Hollow Ash... Hall

BY MARGARET BLOUNT

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"Rats, Mr. Magnum! Do you pretend to be wiser than the whole country side?"

"By no means, my love."

"Well, every one says the place is full of ghosts!"

"Yes, my dear."

"What every one says must be true."

Mr. Magnum did not dare to say no.

"And so the place is haunted," replied his better half, triumphantly.

"Ugh! I would not live in that old house for the whole world," said Kitty, shrugging her shoulders.

"Does Mr. Cowley like it?" asked Mrs. Magnum.

"No. I think not."

"Then why does she stay?"

Mr. Magnum coughed and looked embarrassed.

"My dear, Mr. Cowley is a very peculiar man—very. I am afraid he generally does what he likes without consulting his wife."

"And she lets him!" exclaimed Mrs. Magnum, shutting her lips viciously.

"I am afraid she does."

"Well, if women will be fools, they must. But I only wish I was Mrs. Cowley! Do you feel tired, Miss Marjorie? You don't look quite well."

"I am rather tired," rejoined the governess, very quietly.

"Then pray don't sit up longer than you like."

Miss Marjorie took the hint, put away her work, said good-night, and left the room. Two pairs of eyes followed her with anything but loving looks.

"Nasty, proud thing! I hate her!" said Kitty, in a low tone.

"And so do I!" replied her mother with emphasis. "But she will be going next month, so we need not trouble ourselves about her."

CHAPTER VIII.

Miss Marjorie did not, however, go to her own room. She took a cloak from its peg in the hall, threw it over her head, opened the front door softly, and went out. Mrs. Magnum would have been shocked out of all her propriety if she had seen her pacing up and down the garden walks alone, but just at that moment Miss Marjorie cared little for Mrs. Magnum or anything she could say.

The night was dark and starless, the air chill and raw. But after that heated room it was a positive luxury to feel the fresh, damp wind coming from the hills. After those sharp, unnerving voices it was soothing to listen to the leafless trees breathing and whispering of the coming of the rain. Storm and cold and darkness, they were all preferable to that snug parlor and its disagreeable inmates; and so Miss Marjorie paced up and down, up and down, and thought.

Thought of another time which had been far happier than this! A time when she was also a companion, but not Miss Magnum's companion! A time when there was one voice that always softened when it spoke her name; when there were eyes that brightened at her coming, lips that welcomed her as only privileged lips might do! She thought of long, pleasant evenings, spent with books and work and music, around a cottage fire. Of quiet walks and talks by summer moonlight. Alas! where had those blissful moments fled? Why had the dearest, the sweetest of ties failed her? Why, from that wealth of love and tenderness had she been cast out into the cold world alone?

She had been foully slandered; she had been cruelly distrusted; she had been heartlessly deserted! Over and over again she said this to herself. Yet on that night, as she walked up and down the gravel path, the sense of injury and of wrong seemed to die away and in their place came a wild yearning for the olden time—but for one moment of the happiness of yore!

"Oh, that it were possible
In this dull life of pain,
To find the arm of my true love
Around me once again!"

she murmured, as she clasped her hands above her aching heart. Where was he? What was he doing now? Beautiful and bright, he had risen like a star above her lonely path; had won her heart, and worn it for a time; had bound her to him by the most sacred ties; then left her for years, perhaps forever! Where was he—where was he? And she stretched out her arms to the sullen night sky in her vain and passionate appeal to him who would come no more.

The sky grew darker. A drop of rain touched her cheek. She turned to go in, yet, with a strange, uneasy feeling, she lingered a moment beside the gate looking out upon the dark road that led into the village. Then her eyes wandered away beyond Banley, and out towards the hill where the haunted house stood. How strange the unseen and unacknowledged link that bound her to the people there! What would they say when she went to them and told her tale? Would they think her mad or would they take compassion upon her for the sorrow she had undergone, and admit her to their family circle as a welcome and honored guest? Was it likely? Had they ever heard her name? Yet how well she knew theirs; and how much she could tell of their daily life and habits, from the stern banker down to his favorite daughter, Rose! "Cousin Rose! Cousin Rose!" She said it aloud twice, and then started and blushed guiltily, lest any one should have heard her.

Some one had heard! Not Mr. Magnum—not even Kitty, but a tall, handsome young man, who had been walking along the public road, with his hands in his pockets and his head bent down. He had passed the garden gate without even looking that way, but the low voice made him start and turn round. In an instant he had leaped the iron fence, and stood by Miss Marjorie's side.

