

EARLY HISTORY OF THIS SECTION TOLD BY POWER

(Continued from page one)

gether with bones and other relics have been discovered. Tradition says that long years ago a fierce battle was fought by warring tribes at that place. Perhaps the most interesting find of all was an old Indian grave on the old Job Francis farm, situated on Grand River avenue near the No. 4 vi town line. In this grave seven skeletons were found while over another a tree two feet in diameter was growing. It is probable that no large villages were ever here. The clear crystal lakes a few miles to the north with their abundance of fish would be a more ideal spot for the red man to pitch his tepee. On an island in Orchard Lake apple trees were found that must have been planted long before the advent of the white man. Orchard Lake is named from this fact. Tradition says that to this place the great Chief Pontiac came after his defeat at the siege of Detroit in 1764. They are gone now, gone to the happy hunting ground in which they believed. It was right that they should pass and give way to the pale-face with his nobler ideals and more beneficent civilization. The first white settlers in Farmington came from New York State. They came in a large sled drawn by two horses in the month of February, 1824. They drove through the province of Ontario and crossed the Detroit River on the ice. Others came the same year and among them Dr. Webb. He was the first doctor and also the first postmaster receiving his commission January 7, 1826. His office was in a log cabin that stood very near the grounds now occupied by the home of George Goldmeister. Not much is known about him except that he was a small man, a Quaker and that he sometimes delivered the mail on horseback while visiting his patients. Some time after him came Dr. Wixom, the best known of any of the pioneer doctors. Many stories were told of him by the pioneers in praise of his skill and daring. He was a man of large frame, of rough exterior, but withal he had a kind heart. He went at any time of night or day if called, often on horseback over roads that were impassable to travel in any other way. Sometimes where there was only blazed trees or an Indian trail. Bold, fearless, nothing daunted him. When the Asiatic cholera swept the town in 1832 he did what he could to stay its ravages. The people were panic stricken and those attacked often died within 4 or 5 hours. In Detroit, only twenty miles away, scores died while during its most vicious attack. The cause and character of the disease is understood now and medical science is able to cope with it successfully. Not always choice in his language he could and did swear upon occasion.

In 1843 a strange malady swept over the town. In the language of that time it was called brain fever. Its victims were young people. Isaac Carr ran a hotel at Clarencerville. It is now the Henry Ford Inn. He gave a New Year's dance which was largely attended. Some time afterwards this disease made its appearance and nine young people who had attended that party died within a few weeks. Most of those stricken were taken with a chill followed by fever and delirium which usually death usually in 48 hours. Benjamin Stevens, who lives on the 12-Mile road was cutting wood one day with his son on his farm. He had occasion to leave him for an hour or two. When he returned the boy was wild with delirium and so frantic that it was hard to get him to his home. He died the next day. It was called "brain fever" then. Modern medicine would give it another name probably and reduce its fatality.

(To be continued)

Mirrors 3,000 Years Old

When the modern girl picks up a hand-mirror to admire herself, she is only following the example of young women of 3,000 years ago.

Archaeologists in Media, in Greece, have discovered in tombs of the Mycenaean period several hand-mirrors, one with an ivory handle. Sintered glass was unknown in those days, and mirrors were made of sheets of polished metal.

Even before polished metal was used, girls had their mirrors. They used polished stone, dipping it into water so that the thin film of liquid would serve as a reflecting surface.

Skunks Show Mercy

Under the skunk Geneva convention the use of a gas-stick is strictly forbidden in any battle which only skunks are engaged in, says Nature Magazine. In such a fight the combatants depend entirely on tooth and claw. Sometimes that fierce death-in-the-dark, the great horned owl, will occasionally pounce on a strutting skunk. Usually, however, he finds that the latter's antifermenter is too strong for him and retreats without honor to bear about with him the aftermath of his raid until his next molting.

Millicent Rides in a Car

By AD SCHUSTER

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DAN CARNEY, eating his ham and eggs in a Ninth avenue restaurant, noted he was in love. The experience was not unusual and yet he told him if, as he always did, this was a serious, absorbing passion.

Millicent, drawing coffee from a polished urn, looked at her task gracefully and without knowledge of the emotions in the heart of her rudely-haired customer.

