

# COURT HOUSE

**Real Estate Transfers**  
Dallas Brown, sheriff, to the First Joint Stock Land Bank 200 acres of land in Blue Creek township for \$8,000.  
Ralph A. Messel to Abraham Neuenchwander 177.25 acres of land in Wabash township for \$1.00.  
Decatur Cemetery Association to Lydia L. Worthman inlot 1077 for burial for \$130.

# HALLECK WINS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

Democratic senator to congress from Indiana.  
Durgan had served one term in the national house of representatives prior to his defeat by Landis.  
The new congressman is serving his fourth term as Jasper county prosecutor. He first was nominated for the post while a student at Indiana University. He

was graduated from Indiana law school in 1924 and was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, honorary scholastic fraternity.  
Halleck is a world war veteran and has been active in American Legion affairs. He resigned as state chairman of the legion war orphans relief committee following his nomination for congress. Halleck is married and the father of two children. He plans to leave for Washington just as quickly as possible.

During a brief but busy campaign, Halleck spoke in every one of the 13 counties in the district. He promised to uphold the President on matters of obvious interest to the welfare of the country but insisted he would not be a "rubber stamp."

The vote in the special election was surprisingly large considering that only two names were on the ballot and that no local issues were involved.

The total vote cast for Halleck and Durgan was 95,352 as compared to the record vote of 134,000 cast for the second district congressional candidates in the general election.

Durgan showed a slight gain in strength over his previous race. He carried Tippecanoe and Cass counties yesterday whereas he carried only Starke county last November.

Cass county voters were believed to have given Durgan a majority because of their resentment over failure of the second district republican committee to nominate a member of the Landis family.

Both Mrs. Landis and her oldest son, Kemesaw Mountain II had expressed willingness to accept the nomination.

# SALE CALENDAR

Jan. 31—Chester Grubbs, 1 mile east of Montezuma, Ohio on state road 219. Closing out sale.  
Feb. 4—N. E. Dunifon, 1 mile east of the Midway Inn on Ohio State road 127.  
Feb. 5—Fred Okeley, 4 mi. south of Pleasant Mills. Closing out sale.  
Feb. 6—Schlabach & Billard, 7 miles south and 3/4 miles east of Fort Wayne on the Ferguson road.  
Feb. 7—Walter Fetter, 7 miles south, 1 mi. west of Rockford, O. Closing out sale. 10:00.  
Feb. 11—Byerly & Alden, 1 mile south Fort Wayne on state road 1. Closing out sale.  
Feb. 14—Pete Dibert, 4 miles east of Willshire, Ohio. Closing out sale.  
Feb. 18—Everett Lake Stock Farm, 14 mi. west of Fort Wayne. Closing out sale.  
Feb. 16—Wm. T. Jones, 1 mile north, 1 1/2 miles south of Monroeville. Closing out sale. 10:00.  
Feb. 19—Adams Winnans, 1 mile east of Baldwin, Ind. Closing out sale.  
Feb. 23—Bert Marquardt, 3 mile north of Monroeville on Lincoln highway. Chester White hog sale. 12:00.

# HORSE SALE!

at ZANESVILLE, IND.

13 miles south of Fort Wayne on State Road 3

Tuesday, Feb. 5, 1935

Commencing at 12 o'clock sharp

50 HEAD SOUTH DAKOTA HORSES

Horses most all good broke. Lot of good bay mares in foal. One pair of black mares 3 and 4 years old and weighing 3200, as good as in the country. Also a lot of other weights from 1400 to 1600. A few colts and three saddle horses.

DON'T MISS THIS SALE.

Horses of All Kinds at All Prices.

Arthur Merriman, OWNER.

