

COMMISSIONER'S CLAIMS

ALLOWED JULY 5, 1938.

MISCELLANEOUS

Wayne P. Co. off. hp. \$ 369.50	City of Decatur, It. pw. 184.40	Citizens Tele. Co. tel. 75.00	Fern E. Blerly, dep. hie. 75.00	Bernice Dubach, clk. hie. 50.00	G. Remy Blerly, registra. 125.00	Muhaupt P. Co. ck. ex. 14.00	G. Remy Blerly, 2.00	G. Remy Blerly, 2.00	Kiker & Co., do. 3.25	Mary Cowan, dep. hie. 75.00	Mary K. Tyndall, clk. hie. 75.00	John W. Tyndall, postage. 10.69	Alice Lenhart, dep. hie. 75.00	Jeff Leachy, 6% fees. 148.07	John W. Tyndall, clk. hie. 75.00	Bernice Dubach, clk. hie. 50.00	Leo P. Gillig, dep. hie. 100.00	Dallas Brown, postage. 5.00	Dallas Brown, trav. exp. 21.19	Dallas Brown, mileage. 100.00	Dallas Brown, bd. of pris. 35.20	Drick-Tyndall Co., dict. ex. 54.00	Gerhart Schwartz, do. 4.20	Junior Gehpart, do. 32.00	Tan Kacher, do. 14.00	Lawrence Baumgartner, do. 40.00	Frank Suank, do. 1.75	Theodore Dague, do. 1.75	Harry Sheel, do. 92.00	Joe Murtaugh, do. 18.00	David Runyon, do. 18.00	John A. Hendricks, do. 1.75	John W. Tyndall, clk. hie. 75.00	G. Deiningner, dep. hie. 83.23	Wayne Blue P. & S. ex. 1.18	Wayne Blue P. & S. do. 1.18	Margaret S. Myers, salary. 65.00	C. E. Striker, sal. & post. 144.30	Haywood Pub. Co., exp. 9.00	L. E. Archbold, salary. 45.85	L. E. Archbold, oper. exp. 75.00	Mildred Kolowatz, salary. 30.00	Robert J. Zwick, inquest. 3.50	Komm. Print Shop, exp. 3.50	Dr. F. L. Grandstaff, salary. 38.50	Ruth High, assessing. 50.00	Will Wines, do. 50.00	John W. Tyndall, clk. hie. 75.00	Moses Augsburger, Co. comm. 80.00	Frank Sauer, do. 80.00	Frank Liniger, do. 80.00	Frank Liniger, comm. milg. 15.25	Henry B. Heller, salary. 50.00	Ed Stahly, bd. of review. 120.00	Carl Peterson, do. 120.00	H. Club & Ext. exhibits. 120.00	Jack Tonneller, dict. ex. 182.04	Fred Braun, do. 4.00	Adam Richter, do. 69.73	George M. Krick, do. 8.05	Wm. E. Miller, do. 100.00	W. J. Schumaker, et. house. 35.00	Mary McClure, do. 175.13	Herman E. Trifch, do. 8.65	U. S. Chemical Co., do. 28.75	Tropical P. & Oil Co., do. 15.00	Carl O. Puntigam, do. 11.74	N. Ind. Pub. S. Co. jail. 120.00	Decatur P. & Htg. Co., do. 27.92	U. S. Chemical Co., do. 27.92	Berne Witness Co., do. 62.75	W. H. Zwick & Son, burial. 75.00	Erene Byrom, sanatorium. 428.00	Rev. B. L. Cartwright, do. 50.00	Alva Pensternaker, rt. of w. 30.00	Samuel Hall, do. 19.20	Decatur Democrat Co., do. 5.00	George D. Heiser, dict. exp. 5.00	County Infirmary	H. P. LaFontaine, salary. 33.33	Clara LaFontaine, labor. 49.00	Dorothy LaFontaine, do. 37.50	Florence Lenzrich, do. 37.50	Calvin Falt, do. 37.50	Rev. B. W. Graham, op. ex. 4.00	Rev. Vernon Riley, do. 4.00	Lee Hardware Co., do. 10.02	Serv. Meat Market, do. 43.82	Standard Oil Co., do. 5.03	Cash Coal & Supply Co., do. 2.10	Aschbacher's, do. 18.48	Indian Refining Co., do. 3.89	W. H. Zwick & Son, do. 15.56	Frank Krick, do. 2.90	Martin Gilson, do. 2.90	West Disinfecting Co., do. 2.90	Wells & Buyer, do. 79.79	Decatur Democrat	Welfare Fund	Faye Smith Knapp, salary. 103.33	Bernice Nelson, do. 60.00	Mary Schults, do. 5.45	Citizens Tele. Co. tele. 10.00	Faye Smith Knapp, postage. 45.50	Bernice Nelson, do. 25.00	Muhaupt P. Co., sup. 3.50	Highway Repair	John H. Goe, labor. 122.75	Glenn Merica, do. 76.90	Wm. Bittner, do. 125.00	Lloyd Bowman, do. 96.80	Elmer Gerke, do. 62.00	Theodore Hobrock, do. 32.25	Donald Holle, do. 28.00	Robert Gerke, do. 21.91	August Witte, do. 1.40	John Mann, do. 72.00	Albert Miller, do. 15.75	Norman Stoppenhagen, do. 1.40	Edgar Doehrmann, do. 10.50	Alvin Witte, do. 8.40	Alfred Buett, do. 8.40	District No. 2	H. S. Uleman, labor. 115.50	R. P. Sauer, do. 117.50	Ed Martin, do. 117.50	Yaughn Liniger, do. 117.50	Clarence Durkins, do. 117.50
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WANT-ADS

