

# LUCKYDAY WAS HIS

Wheezey was a cock sparrow, a very big and strong and more than ordinarily cunning specimen of that cunning bird, and he was rather proud of himself, from his light waistcoat and high black cravat to the beautiful browns of his back and the bigness of his heavy, thick beak, but he was not proud of the wheeze which had given him his "nickname." It was a distinct disadvantage in the world. It drew the attention of his enemies too much to him; made him too conspicuous.

He discovered that some one was feeding the tits and robins and wrens outside the back door. He promptly left off chirping—he could not leave off wheezing—and stared, and the more he stared the more surprise took hold of him.

A fieldfare—one of those big, very pretty thrushes that have an odd, laughing cry, and because they only come to see us in winter are associated in our minds with frost and snow—driven to desperation by hunger, flew down to a very big piece of bread that had fallen near a certain laurel bush. That was the surprise. Any of the puffed-out birds assembled there in that white and bitter scene could have told him what would happen if he settled near that bush when the birds were being fed.

Now instant that fieldfare was dead—slain by the paw and jaw of the "ginger" cat, who always hid in that laurel when the birds were being fed, and was none the richer, as a rule, since the birds kept carefully out of his reach.

Then did Wheezey move. He dropped instantly like a star, with almost completely closed wings, in that extraordinary, sudden way which sparrows have and seem to share with no other birds, and landed upon the bread, to snatch up which under the dreaded "ginger's" very whiskers and remove at top speed for the orchard. The piece of bread was a big one, a beautiful lump of crumb, a little larger than a walnut. It was a meal for half a day or more.

Then he sat on a low bough, just above a trap, and set up that peculiar low and wicked chirping you may hear when a sparrow curses you, or the next door neighbor's cat.

Now the swearing of the sparrow is a very monstrous and annoying sound. It annoyed the cock-robins who owned that particular corner of the garden, and with the robin's usual dashing intolerance, he flew straight at Wheezey, nearly knocking that bird off his perch, and sending him to the top of another tree near by. After which the robin perched on the bough so bravely won and sang his song of victory, as is the robin's custom.

But in the middle of it he stopped short. His full, clear eye had fallen upon the raisins within the trap, and he liked raisins, and really knew nothing at all about traps, for robins are trusting birds. Next moment he flew down and hopped inside, and—well, the top brick came down, and the next time poor robin came out of the trap was when the gardener came round ten minutes later to look up his sheds for the night, and then the robin was dead.

Wheezey sat on in his tree top and chirped.

The gardener, however, swore. Also, he scratched his head, and in his temper attended the bricks of the trap. His master and mistress, you see, loved robins and hated sparrows, and things might go badly with him if he were caught slaying the robins. So he went away to hide his victim somewhere—in a rat's hole, I think—and when he came back a fat little cock sparrow coddly flew up from among the remnants of the trap and departed, wheezing. There were no raisins left, and it was clear that poor cock-robins had had no time to eat them before he died.

That night Wheezey roosted in the thick old ivy which clung to the southwest side of the house. He did so because the wind was northeast; had it been west he would have roosted on the east side. Gradually the house grew quiet as the hours slipped on, and one by one the lights went out. It was still moving slightly and was very still.

Nor was it dark. True, there was no moon, but the snow made up for the moon, so you could distinctly see, from time to time, the shadowy form of a rat, hopping across the open from a bush to bush. Suddenly a rustling noise sounded at the base of the ivy.

Then gradually it began to move upwards. Inch by inch it rose till

# HOW TO AVOID PNEUMONIA

Keep Away From Crowds, Especially When Meals Have Been Missed.

Pneumonia is practically a disease of city life and crowded living. With our present knowledge the prospects are hopeful for the control of pneumonia in the future through prevention. This is of special importance to the individual. The avoidance of pneumonia is largely a question of personal precautions that prevent the development of the disease by lessening the predisposition to it. Men in middle life, particularly those about fifty, must learn during unsettled weather to avoid crowds, especially when fatigued and when they have been for a number of hours without eating.

