

# COURT HOUSE

**Guardian Sought**  
A suit for the appointment of a guardian has been filed by Marie Number, Edna Deam and Will Grim Summons were issued, returnable September 16.

**Support Asked**  
A suit for the payment of support has been filed by Bertha L. Fuhrman against Harry H. Fuhrman. Summons were issued, returnable

**LEGAL NOTICE OF PUBLIC HEARING FORM NO. 100**  
Notice is hereby given that the Local Alcoholic Beverage Board of Adams County, Indiana, will, at 9:00 A. M. on the 9th day of September 1937, at the County Commissioner's Room in Auditor's Office, Court House in the City of Decatur, Indiana, begin investigation of the application of the following named persons, requesting the issue to the applicant, at the location hereinafter designated and will, at said time and place, receive information concerning the fitness of said applicant, and the propriety of issuing the Permit applied for to such applicant at the premises named:  
Charles F. Brown, 30929, (Jefferson Lane), 129 N. Jefferson St., Berne—Beer Retailer.  
Said investigation will be open to the public, and public participation is requested.  
Alcoholic Beverage Commission of Indiana By John F. Noonan.  
HUGH A. BARNHART  
Excise Administrator  
Aug. 26-Sept. 2

**NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS OF ADDITIONAL APPROPRIATIONS**  
Notice is hereby given that the Board of St. Mary's Township, Indiana, that the proper legal officers of said township will meet at the trustees office at his residence, Tuesday, September 7, 1937, at 7:30 P. M. to consider the following additional appropriations, and if an extraordinary emergency exists therefore, will make appropriations, therefore:  
Special School Fund No. 24.....\$125.00  
Special School Fund No. 25.....200.00  
Special School Fund No. 26.....75.00  
Tuition Fund No. 26.....750.00  
Ben McCullough, Trustee  
St. Mary's Township.  
Advisory Board Members:  
Samuel C. Cotter, Secretary  
Otis E. Shifferly  
Sherman Archer.  
Aug. 26 Sept. 2

**SALE CALENDAR**  
**Roy S. Johnson**  
Auctioneer  
Decatur, Ind.  
Claim your sale date early as I am booking sales every day.

Sept. 11—Mrs. Lillie Hill, 1 mile South on Mud Pike then 1/2 mile East, 48 acre farm.  
Sept. 13 — Ball Bros., Muncie, Ind.—Registered Belgian Horses.  
Sept. 14—Ray Berly and Ralph Freels, 4 miles North of Bluffton on No. 116, closing out sale.  
Sept. 15 — Stillman Goff, Rockville, Ind., Hogs and Cattle.  
Sept. 16—Fred C. Myers, 5 mile South, 1/2 mile East Pleasant Mills General Farm Sale.  
BOOK YOUR SALE EARLY  
**ROY S. JOHNSON**  
Decatur, Ind.  
Trust Company Building  
Phone 104 Phone 1022.

# Public Auction

I will sell at Public Auction at my residence in Pleasant Mills, on Highway 527,

**SATURDAY, SEPT. 4, 1937**  
at 1 o'clock; the following described property:

**28 STOVES**  
Consisting of Circulators, Ranges, Laundry, and Heating Stoves. These stoves are all in good condition.

**HOUSEHOLD GOODS**  
2-piece Velour Living Room Suite; new upholstered lounge; Dining Room Tables and chairs; Buffets; Dressers; Baby Crib; Kitchen Chairs and Tables.

1 - 12 Gauge Shot Gun, good; 1 - 16 Gauge Shot Gun, good. A line of New Hardware.

**FARMING IMPLEMENTS** — Double Disc, good shape; Mowing Machine; 2 Breaking Plows; 1 set Fairbanks Scales.

Also one Jewett Automobile in Good shape.

One Model A, 30 Ford Coupe, a Good one.

TERMS—CASH.

**BRYCE DANIELS**

Auctioneer—Jack Brunton.

