The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK,

Author of "Mysterious Mr. Howard," "The Dark Stranger," "Charlie Allendale's Double," Etc.

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.) . .

"Have you traveled far?" asked Clarence.

"Shipmate, this old hulk is about on her last cruise," said a feeble, husky voice.

"It- is Ralston—Glum Ralston!" roared Gid. "Where ye been, Glum? Tell me where ye been!"

"I am sick—starving—dying!" the ex-sailor moaned.

Clarence hurried him to his house, where a warm supper was hastily prepared for him.

"Have you seen Paul Miller or heard from him since you came upon us in the pass?" was one of the breathless questions propounded by Clarence.

"Yes!" he answered. "Last I saw o' him he was on an iceberg sailin' out t' sea, and his onl' fellow-passenger was a polar bear."

* * * * *

It will be essential at this point to return to Paul Miller, whom we left on an iceberg floating out to sea. The swelling flood and tossing cakes of ice between the drifting floe and shore made it utterly impossible for him to reach land. The sharp crack of the monster above indicated that a crisis was coming, which would determine the rights of ownership to the mountain of ice.

Through all his misfortunes Paul had managed to retain his presence of mind and his rifle. He espied a youthful black movement and, sealing a shelf, was several feet above the bear and not over twenty paces away, prepared for an assault. With nerves as steady as if engaging in the most ordinary sport, he leveled his rifle at the side of the monster's head. When sure of his aim he pulled the trigger. There followed a sharp report and the bear dropped on his haunches, his nose in the air.

Paul cocked his rifle and fired a second shot at the beast's head. It fell on the ice and after a few spasmodic kicks lay still. He sent a third into the back of its head, but it was wholly unnecessary, for the other bullets had done the work.

With his knife he removed the skin from the animal and, climbing as high as he dared, hung it upon one of those spires of ice, in the hope some sealing schooner or whaling ship might see it and send a boat to his relief. When night came he lay down on the snow and ice, and, notwithstanding his perilous situation, actually slept.

He was awakened soon after dawn by the sound of voices near.

"What say ye nou?" one seemed to say to another.

"I say now," was the answer, "if he be there find him."

"Sure, man, ye canna say as a bear will peel his own skin from his back."

"Weel, there's a stiffener," returned another voice.

Paul rose and mechanically laid his hand on the rifle at his side. Only a few hours before he was wishing he had not shot the bear, and that it had destroyed him instead of he shooting it, but now that his life might probably be in danger, it grew suddenly very sweet.

He raised his head a trifle higher and listened intently at the voices.

"Push alongside and let a lad go ashore," said another voice.

Then he plainly heard the splashing of paddles in the water. He crept along on hand and knees, holding his rifle in one hand and a cocked revolver in the other.

Then he raised his head just a little and saw a large canoe in which were half a score of dark-skinned Indians. Surprise and curiosity overcame any fear he might entertain of his visitors, and he arose and gazed about on the sea and shore. The glance filled him with wonder and surprise. The shore was lined with green trees, and afar off he saw a mountain towering so high its peak pierced the light blue clouds.

He saw chimneys to houses from which the pale blue smoke was issuing, mingling with the atmosphere. It was a bright little village with men, women and children in it, but what brought peace to his troubled mind and relieved all fear was the little white church, with its spire, on the hillside.

"There he is!" There he is!" cried a young man in the canoe, pointing at Paul. "Ho, my brother, you ride on a strange boat!"

"Who are you?" asked Paul.

"The Metlakahtla," was the answer.

He tried to think where he had heard the name but in vain was unable to recollect it. He was asked to come down to their canoe. They tossed a rope to him, which he made fast to one of the great cakes of ice, and slid down to the boat. The tall chief stood up to catch him, and as he dropped into his arms said:

"My brother, you are safe. You have had a very dangerous ride."

"It is not so weel, that boot ye ride upon," put in another Indian, with a strong Scotch accent. The men with the paddles at once propelled the canoe away from the ice floe, and it glided out into the bay, straight for the village of Metlakahtla. The island was given by the United States to a scanty tribe of British American Indians whom an old Scotch missionary had converted from utter savagery into a civilized and God-fearing people.

When the canoe touched the shore Paul saw an elderly white man in the throng. He was dressed in the garb of civilization, and his long, white hair and beard gave him a patriarchal appearance. His face was grave and kind.

"My son, a kind Providence has wonderfully preserved you. We will go to church to return thanks for your great deliverance, and then we will hear your story.