Living Room Suits... \$32.50 to \$125

4-piece Bed Room Suits... \$35

9x12 Axminster Rugs... \$20 to \$35

Pillows... \$1.50 pair

Ironing Boards... \$1.00

Sprague Furniture Co

Phone 199

# Test Your Knowledge

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

1. In which city in New York do the Susquehanna and Chenango rivers unite?
2. Name the President of the U. S. Senate.
3. Where is Johns Hopkins University?
4. Who wrote, "She Stoops to Conquer"?
5. In which war was the Battle of Spotsylvania Court House?
6. What does Colorado mean?
7. What is a binnacle?
8. Who was Bob Fitzsimmons?
9. In what country was John Paul Jones, famous naval officer in the American Revolution, born?
10. When does Congress regularly convene?

Killed Returning From Mass  
Cleveland—(U.P.)—As he was returning from morning mass, James V. Senner, 33, was killed by a street car. He was identified by a prayer book he carried.

# "THE LADY DANCES" by MARGE STANLEY

## SYNOPSIS

In search of adventure, Mark Talbot sails from San Francisco aboard the S.S. "Orient" bound for Honolulu. He meets Vanya Prokova, beautiful dancer, who is being deported. She ignores him. Mark follows Vanya to Tongatabu in the South Seas trying to convince himself that seeing her in her dance hall environment will cure his infatuation. Percy Loring, a beachcomber, informs Mark that Vanya dances at Pearly Shene's Diver's Helmet when the ships are in but, at the present time, she is inland with the natives. Talbot takes Mark to a native festival. They hide in the bushes and watch the ceremonies. Mark utters an exclamation upon seeing Vanya, revealing his and Loring's presence to the natives. They are captured but Vanya intercedes for them and accompanies the pair back through the woods still retaining her frigid attitude. Mark is angry with himself for his interest in her and for the embarrassment of accepting her aid in his trouble. A cobra in their path causes Vanya to go close to Mark for protection. He overcomes the desire to take her in his arms. Next day, Vanya will not accept Mark's thanks; she suggests that he leave her and join Loring. His anger aroused, Mark retorts: "The company of Loring is a distinct improvement over that of a dancer in Pearly Shene's dive." The remark hurts Vanya. Mark tells Loring he will go to see Vanya dance that night just for the joy of seeing her trying to please people. Despite himself, Mark is filled with a strange emotion when Vanya sings and dances. Vanya accepts Mark's invitation to sit at his table. Her hostile attitude disappears and she is very friendly. Mark tells her that she is the reason for his presence in Tongatabu.

## CHAPTER XVIII

Suddenly a clang of chords from the piano diverted her attention. "I'm sorry—I have to go on," she remarked, rising.

"Again?" asked Mark, rising with her.

"As long as paying customers continue to pay," she glanced at her costume. "I intended to sing," she observed ruefully, "but I suppose I'll have to dance."

"You'll come back to the table?" asked Mark.

Vanya gave him a serious smile, but made no answer as she made her way among the tables toward the piano.

Loring, a little red of eye but still steady, came over to join Mark. "Your bill is nominal," he said. "I've been very conservative."

Mark made no answer. His eyes were fixed on Vanya as she dropped her robe, and stepped forth again in her revealing costume, trim, slender, and graceful.

Her dance this time was a congeries of native steps and postures; the experienced sailors recognized its import and the drum-like rhythm, and marked time with stamping feet and clapping palms. But to Mark, the dance was negligible; it was the lithe grace of Vanya that held him, the agile poise of her body, the suppleness of her slim waist, the flash of her silk-clad limbs.

The conclusion brought more than usual applause; the sound broke on Mark's ears as a startling conclusion, so rapid had he become, so engrossed in the Venus-like vitality of Vanya.

She bowed, draped her robe about her, and prepared to sing as an encore.

"Did you notice Shene?" queried Loring.

"I saw him watching us," Mark nodded. "For a while I thought he might interfere."

"Not he! Your little exploit will be talked about in waterfront hangouts. Vanya's first friend under sixty; that's advertising!" The beachcomber grinned. "And that accounts for her improved reception, too. Wait until her song's finished."

Another burst of applause greeted the conclusion of the girl's song. Shouted invitations rose from all parts of the hall. Vanya acknowledged the applause with bows and a puzzled smile. Amid the acclaim she walked quickly through the crowd to Mark's place.

Again Loring departed as she seated herself.

