

AUCTION SALE!

JOHN WEDOW, Auctioneer.

HAVING SOLD MY FARM, LOCATED ON THE CONROY ROAD, ONE MILE NORTH AND ONE HALF MILE EAST OF FARMINGTON JUNCTION, I WILL SELL AT PUBLIC AUCTION ON

Friday, February 27, 1925

COMMENCING AT 1:00 O'CLOCK SHARP THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY:

HORSES

- 1 Black Gelding, weight 1400 lbs.
- 1 Bay Mare, weight 1900 lbs.
- 1 Bay Mare, weight 1200 lbs.

CATTLE

- 1 Jersey Cow, 8 yrs old, freshen May 1
- 1 Jersey Cow, 4 yrs old, freshen April 25
- 1 Holstein Cow, 7 yrs old, freshen April 7
- 1 Holstein Cow, 4 yrs old, freshen May 22
- 1 Holstein Cow, 4 yrs old, giving milk
- 1 Beef

FARM TOOLS

These tools are in good working order and will take the place of new ones

- 1 Top Buggy
- 1 Lumber Wagon
- 1 Spring Wagon

1 Truck Wagon

- 2 Sets Bob Sleighs
- 1 American Manure Spreader
- 1 Superior Disc Grain Drill
- 1 Superior Hose Grain Drill
- 1 Champion Grain Binder
- 1 Osborn Corn Binder
- 1 Keystone Potato Planter
- 1 Hoover Potato Digger
- 1 Potato Sorter
- 1 Champion Mower
- 1 Side Delivery Hay Rake
- 1 Gale Dump Rake
- 1 Keystone Hay Loader
- Hay Slings, Ropes and Pulleys
- 1 Myers Car and Track
- 1 Bean and Corn Drill
- 2 Bean Pullers
- 1 Gale Sulky Riding Plow
- 1 Oliver Sulky Riding Plow
- 1 Oliver No. 42 Steel Walking Plow
- 1 Walking Plow
- 2 American Disc
- 1 Owasso Steel Land Roller
- 1 Spring Tooth Drag
- 1-42 Tooth Iron Drag

2 1-H. Walking Cultivators

- 1 2-H. Riding Spring Tooth Cultivator
- 1 2-H. Gale Riding Cultivator
- 1 Shovel Plow
- 2 Scrapers
- 1 Feed Grinder
- 1 100-Gal. Caldron Kettle
- 1 Milk Cooler; 120-gal. Churn
- 1 Set 800 lbs. Platform Scales
- 1 Blacksmith Forge
- 1 Blacksmith Anvil
- 2 Cross-cut Saws
- 1 Cement Stave Silo, complete
- 1 Cement Stave Silo, block machine
- 1 30x40 ft. Barn
- 1 Corn Crib

HAY AND GRAIN

- 20 Ton Timothy Hay
- 10 Ton Alfalfa Hay
- Large Stack of Oat Straw
- 300 Bushel Oats

AUTOMOBILES

- 4-Door Sedan
- 1924 Ford Touring

TERMS OF SALE:

ALL SUMS UNDER \$20, CASH; OVER \$20 TEN MONTHS' TIME ON APPROVED BANKABLE NOTES AT 7 PER CENT INTEREST, PAYABLE AT FARMINGTON STATE BANK.

HARRY C. BARTLETT, Propr.

HARRY McCracken, Sale and Note Clerk

AUCTION SALE!

HARRY C. ROBINSON, Auctioneer.

HAVING SOLD MY FARM, I WILL SELL AT PUBLIC AUCTION ON THE PREMISES, 1/2 MILE SOUTH AND ONE MILE WEST OF FARMINGTON OR ONE MILE SOUTH OF THE C. F. SMITH CORNER ON—

Monday, March 2nd, 1825

AT 10:30 A. M.—the following:

FARM TOOLS

- Straw Stack
- Large quantity Manure
- Fordson Tractor
- John Deere Tractor Plow
- John Deere Tractor Disc
- Empire Grain Drill
- Superior Grain Drill
- Corn Drill
- McCormick Corn Binder
- Ross Ensilage Cutter
- Plano Grain Binder
- McCormick Mower
- Keystone Side Rake
- Sulky Rake
- Keystone Hay Loader
- 2 Corn King Spreaders
- 2 Riding Cultivators
- 2 Walking Cultivators
- 2 Single Horse Cultivators
- John Deere Walking Plow
- Syracuse Walking Plow
- Weird Walking Plow
- Land Roller
- Spring Tooth Drag

2 Hay Racks

- Heavy 3 1/2 inch Farm Truck
- 3 inch Farm Truck
- One Horse Iron Wheel Wagon
- Power Sprayer and Trucks
- Hardy Hand Sprayer
- Fairbanks & Morse Feed Grinder
- Buzz Saws; Feed Cooker
- Corn Marker; Corn Sheller
- Cement Tile Machine, 4-6 8
- 150 Ft. Hay Rope, Fork, Pulleys
- Fanning Mill; Jones 1000 lb. Scales
- Fairbanks Gas Engine and Pump Jack
- Olds Engine and Pump Jack
- Horse Clipper; Page Miller; Gas Washing Machine, power
- Washing Machine, hand
- 20 James Cow Stalls, new
- Crates, Grain Bags, Sacks
- Forge, Post Drill, Oil Barrels, Hens

