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FINE SAMPLE ROOM STEAM HEAT

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ROYAL Baking Powder

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Makes Home Baking Easy

With minimum trouble and cost biscuit, cake and pastry are made fresh, clean and greatly superior to the ready-made, dry, found-in-the-shop variety, and danger of alum food is avoided.

DUSTLESS SWEEPING AND EASY SWEEPING ARE GUARANTEED BY USING ONE OF



Bissell's NEW "Cyco" BALL BEARING Sweepers

Why fill your house with clouds of dust (with possible injury to curtains, draperies, and furniture), through the use of the corn broom, when at a small cost you can procure a BISSELL'S sweeper that confines all the dirt, cleans, polishes and restores your carpets, reduces the labor of sweeping 95% and makes sweeping a pleasure instead of a drudgery?

As dust is admitted by a carrier of disease, the corn broom with its coarse dust is a menace to the health of the entire family, to say nothing about the ruin it works to the carpets and rugs, and the druggists' bill. Consider the economy of the Bissell's, as it lasts longer than fifty brooms.



Price \$2.75 to \$5.00. For sale by your local dealer. Send for free booklet. BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO., Grand Rapids, Mich. (Manufactured by Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers in the World)

LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. C. J. Sprague and Miss Electa Chilson spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Pierce. The interior repairs in the Enterprise office, which were begun some time ago, were completed this week.

Ernest Thompson Seton, the eminent lecturer and writer on animal life spoke at Pontiac on Thursday night of this week.

Work is being done in some parts of the county on the local option petitions, but we have heard of none in Farmington as yet.

Fred Stoney has moved to Pontiac and Glenn Green now occupies the house which he vacated. They are both in the employ of the D. U. R.

The Wixom family reunion which was held at the home of Mrs. Wm. Haywood at Ypsilanti was attended by the Wixoms of Farmington.

Mrs. Adelaide Davis died on Tuesday at her home, after an illness that extended over several months. The funeral was held on Thursday afternoon.

At the Methodist church next Sunday Rev. Geo. E. Gulien will speak in the morning on "The Shibboleth of Pate" and the evening theme will be "The Shepherd God."

The Rochester Era presented its readers with a fine holiday edition last week. The paper was well filled with advertising that reflects credit on the business men of that place.

Clarence Hutchins, who has worked for three years in his brother's shop at Redford, has now taken a position in the Chamberlin barber shop at Farmington. Clarence is a good little shaver and can also play ball to beat the band.

Miss Emma Gildemeister entertained about 24 young people at her home last Friday evening in honor of her brother, Edwin, of Lansing, who spent Thanksgiving here. He returned Sunday evening to resume his studies at the M. A. C.

The services at the Baptist church Sunday, Dec. 10, are as follows: Morning service at 10:30; subject, "The City Four Square." Bible school at the close of service. Evening service at 7 o'clock; subject, "About my Father's Business." Thirty minute song service every evening conducted by W. E. Prouse. Everybody invited to these services.

The confessions of the McNamars have brought the labor unions of the country to their senses and they are now as vigorously condemning as they were formerly defending the guilty pair. However about \$300,000 which had been contributed toward the defense fund is gone and it might have

been used to do some real good in the interest of labor.

Mrs. C. J. Sprague and Miss Electa Chilson visited relatives and friends in Northville a part of last week.

When passing L. C. Schroder's cash grocery just take a peep in the windows and especially note the Star.

Town Treasurer John H. Thayer is ready to receive taxes and has an announcement in this paper. He will be at the Chamberlin barber shop each Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. J. L. Wilber is receiving this week gifts of partly worn or outgrown clothing for men, women and children, the latter needs a specialty, to be sent to Miss Kirsche, our Baptist missionary worker among the Germans in Detroit. Her predecessor, Miss Erginzinger, is now matron of the girls department of the Baptist orphanage, Wood Island, Kodiak, Alaska.

The Oakland County Poultry Breeders' association will hold their first annual show at Pontiac on the 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23 of this month. The premium list shows a fine lot of awards to be given and the officers are making arrangements for an elaborate exhibition. Dan Thomas is president and J. W. Fasker secretary. Those having poultry for exhibition can address either of the above and free copies will be provided.

