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 VIII.—(Continued.)

"You?" cried Captain Fairweather sharply.

"Yes. If she sails for Juneau from Seattle in the 'President,' I will sail from San Francisco in the 'Occident.'"

"Would not your presence awaken her suspicion?"

"Why should it? Everybody is going to the Klondyke now, and why not I as well?"

"That's so," with a craning swallow which ended in a bow. "Seems all right. Plan is a good one, but it will be very uncomfortable to you."

"I am willing to undergo all the discomforts when it is a matter of such importance," said Lackland. "I want two more faithful, trusty men. Men who will go wherever I send them, obey every order I give, and keep still tongues in their heads. Money is no object."

"Well, well!" said the captain, winking and rubbing his hands gleefully; "that's talking to the mark, that is; talking just as I like to hear a gentleman——"

"What is your price?" asked Lackland, his pale, white face almost quivering in his intensity.

"Well, they come high."

"I expect to pay high for them. How much do you want for finding two such men for me in the next twelve hours?"

With a wink and another craning neck and swallowing bow, he gasped—

"One thousand dollars."

"I take you up; go bring them at once."

"Meet 'em at my boat at midnight to-night."

"I will do it and the money is yours as soon as they are secured."

CHAPTER IX.

Paul's Departure From Metlakahtla.

Paul Miller's discovery that the white man prospecting on the island was one of the men who had captured the hermit, and had robbed him, one of the four who had robbed him, for a moment deprived him of speech. He had his own reasons for not wishing to be recognized by the man who had robbed him and attempted his life. He also had designs against him for wishing to have him held a prisoner. He believed the man could unfold the whole story of the robbery and mystery of the hermit, and determined to make him do so before leaving the island.

After a few moments the babel of voices without ceased, and the crowd gathered near the house began to disperse. The thought then occurred to his mind that the prisoner, having been arrested for trespassing, might be released on his solemn promise never to return. With this new danger in his mind he started toward the door, when he was met by Father Duncan.

"What have they done with the prisoner?" he asked anxiously.

"He has been sent for the prison to be detained for a while until certain mysteries with which he is connected are cleared up," said the old man.

"Father Duncan, do you think the fellow is secure?" Do you think there is no danger of his escape?"

"None whatever. My Indians are very watchful and careful. They will obey me to the letter."

"Then let us sit here and compare notes for a few moments."

He seated himself near the old missionary and told him of his rescue by the mysterious old man of the mountains whom he had called the hermit. Then he told of the capture of the hermit, and concluded with—

"This man was one of the three who seized the good old man and took him away from the cavern."

The interest of good Father Duncan increased, and he shook his head, saying:

"This is certainly very, very strange."

"There is a mystery in it all which I am unable to solve. I cannot comprehend who this strange hermit can be, unless he is the captain to whom you refer."

"It looks very much as if the unfortunate man was the beloved captain whose mysterious disappearance has occasioned so much distress."

Paul remembered the story which the ex-sailor, Glum Baldwin, had told him of his captain, and also recalled to his recollection the mysterious warrus hide.

His anxiety to escape from the island and return to the Klondyke, where his friends were, was more than over-balanced by a desire to learn something of the motives of the trespasser.

"Mr. Duncan, will your friends see that he does not escape?"

"There is little danger of his doing so," Father Duncan answered. "My friends are kind and Christian men, yet they have by no means lost their native watchfulness."

Paul had ample proof, in time, of the danger of over-confidence. The third night after his visit to the jail he was awakened by a loud noise in the direction of the little wharf. There came the report of a gun, something rarely heard at Metlakahtla, and he leaped from his bed hurriedly dressed and ran out upon the street. At last he met Father Duncan, whom he found as calm and firm as usual.

"What has happened, Father Duncan?" he asked.

"Alas! my son, you were all too good a prophet. The prisoner has escaped. The wicked are ever cunning and watchful, and Satan sleeps not."

Paul gave utterance to a groan, sank upon a large stone at the side of the road and bowed his head in his hands. One more hope, and, in fact, about the last hope he had, was gone.

Paul remained two weeks longer with the Metlakahtlas, and then decided to leave his dusky friends and start for the Klondyke.

Father Duncan selected four stout young Indians to accompany him. The Indians were well supplied with provisions suitable for crossing the mountains, and he and his escort were provided with dried meat and compressed bread and hardtack.

