

GET BUSY

The whole Fair Ground side of Grand River at Redford has been sold out and over 20 lots have already been disposed of on the new Oak Grove subdivision. Get in on this now if you want to make something. Over 20 new houses are now under construction in Redford. Forty more will probably be built before fall. Does this mean anything to you? If so, see me at once.

C. E. RAMSEY

REDFORD

FARMINGTON

ALL DUE TO LOGIC

By CLAUDINE BISSON.

"In case war is declared what is the logical conclusion?" asked the professor of his class.
"That some one is going to get hurt," was the reply.
"And in case of an earthquake?"
"That buildings will be shaken down."
"And in case of love?"
"That matrimony will follow."
"And in case of pinching the tiger's tail at the zoo?"
"You get the bounce."
"Correct, gentlemen. Always reason from logic and you will always be right."

Fred Clinton, a young man of twenty-four, had been using logic for many months when he set out to walk across the country, a distance of thirty miles, for a visit to his old aunt.

He found nothing to reason about until within four miles of his journey's end. Then, as he was passing a farmhouse of the better class, he saw something that halted him.

A young girl was on the roof of the toolhouse mending a leak. Her back was towards him, but he saw that she had three or four shingles and a hammer and nails.

There might have been men folk working in the field, but they were not in sight. There might have been a mother in the house; but, if so, she gave no sign.

"Now, then, here is logic, and these are conclusions," said the wayfarer as he sat down to watch and wait. "A girl on the roof with shingles, hammer and nails means that the roof leaks. It also means that she is taking a risk."

"If she pounds her thumb, which is almost sure to do, she will yell out 'Darn it!' and roll off the roof."

"If her foot slips she will clutch and claw and scream, and go down just the same."

"No girl will climb up on the roof of a shed if she knows there's a man around. If she sees one after she gets up there she is startled, and in her haste to get down slips, slides and comes down ker-plunk."

"Any way you fix it the logical conclusion is that there is sure to be a fall here. Now, then, the girl is perched about fourteen feet from the ground, and the ground is hard. There are nine chances in ten that she breaks a bone. At any rate, she will get a hard jar."

"She will need some one to hold the camphor to her nose and call some one from the field. It may be necessary to telephone or send for a doctor."

"I am at hand. I am the It. It's for me to do and dare. I don't save her life, but she thinks I do, so it's all the same. When a girl thinks she owes her life to a young man what does she do? The logical conclusion is admiration, gratitude, love."

"And when a young man has been called upon to save the life of a staving-looking girl the same emotions are aroused and the same conclusions must prevail. If I go on and she does not see me I won't be at hand when she falls; if I remain I add to her life. There is no logic here, and there are no conclusions to be drawn. It is a case of even up and I shall stay."

Five minutes after the young man had finished his colloquy the girl changed her position to get at her L. P.—TWO.

He worked the better, and there was a scream and she went sliding.

Her fingers dragged over the dry shingles, and when the edge was reached she took a drop.

"Conclusion the first is all right!" said Mr. Clinton as he started on the run to the rescue. "I must tie the professor by writing him a letter."

He found Miss Amy Logan in a huddle on the ground and inensible. The fall had dislocated her shoulder.

Mr. Clinton dashed into the house by the kitchen door and shouted. No one at home. He ran through three rooms and came to the camphor bottle. It is among the equipment of every farm house in the land.

He returned to the girl and held it to her nose and then sprinkled her face with it. By and by she opened her eyes and looked at him wonderingly.

"Hurt?" he asked.

"Shoulder."

"I was in the road when you fell. Are you all alone here?"

"Yes."

"Telephone in the house?"

"Yes."

"I don't know beans about first aid, but something must be done. I think you have a broken arm and I shall telephone the doctor."

"Dr. Arnold—three rings."

In five minutes Mr. Clinton was back again to say:

"Now we must get you into the house and on to the lounge I saw in the sitting room. Careful, now. Put your well arm around me and walk slow."

"But I don't know you!" protested the girl as she hung back.

"That's logical. Since I live miles away and never passed this place before, it follows that you don't know my name is Clinton. Keep inhaling the camphor and brace up against any faintness. Here we are, and now let me get you a drink of water. Is it the arm or the shoulder?"

"Shoulder."

"It's dislocated, but that's a heap better than a broken arm. There's a house a quarter of a mile back. Let me run there while waiting for the doctor and fetch a woman."

"If you would be so kind, but I don't quite understand yet."

"O, you will later on. I've got it all figured out. It's a case of logic."

The young man returned, accompanied by a farmer's wife, just as the doctor drove up.

"What's up?" asked the M. D.

"Girl got a dislocated shoulder."

"Who telephoned?"

"I did."

"What did you want to swear for?"

Logic. The man who swears over the telephone wire gives the impression to the receiver that he is very much in earnest, and that he'd better do some hiking."

Mr. Clinton sat on the veranda while the doctor and the woman cared for the patient. By and by the girl's thanks were sent to him, and he was asked to call in a week's time, if he could make it convenient, and he went away whistling and not even posted as to the girl's name.