After songs and prayers Paul was taken to the home of the patriarch, where he fared sumptuously, after which he narrated his strange adventures to the good old missionary.

"So you are another, my son, who has come to dig gold from the earth in the frozen north." Then, taking the arm of the youth, he led him from the house, and, pointing to the distant cold mountain, which, grim and gray, towered into the skies, and with its eyes wildly dilating, said:

"In mockery, at the grim gateway of Alaska, towers that mountain of gold upon which no white man dares lay his finger.

Paul gazed at him in amazement, and began to wonder if he had not got among a race of madmen.

"How was the gold discovered?" he asked.

"It's not discovered save by the Indians and perhaps one other than yourself. But come in and I will tell you what other white man than yourself knows of the island and the mountain of gold."

When they were seated in the cozy parsonage the old missionary proceeded to tell Paul the story, but they were interrupted by the arrival of some Indians with a prisoner. The story told by Father Duncan we have heard before from the lips of Clum Ralston. No sooner did Father Duncan see the captive than he said:

"It is one of the two sailors who did away with the poor captain."

When Paul saw the prisoner he exclaimed:

"Great Heaven! It is one of the men who captured the old hermit in the cavern!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Laura's Departure.

While the many stirring events were transpiring in Alaska, poor Laura Bush was living a life of doubt, mingled with hope and despair at Fresno, California. Not a line had she received from Paul since the letter came that he was robbed and wounded. Was he dead or was he still alive, struggling to regain what he had lost?

It began to be whispered over the town that Laura Bush was losing her reason. Theodore Lackland was shocked and grieved at the thought for in his selfish way he loved her madly. He would have given worlds to possess this matchless beauty, who had wholly captivated his soul.

At this time a most remarkable event transpired—an event that was more a surprise to Laura than any one else. A bachelor uncle living in Wyoming died and left her twelve thousand dollars—all he possessed.

"This will enable me to procure an outfit and go in search of Paul," said Laura to Mrs. Miller. The widow enfolded her in her arms and begged her to abandon such a mad design.

In vain she wept, prayed and plead with her. Laura was so impressed with the conviction that her lover lived. She had her way. Buying her outfit and securing the service of a faithful, trusty man who had worked for her father, she prepared for the journey.

She had made her last trip to San Francisco and returned late one day a short time before her departure. On reaching Fresno she started from the depot to walk home. It was so late the sun had set, and the shadows of evening began to creep over the land and sea. She heard footsteps at her side and Lackland's voice said:

"Miss Bush, I have heard a rumor that you are going to start for Alaska."

"I shall."

He walked on in silence for a moment, while his pale face wore a pensive, sad expression, and his eyes were upon the ground. His determination to conquer made him selfish and scheming. At last he said:

"Laura, you do not understand me. I am a true friend to you; you may not believe it, but I am. That other time my passion was hot. I was wrong, perhaps, in denouncing the man you loved, but surely you will forgive me."

She answered that she was taught she must forgive in order to be forgiven. As a towering mass of flowers at a straw, he grasped at something in her words, and was encouraged to add:

"Laura, if you would let me sympathize with you in this loss, I would freely mingle my tears with yours. Oh, if you would only let me be a brother—more than a brother—"

"Silence, Mr. Lackland," she quickly interrupted. "I will hear no more from you. Here I am at home; good-night."

She darted into the house, quickly closing the door after her and leaving him standing out in the cold, dark street. For a moment he stood gazing upon the door which had closed upon the being he loved, and then turned slowly about, his thin, white lips compressed, and his fingers closed firmly as if he had the lockjaw.

As he boarded the midnight train for San Francisco he murmured half audibly:

"Something desperate must be done. I shall now play my last trump card."

Meanwhile Laura was completing arrangements for an early departure. Ben Holton, her father's faithful boatman, was the only person she engaged to go with her. A party was forming at Seattle, and thither she went with all her supplies. Mrs. Miller accompanied her that far.

Here they found another brave woman—a Mrs. Willis—ready to brave the dangers of the Klondyke. She was forty years of age, large, strong, and had determined to go to Juneau or Dawson City to start a laundry.

The vessel pushed off and Mrs. Miller stood on the dock waving her handkerchief at the fading bark until distance mingled her form with the others, and then burst into tears.

Theodore Lackland was a deep schemer, and when he separated from Laura Kean he had by no means abandoned hope of winning her.

