THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"She is gone, Doctor."

"At what hour?"

"The clock was striking three—she went smiling."

Then he bowed his head and turned away. There was nothing more that he could do; but he remembered that Arenta had stepped on board La Belle France as the clock struck three, and that she also had gone smiling to her unknown destiny.

Arriving home he very gently acquainted Mrs. Moran with the death of his young patient, and then asked, "Where is Cornelia?"

"I know not. She is asleep. The ball to-night is to be fairy-land and love-land, an Arabian night's dream and a midsummer night's dream all in one. I told her to rest, for she was weary and nervous with expectation. To-morrow the Van Ariens' excitement will be over, and we shall have rest."

"I think not. The town is now ready to move to Philadelphia. I hear that Mrs. Adams is preparing to leave Richmond Hill. Washington has already gone, and Congress is to meet in December."

"But this will not concern us."

"It may. If George Hyde does not go very soon to England, we shall go to Philadelphia. I wish to rid myself and Cornelia of his airs and graces and wearisome good temper, his sighing and reciting and tringham-tramham poetry. This story has been long enough, we will turn over and end it."

"It will be a great trial to Cornelia."

"It may, or it may not; there is Rem—Rem is your own suggestion. However, we have all to sing the hymn of Renunciation at some time; it is well to sing it in youth."

CHAPTER VIII.

Two Proposals.

The ruling idea of any mind assumes the foreground of thought, and after Arenta's marriage the dominant desire of George Hyde was to have his betrothal to Cornelia recognized and assured. He was in haste to light his own nuptial torch, and afraid every day of that summons to England which would delay the event.

"I may have to go away with mother at any time—I may be detained by events I cannot help—and I have not bound Cornelia to me by any personal recognized tie—and Rem Van Ariens will be ever near her. Oh, indeed, this state of affairs will never do! I will write to Cornelia this very moment and tell her I must see her father this evening. I cannot possibly delay it longer. I have been a fool—a careless, happy fool—too long."

He opened his secretary and sitting resolutely down, began a letter to Dr. Moran. He poured out his heart and desires, and then he read what he had written. It would not do at all. It was a love letter and not a business letter. He wrote another, and then another. When he had finished reading them over, he was in a passion with himself.

"Write, then, to Cornelia."

Joris Hyde!" he cried. "Since you cannot write a decent business letter, write, then, to the adorable Cornelia; the words will be at your finger ends for that letter, and will slip from your pen as if they were dancing:

"My Sweet Cornelia:

"I have not seen you for two days, and 'tis a miracle that I have endured it. I can tell you, beloved, that I am much concerned about our affair. You know that I may have to go to England soon, and you have not until now asked your father what favor he will show us. Tell me at what hour I may call and see him in his house. Oh, my peerless Cornelia, pearl and flower of womanhood, I speak your speech, I think your thought; you are the noblest thing in my life, and to remember you is to remember the hours when I was the very best and the very happiest. Bid me come to you soon, very soon, for your love is my life. Send your answer to my city lodging. Oh, Cornelia, am I not ever and entirely yours?

"George Hyde."

It was not more than eight o'clock in the morning when he wrote this letter, and as soon as possible he dispatched a swift messenger with it to Cornelia.

Probably Madame Hyde divined something of the importance and tenor of a missive sent in such a hurry of anxious love, so early in the day, but she showed neither annoyance nor curiosity regarding it. "Joris, my dear one," she said, as they rose from the breakfast table, "Joris, I think there is a letter from your father. To the city you must go as soon as you can, for I have had a restless night, full of feeling it has been."

Joris smiled and kissing her, said, "I am going at once. If there is a letter I will send a quick rider with it."

"But come thyself!"

"That I came."

"But why, then?"

"To-morrow I will tell you."

"That is well. Into thy mother's heart drop all thy joys and sorrows. Thine are mine."

It happened—but doubtless happened because so ordered—that the very hour in which Joris left Hyde Manor, Peter Van Ariens received a letter that made him very serious. He left his office and went to see his son.

"Rem," he said, "here has come a letter from Boston, and somebody must go there, and that, too, in a great hurry. The house of Blume and Otis is likely to fail, and in it we have some great interests. A lawyer we must have to look after them; I, myself, and it shall be well for both of us."

"I cannot go with a happy mind today. I think now my case with Cornelia will bear putting to the question. As you know, it has been step with step between Joris Hyde and myself in that affair, and if I go away now without securing the ground I have gained, what can hinder Hyde from taking advantage over me?"