"Have I found you at last?" he exclaimed. "I have looked for you all over England, and in vain. Now, Marjorie—"

But Miss Marjorie looked in his face, gave a low cry, and fainted.

He caught her to his arms and kissed her passionately.

"Marjorie, my love, my darling, look up and speak to me!"

Slowly she revived. Slowly she came to the knowledge that life was no longer a blank, that he had returned, and that he loved her still.

"Oh," she sighed, "is this a dream?"

"No dream, but truth, my darling."

"Are you sure? I have dreamed so many times."

"But you are awake now. Awake to hear me say that I wronged you; that I was a jealous, suspicious fool to listen to a word against you; awake to see me kneel at your feet and ask your pardon! Look, Marjorie! I won't rise till you say you have entirely forgiven me!"

"My love, my love!" answered Miss Marjorie, bending over him with a radiant smile. And then the long misery of the past was wiped away and forgotten.

"But where have you been?" she asked, when the first surprise was over. "Where have you been, and how did you know I was here?"

"I have been in Australia, my love. I would not come back till I could lay a fortune at your feet as some amends for all I have made you suffer, and I can do it now. Thanks to a spade and pickaxe, I am a rich man, and you shall have a new silk dress every day and eat off gold and silver plate if you like, Marjorie!"

"As if I cared for that!" she said, kissing him.

"No, I know you are not mercenary, but still, money is one of the best things you can have, my child. Money and love—love and money; any one who can get those two things may think him—or herself remarkably well off in this vale of tears, Miss Marjorie! And you have both; and if you don't feel obliged to me for getting them, you are a very ungrateful young woman, I must say."

"Oh, I do, I do; but how in the world did you know I was here?"

"I did not. This is the strangest part of the story. I came home to England lonely and sad enough. For three years in Australia I have been trying to find you out, through agents and advertisements, in vain. Where have you been?"

"I taught in a school at Brixton for two years after I lost you; and then one of the pupils—daughter of this Mr. Magnum."

"The gentleman who owns this house?"

"Yes. His daughter was educated at that school, and she thought I would make a suitable companion for her mother, who is ill, or who fancies herself so, at least. I have been here a year. I shall leave the place in a month's time."

"In a week—in a day!" was the impetuous reply. "Do you suppose I am going to have you slaving here now I am home again? You will pack up your traps to-night and be ready to go with me when I call for you to-morrow, which will be as soon after breakfast as I can get over from Banley. Do you hear?"

"Yes, but I must give some notice."

"Not a bit of it. Are they kind to you?"

"Not very."

"Do you like them?"

"Not at all."

"You don't mean to say that they have ill-used you?"

"Oh, no."

"But, in fact, you hate them?"

"Exactly."

"Poor darling! And you have had a year of this drudgery?"

"Never mind; it is all over now."

"That it is."

"But finish your story. Tell me how you happened to find me here."

"Do you know that my uncle Cowley is here?"

"Yes."

"Shut up with all his family in a house full of ghosts?"

"I have heard of it."

"I went straight to his house in Mecklenburg square, only to find it empty. The housekeeper gave me the present address, and, on reaching Banley, I found his name in everybody's mouth. If he had seen half the sights and heard half the sounds villagers relate he must be a lunatic by this time. In the place of waiting till to-morrow to pay my visit, I thought I would go to-night and see if there was any truth in these marvelous tales. And while I was walking along, thinking of ghosts and hobgoblins, I heard a little voice plainly say in the darkness, 'Cousin Rose!—Cousin Rose!' It was the voice I had been hungering and thirsting to hear for three long and weary years. Now you know the whole. Were you thinking about Rose?"

"Yes."

"You will like her dearly. She is a good little thing, and will make a sister of you the moment I tell her your story. Will you go there with me to-morrow?"

"Will they welcome me?"

"Of course they will, you goose! Oh, Marjorie! My own Marjorie! they will love you for my sake, even as I love you for your own, you wicked, fascinating, cruel little monster!"

"He! he! he! That's prime!" exclaimed a boyish voice in the shrubbery; and Marjorie started from her lover's arms.

"Julius, is that you?" she cried.

"I should rather think it was!" the promising youth replied, standing out upon the gravel path. "I've been watching you for ten minutes at the least, and haven't you been going on kissing and hugging! Oh, my! won't mother go into a tantrum when she hears of it! I shan't have to learn any more Latin lessons! You'll have to pack, Miss Marjorie, as sure as eggs is eggs! Heigho, jeminy, and a rigdum!"

