

Pianist Protects Hands
The London Daily News says Padewski has banned handshaking with male admirers. Says that paper: "After one of his recitals he was busy receiving congratulations, and handshakes from members of his audience when one devotee warmly grasped his hand with another holding a lighted cigar with the result that the pianist's hand was slightly burned by coming into contact with the business end of the cigar. After that he kept his marvelous hands to himself. Padewski also refuses to accept bouquets from lady admirers. On one occasion he picked his fingers rather badly with the loose ends of the wire binding a floral tribute."

Lightning's Freak
A bolt of lightning struck the barn on the farm owned by H. P. Tolles at Springfield, Vt. The bolt ran along the ridge of the barn, went down a large upright post between two mows of hay, which did not ignite, and from the post jumped to the edge of the mangers in the cow stable. Fifteen cows were tied in this stable and the flickle lightning killed three, picking out every fifth one of the line in its work of destruction.

World's Largest Dam
The Sennar dam is 170 miles south of Khartoum, Egypt, where the Blue Nile joins the White Nile. The dam will contain 525,000 cubic yards of masonry, and will be 128 feet high at the deepest portion and two miles long. It will be the world's largest dam.

Investigating Mackerel
Investigation has been begun by the United States bureau of fisheries to determine why mackerel are plentiful some years and scarce at others so that the abundance and size of the mackerel can be predicted in advance of the fishing season.

Carved From Slab
From a slab of solid woods, a carver recently completed a most remarkable copy of da Vinci's "The Last Supper."

Auction!

Having sold my farm, I will sell at public auction at my farm 2 miles west of Redford, corner Beech and Waterford roads and south of Seven-Mile road on Beech road, known as the Tom Pauler farm.

Monday, Jan. 11, '26

at 1:00 o'clock sharp
Frank J. Boyle, Auctioneer.
Forest W. Roberts, Clerk.

CATTLE
Holstein cow, 7 yrs, new milker
Holstein cow, 7 yrs, calf by side
Holstein cow, 6 yrs, calf by side
Holstein cow, 6 yrs, due in March
Holstein cow, 6 yrs, calf by side
All cattle have been T. B. tested

HORSES
1 Gray horse, 10 yrs, weight 1300
1 Gray horse, 8 yrs, weight 1450
1 set double harness
1 single harness, heavy

FARM TOOLS
Papac silo filler
Gravel box
Spring tooth harrows
1 potato duster
Yale corn planter
Superior grain drill
Cloverleaf manure spreader
Potato cover
Champion potato digger
McCormick grain binder
McCormick corn binder
McCormick mowing machine
1 weeder
Hay rack
Land roller
Hay loader
Deering hay rake
Riding cultivator
Shovel plow
1-horse cultivator
1 Wierd plow
Johnson 1-horse plow
Stover feed grinder, with elevator
1 four-inch wagon truck
1 five-inch iron wagon truck

FEED
400 bushels oats
Quantity of straw
Other articles too numerous to mention
TERMS—All sums of \$10 or under, cash; over that amount nine months' time will be given on approved bankable notes bearing 7 per cent interest payable at Redford State Bank.
FRED DUMKA, Prop.

One Guess Concerning Miss Agatha's Answer
Aaron Spiro, whose motives in promoting a farmers' co-operative marketing scheme have been attacked, said at a Chicago banquet: "Well, it often happens that when you try to do good you get it in the neck. Let me tell you a story. "A young man called regularly at a house where there were four sisters, but it was impossible to tell which sister he preferred. "The oldest sister, Agatha, happened to meet the young man one night alone. "Miss Agatha, you look tired," he said. "I am a little tired," said Agatha frankly. "You see, I've been very busy all day in the kitchen. I made an enormous batch of bread and cake and pies. Mother likes my baking so much better than the cook's. I put up some preserves, too. Father's so fond of my preserves. Yes, on the whole, it's been a rather hard day. "Fine!" said the young man. "Then he went on ardently, 'Miss Agatha, there's a question I want to ask you, and on your answer all my life's happiness may depend.' "Well, ask away, sir," said Agatha, with a smile and a blush. "Miss Agatha," he said, "if I marry one of your younger sisters will you consent to make my home with us?"

THE PRICE OF PEACE
Skinpants—Why don't you enter for the prize for the best plan for the promotion of peace?
Stonhammer—What's the prize?
Skinpants—A fine, hand-polished stone war-dub.
Mount Where Lies Mosoth
About 15 miles from Maseru, the capital of Basutoland, stand Thaba Bosigo, "the mountain of the night." Used as a royal burial ground, where rests the Great Mosoth, his son and grandson, this invulnerable mountain was the scene of the great battle in which Mosoth—who founded the Basuto nation nearly 100 years ago—defeated with great loss the warriors of the cruel Umiligazi. Not far away are the Naluti mountains—which extend for about 80 miles toward the Natal border—with the peak of Machacha reaching to a height of 11,000 feet. This peak was named after the chief of that name, who was besieged there by the royal impi of the Zulus, and where, so runs legend, he and his followers were reduced to cannibalism in a cave near the summit.