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. Open rate—display advertising 35c per column inch.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—4 used gasoline range stoves at bargain, used ironer, good riding breaking plow. Decatur Hatchery. 158-4t

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Three-day-old calf. Theodore Thieme, Phone 719-A. Call in evening. 157-31x

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Lot on Mercer Ave., south of rail road on west side of street. Call or write E. W. Meyers. 319 Citizens Trust Building. Fort Wayne, Indiana. Phone A. 1312. 157-61x

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Two rabbit hutches, in good condition. Sold cheap. Fred Colchin, 403 Fornax St. 157-31x

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Used furniture: stoves and pianos; studio couches, ranges, buffets, oil stove, sewing machines. This merchandise will sell cheap as we need the money. Sprague Furniture Co. 158-31x

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Special this week: 1,000 White Rock, 1,000 Barred Rock chicks at bargain. Some started. Decatur Hatchery. 158-31x

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Used tires and tubes. Cheap. Fogle Service Station. 334 N. Second. 158-31x

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Good 9x12 rug. F. V. Mills, 343 Mercer Ave. 157-31x

MUST SELL AT ONCE

MUST SELL AT ONCE Small Baby Grand Piano, with bench, on account of customer being unable to complete payments. Will transfer this account for \$138.70, payable \$8 per month to responsible party. Please give reference and we will advise where piano may be seen. Address box 512 care Democrat. 158-31x

USE IDEAL Electric Fencers.

Guaranteed results. Price installed, 110 vt. model \$12.50; 6 vt. Battery model \$15.50. Call or write E. M. Rice, agent, 418 E. Water St., Berne, Ind., Phone 389. 159-121x

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—We still have two small motors and a couple hundred feet of pipe left. Also steam radiators, boiler, stoker and pipe fittings at half price. Dick Burd. 159-31x

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Visible gasoline pump with hose. Fred Foster, Monroe, Ind. 159-31x

One Man Killed In Auto-Truck Crash

Lowell, Ind., July 7.—(UP)—Funeral services were being arranged today for T. W. Keefe, 55, of Veedsburg, who was killed instantly in an automobile-truck collision on U. S. Highway 41, two miles south of here yesterday.