While on his way to San Francisco he was continually saying:

"So she is going herself to search for her lover! Is Paul dead—really dead? May it not be only a mistake after all? He is missing, that is true, but the young fellow has more lives than a cat. I wish to Heaven I knew that he was——" He started, and, shuddering, began to think how degenerated he had grown.

The fiend leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes, while the great train, like a flying vulcan, rushed on in the darkness until the city of Oakland was reached. He went aboard the ferry, and was transferred to San Francisco, and, leaping into a carriage, was driven to a certain hotel, where he secured a room.

It was nearly daylight by this time, but notwithstanding he had slept none during the night, he summoned a messenger, wrote a note, and, sealing it, dispatched the boy.

Two hours had passed, and the sun was shining through the window, when there came a light tap at his door, and he opened it.

Before him stood a smooth-shaved man with hair that was once sandy, but so bleached with gray it was a roan. His nose and eyes were prominent, and his face narrow, cheeks red and steel-gray eyes twinkled with something deep and devilish. The newcomer was a peculiarly nervous man who had a strange habit of craning his neck and bowing his head like an eccentric burlesque comedian.

After assuring himself he was not being watched, he closed the door softly and in a voice that was softness itself asked:

"You sent for me," and craned his neck like a choked rooster trying to swallow a morsel too large for its throat.

"Yes, Capt. Fairweather, I want to talk with you. When does another ship sail for Juneau?"

The captain, who was well up in marine intelligence, said:

"There is the 'President' sails from Seattle in three weeks, and the 'Occident' leaves here a few days sooner."

"Will they both arrive about the same time?"

"Yes, the 'Occident' a little ahead of the 'President,' as she is the fastest boat."

"That is just as I want it. Now, captain, you secured men for me before to do some work in the Klondyke."

Again the captain craned his neck, choked and bowed, then cautiously glanced about the room to see if he was observed before answering:

"They got in trouble there."

"How do you know?"

"Morris Wyer that Belcher was shot and in the hands of the miners, who might lynch him," and Capt. Fairweather placed his hands about his neck, as if the very thought gave him pain.

"Has he given away anything?" asked Lackland, with some little uneasiness.

"No. He will die before he does that."

"Very well, Fairweather, have you heard of the fate of this young fellow who is causing so much trouble?"

"No."

"The girl says he lives."

"Bah!"

"Well, the impression is so strong that she has determined to set out for Alaska to find him, and sails in the 'President' for Seattle."

"It will be a fool's journey, I know full well; he can't be alive."

"Well, I have made up my mind to go to Alaska myself."

(To be continued.)

SIGHTS IN OLD PANAMA.

Ancient City Once as Beautiful as Any in Romance.

Following the English style, dinner is a full-dress and ceremonious affair. After dinner comes the promenade along the esplanade—a charming walk around the old battery overlooking the prison. Our way borders the sea; behind us lies the city, with its Moorish towers; its red-tiled roofs; back of it rises Mount Ancon; to our left is the little Indian hamlet of La Boca, at the mouth of the Rio Grande, and the green hills of the Andes in the distance along the horizon oceanward stretches the bay. What words can describe it?—a study in color as the rays of the setting sun turn to crimson, green and gold its islands; the stately palmetto trees that fringe its banks, the white beach, and, far away the ancient towers of San Anastasio, sole landmark of the once beautiful city of Old Panama.

The story of this beautiful city, Old Panama, reads like one of the romances from the "Arabian Nights" that we delighted over in childhood. Its houses of aromatic wood, hung with costly tapestries, adorned with paintings and sculptures that a king might envy; its 800 magnificent churches, with their services of silver and gold, their frescoes of pearls and precious stones; its driveways, chief of which was the king's highway, over which the royal horses bore the treasures to Puerto Bello, and the ships ready to sail from them to Spain. Into the midst of this Asiatic splendor came Morgan and his buccaneers, and this struggle, one of the most memorable on our continent, the first of white against white, led to the destruction of the flower of Spanish chivalry and the capture of Panama. So pass the glories of the world!—Catholic World.

HE WAS TOO CONSCIENTIOUS.

Public-Spirited Sheriff Lost Suitor for His Daughter.

"I am still without a father-in-law," said the drummer, "and I guess a Long Island farmer is more to blame for it than anybody else. I met one of his daughters while I was on my summer vacation and fell in love with her and after six months' correspondence I made my visit to the old man about it. I drove up to the house with a horse and buggy and went in, but before I could get around the subject nearest my heart he said:

"'As a deputy-sheriff of this county I'll have to arrest you, sir.'