His exulting dance was speedily brought to an end. Mr. Cowley, who had kept silent so far from sheer astonishment, now grasped him firmly by the collar.

"You young scoundrel!" he exclaimed, "how dare you speak in that manner to Miss Marjorie?"

"She's my governess; I'll say what I like to her!" was the impertinent reply.

"And she is my wife! And if you dare to say a word about her—to look at her insolently—to insult her in the smallest way—I'll give you such a flogging that you will never want to utter a lady's name as long as you live! Do you hear, sir?" and he shook him in the air as a terrier shakes a rat.

"Oh, my! let me go! I'll call my father!" said the frightened boy.

"Hold your tongue, you whelp! Where is the key to the garden gate?"

"In the hall, sir."

"Go and get it, and don't let anyone see you! Be quick!"

Julius, thoroughly subdued, ran up the steps, and in a moment reappeared with the key.

"What are you going to do, Charles?" inquired Miss Marjorie, wonderingly, as he opened the gate and held out his hand to her.

"I am going to take you away with me."

"Impossible."

"I don't know what that word means."

"But I have not even got on my bonnet."

"Never mind, your cloak will protect you, and we have not far to go. Into that house you shall never step again after the treatment I have just seen."

He threw her out upon the footpath, and turned to the boy, who stood with open mouth at the gate.

"Lock it and go to bed!"

"But what am I to say to mother?"

"Tell her that Miss Marjorie has gone away with her husband," was the English reply. "Come, my love, draw your cloak well round you. I never ran away with a lady before, but, upon my word, this eloping with one's wife is a very pleasant business!"

And so, while Julius ran in with his wonderful news and sent Mrs. Magnum into a fit of screaming hysterics, the strangely re-united pair walked on arm in arm right through the darkness towards the haunted house.

(To be continued.)

HIS HORSE STOOD SENTRY.

Great Racer Stood Guard Over His Intoxicated Driver.

This reads like a fairy tale, but it is true. At the sale of the late Marcus Daly's thoroughbreds William Lakeland, one of our well known metropolitan trainers, bought Ogden for $4,200. This is a valuable horse by Kilwarlin—Oriole, foaled in 1894, winner of the Futurity of his year and many other important events and whose family figures show twelve English Derby winners. All this just to show the kind of gentleman he is. Lakeland wished him taken down to his Sheepshead stables that night and after a talk with his foreman, Frasch, Ogden was dispatched by road in the care of a colored stable boy, to whom Lakeland gave $5 as an inducement to take extra care of the horse. Blanketed and hooded from hoofs to ear tips, Ogden serenely wended his way through the falling snow and doubtless wondered if he were going back to Montana and the familiar Bitter Root farm. Later Mr. Lakeland went home and sat up hour after hour waiting for the coming of his new purchase, but none came. His feelings may be better imagined than described. He loves his horses, as evinced by his wonderful success with Tea Tray and other erratic animals which he brought round to a proper state of mind. He sat up all night, sending messengers in all directions until dawn, and by that time he was ready to take up the quest himself. It was not the money that was worrying him; it was the exposure of a good horse to the inclement weather and what the probable results might prove. Just then came a call from the telephone which sent him flying down the boulevard at a rapid gait. The police precinct wanted to know if he had lost a horse and what he was like, reporting that Ogden had been found by an officer standing in the road, with the colored boy drunk at his feet. In other words, the horse was taking care of the drunken lout, as many a horse has done before and will again, bless them for it! Mr. Lakeland found Ogden safe and sound at the precinct, apparently very much at home, and soon had him in his own stall. As for the stable boy, Mr. Lakeland declined to bother with him. He did not want a justifiable case of assault and battery on his hands. He had Ogden and that was all he cared about.—Spirit of the Times.

What Finger Nails Show.

That the mental condition of a person who is suffering from some physical ailment may be judged from the condition of his finger nails was recently shown by Dr. Marco, an Italian physician, who has for some time been making investigations in this direction. According to him, a patient whose nails are not quite smooth, but contain many furrows, is subject to acute diseases, which makes the nails defective. He also maintains that a series of grooves will be found in the nails of those persons who are mentally unbalanced and especially of those who are periodically afflicted by some form of mental disturbance, and that from a simple examination of the nails any skilled physician can tell how frequent and how violent the mental attacks will be. As Dr. Marco has carefully examined the nails of hundreds of patients and is widely known as a scientist of high rank, his novel doctrine in regard to the value of nails as indicators of health is naturally attracting wide attention.