The driver of the truck, whose name was not learned, escaped injury, it was reported. The vehicles collided head-on, according to police.

Hee to catch a chicken thief provided an exceptional treat for prisoners in city jail here. The Negro, pursued by police, dropped his loot—11 young chickens, all dead and dressed for cooking. Officials sent the chickens to the city jail kitchen.

HURRY! HURRY!

SATURDAY FINAL DAY for this Special.

ORIENTAL WALNUT DINING ROOM SUITE

Butt Walnut Inlays, extension table, buffet, oak drawer interiors, host chair, five straight chairs. \$69

Phone 61

ZWICK'S

Phone 61

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.

STAY OF EXECUTION

Is Refused Killers

Indianapolis, July 7.—(UP)—The Indiana supreme court today refused a stay of execution for Hugh Marshall, Jr., and Vurtis Neal, scheduled to die in the electric chair tonight for the murder of an Indianapolis druggist. Their attorneys said they would appeal to Gov. M. Clifford Townsend for the stay on the basis of a writ of error petition filed in Shelby circuit court today.

LEGAL NOTICE OF PUBLIC HEARING

Notice is hereby given that the Local Alcoholic Beverage Board of Adams County, Indiana, will at 9:00 A. M. on the 25th day of July 1938 at the County Commissioner's Room in the City of Decatur, Indiana, begin investigation of the following named persons, requesting the issue to the applicant, at the location hereinafter designated and, at said time and place, receive information concerning the fitness of said applicant, and the propriety of issuing the Permit applied for to said applicant, at the premises named:

Homier E. Schug, 39403, (Happy's Place), 109 E. Main 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, Secretary

Hugh A. Barnhart, Excise Administrator

July 7-14

INDIANAPOLIS LIVES

Hog receipts 6,000, holding Market steady to 20 cents higher. 160-250 lbs. \$9.20-9.50; 250-300 lbs. \$9.50-9.75; 300-400 lbs. \$9.75-10.00; 400-500 lbs. \$10.00-10.25. Steady, mostly \$7.25-8.25.

Cattle 1,200, calves 700, and cows strong to 25 cents higher. Steers \$10.75-11.25; choice steers \$10.75-11.25; beef cows \$7.75-8.25; vealers \$10.00-10.50; higher, top \$9.50.

Sheep 1,200. Spring lambs Bulk better grades \$11.50-12.00; slaughter ewes steady at down.

LOCAL GRAIN MARKET

BURK ELEVATOR CO.

Corrected July 7

Prices to be paid tomorrow

No. 1 Wheat, 60 lbs. or better

No. 2 Wheat, etc.

New No. 2 Oats

Yellow Corn

New No. 2 Soy Beans

Rye

CENTRAL SOYA CO.

New No. 2 Soy Beans

MARKETS AT A GLANCE

Stocks higher in active

Bonds higher and fairly

U. S. governments mixed.

Curb stocks higher.

Chicago stocks higher.

Call money 1 per cent.

Foreign exchange slightly

in relation to the dollar.

Cotton futures barely

Grains in Chicago: wheat

corn firm.

Chicago livestock: hogs

lar; cattle strong; sheep

Rubber futures easy.

Silver unchanged in New

at 42 1/2 cents a fine ounce.

STATE TO REST

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

Beach Grove to sell.

2. She did not see He

the struggle with Mrs. S.

but that she had greeted

in the front room when she

at the home.

"The STOLEN GOD" by EDISON MARSHALL

CHAPTER XX

"André comes first with me, after my father. If father is involved in this thing at all, it is with honest motives. Whatever André has done, he's not to blame; he's out of his head about Oriental art. If you want me to keep your secret, you must promise to save them both."

"How can I promise that? I'm not the law. I didn't come here to make arrests, only to restore the Emerald Buddha, but if Chambon goes too far, his safety will pass out of my hands."

"Then perhaps I'd better go to him now—and warn him." She stood very straight.