The four Indians selected for Paul's party were stout young fellows, inured to hardship and danger. They were strong, brave and faithful. The instructions given them by the old missionary were carefully listened to and they promised to carry them out to the letter.

There is always something enchanting in a great, deep forest, with its tall trees clothed in moss and solemn depths which seem to speak of divinity. At night in the forest adds to the gloom, the solemnity and awfulness of the scene. A camp fire in the great northern woods, with its rocks and cliffs, its moss-covered trees, has something grand in it.

Gathered about a camp fire built at the base of the mountain range were five persons—Paul Miller and his four Christian Indians.

It had been a long, hard day's travel, and the poor fellows were almost exhausted. It was only Paul's indomitable will driving him on to more than super-human energies that kept him on his feet. He had abandoned all hope of finding the men who had robbed him, and now he longed to get back to the Klondyke, take another fortune from the frozen earth, and return to Laura and his mother.

The faces which ever seemed to smile at him from the smoke and darkness gave him courage and hope.

"It has been a long time since I wrote to them," he though. "They have no doubt given me up for dead. How sad and unexpected, grief, and all through a mischievous yet truthful message written in a fit of delirium!"

He was suddenly roused from his painful reverie by the falling and rolling of a great stone down upon and around the camp, causing the scattering the burning brands in every direction. The great, round boulder passed within a few inches of where Paul sat, and between two of the Indians, but fortunately did not touch any one. The stone was so large as to crush out life or break bones had it struck one.

Paul leaped to his feet and the Indians started up with exclamations of fear.

"From whence came that stone?" cried an Indian.

Paul's first suspicion that some convulsion of the earth had shaken the stone loose from the mountain side and sent it tumbering down the cliff upon them, but there had been no perceptible shock.

While he was still trying to discover the cause, there came another object rolling down the steep descent mingled with dirt, fine stones and snow. It seemed a great dark ball, from which there issued a human cry. It rolled to Paul's feet and stopped. He seized one of the burning brands and held it so the flame threw the light upon the face of the stunned and half-insensible man, who sat stupidly gazing about him. The sudden and unexpected appearance of this stranger was enough to startle the campers and disturb their wits. The Indians, starting to their feet, stared at him in amazement. Paul was first to recover his speech.

He cried out:

"Throw the wood on the fire!"

They obeyed, and the light flashed up, throwing out a broad red glare on the scene which illumined the dirt begrimmed face of the man who had stumbled down the cliff. Paul, starting back, said:

"It is the escaped prisoner, the abductor—the robber—and perhaps murderer." He seized one of the Indian's muskets and raised it to brain the scoundrel, but two stout Metlakahtlas arrested him and said:

"Nay,, brother, Thou shalt not kill!"

The man who had so suddenly fallen into their midst was rapidly regaining his faculties and by this time able to speak. He arrested an oath and rubbed the side of his head.

"Where did you come from?" asked Paul.

"From aloft on the cliff," he answered.

"What were you doing up there?"

"Tryin' to cross. Was any harm in that?"

"I recognize you as one of the men who robbed me."

"Mate, yer off yer course when ye accuse me o' doin' that."

"You are one of the two men who seized your captain a few years since and have made away with him."

"Yer on the wrong tack again, mate. I hain't done nothin' o' the kind, I tell ye."

"Where is your captain?"

"Don't know."

Paul determined to keep a close watch on the rascal and conduct him across the mountains to the camp on the Klondyke, where punishment would be meted out to him according to frontier ideas of justice.

Paul bound his arms behind his back and told him to sit in front of the fire.

The night passed guarding the prisoner by turns, and when the day dawned he was still among them. Breakfast over and they began to prepare to ascend the mountain.

It had snowed considerable during the night, but toward morning it changed to a rain and later in the day a sleet.

The ascent became every moment more and more difficult. About every one hundred feet they came to mountain torrents, fed by the glaciers, and augmented by recent rainfalls, which they had to wade, the cold water often coming above their knees.

After struggling up a steep ascent of twenty-four or thirty feet they were often forced from sheer exhaustion to rest for a moment, but when they stopped ever so short a time the piercing wind cut them to the marrow, chilled them to the bone and they were compelled to continue their course to keep from chilling to death.

When creeping came they were on the other side of the mountain in a valley wet, shivering and benumbed with cold. They had no tent nor shelter, save the lowering heavens from above. Some dry pine and scrub oak wood was collected and a fire kindled. They all gathered about it to dry their bedraggled garments and warm their shivering bodies.