CATTLE

- These Cattle are T. B. Tested
- One 4-yr Holstein, due March 2
- One 8-yr Holstein, fresh December

- One 5 yr Holstein, registered with papers, fresh December
- One 9-yr Holstein, due March 5
- One 3-yr Holstein, bred Nov. 10
- One 5-yr Holstein, bred October 27
- One 5-yr Holstein, bred Dec. 12
- One 6-yr Holstein and Jersey, bred October 12
- One 4-yr Holstein and Jersey, due May 21
- One 3-yr Holstein and Jersey, bred November 5
- One 8-yr Holstein, due March 20
- One 5-yr Guernsey, due March 19
- One 3-yr Holstein, pasture bred
- One 9-yr Jersey, pasture bred
- One 18 months Holstein Bull
- Two Horses, weight 2800
- Three Sets Double Harness
- 400 Bushel Oats
- 100 Bushel of Corn
- 12 Tons Mixed Hay
- 8 Ft. Ensilage
- St. Silo, 12x30

HARRY YOUNG, Proprietor

LUNCH AT NOON

CECIL COX, Clerk.

TERMS OF SALE—All sums under, \$20 cash; all sums over \$20, 9 months' time on approved bankable notes at 7 per cent interest.

On Such a Night in Spring

By RUPERT ROLLAND

(Copyright.)

NORTON, dining alone at the little restaurant on his first night in New York after five years of wandering, remembered how often Joe Stickney and he had sat at that very table on spring evenings and talked of romance. And now Norton had had his five years of strange countries and Joe Stickney had married a brunette with long-lashed violet eyes.

He would like to know what had happened to Joe and his Helen; so, finishing dinner, Norton sought out a telephone booth. He found the name and the number, and a woman's voice answered his call. "This is Roger Norton," he said, "Miss Stickney. Joe and I used to be Damon and Pythias five years ago. I'm lonely in this big city. May I come tonight?"

"Please do, Mr. Norton," came the answer. "I've often heard Joe speak of you."

A maid let him in at the apartment and showed him into a drawing room, pleasantly illuminated by a single re-shaded lamp. A slim, dark-haired woman with long-lashed eyes held out her hand. "Joe isn't at home," she said, "but I'm expecting him soon. He went back to his law office right after we finished dinner."

"I hope he doesn't often do that," said Norton.

"He works pretty hard, poor boy. But I know he'd want to see you. Shall we sit by this open window?" The air's so fresh tonight. You've been away five years? What have you been doing?"

"Nothing so interesting as what Joe has," Norton answered, taking the chair she drew forward. "We both vowed five years ago that we'd capture romance. Joe found it, but I—well, it's always just over the next hill for me. Joe was the sensible fellow—a happy marriage."

"Yes?" The long lashes hid the violet eyes that were looking out at the night sky.

Norton caught the question in the low voice, and wondered. Was Joe like so many other men? Had he won this exquisite creature, only to give her bodily comforts and spend all his hours working at his career? On such a night in spring! To be sitting at his office. Quickly he appraised the situation. Money—yes, it was evident in the room, in that simple gown. But romance—fled out of the window.

"You're an idealist, aren't you?" It was the woman who was speaking.

"Yes, I am," he answered defiantly. "We both were five years ago."

"And is the reason that you are still to be found in the fact that your romance is always just over the next hill?"

He flushed. She was looking at him, and her eyes held his fascinated.

"I don't believe it," he said. "I believe I'll still keep my ideals, keep them more than ever after I'd found—what Joe has."

"I wasn't talking of Joe," she reminded him with a little half-laugh. "I know Joe very well—even better, perhaps, than you do."

Again he caught that little note that made him wonder, that piqued and startled his senses that looked down at the slim hand that lay upon the chair-arm. "Good old Joe," he said. "I suppose a man does change. And life in New York is such a struggle."

"But you have everything before you. You're still free and untried."

"Yes, that's what the bachelor says. And yet when I come back from my wanderings, like Ulysses, having avoided the pitfalls, I find myself dreadfully lonely! I thought at dinner tonight that was a high price to pay."

"Poor Roger Norton," she murmured. "His best friend caught by the sirens."

There was mockery in her voice, but something else that set his pulses beating. He looked at the lovely profile, now turned again to the stars of the spring night. And suddenly he forgot himself. "I wish I'd been caught instead," he said. "I'd never have struggled longer."

She faced him for a second, her eyes startled, then misty.

"Forgive me," he muttered. "Too—the night—something has turned my head."

"Mine too, I'm afraid," she said. "However—" And she brushed her hand across her gown as if to wipe something away.

