

Appointment of Administrator With Will Annexed
Notice is hereby given, That the undersigned has been appointed Administrator with will annexed of the estate of John A. Amstutz, late of Adams County, deceased. The estate is probably solvent.
Henry Amstutz, Administrator, with will annexed.
C. L. Walters, Attorney,
July 27, 1937. July 28 Aug. 4-11

Appointment of Executor No. 4118
Notice is hereby given, That the undersigned has been appointed Executor of the Estate of Elizabeth Elsie late of Adams County, deceased. The Estate is probably solvent.
Harve Ellenberger, Executor
C. L. Walters, Attorney,
July 27, 1937. July 28 Aug. 4-11

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

1. Which is the leading cattle raising state in the U. S.?
2. Who holds the title Prince of Wales?
3. What is the chemical name for banana oil?
4. Which President of the U. S. was shortest in stature?
5. In what year was the San Francisco earthquake and fire?
6. What is an anemometer?
7. What are the pigment primary colors?
8. Who wrote the famous southern plantation song, "Old Folks at Home"?
9. What is primogeniture?
10. In which state is the range of mountains called Sangre de Cristo?

1. What is the name for hybrids between the horse and ass family?
2. By what score did the United States defeat Great Britain to win the Davis Cup this year?
3. Is "The Last of the Mohicans" by J. Fenimore Cooper fiction?
4. Where is Ellis Island?
5. In astronomy, what are the Pointers?
6. What is the name of the process for making beer?
7. What is irrigation?
8. Is a fraction a number?

TODAY'S COMMON ERROR

Never say, "That there dog is a fighter;" omit "there."

Notice

My office will be closed from Sunday, August 8th to Tuesday, August 17.
Dr. G. J. Kohne

HOW MANY INCHES OF WIRE IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF A SILVER SLEEP SPRING?

A genuine \$16 Silver Sleep Spring FREE to the person guessing nearest correct. This offer for this week only.

Visit our store, inspect the spring and place your estimate.

ZWICK'S

Public Auction

Having decided to quit farming I will sell at Public Auction at my farm 2 miles Southeast of Decatur or Second house North of County Infirmary, on

MONDAY, AUGUST 9, 1937

Commencing at 12:00 noon

HORSES—Bay Mare 4 yr. old, wt. 1660, Sound, Bred, a mighty fine Mare; Strawberry Roan Mare Colt, 1 yr. old, out of this mare; Bay Gelding 4 yrs. old, extra good worker, wt. 1450 lbs. These are good horses. The mare is a good, thick made mare. You will like her.

HOGS—Two good White Sows due to farrow Oct. 1st; 13 Feeder Hogs weighing about 100 lbs. each.

POULTRY—100 extra good White Giant Pullets.

FARM IMPLEMENTS

Moline 12 Disc Fertilizer Grain Drill good as new; Moline Manure Spreader, good; Good Side Delivery Hay Rake; 5 ft. Mower in good condition; Dump Rake; J-Deere Corn Planter; IHC Single Row Riding Cultivator, 4 shovels on side, like new; Good Farm Wagon; Hay Loaders & Grain Bed Combined; Bar Roller; Single Disc 6 on side; Good Spring Tooth Harrow; Oliver 13 inch Walking plow; Dump Boards; Land Floater made of 4x4's for tractor; New Double Set Breaching Harness; 2 New Leather Collars, 21 and 22 inch; and many articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS—CASH.

RAY SMITH, Owner

Ray S. Johnson—Auctioneer
W. A. Lower—Clerk.

PUBLIC AUCTION

FRIDAY, AUGUST 6 - - - 10 A. M.

**HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP AND HOGS
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.**

Some extra good Guernsey and Holstein Heifers.

A large crowd will attend this sale and anyone having anything to sell is requested to bring their articles for this sale.