They had just made a supper on dried salmon, moose meat and hardtack, when they were startled to see an old man with long white hair and beard standing on a slight elevation not far away, gazing at them. He wore a seal-skin cap, which shaded his face, but not too much for him to be recognized by all the camp.

"The captain!" cried the Metlakahtlas.

"The hermit!" exclaimed Paul.

The prisoner gave utterance to a curse and was bounding away when a blow from the hermit's staff sent him staggering to the earth.

Paul Miller started quickly toward the hermit, saying:

"Where are you from?"

The old man gave him a piercing look and answered:

"I am from everywhere, which means nowhere. This is precious fine company you keep!" He clutched his stout staff as Paul approached and warned him not to come too close. "I will strike you as I did your companion if you come too near me," he added with a voice made tremulous by long years of suffering and disappointment.

Paul halted and gazed at him in amazement.

The old man at last said: "I have been deceived, deceived, betrayed and left to die until I have about lost faith in all men. Can I trust you now?"

"Do you know those men?" asked Paul, pointing to the Metlakahtlas. "If you know them, you must know they can be trusted."

"Yes, they are brothers, but they have been deceived as often as I."

One of the Indians approached the hermit and addressed him in his native tongue. The old man answered in the same language and grasped the Indian's hand. Paul could not understand a word of what was said, ke knew from their manner and gestures that it had some relation to the man on the ground.

After a long conversation with the Metlakahtlas the hermit approached the fire. His face was very grave, and his brow lowered when he gazed upon the prisoner. The men of the prisoner had been defiant until he met the glance of the hermit, then his countenance fell, and his eyes were upon the ground.

"Ned Padgett," said the hermit, "you will some day receive the reward you so much merit; you will die a dog's death yet."

The ruffian gave a sneering chuckle, but made no answer.

"Have you lived long in Alaska?" asked Paul, trying to draw the old man into conversation.

"Yes."

"How many years?"

"A great many."

(To be continued.)

FREAK DINNERS A FAD.

Entertainments Where Guests Cook for Themselves.

Freak dinners are a fad. An ordinary dinner has lost its charm for some people who go out much during the season, and now that Paris has set its seal of approval on the Corinthian dinner at which everyone is obliged to cook something, New Yorkers and Chicageans will select this form of entertainment as a diversion.

In a studio a few weeks ago the wife of an artist gave one of these cooking parties to a dozen guests who were watching for the fun in store for them when they arrived at the house. The studio was arranged with a long table holding a chafing dish for each person, with some particular viand before it ready to be cooked. Each guest received a chef's cap and apron, and in a short time the dishes were bubbling and simmering in a promising fashion.

When the meal was cooked it was served by the men, who acted as the waiters. Strangely enough, the dinner in every instance was a success.

But cooking has become such a fad of late that it is considered quite smart to know how to cook some particular dish in a chafer. The bachelor apartment feasts, at which the host acts as cook, have increased the desire for the chafing dish, as these occasions prove very enjoyable to those used to more formal entertaining.

ONE PAINTER'S HAPPY LIFE.

Mind of William Blake Filled With Lofty Thoughts.

William Blake the poet and painter, whose delicate and mystical work, both in words and on canvas, was quite unlike that of any other man, had a singularly happy life. It was full of discouragement and greatly cramped by poverty, but of this he seemed to take no account. His mind was always filled with lofty and beautiful thoughts, and this world seemed to him but the entrance to a nobler state of existence.

One day when he was an old man, a little girl was brought to him. He looked at her tenderly, stroked her long curls, and said:

"My child, may God make this world as beautiful to you as it has been to me."

He had not been well for a long time before his death. When his old friend, the artist Flaxman, died, Blake said:

"I thought I should go first. I cannot think of death as more than going out of one room into another."

A little more than a year after that he died. On the day of his death he composed and uttered songs in praise of God, so sweet that his wife, as she stood by, was enraptured by them.

"My beloved," he said to her, "they are not mine. No, they are not mine!"

An Iron Serpent.

Experiments are being made in Germany with a railway engine of a new form and a train encased in steel plates, so that it resembles an iron serpent and attains a speed of eighty to ninety miles an hour. The front of the engine is pointed.

Millet's House to Come Down.

The Paris mansion of Millet, the creator of "The Angelus," is being torn down to make room for modern flats. It was one of the landmarks of the French capital.