"That is fair. A man is not a man till he has won a wife. Cornelia Moran is much to my mind. Go and see her now."

"I will write to her. I will tell her what is in my heart and ask her for her love and her hand. If she is blind to my offer then I can go to Boston with a free heart and look after your money and your business."

But the letter to Cornelia which Hyde found to slip off his pen like dancing was a much more difficult matter to Rem. He wrote and destroyed, and wrote again and destroyed, and this so often that he finally resolved to go to Maiden Lane for his inspiration.

He met George Hyde sauntering up the street looking unhappy and restless, and he suspected at once that he had been walking past Dr. Moran's house in the hope of seeing Cornelia and had been disappointed. The thought delighted him. He was willing to bear disappointment himself, if by doing so some of Hyde's smiling confidence was changed to that unhappy uneasiness which he detected in his rival's face and manner. The young men bowed to each other, but did not speak.

"What a mere sullen creature that Rem Van Ariens is!" thought Hyde, "and with all the good temper in the world I affirm it." Then, with a movement of impatience he added:

"Why should I let him into my mind?—for he is the least welcome of all intruders. Good gracious, how long the minutes are! How shall I endure another hour?—perhaps many hours. Where can she have gone? Not unlikely to Madame Jacobus. I will go to her at once."

He hastened his steps and soon arrived at the well-known residence of his friend. He was amazed as soon as the door was opened to find prophecy of the most evident kind for some change. "What is the matter?" he asked in a voice of fear.

"I am going away for a time, Joris, my good friend," answered madame, coming out of a shrouded and darkened parlor as she spoke.

"But where are you going?"

"To Charleston. My sister Sabrina is sick—dying, and there is no one so near to her as I am. But what brings you here so early?"

"My mother felt sure there was a letter from father, and I came at once to get it for her, but there was none."

"It will come in good time. Now, I must go. Good-bye, dear Joris!"

"For how long, my friend?"

"I know not. Sabrina is incurably ill. I shall stay with her till she departs." She said these words as they went down the steps together, and with eyes full of tears he placed her carefully in the coach and then turned sorrowfully to his own rooms.

In the meantime Rem was writing his proposal. Finally, after many trials, he desisted with the following, though it was the least effective of any form he had written:

"To Miss Moran:

"Honored and Beloved Friend—

"Twenty times this day I have tried to write a letter worthy to come into your hands and worthy to tell you how beyond all words I love you. But what can I say more than that I love you? To-morrow I must leave New York, and I may be away for some time. Pray, then, give me some hope to-night to take with me. I am sick with longing for the promise of your love. Oh, dearest Cornelia, I am as you know well, your flumble servant,

"Rembrandt Van Ariens."

When he had finished this letter, he folded and sealed it, and walked to the window with it in his hand. Then he saw Cornelia returning home from some shopping or social errand, and hastily calling a servant, ordered him to deliver the letter at once to Miss Moran. She bowed and smiled as she accepted it, but Rem, watching with his heart in his eyes, could see that it awakened no special interest. She kept it unopened as she wandered among the flowers, until Mrs. Moran came to the door to hurry her movements; then she followed her mother hastily into the house.

"Do you know how late it is, Cornelia? There is a letter on your dressing table that came by Lieut. Hyde's servant two or three hours ago."

As she entered her room an imposing looking letter met her eyes—a letter written upon the finest paper, squarely folded, and closed with a large seal of scarlet wax carrying the Hyde arms. Poor Rem's message lost instantly whatever interest it possessed; she let it fall from her hand, and lifting Hyde's, opened it with that marvelous womanly impetuosity which love teaches. In a moment she felt all that he felt; all the ecstasy and tumult of a great affection not sure. But this letter was the "little more" in Hyde's love, and, oh, how much it was!

She pondered it until she was called to dinner. There was then no time to read Rem's letter, but she broke the seal and glanced at its tenor, and an expression of pity came into her eyes. Hastily she locked both letters away in a drawer in her desk.

Dr. Moran was not at home, nor was he expected until sundown, so mother and daughter enjoyed together the confidence which Hyde's letter induced. Mrs. Moran thought the young man was right, and promised, to a certain extent, to favor his proposal. "However, Cornelia," she added, "unless your father is perfectly agreeable and satisfied, I would not advise you to make any engagement."

