Hollow Ash... Hall

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

The rooms were all unfurnished; but in one, "The turret chamber," as it was called, though it was not built in turret fashion, Rose came upon a tangible relic of the past.

It was a large oaken cabinet, black with age. Its doors were open. As they approached it the setting sun broke from a bank of thin white fog, and filled the whole apartment with a ruddy glow. Rose, ever curious, was the first to search the cabinet.

There were several toilet ornaments in Venetian glass and gold upon the upper shelf. Upon the lower one lay a small yellow packet and a fragment of an old letter. Rose took it up eagerly and read these words traced in a delicate yet unformed handwriting:

"And so I send the gift, but I fear it will outlive your love. Last night, when you left me you forgot my good-bye kiss, and so this morning I thought—"

There the fragment ended. It was the old, old story, coming down from remote years. Woman's tender love—woman's pained recognition of a slight—woman's faith, mixed sweetly with woman's fear of losing what she prized far more than anything else the world had to bestow. Rose stood musing with the torn paper in her hand, till her father spoke.

"Poor little goose! I wonder where she and her lover are now? What is in the packet, Rose?"

The girl broke the string. A long tress of dark brown hair fell lightly over her [illegible]. That was [illegible] which was still fresh and [illegible] while the head on which it grew was perhaps lying low in the grave.

Rose laid it reverently back beside the letter. Mr. Cowley fidgeted about a moment or two, and then said that they had better go. He had evidently seen enough for that day at least. As for Rose, the dead girl's words seemed sounding in her ear all the way home.

"Yet why dead?" She asked herself that, as she woke with a start at two o'clock the next morning.

Mrs. Cowley went back to the village hotel in a more agreeable frame of mind. She fondly imagined that the gloom and silence of the Hall had been too much even for the jovial spirits of her husband to encounter. Brighton looked nearer than ever, as she sank placidly to sleep that night.

But the next morning undeceived her. Mr. Cowley was up with the lark, and when she descended with the girls to the nine o'clock breakfast, he was not there. "He had gone to the Hall," meek Mrs. Grimes informed them with a courtesy.

"To the Hall!" gasped Mrs. Cowley in dire dismay. "What for?"

"Mr. Grimes went up with him, mum. They took out a lot of painters and plasterers, mum. Not to speak of the two charwomen as is to go next week."

"Mercy preserve us!" exclaimed the horrified British matron. "Is the man in his senses? Can he think of living there after all that we saw last night?"

Mrs. Grimes shook her head and sighed.

"Men is that contrary, mum, that an angel from heaven would not well know what to do with them!" she observed, sympathizingly. And certainly, after living so many years with Simon Grimes, she ought to have been a judge.

Mrs. Cowley took her breakfast with what appetite she might. At noon her liege lord appeared dusty, tired and cross. From him she learned that the workmen were progressing favorably, that the place would be ready for the charwomen by the end of that present week, instead of the next, and that everything would be finished by the last day of the month.

"So get ready to move on the first day of December, old lady," he added, merrily, "for we shall keep our Christmas there!"

The "old lady" groaned at the thought. What sort of a Christmas would it be in that dismal, lonely, haunted ruin?

But Mr. Cowley carried his point, as he always did. Day after day did he spend at the Hall, sometimes with Mr. Grimes, sometimes with the agent, but oftener alone with his workmen, who did their tasks in platoons, and would, on no account, stay on the premises a moment after sundown. Not so the charwoman who succeeded them. She was a stranger in the place, and felt no reverence for its traditions. Consequently she refused to believe in the ghosts; and when Mr. Cowley heard her avow her want of faith in a great strong voice and with a hearty laugh he was so enchanted with her good sense that he engaged her on the spot to remain at the Hall as servant till the scruples of the neighboring damsels should be sufficiently overcome to enable them to serve, with or under her, or perhaps to take her place. But for her opportune arrival, Mrs. Cowley might have been forced to make her own bed, get her own dinner and black her husband's boots—for no village girl could have been induced for love or money to engage at the Hall till it was fairly proved whether Queen Bess was there or not.