"If you feel you must, I'm at your mercy." For he had decided to lay all his cards face up, trusting everything to Virginia's inherent fineness and high heart.

He went on with gathering power. "But I honestly believe that his best chance is for you to let me go ahead in my disguise and do my best to save him from himself. He won't give up his undertaking, at any warning or request from you. You know that."

Still she did not make a sound or give a sign.

"He'll only cover up the tracks I've uncovered, and go ahead." Ned went on, in low tones. "Other men will take his trail, and in the end he'll pay the price. And this is in addition to the plain right and wrong of the thing—your duty to help me stop a great crime against a nation and a king."

Blunt words! If he had sized her up wrong, they would spoil everything. But as he watched, hardly daring to hope, her blue eyes brimmed full, her hand fell gently on his, and he kept her secret—for the present.

There came an ache in his arms, an imperious hunger on his lips. If he could only hold her close, and try to tell her what her faith and help would mean to a lonely soul like his, . . . but nearing footsteps sounded on the trail. He had scarcely time to regain his countenance before Chambon himself pushed through the vines.

The vicomte glanced from one to the other. One wave of color sped across his handsome face, then ran back; his eyes lighted once, like semitars in the sun, then went out like blown lamps. He smiled faintly.

"So here you are, Virginia," he said with a gaiety grotesquely out of keeping with that smile. "You are holding up the whole caravan. T'fan, you must have been telling her something very interesting."

"Heaven-born is most kind, to listen to T'fan's poor words," Ned answered imperturbably.

Virginia took time to draw one long, steady breath. "T'fan: I'll hear very good words. T'fan: I'll hear the rest some other time."

The cars were loaded and ready to start. Five miles up the road they would strike the open savannahs of interior Laos, and all danger of ambush by the Kha savages would be over. In the meantime, Ned suggested that Chambon ride in one of the rear cars and stay out of sight.

"I do not think the little jungle men will attack in daylight," Ned said. "Yet they may fly an arrow from the brush beside the road. Better the rice-pot in a bowl, than a funeral with many drums."

"That's right, André," Griffin broke in. "You lay low till we're out of Kha country."

But there was no sign of the little savages along the road and in a few minutes they were on the open plateau. Even so, Ned found it hard to believe that they had seen the last of the Khass.

The highland they were crossing now was once the rich heart of Laos. The wild prairie still bore the traces of old dikes; vestiges of once-thrived cities dotted the plains, and at every little crossroads stood a ruined pagoda. At noon they left the road to visit the Hills of the White Jars.

There were hundreds of these jars, dotting the tops of a circle of hills. Carved out of solid white marble, many of them were eight feet tall, and all in perfect line and proportion. From what far-off country the twenty-ton stone blocks had been laboriously hauled, who were the long-dead artisans that had hollowed and shaped them, what had been their use, and why they now stood empty, scoured by wind and rain, the French rulers of the province did not pretend to guess. If the Laotians knew, the tale was told only in the joss-house, where the yellow gods sat smiling, and was never whispered in a white man's ear.

The lid of one of the jars bore the carved likeness of a skeleton, suggesting that it had once held human bones. Griffin made the guess that these were the sepulchers of the old Laotian kings and their families.

Ned saw Pu-Bow furtively saluting one of the jars, and even Chambon, fanatical antiquary that he was, walked among them with a kind of glory on his handsome face.

Traveling slowly, before sundown they were in sight of the ancient Laotian capital, Chiang-khuang. As late as two centuries ago, its power and glory had seemed as secure and everlasting as its royal dynasty, the "Lords of Life." Its fortifications ran for miles across the fertile fields. At least a hundred large pagodas gave it the favor of Lord Buddha. Ambassadors came bearing gifts half across the world, from the palaces of the Manchus, from the courts of the Burmese Kings, from the last of the Mogul Emperors beyond the Bay of Bengal. Its caravans brought the wealth of all the Indies to heap at its shrines and at the foot of its ivory throne.