"I don't understand!" she exclaimed, looking at Mark with a puzzled frown. "Was this last attempt such an improvement?"

"It's your sitting here," he told

her. "It's an admission that you're human."

There began a noticeable thinning out of the crowd. Reeling sailors staggered one by one in the direction of the door.

"How about that story?" queried Mark.

"Why not, after all?" asked the girl. "If you've patience to listen, I've patience to tell."

"All out!" bawled Pearly Shene at the bar, "I'm closing up!"

"That needn't disturb us," assured Mark, as Shene's bellow of "All out" sounded. "We'll talk outside."

"I don't know," said Vanya doubtfully. "I have a reputation to maintain. It's why Shene pays me a pitance more than the others."

"Loring can chaperon us."

"You're not like him, do you?" The girl shrugged. "We'll sit on the point. There's a moon, and we'll be in plain sight."

Loring, taking a last drink at the bar, gave them a red-eyed grin. Mark felt an impatient disgust at the implication of the leer.

"You're drunk," he observed in disfavor.

"Only with liquor," sneered the other.

"A beast!" said Vanya as they passed into the brilliant night.

"No. A tragedy," replied Mark, gazing at the luminous stars of the under-half of the sky. Like a crucifix of blue diamonds gleamed the Southern Cross, and the Clouds of Magellan, that galaxy of a million suns, swung over the restless ocean. They both scanned the luminous skies.

"An illusion of peace," sighed the girl, dropping to a seat on a rock. "Only an illusion. Life can be very cruel under these skies."

"No more cruel than under the North Star."

Vanya dropped the robe from her shoulders, baring her throat to the sultry night breeze. Mark found himself gazing at her profile and thinking again of her beauty, and the way the moonlight etched it against the dark background of island hills.

"Am I going to hear that story of yours?" asked Mark finally. He shifted his position, so that her head was against the sky.

"Well," said Vanya slowly. "I was born in Russia. You must have guessed that if only from my name."

Mark nodded silently.

"Actually I'm a Georgian. My home, where my family has always lived, was in Georgia—haven't you a Georgia in the United States?"

"Yes," said Mark quietly.

"Our Georgia is a splendid mountainous country like—like nothing I can think of in Europe. More glorious than Switzerland and the Alps. It's in Asia, you know, in Siberia."

"Americans," said Mark, "think of Siberia as a cold, unfriendly region where prisoners are sent to horrible deaths in the salt mines."

"That was in the North," said Vanya. "My home was in Georgia, in the South, not terribly far from the border of China. It was near Lake Baikal. We had a hunting lodge on the lake."

"A hunting lodge!" exclaimed Mark.

"Yes. My father was an ardent hunter. There were deer, and wolves, and great brown bears. I learned to ride and shoot before I was twelve years old, though he never let me go with him. I stayed at home in a great, towered, stone building. We called it Angarsk; the Angara River ran through our lands."

"Nobility, I suppose," said Mark cynically.

"We had a title—you'd call it Count. Peasants worked the land, renting it from my father. I was happy then, I knew!"

"Then what?" queried Mark. He hardly knew whether Vanya expected him to take her story seriously. He had heard more than one island dancer claim noble blood.

"When I was fourteen they sent me to school, in England. I'd learned English and French from childhood on, of course; we all did. I was there just a year."

"And then?"

"Then the War. I had to hurry home, all the way across Europe, and half way across Asia. I was too late; when I got home my father had left for the Austrian front, and I never saw him again."

"Lost in the war?"

"I don't know. We had letters for two years, at intervals. The mails were in a terrible state, and finally you simply couldn't depend on them. He couldn't come home,

either; it was a four thousand mile trip each way, and they couldn't give him a long enough furlough."

"Lor!" said Mark. "That's as far away from home as I was in France."

"Then, you know, the Czar fell. There was a short time under Kerensky when we thought our property was safe. But only a short time. There came the Red Revolution, and of course we were White Russians."

"Siberia was white for a while, wasn't it?"