DECATUR RIVERSIDE SALES

E. J. AHR and FRED C. AHR—Managers
Doehman and Gorrell, auctioneers.

THIMBLE THEATER



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NOW SHOWING—"OUT IN THE COLD"



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NURSE REPORTS CASES HANDLED

Eight Cases Handled To Date At Red Cross First Aid Tent

Eight cases have been handled at the Red Cross emergency tent, Mrs. Oscar Lankenau, registered nurse in charge, stated this morning.

The patients were treated for various reasons, including bruises, cuts, over-exertion and illness.

The Red Cross first aid service is made available to the public through the cooperation of the Adams county chapter of the organization and the fair board.

Last year many cases were handled, including a stabbing. The tent will be maintained throughout the entire week.

Mrs. Lankenau has asked that all

minor cases be brought to the tent immediately. Any serious injury or illness should be reported to a physician.

TWO PARADES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)
Decatur Girls' and the American Legion City band.

This parade will also form on North Third, and follow the usual line of march. Mr. Bowers has asked that all members of the parades and floats committee assemble at the starting line a half hour before scheduled parade time.

BETTY YANEY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

ler, assisted by Rev. Moore, will have charge of the services.
The body will be returned from the John funeral home in Bluffton to the home of the grandparents Thursday afternoon.

Trade in a Good Town — Decatur

"THE CAPTIVE BRIDE"

by BARRETT WILLOUGHBY

CHAPTER XXIX

Denny's confidence in her ability to deceive Bourne ebbed away. Better to tell him the truth and take the consequences, she thought.

"You see, Reval, last night the river—all the excitement of that wild ride—caught me up, took me out of myself, somehow, and—made me act as I did. I don't understand it—can't explain it very well. But now it all seems unreal—our marriage ceremony, you know. So—so hasty. It seems as if it never had happened. I can't make myself believe I'm your wife just yet."

She paused, thinking, "What shall I say now? He knew I was engaged to Murray. That I sold River House to pay for my wedding. How account for changing my mind in a moment? Or should I say anything about that?" She looked down at her locked hands, trying to decide.

"Go on, Denise."

She laughed nervously and hurried to speech again. "I know I'll feel differently about our marriage when we get home. But until then—oh, please try to understand, Captain Bourne—Reval! Don't ask me to—be your wife really until—until we get home!"

There was a genuine appeal in her last words, but all the while she was wondering if he could read in her eyes the thing she intended doing once she was safe with her mother in San Francisco. "Do you understand what I'm asking of you?" She scanned his face anxiously.

He was not as imperturbable as she had imagined. A shadow crossed his countenance, and all at once he seemed older and a little tired and sad. "You've made yourself singularly clear, Denise. Until we reach California, you wish to remain a sort of wife in name but sister in effect. Is that it?"

She nodded eagerly, not trusting herself to speak.

"And that is all you have to tell me, my dear?"

She nodded again, and sitting tense on the edge of her chair, waited for his decision. He was silent so long she thought she had lost; then he smiled, and the dancing, elusive light came back into his eyes. "All right," he agreed. "After all, one must oblige a lady in distress."

"Oh! Then you will—"

"Certainly. It's your wedding. But have you considered the fact that Northerners are hopelessly old-fashioned about matrimony? They might find it difficult to understand this modern idea of marriage in haste and—association by imperceptible degrees. Don't you think we had best put on an act for the benefit of the citizenry of Wrangell?"

"Oh, my dear—"

"Oh! This, Mrs. Bourne—pardon if I practice perfecting myself in the rôle of bridegroom—I'm obliged to go back to Tarnigan tomorrow with the mail, you know, and to take Van and the Commander home. Wrangell folks are bound to consider it odd if I leave my bride here alone. Unless you particularly want to stay here, I think it wise that you come along for the trip just—as Fara Dan used to say—just to keep the deck looking square to the customers."

He leaned a little forward across the desk with a quick, humorous smile. "It should be rather fun dissimulating in public and dissembling in private. What do you say?"

••• Denny, a return to Tarnigan seemed in the nature of an anticlimax.