**Divorce Wanted**  
A suit to divorce has been filed by Barbara Habegger against Robert Habegger. Grounds for divorce are alleged as cruel and inhuman treatment, desertion and failure to support. The complaint alleges that the defendant threw a hammer and automobile crank at her, that he stated he married her only because she had a 40-acre farm, that he said he hoped she would die, that he accused her falsely of associating with other men, that he worked in a factory and came home dirty and went to bed without removing his clothes or shoes, that he refused to take a bath for periods of several weeks and that he threatened to shoot herself and their two children. An affidavit for a restraining order was filed, submitted and sustained. A notice of an application for allowance order was filed.

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

1. Name the most famous of Dante's works.
2. What are the regions surrounding the South Pole called?
3. Name the largest of the antitropical apes, that inhabit forest regions of West Africa.
4. Who was Thomas Gray?
5. Is a pair of twins two or four children?
6. What is the introductory music of an opera called?
7. What is the biblical name for Egypt?
8. Name the capital of Kentucky.
9. What great war occurred in 1870-71?
10. What does pomiform mean?

Fred Reppert was a business visitor at Columbus, Ohio, today.

**STOCKHOLDERS MEETING**  
Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Citizens Telephone Company of Decatur, Indiana will be held at the office of the secretary of said company, in the city of Decatur, Indiana, on

Thursday, September 9, 1937, at seven o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing five directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be properly brought before said meeting.  
Herman F. Ehinger, Sec'y

**Highest Cash Price Paid for:**

All kinds of Scrap Iron, Copper, Brass, Aluminum, Rags, Newspapers, Magazines and Hides, Wool and Pelts.

**Decatur Iron & Metal Co.**  
South Third St. at Haugk Coal Yard and Decatur Produce Co.  
Phone 660

## Gridiron Gets Flood Lights

Bozeman, Mont. — (U.P.) — Flood lighting equipment is being installed at Gatton field of Montana state college, Bozeman, and will be ready for the opening of the 1937 season. All freshman games will be played under lights this fall, and it is possible that one regular college game will be played at night.

## Junk Becoming Scarcer

Wilson, N. C. — (U.P.) — Louis Arner, local junk dealer and one of the largest dealers in North Carolina, believes that the supply of junk in this state is virtually exhausted. Arner, who has seen carload after carload of scrap metal head from his yards to port terminals; believed the demand has exhausted the supply.

## Old Indian Fighter Reburied

Port Oxford, Ore. — (U.P.) — Ralph E. Summers, one of nine men who engaged a band of Indians in the battle of Battle Rock in 1851, has for many years been buried in a lonely grave in the Curry hills. Now the Port Oxford Chamber of Commerce has reinterred the bones, and buried them in a crypt carved out of the stone atop the rock.

# "THE CAPTIVE BRIDE"

by BARRETT WILLOUGHBY

## CHAPTER LIV

"Well, Miss Denise, we'll certainly miss you this summer," Harp said, after a constrained silence.

"But you'll have Rio." She wondered why she said that.

"Oh, yes, Rio." He spoke without enthusiasm.

"She's really not so bad, I guess," Harp went on. "Last night, now, we had sort of a heart-to-heart talk."

Denny heard him only vaguely. She was straining every sense for the sound of footsteps in the hall, hoping, even in her hopelessness, that Bourne might come to say good-by.

Harp was droning on. "Said she used to think she had to be out every night, eating dinners, drinking and dancing, in order to have a good time. But now—well, she's decided she wants a home and a man of her own. A domestic lay-out, sort of."

Denny started, suddenly alert to what Harp was saying. His words, coupled with his peculiar behavior, brought a wild notion that he might be trying to tell her that Rio had decided to go in for River House and Revelry Bourne, and he didn't quite know how to break the news.

"Yes, Harp," she said, steeling herself for the blow.

"She figures on making herself into the kind of woman he likes. And she's so sure she can do it that she's staking what's left of her bank roll on going out to hunt with him this fall and being so darned nice and—sort of romantic and regular that he'll—well, he'll really fall for her and—Oh well! You know what I mean, Miss Denise."