AGRICULTURE

Where Labors Are Legion.

On the farm where mixed farming is followed, the labors are indeed legion. This is the one objection against this kind of farming. Yet it is the safest kind of farming for the farmer that has small capital. The farm devoted to the raising of one kind of produce is indeed easy to manage, but it is too much of a lottery to be safely conducted by a man of small means. The farmer that follows mixed farming can spread his labors over a whole year rather than compress them into a few brief months. He can thus employ all of his time and eliminate the factor of idleness. This item of idle labor is indeed a great one and is frequently the cause of failure. The man that devotes his attention to the raising of one kind of crop can indeed rest for months at a time, but the idleness does not benefit him and he frequently pays for it heavily in the lack of success. We have heard of farmers that declared that wheat raising was the only thing that suited them, as it left them much of the year in which to loaf. The man that figures in that way stands little chance of making a success of farming. The man that follows mixed farming is always finding some crop that pays him well each year. Though one crop may be poor in quality and low in price another is certain to be the reverse. The diversified farm is the one on which we build most of our hopes.

Weeds.

One of our most distinguished agricultural professors says that weeds are friends of farmers. They cover the barren land and keep it moist and moist. They catch the fertility with their roots and thus save it from leaching away. Some time ago Professor Bailey of Cornell purchased a 200-acre farm that was overrun with weeds. He made no charge on that account. The weeds grew rank and tall and the professor regarded himself as having a great bargain. He plowed the weeds under and thus began to bring the land back to its original state of fertility. He was ready to purchase a profitable farming business. All things considered the farm is well worth every cent of **One Hundred Dollars per Acre** and we have it for sale upon this basis. If you have the most remote desire to become the possessor of one of the most productive and profitable farms in Ohio, we ask you to call, telephone, or better yet, command and see us about it. If you have a \$10,000 farm over we will be very glad to take you to see it. We will treat you well and we are quite confident nothing else and if you do not buy you will never lose an hour's time wasted in showing you the premises.

Killing Brome-Grass. Sod.

A government bulletin says: On lands where frequent rotation is desired smooth brome-grass should not be sown. Its creeping rootstocks resemble in this respect those of the common touch, or quitch grass, and for this reason it is not so easily killed by turning under as the more common grasses used in rotation. Up to the present time the seed has been so scarce and expensive that few farmers who have secured a good field of the smooth brome have felt inclined to destroy the sod, so that our knowledge on this subject is limited. The results of investigations carried on along this line at the Minnesota Experiment Station, at the Manitoba Experiment Station at Brandon, prove that the sod could be thoroughly and successfully killed. It was found by these stations that a crop of hay can be harvested and taken from the land, and if this land is plowed over immediately afterwards and backset in September, that at the latter date the grass would be all dead. When the grass was allowed to ripen seed, however, it was found that the new shoots at the base had gained such a foothold that when the sod was plowed under at this stage it was not killed at the time of backsetting in the fall.

A Cellar.

From Farmers' Review: Last fall we had a cellar made that pleases us greatly. Its new feature is in the benches of earth left on either side and in one end; these benches are 2½ feet high from the cellar floor, this floor being a walk or room surrounded by these earth benches. The entire inside was cemented, of course, and as the earth benches kept from moving a lot of dirt and because if there had been no earth benches left we would have had to build walls with stone, like it greatly. Much nicer to place jars, boxes or cans on these benches than to place them on the floor; saves stooping that all mothers will appreciate. Over one bench we made wood shelves to hold the cans of fruit; one can put quantities of cellar stuff in a small cellar if arranged in this way; one that once has a convenient cellar will never do without one again unless compelled to. Ours is cemented and has not gained a drop in also our cistern.—Emma Clearwaters.

Early Apples Sold in England.

Some weeks ago we published an item to the effect that a trial consignment of summer apples had been sent to England. It was questionable at that time if they would arrive at their destination in a condition to warrant their sale, as the steamers on which they went were not provided with refrigerating plants. One lot arrived on the Oceanic and sold on the dock at $3.78 per barrel. The other lot was shipped to Glasgow by the Columbia. It sold for a price that netted the shippers $3.72 per barrel in New York. This means that the trade in summer apples is to be a good one and very profitable to American growers, who generally find it easier to raise summer apples than any other.

To lose sympathy with men is to miss success with them.

