

Blonde Held in Murder Mystery



Lucille Buehler and attorney

Lucille Buehler, attractive blonde companion of Robert F. Burns when the latter was shot to death while strolling in a Chicago park, was held under bond when she refused to testify. Miss Buehler is shown here with her attorney, Arnold Harris, at the inquest.

School Acquires Homestead



The homestead of Benjamin Harrison, 23rd president of the United States, has been acquired by the Jordan Conservatory of Music of Indianapolis, and with the opening of the school year September 13 will be maintained as the Benjamin Harrison Memorial residence for women. Mrs. Mary Lord Harrison, widow of the former president, is honorary president of the conservatory, and the memorial which adjoins the conservatory campus on North Delaware street has been made possible through the courtesy and generosity of the Harrison heirs.

This lovely old home with its historical background is being reconditioned throughout and refurnished with many of the original pieces of furniture and equipment. Parlors, lounging rooms, study rooms and the President's personal library comprise the first floor, all of which will be turned over for the student's social and study needs. Large and commodious bedrooms on the second and third floors are being made available for dormitory purposes for women students.

PETERSON NEWS

visited with Mr. and Mrs. George Bright one day last week. Miss Fern Paswater was a supper guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Spade and son Ralph Thursday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coppess of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bright of Ohio Monroe were Sunday evening

Public Auction

52 — HEAD OF CATTLE — 52

At my farm 2 1/2 miles East of Decatur, Indiana, 1 mile South of Road No. 224.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1937

Commencing at 12:00 Noon

30 High Grade Guernsey Cows and Heifers; 1 Cow with calf by side; 2 will freshen by day of sale; 6 Cows on good flow of milk; 16 extra good Guernsey Heifers 2 yr. old freshen from day of sale to Feb. 1; 4 Spring Heifers; Guernsey Bull 18 mo. old, a good one. This is my entire herd of T. B. and Blood Tested Guernsey Cattle. Health certificate furnished with each animal. Will sell 22 mixed feeding cattle.

HORSES—Pair of Sorrel Gelding 3 & 4 yr. old, wt. 2800; Pair Grey Geldings coming 2, will make 3000 lb. pair; Grey Mare 3 yr. old, wt. 1200; Standard Bred Mare, 3 yr. old.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS—3 piece Jacquard Velour Living Room Suite; 3 beds and Springs; 3 Mattresses; Elec. Ironer; Elec. Cooker; Library Table; three 9x12 Axminster Augs, good ones; 4 Bridge Lamps; 2 Square Stands; 1 Round Stand; Porch Swing; Laundry Stove; 1/2 HP Elec. Motor new; 1/2 HP Elec. Motor used; Porcelain Sink.

TERMS—Cash.

FRED C. and MARIE AHR, Owners

Ray Johnson—Auctioneer
Irwin Dehman—Auctioneer
W. A. Lower—Clerk

guests of Mr. and Mrs. Haneel Foley. Mrs. Roll Houck spent a few days in Muncie. Mrs. Joe Drum of Fort Wayne visited with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. W. Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Abbott called on Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Abbott Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Willard McBride and son, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kel-

ley and daughter Helen. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Heller and son, called on Mr. and Mrs. Frank Spade Sunday. Henry Marshall spent a few days visiting in Marion. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Lechty and Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Neuenchwander at Pleasant Mills spent Saturday in Celina, Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breiner were Sunday afternoon guests of Mr.

and Mrs. Martin Fruchte. Mrs. Clara Ball called on Mrs. Wm. Johnson Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Ford Worthman and family were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Zimmerman Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Glen Straub and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Al Straub Sunday. Donald Seasengould spent Sunday with Henry Marshall.

"THE CAPTIVE BRIDE" by BARRETT WILLOUGHBY

CHAPTER L

"Harp, hand me that pen and a sheet of paper. . . Thanks. . . Here, Jack. Jot down the terms of the bet and we'll both sign." Rev showed the articles across the table. "Papers, eh?" Page laughed. "Aren't you the guy who told me once that rivermen didn't need anything in writing to make them keep their word?"