But, after hesitating a moment, she said, "I'll go with you, Captain

—I mean Reval. I'll go, provided you're sure we'll be back here in time to take the next steamer south. I—I wouldn't want to disappoint Mother again, you know."

For a moment his dark blue gaze was fixed penetratingly upon her. Then he answered irrelevantly, it seemed to her, "I've always held with the gambler's saying that it doesn't matter what kind of a hand one draws at poker; the thing that really counts is the way one plays the hand." When she looked puzzled, he interpreted, "I mean it doesn't make much difference what happens to a human being. The important thing is the way he acts after it happens. Do you agree with me, Denny?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," she replied, still groping for a possible connection with the situation confronting them.

He smiled and brought his hands together.

"Now that we've settled everything, Mrs. Bourne, how about taking dinner in the dining room this evening with your synthetic husband?"

His gaiety of manner robbed the words of any sting. She was grateful and almost happy for the moment, because he had so readily fallen in with her plans. She played up to him by coming to her feet and curtseying as she flashed a smiling glance from under her lashes.

"Your pseudo wife accepts with pleasure the invitation of her synthetic husband to dine in public!" she replied. And then added, "Oh, I believe this is really going to be fun!"

But as she was preparing for their descent to the dining room, it struck her that the man, to be so amenable to her request, must be totally indifferent to her. Of course, it was safer that way, but it was scarcely gratifying to her vanity. "But then," she thought, "why should I care how indifferent he is. I've had my way with him."

Nevertheless, as they went downstairs together, she was conscious of a vague dissatisfaction, an indefinable sense of disappointment.

The third morning after Denny's return to Tarnigan, she woke to find the pale, late-rising sun of October coming in through her bedroom window. . . . She lay warm and content, thinking that tomorrow at this time she would be well on her way to Wrangell, the first lap of her journey home to San Francisco. The Maid was leaving early in the morning on her last trip down-river before she was hauled out on the Wrangell ways for the winter.

During the past few days there had been much talk of the coming winter and the "freeze-up." Most of it was over Denny's head. To her winter meant snow, such as she had seen during short sojourns at Lake Tahoe for the season's sports; and so far there was no sign of snow at Tarnigan.

Yesterday the mercury had dropped twenty degrees in a few hours, a change in temperature that went unnoticed in the living room, where furnace heat was augmented by the crackling birch logs in the fireplace. In the evening, after dinner, however, when she had dashed out to the end of the terrace to watch the flight of geese, whose honkings had penetrated even the thick walls of River House, the dry, tight cold had gripped her throat like a hand.

Bourne had followed immediately to wrap her in a fur coat, and together they had stood with faces uplifted to the night-bird sky, watching the birds fly south.

Denny became conscious of a dim

sense of disturbance. Something unknown was abroad in the night. Just then Harp came up the path from the warehouse and, seeing them at the end of the terrace, sang out, "Well, she's coming!" There was a peculiar animating in his voice. "If this keeps up, by morning we—"

"I say, Harp!" Bourne interrupted with what Denny thought was unnecessary rudeness. "Go to Honey-Jo to get out my heavy mackinaw, will you? I may need it when we go aboard in the morning."

Harp flashed Bourne a puzzled look, then answered, "Okay, Captain. I get you."

He passed on to the lighted kitchen.

Geese continued to stream across the moon, filling the night with the farewell of beating pinions. There was a wildness in their flight that stirred Denny to a faint excitement. Fascinated, she stood gazing until the cold penetrated the thick wrap she held about her. She turned to Bourne and repeated a line from a verse she had been reading that afternoon:

"The North is creeping in the air;
The birds are flying south!"

He answered with a paraphrase from the same poem:

"And you, my sweet Penelope,
It's south, somewhere, you long to be."