Mrs. Macarthy, however, was a host in herself, and the sight of her broad, smiling face was enough to put the most crabbed ghost into good humor if by chance she should happen to meet one. She worked with a will during the week of her occupancy. Carpets were put down, curtains hung up, beds aired and made, drawing and dining rooms swept and dusted; till, from the dismal shell, on which Mrs. Cowley had looked with such horror, a handsome, modern-looking dwelling place was deduced, possessing every comfort which the most fastidious taste could require—at least, for a short sojourn. Mr. Cowley might have been less liberal in furnishing any other house, but here his honor was in some measure at stake, and he was not satisfied till he had done his very best.

He came home late on the evening of the thirtieth of November, and announced, with a pleasant smile, that all was ready for the removal. Rose scarcely knew whether to be glad or sorry that her often repeated wish was about to be granted. In her heart she began to feel a little timid, though she would have gone to the stake rather than acknowledge it. Catharine shed some tears, but her father only laughed at her. As for Mrs. Cowley, she packed her trunks as if for an expedition to the Fejee Islands, and Mrs. Grimes assisted her, groaning dismally the while [illegible].

At two p. m. [illegible] was ready, but Mr. Cowley never made his appearance till [illegible] of Mrs. Grimes, the devoted wife and mother [illegible] drove her[illegible] away.

The gates of the Hall stood wide open this time to receive them, and Mrs. Macarthy was smiling and bowing at the door. Lamps were lit in the hall and fires burned in every room. Beautiful carpets, curtains and furniture, together with books and pictures, and a piano, so transformed the gloomy drawing room that she scarcely recognized it. Mrs. Cowley was in [illegible] of surprise.

"I knew you would like it," he kept repeating as he rubbed his hands together, "and I have spared no expense to make it pleasant and comfortable for you. Now, my dear, if you will [illegible] and take off your things, Mrs. Macarthy will give us some tea. I [illegible]. Mrs. [illegible] you to come! I knew you would [illegible]."

CHAPTER IV.

"But did they see it after all?"

Grave enough was Mrs. Cowley's face [illegible] sat down to that first meal in her new home. The tea was hot and strong, the toast nicely buttered, the cold ham [illegible] with Vauxhall [illegible], yet [illegible]. If a door creaked, she started nervously in her chair; if a mouse gnawed at a wainscot, she looked as if she was about to faint. Yet the habit of obedience to her husband's wishes was so strongly implanted within her breast that she never dreamed of saying how uncomfortable she felt. Mr. Cowley had made up his mind to live in a haunted house—consequently a haunted house must be the best place possible to live in. She was serving her fellow creatures by proving to them that the doctrine of ghosts must be false. No martyr ever underwent more agony for the sake of a good cause than [illegible].

At last the meal was over, and the ex-charwoman had cleared away. The group drew around the blazing fire. Mrs. Cowley took her knitting; Miss Catherine, with an air of making herself at home, performed wonderful feats with her crochet needles; Mr. Cowley pished and pshawed over the columns of his Times, which in the hurry of removal he had not had an opportunity to read before. All were employed except Rose, and she evidently found it very hard to settle to anything. She walked about the room till her father growled out a request that she would not fidget him; so then she lifted the curtain and gazed out for a long time upon the bare and desolate lawn, looking more desolate still beneath the pale light of the wintry moon.

A thought struck her as she stood there. She gave a little delicious shiver, then left the room and went upstairs.

The turret chamber had been prepared for her by special request. Miss Cowley's room was exactly opposite, so that the sisters could easily communicate with each other if necessary. Mr. and Mrs. Cowley had chosen a large, square chamber at the back of the house, and the revolver was already lying on a table close beside the bed. Fires were blazing brightly in all these rooms. They looked exceedingly snug and cozy in the ruddy glow. Still, not the less for fire and candle did Rose feel the unseen presence of some former inhabitant of the place. She hurried nervously down the passage, entered her own room, took a book from her dressing bag and retreated without daring even to give a glance at the oaken cabinet in the corner. Quicker and quicker she went on her way back, breathing short and feeling terribly frightened, though ashamed that she should do so. She to live in a haunted house, and have no more nerve than this! The thing was ridiculous—she would be more sensible. And making a brave effort to feel collected at the head of the stairs, she heard or fancied she heard one breathing close behind her—felt or fancied she felt, the touch of a cold light hand upon her own. She shrieked wildly, and ran headlong down, only to find the whole family in the hall, looking pale and frightened, and evidently ready to face twenty ghosts, for the benefit of whose fleshless noses Mr. Cowley grasped the tongs.