"Just for a few months, under the Cossack rule. Then the peasants, the moujiks, that I had played with, that I knew by name, turned against us—my mother and I. We had to leave, smuggled out at night by a few friendly ones. We managed to get to the Chinese border safely, but we brought almost nothing of value. We couldn't—things happened too fast."

"I should think so!" said Mark. "We got to Harbin, in Manchuria. There was a colony of White Russians there, but all, like ourselves, ruined by the Revolution, and barely managing to exist."

"Well, we had to live somehow. I was nineteen, and I loved dancing. I'd studied it in London and Paris, and—I managed to find work in a sort of cabaret, a French place. But Mother wasn't well, and after almost a year, she died."

"Was she all your family?" asked Mark.

"All. And after a while, I worked in Canton, and then in Singapore—it's not a life I like to recall."

"But how did you end up here?"

"I had an offer from Pearly Shene; it sounded like better pay, and I came. It was too late when I discovered his figuring wasn't in gold but Mex."

"That's the regular currency in these parts," said Mark.

"I didn't know that then. And so I landed here—the worst place of them all! Even Singapore was better."

"What about your trip to the States?"

"I wanted to get to America," said Vanya. "I thought that if I could once enter the States, I'd be safe from this sort of thing. It seemed almost like Paradise—a great, rich, civilized country where life was so assured, so easy! So I saved the passage money, tried, and failed."

"Why?" queried Mark.

"Don't you see? I'm not a Russian citizen, I'm not an English citizen, I had no passport; I'm literally without a country! I can never get into any civilized nation."

"But Good Lord!" exclaimed Mark. "Why didn't you try the Governor at Taulanga? Couldn't he certify you? Tonga's British."

"Do you think I didn't try? I spent days, literally days, at the Residency trying to see him, and when I did, he patted my cheek and told me very politely that there wasn't a thing he could do. He only exists for British citizens. So I tried in spite of him, and failed."

She paused a moment, staring moodily out over the ocean.

"That's why I was so certain you couldn't help me. Nobody could, less than a President or a Member of Parliament, or whatever you call your law-makers!"

She rose; the flowered covering fell about her feet, and for a moment she stood with her breath-taking form silhouetted against the ocean horizon. Then she gathered her robe about her, and turned silently toward the Cove.

Mark followed pondering. At the end of the coral spit he fell into step beside her.

"That's the best story I've heard in the whole island world," he said. Vanya stopped suddenly, facing him. Her black eyes blazed up at him with sudden anger.

"You don't believe me!" she cried. "Then tell me how you saved money for passage to America!" flared Mark. "Tell me that! On Shene's pay, I suppose!"

"Oh!" said the girl in a half-sob of anger, "you're—you're unbearable!"

She fled abruptly toward the Diver's Helmet. Mark turned and walked over to Loring's palm; the beachcomber snored peacefully beneath it. Mark drew back his foot, and kicked the sprawled figure sharply; Loring opened a dazed and befuddled eye.

"I don't know whether to believe her!" said Mark fiercely. "I don't know whether she's lying!"

"Try the acid test," murmured Loring sleepily, as he resumed his slumbers.

(To Be Continued)

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# MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

Brady's Market For Decatur, Berne, Craigville, Hoagland and Willshire

Corrected January 30.  
No commission and no yardage.  
Veals received Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday.

190 to 250 lbs.	\$7.75
250 to 300 lbs.	\$7.60
300 to 350 lbs.	\$7.45
160 to 190 lbs.	\$7.45
140 to 160 lbs.	\$6.85
120 to 140 lbs.	\$6.05
100 to 120 lbs.	\$5.30
Roughs	\$6.25
Stags	\$4.25
Vealers	\$9.50
Ewe and wether lambs	\$8.50
Buck lambs	\$7.50

## CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSE

	May	July	Sept.
Wheat	96 1/2	88 1/2	86 1/2
Corn	83 1/2	79 1/2	76 1/2
Oats	49 1/2	42 1/2	41

## EAST BUFFALO LIVESTOCK

East Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 30.—(U.P.)

