

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, BUSINESS CARDS, AND NOTICES

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Fordson tractor, Oliver plows, first class shape. Work horse. Henry Amstutz, Decatur, R. R. 3. 186-31x

FOR SALE—Eberta Peaches Wednesday and Thursday morning, Aug. 8 and 9. Texaco Service station, Preble; C. S. Bryan, Kirkland township; Lloyd Bryan, Monmouth; W. L. Gander by Dent School. Prices reasonable. 187-21x

FOR SALE—Pears. Hugo Thieme, 697-O. 6 1/2 miles northeast of Decatur. 187-31x

FOR SALE—5 brood sows, priced to sell. Will farrow in August. Or-el Gilliom, 6 miles west and 1 mile south of Monroe. 187-31x

FOR SALE—Barringtons Adding machine; Used Detroit Jewel gas range; New Occasional Tables and Occasional Rocker. Reasonably priced. E. A. Beavers, phone 403. 187-31x

WANTED

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Three adults in family. Box EAG. 185-31x

WANTED—Mother with small boy wants work in motherless home. Address, Mrs. Flossie Wolfe, % W. H. Newton, Portland, Ind., R. R. 4. 187-21x

MALE HELP WANTED

I WANT 3 MEN for local Tea & Coffee Routes paying up to \$60 a week. No capital or experience required but must be willing to give prompt service to approx. 200 steady consumers. Brand-new Fords given as bonus. Write Albert Mills, Route Mgr., 6558 Monmouth, Cincinnati, O. 11x

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES—Learn Radio Engineering, the most outstanding and promising profession; taught thoroughly in nine months. School established 1874. All expenses low; some earn part. Catalog free. Dodge's Institute, Monroe St., Valparaiso, Ind. 186-461x

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. 1721f

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—A 5 room furnished modern flat. Private entrance. Steam heat furnished. 413 Mercer avenue. Phone 79. 187-31x

PLAY SAFE!

Ride on a set of new

Inner Tubes.

ENGLAND'S AUTO PARTS

1st Door So. of Court House Phone 282

Long Police Record

Kansas City, Mo.—(U.P.)—The police record of Harry Goldberg, 67, alleged by police to be a pickpocket of international notoriety, covers three pieces of legal sized paper, single spaced on a typewriter. Goldberg was arrested here recently during the International convention of the Elks' lodge.

APPOINTMENT OF EXECUTORS Notice is hereby given. That the undersigned have been appointed Executor and Executrix of the Estate of Mary Terver late of Adams County, deceased. The Estate is probate solvent. Bernard P. Terver and Mary Terver Executor and Executrix July 18, 1934. August 7-14-21

Get the Habit—Trade at Home

MAGIC CLEAN "SUPER-CLEANING THAT RESTORES BEAUTY TO CLOTHES" Sheets Bros. Cleaners N. 2nd st. Phone 359

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.

MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

LOCAL MARKET  
Decatur Berne Craigville Hoagland  
Corrected August 6  
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
140 to 160 lbs.	\$3.75
120 to 140 lbs.	\$3.00
100 to 120 lbs.	\$2.50
Roughs	\$3.00
Stags	\$1.50
Vealers	\$5.75
Ewe and wether lambs	\$6.00

EAST BUFFALO LIVESTOCK

East Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 7.—(U.P.)—Livestock: Hogs, receipts, 400; strong to 10c higher, quality considered; better lots, 160-240 lbs., with end of medium quality, \$5.35 to mostly \$5.45; selections quoted to \$5.60; medium to good, 130-180 lbs., \$4.25-\$4.50. Cattle, receipts, 25; all classes and grades quoted unchanged. Calves, receipts, 25; vealers strong; good to choice, \$6.50; common and medium, \$4.50-\$6. Sheep, receipts, 100; lambs firm; good to near choice, \$7.50; common and medium, \$5.50-\$6.75; inferior throwouts, \$5 and below.

CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSE

	Sept.	Dec.	May
Wheat, old	\$1.08 1/2	\$1.10 1/2	\$1.13 1/2
Wheat, new	1.08 1/2	1.10 1/2	
Corn	.74 1/2	.78 1/2	.82 1/2
Oats, old	.49 1/2	.51	.53 1/2
Oats, new	.49 1/2	.51	

FORT WAYNE LIVESTOCK

Fort Wayne, Ind., Aug. 7.—(U.P.)—Livestock: Hogs steady to 5c lower; 250-300 lbs., \$5.25; 200-250 lbs., \$5.10; 150-200 lbs., \$4.95; 160-180 lbs., \$4.80; 300-350 lbs., \$4.95; 150-160 lbs., \$4.10; 140-150 lbs., \$3.75; 130-140 lbs., \$3.40; 120-130 lbs., \$2.90; 100-120 lbs., \$2.60; roughs, \$3.75; stags, \$2. Calves, \$6; lambs, \$6.75.

LOCAL GRAIN MARKET

Corrected August 6

No. 1 New Wheat, 60 lbs. or better	93c
No. 2 New Wheat (58 lbs.)	92c
White or mixed corn	41c
First class yellow corn	90c
Wool	20 to 25c

11th Century Mill to Close

London.—(U.P.)—An 11th century flour mill, dating back to 1086, will close when the venerable mill loses its workers and milling to new works at Victoria Docks. At one time the property of the ancient Syon Monastery, the mill has passed through many an illustrious hand, including that of Henry VIII, who, after he dispersed the monastery, gave it to the ancestors of the Duke of Northumberland.

Ohio Corn 11 Feet High

Ashtabula, O.—(U.P.)—"Knee high by the Fourth of July." This old axiom is familiar to farmers, who consider that corn is normal if it reaches to the knees by that day. But corn growing on the D. L. Davis farm east of here has shattered all records for corn hereabouts. One stalk on the Davis farm reached a height of 11 feet.

See me for Federal Loans and Abstracts of Title.

French Quinn. Schirmeyer Abstract Co.

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.

NOTICE

FINGER WAVE SET	20c
Finger Wave, Dried	30c
Shampoo and Finger Wave, dried	50c
Manicure	50c
Shampoo, Finger Wave Manicure and Arch	\$1.00

COZY BEAUTY Shop Room 5 K. of C. Bldg. Phone 286

FUNERAL RITES HELD TODAY FOR VON HINDENBURG

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

Hindenburg's funeral was marked by the boom of 101 guns, which is the traditional death salute to a Prussian king. It was the first time since 1888 that it had been accorded to anyone in Prussia.

The funeral was the most brilliant military spectacle in Germany since the war, recalling vividly the fatherland's pre-war military splendor.

Uniforms ruled supreme, outnumbering civilian attire 20 to 1 in the wide, octagonal interior of

THE DEATH SONG! by JOAN CLAYTON AND MALCOLM LOGAN

CHAPTER XXXVI

I listened dazedly as the sheriff called Birch Cottage, to which James Ruxton had moved. I heard him repeat to Ruxton the damning indictment Mark had recited. I could imagine easily enough the banker's incredulous, then fearful, protests. If Loren were convicted, I thought, James Ruxton would not want to live.

When the sheriff had hung up, he said, "He asked me to wait here a few minutes until he can get dressed and come up."

Mark nodded. He stared at the ceiling, as if his mind were far away. Then abruptly he sat up.

"Don't wait for him!" he cried. The sheriff stared at him.

"Go down to his cottage!" Mark said frantically. "If you want to save his life, get right down there!"

"What do you mean?" Finn demanded.

"For heaven's sake, don't argue," Mark cried. "Oh, Lord, if I had a pair of legs! Leave Loren with John, and get right down there."

His conviction was so compelling that I started from the room. As I opened the door Loren cursed Mark and leaped at him. John Calvert caught his arms. I ran down the corridor, the sheriff after me. In the hot sunshine, we panted across the lawn to Birch Cottage.

When we opened the door of his room, James Ruxton was sitting at his desk in pajamas and a dressing gown, writing. He turned as we burst in. His face was ghastly. He seized a revolver on the leaf of the desk.