Denny, lying in her bed, recalled that now with an appreciation of his understanding; an understanding he had evinced in many ways since their interview in the hotel room at Wrangell a week ago. Some of the details of that week flashed through her mind: The Maid swinging into the dock where the entire village of Tarnigan, in gala attire, waited to welcome Reval Bourne and his bride. Boom on the forward deck nearly pulling his accordion apart, in his rendering of the wedding march. The crowd on the wharf cheering, tossing their sombreros, shouting her name. This, at first, had made Denny self-conscious and suddenly fearful of the keen eyes of these Northern people who were welcoming her so enthusiastically as the wife of the man they all loved.

But, thanks to Bourne's easy, laughing response to the ovation, the reception proved to be less trying than she had anticipated.

There had been a wedding breakfast, a gay affair, with the Commander as a guest. The convincing manner in which Bourne had portrayed the happy bridegroom for the benefit of Tarnigan won Denny's gratitude and admiration. His comradely, humorous enjoyment of their masquerade when they were alone together gave her courage and confidence to play up to his lead in public. He was, to her surprise, so charming that she might have enjoyed every moment of their stay had not occasional pricks of conscience crept in to mar her pleasure.

As for Murray's desertion—she had been so busy making plans for exhibiting her good-looking husband in San Francisco that she'd had little time to dwell on the loss of her fiancé. Her chief concern now was that, with Bourne's cooperation, her pride was saved. For there was no doubt as to the impression of marital happiness Captain and Mrs. Reval Bourne would make on her circle of friends about home. And the best thing about it all was that Bourne's indifference to her made Denny certain that their masquerade might be ended any time she saw fit, without difficulty or heartache for either of them.

(To be continued)

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One Time—Minimum charge of 25c for 20 words or less. Over 20 words, 1/4c per word.
Two Times—Minimum charge of 40c for 20 words or less. Over 20 words 2c per word for the two times.
Three Times—Minimum charge of 50c for 20 words or less. Over 20 words 2 1/2c per word for the three times.
Cards of Thanks — 35c
Obituaries and verses — 1.00

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—\$150 living room suite for \$125; five burner oil stove for \$30; bedroom suite, \$35; kitchen cabinet, \$18; breakfast set, \$12; Axminster rug, 9x12, \$20; two-piece living room suite, \$35; Open evenings. Stucky & Company, 180-7t Monroe.

FOR SALE—Mattresses and springs. 50 Golden Rest springs. The world's most famous mattress and spring. Liberal trade in allowance for your old mattress or spring. Sprague Furniture Co. 152 S. Second St., Phone 199. 181-3t

FOR SALE—Kalamazoo stoves, ranges and furnaces. Factory prices, five-year written guarantee, one year to pay. Sprague Furniture Co., 152 S. Second St., Phone 199. 181-3t

FOR SALE—Used furniture, pianos; one 3-pc. mohair living room suite, like new; one 5-pc. dining room suite; one kitchen cabinet; one breakfast set; one leather davenport; one rocker. Three pieces. This merchandise will sell dirt cheap as we need the floor space. Sprague Furniture Co., 152 S. Second St., Phone 199. 181-3t

FOR SALE—Melons, peaches, plums and vegetables in season. Economy Fruit Market. Phone 1114. 181-3t

FOR SALE—Gladolias, 35c per dozen. Mrs. L. C. Helm, 328 North Fifth street. 181-3t

FOR SALE—4 wheel trailer, good condition at Al Schmitt used car lot, First st. 181-3x

FOR SALE—50 or more barred rock pullets, ready to lay. Floyd Smitley. Phone Monroe D-2. 1tx

MISCELLANEOUS

MISCELLANEOUS—Furniture repaired, upholstered or refinished at the Decatur Upholstering Shop, 145 S. Second St., Phone 420. Also used furniture. 167-30t

Fresh Potato Chips and assorted nuts daily at The Green Kettle. 170tf

NOTICE—Dr. S. M. Friedley, veterinarian. Located at R. N. Runyon and Sons Garage. Phone 772. 179-9tx

WANTED

WANTED—To rent small house. Riverside Garage, phone 741, between 8 a. m. and 5 p. m. 183-3tx

Horse Committee Purchases Filly

The Adams county horse committee has purchased a yearling filly, sorrel with white main and tale. This horse will be awarded to one of the county horsemen or friends of horse breeders on October 9 at Berne. It will be auctioned off for sale by the winner, who may buy him in, if he desires. The horse may be seen in the horse tent at the corner of First and Jackson streets. It was purchased from Lois and Marcel Beard, daughters of Clinton Beard of Union township.