Old Chest Guards Furs
A dispatch from Tacoma, Wash., says: "Out of the mystic Orient recently came a camphor wood chest, said to be 200 years old, filled with a season's catch of Siberian furs, consigned to a local trader. The chest is leather bound and of Manchurian manufacture, an antique of the early days of fur trading in the Bering sea and Arctic. The box, despite its age, retains the brilliant red color and the pungent odor of camphor. Such chests were used by fur traders of the last century to preserve the skins from moths and vermin. John W. Kelly is the owner of the chest."

Looking Ahead
Mr. Johnson invariably made long calculations about anything important that happened in his life. He became engaged, and his marriage was announced to take place on a Thursday. One day he informed his future mother-in-law that it must be celebrated on a Wednesday. "Why," she demanded in surprise. "I have been making a calculation," he said, "and I find that my silver wedding would take place on a Friday. That would never do, as it is the evening on which my lodge meets."—Stray Stories.

Cornstalks as Food
A mill that converts cornstalks into cattle food has been invented.

The Nice Little Man
By CLARISSA MACKIE
(Copyright.)

JORDAN had reached the place in his literary career where a new typewriter was not only a necessity but a possibility. His last novel, even then in the hands of the printer, had finished his old machine as far as respectable typewriting was concerned. Jordan loved his old machine. He and it had climbed together from days of grating when a word and a combination to success. By dining in restaurants where the food was cheap but bulky and by inserting endless notes in his shoes, turning his cuffs at all angles, Jordan had skimped into possession of this old typewriter. And now he could write a check for a hundred and twenty dollars without making his bank account pass right out of existence. It was a most satisfactory state of affairs in Jordan's mind. He was grateful in no small degree. He sincerely wished that all struggling artists were in a way of gaining like benefits. It was during his moments of gratitude that the idea came to him of giving away his old typewriter to some one who really needed it. He would put a small advertisement in the personal column of the papers saying that he would give his typewriter to the struggling writer who wrote him the best nonsense rhyme. Having finished his serious novel, Jordan dropped over to a frivolous mood and plunged into this business of giving away his typewriter with enthusiasm. He, however, hoped that there would not be too many needy writers, for he wanted to give the ones who lost in the competition a good dinner.

Jordan received an assortment of nonsense rhymes, most of which were stupid. There was one that was nothing to take the world by storm but still seemed the best of the lot. It came from some one who signed merely: N. Lovelace. It read: "There once was a nice little man. Who said, 'I will do all I can. I can't write a typewriter. For some poor old blighter. 'I hope, I'm that poet,' said Nat."

"Pretty rotten," thought Jordan, but posted the good news to N. Lovelace, and at the same time sent invitations to some scores of competitors who had lost to come to his studio for dinner the following Saturday.

Jordan's housekeeper was in her element getting a dinner for her employer. "The more the merrier," was her motto. "Not one of your dainty repasts," advised Jordan, "but one that nourishes as well as pleases the palate." He was remembering his own lean days.

The party given to those struggling writers was a huge success and toward the middle of the evening Jordan began to realize that N. Lovelace, who had won his old typewriter, had been flung into his life by the great hand of fate. She was rosy-cheeked, serene and abounding in healthy spirits. There was nothing to denote temperament nor poverty about her. She was just the very type of wholesome womanhood that Jordan had often pictured scampering about the garden with a couple of husky children.

It was quite easily seen in which direction Jordan's thoughts were forming in regard to N. Lovelace. When all the company of writers had left the dining room and were scattered comfortably about the great studio with cups of black coffee and cigarettes, N. Lovelace took the floor for a moment. "I have a confession to make," she said, turning appealing eyes toward Jordan. "I am only here as a proxy for the one who really won the typewriter. Norman Lovelace, who wrote the limerick is very shy and asked me to come in his stead. He is most deserving and I want to thank you for him. He will some-day be a great writer and the luck he has had will help him so much. I hope you do not mind my having come instead?"

The confession being of her mind, Nancy Lovelace seemed to turn herself loose in the way of entertaining Jordan's guests. She sang songs at the piano, played for them to dance and otherwise made a tremendous success of her host's party. And as her spirits rose, so did Jordan's descend. He might have known she would have been snatched up by this male person who had won his typewriter. It was just Jordan's luck.

The commonest courtesy, however, demanded that he ask to take her home in a taxi at the end of the evening. There was no other way in which she could manage the typewriter. "Oh, but my brother can send for it tomorrow," she explained. "You have already been far, far too good to me." So she was not married! Lovelace was her brother! No doubt a very fine chap. She was not a temperamental writer and, well, Jordan dashed off to call up a taxi.