"Right. But you're the guy who told me that the verbal agreement between your dad and mine was not binding—because there was nothing in writing. Perhaps you recall the night—it was when you announced yourself a modern business man with a new code and a new idea of sportsmanship."

"Rot! But here goes—first man to the Wrangell clock wins. And no squawks; no alibis. That understood?"

Bourne assented a trifle grimly. "No squawks; no alibis. Put it in writing if you like."

Page wrote rapidly for a few minutes; and handed the paper over. Bourne read it through carefully and then signed his name.

A moment after Page's departure, Harp leaped to his feet to meet Bourne coming back from the front door. "Rev!" he burst out. "Have you gone crazy? You know Page is a sure-thing gambler, and yet you let him kid you into playing his game! Can't you see that what he came here for tonight? He deliberately heckled!"

Bourne interrupted him with a laugh. "There are times when you let your Scotch pessimism get the upper hand of you, Harp." He laid an affectionate hand on the foreman's shoulder. "Don't you know that any bet is a good bet if you win it?"

"You can't win against a stacked deck, Rev! And it looks like a stacked deck to me when Stebbins throws in with Page."

"Don't worry about that. From now on I'll keep three men on guard every minute aboard the *Maid*."

"But the river's in flood, skipper! Page knows where the new channels are and you don't."

"Flood or no flood, I can still read water, Harp. And remember this—no one has ever seen the *Maid* doing her best, except that night I took Doc down to Wrangell. She's a better ship than the *Wind*. I know, because I built her. And I'm a better white-water man than Page. Do you doubt that?"

"No. But—ye gods, Rev! Tears stood in Harp's eyes. Think what you've staked! Everything—everything—He choked, tried again to finish his thought, and failing, bolted from the room into the kitchen.

Bourne, almost as if he were just now aware of the extent of his bet, repeated considerably. "Yes, everything. The business Larry established. Lonewater, River House, The *Maid* and my smaller boats. If I do lose—!" Suddenly he turned to Denny. "What do you think about this, little dark child?"

"She sprang to her feet. 'I think you're a fool!' she flashed. 'But—I forgot, my dear. This really doesn't concern you now. Your objective is to get away to gain your legal freedom from me and to forget this crude river land and everything in it.'"

She realized he was quoting her. "Every word of that is true!" she cried angrily. "I have no interest whatever in Taruga. I really don't care whether you win or lose. Nevertheless, I think you're a fool. A complacent, egotistic, gambling fool!" And because tears rushed into her throat, preventing further speech, she walked hastily out into the hall and ran upstairs, unaware that he was smiling as if her show of emotion had pleased him.

When she gained her own quarters, she threw herself on her couch and cried. She didn't know why she cried, except that the end of the world seemed to have come.

It was some time before she became calm enough to be annoyed with herself. "What am I sniveling about?" she thought. "It's nothing to me if he loses everything. I'm beginning a new life—a lovely, civilized life."

She groped among the cushions to retrieve the letters she had tossed there, and, finding them, lay staring at the ceiling, trying to put her

mind on the pleasures Sylvia had depicted. The way lay serenely before her—the trip to France, new clothes, her reunion with her mother. And Murray! Murray, free again. She would soon be free also, and then they might take up their lives together where they had left off—if she wished.

She failed to work up any enthusiasm for this program. As for Murray, she could not imagine herself considering marriage with him now—or with any man. Not even Van, much as she had grown to like him. . . Her thoughts drifted back to the night after the break-up, when she had given Van his answer. She had been alone in the living room when he came in from attending an old squaw.

After talking about his patient for a few minutes, he turned to the table and, like a small boy testing a newly acquired skill, took up a paperknife with his right hand—that right hand so sensitive, so delicate, so powerful. He held the knife up between his thumb and the third and little finger. "Look! My grasp is getting firmer!" His eyes held a light Denny had never seen there before; a light, she knew, that no woman could ever inspire.

"Wonderful, Van. I'm awfully happy for you."