The answering of these letters was naturally Cornelia's first afternoon thought. To write to Joris was a delightful thing, an unusual pleasure, and she sat down, smiling, to pen the lines which she thought would bring her much happiness, but which were doomed to bring her a great sorrow.

"My Joris! My Dear Friend:

"'Tis scarce an hour since I received your letter, but I have read it over

"I am going away for a time."

four times. And whatever you desire, that also is my desire, and I am delighted a much as you. If you think I do not love you as much as I am loved by you. Come, then, this very night as soon as you think convenient. If my father is in a suitable temper it will be well to speak plainly to him, and I am sure that my mother will sing to hear disappointment himself, if by doing so some of Hyde's smiling confidence was changed to that unhappy uneasiness which he detected in his rival's face and manner. The young men bowed to each other, but did not speak.

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NEVER SAW SUCH LARGE YIELDS.

The Climate Is Healthy—The Winters Are Pleasant in Western Canada.

Writing from Stirling, Alberta, to one of the agents representing the Canadian Government free homestead lands, Mr. M. Pickrell, formerly of Beechwood, Ky., says of Western Canada:

"In the first place we will say that the summer season is just lovely indeed. As to the winter, well, we never experienced finer weather than we are now enjoying. We have just returned from Northern Alberta, and will say that we found the weather to be very mild, the air dry, fresh and invigorating. Considering everything we can say that the winters here are most pleasant, healthy and enjoyable to what they are in the States. Here it gets cold and continues so till spring; there are no disagreeable winds. In South Alberta it is some warmer—two to four inches of snow may fall and in a few hours a Chinook wind comes along, evaporating the snow and leaving terra firma perfectly dry; in fact, we did not believe this part until we came and saw for ourselves and we now know what we herein write to be just as we write it. There has not been a day but what we could not work out outdoors. Farmers here are calculating on starting the plow the first of March.

"As to farm wages, we would not advise a man to come here with the expectation of finding a big job of work, but all who do want a home I advise to have nerve enough to get up and come, for there never has been, and may never be again, such a grand opportunity for a man to get a home almost free.

"As to the crops, I have been in the fields before harvest, saw the grass put up and the grain harvested, and I never saw such large yields. I saw oats near Edmonton over six feet tall that yielded a heavy crop of seed, and I talked to a farmer near St. Albert who had a field year before last that averaged 110 bushels per acre and weighed 43 pounds to the bushel. All other crops would run in proportion—as to potatoes and vegetables, the turnout was enormous. I have such reports as the above from all sections that I have visited, and that has been every community between the Edmonton district and Raymond, in the Lethbridge district.

"As to stock raising, I would advise a man to locate in this place, or any place, in South Alberta, but for mixed farming I would say go up farther north, say near Lacombe, Red Deer or Stettler, where there is not quite so dry and where there is some timber to be had. I will say that nowhere have I ever seen a better opportunity for a man, whether he has money or not, to obtain a home. Nowhere can he find a more productive soil, better water and a better governed country than Western Canada affords. Inducements to the homeseeker are unexcelled. I met two men near Ponoka on the C. & E. R. R., who came here with no money to pay for their homestead, and in four years those two men sold their farms—one for $2,500, the other for $3,000. I met a man near Wetaskiwin who landed here with 25 cents six years ago. He is now worth $2,000. The advantages for ranching are excellent. In fact, I do not believe this section can be beat. Markets are good; as to living, a family can live as cheap here as they can in the States. The average yield of oats in this neighborhood last year was 70 bushels per acre; wheat averaged 35, barley 40, and the best crop was good. In consequence of the successful cultivation of the best a large beet sugar factory is being erected at Raymond, seven miles from here.

"In conclusion I will say that N. W. T. from Manitoba to a long distance north of Edmonton produces most wonderful crops. Lakes and rivers abound with fish, and game is plentiful. And that this is unquestionably the country for a man to come to if he desires to better his condition in life. I would advise the prospective settler to look over the Lethbridge, Lacombe, Wetaskiwin and Edmonton districts before locating.

"I will locate in the Edmonton district next fall and several families from the States will locate with me. In the meantime I will receive my mail here and will be pleased to give the interested all the information desired."

For information as to railway rates, etc., apply to any agent of the Canadian Government, whose name appears elsewhere in this paper.

The Uses of Advertisements.

A Jasper county (Mo.) farmer paid a high tribute to the literary talents of a Carthage real estate agent a few days ago. He decided to sell his place and got a real estate agent to write the notice. When the agent read the notice to him he said: "Read that again." After the second reading he said: "Stop there. I'll not sell. I've been looking for a place of that kind all my life and didn't know it until you described it to me."—Milwaukee News.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, Nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Purity of heart is too great a price to pay for being tested on the poison of modern literature.