"Good heavens!" Denny jumped up and placed herself before him. "I don't know what you mean! He's whom are you talking about?"

"This guy, Porter Hammett. She's going for him in a big way. Aims to marry him and stick to him, all respectable and stuff like that."

Denny drew a long, quivering breath of comprehension; then broke into a hysterical laugh. "Harp! You idiot! You blundering, darling, blessed old idiot! Why didn't you say so in the first place!"

The whistle of the liner, long and deep and low, reverberated through the village. Denny, and her heart seemed to drop through endless space. She could hear the tourists in the street below hurrying back to the ship. Bourne was not coming. He was going to let her go aboard without even saying good-by.

She was scarcely aware that Harp was on his feet. "Well, Miss Denise, I guess I'll trot along. You'll be wanting to get your knick-knacks ready to go down to the boat."

Still he did not say good-by. He stood looking at her as if he wanted to tell her something, but didn't quite dare. She forced her attention back to him.

"Miss Denise—I'm just going to tell you this, although the skipper didn't want you to know—didn't want to make you feel bad just when you were going off for a holiday. But—that's why he's late getting here. Been firing telegrams to Tarnigan ever since the *Maid* docked, trying to get the truth of it. Miss Denise—River House burned down this morning—after we left."

A pricking chill swept over Denny. "River House—burned? Oh, no, Harp! I can't believe it! I won't believe it! You must be mistaken."

"It's true," Harp's chin was quivering. "The Commander wired Rev. River House is gone. River—she must have dropped one of her confounded burning cigarettes in her room just before we all came down to the *Maid* this morning. When they went back—the whole upper story was in flames."

Denny stood rigid, her wide, stricken eyes filled with her last vision of River House on its terrace—the sturdy log walls, the sweep of the green roof, the dormer windows bathed in the flush of the rising sun. Vaguely she heard Harp telling her details. "I formed a bucket brigade. And saved the portraits of Larry Keith and your mother. And the old piano and silver. That's all."

Presently, through her daze, she became aware that he was patting her shoulder in silent sympathy.

He was holding out his small, muscular hand. "I got to go now, Miss."

She took his fingers mechanically, looking up at him. "Good-by, Harp. You've been wonderfully kind to me—always."

"Good-by... and God bless you, Miss Denise."

She was alone. The room was very still; so still she could hear the faint ticking of her wrist watch. "River House—gone." The words kept ringing through her mind.

River House, into the building of which had been woven all the love and hope of her father's life. She had felt that from the first moment she stepped across its threshold ten months ago. Felt his silent welcome in its spacious rooms; felt his spirit all about it, through it. Under its broad, protecting roof she had known the most intense, soul-stirring months of her life—the only period of her existence, it seemed to her, during which she had really lived. And in the very hour when she came to realize how much she loved it, fire had wiped it out; reduced it to ashes—the only connecting link with the warm, bright spirit of the man who was her father...

But—was it really the only link? She drew herself up suddenly, her eyes seeing the sweep of the Stikine flowing down past Tarnigan. It rises in dreams and flows straight through a man's heart, Denny darling. He had told her that before her baby lips could form the word Stikine. And it was still flowing—his protean, magic river that had held him and held all his life. It was a link so alive, so powerful, that nothing could destroy it.

She knew, now that he had summoned her north, hoping it might win her also. And it had. Despite Sybil's taunts, despite her own self. And it had molded her destiny from that first summer night in the grove when, under its spell, she had gone into Revelry Bourne's arms.

"It rises in dreams and flows straight through my heart," she thought sadly. "But when I want to stay—it lets me go—just as Revelry Bourne is letting me go."

The sound of the steamer's fifteen-minute whistle brought her sharply back to the present. Only a quarter of an hour before she sailed. It was useless to wait longer. He was not coming. She might as well call the office and ask for a boy to carry her bags down to the dock.

She put on her hat and was crossing to the wall telephone when hurried steps came down the hall. There was a quick rap at her door. "Come on," she called.