Late at night, when for any reason a meal has been missed, crowds are dangerous. If this lesson could be generally learned there would be less pneumonia among the well-to-do classes. The principal danger comes in crowded street cars, which, if possible, should be avoided at rush hours. It needs to be emphasized that the danger from overcrowding is greatly enhanced by fatigue and going without food. In a word, prevention of pneumonia is now much clearer than it was. Like all the other infectious diseases, instead of being a more or less inevitable dispensation, it has come to be recognized as due to certain definite factors which can be greatly lessened by public and individual hygienic regulations.—Journal of the American Medical Association.

There came a scream from the room within; a man shouted hoarsely, doors clanged; the window was flung up, and clouds of smoke poured from it; people appeared from nowhere, and rushed about with buckets; there was almost continuously the hissing sound which water makes upon fire; once, as Wheezey lay half stunned upon the snow on the window sill, he saw the red gleam of flames; then the choking smoke grew less and less; some one went cawing away on a horse; and more people came rushing up under the night, and Wheezey heard a man call out:

"It's all right. We've got it under. A bird woke us up fluttering at the window, or we'd have been burned to death. Yes, it's all right; only burned a few chairs and some curtains."

Then Wheezey knew no more.

When he awoke he was in a big, warm cage, in a big, warm room, with heaps and heaps of delicacies to eat and plenty to drink. They had found him lying, all limp and nearly frozen, on the window sill next morning.—Chicago Evening American.

# HIS BAD BREAK.

"You haven't got J. Jones Jinkins writing advertisements for you any more, I hear," remarked one business man to another, both good ad writers along different lines.

"No," replied the other in a tone of strong disapproval, "and I'm glad of it."

"What's wrong with him? I understand he had taken a course for a correspondence school and was thoroughly competent."

"Was he?" And the other man spat as though something tasted bad. "Was he? Well, let me tell what he done: I had a new brand of toothbrushes and I wanted something extra to exploit them all over, and I told him to do it good. Next day in all the papers it showed up large and luminous, and at the bottom there was a line standing out clear which read: 'If not satisfactory after a week's trial, return and get your money back.' Now, what do you think of that? Toothbrushes, mind you!"—Magazine of Fun.

# EXCHANGE OF COURTESIES.

"We must, really give a dinner to those people next door."

"But they are not in our set. And what did they ever do for us socially?"

"They entertained our cat band, some half summer, I find."—Judge.

# SECRET NO LONGER.

Marryat—So that great inventor is dead and his wonderful secret is lost—

Newitt—Not at all. He told it to his wife just before he died.

Marryat—Yes, that's what I mean.—Stray Stories.

# COSTLY MEDICAL TREATMENT.

Mrs. Bacon—I see a poultry hospital for the treatment and study of diseases of chickens is a new feature of the Rhode Island experiment station.

Mr. Bacon—Now, I suppose you can see why eggs are so high?

# RELIC OF "BRIG OF GLASGOW"

Snuffbox Made of Oak From Famous "Brig" That Was Built About 1848.

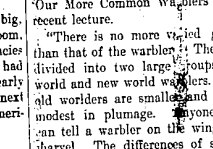
The other day there turned up in London "old clo'" establishment a wooden snuffbox with an inscription on the lid which awakened curiosity, and led to its transfer to a collector for a few shillings. The inscription ran thus: "This box is made of oak which formed part of the original foundations of Old Stockwell bridge, Glasgow, a structure built by Bishop Rae about the year 1845; in the reign of King David, son of Robert the Bruce."

This bridge, known as the "Great Brig of Glasgow" or the "Bishop's bridge," was for 400 years the sole means of communication between the banks of the Clyde. Across it passed the Regent Murray with his Glasgow Burgher Auxiliaries on his way to Langside, Archbishop Beaton in his flight to France with the city records and the cathedral jewels, and Prince Charlie in his ten days' sojourn.

Its twelve-foot-wide passage was such that two wheelbarrows trembled when they met, and so crazy did it become that it should be taken off and the body skidded across.

