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Fishing for a Daughter

By CLARISSA MACKIE

DOROTHY found him, a rather decrepit elderly man in a rumpled gray suit, fishing in the brook that ran through the lower orchard. Although fishing was forbidden on her father's property, Dorothy had not the heart to mention the fact to the stranger.

"Good afternoon, sir," greeted Dorothy.

"He lifted his hat stiffly, regarded her pleasantly with faded blue eyes, and returned to his fishing.

"You—are having good luck," she ventured again.

"So-so."

As the girl moved away toward the path into the orchard, the fisherman called out to her, "Seen my son around here?"

"No, I haven't seen anyone about."

"He doesn't know I'm out—or he didn't know when I left the car. He's missed me by this time," he chuckled as he flicked up his rod and discovered a wriggling trout.

"It is too bad that he should be worried about you."

"He will worry, too; Chris is that kind of a lad. He had a patient over this way, Martin's wife, and so I came for the ride. I remembered this pool and smuggled my fishing rod under my coat—it has been a wonderful day."

"I am sorry about the doctor, though," mused Dorothy; "he will be worried tonight, and then he will be worrying about you, too."

The old man shuffled his feet on the stones and looked at her in a puzzled way.

"I wish you would marry Chris," he remarked.

Dorothy laughed breathlessly. "How funny!"

"Nothing funny about it," he retorted, offended. "Chris is a fine fellow—a good doctor with a large practice. He never bothers with his girls, though; I wish he would; I am tired of housekeepers. I would like a nice daughter-in-law."

"I do hope that she will be a very nice daughter to you," said Dorothy, as she left him alone. Then she returned to tell him not to sit there much longer because it was growing damp.

"Can you keep house?" he asked thoughtfully.

"Yes, indeed," she laughed as she ran off. Several times during the afternoon she thought of the old man fishing in the brook, and wondered whether Chris' father had returned to the car or whether the doctor was searching for his nomadic patient.

At last the doorbell sounded and she answered it herself.

The tall worried young man proved to be Dr. Christopher Reed. "Have you seen anything of an elderly man in a gray suit?" he was beginning, when Dorothy's quiet smile and reassuring nod answered the question.

"I saw him about three o'clock. He was fishing in our brook," she told him. "Won't you come in, Doctor Reed, you look so tired."

"Thank you; but I must locate father at once. He has been sick and should not be where it is damp."

"I will go with you now," offered Dorothy, and together they crossed the garden and went down the orchard path. "Father would have been here, but this is market day."

"I am sure I have met your father—"

"John Lane," she replied.

"Yes—we are members of the same club."

"I wonder if your father has started to meet your car," remarked Dorothy, who was beginning to feel a sense of responsibility for the safety of "Chris' father. Suppose he had fallen into the brook!

Their worst fears were realized. The reckless fisherman had slipped from his rocky seat and stood shivering in four inches of cold water. His lips were blue and he was shivering violently, even while he tried to regain a foothold on the slippery bank.

"Hold up, dad, I'm here!" called the doctor in his big voice.

"Hi, Chris—I'm sorry to get into this mess," he chattered. "The little lady warned me not to stay too long."

Doctor Chris lifted his father from the water and carried him in his arms up to the Lane house. There Mrs. Lane insisted upon his remaining until the chill passed off, so she was put to bed in the spare chamber and the doctor remained to work over him until he was out of danger and sleeping soundly. The chill passed off and there followed a severe attack of rheumatism. The hospitable Lanes insisted upon Mr. Reed continuing his visit until there was a favorable change in the weather. Doctor Chris came several times a day, sometimes to see his father, and often just to see Dorothy.

At last there came a spell of beautiful weather; clear hot days when old Mr. Reed longed for the sunshine of his own garden and sunporch. There were cherry-blossoms at home over which he had a special car. So one fine day he was bundled into the doctor's car, and the Lanes came out to see him off.

"Good-by, Dorothy, my dear," he said, kissing her fresh cheek. "You have been like a daughter to me, and he laughed implicitly when she blushed. And later, "How about it, Chris," he nudged his big, contented son. "I went fishing and caught a daughter-in-law! Is it true, my boy?"

"Yes, sir—it's fisherman's luck, and dad, isn't she wonderful?"

The Scrap Book



Plan Observatory for "Padre of the Rains"

Everybody on the Pacific coast, and many throughout the rest of the country, know the weather predictions made and published for many years by Rev. Jerome S. Ricard, a Jesuit priest, member of the faculty of the University of Santa Clara, and known familiarly as "the padre of the rains," according to the Detroit News. His weather indications often surpass the government ones in accuracy, and yet they are made with very crude instruments, and with almost no assistance from persons who report weather conditions in other cities. These indications have been given gratuitously for many years and have been of enormous financial value to the entire coast.

Father Ricard has given his life to science, with particular reference to atmosphere. His studies have been made in very cramped quarters, as well as with inadequate equipment. Now Knights of Columbus of the coast have organized a Ricard memorial observatory foundation, and are raising \$100,000 with a view to erect a modern observatory, fitted with latest and best instruments.

The purpose is not merely to honor the "padre of the rains," but if possible to assist the forecasting of the weather for the benefit of all America. Especially is the aim to secure assistance, so that at Father Ricard's death the work may not cease. The expectation is to have the observatory, a large and commodious one, completed within a year.

Drastic Examples Made of English Drunkards

At a recent auction sale in London there was sold an "absolutely unique Elizabethan drunkard's cloak, in which drunkards were placed and paraded through the streets."