Finn's lunge carried him across the room, crashing into Ruxton's chair. The two men fell to the floor and the revolver spinning against the wall. Running after them, I looked at the sheet of paper on the desk. On it Ruxton had written: "I, James Ruxton, killed Seifert Vail. I did it to save the life of my nephew, Loren, for Vail would most certainly have killed him had he learned—"

"I must be developing a conscience," Mark said. "I'm still feeling mean about the trick I played on Loren. But I had to do it. The only way I could reach Ruxton was through that boy who meant more to him than anything else in the world."

He lay back on his pillows, watching the sun go down behind the mountains. Supper was over, and it was growing cool on the porch where Sue, John Calvert, the sheriff and I sat with him. A robin was singing its evening song; for the first time since Seifert Vail was killed, the end of day brought rest and tranquility.

James Ruxton was in the county jail at Cold Valley. He had dictated and signed a complete confession.

"There's a lot of things I want to know," Finn said. "The first one is how you knew Loren was the fellow who stole Vail's wife." The day after the murder, Mark answered, "I learned that Loren spoke Spanish, and I tried mine out on him. He told me he picked up the language in Cuba, but he used two words that you never hear outside of Catalonia. He called Felipe 'una hembra formidable,' meaning a young lady who is a compendium of all the feminine virtues. A Cuban would have said 'contundente' never 'formidable'; and Loren used the Catalan slang word 'noy' meaning 'fellow' or 'old boy.' Obviously, he was trying to conceal the fact that he had lived in Catalonia."

When the Montague woman told us that Francis Vail and her lover had run off to Barcelona, I knew why. Of course, long before that I was suspicious of his uncle."

"But why did you suspect him?" Sue asked. "It still seems unbelievable to me that a man like Mr. Ruxton could commit two such terrible murders."

Perhaps if he hadn't been a sick man, he wouldn't have been a murderer," John Calvert said.

"You're almost as smart as I am," Mark said. "James Ruxton isn't legally insane, but acute melancholia darkens his whole outlook on life. The one thing he wanted to do before he died was to assure Loren's happiness. He turned to the sheriff. 'When I talked you into arresting Loren, for which I hope you'll pardon me—'

"You didn't fool me," Finn broke in. "I had a pretty good idea what you were up to."

We all laughed, and he turned on us resentfully.

"Now, Mr. Finn!" Sue said.

His frown became a sheepish, embarrassed grin. "All right, all right," he grumbled. "If you think I was fooled, let it go at that."

"When I accused Loren," Mark went on, "I attributed to him all the fears that drove his uncle to murder Vail. James Ruxton learned who Seifert Vail was, and undoubtedly he tried to persuade Loren to stop visiting him. But Loren had met Sue, and he couldn't stay away."

"James Ruxton's greatest desire, then, was to see him married and safely away. Undoubtedly Loren would have been in real danger if Vail discovered who he was, James Ruxton's morbid imagination exaggerated that danger until it became a fear that haunted him all ways."

"He became obsessed by the idea that there was disaster ahead and that he might have to kill Vail to save Loren. And, because he was a cautious, far-seeing man, he prepared for that unhappy possibility. When Vail asked him to exchange rooms, Ruxton learned from him that he was expecting a visit from his wife. To James Ruxton, there seemed nothing to do but to carry out that long-planned murder."

"You haven't answered Sue's question, Mark," Dr. Calvert said. "All that is quite clear now, but why did you first suspect Ruxton?"

"There were several things. The first was a cold in the morning. He grinned at our amazement. 'A few days after Joe Barker was found drowned, it was discovered that Ruxton had been trying to conceal the fact that he had caught cold. His explanation was that he had an engagement to go out to dinner with Sue and Loren, and he didn't want to miss it.' I looked quizzically at his useless legs. 'I can quite understand what a rare privilege that would be for anyone here—to get out of the sanatorium for an evening—but it seemed to me that to a man as careful as Ruxton, health would come first.'