But the interest of the snuffbox does not end there. For, stamped in the floor of the box is the maker's name, "W. Johnston, Auchinleck," this Johnston being a famous maker of the "Mauchline snuffboxes" with the invisible hinge beloved of the devotees of the weed in powder form. The invisible hinge had been the invention of a Laurence Kirk maker, but a clever Ayrshire smith discovered the secret and started what became afterwards a noted industry and a profitable manufacture.

# WISER, IF SADDER



"Do you think Huyer is an educated man?"

"Well, he knows a heap more now than he first tried to run an aeroplane."

# COLLEGE FOR MONKEYS.

The University of Chicago may be well known, but there is another institution of higher learning that has spread the fame of Chicago as an educational center in six continents. This is Prof. Giacomo Galletti's university of monkeys, at No. 1595 North Maplewood avenue. Here scions of the famous old mandrill, Rhesus, pigmy ape, drill and baboon families come from foreign parts to receive a finishing course in the arts and graces that will fit them for public careers. Best known locally of the alumni is the big mandrill in Lincoln park. Two years ago this mandrill, with two others, gave up a long and honorable career on the stage and settled down with Cy De Vry.

Professor Galletti, a Tyrolean, has been educating monkeys most of his sixty-four years, twenty-five of them in Chicago. "How many have I trained?" he asked. "Figure it out for yourself. The dealers have had \$25,000 worth, and they only cost from \$25 to \$75 apiece. Some of them die of cholera and some of yellow fever and some of bites."—Chicago Record-Herald.

# GENTLE SUGGESTION.

Mr. Spriggins (gently)—My dear, a Boston man was shot at by a burglar, and his life was saved by a button which the bullet struck.

Mrs. Spriggins—Well, what of it?

Mr. Spriggins—Nothing, only the button must have been on.—Sacred Heart Review.

# PROFIT AND LOSS.

"Put that ton of coal on the slate," directed the customer.

"We have no slate," said the dealer frigidly.

"Oh, yes you have. I got 300 pounds of it with the coal."

# DISTINCTION.

"Does your landlord use hot air?"

"Yes, but not to heat the house."

# DIFFICULTY.

Manager—Why did you write the role of an astronomer in that play?

Author—Because you told me to put in a star part.

# SUDDEN FEAR.

Artist—I can paint you a speaking picture of your wife?

Husband (fearfully)—What will you paint her saying?

# USES FOR THE PAPER BAG

Careful Housekeeper Can Find Many Ways of Storing These Useful Articles.

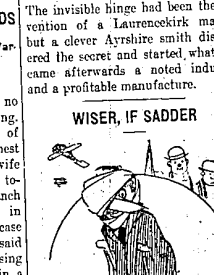
There are very few housekeepers who do not find uses for ordinary paper bags that are continually accumulating. A most excellent way to keep these bags so that they will always be at hand for use, and in good condition and in assorted sizes, is to have a pine board, three inches wide by one inch thick, neatly planed. Screw two brass rings in the top by which the board may be hung to the wall or pantry door, and drive three nails with the heads filed off on the boards.

Another good idea is to reserve a small drawer in the kitchen or pantry for them. Before being placed in the drawer they should be carefully smoothed and folded.

An enamel cloth bag tacked upon the pantry door is also a convenient receptacle for these bags. An ingenious housewife has fashioned a bag, convenient for holding paper bags and also for odds and ends of string. The bag is made by cutting two pieces of linen duck of the length required. One piece is four inches narrower than the other. The narrower strip is stitched across its width to the wider strip to form three pockets. The two strips are placed together and stitched and bound all around with braid.

The middle pocket is made wide enough to hold large and small paper bags; the end pockets are intended for string.

# HEARTLESS FRAUD



"That rich old man that Mand married was a regular cheat."

"Why, wasn't he as rich as he said he was?"

"Yes; but he wasn't as old as he said he was."