DR. RAY STINGELY

DENTIST

Rooms 1 and 2, K. of C. Bldg. Phone 240
Office hours: 8 to 12 - 1 to 5
Office closed all day Wednesday.

N. A. BIXLER

OPTOMETRIST

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

WANTED

WANTED—Six room all-modern house. Trade or buy. Have six-room house, all modern except furnace, Fort Wayne. Box RFL, Democrat. 181-3tx

WANTED—Small farm north, up to 30 acres. Max Tarplee, Greens Fork, Indiana, R. No. 1. 181-3tx

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Sleeping rooms, 603 N. Seventh St. Phone 1149. 181-3t

NOTICE

My residence and office is now located at 430 North Fifth Street. 108-4t Dr. C. V. Connell.

FOR RENT—Good 6 room semi-modern house; basement; garage; also for sale, gas stove. Inquire 1127 W. Monroe St. 182-2t

FOR RENT—Four room modern furnished flat. Private entrance. Phone 79. 183-3t

EAST BUFFALO LIVESTOCK

East Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 4.—(U.P.)

Livestock—Hogs, 400; 10c to 25c higher; Good and choice 180-220 lbs., \$13.75; some held \$13.85; few 140-150 lbs., \$13.25; trucked in \$13.25-\$13.50; 250 lbs., average inside figure.

Cattle, 250; steady; moderately covered steers, \$10.50; common steers and heifers, \$8.10; low cutter and cutter cows, \$4.60-\$5.85; medium bulks, \$6.50.

Calves, 200; vealers weak to 50c lower; good and choice, \$11.50; plain and medium, \$10.50.

Sheep, 500; spring lambs, active, 25c higher; good and choice 70-75 lbs. ewes and wethers, \$11.50; medium and mixed grades including bucks, \$10.25-\$11; throwouts, \$9.75 down; fat ewes, \$4.75-\$5.25.

FORT WAYNE LIVESTOCK

Fort Wayne, Ind., Aug. 4.—(U.P.)

Livestock—Hogs, steady; 180-200 lbs., \$13.25; 160-180 lbs., \$13.15; 200-225 lbs., \$13.15; 225-250 lbs., \$13; 250-275 lbs., \$12.85; 275-300 lbs., \$12.60; 300-350 lbs., \$12.20; 150-160 lbs., \$12.60; 140-150 lbs., \$12.35; 130-140 lbs., \$11.85; 120-130 lbs., \$11.60; 100-120 lbs., \$11.35.

Roughs, \$10.75; stags, \$9.50.

Calves, \$11.50; lambs, \$10.50.

Troubled Drivers Warned

Milwaukee (U.P.)—Henry W. Osborne, an expert on traffic problems, warns motorists not to drive immediately after a fight with the mother-in-law, a hot political argument, or when troubled by business worries. "A worried man is too nervous to drive," Osborne explained.

Pastor Defies Nappers

Sydney (U.P.)—A present to any member of his congregation who can fall asleep during one of his services has been promised by the Rev. A. Norris, Methodist minister in a Sydney suburb. "Preaching has become too stereotyped and stolid," he explained. "My sermons deal with life. I believe in humor."

Tree Has Fruit, Blossoms

Adams, N. Y.—(U.P.)—An apple tree with blossoms on the north side and fruit on the south side is growing on the Thomas Shay farm near here. The tree is a Northern Spy.

WANTED

Rags, Magazines, Newspapers, Scrap Iron, Old Auto Radiators, Batteries, Copper, Brass, Aluminum, and all grades of scrap metals.