"Good gracious, Rose!" exclaimed her mother, trembling from head to foot. "What is it? Have you seen anything?"

"No," said Rose, looking extremely silly; "but I was all in the dark at the head of the stairs, and I fancied some one touched me!"

"I wish to goodness you would be sure of your danger, young lady, before you scare us all out of our wits another time!" said Mr. Cowley, leading the way back to the drawing-room and disposing of the tongs in their place once more. "I made sure by your squalling that old Queen Bess, at the very least, was after you. If you are going to fancy ghosts in every direction, you had better go back and take shelter with Mrs. Grimes as soon as you can. Why, here's Kitty, who couldn't bear the idea of this house, and look at her now. She don't like it, and she may believe there are ghosts here, but I don't think she would invent them for herself beforehand, as you seem to have done. No more nonsense, Rose, if you please, or every one in Banley shall know that you, who were so eager to get here, were the first to cry out 'Wolf!' half an hour after you came."

Mr. Cowley, having delivered his lecture, resumed the perusal of the Times. Catherine said nothing, it is true, but even her crochet needles, as she worked, seemed to assume an air of superiority over Rose. That young lady sat, looking sulky beside the fire. Human nature prompted her to throw her book at Catherine's head, but young lady nature came to the rescue, and prevented any such untoward act. At last her sense of injury subsided as she drew near the lamp and began to read.

Certainly she had chosen the queerest volume possible for such a place. It was Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature," a book well calculated to give a sound nightmare even to the most incredulous opponent of the ghost theory.

For some minutes she was very quiet, but Mrs. Cowley, looking up from her knitting, got a glimpse of the illustrated cover, where beside the old hall clock, and by the light of a splendid harvest moon, a genuine orthodox ghost, in a winding sheet, is appearing to a terrified maid servant, just preparing to faint upon the floor.

One look was enough for Mrs. Cowley. She uttered an exclamation that drew every eye to the unlucky book. Mr. Cowley looked over his spectacles at his daughter as if he had thought she had suddenly gone mad.

"What could have possessed you to bring that horrible thing here?" he asked sternly. "It is the greatest nonsense; only fit to go into the fire. I have half a mind to make you put it there now."

Miss Rose at that moment owed her entire [illegible] and having frightened herself to death with the [illegible] suddenly [illegible] them also.

[illegible] hall Catherine was her [illegible] she looked up from the [illegible] book into her father's face.

"Dear papa, you are just a little prejudiced [illegible] Mrs. Crowe [illegible] know [illegible]."

(To be continued.)

Fortitude and Perseverance.

The great art of life so far as I have been able to observe consists in fortitude and perseverance. I have rarely seen that a man who conscientiously devoted himself to the studies of any profession and did not omit to take advantage of opportunities of offering himself to notice when such presented themselves, has not at length got forward. The mischance of those who fall behind, though flung upon fortune, more frequently arises from want of skill and perseverance. Life, my young friend, is like a game at cards; our hands are alternately good or bad and the whole seems, at first glance, to depend on mere chance. But it is not so, for in the long run the skill of the player predominates over the casualties of the game. Therefore, do not be discouraged with the prospect before you, but ply your studies hard, and qualify yourself to receive fortune when she comes your way.—Sir Walter Scott.

The Indians of Canada.

According to the report of the department of Indian affairs for the year ending June 30, 1900, there were 29 more Indians in Canada last year than shown by the report of the year before, although the deaths exceeded the births by 224. The increase is accounted for partly by a previous miscount of the Indians in the Fort Resolution district of the Northwest Territories, who are found to number 223 more than was supposed, and partly by the immigration of a few American Indians. The total Indian population of the Dominion is now estimated to be 99,010. There were 2,333 births last year, and 2,557 deaths. The greatest enemies of the Indians are scrofula and pulmonary diseases, but measles and whooping cough have carried off a number of children. The Indians are not exempt from la grippe. At Fort Babine and Old Fort Babine, in British Columbia, the disease was so virulent that 40 Indians died of it, but it was of a milder type in most of the Indian settlements affected by it.

Record for Longest Reign.