# TWIST ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

"The gentlemen are requested to come in smoking." "Now," writes an American from a German winter resort, "what would you do if you received an invitation to a card party at the home of a nice family, where you had been introduced? Light your cigar or pipe when you reach the house or wait until the maid opened the door? Either would be wrong, for the 'smoking' refers to the coat you are expected to wear. What we call a 'dinner coat' is known here as a 'smoking.' This sounds as queer to Americans as 'Bobhaus.' That is what they call the clubhouse of the young duke of Coburg, of which the young duke of Coburg is the patron, which has just been erected at Oberhof. Queer use these Germans make of our language."

# PUZZLED.

"Why do you wish to marry my daughter?"

"Well, sir, that's the very question I have asked myself about four hundred times. And I haven't found an answer yet."

# NOT THE SAME.

"I understand a popular music hall actress says she always wanted to be a surgeon."

"Well, isn't she a regular cut-up?"

# PROPER TINT.

"How very blue this sea view is in your painting."

"Well, wasn't it the sort of view to be painted in ultramarine?"

# HIS EXTREMES.

"Jake has had his ups and downs."

"How so?"

"First, he got down to hard pan, and then up to a Panhard."

# GOOD SUBSTITUTE.

"You can't get any wet goods in this town, sir."

"All right; then bring me something extra dry."

# JOHN E. WEDOW

Auctioneer  
Bell Phone, Farmington 4012  
Independent Phone, Walled Lake, 58x-11-18-11

# J. E. PHELPS

Auctioneer  
Phone 15, Farmington

# DR. E. R. PERRIN

Veterinarian  
Redford, Michigan  
Over Redford Pharmacy  
Telephone 39

# Detroit United Lines

Farmington Time Table  
Cars leave Farmington Junction for Detroit at 5:20 a. m., 6:38 a. m., and hourly to 9:28 p. m.; 10:55 p. m. Those cars except first morning car, leave Farmington six minutes earlier.  
Cars leave Farmington Junction for Orelard, Lake and Pontiac at 5:15 a. m., 5:45 a. m., and hourly to 10:45 p. m., 12:00 p. m.  
Special half hourly service Detroit, and Sundays between Detroit, the Junction and Pontiac.  
First car leaves Farmington Junction for Northville at 5:45 a. m., and thereafter cars leave Farmington for Northville at 6:05 a. m., and hourly thereafter until 10:20 p. m.; also 12:05 a. m.  
Cars connect at Northville with those for Plymouth and Wayne over the D. J. & S. C. Hourly limited service to Ann Arbor.

# For Sale or Rent

Farm of 145 or 205 Acres.  
Enquire of  
W. E. McHugh,  
Phone 58-75, Farmington, Mich

# Farmington Postoffice.

MAIL SERVICE.  
M. B. Pierce, Postmaster  
Mails arrive at 8:05 a. m. and 5:05 p. m. Depart at 7:50 a. m. and at 5:0 p. m. Rural Route No. 1.—Will Savage. Rural Route No. 2.—Clyde Adams. Rural Route No. 3.—W. H. Walters. Rural carriers leave the P. O. at 8:30 a. m. M. B. PIERCE, P. M.

# Foley's Kidney Pills

What They Will Do for You  
They will cure your backache, strengthen your kidneys, correct urinary irregularities, build up the worn out tissues, and eliminate the excess uric acid that causes rheumatism. Prevent Bright's Disease and Diabetes, and restore health and strength. Refuse substitutes. Sold by T. H. McGee.

# For information about the largest, best equipped and most influential Business Training Institute in Detroit or the Northern States, write to President Shaw of the Detroit Business University; 65-75 West Grand River avenue, Detroit, Michigan. A school with a successful record of 84 years and an enrollment of 45,000 graduates. Enter any time. No vacations.

# Foley Kidney Pills repay your confidence in their healing and curative qualities. Any kidney or bladder disease not beyond the reach of medicine will yield to their use. Mrs. Cordelia Copeland, Ardmore, Mo., says, "I had a kidney and bladder trouble for over a year and five bottles of Foley's Kidney Pills cured me." It is the same story from everyone who uses them. All says, "they cured me." Sold by T. H. McGee.

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