Superintendent Flashes C. D. O.

The entertainment given Saturday night by the high school Juniors was in every way successful and netted the school \$16.50. The musical selections by Mr. Waltz were very fine and his auto harp accompaniment was greatly enjoyed.

The exhibition and demonstration of wireless telegraphy by Superintendent Goodrich was very interesting to the audience, especially the sounding of the distress signal of C. D. O.

About Those Auction Sale Bills

This office is prepared to print auction bills on short notice and in any size or style. We are also enabled, on account of publishing both the Farmington Enterprise and the Redford Record, to give wide publicity to those sales which come our way.

Bring on your sale bills and let us figure with you.

Taxes

I will be at the Chamberlin barber shop hereafter on Friday and Saturday of each week for the collection of taxes. On any other day of the week can be seen at my home.

Dated, Dec. 6, 1911.

JOHN H. THAYER,

Treasurer of the Township of Farmington.

To Christmas Shoppers

In a short time we will have for sale at the McGee drug store some hand-painted china and some water color pictures that will make suitable gifts for the holidays. We ask for an inspection of the goods by those desiring anything of the kind.

MRS. R. B. NORTHROP,
MRS. C. E. RAMSEY.

Christmas post-cards at L. C. Schroder's.

A fine assortment of Christmas candies at L. C. Schroder's.

Select your Christmas candies at L. C. Schroder's. A large assortment.

Try Cook & Co. for Sweaters, Underwear, Flannel Top Shirts and Hosiery.

Electric Sad Irons make ironing easy. Cook & Co. sell them.

FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE
FOR STOMACH TROUBLE AND CONSTIPATION

A GINGHAM FEE

By J. T. GREENLEAF.

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Rustling along among the dead leaves, down the brown path to the river, on an evening in late September, Frank Arnold, the junior member of the firm of Ellebree & Arnold, attorneys, spied a pitiful, sob-shaken, brown gingham heap curled up on an old bench.

Seating himself beside it he drew the dainty head with its shining red-gold braids to his shoulder, took a little wet wad out of one of the small hands and replaced it with a large square of linen from his own pocket.

"Jennie, darling, tell your old man all about it as soon as you can get your breath," he said.

"Oh, Frank," she stammered, between gasps, "father has lost all he has paid on this home."

"Why—how's that?" he asked, as he slipped a large white handkerchief under the round chin.

"Be—be—because he's just been over to see the executor of Mr. Harris' will, and he says that there is no record of any payments at all upon the contract."

"What! No records? I thought he had been paying \$5 a month for years."

"Sure—he has—"

"Where are his receipts, then?" asked the lawyer.

"In the house—and that is the hopeless part of it—for not one of them is signed—and—"

"Do you mean to tell me that your father accepted them thus defective?"

"He says that Mr. Harris told him they were just as much of a record of the transaction as if they were signed," she answered.

"Well, I declare! and I suppose next he will feel justified in recalling his promise to let me have you now that the work of years has been done over," growled the lawyer.

"That is what he said at first, but I influenced him to promise that if you would take up the case for us against the Harris estate and win it I might marry you. If you do succeed the home would be ours," faltered Jennie.

"That puts it on a better footing, dearest, for with such a fee in sight—"

"In an old gingham dress—" interrupted she.

"A man ought to win every time," finished the lawyer.

"Then you don't consider it an entirely hopeless case?" asked the girl as she raised her head to look him in the face.

"I can't tell yet, but I'll do it if anybody can. And now I want to make a little bargain with you, first of all. You must pay me a good big retainer at once and then, from time to time, you'll have to give me more for disbursements as the case progresses, Miss Chamberlin," announced the attorney.

"How much will that be?" asked the girl with quickened respiration "for I'm dreadfully anxious to know, as it will have to come out of the money I have put away for my outfit."