Now that Queen Victoria is dead, Francis Joseph of Austria holds the record of the longest reign in Europe or, indeed, in the world. He has been on the throne more than fifty-two years and is in the seventy-first year of his life. But Francis Joseph is by no means the oldest ruler. The possessor of this distinction is neither the emperor of Austria nor, as is generally supposed, King Christian of Denmark, who is 82, and has reigned thirty-seven years. The oldest living ruler is a lesser known personality, the Grand Duke Adolphus of Luxembourg, who came into the world in 1817.

Qualities of a Good Nurse.

A nurse who is indifferent and preoccupied in her manner or speech in the sick room can never be successful. Her patient is ill and suffering, but anxious to get well. His sickness is to him the most important thing on earth. His nurse and doctors are his principal reliance for recovery. A half-hearted, indifferent, heedless answer to some questions which may seem of grave importance to the patient may blot out his hope for health and be the cause of a relapse or even of a fatal ending of the disease.

Carrier Pigeons in German Army.

Carrier pigeons are largely used in the German army, which has the most complete pigeon service in the world. Hardly any German town of importance is without its pigeon loft, and the kaiser distributes numerous prizes for long and rapid flights.

A Cure for Hiccoughs.

A never-failing cure for hiccoughs that gives prompt relief, is to draw in as much air as the lungs will hold, and retain it as long as possible. Once is generally sufficient, but if necessary, it may be repeated.

Real Estate Exchange

Of Whitehead & Mitchell at the Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

The following is a partial list of farms, city and village lots and real estate generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request that parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list:

No. 1.

John McCarroll has a nice little farm of 11 acres in the town of Southfield and John says he will sell it pretty soon. All necessary buildings in good repair and ready for the successful prosecution of a profitable farm and the establishment of a happy little home. Lots of good fruit and all necessary conveniences. Terms easy. Price $1,500, of which $500 will be taken on a mortgage at 6 per cent. Speak quick or you lose it.

No. 3.

Twenty nine and two-thirds acres of land near the Irish church in Royal Oak township. It is excellent land, fenced, buildings and fences all in good repair, 45 apple trees, 100 plum trees, plenty of other small fruit. Buildings insured for $1,000. Price $2,800. Terms easy. The place is just on a side of the [illegible] soil of Royal Oak and cannot be beaten for anyone requiring a small farm suitable for small fruit or poultry farming. Come and let us show you over the place some day.

No. 4.

Tenant house and two lots with 105 feet frontage on Saginaw St., and 97 feet deep. Cellar, well, cistern, etc. Price $550. Electric cars pass the door.

No. 5.

Elegant house and lot 66 feet front and 80 rods deep on Maple Ave. East, (half an acre). Fine barn and every modern convenience. Furnace, bath, closet, etc. Can be bought for what the buildings cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

No. 6.

The VanEvery farm on the north shore of Wing Lake, 160 acres, two good houses, three barns, fine lake frontage, 10 acres fine orchard, 18 acres timber. Excellent fishing, boating and bathing. Terms easy.

No. 7.

The J. H. Quick homestead in Birmingham with 140 feet frontage on Saginaw St. and about 180 feet deep. New modern dwelling, good barn, fine lawn, shrubbery and small fruit. Electric cars pass the door every half hour for Detroit and Pontiac. Fare to Detroit 15c, Pontiac 10c. Owner has moved to Toronto and must sell. We will make it an object for any one to investigate this bargain. Make us an offer.

No. 8.

One of the best farms in Oakland county. It is almost enough to say when we tell you that it is the John Buttolph farm in the town of Troy. 120 acres, excellent buildings, two good flowing wells. Carp pond well stocked, 9 miles of tile, fine orchard, 3 miles from Birmingham, 3 miles straight south of Troy corners, where there is a church, store, postoffice, school, etc. Price low and terms easy.

No. 9.

Excellent farm on Gilbert Lake, about three miles from Birmingham. Good buildings, fences in good shape and everything in good repair. Lovely location on the lake and fine fishing, boating and bathing. 197 acres of as fine farming land as there is in the county of Oakland. Will exchange in part for good improved city property. Thirty acres of good heavy timber. Terms very easy.

No. 10.

Large roomy two-story house on Townsend St. in Birmingham, good barn, city water and all ordinary conveniences, 120 feet front and 103 ft. deep. Small fruit and good neighborhood.

No. 11.

The old Shutes farm in the township of Troy, one mile east of Birmingham, 50 acres, all cleared, 7 acres of the finest orchard, good house and two barns. All the advantages of the village and none of the inconveniences. There are other things, too. Come and find out all about it.