IF YOU USE BALL BLUE,

Get Red Cross Ball Blue, the best Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

Small eyes are commonly supposed to indicate cunning.

To Cure a Cold in One day.

Take laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Blank cartridges will often make the most noise.

"The Klean-Kool Kitchen Kind" of stoves make no smoke, smell, soot, ashes or excessive heat. Always look for trade mark.

He has no option on heaven who has no obligation on earth.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAGER, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 1, 1899.

Teacher—"What is a cannibal?"

"Murderous Millinery."

When the male birds of paradise assemble to woo the females by displaying their wonderful plumage the native fowler of the tropics builds a screen in the lower branches and shoots the male with blunt arrows, so as not to draw blood. The feet, wings and skull are then removed and the skin smoked over a slow fire. Humming birds are usually shot with a blow tube loaded with fine sand. The skins are smoked and packed in crates for transport. Strong efforts are being made in India and elsewhere to put a stop to such "murderous millinery."

THE LARGEST SAILING VESSEL.

Recently Built in the Yards of a Busy German Firm.

The extraordinary activity displayed by the builders and managers of German steamship lines during the past three decades has been equaled by the energy shown in constructing sailing vessels of the latest type, according to the New York Times. Within the past few weeks one firm of German shipbuilders has completed what will be probably the largest sailing craft in the world, according to a report received by the state department from Henry W. Diederich, United States consul at Bremen. The following is the record of this year's work of but one of several firms to whose activity Mr. Diederich calls attention:

"At the end of its business year (May 6, 1902), the Tecklenborg company, at Bremerhaven, paid out 2,000,000 marks ($476,000) paid a dividend of 20 per cent. This concern was occupied to its utmost capacity during the entire year and the repair and dry docks were continually in use. Six double-crew freight and passenger steamers and two very large sailing vessels were building, of which three steamers and one sailing vessel were delivered to the owners. The firm is famous all the world over for building sailing craft and the vessel completed a few weeks ago is probably the largest in the world. Her name is Preussen. She is a five-masted, full-rigged steel vessel, steel-sparred throughout. Her length is 440 feet beam 50 feet. She has a carrying capacity of 8,000 tons, while her registered tonnage is 4,000. Recently she started on her first voyage to the west coast of South America.

MONEY IN HIS DREAMS.

Insomnia Would Be Real Affliction to Augustus Thomas.

When Augustus Thomas, the playwright, was a newspaper reporter in St. Louis, he enjoyed the reputation of being able to walk less and get more stories than any other man on his paper. He was what is called nowadays a good dreamer, and this accomplishment has aided him wonderfully in the profession which has made him famous. Some of the best situations in his plays have evolved from his dreams. Many of the plots, the scenes and the stage settings have come to him, according to his intimate acquaintance, while he lay asleep in a light nap in a steamer chair on the spacious piazza of his home in New Rochelle. If was one afternoon in June that he discovered "Alabama," and it was while the cool breezes from the Sound kept over him one night in August that he found "In Mizzoura." It was by a big log fire in his den that he first met "The Earl of Pawtucket," and he is now awaiting the coming of other distinguished personages to introduce to the public.

Some persons have money in their dreams, only to find themselves broke when they wake up, but every time Gus Thomas opens his eyes after one of these pleasant experiences he finds himself many thousands of dollars richer. If he is ever afflicted with insomnia it may cost him his fortune.

The Blessed.

Low is the lintel of our dear Lord's door,
And who would enter in
Must the new life begin
With little children, and the crowning poor;
With mourners, and with meek and lowly souls;
With those who long for good
As prisoners pine for food,
Or kneel in dreams where living water rolls.

Beneath those gates—too low for human pride—
The blessed come and go,
Earth being used to show
In God's great gardens, or His meadows wide,
With gentle Mercy, Peace and Purity,
They find their glad employ
Sowing the seed of Joy.
Nor know its name, nor what the fruit shall be.

Sometimes the memory of a long past day,
When they had suffered shame
And death for Christ's dear name,
Sweeps over them like a cloud above their way;
But on a golden morn there falls a Voice:
"Come, O ye blessed, come!
It is the harvest home
And all the fields are white with Joy.
Rejoice!"

Cigars From the Colonies.