"It changes everything for me. Reopens my world. Makes me believe—in God," he added soberly. And, as if just remembering, he added, "Am I going to take you back with me into my world, Denny?"

She shook her head. "Let's be honest, Van. I know you haven't given me a thought since you found you could use your hand. I, in turn, had forgotten that you asked me to marry you until just this minute. What happened last night before the break-up—I'm sure was merely the result of our long, monotonous winter and—"

"But Denny, I love you. I couldn't have lived through those terrible months without you. I—"

"That's it. I filled a need. But if I had not been here, you would have felt the same about any other congenial woman who happened to be thrown with you, Van. Your profession will always mean more to you than the love of any woman. And that's all it should be."

"Denny—don't."

"But it's true. And I feel, somehow, that because of this trial, you'll go farther in your profession than would have been possible otherwise." She put a hand on each of his arms and stood looking up at him, unaware that her green eyes were very soft under the tumbled darkness of her hair, and that her smile had in it the same melting quality that had made every man her father's friend. "But before we go our separate ways, Van, I want to tell you that your friendship—the first real friendship I've ever known with a man—has been very comforting, very sweet."

His gaze held hers in a long look, as if he were allowing her words to echo through his heart. Then he cupped the oval of her upraised face between his hands. "Denny, you are—the most understanding woman I've ever known."

Recalling that scene, now a week in the past, she felt again the flow of freedom and satisfaction that had been hers at the time. For once in her life she had acted exactly as she felt, straightforwardly and without pretense. It was as if heavy clouds had parted a little above her, letting down a broad shaft of light.

"Why can't I be that way with Revelry Bourne?" she wondered. She rose and moved over to the open window, and with her arms on the sill, looked east and west across the night—the strange light night of northern May. She remembered what Bourne had said the night of the break-up. "She will always hold you after this—the *Sink*. No matter where you go, you will long to come back to her."

She was mentally contradicting him when she heard him come upstairs and enter his room. He moved about humming "Malbrouc Has Gone to the Fight." His thoughts must be pleasant. Obviously they were not of her. Her imminent departure, which he had so large in his mind, of course meant little to him. And then it occurred to her that he might have forgotten that she was leaving tomorrow on the *Maid*. Perhaps the crazy bet he had

made with Page had put it out of his mind. Should she refresh his memory and make sure he would raise no objection when she went aboard in the morning? She squared her shoulders determinedly and marching to the door, knocked.

Bourne's humming ceased with an abruptness that connoted startled disbelief. She knocked again. "Denny? Is it you?"

"Yes, Captain. I wish to speak to you."

"Just a minute." When she heard his tap, she opened the door and stood on the threshold, conscious of his eyes that leaped to hers in a look so compelling, so radiantly expectant, that she was confused for a moment. He had on a lounging robe of cobalt blue broadcloth that made him appear very blond and tall.

She forced herself to speak briskly. "I wanted to make sure you understood that I'm leaving on the *Maid* tomorrow."

"Oh! A gray veil seemed to come down over his eyes. 'But tomorrow, Denny, I'll be racing. I can't take you with me when I'm sure to encounter hazards, to be taking chances—'

"Not any such chances as you took the night we rushed Van down to the hospital."

"Not precisely the same, of course. But there'll be new bars, sweepers, hundreds of other things. Furthermore, in this race there are likely to be other hazards not strictly of the water. If you would wait a week, Denny—"

"Have you forgotten that you promised to make everything easy for me after the break-up?"

"No. I'll keep that promise when this race is over. But—" After a moment's consideration he continued decisively. "Look here. Tomorrow I must be free to take whatever chances I think necessary to win this race. With you aboard I can't do that. For this reason I ask you to wait until the next trip of the *Maid*. Will you?" He scanned her face intently.

This hint of further delay only increased Denny's determination to leave at once. If he wouldn't take her—well, there was Jack Page. "All right, Captain. If you feel that way about it, I shall not handicap you by going down on the *Maid*."