Then something happened—something terrifying and unknown. The Pali writings of the tale were lost; only the yellow-robed priests hinted at it in ritual and allegory. Anyway, when the French came, in 1893, the kings were fugitives and their palaces fallen; the hundred temples lay in ruin; the fortifications were mere grassy mounds hardly distinguishable from the natural hills; and the great, the eternal city, lord of a hundred cities, reduced to a mere town under Siamese rule.

"But it does not matter any more," Ned said after he had recounted the legend to Virginia. "The kings are dead. The Siamese have our Emerald Buddha. The French have come to stay. It is all forgotten."

"I venture some of your people haven't forgotten," Chambon said, and Ned marveled at the glitter of his eyes.

They drove into what was left of the city. The French governor, a dark man named St. Pierre, welcomed the visitors, and made them comfortable in the big, rambling guest bungalow.

"Tonight you shall dine with me," St. Pierre told them. "And tomorrow you shall see the Cave of the Million Buddhas, once the holy-places of the Laotians and still one of the greatest wonders of the world."

During the unpacking, Ned managed to catch a quiet word with Virginia.

"Are you going to be just an on-looker, or will you lead a hand?" "I'm going to help you all I can."

And how lovely she looked, with a little red cloud in each cheek.

"Oh, if you only knew—" "What shall I do first?" she broke in, calmly.

"Get the keys of the room where Chambon has stored the curios, and bring them to me after the dinner party. We're going to look for something."

In his native garb, Ned could not be invited to the governor's table, but he had told Virginia everything, and she looked and listened in his place. Griffin had never seen her eyes so bright, or could recall when she had looked so lovely, with a high

natural color in her cheeks and the candlelight trapped in her hair.

But Chambon scarcely glanced in her direction. The strangeness Griffin had seen and wondered at for the past few days was even more marked, in this city of splendid ruins.

"You may not remember, Vicomte, but we have met before," St. Pierre said out of a clear sky.

Chambon started. "I thought your face was familiar."

"I was in your father's brigade in the war. Five years after, he invited me to his villa for dinner, and you were just home from college. I had the pleasure of meeting your mother, too—but she was in ill health at the time, and only appeared at the table for dessert. I hope she is better now."

"Some better, thank you, but she has retired to her old home in Corsica."

Virginia gasped and started to speak, then stared hard at her plate. Until this very instant, she had thought Chambon's mother was dead. He had never told her so in so many words, but certainly his manner had implied it.

"She was a Mademoiselle Valence if I remember right," St. Pierre went on. "Oddly enough, there is a Valencio River, not far from here. Perhaps you should find out if it was named in honor of one of your mother's ancestors."

"It's not an unusual name, in Corsica," Chambon answered, easily.

The talk soon veered, and Griffin told the governor of his experience with the Khass.

"What a strange notion—that Vicomte's visit to the country would restore the Laos kingdom and send the Khass back to slavery!" St. Pierre marveled.

Virginia resolved to play boldly the cards Ned had put in her hand. "Our interpreter, T'fan thought that the Emerald Buddha might be somehow involved," she said calmly, with only a passing glitter in her eyes.

"The return of the Emerald Buddha would set Laos on fire," St. Pierre said thoughtfully. "The Siamese confiscated it from a temple in Chiang Mai, once part of Laos, and before then it was supposed to have stood for centuries in some other unknown Laotian temple. But it wouldn't restore the kingdom or enslave the Khass. France wants no such political dynamite in the province, and would simply return the image to Bangkok."

Virginia put down these last sentences in a mental note-book to report later to Ned.

"Just the same, I'd like to talk to this T'fan," St. Pierre continued. "He may know more than he lets on."

An Annamese servant in uniform spoke rapidly in French in the governor's ear.

"Lord, the man is outside now, waiting with lanterns to guide your guests back to the bungalow. And Nokka, Madame's maid, is there also."

"Perhaps, Excellency