AMUSEMENT FOR THE ARMY.

Hoped to Prevent Desertions and Console Soldiers for Loss of Canteen.

Amusement halls are to be provided for the soldiers of the army at the cost of the government, says the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Record, to replace in part the advantages taken from them by the abolishment of the canteen two years ago, the privileges of which have been sorely missed by the troops.

If the records for desertion and petty offences are compared this year with those of last year, it would appear as if the abolition of the canteen had other than a wholesome effect upon the morals of the service.

Last session, in order to provide reading rooms, gymnasiums and recreation halls which the profit of the canteen allowed, Congress authorized an appropriation of half a million dollars to establish amusement halls at the army posts throughout the country, and a board of officers will shortly be appointed to visit the various posts. In many cases it will be necessary to erect a special building for this purpose, but at other places it will be possible to utilize buildings already in existence.

The abolition of the canteen feature of the post exchange materially reduced the revenue from that source, and it has become necessary for the exchange to provide some means of entertaining the soldiers when they are off duty.

A SMALL COMEDY OF ERRORS

Couple Had Been at Cross Purposes All the Evening.

A young gentleman, who takes a great interest in the education of the deaf and dumb, recently attended a meeting at a large institution devoted to their instruction. The president, before the ball began, asked that the speeches and talk should mix with each other, and suggested that in the circumstances introduction might be dispensed with.

The young gentleman began to look out for a partner, and when he had found one to his liking he, by means of many gestures made her understand that he asked the favor of a dance. This was granted, and they managed to understand each other fairly well. Another dance followed, and more attempts at conversation. Then with some difficulty the young man asked to be allowed to take supper in to supper. In going in he was greatly surprised, on meeting another young lady, to hear her accost her companion with:

"Well, Bella, where are you going in?"

"Oh," said Bella, "I'm going in to supper with this dummy."

"Me a dummy?" almost screamed her companion. "Great heaven! why, I thought you were one!"

Strange Cures for Diseases.

It is remarkable how strongly and persistently the belief in the efficacy of charms for the cure of various diseases still obtains in some foreign countries. An English writer vouches for the truth of this story: "A Cornish farmer's bailiff went to see some of his master's cattle. On arriving he opened to be with him noticed that one of the beasts was ailing. He asked why his friend allowed this and was told that a cure involved a very long process of treatment, whereupon he proceeded to take the afflicted animal; which, strange as it may seem, was completely cured within about a couple of days. This same 'magician' also told his friend that if he happened to kill a pig by cutting its throat he could stay the flow of blood without going near it."

Philosophy of Fatigue.

Some may be interested to know that there is now almost a new kind of philosophy of fatigue. Some specialists think that we suffer unnecessarily because his intuitions were slowed up by exhaustion, so that the mind has to pick its way slowly and logically, instead of divining instantly as it used to do. It was the fall of man, Wilder Quackenbos even described the origin of cosmic gas and nebulae from which all the worlds come, as due to progressive fatigue of the ether, which is far more subtle and back of it. It is a little as if they were attempting to rewrite the first phrases of the old testament so that it should read, "In the beginning was fatigue."—Ainslee's Magazine.

Newspapers of Formosa.

Wherever the modern Japanese goes he starts a paper. Formosa has been generally blessed in this respect, and the Japanese are well worth your subscription price to those who wish to keep in touch with the affairs in the small but lively world for which they enter. According to accepted notions, indeed, it is not a pleasure, but a duty, to subscribe. Those residents who prefer to see the affairs of their neighbors rather than their own affairs discussed in print lose nothing by subscribing several times over. Reminders to that effect not infrequently enliven the news columns.—Pearson's Weekly.

Africa's Great Railway.

The great scheme of the late Cecil Rhodes, the Cape to Cairo railway, is being pushed forward with all possible energy. The Cape to Cairo railway is now as far as the Zambesi river. The whole section from Buluwayo to the Zambesi, 275 miles in length, is to be opened next year. Locomotives for contractors' purposes are now running on it for some distance, and a part of the present terminus, and a railway exploration party was recently dispatched over the route as far as Lake Kanganyika. From the Buluwayo end of this line the railroad has reached the Ancona river, and now that this gap is filled and the line completed as it is hoped it will be by the end of the present year, trains will be able to run from Cape Town to Beira, thus traversing a distance equal to one-third the length of the continent.

Birds That Sing in Flight.