—Livestock:  
Hogs, 1,100; holdovers, 550, fairly active, steady to mostly 10c under Monday, and largely 10c over Tuesday; bulk desirable 160-200 lbs., lbs., averaging 180-240 lbs., \$8.40; 150-220 lbs., \$8.50; rather plain, 150-180 lbs., \$8.35; 100-140 lbs., quoted \$6.50-\$7.75.

Cattle, receipts, 100; cows and bulls steady to weak; low cutter and cutter, \$4.25-\$4.60.

Calves, receipts, 160; practically nothing done on vealers; scattered sales, 50c lower, \$11 down; bulk better lost held \$11.50.

Sheep, receipts, 800; lambs unchanged; good to choice, \$9.60; medium and mixed offering, \$8.60-\$9.25; shorn lambs, \$8.75; fat ewes, \$5-\$5.50.

## FORT WAYNE LIVESTOCK

Fort Wayne, Ind., Jan. 30.—(U.P.)

—Livestock:  
Hogs, 5c higher; 200-250 lbs., \$7.85; 250-300 lbs., \$7.70; 300-350 lbs., \$7.35; 180-200 lbs., \$7.70; 160-180 lbs., \$7.60; 150-160 lbs., \$7.20; 140-150 lbs., \$6.70; 130-140 lbs., \$6.20; 120-130 lbs., \$5.95; 100-120 lbs., \$5.45; roughs, \$6.50; stags, \$4.50.

Calves, \$9.50; lambs, \$8.75.

## LOCAL GRAIN MARKET

Corrected January 30.

No. 1 New Wheat, 60 lbs. or better	87c
No. 2 New Wheat (58 lbs.)	86c
Oats, 32 lbs. test	46c
Oats, 30 lbs. test	45c
Soy Beans, bushel	1.10
Yellow Corn	\$1.10

## CENTRAL SOYA MARKET

No. 2 Yellowbeans, bu. \$1.12

Delivered to factory

## Municipal League Will Fight Taxes

Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 30.—(U.P.)—Seeking relief from taxes imposed on municipally owned utilities by the 1933 legislature, the Indiana municipal league will open headquarters here during the present session of the general assembly.

Mayor Henry L. Murray, Bedford president said.

Mayor Vincent Youkey, Crown Point, will be in charge of the office. He will be assisted by Walter W. Watson, Indianapolis.

Be Sure and Look over the Wonderful Bargains that C. D. Teeple is offering in final close out.

## 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.

## GILLETTE TIRE

for as low as 20c a week.  
After 25 weeks the tire is yours.

## Porter Tire Co.

Distributor  
341 Winchester Phone 1289

# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

BUSINESS CARDS AND NOTICES

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Good smooth mouth, 1500 lb. Kruse, Route 4, 2 1/2 miles Decatur.

FOR SALE—Corn, 1000 and 1000, 2 miles east of Monroe.

FOR SALE—One bay, 4 yrs. old, sound and a good weight 1750. Also one white about 13 months old and one red and white old. William Reider, route 2, Berne phone 200.

FOR SALE—2 used small balance cars. Furniture company, phone 100.

FOR SALE—6 or 8 timothy and clover hay at 115 N. 9th St.

FOR SALE—Roll top size, mahogany. Monroe, Indiana.

FOR SALE—4 ton hand ed alfalfa. C. S. Brown, west of Kirkland High.

FOR SALE—Decatur's highest quality chickens. Hatching now twice a week. Book your orders today. Quality Chickens, Hatchery, Monroe, Ind.

FOR SALE—Baby chicks every Monday and Tuesday. Chicks from blood stock. Special: 500 Red chicks, one week old. Hatchery, Monroe, Ind.

FOR SALE—Complete Restaurant fixtures. Thursday evening, Jan. 31, North Main st., Bluffton.

## WANTED

WANTED—Furnished keeping rooms. Add. I. E. C. % Democrat.

WANTED—For expert electrical repairs call Miller, phone 625. Men's Manufacturers Service, Radio Service, 226 N. 7th.

WANTED—Someone to bedfast aged man. Oswald Nyffler, Monroe, or Dr. Nyffler in Berne.