"She acts," thought Dan, "like a fine lady serving tea in the drawing room, or wherever it is she serves it." It was Millicent's superior air that attracted him. She was as busy and as efficient as the rest, but while they hurried about, working for the sake of getting the noon-hour rush over, Millicent was listless. They glanced and laughed; Millicent smiled and went her way.

Because Millicent would not join in a counter conversation, Dan was left with his imagination and was romantic enough to prefer it that way.

"Most like," he said to himself, "there has been hard luck in her family and she is helping by doing this work. Her hands seem so white and her ways so gentle that she cannot have worked long. Maybe she is a college girl writing a thesis and getting experience as a social worker, or something. 'Anyhow,' and he sighed with content, 'she is a mystery to me, and that is enough.'"

To Millicent, Dan was the red-headed man who left generous tips and acted as if he wanted to get acquainted. To Dan, the waitress took on qualities with every noon. One day as he was passing the place in the middle of the forenoon he saw a limousine stop a few doors away and out of it step Millicent, the waitress. She looked up and down the street, walked quickly to the restaurant and went inside. Dan knew that he had made a discovery.

"We'll check off that theory about a poor girl helping with the family work," he reflected, "and stick by the one of the college girl seeking information as to how the writing half lives. When I find out enough about Miss Millicent I'll spring it and make her tell. Gee, I wish I was a college man and could talk her language."

To make sure that this was no accident or unusual occurrence for the girl, Dan lingered near the place next day and again the limousine stopped just far enough from the restaurant that the other side might not see, again a nervous Millicent slipped out and made her way into the place of dishes and stoves.

"She won't stand it long," Dan reflected. "Guess I'll have to find out about this pretty soon." To the police station he took the number of the limousine and, with the aid of a friendly sergeant, looked up the owner. Dan gasped when he heard the name. One of the city's notably rich men on the Drive.

"This is a big story!" He knew he could tell it to one of the papers. The daughter of old Philip F. Gaylord himself, waiting on tables! He could see it all in print. But there came a struggle between hopeless love for a millionaire's daughter and a newspaper sense that had often stood him in stead. Well, sayhow, he could talk to Millicent just once.

"You know," he said as politely as he could, "you aren't fooling me at all. I have seen you arrive in a big car."

"Don't tell," she said. "Please don't."

"Not me. I won't say a word. I understand just how it is. Knew it from the first."

That evening when Peter Lamton, chauffeur for Philip F. Gaylord, called on Millicent, the girl told him that after this he would have to drop her off at least a block from the restaurant.

"There's a noisy young guy there who has spotted the car," she said, "and I wouldn't want you to lose your job on my account."

Prized Papal Honor

The golden rose is a rose made of pure gold by skilled artificers. It is blessed by the pope on the fourth Sunday in Lent and for that reason is sometimes called Rose Sunday. For centuries the popes have been accustomed to offer the golden rose upon churches and sanctuaries, Catholic rulers, renowned generals, or other persons of distinction, and government of clerical conspicuous for their Catholic spirit and loyalty to the holy see. The origin of the custom is obscure. According to some authorities it originated in 1094 with Pope Leo IX. This pope, wishing to establish his authority over the Monastery of the Holy Cross in Alsace, exacted from it each year a golden rose, which was blessed by the pope on the fourth Sunday in Lent and presented to an individual of the city best deserving the favor of the holy see.

Worship Often Confused

A sanatorium is an establishment for the treatment of the sick, especially one that makes use of natural therapeutic agents or local conditions, or that employs some specific treatment, or that treats particular diseases. A sanitarium is a health station or retreat, a sanatorium, sometimes restricted to an establishment where the treatment is wholly or at least wholly prophylactic and distinguished from a sanatorium.

Put Implicit Faith in Flower "Oracles"

Perhaps the most familiar of all ways of consulting fate by means of a flower is the pulling off of the petals. But this is not the only way an American in England, visiting an ancient and remote country inn, one day missed her way in rambling corridors and entered by mistake the bedroom of her pretty chambermaid. The room of her pretty chambermaid. She was there, changing her dress, and she offered presently to guide the lady back to her apartment. In the brief wait the visitor noticed something that struck her as odd. So she asked why a certain little plant had been placed up on the wall. "Surely it will fade unless it is put in water," she said.