It is commonly supposed that the skylark is the only bird that sings as it flies. There are others, it seems. Among them are the titlark, woodlark, water pipit, sedge warbler, willow warbler and whin chat.

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:

1.

John McCarroll has a nice little farm of 11 acres on the town of Southfield, and this 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 fruits and all necessary conveniences. Terms easy: Price $1,500, of which $600 will be taken on a mortgage at 6 per cent. Speak quick or you lose it.

2.

Farm of 50 acres, well fenced, well watered—never-failing creek. Within 1½ miles of Birmingham, 1½ miles from Bloomfield Center and electric railway to Detroit and Pontiac. Terms easy.

3.

Twenty-nine and two-thirds acres of land near Irish church in Royal Oak township. It is excellent land, four good buildings and fences all in good repair, 65 apple trees, 100 plum trees and plenty of other small fruit. Buildings insured for $1,600. Price $2,800. Within 2 miles of Pontiac 10½ and one mile south of the postoffice in Birmingham. Another farm of 20 acres, consists of 10½ acres, on which 131 acres are cleared and 9½ acres in timber and 2 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 valued at $2,000 and upon which there is $1,500 insurance. They consist of good two-story brick house with 8 rooms, furnace heating whole house; large barn, sized, hop-house, horse-barn, cider-house, granary and tool house creamery, ecc., fine flowing well piped to the creamery and to barns. The large barn (30x90) is new and has an excellent stone foundation with basement stables and all conveniences. We challenge comparison with any farm for productiveness. During the season of 1900 there were raised upon this farm 28 tons of timothy hay, 1,000 bushels of corn to the acre. Seven acres of wheat raised this year which when it was an absolute failure all over the state. It never fails on good crops whether hay, or other crops and there is a lot of it. Farm over we will be very glad to take you to see it. We will treat you well and we are quite confident nothing else and if you do not buy you will never lose an hour's time wasted in showing you the premises.

4.

Elegant house and lot on front and 20 rods deep on Maple Ave. East, (half an acre). Fine barn and every convenience. Furnace, bath, closet, etc. Can be bought for what the lot is worth. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

6.

The VanEvery farm on the north shore of Wing Lake, 160 acres, two good houses, three barns, fine lake frontage, 2 orchards, about 15 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 Orion, 5 miles from the Detroit & Pontiac Electric R'y with half hour service each way. It constitutes the northerly part of the farm formerly known as the Henry Gardner property and is owned by his daughter, Mrs. M. Frances O'Brien, of Detroit, Mich., who finds it inconvenient to manage the property from Detroit and offers it for sale at a great investment elsewhere. These circumstances combine to make it necessary to sell the farm at once and have induced the owner to offer it at the extremely low price of $50 per acre. The farm contains 80 acres in all, and the gently sloping shores go down to a gravelly beach, affording delightful facilities for boating, fishing and bathing. The house is commodious and well arranged, and has two good barns and other buildings for the ample accommodation of stock. 25 acres of excellent orchard and 50 acres of hardwood timber bordering the lake. The fences are in good shape and the building are insured for $1,475. The terms will be made extremely favorable and persons having means to buy, to simply secure the purchase price, will receive every consideration, and be given the opportunity of seeing one of the most beautiful lake farms in the country for a reasonable price. Before any thought of making a personal inspection of the property at any time, conveyances 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 Bullard farm in the town of Troy, 220 acres, excellent buildings, two good flowing wells. Large peach orchard in full bearing. Fine orchard, 5 mile s from Birmingham, 2 miles straight south of Troy corners, where there is a church, store, post-office, schools, etc. D., H. & L. D. 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 city water and all ordinary conveniences, 120 ft. front and 168 ft. deep. Small fruit and good neighborhood.

12.

The Bayley farm in the town of Troy, 157½ acres. Good farm house and farm buildings; orchard well set in the burnt district in the wonder and pride of Troy. 20 acres of beech and maple timber, 4 acres fine grafted orchard. Circumstances render it necessary 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; well set with fruit. Good buildings, 6 mile s from Birmingham, 2 miles straight south of Troy corners, where there is a church, store, post-office, schools, etc. D., H. & L. D. runs past the door. Cars every hour to Detroit, Rochester, Romeo and Lake Orion. Price and terms easy.

14.