"Well, let's see, answered Frank "I will have to have two—I rather guess about three, kisses for the—"

"Oh, Frank, you are such a tease—you scared me—but here," she cried, discharging the obligation then and there—"and—I'll pay you a little more every time I see you," she added with a sigh of contentment.

"And how soon will you marry me if I win?" persisted the lover.

"Just the minute you get a decision—verdict—in our favor," replied the girl.

"That settles it," said Frank "and now let's go into the house and make your father acknowledge his new offer and then I'll take the papers and go to work at once. But after all I can't understand why Mr. Harris should do such a thing. He had a reputation for being very slow and queer but never dishonest."

"He wanted to marry mother and has always had a grudge against her because she loved him better," responded Jennie.

"But all the same he must have known that a large part of your fa-

ther's ability to pay was due to your years of hard work—"

"And he always seemed to like me, too, for they say I resemble the poor little mother he loved so long ago," broke in the girl.

"If that's the case maybe something will turn up that we don't look for at this time," volunteered the young fellow.

But when he had gathered together the facts he was very doubtful of success, for there was absolutely no evidence of the receipt of these sums to be found anywhere in the books or papers of the deceased and he went into the court of the genial Judge Nixon with a heavy heart, for he had only the fact that this series of unsigned receipts was in the script of Mr. Harris, to prove the payment of about \$600.

Just in the early twilight of the short November day in which had been tried the case of the Estate of George Harris vs. Chamberlin, Arnold was hurrying up to the home of his fiancée. His haste was such that he passed through the door without ringing and had hardly closed it behind him when there was precipitated into his arms a plump little woman in a gingham dress.

"Oh, Frank, I'm so happy! You're won! You're won! You're won!" was his greeting.

"How did you know?"

"By the way you walked into the yard, sir! I know you."

"You're right, darling, but now you want to get off that dress, don't you? before—"

"Be—be—before what?" she stammered.

"Before the minister comes!"

"Why, Frank Arnold! I didn't promise to marry you so soon after you—" gasped Jennie from her imprisonment in the arms of the law.

"Just as soon as you get a favorable decision, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but I didn't mean the very next minute, you cyclones of a bridegroom!"

"All right, then, you'll have to send the reverend gentleman back when he gets here in a minute, or two, for I won't have space to face him?" vouchsafed the successful advocate.

"Come out here into the light, sir, so I can see your eyes."

Looking at her lover at close range for a second she exclaimed: "You did frighten me for a minute, you crazy boy, but I will be ready next week!"

After the congratulations at the wedding, Judge Nixon, clearing his throat with his court manner, said to the bride in his court robes:

"Mr. Arnold, the late Mr. Harris and I were college mates and close friends and some four years ago I was entrusted by him with a deed to this property where we now are, made out to you. With it was an order on his executors to pay to you the sum of \$600 upon the day of your wedding. In case he died before that glad day I was to hand both to you and it gives me great pleasure to comply with his wishes at this time. If my friend were living I am sure he would accompany the papers with his best wishes." And then the wife of half an hour broke down and wept on her husband's breast.

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Full Justice Not Done to Gift. When Lawrence Barrett's daughter was married Stuart Robson sent a check for \$5,000 to the bridegroom. The comedian's daughter, Felicia Robson, who attended the wedding, conveyed the gift. "Felicia," said her father upon her return, "did you give him the check?" "Yes, father," answered the daughter. "What did he say?" asked Robson. "He didn't say anything," replied Miss Felicia, "but he shed tears." "How long did he cry?" "Why, father, I didn't time him. I should say, however, that he wept fully a minute." "Fully a minute," mused Robson. "Why, daughter, cried an hour after I signed it."

Those Harvard Men.

There is one very naughty young man who attends school up at Cambridge, Mass. He just simply out-recitations the other day and came down here and spent three days. "I must go to see the dentist," he remarked with a bored expression to the room clerk of an up-town hotel, "then I must catch the noon train."

"But why go to the dentist?" asked the room clerk. "Your teeth are all right, aren't they?"

"Sure, but I need a certificate from the dentist to account for my absence."

The room clerk, who thought that he was used to the wicked ways of the world, was quite overcome.—New York Sun.

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