He that would have fine guests, let him have a fine wife.—Ben Johnson.

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 must 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, four good buildings and fences all in good repair, 25 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 side of the lighter 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 166 feet frontage on Saginaw St., and 97 feet deep. Cellar, well, cistern, etc. Price $500. Electric cars pass the door.

No. 5.

Elegant house and lot 66 feet front and 20 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, 15 acres timber. Excellent fishing, boating and bathing. Terms easy.

No. 7.

The J. E. Quick homestead in Birmingham with 140 feet frontage on Saginaw St. and about 150 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 Detroit 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, 5 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 $85 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. 25.

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 "booming."

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; 2½ miles from Birmingham, over roads which are the best in the country; 40 rods from good school; 80 rods from Ebby'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 160 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 5 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 7. 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 Urbanrest, near Royal Oak, at $20 per lot.

No. 21.

The Corson Homestead on Maple Ave., consisting of lots 6, 7 and 8 of Willits's plat, being 50x116½ feet each. 150 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 $4,500. 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 "Barff 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. 240 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 windmill, barn 100x50, with ample sheds; good school near the farm, and land is perfectly tiled. 2½ 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 red Mesa land in Delta 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 $1200; 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, 30 feet front, small barn. Price $3,800, 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 liking 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 60x132. New house of twenty fine 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. $3,600 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 are 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 $200, 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 96 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; 4 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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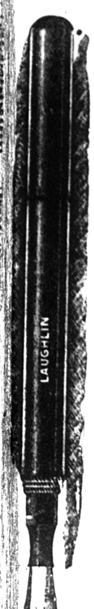
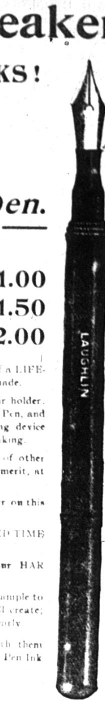
Laughlin Fountain Pen.





Regular $3 Grade, only $1.00
Regular $4 Grade, only $1.50
Regular $5 Grade, only $2.00

Don't miss this OPPORTUNITY of a LIFETIME to secure the best Fountain Pen made.

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 purchase—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.

Whitehead & Mitchell Are Our Agents for Birmingham, - Mich.

Laughlin Mnfg. Co.

The Favorite Amusement Place

Wonderland.

Performances—Afternoon and Evenings.

Entire Change of Attractions Every Week.

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BLOOD POISON.

If you ever contracted any Blood Disease you are never safe unless the virus or poison has been eradicated from the system. At times you see alarming symptoms, but live in hopes no serious results will follow. Have you any of the following symptoms? Sore throat, ulcers on the tongue or in the mouth, hair falling out, aching pains, itchiness of the skin, sores or blotches on the body, eyes red and smart, dyspeptic stomach, sexual weakness—indications of the secondary stage. Don't trust to luck. Don't ruin your system with the old fogy treatment—mercury and potash—which only suppresses the symptoms for a time only to break out again when happy in domestic life. Don't let quacks experiment on you. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT is guaranteed to cure you. **Our guarantees are backed by bank bonds** that the disease will never return. Thousands of patients have been already cured by our NEW METHOD TREATMENT for over 20 years, and no return of the disease. No experiment, no risk—not a "patch up," but a positive cure. The worst cases solicited.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure you, and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all pimples, blotches and ulcers disappear; the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and despondency disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and sexual systems are invigorated; all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. The various organs become natural and manly. You feel yourself a man and know marriage cannot be a failure. We invite all the afflicted to consult us confidentially and free of charge. Don't let quacks and fakirs rob you of your hard-earned dollars. WE WILL CURE YOU OR NO PAY.

We treat and cure NERVOUS DEBILITY, SEXUAL WEAKNESS, EMISSIONS, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, KIDNEY and BLADDER DISEASES, and all diseases peculiar to men and women. Cures guaranteed.

READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. **Consultation free.** No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. **Books free**—"The Golden Monitor" (illustrated) on Diseases of men "Diseases of Women" "The Wages of Sin" "Varicocele, Stricture and Gleet." All sent Free sealed.

No medicine sent C. O. D. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and Cost of Treatment, FREE, for Home Cure.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN
148 SHELBY ST. DETROIT MICH.

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