No. 12.

The Bayley farm in the town of Troy, 137½ acres. Good farm house and farm buildings; flowing well at the barn which is the wonder and pride of Troy; 20 acres good beech and maple timber, 4 acres fine grafted orchard. Circumstances render it advisable to sell at once and the man who comes first will secure one of the best bargains in the country. Look it up.

No. 13.

A fine farm of 150 acres nearly in the center of the very productive and fertile township of Waterford, Oakland county. Four acres of orchard. There are two sets of complete buildings on the place, with a good well and windmill at each house, so that it can be used for two families if necessary. It is owned by F. B. Hollister and on account of ill health and the necessity of removing to better climatic conditions, he will sell for $45 per acre. There is no incumbrance on the property and the terms will be made very easy indeed.

No. 14.

Two hundred and fourteen acres in sections 15 and 16, Southfield, with finest farm buildings in the township. Large and productive orchard of all kinds of best varieties of fruit, 10 acres of very heavy timber. Will sell or exchange for city property and will divide the two farms if required. Buildings on each tract. Price as low as any on our list, all things considered. Ask us about it.

No. 22.

One hundred and ten acres in the township of Troy on section 33, 85 acres cleared, 25 acres in timber, beech, maple and elm. On the line of the Detroit, Rochester & Lake Orion Electric Railway, cars every hour each way; 15 miles from the city hall, Detroit. Good wells, cisterns, cellars, with house on each side of the road with barns complete with each outfit. Cider mill with three complete presses and 10 horse power steam engine in good repair. Good productive farming lands under good state of cultivation. Best of reasons for selling. The farm is owned by Adam Most and here is the most interesting part of it: he will sell it at $65 per acre and that is less than he paid for it before electric railways were thought of. Only 40 rods to a good school and half a mile to the post office.

No. 20.

The Toynton place, a nice little farm of 7½ acres, with four acres of good orchard and buildings as good as anybody's. One mile west of Bloomfield Centre (Circle postoffice), five minute's walk from Long Lake, basement barn which cost nearly $1,000. House has seven rooms and woodshed, cellar, cistern, well, tool house, chicken house, pig pens, corn crib. A never failing stream runs through the farm. This farm is on the line of the proposed Bloomfield and Orchard Lake Electric Railway, from Bloomfield Centre to Orchard Lake. The price which was $65 per acre before the new electric road was thought of, remains the same, although all the farms in the neighborhood have gone "kiting."

No. 18.

A small farm of five acres, being part of the w½ of section 2, Southfield township, Oakland County. Four good buildings; house, barn, fowl-house and pig-pen. Buildings insured for $1,200. Premises abundantly supplied with cold pure water from flowing well, which is piped to the barn, furnishing plenty of water for stock or other purposes all the year 'round. Good fences, excellent soil, gravelly loam in high state of cultivation. House, two-story and wing; 9 rooms, woodshed, cellar, cistern and all conveniences; 2¾ miles from Birmingham, over roads which are the best in the country; 40 rods from good school, 80 rods from Erity's mill. Excellent neighborhood. This little farm is ready for business, without a cent for repairs or improvements. Price $1,500. Terms easy.

No. 19.

A farm of 100 acres in the township of Rose, Ogemaw County, Mich.; 50 acres cleared, 50 acres mixed hard wood timber. Barn worth $100. Soil, sandy loam. Price $25 per acre; terms $500 cash, balance on long time at 6 per cent. Here is a golden opportunity for a poor man to acquire a good home in a short time. Better investigate.

No. 20.

This includes all of the Corson addition left unsold, comprising lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. Lots 1 and two face Woodward Ave., next to the residence of W. C. Jenks and the others face out on Vinewood Ave. These are, without exception, the finest building lots in the village. High and dry, city water, convenient to the D. & P. Electric R'y and will be sold cheap and on easy terms. Prices range from $125 up. Let us tell you all the particulars about 'em. We also include in this number lots 49, 50, 51 and 52, Block 5 in Urbancrest, near Royal Oak, at $20 per lot.