"'What's up?' I asked.

"'Driving faster than eight miles an hour.'

"But I was in a hurry to see your daughter. I want to ask her hand of you.'

"'Wanter marry Sarah, eh?'

"'I do.'

"'Waal, that's kind of you, but I must do my duty as an officer and make six shillings in fees. You'll have to go along.'

"I went along with him," said the drummer, "and was fined $5 and costs, and, though I'm not a thin-skinned man, my feelings were hurt, and I left Sarah to find a better man. She was a nice girl, but her old dad was too conscientious for me."—Ohio State Journal.

It is a great hardship to be an exile from one's country, a greater hardship to be an exile in one's country.

With men we can afford to be children sometimes; with God we must be children always.

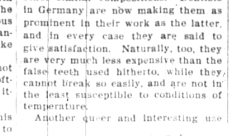
POPULAR SCIENCE

New Uses for Paper

Paper teeth would appear to many people at first sight quite impracticable and useless, yet actual use has proved them to be in every respect equal to those made of porcelain or other similar compositions. Dentists in Germany are now making them as prominent in their work as the latter, and in every case they are said to give satisfaction. Naturally, too, they are very much less expensive than the false teeth used hitherto, while they cannot break so easily, and are not in the least susceptible to conditions of temperature.

Another quiet and interesting use

Field Hospital Equipment



While we hope that war will soon be a thing of the past, the powers have not yet begun to curtail their purchases of equipment for their armies nor have the inventors ceased to improve on the various appliances used in warfare. The latest invention in this line is the combined ammunition and water carrier and a litter—a field hospital service, shown in our illustration. The inventor is Herbert F. L. Allen of Washington, D. C., and his object is to provide a light, portable carriage, capable of being moved from place to place by hand or horse power, for conveying ammunition and water from the source of supply to the firing line, and for carrying the dead and wounded from the battlefield. The frame of the carriage is of light steel tubing, and the water reservoirs and ammunition cases are suspended beneath the litter by straps. In addition to the single wheel on which the carriage rolls, there are folding legs at the four corners, which may be let down when the carriage is at rest.

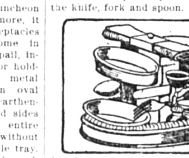
Bricks from Sand and Cement

A new process for making bricks out of sand and cement has been put in operation in Missouri. No ovens or burning processes are necessary, the hardening of the bricks beginning as soon as it is taken from the mould and in fifteen days it is ready for delivery. During the process of moulding a single brick undergoes a pressure of 65,000 pounds. In thirty days from the time the hardening process begins the brick will stand a pressure of ten tons, in sixty days, a pressure of sixty-five tons. The ordinary pressure required for building purposes is only eight tons. In addition, any desired color may be introduced into the sand and cement mixture. When taken from the mould the soft mixture must be handled with extreme care. The bricks are then placed upon large racks built for that purpose, where they are sprayed with water from an automatic sprinkler every four hours. This is done to assist the action of the cement in setting properly. The hardening process naturally begins at the outward surface of the brick and continues inward.

A Complete Dining Outfit

As commonly constructed the ordinary dinner pails or lunch kits are clumsy affairs, provided with cumbersome trays of tin, which fit together inside the pail, requiring the removal of the entire outfit before the luncheon can be conveniently gotten at. Furthermore, it is difficult to clean the receptacles properly after the food has come in contact with them. The new pail, instead of providing tin trays for holding the food, is fitted with metal racks for carrying the common oval "side dishes" of china or earthenware, and when the cover and sides of the pail are removed the entire luncheon is brought into view without the necessity of moving a single tray.

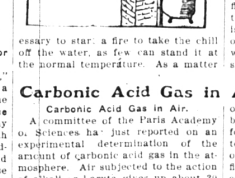
The construction of the pail is such that the cover and sides lift off in one piece, being secured to the central upright by a pin inserted in the eyelet which projects through a slot in the center of the cover. Beneath the napkin holder is a central chamber arranged to contain a flask of drink, and clips are provided to carry the knife, fork and spoon. The racks



for the upper pair of dishes are hinged to the upright frame and rest back at either side to afford free access to the lower dishes.