Slowly but surely the Porto Rican cigar is winning favor among the devotees of nicotine. When the product of the colony first was introduced into America it failed to meet the approval of smokers. It was sold at a price which made it compete with high-grade Havana, and the average man preferred the Havana. Now the Porto Rican cigar competes with the lower-priced domestic grades. It was sold for four cents, and at this price it made a big stride forward in popular favor. The real Porto Rican, the "plantation made," is uncouth in shape and is easily distinguished from the "Porto Rican cigars" made in Connecticut, which are turned out of molds.

Tobacconists advise that care be taken to give the colony weed a good light and avoid chewing the end any more than possible. Under these conditions, they say, it is as satisfactory as the ordinary fifteen-cent cigar.

His "Character."

There was an opening for a butler in the family where Bridget was cook and she recommended her for the position in behalf of her brother.

"I take it that his reputation morally is all that could be expected," suggested Madame.

"Ncuse me, but would you mind saying that question over ag'in?" asked Bridget.

"I say," repeated Madame, "doubtless he is a man of moral character."

"Sure, mum, sure—but I don't know if I'm afther un'erstandin' you."

Madame waxed slightly impatient. "Oh, is he a good man, Bridget?"

"Good, is it? Sure he could lick th' eyes out of any shpalpeen from Cork to Kilkenny!" was the enthusiastic reply.

"Lead" Made from Coke.

The "lead" of black pencils is now made from coke. It is ground and mixed with iron ore and chemicals, and subjected to pressure under great heat.

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 in the town of Southfield and John says he must sell. Adjoining Birmingham village, in good repair and ready for the successful prosecution of a profitable farm and the establishment of a happy home. Lots of good fruits and all necessary conveniences. Terms easy. Price $1,700, of which $500 will be taken on a mortgage at 4 per cent. Speak quick or you lose it.

2.

Farm of 30 acres, well fenced, well watered—never-failing stream; 10 acres timber, 14 miles from Rosedale 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 a level land, four good buildings and fences all in good repair, 6 apple trees, 100 plum trees and plenty of other small fruit. Buildings insured for $1,900. Price $2,800. Terms easy. The place is just outside 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.

4.

No better farm in the State of Michigan is the John Keyser farm in the township of Southfield, Oakland county, one mile west of the Detroit & Pontiac R. R. and one mile south of the postoffice in Birmingham, over good roads; consists of 193½ acres, of which 135 are cleared and 58½ acres in timber and 4 acres of orchard, all select small fruit and poultry fencing. The soil is a rich clay loam and there are nine good buildings thereon, about 40 rods from which there is a $3,500 surance. They consist of good two-story brick house with ten rooms, furnace heating, water house, large barn, shed, hog-house, horse-barn, chicken-house, stop and tool house, creamery, etc. Six-flowing well piped to the creamery and to barns. The large barn (80x80) is new and has stone and cement foundations 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 sugar beets to the acre, 700 bushels of corn to the acre. Seven acres of wheat raised 240 bushels when wheat was an absolute failure all over the state. We never fails on good crops whether hay, or other cereals or pasture. It is well fenced and thoroughly tiled and lies on a gently sloping ex-posure to the south. It is in fact ready to continue a profitable farming business. All this fully considered for a little more than one-half cent of One Hundred Dollars per Acre and we have it for sale quite this week. If you have the most earnest desire to become the owner of one of the most productive and profitable farms in Michigan, write us, call on us, telephone, or better yet, come and see us about it. If you want to buy, be sure and see us, 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 us complain of the time wasted in showing you the premises.

5.

Elegant house and lot 66 feet front and 200 feet 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 Lake Orion, 160 acres, two good houses, three barns, fine lake frontage, 16 acres fine orchard, 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, Oakland county, 8 miles from the Detroit & Pontiac Electric Ry with half hour service each way. Is located in the northerly part of the farm formerly known as the Henry Barden farm and is owned by the late daughter, Mrs. M. Frances O'Brien, of Detroit, Mich., who finds it inconvenient to manage the property and prefers to sell the farm and employ the investment elsewhere. These circumstances combine to make it necessary for the owner at once and have induced the owner to offer it at the extremely low price of $50 per acre. The farm comprises 240 acres of land in all, and the gently sloping shore of the lake is a gravelly beach, 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 ample accommodation of stock; 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 are extremely favorable and to persons having enough cash to simply secure the purchase price, will receive every consideration and be given the opportunity of securing one of the most beautiful lake farms in the county for a mere nominal price. If parties are desirous of making a personal inspection of the property at any time, conveyance will be gladly furnished.