No. 21

The Corson Homestead on Maple Ave., consisting of lots 6, 7 and 8 of Willitt's plat, being 80x116½ feet each. 160 feet front on Maple Ave. one of the most valuable residence portions of the village. A good comfortable house and good barn, with ample room for a garden. Fine shade trees and best neighborhood in the village. Frontage along this locality on Maple Ave. is worth $25 per front foot; that would make $4,800. Now, owing to the fact that Mr. Corson wishes to sell and sell right away, he will take $3,500, and it ought to be spot cash at that; but that can be arranged so that the terms need not worry you at all.

No. 2.

Farm of 80 acres, well fenced, well watered—never-failing stream; 10 acres timber. 1½ miles from Bloomfield Center and electric railway to Detroit and Pontiac. Terms easy.

No. 23

It was formerly known as the "Wilde Farm" and contains about 100 acres of excellent land, well adapted for grazing or crops. It has about three-quarters of a mile frontage on both sides of Woodward Ave., adjoining the village of Birmingham on the north. The cars of the Detroit & Pontiac Electric Railway run each way every half hour and the Detroit & Milwaukee Railroad traverses the entire length of the farm. It has suitable buildings, good fences and a pretty brook of clear cold water runs through the meadow land, furnishing a never-failing supply for stock. This place must be sold within 90 days and we have put the very lowest possible price upon it which we can entertain. It can be bought for $10,000, one-fourth cash and balance on easy terms. Think it over and let us know what your thoughts are; only don't wait too long, for 90 days is the limit.

No. 26.

One of the finest farms in the grand old township of Bloomfield, celebrated alike for its fine scenery and productive soil. It is the "Harl farm" about midway between Birmingham and Pontiac and just far enough from the Electric Railway to take advantage of all its conveniences and not be inconvenienced. 140 acres gravelly loam, 15 acres of the finest orchard in the state, 2,000 peach trees, 700 plum trees, brick house with all conveniences, 22 rooms, 2 wells, good wind mill, barn 40x70, with ample sheds; good school near the farm, and land is perfectly tiled, 4 miles (15 minutes) to Pontiac. Excellent roads at all times. Price per acre is low and terms are easy. Let us tell you about it. A postal card will do it.

No. 27.

Want to go west? Well, here's your chance. 160 acres of fine Mesa land in [illegible] county, Colorado. Said by experts to be the finest fruit land in the world. Two-thirds of the farm is cleared and there is an orchard of 45 acres of the best and finest varieties of fruit, 3 buildings and everything ready for business. The price is $7,000 and a proper discount for cash will be given from this rate or will trade for Detroit vacant lots for part of the purchase money. Remember what the sage of Chappaqua said and let us explain about the healthful climate of Colorado. If you have lung trouble or asthma this is worth your while to investigate.

No. 28.

Small farm one mile east of Pontiac on the Auburn road; 25 acres good fruit land as ever laid out doors and with buildings worth $1250; the whole business can be bought for $2000. The owner's health makes it obligatory for the place to be sold and we wish you would come and make us an offer on this very desirable place and let us explain more fully about it.

No. 29.

House and lot, No. 1420 Fourteenth Ave., Detroit, 1½ blocks from the Boulevard, 2 stories and basement, paved street, house piped for furnace, 25 feet front, small barn. Price $3,300 or will trade for village property in Birmingham; would prefer a small farm of about 5 or 10 acres. If you want to try your luck for city life, you can do so at little expense and get in the best residence part of the city.

No. 30.

One of the very nicest and best arranged homes in the village of Birmingham, and in the finest location that can be desired. On the west side of Saginaw St., lot 60x195. New house of twenty-five rooms, gas, furnace, bath, hot and cold water, both hard and soft water, motor pumps, wood house, and plenty of room for a nice garden. $3,000 will buy it and you only have to pay $500 cash and the balance on easy terms and long time. Now, if you can ask for anything better than that you'll certainly hard to please, and if you will come and let us show you over the house and grounds, we are sure that your possible objections will vanish. Ponder over it a minute and a half or two minutes.

No. 31.

Lots No. 2 and 3 of Block 3 in Campbell's Subdivision of the village of Birmingham. No buildings. Fine lot of stone which will go with the lots, or will sell the lots separately as follows: Lot 2 for $240; Lot 3 for $225 and the pile of stone for $35; one fourth cash and the balance in one and two years. These are acknowledged to be the finest building lots on the subdivision.

No. 32.