Light as a Healing Principle

In view of the growing importance of the application of light as a healing principle in medical science the medical congress which recently convened at Wiesbaden invited Prof. Ille of Copenhagen to read a paper on the subject. The lecturer explained the principle of employing light for healing purposes after excluding its chemical effects. The results attained by this method in case of smallpox, accord-



essary to start a fire to take the chill off the water, as few can stand it at the normal temperature. As a matter

ing to the lecturer, are such that the question is raised whether the light treatment shall not be made compulsory. Prof. Ille approved the apparatus invented by Dr. Finsen of Copenhagen with which the latter has achieved such remarkable success in cases of lupus, but urges that no one but qualified doctors should be allowed to apply the light treatment, as disturbances are apt to occur which render it necessary to break it off suddenly.

Sun Heats Water for the Bath

The majority of bathers do not want hot water for all their summer baths, and yet it is nearly always necessary to start a fire to take the chill off the water, as few can stand it at the normal temperature. As a matter of economy in performing this service the solar water heater recently designed by Frank Adams of Los Angeles, Cal., should recommend itself to all householders, the cost of installation being the final expense also, whereas, in case of artificial heat the fuel for the fire soon amounts to considerable. The inventor claims that a sufficient amount of heat can be secured from the sun's rays to raise the water to the necessary temperature, by utilizing this invention, which, as will be seen, consists of an ordinary boiler set in a box with a glass-enclosed pocket in the roof of the house. Surrounding the boiler and forming the sides of the pocket are a number of polished metal reflectors, which serve to concentrate the heat rays on the reservoir, and it is not at all unlikely that the interior of the pocket will be sufficiently warm to heat the bathing water all summer without any artificial heat.

Carbonic Acid Gas in Air

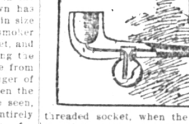
Carbonic Acid Gas in Air.

A committee of the Paris Academy of Sciences has just reported on an extended series of investigations of the amount of carbonic acid gas in the atmosphere. Air subjected to the action of alkali or baryta gives up about 30 liters of the gas per 100 cubic meters of air. If, however, it is continuously passed, for a long time, through quicklime and exposed to contact with the alkali or baryta, it is found that a second supply of carbonic acid gas can be collected, varying in amount from four to thirty liters per 100 cubic meters of air. It is certain that the second supply did not exist during the first experiments. Whence does it come? It can only be produced by the transformation of some volatile carbon compound present in air. Further experiments now being made are needed to decide what compound it is that is so transformed.

Strainer for Tobacco Smoke

Strainer for Tobacco Smoke.

Our illustration shows a new design of smoke-straining pipe, which utilizes a very old idea, that of the water bowl attachment. The water pipes, with which we are familiar are entirely too large to be carried in the pocket, but the one here shown has a reservoir sufficiently reduced in size to be carried around in the smoker when at his work or on the street, and as provision is made for confining the water so that it can not escape from the reservoir there is no danger of wetting the clothing with it when the pipe is not in use. As will be seen, the water receptacle can be entirely separated from the pipe stem, for cleansing and recharging at convenient intervals, and as the bulb is made of hard rubber or glass the cleansing process is a short task. When replacing the tube full of water it is only desired the tubes connecting with the tobacco bowl and mouthpiece are turned into registration, but if the smoker is placing the pipe in his pocket he turns the water receptacle around the neck to tight in the screw



threaded socket, when the tubes are out of alignment and the water is confined securely to prevent leakage. When in use the smoke is drawn first into the water bowl, passing through the liquid, and thence to the mouth. The inventor is Henry L. Austwick of Chicago, Ill.

Real Estate Exchange

Of Whitehead & Whitelelt 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:

1.

John McCarroll has a nice little farm of 11 acres in the town of Southfield and John says he must sell it right soon as he can personally but things 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 $1,000, of which $500 will be taken by a mortgage at 6 per cent. Speak quick or you lose it.

2.

Farm of 50 acres, well fenced, well watered—never-failing stream; 10 acres timber, 14 miles from Rosenfield's depot and electric railway in Detroit and Pontiac. Terms easy.

3.

Twenty-nine and two-thirds acres of land near Irish church, Royal Oak township. It is excellent land, four good buildings and fences all in good repair. 40 apple trees, 150 plum trees and plenty of other small fruit. Buildings insured for $1,000. Price $2,500. Terms easy. The place is just outside of the lighter soil of Royal Oak and cannot be beaten for anyone requiring a home where they can raise fruit or poultry principally. Come and let us show you over the place some day.

4.