Bourne entered, his eyes seeking hers. He smiled—a charming, friendly smile. Nothing more. "Good! he said briskly. "You're all ready to go. But we have plenty of time, Denise."

Plenty of time—fifteen minutes—and she would be gone out of his life forever. She commanded her pride and returned his smile. "Oh, yes. Plenty of time," she repeated. "Before I forget, I must congratulate you on winning the race, Captain. You were wonderful—ruthless, cruel—but wonderful."

"It wasn't a bad race. Still—" he grinned—"you must remember that the commonplaces of Stikine navigation have a way of looking like heroics to outsiders."

"But you always win in the end, don't you?"

"Not always. This was the closest call I ever had in my life. I was totally unprepared for that wrecked engine."

"Revelry," she said impulsively. "Tell me—why did you jeopardize everything you owned in a race with a man like Page?"

It was a moment before he answered. "I admit, it did look like an insane gesture on the surface. But you see, it was my last, desperate play to win something infinitely greater than the apparent issue. My last play to win the greatest stake in the world."

"And did you win it?"

"I'm not quite sure, yet. All my life I've been taking chances with White Water—and winning, until you came along. Then—well, I ran up against a bit that rather had me beat." He gave her a long look. "Denny, tell me—did I win to-day?"

She felt the blood leaving her

body and rushing back again. White Water—that's what he had called her. Suddenly all his seemingly unrelated and puzzling actions since their marriage came together forming a pattern. Yet she couldn't quite believe what this implied.

"Did you go into this race thinking—that if I saw everything in danger of being snatched away from the Keiths and the Bournes, I'd wake up to the fact that my heart is—in the North?"

"Something like that."

Denny stood looking at the slim riverman before her—insolet and powerful and sure of himself; his dark-gold hair sweeping back from his face; his eyes that could change like water under the wind; his bold nose that just escaped being predatory; his lips that held kindness and a hint of cruelty. He was ugly. He was beautiful. He was the Stikine with all its wild charm, its ruthlessness, its bounty. He was something that made life full and marvelous and intense.

"You—you gambler," she said gently. "You've been a brute to me."

"Yes, but it was the only way—with you." His eyes had grown tender with the poignant blue light she had been trying to place for so long. But she placed it now. It was thus he had looked down at Tongass, after he had felled him with a blow from his own hand. And Harp had defended him against Rio: "It isn't every man who has the courage to be a brute to the things he loves—when he knows it's necessary."

She lifted her chin and laughed without rancor. "Can it be that there's truth in the saying, 'A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree—'"

"Mrs. Bourne! The hotel proprietor's urgent call and his pounding on the door checked her. "You'll have to hurry to catch your boat. Give me your baggage and I'll take it down."

"Never mind, thank you," she called back. "I'll attend to it myself."

Bourne snatched up her bags. "Come along, Denny. We'll finish this talk on the steamer. I'm going with you as far as Ketchikan."

"No," she said decisively. His face fell. She whipped off her hat and sent it sailing gaily toward the bed. "I'm not going even as far as Ketchikan. I'm going back home—with you."

He dropped her bags with a thump and took an eager step toward her; then stopped. "Home," he repeated, with sudden gravity. Denny, you'll have to know. River House is—"

"Yes, I know. Harp told me. But it will still be home. I'll live in a shack—in a tent—any old place this summer, while a Keith and a Bourne rebuild River House—together."

"Denny! You mean it? You mean that our—our channel is clear at last?"

"All clear, except—" she hesitated—"except for one thing, Revelry. Your 'ideal woman'—the woman whose picture you carry in your breast pocket. She—"

He was already pressing the photograph folder into her hands. "Open it, little dark child."

She did so.

On one side was the picture of a tiny girl, aged five, a pup in her arms and one pantie leg hanging down. On the other, a snapshot Harp had taken—a girl with blowing hair standing on the sun deck of the *Stikine Maid*.

A fierce, sweet glow of comprehension swam through her.

"It was me!" she exclaimed in ungrammatical wonder, looking up at him. "Me? All the time?"