A fine little farm in the township of Troy, about 1½ miles north of the village of Big Beaver. Good school, church, and only a mile from the D. R. & L. O. Electric Railway with cars every half hour to the city; 25 acres of excellent farming land; comfortable buildings all ready for a nice little chicken farm for some city man to bring his family during the summer. An hour's ride from the city hall. Price $1,500; $500 cash, balance on long time and easy terms.

No. 33.

Twenty-three hundred dollars cash will buy one of the most profitable farms in the township of Southfield, consisting of 90 acres. The price is $50 per acre, but the balance of the purchase price will be allowed to continue on mortgage at 6 per cent, or will trade for a smaller farm or house and lot in Birmingham; three good buildings, good cellars, wells, cisterns and all the usual conveniences. There are other things which we will whisper in your ear upon application.

No. 34.

Nice little forty-acre farm up in Sanilac County for $25 per acre; 30 acres cleared, 2 acres of orchard; a good barn and a comfortable log house; 5½ miles from Lexington; 3 miles east of Applegate post office on the P. & P. M. Ry.; will exchange for Birmingham property or a small farm hereabouts. For a poor man with a small amount to invest and a right good chance to work out the balance, this will be worth coming to see us about. Now don't go along all your life working for some one else and without a home. Come and tell us what you can do and see if we can help you out. It don't cost anything if we don't deal and if we do, the man who is selling the property pays all the commission.

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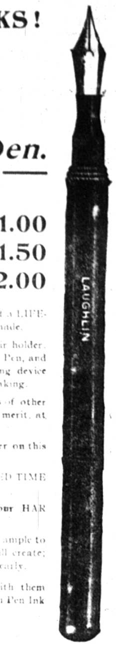

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Highest grade Para Rubber reservoir holder, Finest quality DIAMOND POINT Gold Pen, and only POSITIVELY PERFECT ink feeding device known to the science of Fountain Pen making.

EXAMINE the $3, $4 and $5 goods of other makers, then inspect ours, of superior merit, at one third the price!

Only ONE PEN to each customer on this offer.

LOSS—on the pen you buy—our SEED TIME EXPENSE.

BUSINESS—your pen procures—our HARVEST.

WE BELIEVE our stock of all styles ample to meet the unusual demand these prices will create; still you have nothing to lose by coming early.

Customers who bring this ad. with them will be entitled to a Bottle of Fountain Pen Ink FREE OF CHARGE.

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Entire Change of Attractions Every Week.

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Nervous, Weak Men.

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are annually swept to a premature grave through EARLY INDISCRETION, EXCESSES, AND BLOOD DISEASES. If you have any of the following symptoms consult us before it is too late. Are you nervous and weak, despondent and gloomy, specks before the eyes with dark circles under them, weak back, kidneys irritable, palpitation of the heart, bashful, dreams and losses, sediment in urine, pimples on the face, sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, careworn expression, poor memory, lifeless, distrustful, lack energy and strength, tired mornings, restless nights, changeable moods, weak manhood, stunted organs, premature decay, bone pains, hair loose, sore throat, etc.? Our New Method Treatment will cure you.

MEN'S LIFE BLOOD

Nothing can be more demoralizing to young and middle-aged men than emissions at night or secret drains through the urine. They unfit a man for business, married life or social happiness. No matter whether caused by evil habits in youth, natural weakness, or sexual excesses, our New Method Treatment will positively cure you. CURES GUARANTEED. NO CURE, NO PAY.

No Names Used Without Written Consent.

Before Treatment

W. A. Muir, of Lima, O., says:—"I was one of the countless victims of early vice at 15 years of age. The drains on my system were weakening my brain as well as my sexual and nervous system. For ten years I tried scores of doctors, electric belts and patent medicines. Some helped me, none cured. I was giving up in despair, in fact, contemplating suicide when a friend advised me as a last resort to give the New Method Treatment of Drs. K. & K. a fair trial. Without confidence I consented and in three months I was a cured man. I was cured seven years ago—am married and happy. I heartily recommend Drs. K. & K. to my afflicted fellow men."

After Treatment

We treat and cure Varicocele, Emissions, Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis, Unnatural Discharges, Self Abuse, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, and all diseases of Men and Women.

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. PRIVATE. No medicine sent C. O. D. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and cost of treatment, FREE.

Drs. Kennedy & Kergan, 148 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

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