The line of his eyes narrowed and he gave her an odd, comprehending smile. "You are always consistent in your resistance of me, White Water. Well, I capitulate. Harp will take your baggage down early to the *Stibine Maid*. In this race, I'd rather have you with me than with Jack."

"Oh! Then you'll really let me go with you?"

"I'll make it a little stronger than that, Denny. I'll grinn and grin and for some reason she felt as if it were he, instead of herself, who had just won a point. "I'll be glad to have you go with me."

She wondered suspiciously what he meant by that. Then she realized that the incident was finished and it was time to say good night. Yet neither of them said it. They stood speechless, looking into each other's eyes as if each waited for the other to say something further.

She was suddenly very conscious of his figure not three feet from her. She tried to break the embarrassing silence; but it grew winged out coherent thought, until it seemed to throb about her with a magnetic fervor; expanding in waves that washed over him; over her. There came a confused instant when she was sure they were swimming toward each other in a warm, sensuous mist. Then she jerked herself together. No. He had not moved. Nor had she. But her heart was beating faster.

"Good night, Reval," she said hastily. "Good night, Denise." Quickly she closed the door and, with an odd feeling of frustration, stood staring at the blank panels. "Darn him!" she whispered, with a noiseless stamp of her foot. "Darn him—the blond devil!"

She felt as if she had been on the edge of some intense and beautiful experience—and it had not happened.

(To be continued)

Copyright by Barrett Willoughby. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Classified, Business Cards, Notices

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—Two new type Fordson tractors; Two 10-20 McCormick Deering; John Deere tractor; Two McCormick Corn Pickers; Team work horses. See the new Oliver Corn Pickers and Tractors on display, Craigville Garage. 200 5t.

FOR SALE—50 barred rock, 50 New Hampshire Red pullets, 25c lb. Rudolph Koenean, Monroeville, route two, 1 1/2 mile north of Hoagland. 203 3t-x.

SPECIAL—Buy your melons at 1103 Elm St. Call 7561. Free Delivery. 203t2x.

FOR SALE—4 used Kerosene Ranges; 3 gasoline stoves; 4 hole laundry stove; coal range; used Washers. Decatur Hatchery. 204t3.

FOR SALE—Two wheel trailer in A-1 condition. H. E. Rupert, Monroe, Indiana. 204-k3tx.

WATCH OUR WINDOWS for the very latest styles in furniture, rugs, and lamps. All selling at prices you can afford to pay. Sprague Furniture Co. 152 S. Second St., Phone 199. 202 3t.

FOR SALE—Used dining room suite, like new. 3-pc. used living room suite, in A-1 condition. 4 used pianos in A-1 condition. No reasonable offer will be refused. We need the floor space. SPRAGUE FURNITURE CO., 152 S. 2nd St. Phone 199. 202 3t.

NOTICE

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

COURT HOUSE

Claims Filed

A claim was transferred to the court docket, filed by Myrtle Brown against the estate of John Chronister. It was for services alleged rendered the deceased for care of himself and home and amounted to \$50.

Marriage Licenses

Marion Poland, 22, Wooster, Ohio garageman to Alberta Shult, 22. Robert E. McCormick, 24, Landon, Ky., to Henrietta Dunlap, 21, Decatur route three.

"Here the King Knelt"

London (U.P.)—The part of the carpet in the Sanctuary at Westminster Abbey where the throne stood and King George knelt at the Coronation ceremony has been bought off Winchester Cathedral Sanctuary.

Appointment of Executor

Notice is hereby given, That the undersigned has been appointed Executor of the Estate of August Walter, late of Adams County, deceased. The Estate is probably solvent. J. Fred Fruchte, Executor. Filed L. Litterer, Atty. Aug. 26, 1937 Aug. 21-28 Sept. 4

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS OF WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP

Notice is hereby given that the trustee and advisory board at their regular meeting to be held at Trust Office in Decatur, Indiana, September 7, 1937 at 7:30 P. M. will consider additional appropriation of \$200.00 in Township Fund for legal advertising and records and \$250.00 in Special School Fund for transportation of school children and school supplies. John M. Doan, Trustee Aug. 21-28

NOTICE

I will start my cider mill Tuesday, August 24 and will make cider thereafter every Tuesday and Thursday until further notice. Factory is located North Third st. PETER KIRSCH

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

By SEGAR

THIMBLE THEATER



MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

Brady's Market for Decatur, Hoagland and Willsboro. Closed at 12 Noon.