"You—always." His voice was not quite steady. "Tell me, now, White Water, do I win—the greatest stake in the world?"

She stood gazing at him, unmindful of Tongass, imperatively pawing the closed door for admittance; unmindful of the farewell whistle across the bay. "You won," she replied slowly, remembering, voicing the truth she had been putting from her for the past ten months, "you won—that first night in the grove by the river."

THE END

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## Classified, Business Cards, Notices

**One Time—Minimum charge of 25c for 20 words or less. Over 20 words, 1 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—Horses, several good young mares and geldings. McCormick-Deering store, Decatur. 20613

FOR SALE—By owner. Five room semi-modern home. Reasonably priced. Phone 1059. 207K3tx

FOR SALE—My beautiful \$650 player piano and rolls for \$49.60 before moving. \$5 a month to responsible party. Write me today and I will tell you where my player piano may be seen. Write Mrs. Mary Schultz, route 5, Box 229-A, Waukesha, Wisconsin. 207-21x

FOR SALE—Sweet mango, 4 for 5c; egg plant, 5c each; yellow wax beans, 5c lb.; lima beans, unhulled, 5c lb.; Friday, Sept. 3, Decatur Riverside Sales. 1tx

FOR SALE—By owner: 8-room modern house in Decatur. Good location. Reasonably priced. Phone 1161. 208-31x

FOR SALE—Household furniture, including Renown heating stove, Round Oak kitchen range. Private sale—Friday and Saturday. Grayton Hill, 1127 Patterson Street. 208-21x

FOR SALE—Furniture, rugs and pianos. 20% off on all furniture, rugs, mattresses, and bed springs sold during the month of September. Large stock to select from. Trade at the Sprague Furniture Co. and save money as thousands of others have. Sprague Furniture Co., 152 S. Second St., Decatur, Ind. Phone 199. 208-31

FOR SALE—10-gal. Coco Cola kegs. Green Kettle. 207-31

SPECIALS for Used Furniture—Oil stoves, \$3; 3-piece living room suite, like new; used beds. Stucky and Company, Monroe. 208-71

**TODAY'S COMMON ERROR**  
Never say, "I made a deal to exchange my piano for a harp," say, "made an arrangement."

**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

**SPECIAL USED CAR BARGAINS**  
Prices Greatly Reduced in Ford Nation-wide Used Car Clearance Sale.

1936 Ford Tudor, A-1, good rubber, heater & defroster \$439.00  
1936 Ford Tudor, gunmetal paint like new, Ford heater — \$425.00  
1934 Pontiac Tudor — Exceptionally clean; Tires like new — \$365.00  
1935 Chevrolet Standard Tudor. See this car. — \$418.00  
1933 Plymouth Tudor, Last series; thoroughly reconditioned — \$275.00  
1933 Ford Delux Tudor, new paint job, in good running order — \$249.00  
1929 (4) Fords, Roadsters and Tudors — \$37.00 each  
Visit our used car lot before you buy. All cars over \$100.00 are Reconditioned and guaranteed. Low finance rates.

**AL. D. SCHMITT**  
MOTOR SALES  
South 1st st. Decatur, Ind.

**NOTICE**  
My residence and office is now located at 430 North Fifth Street. 108-14t Dr. C. V. Connell.

**CARD OF THANKS**  
In this manner we desire to thank our many friends, relatives and neighbors for their kind words of sympathy, favors extended and their floral offerings at the death of Bernard T. Terver.

Mrs. Frances Terver and Children  
Miss Mayme Terver  
Mrs. W. C. Holthouser,  
Mrs. Anna Vogeleweide,  
Mrs. C. R. Uhl,  
Mrs. W. J. Dowling.

**Don't Dread Wash Day—**

**Voss**

**WASHERS**

—will do the work speedily and with but little effort. The many features found only in Voss makes laundering on hot days a pleasure.

Investigate today! Come in and let us explain the many quality features of this splendid washer.