Inferiority Complex
The word "complex" is used by many psychologists to denote a group of ideas mentally associated with a certain subject. A person is said to have an "inferiority complex" when he inherently feels himself incapable of doing things and assumes an attitude of inferiority. A "superiority complex" is the opposite state or attitude of mind.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Might Be Something in That, After All
Joseph Brown of the Soldiers' home in speaking of wit and humor remarked: "When anyone pulls a wise crack, you're so used to waiting for the comeback that when it doesn't happen it is sometimes funnier than an apt reply would have been. "Like the fellow at our table one day. 'Jim,' he says to the buddy sitting next to him, 'diddle get your chain from Uncle Sam yet?' "Naw! I don't know what's the matter with those birds.' "Well, if they don't hurry, maybe you won't need it. You'll have a job shovelin' coal.' "How come?" "Well, you remember that woman prophet that told about the end of the world coming on a certain day? Well, she was all wrong, but now another prophet has come along and predicted the same thing for next Tuesday. "Now, if this other prophet happens to be right, you'll start in shovelin' coal then and there, won't you?" "With great contentance and thorough brow, Jim thought and frowned. 'H'm,' he said at last, and went on with his pie."—Los Angeles Times.

Colors of Diamonds
Experts hold that the most beautiful of all precious stones is the red diamond, though to excel even the rubr in beauty. Such a diamond is extremely rare. One of the most notable red diamonds is that which was purchased by Empress Paul of Russia for \$100,000. This stone weighs 10 karats.

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DETROIT UNITED LINES
Farmington Time Table (Eastern Standard Time) (Effective Nov. 27, 1925)
Cars leave Farmington for Detroit at 6:54 a.m., 7:15 a.m., 7:35 a.m., 7:55 a.m., and every 40 minutes to 5:15 p.m., 6:15 p.m., and hourly to 10:35 p.m. (to Junction only 10:47 a.m., 11:07 p.m.)

Cars leave Farmington Junction for Orchard Lake and Pontiac at 5:35 a.m., 7:20 a.m., and every two hours to 3:20 p.m., also 5:15 p.m., 7:15 p.m. and 9:15 p.m.

First car leaves Farmington for Northville at 4:45 a.m., then at 6:35 a.m. and every two hours to 6:35 p.m., 8:15 p.m., also 10:05 p.m.
Cars connect at Wayne with those over the D. J. & C. Hourly limited service to Ann Arbor. "Daily except Sundays and Holidays."

AUCTION SALE!

Having sold our farm, we will sell at public auction on the premises known as the F. W. Daines farm, located two (2) miles west and one (1) mile north of Farmington village, on—

Tuesday, January 12th, 1926

Commencing at 1:00 o'clock sharp, the following described property:

Horses 1 brown horse, 12 years; 1 bay horse, 14 years. **Cows** 1 Guernsey cow, 4 years old, due Jan. 14, 1926.

Implements and Tools

| | | |
|----------------------------------|--|--|
| Fordson tractor, A-1 shape | McCormick grain binder | 1 hay rack |
| 16 inch Papac silo filler | New Giant bean tripler spraying outfit | 1 hay rake |
| Oliver tractor plow | Heavy farm wagon | 1 hay tedder |
| Double tractor disc | Iron wheel wagon | 1 land roller |
| 2-section spring tooth harrow | High wheel wagon | 2 mowing machines |
| 2-section spring tooth harrow | Superior grain drill | 1 Oliver walking plow |
| 60 foot endless belt | Iron Age potato digger | 1 single disc |
| 1 corn marker | Two-horse riding cultivator | Dirt scraper |
| 2 hay forks | Two-horse walking cultivator | 1 set hay slings |
| 2 large kettles | 2 single cultivators | Portland cutter |
| 1 set platform scales | Hoosier corn drill | 60 ft. of inch rope |
| Reo speed wagon | New Niagara duster | 60 ft. of 1/2 inch rope |
| Ford truck | 300 folding crates | 1 grass seeder |
| General Electric motor, 1/2 h.p. | Fanning mill | Small cider press |
| 3 double harnesses | 8 ladders | 200 gal. galvanized water tank |
| New Holland feed grinder | Corn sheller | 1 milk cooler, new |
| Appleton buzz saw | Grind stone | Gravel box |
| Clover Leaf manure spreader | 110 gal. gasoline tank, with house | Machine horse clippers |
| Milwaukee corn binder | Set bob sleighs | Many other things too numerous to mention. |

Household Goods

Perfect Imperial steel range
Hoosier kitchen cabinet
Four-burner oil stove
3 beds and springs
Davis swing churn

Hay and Grain

500 bushels oats
100 bushels old oats
180 shocks of corn
6 tons alfalfa hay
Quantity of oat straw in barn

TERMS—Ten dollars or under Cash; over that amount 6 months' time will be given on good bankable notes, bearing 7 per cent interest.

F. W. DAINES & SON

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