Corrected August 28.

No commission and no yardage. Veals received every day.

100 to 200 lbs.	9.00
120 to 140 lbs.	8.50
140 to 160 lbs.	8.25
160 to 180 lbs.	8.00
180 to 200 lbs.	7.75
200 to 220 lbs.	7.50
220 to 240 lbs.	7.25
240 to 260 lbs.	7.00
260 to 280 lbs.	6.75
280 to 300 lbs.	6.50
300 to 320 lbs.	6.25
320 to 340 lbs.	6.00
340 to 360 lbs.	5.75
360 to 380 lbs.	5.50
380 to 400 lbs.	5.25
400 to 420 lbs.	5.00
420 to 440 lbs.	4.75
440 to 460 lbs.	4.50
460 to 480 lbs.	4.25
480 to 500 lbs.	4.00

FORT WAYNE LIVESTOCK

Hogs: steady to 10c lower.	
200 to 225 pounds	11.40
225 to 250 pounds	11.20
250 to 275 pounds	11.00
275 to 300 pounds	10.75
300 to 325 pounds	10.50
325 to 350 pounds	10.25
350 to 375 pounds	10.00
375 to 400 pounds	9.75
400 to 425 pounds	9.50
425 to 450 pounds	9.25
450 to 475 pounds	9.00
475 to 500 pounds	8.75
500 to 525 pounds	8.50
525 to 550 pounds	8.25
550 to 575 pounds	8.00
575 to 600 pounds	7.75
600 to 625 pounds	7.50
625 to 650 pounds	7.25
650 to 675 pounds	7.00
675 to 700 pounds	6.75
700 to 725 pounds	6.50
725 to 750 pounds	6.25
750 to 775 pounds	6.00
775 to 800 pounds	5.75
800 to 825 pounds	5.50
825 to 850 pounds	5.25
850 to 875 pounds	5.00
875 to 900 pounds	4.75
900 to 925 pounds	4.50
925 to 950 pounds	4.25
950 to 975 pounds	4.00
975 to 1000 pounds	3.75

LOCAL GRAIN MARKET

BURK ELEVATOR CO.

Corrected August 28.

No. 1 Wheat, 60 lbs. or better	1.30
No. 2 Wheat, etc.	1.25
New No. 2 Oats	1.20
Soy Beans, No. 2 Yellow	1.00
New No. 4 Yellow Corn	1.40
Rye	1.75

CENTRAL SOYA CO.

Soy Beans, No. 2 Yellow. 1.00

PREFRE NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Forest Elzey and daughter Charlotte of Decatur were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Elzey.

Mrs. Frank Fugate and daughter Blanche spent Friday evening visiting with Mrs. John Kirchner and daughters.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tetters and daughters of Geneva visited with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sullivan and daughter Peggy, Saturday.

George Mulligan and Mac of Los Angeles, Calif., friends of Clyde Elzey called on Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Elzey.

Mrs. Richard Arnold of Fort Wayne spent several days visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Werling.

Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Grandstaff visited with Mr. and Mrs. Grandstaff and children Monday evening.

Mrs. Joe Drum of Bluffton is spending several days with Mrs. Milton Hoffman and daughters.

Irene, Lorrie and Erma Kirchner spent Wednesday evening visiting with Mildred and Irene Beebe. Maxine Bower of Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Crist Sheets of Wayne are spending several days visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Do.

Mrs. Samuel Smith and son visited with Mr. and Mrs. Simon of Peterson, Tuesday.

Mariam Hoffman is spending several days in Bluffton, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Sauer.