about Francine Vail."

The doctor nodded. He stood watching the door. The moment that it opened, he stepped forward. The hopeful light died from his eyes as the sheriff came in with Sue and Elaine Montague. He looked at Mark and shook his head.

(To Be Continued)

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Uncle Sam's "Devil's Island" Ready for Guests



Alcatraz island



Cell block in the new prison

Former army inmates now housed elsewhere

Uncle Sam's proposed "Devil's Island" for dangerous criminals is almost ready for its guests. Situated in the broad Bay of San Francisco, surrounded by sheer cliffs and buffeted by strong tidal currents, Alcatraz island, site of the U. S. army's prison, has had a thorough housecleaning. Last

year, when the wave of kidnaping caused government authorities to counter-attack, U. S. Attorney General Homer S. Cummings cast about for an escape-proof prison to house convicted gangsters, and found that Alcatraz island suited the needs. It was donated to the U. S. department of justice.

Many Reunions Scheduled For Summer Months

Sunday August 5

Annual Bleeke reunion, Old Bleeke Homestead.
Magley family reunion, Lawton Park, Fort Wayne.
Ninth annual reunion of Shaffer family, Legion Memorial Park, Decatur.

Venis family reunion, Sunset park, east of Decatur.

Brunner family reunion, Sunset park, Decatur.

Dettinger reunion, Sunset Park, east of Decatur.

Johnson family reunion, Sunset Park.

Sunday, August 12

Feasel-Ruby reunion, Legion Memorial Park.

Martz reunion, Lehman park, Berne.

Dalley reunion, Lehman Park, Berne.

Annual reunion of Durbin family Legion Memorial Park.

Tumbleson reunion, Legion Memorial Park, Decatur.

Hitchcock reunion, Cora B. Miller home on the state line.

Rettig and Reehm, Sunset Park.

Beinz family reunion, Sunset park, east of Decatur.

Steele reunion, Sunset park, rain or shine.

Dellinger family reunion, Sunset Park.

Sunday, August 19

Nineteenth annual reunion of Leimenthal-Martin families, Mrs. George Martin home, 1 1/2 miles south of Peterson.

Brentlinger reunion, Legion Memorial Park, Decatur.

The Crist reunion will be held Fort Wayne.

Surlinger Brandyberry reunion, J. N. Burkhead home 1 1/2 miles west of Monroe.

McGill reunion, Sunset Park, near Decatur, rain or shine.

Butler family reunion, Sunset Park, Decatur.

Smith reunion, Sunset park, rain or shine.

Sunday August 26

Seventh annual Johnson family reunion, Legion Memorial Park, Decatur.

Hakes reunion, Sunset Park, east of Decatur.

Droll family reunion, Sunset Park.

Schnepp and Manley reunion,

Sunday, September 2

Urick reunion, Sunset Park, Sunset Park, rain or shine.

Monday, Labor Day, Sept. 3

Sixteenth annual Stalter reunion Legion Memorial Park, Decatur.

Lenhart reunion, Sunset park, Decatur.

Harper family reunion, Sunset Park.

Sunday, September 9

Bowman family reunion, Sunset Park, Decatur.

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