Two hundred and fourteen acres in sections 14 and 16, Southfield, with excellent 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 sell on very easy terms 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, No. 18 front, 2 0 feet deep. Well set with fruit. House insured for $300. Price $600. Want enough cash to secure and balance can remain at low rate of 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, nice rolling land, 5 acres timber. No waste land; 2,300 peaches, 100 p lums, 800 grapes, 50 apples, 1,000 raspberries, 2 acres strawberries, etc. Good house nearly new and cost $600 per acre. Will take other property for part pay. Tell you more about it if you ask us.

10.

A small farm of 3 acres, being part of the west section 8, S-uthfield 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 house, 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; 2½ miles from Birmingham, over roads which are the best in the county; 60 rods from good school; 10 rods from Kirby's mill. Excellent neighborhood. This farm is ready for business, without a cent of repairs or improvements. Price $1,500. Terms easy.

19.

A farm of 100 acres in the township of Rose, Ogemaw county, Mich; 50 acres cleared, 50 acres mixed hardwood timber. Barn worth $500. Well, easily drawn. Price $15 per acre; terms $500 cash, balance on long time at 5 per cent. Here is a golden opportunity for a good farmer to acquire a good home in a short time. Better investigate.

20.

This includes all of the Corson addition but 4 lots, comprising lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 and 4 lots on the east side of Lot 1, next to the railroad, in W. C. Jenks and the others face on Old Woodward Ave. Price $250 each. Also one of the finest building lots in Birmingham, high and dry, city water, sewer, etc. Price $450 for the 2. Terms and will be sold cheap and on easy terms. Cross roads from $125 to $200 each. Write us for the particulars about any of these. We also include in this list the Hall property, 2 fine residences, 2 stores, rent, many Royal oaks, at $50 per acre.

21.

House and one acre of land, corner of Saginaw St. and Maple Ave., Birmingham; $1,000 cash and the balance on long time; large number of the electric park and one of the most delightful homes in the village.

22.

One hundred and ten acres in the town of Troy on section 19, 80 acres cleared, 30 acres in timber, beech, maple and oak. Good house, barn, etc. Rochester & Lake Orion Electric R'y cars every hour each way. Fine orchard, well watered, fine brook trout. Good wells, cisterns, cellars, with house on each side. Fine farm for the money, with all conveniences. Cider mill with three complete presses and all the machinery. Steam power in good repair. Good productive farming land. Will sell it right for quick sale. Terms easy. Price and terms to be made known on application. Best of reasons for selling. The farm is for sale for a short time and here is the most interesting part of it—he will sell it right. Don't write us unless you can be paid for it before electric railways were built through it. It is a good school and is mile to the postoffice.

26.

One of the finest farms in the grand old township of Bloomfield, Oakland county, Mich. Fine scenery and productive soil. It is the thrift farm home, and is for sale. Only 2 miles from Pontiac and just far enough from the electric railway to have convenience, but not enough near to not be inconvenienced; 240 acres gravelly loam, 15 acres of the finest orchard in the state, 8 acres grafted winter fruit, 1,000 plum trees, with all conveniences, 28 rooms, 2 x 28 lis, good windmill, barn 40x80, with wings. Two houses and barns near the farm, and land is perfectly tiled, 3½ miles (18 miles) from 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, 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 abundance of water for all crops. The finest varieties of fruit; 2 buildings and everything is ready for business. The price is $7,000 and will be given on easy terms. Write us for what we have from this rate or will trade for Detroit vacant lots for what they are worth. Don't you remember what the sage of Chappaqua said and let us explain about this beautiful fruit farm country if you have lung trouble or asthma this is worryour wulle to investigate.

30.

One of the very nicest and best arranged homes in Birmingham, and in the finest location that can be desired, on Saginaw St., corner of Lot 85, lot 66x132. New house of 10 fine rooms, gas, furnace, bath, hot and cold water, the finest fruit and soft water, motor-line passing, and lots and lots of plenty of room for a nice garden. $4,800 will buy it and you only have to pay $500 cash and the balance on easy terms and long time. Now, if you ask for an investment, this is not, but you certainly hard to please, and if you will come and let us show you this home, we feel confident we are sure that your possible objections will vanish. Further over it 5 minute and a half or two minutes.

31.