"What do you mean?" he demanded. "You're—you're not lonely, too?"

In the silence that followed his question there came the sound of a key in a distant lock, then steps in the hall. Norton got to his feet. Still, fascinated, he gazed at the lovely dark head turned away from him.

"Someone came into the room. 'Well, by Jove!' cried the cheery voice of Joe Stickney, 'I declare it isn't Roger Norton, as large as life!'"

Norton wheeled, his face aflame. Mechanically he took the hand that Stickney held out to him.

"My word, but I'm glad to see you," declared Stickney. "Sorry that Helen is away on a visit; but I guess my little sister-in-law has made you pretty comfortable."

"Sister-in-law!" echoed Norton, glancing at the girl by the window.

The young woman stood up. "I'm afraid I haven't made Mr. Norton so very comfortable," she said, avoiding that man's eyes. "Something got into me tonight. I suppose it's that old spring fever."

Roger Norton smiled. "I'm glad I happened along when I did," he said. "Spring fever's so much funnier when it's shared with somebody."

The Letter From "Old Top"

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(Copyright.)

DICK TRAVERS, successful business man, glanced over the little string of pictures at the foot of his morning paper and sighed. "Bringing Up Phyllis" had been running as a "comic strip" for some three years and a half, and only in the last few weeks had begun to show the effect of pure brain fog.

"Poor 'Old Top,'" sympathized Dick, "these pictures are being wrung out of a brain already squeezed dry of ideas. I know that it is. Didn't I do the same sort of thing for five years?"

The outcome of Dick's line of thought was that a letter found its way to the desk of a young lady who was even then rumpling a head of glorious red hair in an effort to think out an idea that was not entirely eaten by moth. Of late her "Bringing Up Phyllis," signed "Old Top," had been giving her brainstorm after brainstorm, and this morning it seemed as if she must just quit the whole game and go to chicken raising or some less nerve-racking means of making money.

She opened the letter listlessly, and while she read it every type of emotion known to a red-headed girl swept over her.

"Dear 'Old Top,'" the letter ran, "your work in 'Bringing Up Phyllis' has been a decidedly stale of late. It shows the signs of a brain garnered of every vestige of fruit. I am sending you some ideas for pictures. I did this kind of work for five years, and at the end of three was looking for the nearest and deepest canal into which to toss my weary body and brain—so great was the strain. Most of the funny men go potty or take to abstinence, if they can get it, so you just buck up and use these ideas. I have far more money now than sense, so don't suggest any fifty-fifty boncom."

The letter was signed, "Yours in sympathy, Pal."

Old Top's lilylike heart stopped. Pal was the name of a cartoonist who had given her more laughs than all the rest put together. She had often wondered what had become of him.

She scanned the ideas swiftly and then, grasped her pen and swung in some powerful strokes for an hour or two. After sending them in to press she donned a most bewitching wee hat of scarlet and dull blue and went out for a walk in the park. It was the first time she had felt free for some time.

Before she returned to her small flat in the evening, Old Top had found out from one of the editorial offices that Pal had cast the rear of proddom from his ears and was out on a small farm on Long Island raising prize cattle and his name was Dick Travers.

Next morning when Travers opened his mail there was a letter from Old Top. He read it with amusement and huge interest.

"Dear Pal," it ran, "I cannot thank you for your kind interest in my moldy cartoons. I was not only looking for the nearest and deepest canal, but was also seeking a big revolver and a gas pipe, but from all these methods you have saved me. Would you, if you are not too awfully attached with wife and such like, come and have dinner with me Thursday evening. Come in twos, if that is what you have on at the time, but there isn't room in my small flat for any of the prize cows."

Old Top gave the address and the flat number, and thitherward in brown tweeds drove Dick. He was generously armed with a basket of new-laid eggs, fresh butter and a bottle of thick cream.

"These city chaps don't often get the real thing," he told himself by way of excusing the perhaps too human side of his nature.

When he found himself in the article we sat and confronted by a big gentle type of man Dick was delighted that he had accepted the meeting.

"I'm mighty glad to meet you, Old Top," he said by way of greeting.

"I say," laughed the other, "don't accuse me of anything like that. Here's 'Old Top.'" And with that he turned to a diminutive girl with a shock of red hair who held out a most warm and cordial hand to the astonished Dick Travers.

"It is certainly good of Pal to come and have dinner with us," she was saying with a mischievous smile, and Dick knew that things were happening to his heart right then and there.

But with an awful fear in his mind he wondered if the big man was Top's husband. With all his hope this wonderful girl had matched into the matrimony and therefore was not eligible.

He dragged swiftly out to his chair, among the prize cartoons to his heart's content, and also his own.

"My brother," said Old Top, by seeming to divine his "And I have always wanted you."

"Then that's that," laughed happily, and unburdened of butter, eggs and cream.

Phyllis would certainly "brought up" after that.

A Day of

Tommy—What did you do please, Kim? Kim—Fried chicken, kinds of pie, for the Douglas' cake was thanks.

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