"It was apparent by that time that Joe had neither drowned accidentally nor committed suicide. He had been murdered. It seemed to be a singularly cold-blooded and unnecessary crime. Why would anyone want to kill Joe? Only to make it appear that Joe was guilty and had committed suicide, to close the investigation and get rid of the sheriff. But we were getting nowhere, and no one except a man harassed by unreasonable fears, an over-cautious man, would have done such a thing."

"It was not difficult for Ruxton to speak to Joe during the one day the gardener was at liberty and to persuade him that Felipe had drowned himself in the lake because she had killed Vail. Poor, simple-minded Joe, believing him, trusting him, sneaked out of his room, got the grappling hook from the tool shed and went out at night to help Ruxton drag the lake."

"Ruxton simply pushed him overboard, trusting in the grappling hook to pull him down. But Joe upset his calculations by clutching at the boat, and Ruxton had to break his finger to beat him off. During that grim adventure, Ruxton became chilled and caught cold. Then, being too careful again, he tried to conceal it for fear someone would leap to the improbable conclusion that he had caught it drowning Joe."

We were silent for a minute and then I asked, "Was that all the proof you had, Mark?"

"Oh, no," he said. "I found plenty more when I began to consider Ruxton as a possibility." He lit a cigarette. "The most logical suspects, of course, were the surviving tenants in Lakeside Cottage. Cross was too afraid of hurting his precious heart to commit a murder, much as he hated Vail. Clendening lacked the courage. Only Ruxton seemed to me to combine the intelligence, physical capacity, strength of will and especially the caution of the murderer."

"It was evident that the murderer was a patient, confined to the sanatorium grounds but able to move around freely during exercise periods, as Ruxton was. The proof of that was the murderer's taste in weapons. A pair of hedge shears! What a clumsy, ridiculous instrument of murder! If they hadn't been found with the gardener's overalls, they would have seemed completely fantastic. How much easier for the murderer to conceal a knife under the overalls. Obviously the author of the crime had to build it out of such materials as he could find here."

the fortress-like battle memorial.

To the field grey uniform of the reichswehr or regular army were added the green of Hermann Wilhelm Goering's special police, the black of Hitler's bodyguard, and the blue of a company of marines.

The grandstands were picked with re-medaled generals in full uniform of the old imperial army.

He turned to John Calvert with a smile. "That eliminated you, with a hundred nice, sharp surgeon's knives to choose from, and Loren, who could easily have gone to New York and picked up a better weapon. Of course, the two of you complicated the case as much as you could, but I'll forgive you for that."

"Stupid of me," John Calvert said. "I should have had as much confidence in your intelligence as you have."

"Strangely enough," Mark went on, "Clendening, with his childish idea that there was some code message in the words of 'Waiting For You,' with his everlasting nosiness, helped to pin the murder on Ruxton. The day he dropped dead from excitement, he found outside the cottage the button which was missing from the overalls. Did Ruxton tell you where he put the overalls after the murder?"

Finn nodded. "He went back around the house, peeled them off, showed them under the porch and then climbed back through his window. That night he dropped them in the lake."

"The fact that the button was found so near the cottage pointed again to someone who lived there. If the murderer had been from any other part of the sanatorium, he wouldn't have taken off his disguise and walked home in plain sight without it."

"Ruxton realized that, and again he tried to be too careful. He insisted that someone had attacked Clendening, or at least frightened him. He said that because, for once, he had an alibi. Cross had been in the room with him when Clendening died."

"There was one final thing. If, as I believed, the murder had some connection with the visit Vail expected and with the photograph record that was playing when he was found, then Ruxton had to be the murderer—for he was admittedly the only person who knew why Vail asked to change rooms with him."

"Once we found the Montague woman and established Loren's connection with Vail, it was perfectly clear, but I had to frame Loren so that you, sheriff, believed the story. It sounded plausible enough, and you and his own fears convinced Ruxton. He saw everything falling into place. He had killed to save Loren, and now Loren himself was accused, and there seemed to be a damnably complete, circumstantial case against him. There was nothing for Ruxton to do, loving the boy as he did, but write a confession and kill himself while we waited for him in my room."