Lots No. 8 and 3 of Block 3 in Campbell's Subdivision, Birmingham, Mich. Fine location for residence. Fine lot of stone which will go with the lots, or will sell the lots separately as follows: Lot 3 for $250; lot 8 for $300. Will build a house for $35; one-fourth cash and the balance in one and two years. Lots are well worth $450 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. The price is $2,800 per acre, and this is a bargain. The above price will be allowed to continue on mortgage at six per cent. for one year. The buildings are a nice house and lot in Birmingham; three good buildings, good cellars, etc., churches and all the usual conveniences. There are other things which we will whisper in your ear upon application.

34.

Nice little forty-acre farm up in Sanilac county for $25 per acre; 30 acres cleared, 2 acres of orchard; a good house and a comfortable log house; 34 miles from Lexington; 4 miles east of Applegate post-office on the F. & C. & M. R'y; will exchange for Birmingham property or a small farm near Birmingham. Can give 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 someone else and without a home. Come and see us and look at our fine orchard, and see if we can help you out. It don't cost anything if we don't deal, and we will be glad to see you and help you sell the property pays all the commission.

35.

House and two lots S. & C. addition, Birmingham, 80x176 ft. on Southfield Ave., 10 story fruit trees and shrubbery, city water, sewer and city water; fine fruit. Parties have removed from this locality and will sell for cash at the very low price of $1,500. It will pay you to see 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. At this price it would be all right to owner but we can arrange that. Inquire about it.

38.

Two story house and lot on south side of Dalton St., one block west of Woodward on Saginaw st., 80 ft. front, 110 ft. deep. Hot and cold water on both floors, 3 water closets, furnace and every modern convenience. Terms $600 cash, balance on long time. Price $6,000. If you are curious or interested just ask us for fuller particulars. If you are only curious it will be curious if we can't interest you.

41.

Two and one-half acres and good house and barn 15 rods from the village of Birmingham, 100 plum, 50 pear, 20 apple trees and other fruit. Will exchange for city property. Must sell the price. Well, we might as well give you the rock bottom at once. We are almost ashamed to say it, but if we are properly approached, we will take $600 for it. There!

42.

Brick house, good barn and seven acres of land suitable for platting on south side of Maple Ave. east, Birmingham, opposite the Poppleton subdivision. Price $2,800. Will exchange if very cent of it. If you don't believe it, ask us about it and we will prove it.

43.

Lot No. 68 of Randall's subdivision, Birmingham, one of the best in the plat. Next to the park. Price $75.

44.

Fine Stock Farm—the celebrated Colfer Farm—105 acres in township of Southfield. Buildings are very plentiful and in good condition; large 12 room frame house, well cellared divided into three compartments. House surrounded with large shade trees. Good barn, and barn with stalls for six horses and separate carriage room. Bank barn with granary, loading head track, cow stables underneath with cement floor and drop to feeding floor below. Sheep, cow, good windows, window glass, cement floor, foundation, etc., etc. Horse barn with box stalls and paddock. Horse barn with 4 box stalls, other stalls and paddock enclosed with high board fence. Small hog house and henhouse, both with sliding doors. Office with large stallion or loading floor and small granary. Carriage house with paddock secure and strong for this purpose and isolated from stables. Outside closet for house. Outside closet for stables. Fruit: Large and bearing apple orchard well trimmed; farm buildings in Baldwins, Greenings, Kings, Steeles Red, Northern Spies, Russets, Pippins, 10 acres of peach, 40 cherry, 35 plum, all of best varieties, 5 apricots, 2 quince, 2 acres of two farms of raspberries, etc., 5 acres timber or wood lot. Water: Good well on house with force pump and well with iron pump at stables; branch of River Rouge runs across entire south end of farm and is never dry. Soil: Clay loam. Excellent soil in first class shape, many of them entirely new. Condition of farm: Has been farmed an average of 40 head of stock during past five years. No feed of any kind sold off farm. Farm heavily manured. No commercial fertilizers used. 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, never-failing creek. Fine orchard of many trees. Entire 70 acres heavily seeded to clover and timothy. A good bargain.

46.

The Evanestine Farm on west side of Woodward avenue between Birmingham and Royal Oak. Price $600 per acre. Only 40 acres left. On line of Detroit & Pontiac electric railway. Fine soil, good buildings.

47.

House and 2 lots in Randall's addition, Birmingham. Price $1500. Mortgage for $600 can remain.

64.

Forty acres fine farming land and there's 10 acres of timber. Fine gravel deposit. Will exchange for property in Bloomfield. Good as a good mine. Price $60 per acre.

Just name, in you are interested in any 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.