No better farm in the State of Michigan is the John Keyser farm in the township of Southfield, Oakland county, one mile south of the city of Pontiac 8½ and one mile south of the postoffice of Birmingham, over which it is located. It consists of 153½ acres, of which 133 acres are cleared and 20 acres are in timber and 4 acres of orchard, all selected fruit and in good bearing. The soil is a rich clay loam and there are nine good buildings which are all new and substantial upon which there is $1,500 insurance. They consist of good two-story brick house with front of cut stone, tenement house, large barn, sized, hop house, granary, ice house, sheep barn, tool and tool house, creamery, etc., fine flowing well piped to the creamery and to barns. The large farm (99.80) is near and has an unusual good foundation with basem nt stables and all conveniences. We are offering it on long time and for productive use. During the season of 1900 th re were raised upon this f rm 28 tons of sugar beets to the acre; 330 bushels of corn to the acre. Seven acres of wheat raised 340 bushels when wheat was an absolute failure all over the state. It is ver fails on good crops whether hay, or corn or roots or pasture. The land is well fenced and thoroughly tiled and lies on a gently sloping expo sure to the south. It is all ready to commence a profitable farming busin ss. All things duly considered the farm is worth every cent of One Hundred Dollars per Acre and we have it for sale upon long time. If you have the most remote desire to become the possessor of one of the most productive and profitable farms in the whole State of Michi an, write, telephone, or better yet, come and see us about it. If you should do so, we will be very glad to show you over the place and we will be very glad to take you to see it. We will treat you well and we will get acquainted if nothing else and if you do not buy you will never hear an complain of the time wasted in showing you the premises.

5.

E gant 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.

6.

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

7.

Beautiful lake property for sale, located on the east side of Gilbert Lake in the township of Bloomfield, Oak and country, 3 miles from the Detroit & Pontiac Electric R'y with half hour service each way. It consists of about the northeast part of the farm formerly known as the Henry Gardner property and is owned by his daughter, Mr. F. M. Frances O'Brien, of Detroit, Mich., who finds it inconvenient to manage the property and desires to sell. Price of $50 per acre. The farm comprises 80 acres of land in all, and the gently sloping shores afford a gradually sloping, affording delightful opportunities for boating, fishing and bathing. The house is comparatively new and has ten rooms. There are two good barns and other buildings for the proper accommodation of the farm. 15 acres of excellent orchard and 50 acres of hardwood timber bordering the lake. The fences are in good shape and the buildings are insured for $1,875. The terms will be made extremely favorable and if you have any idea of securing a beautiful summer home at a reasonable price, will receive every consideration and be given the opportunity of securing one of the most beautiful lake farms in the country. If you can not call, drop us a line for particulars of making a personal inspection of the property at any time convenient. Some one will be gladly furnished.

8.

One of the best farms in Oakland county. It is almost enough to say when we tell you that it is the John Burtolph farm in the town of Troy, 200 acres, excellent buildings, two good flowing wells. Large pond well stocked with fish; fine orchard, 5 miles from Birmingham, 2 miles straight south of Troy corners. Here there is a church, store, post-office, school, etc. D., R. & I. O. runs past the door. Cars every hour to Detroit, Rochester, Romeo and Lake Orion. Price low and terms easy.

10.

Large, roomy two-story house on Townsend St. in Birmingham, good cellar, city water and all ordinary conveniences, 150 ft. front and 168 ft. deep. Small fruit and good neighborhood.

12.

The Bayley farm in the town of Troy, 127½ acres. Good farm house and farm buildings, flowing well at the barns. In the wonder and pride of Troy; 30 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.

13.

Farm in Southfield, 67 acres, of which 10 acres is timber, good beech and maple. Soil, clay loam with gravel subsoil. Good water in every lot the year round. New, small house and small barn. Farm is level and will make fine land when it will pay you to look it up. Will trade for Birmingham property.

14.

Two hundred and fourteen acres in sections 14 and 16, Southfield, with finest farm buildings in the township. Fine orchard of 30 acres, all kinds of best varieties of fruit, 10 acres of this is heavy timber. Will trade 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.

15.

House and two lots on Ann St. in Birmingham, 100 ft. front, 2 0 feet deep. Small fruit. House insured for $300. Price $600. Want enough cash to secure and balance at low rate of interest. Interest. Send us a postal card, you get full particulars by return mail.

16.

Fine fruit farm of 68 acres about 3 miles from Birmingham village, well located, 5 acres timber. No waste land; 2 3 acres of peaches, 9 acres of grapes, 20 apples, 1½ a res raspberries, 2 acres strawberries, etc. Good house and barn. Price $60 per acre. Will take other property for part pay. Tell you more about it if you ask us.