"When I told of the attempt on my life, Loren realized what I was doing. Did you see the look of horror on his face? He had told his uncle that Bob was going to the city, and when I accused him, he knew that his uncle was a murderer."

Finn stood up. "Well," he said, "I'm glad we got a confession. I'd hate to have to go to court without one." He pulled a cigar from his pocket and reflectively bit off the end. "I promised the reporters a story, and now I got it."

"What? You lie here on your back and solve a murder and don't want any credit for it?"

Mark grinned. "And have reporters bothering me for a month? No, that grief goes with your job. The credit's all yours. I hope it gets you into the Assembly."

Finn squirmed Mark's hand. He said warmly, "If I'm elected and you ever need anything, you know where to come!"

John and Sue arose as the sheriff left. "It's my turn to thank you now," the doctor said. "Mark, I—"

"I'll let Sue thank me for both of you," Mark said. "Come here, sweetheart, and give us one last kiss."

She walked to him proudly and put her arms around him. When she straightened up, Mark said gayly, "I get another at the wedding, don't I? John, you big oaf, the moon's risen. Take Sue for a walk. You've got a lot of time to make up."

"Right in bed where I started," Mark said. He leaned toward me, and his eyes were gleaming. "I've got a wov of an idea for my next play, Bob. Listen."

THE END

Copyright, 1933, by Joan Clayton and Malcolm Logan. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Finds Rabbit's Foot in Coach



Determined to do everything within his power to win one of the 24 university scholarships being offered as awards in the 1934 Fiat Body Craftsman's Guild competition, the youthful builder of this miniature Napoleonic coach placed a rabbit's foot inside. Walter Leugner, formerly the head of a family-owned concern that began building state carriages for European monarchs during the reign of Frederick Wilhelm III of Prussia and the designer of the coach that thousands of boys in the United States and Canada have reproduced for entry in the competition, discovered the appeal to Lady Luck when the model was placed before the judges at work in the General Motors building at Century of Progress Exposition. He is shown here holding the charm above the coach in which it was found. Winners of the \$51,000 in university scholarships being offered will be announced in Chicago Wednesday, Aug. 22.

PUBLIC SALE

53—Acre Farm—53

Will be sold to the highest bidder without reserve, sale on premises, 1 mile north, 6 miles east of Bluffton, Ind., 11 miles west of Decatur, Ind., 1 mile west of Honduras, Ia

TUESDAY, August 14, 1934

At 1:00 o'clock P. M.

53 acres of level black high productive soil, one of the best farms in Adams county. The corn crop on this farm is proof of the fertility of the soil. The house, 7 rooms, electric lights. Large barn, machined, corn crib, all necessary outbuildings, good orchard. The land well drained, the fences are fair, with a little painting and repair it will be made one of the most desirable farms in the country. Located near Kirkland high school, near churches, and markets, on a good road. Now is the time to buy farm land before prices begin to rise. This is your opportunity to secure an ideal home, make a safe investment and provide an income for life.

TERMS—\$500.00 cash day of sale, suitable terms can be arranged on the balance. For further information write Fred Reppert, Peoples Loan & Trust Bldg., Decatur, Ind.

HUGH ANDREWS, Owner

MONROE, IND.

Sold by National Realty Auction Co. Fred Reppert and Roy S. Johnson, auctioneers Decatur, Ind.

We get the buyer and seller together.

PUBLIC SALE

REAL ESTATE

I will sell to the highest bidder the following described real estate: sale on the premises, at 216 South 4th st., Decatur, Ind.,

MONDAY, August 13th at 6:30 P. M.

Semi-modern home, 8 rooms and bath; small cellar, cement block foundation. Large cistern. House in good repair, new paint and roof. Good barn equipped for garage. Large lot, 66x132 ft.

One of the finest locations in Decatur. Don't overlook this opportunity. Property can be inspected any day.

Terms—1-3 cash, balance in 90 days.

J. D. DAILEY, Owner

Roy Johnson, auct.

NOW SHOWING—"THE HOME GUARD"

BY SEGAR