**AL. D. SCHMITT**  
MOTOR SALES  
South 1st st. Decatur, Ind.

**By SEGAR**

THIS AIN'T NO TIME TO BE SEDIMENTAL—IF I GOT TO FIND OUT IF HE DONE IT—I'LL GO AFT THE JEEP

PALS TO THE LAST DITCH AIN'T WE, JEEP?

ROCKY: BYE, JEEP! YUP IN A TREE TOPS

JEEP! JEEP!

THE END

## MARKET REPORTS

**DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS**  
Brady's Market for Decatur, Br. Craigville, Hoagland and Wilkes. Closed at 12 Noon.  
Corrected September 2

No commission and no yardage. Veals received every day.

100 to 120 lbs.  
120 to 140 lbs.  
140 to 160 lbs.  
160 to 180 lbs.  
180 to 230 lbs.  
230 to 250 lbs.  
250 to 275 lbs.  
275 to 300 lbs.  
300 to 350 lbs.  
350 lbs., and up.  
Roughs  
Stags  
Vealers  
Spring lambs  
Spring buck lambs  
Yearling lambs

**CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSE**

Sept. Oct. Dec. 1937  
Wheat \$1.05% 1.07% 1.10%  
Corn .95% .99% .92%  
Oats .30 .31 .32

**Cleveland, Produce**  
Cleveland, Sept. 2—(U.P.)—duce: Butter; steady; extra standard 36 1/2  
Eggs: steady; extra grade 24 1/2  
Live poultry: steady; heavy 25  
Potatoes: new Jersey \$1.15; lb sack; Ohio new Cobblers \$1.25 100 lb. bag; Idaho baked 2.25; rede 1.65-1.75; Calumet whites \$2.50 100 lb. bag; New state whites \$1.45-1.60 100 lb.

**EAST BUFFALO LIVESTOCK**  
Hogs: 300; steady; 170-200; trucked \$11.60-11.75; 200-225; holding food and 180-200 railrun above \$12  
Cattle: 300; steady to weak; plain steers and heifers \$11; cutters lots down to \$6; fat cows \$6.25; low cutter and fat cows \$4.35-5.50  
Calves: 100; vealers 25; high good and choice \$13-15; and medium \$12  
Sheep: 400; spring lambs scarce; slow; good and choice \$11.25; medium and mixed \$9.50-10.50; throwouts \$9 down  
**FORT WAYNE LIVESTOCK**  
Hogs: steady; 200-225; \$11.25; 225-250 lbs. \$11.15; 250-275 lbs. \$10.95; 275-300 lbs. \$10.75; 300-350 lbs. \$10.55; 350-400 lbs. \$10.35; 400-450 lbs. \$10.15; 450-500 lbs. \$9.95; 500-550 lbs. \$9.75; 550-600 lbs. \$9.55; 600-650 lbs. \$9.35; 650-700 lbs. \$9.15  
Roughs \$9.50; stags \$8.25  
Calves \$11.50; Lambs \$11.50  
**INDIANAPOLIS LIVESTOCK**  
Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 2—Livestock:  
Hog receipts, 5,000; holding 230; market generally slow; bulk 160-180 lbs. \$11.30; 180-200 lbs. \$11.40; 200-225 lbs. \$11.50; 225-250 lbs. \$11.60; 250-275 lbs. \$11.70; 275-300 lbs. \$11.80; 300-350 lbs. \$11.90; 350-400 lbs. \$12.00; 400-450 lbs. \$12.10; 450-500 lbs. \$12.20; 500-550 lbs. \$12.30; 550-600 lbs. \$12.40; 600-650 lbs. \$12.50; 650-700 lbs. \$12.60; 700-750 lbs. \$12.70; 750-800 lbs. \$12.80; 800-850 lbs. \$12.90; 850-900 lbs. \$13.00; 900-950 lbs. \$13.10; 950-1,000 lbs. \$13.20  
Cattle, receipts, 1,000; holding 230; market generally slow; bulk 160-180 lbs. \$11.30; 180-200 lbs. \$11.40; 200-225 lbs. \$11.50; 225-250 lbs. \$11.60; 250-275 lbs. \$1