8.

One of the best farms in Oakland county. It is almost cut in two by a lake we tell you that it is the John Buttolph farm in the town of Troy, 220 acres, excellent buildings, two good bowling walks, Carp pond well at eied, 3 miles of tile; fine orchard, 5 miles from Birmingham, 2 miles straight south of Troy corners, where there is a church, store, post-office, school, etc. D., R. & L. O. runs past the door. The fences are in good shape and the buildings are insured for $2,875. The terms are extremely favorable and to persons having enough cash to simply secure the purchase price, will receive every consideration and be given the opportunity of securing one of the most beautiful lake farms in the county for a mere nominal price. If parties are desirous of making a personal inspection of the property at any time, conveyance will be gladly furnished.

9.

Farm in Southfield, 87 acres, of which 10 acres is timber, good beech and maple. Soil, clay loam. Creek runs through farm. Water in every lot. Only 1½ miles to Birmingham village and small barn. Terms easy. Said price so low that it will pay you to look it up. Will trade for Birmingham property.

10.

Large, roomy two-story house on Townsend St. in Birmingham, good barn, city water and all ordinary conveniences. Lot 66 ft. front and 163 ft. deep. Small fruit and good neighborhood.

11.

The Bayley farm in the town of Troy, 127 acres, good farm house and good outbuildings, 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.

12.

Farm in Southfield, 87 acres, of which 10 acres is timber, good beech and maple. Soil, clay loam. Creek runs through farm. Water in every lot. Only 1½ miles to Birmingham village and small barn. Terms easy. Said price so low that it will pay you to look it up. Will trade for Birmingham property.

13.

Two hundred and fourteen acres in sections 5 and 16, Southfield, with three farm buildings in the township. Large and productive orchard of all kinds of best varieties of fruit, 6 acres of very heavy timber. Will sell or exchange for city property to the value of $6,000 if the right figure is quired. Buildings on each tract. Prices as low as any on our list, all things considered. Ask us about it.

14.

House and two lots on Ann St. in Birmingham village, 66 feet front and 200 feet deep. Insured for $200. Price $600. Want enough cash to secure and balance can remain at low rate of interest. Send us a long-reach barber-pole, or better yet, a reply postal card, you get full particulars by return mail.

15.

Fine fruit farm of 60 acres about 2 miles from Birmingham, nice cottage and barn, 5 acres timber. No waste land; 2,500 peaches, 100 plums, 50 grapes, 30 apples, 1½ rod raspberries, 1 acre strawberries, etc. Good house nearly new. Price $60 per acre. Will take other property for part pay. Tell you more about it if you ask us.

16.

A small farm of 3 acres, being part of the west 40 acres of section 2, Southfield, Oakland county, N. Y. Four good buildings, 6 rooms in house and pig-pen. Bui dings insured for $1,300. Premises abundantly supplied with cold spring 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, fine lake in rear, 1 mile from station. House, two-story and wing, 8 rooms; 2½ miles from Birmingham, over roads which are the best in the country; 40 rods from good school; 16 rods from Edison's electric line; 80 rods from school house. This little farm is ready for business, without a cent of repairs or improvements. Price $1,500. Terms easy.

17.

A farm of 100 acres in the township of Rose, Ogemaw county, Mich., 10 acres cleared, 50 acres mixed hardwood on the best farm worth $100. Soil, sandy loam. Price $ 2,000, $500 down, balance on long time at 6 per cent. Here is a golden opportunity for a poor man to acquire a good home in a good climate. Better investigate.

26.

One of the finest farms in the great fruit belt of Ottawa county, Michigan, 1 mile from the city of Grand Haven, celebrated alike for its fine climate and its fruit farms, and only 2½ miles from the lake, 2 miles from Ferrysburg, 2 miles from Spring Lake, 2 miles from Grand Haven, 2 miles from the electric railway between Grand Rapids and Muskegon, 2 miles to the lake shore, 2 miles to the Grand Haven and Muskegon railway, 2 miles to the Chicago and West Michigan railway, 2 miles to the Pere Marquette railway, 2 miles to the Ottawa and Allegan county line, 2 miles to the Ottawa and Muskegon county line, 2 miles to the Ottawa and Kent county line, 2 miles to the Ottawa and Ottawa county line, 2 miles to the Ottawa and Ottawa county line, 2 miles to the Ottawa and Ottawa