19.

A small farm of 5 acres, being part of the W½ of section 3, 6 outlined township, Oakland county. Four good buildings, fine orchard, new house and pig-pen. Buildings insured for $1,200. Premises abundantly supplied with cold pure water from flowing well, which is piped to 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, 8 rooms; woodshed, cellar, cistern and all conveniences; 1½ miles from Birmingham, over roads which are the best in the country; 40 rods from road behind; 10 rods from Derby's mill. Excellent neighborhood. This little farm is really for business, without a cent for repairs or improvements. Price $1,800. Terms easy.

19.

A farm of 100 acres in the township of Rose, Oakland county, Mich.; 60 acres cleared, 40 acres mixed hardwood timber, all fenced. Soil is 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.

20.

This includes all of the Corson addition left undold, comprising lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 7. Lots 1 and 2 have 66 feet of road-way, and are the property of W. C. Jenks and the others face out on Vinewood Ave. These are very desirable lots in the finest building lots in Birmingham. Within the city, city water, sewerage to the R. & O. electric R'y and will be sold cheap and on easy terms. Prices range from $100 up. Let us tell you all the particulars about them. Look at the plat, lots numbered 10 to 15, 50, 51 and 52, block 4, Urban road, near Royal Oak, at $150 per lot.

21.

House and one acre of land, corner of Eastover St. and Cemetery Ave., Birmingham, $600 cash and the balance to suit. Close to the city, the electric park and one of the most delightful locations in the village.

22.

One hundred and ten acres in the town of Troy on section 36, 80 acres cleared, 30 acres in timber, beech, maple and elm. On line of Detroit, Rochester & Lake Orion Electric R'y, cars every hour each way; 15 miles from Detroit, 5 from Troit. Good wells, cisterns, cellars, with house on each side of the road with barns opposite situated with each outfit. Under mill with three complete runs and saw. Engine power steam engine under good state of cultivation. Best of reasons for selling. The farm is owned by Adam Hood and here is the most interesting part of it—he will sell it at 40 per acre and take in lumber what he paid for it before electric railways were thought of. Only 40 rods to a good school and ½ mile to the postoffice.

26.

One of the finest farms in the grand old township of Bloomfield, Oakland county, for its fine scenery and productive soil. It is the Hauff farm and is situated on the Telegraph road, near Pontiac and just far enough from the electric railway to take advantage of all of its conveniences and not be in. Conveniences; 240 acres gravelly loam, 15 acres of choice selected orchard in the state, 8,000 peach and 700 plum trees, brick house with all conveniences, 22 rooms, 2 w lls, good windmill, barn 40-100, with ample shelter for all stock needed the farm, and land is perfectly tiled, 2½ miles (18 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.

27.

Want to go west? Well, here's your chance. 180 acres of real Texas land in Delta county, Colorado. Said land is said to be the finest fruit land in the world. Two-thirds of the farm is cleared and under fence. Price $5 per acre. The place has a few fruit varieties of fruit; 3 buildings and everything is ready for locations. The price is $7.50 and a private discount for cash will be given from this rate or will trade for Detroit vacant lots for part of the purchase money. Don't know what the sage of Chappaqua said and let us explain about the Land of Colorado and Texas if you have lung trouble or asthma this is worth your while to investigate.

30.

One of the very nicest and best arranged homes in Birmingham, and in the finest location that can be desired for a home. Lot 66 feet front by 165, lot 60x132. New house of 10 fine rooms, gas, furnace, bath, hot and cold water, hard and soft water, motor pumps, wood house, and plenty of room for a garden and chickens. Look at it and you only have to pay $300 cash and the balance on easy terms of $25 per month. Better let us ask for anything better than that you are certain y 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. Under over it a minute and a half or two minutes.

31.

Lots No. 3 and 5 of Block 3 in Campbell's Subdivision of the village of Birmingham, Oakland co. Fine ot of stone which will go with the lots, or will sell the stone separately as follows: 150 ft for $100, Lot 3 for $225; and the pile of stone for $100. Lots are 66 feet front by 165 feet deep and well fenced and two years. These are acknowledged to be the finest building lots on the subdivision.

33.

Twenty-three hundred dollars cash will buy one of the most profitable farms in the township of Southfield, consisting of 96 acres. Price per acre 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 and a house and lot in Birmingham; three good buildings and fences. This will be worth your while to see us about. Now don't go along all your life working for a farm and never finish it home. Come and tell us what you can do and see if we can't help you out. It is the very first thing if we don't deal, and if we do, the man who is selling the property pays all the commission.