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but it won't," replied the girl with pride and satisfaction in her voice. "That's a pin plant and it's been growing there a week. Every bud has opened, too. It's doing fine."

It was a pretty tuft of yellow stonecrop, starred with little golden flowers. A few questions about its uses as a "pin plant," and the girl, laughing and blushing, admitted that it was customary among the girls of the village to pin a tuft of the budding plant upon their bedroom wall as an oracle of love. If it lived feebly but did not bloom, their present love affairs would come to nothing; if it withered and died, they would meet disaster in love; but if at the end of a few days the little plant, suspended by a loosely tied thread head downward from its pin, began to curve its stems until they stood upright and finally the tips burst into bloom—then all was well, and they might expect to marry and live happy ever after.

Shakespeare Had to

Wait for Recognition

In reading a British review of William Shakespeare's life and works, I found many interesting statements. Jack Malone observes in the Chicago Daily News. One of these depicted the "Bird of Ayon" as having no rating whatever with the arbiters of literary excellence—Bacon, Marlowe and Green. These critics ignored him utterly, refusing to publish any comments either pro or con, their studied silence attesting a desire to squelch an actor who presumed to intrude upon their particular field—literature.

This intensely interesting and gripping article asserted that the above trio were considered the "cream" of Elizabethan authors, with the power to make or break any upstart seeking to compete with them. So the "Immortal William" was suppressed, and during the next 100 years remained a dim legend. Then came a plea for his rehabilitation among authors of Pope's time. Shakespeare "fame" became more and more numerous, his dramas and verses were collected and read, and the habit was formed. And finally, 240 years following his death, Shakespeare's fame was secured for all time!

South Seas

The Pacific ocean was formerly known as the South sea, due to the fact that Vasco Nunez de Balboa, Spanish governor of Darien, first saw it in 1513 when looking southward. He named it "el Mar del Sur," or the "Sea of the South." Almost from the beginning, however, the English used the term in the plural form and applied it to all the waters of the southern hemisphere. In 1528, only 15 years after Balboa first beheld the Pacific, a man named Thomas wrote to Henry VIII as follows: "Venthil they come to thee, South Seas of the Indies Occidental." In English literature "South Seas" refers especially to that part of the Pacific ocean south of the equator. "The South Sea Islands" is a general term designating the more remote and less civilized islands in that region.—Exchange.

Flower Names

The names of many flowers find their origin in proper nouns. Back of them there are often biographies. The beautiful Japanese flower, wistaria, discovered by Nuttall, was named after him, but in honor of one of his scientific friends, Casper Wistar, a professor of anatomy at the University of Pennsylvania. The gentian gets its name from the Italian king Gentius, who was the first to discover its properties. Quassia was named after Quassi, a negro slave in Surinam, Dutch Guiana, who used its bark as a remedy for fever.—Mentor Magazine.

New Test for Diamonds

A method by which the quality of diamonds can be definitely determined and limitations detected has been discovered by M. Malaval, chemical head of the police laboratory at Lyons, in collaboration with Professor Louis Berthelot. The stones are photographed under the light of ultra-violet rays filtered through a screen, sunlight being too diffused for the purpose.

Diamonds of the first water make brilliant images, while inferior stones are merely shadows.

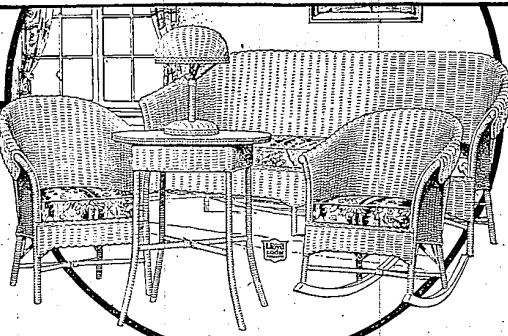
Not What He Meant

"Perhaps," flustered the farmer to his new assistant, "I told you to get an answer to that letter I instructed you to deliver!"

"Well, sir, they just wouldn't give me one. I did the best I could."

"Did the best you could, eh? Well, that was a pretty 'folly' effort. If I had known a fool was going to have gone myself!"

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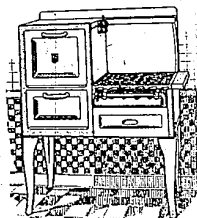
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