The drunkard's cloak was essentially a North-Country punishment for drunkards, and was inflicted by magistrates during the Commonwealth.

The article is thus described in "The History of Intemperance": "The barrel had one head out and a hole through the other, through which the offender was made to put his head; while his hands were drawn through two small holes, one on each side. While this he was compelled to march along the public streets."

HIGH ENOUGH

"Madam, here's a one-piece bathing suit that's been marked down to \$1.60."

"Have you something that comes a little higher?"

"Why, my dear lady, you'd be arrested."

Real Sky Pilot

Having a "parish" of 40,000 square miles, Rev. L. Daniels of Wilcania, New South Wales, has asked the Colonial and Continental Church society for an airplane in order to make his calls.

He explains that he travels 10,000 miles a year in getting round his "parish"—some important places get a service but two or three times a year. He is at present using a decrepit motor car.

Gnats Caused Fire Alarm

A swarm of gnats, estimated at several millions, which lodged in a corner of the First National Bank building at Conestoga, Pa., caused a fire alarm to be sounded. A pedestrian saw what he believed to be smoke issuing from the cornice, but the fireman could discover no blaze. It was found that the swarming of the gnats appeared from the sidewalk to be just like smoke.

Bees Swarmed on Table

When Mrs. B. W. Boyd of Coatesville, Pa., returned home from a visit she was surprised to see a heavy center-piece on her dining-room table. It was a swarm of honey bees which had piled up and formed a heap the size of a peck measure. Mrs. Boyd gathered up the tablecloth and carried it to the lawn and the swarm of bees dispersed.

Diamond in a Fowl

A farmer at St. Etienne, France, bought a fowl, and when dressing it found a diamond inside. A diamond which has been proved to be of great value.

Elevated Hen-Roost

A farmer of Laurel township, Ohio, has a Leghorn hen which has held a setting of eggs high up in an elm tree in a hawk's old nest.

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AUCTION

L. W. LOVEWELL, Auctioneer

Having sold my farm, I will sell at Public Auction on the Clyde Putnam farm, 2 miles West of Novi, on Grand River road and 3/4 mile South; or 1 mile West and 3 miles North of Northville, on SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1925 Commencing at 10:00 o'clock, the following described property:

HOT LUNCH AT NOON

- ### MILCH COWS
- 1 Holstein Cow, 5 yr. old, freshened Nov. 27.
 - 1 Thoroughbred Jersey Cow, 8 yr. old, due March 1.
 - 1 Holstein Cow, 7 yr. old, due March 6.
 - 1 Holstein Heifer, 3 yr. old, due August 28.
 - 1 Holstein Heifer, 3 yr. old, due August 28.
 - 1 Holstein Heifer, 2 yr. old, freshened January 1.
 - 1 Holstein Heifer, 2 yr. old, due May 15.
 - 1 Holstein Heifer, 14 months' old.
 - 1 Jersey Heifer, 10 months' old. Whole herd tested and no reactors, January 9, 1925.

HAY AND GRAIN

About 50 tons of Hay.
75 shocks of Corn.
20 foot of Ensilage.
400 bushels of Corn.

- ### FARM TOOLS
- 1 International Manure Spreader.
 - 1 John Deere Hay Loader.
 - 1 Vowles Wheel Cultivator.
 - 3 Walking Plows; 1 Set of Sleighs.
 - 1 Champion Mowing Machine, 6-foot cut; 1 Drag Saw.
 - 1 Set of 1,200 pound Scales (Double Beam); Hay Tagger.
 - 1 Hay and Stock Rack.
 - 1 Gravel Box; 1 Dump Rake.
 - 1 Gravel Box; 1 Buzz Saw.
 - 1 Side-Delivery Rake.
 - 1 Superior Grain Drill Fertilizer.
 - 1 Pumping Engine and Jack.
 - 1 Galloway 6 h. p. Gasoline engine
 - 1 Spike-Tooth Drag.
 - 3 Iron Kettles; 3 Wagon Tongues.
 - 1 24-foot Ladder; 1 Feed Grinder.
 - 1 2-hole Corn Shelter; 4 milk pans.
 - 1 Forge Blower and Anvil.
 - 1 60-gallon Gas Tank.
 - 1 Barrel Churn.
 - 2 extra good Horse Blankets.
 - Quantity of Plank Lumber.
 - 150 Oak Fence Posts.
 - 1 Hand-Power Cream Separator.
 - 1 Heavy Double Harness.
 - Single Harness.

And other articles not mentioned. Household effects, including good Peninsular Stove and Washing Machine.

- ### HORSES
- 1 Matched Black Team, weight 2,800 lbs.
 - 100 Chickens; Pair of Ducks.

FARM TOOLS

- 1 McCormick Grain Binder.
- 1 Osborne-Corn Binder.
- 2 Walking-Plows; Spray Outfit.
- 1 Fordson Tractor; 1 Steel Roller.
- 1 Bissell Disc; for Tractor.
- 1 3-section Spring-Tooth, nearly new; 1 John Deere Fordson plow.

9—HEAD OF CATTLE—9

TERMS:—All sums of \$10 and under, cash; over that amount, 9 months' time, will be given on approved bankable notes, bearing 7 per cent interest. Payable at Lapham State Savings Bank.

Clyde H. PUTNAM, Prop.
F. R. Lanning, Note Clerk.
Fred Durfee, Clerk.