35.

House and two lots S. & C. subdivision, Birmingham, 60x176 ft., on Southfield Ave., 14 story frame house, 6 rooms, 2 miles east of the city water; fine fruit. Parties have removed from this property and will sell for cash at the very low price of $1,000. That's all there is of it and to any person wanting a very desirable home in a good neighborhood it ought to be enough.

37.

Fine new house located on lot 7 of Campbell's subdivision, Birmingham. Price $900. House cost that to build. Will take $600 for it for cash to owner—but we can arrange that. Inquire about it.

38.

Two story house and lot on south side of Baldwin St., two doors from electric road on Saginaw St., with 3 rooms and pantry. Hot and cold water on both floors, water closet, bath, furnace and several other conveniences. Good price for cash, balance on long time. Price $2,800. If you are curious or interested, just ask us for fuller particulars. If you have an opportunity of securing one of the most beautiful lake farms in the country from a personal point of view, we will make it worth your while to see us about it. We will treat you well and we will get acquainted if nothing else and if you do not buy you will never hear an complain of the time wasted in showing you the premises.

41.

Two and one-half acres and good house and barn 15 rods from the Electric road at Circle, at $500, 50 payable cash and the balance to suit. Will exchange for small farm. Oh, yes! the price. Well, new house of 20 fine rooms, gas, bath, etc., at $2,000. Will take $1,000. That's all there is of it and to any person wanting a very desirable home in a good neighborhood it ought to be enough.

42

Brick house, good barn and seven acres of land suitable for platting on south side of Maple Ave. east, Birmingham village, 2 blocks from the subdivis on. Price $3,500 and it is worth every cent of it. If you don't believe it, ask us about it and we will prove it.

43.

Lot No. 86 of Randall's subdivision, Birmingham, one of the best in the plat. Next to the park. Price $75.

44.

Pine Stock Farm—the celebrated Coffee Farm—105 acres in township of Southfield. Buildings are well painted and in good condition; Large 12 room frame house, with cellar under the whole, three commodious barns, surrounded with large handsome elm trees. Horse stables under one of the barns. Hog and sheep barn and carriage room. Bank barn with granary, overhead trolley, cow stables underneath with cement floor and 8 or 9 additional stalls, sliding doors, small windows; foundation of stone, brick, cement, etc., etc. Horse barn with 10 box stalls and paddock. Horse barn with room for 4 or 5 other stalls and paddock enclosed with high board fence. Straw shed. Tool house, enclosed with stalls for 2 horses. Corn crib and shed for feeding box stall attached and saddock. Bull box stall with yard for exercising. Farm is all on this purpose and isolated from other buildings. Outside of barns, 2 houses situated, one for stable men, Fruit: Large and bearing apple orchard well trimmed and in good condition, Baldwins, Greenings, King, Spies, Russets, Johnathans and Russets; 700 pear trees, 300 peach, 25 cherries, 2 acres of grapes, 2 acres of apricots, 2 quince, currants, grapes, strawberries, etc. Large number of wood lot. Water: Good well with iron pump at house; good well with iron pump at barn. Pontiac & River Rouge runs across entire south end of farm and is never dry. Soil: Clay loam, tiled. Fences all in first class shape, many of them entirely new. Condition of soil: Farm has carried an average crop of 30 tons of timothy for five years. No feed of any kind sold and entire farm heavily manured. No other manure used except stable. Better inquire about this farm it may pay you.

45.

Seventy-acre farm in Bloomfield. Buildings small house of little value, good barn. Good well, good fences. Fruit: Few peach and quince trees. Entire 70 acres nicely seeded to clover and timothy. A good bargain.

48

The Franeeline Farm on west side of Woodward avenue between Birmingham and Royal Oak; Price $150 per a re, cash. No trade, 6½ acres. On Pontiac electric railway. Fine soil, good buildings.

53

House and 3 lots in Randall's addition, Birmingham. Price $1500. Mortgage for $500 can run.

54

Forty acres fine farming land and there's 10 acres of timber. Situated on Grand River road, 6 miles of electric railway in Bloomfield. Good soil, good roads. Price $60 per acre.

Just think of it you are looking for one of these places, if you just think you would like to know more about any one or more of them, a postal card will do it, if you address it to

THE EXCHANGE BANK,

Birmingham, Mich.