"But odds is the difference," he said to himself. "It may be Jones or Brown or Baker now, but it's sure to be Clinton after awhile."

When the aunt was told of the adventure she replied:

"Why, that's the Logan girl!"

"But why the exclamation?"

"Because they are the nabobs of the country."

"Well?"

"And she turned down several offers of marriage."

"Well, again?"

"And you are no nabob. Don't be foolish, Fred, and fall in love."

"I'm not a nabob, but I'm a logician, and the logical conclusion is that I shall marry her. Can't beat logic, aunty."

He managed to hear from some one every day as to Miss Logan's improvement, and when he was told that with her arm in a sling she was walking about the house and the grounds, he drove over to pay his call.

When he had been received in a very friendly spirit and identified himself, Miss Logan said:

"Did you tell me that you were passing by as I fell?"

"Not exactly passing by, but sitting down and waiting for the logical conclusions."

"And they came?"

"They did. The girl who mounts a roof to make repairs will not escape a fell one time in fifty."

"How silly of me to get up there! The roof leaked, but the idea of repairing it was a sudden freak. Did your logic tell you what to do after I fell? I've been thinking it over, and I wonder that you got along so well."

"I knew there would be logical conclusions," laughed the young man.

"O, I'm very thankful."

"That's one conclusion."

"And grateful."

"That's number two."

"And—and I, really admire the calm way you managed things."

"That's number three."

"But—but is there any more?"

He said there was, but he would delay the telling of it until some other time.

Several months later he said, "It's only logical that I want you for a wife."

"Then you must look out for consequences!" she laughed as she gave him her hand.

"Logic and its consequence make happiness!" said the professor when he had read the letter.

MOST SCHOOLS PER CAPITA

Kansas Farmer Wins Friendly Argument Relative to Merits of Iowa and Kansas.

Two farmers, one from northern Kansas and one from the swamp drained section of Iowa, got into a friendly argument about the merits of their respective states. It was on a homeseekers' train bound for southern Texas. A crowd of excursionists soon gathered to listen.

"Kansas raises more wheat to the acre than any state in the Union," said the Kansan.

"Iowa beats the world for corn," replied the Iowan.

"Kansas is the wealthiest state," retorted the Jayhawker.

Back and forth the statistical statements flew until both men's supplies were exhausted. The Iowan had scored last and the Kansan looked glum. Then one of the listeners went to his assistance.

"I'm a Kansan man myself," he said. "You've forgotten our educational facilities."

"There you are," shouted the Jayhawker, now jubilant. "No states can beat Kansas for educational facilities. Why, we have more school-houses per capita than any state in the world."

That won the argument.

BOYS LIGHTED BY WIRELESS

German Inventor Declares That Currents Properly Attended Will Turn on the Light.

A German inventor, Grimmeisen, claims to have found a method for using wireless waves in the best manner for lighting up distant lamps, either electric or gas lamps, by the use of an accurately tuned wireless receiver at each lamp so that it is sensitive to only one wave pitch and no others.

The wireless waves act upon a receiver combined with a local relay for working an electromagnetic switch so as to turn on the current or gas as the case may be.

This idea is in itself not a new one, as we are already familiar with wireless distant control devices, but the originality lies in the close tuning of the receivers so that only a given wave frequency will work them. The device will thus be a valuable one for seacoast lights, and

especially for light buoys.

Before this sea cables were run from the buoys to shore so as to stand the severe strain of the waves, on the new plan a battery can be turned on by wireless.

STORY JONES TELLS.

One night after saying her prayers before going to bed a six-year-old girl astonished her mother by innocently asking:

"Mother, who is Old Man Snuckles?"

"Why, my child, I never heard of a man by that name."

"Oh, yes, mother," said the child, "there must be some such man, for I pray for him every night."

"Pray for Old Man Snuckles, my child? Why, what do you mean?"

"Why, yes, mother. You know I pray for God to bless father and mother, brother and sister and 'Old Man Snuckles.' Who is he?"

Her mother saw by and by that it meant "All my aunts and uncles," which if repeated quickly sounds like "Old Man Snuckles."

MEANEST MAN FOUND.

"Old Man" Curtis, a character long familiar to the people of New Milford Conn., has been sent to the poorhouse despite the fact that his son, William Curtis, who lives near there, is one of the wealthiest farmers in the section and reputed to be worth \$50,000. The son said that he let his father go to the almshouse because, when a small boy, his father forced him to work and then took every cent of his pay.

"Old Man" Curtis said his son was "too mean to give him a meal without making a fuss over it like it was a million dollars."—New York American.

WILL RESTORE OLD CHURCH.

A 600-year-old church, that of St. John the Baptist, in the county of Ayr, Scotland, known as Fort Castle, and which had been advertised for sale and was in danger of demolition, has been purchased for £1,950 by the marquis of Bute, who will preserve it. The church was built in the thirteenth century, and in it the Scottish parliament settled the succession of the Scottish crown after the battle of Bannockburn in 1344.