THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY by AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"I am not very uneasy for her; if Arenta is in trouble she will cry it out, and call for help on every hand."

During this conversation Annie was in a reverie which it in no way touched. She was thinking all the time of her cousin George, and of the singular abruptness with which his love life had been cut short, and it was this train of thought which led her to say impulsively:

"Uncle, it is my desire to go to Philadelphia."

The earl looked at her with incredulity. "What nonsense, Annie!" he exclaimed. "For you a journey to Philadelphia would be an arduous undertaking, and one without any reasonable motive."

"Oh, indeed! Do you call George Washington an unreasonable motive? I wish to see him."

"I wish the journey were an easier one."

"To be sure, the roads and the cold will be a trial; but then my uncle, you can give them to me, as God gives trials to his beloved. He breaks them up into small portions, and puts a night's sleep between the portions. Can you not also do this?"

"You little Methodist!" answered the earl, with a tender gleam in his eyes. "I see that I shall have to give you your own way. Will you go with us, George?"

"Yes, I desire to see Washington. I wish to see the greatest of Americans."

This was the initial conversation which, after some opposition, and a little temper from madame the countess, resulted in the Hyde family visiting Philadelphia.

A handsome house, handsomely furnished, had been found, and madame had brought with her the servants necessary to care for it, and for the family's comfort.

In a week she had come to the conclusion that Joris was disappointed; which, indeed was very much the case. He could hear nothing of Cornelia. He had never once got a glimpse of her lovely countenance, and no scrutiny had revealed to him the place of her abode.

A month passed in unfruitful searching industry, and Hyde was almost hopeless. The journey appeared to be altogether a failure; and he said to Annie, "I am ashamed for my selfishness in permitting you to come here. I see that you have tired yourself to death for nothing at all."

She gave her head a resolute little shake and answered, "Wait and see. Something is coming. Do you know that I am going to Mrs. Washington's reception to-morrow evening? I shall see the President. Cousin, you are to be my cavalier, if it please you, and my uncle and aunt will attend us."

"I am devotedly at your service, Annie; and I will at least point out to you some of the dazzling beauties of our court—the splendid Mrs. Bingham, the Miss Allens and Miss Chews, and the brilliant Sally McKean."

The next evening Joris had every reason to feel proud of his cousin. The touch of phantasy and flame in her nature illumined her face, and no one could look at her without feeling that a fervent and transparent soul gazed from her eyes, so lambent with soft spiritual fire. This impression was enhanced by her childlike gown of white crape over soft white silk; if suggested her sweet fretless life, and also something unknown and unseen in her very simplicity.

Mrs. Washington's parlors were crowded that night. The earl at once

"I see I shall have to give you your own way."

presented his niece to Mrs. Washington, and afterward to the President, who as a guest of Mrs. Washington, was walking about the rooms talking to the ladies present. For a few minutes he remained in conversation with the party, then he went forward, and Hyde turning with his beautiful charge, met Cornelia face to face.

They looked at each other as two disembodied souls might meet and look after death—reproaching, questioning, entreating, longing. Hyde flushed and paled, but could not for his very life make the slightest effort at recognition or speech. Cornelia, who had seen his entry, was more prepared. She gave him one long look of tender reproach as she passed, but she made no movement of recognition. If she had said one syllable, if she had paused one moment, if she had shown in any way the least desire for a renewal of their acquaintance, Hyde was sure his heart would have instantly responded. As it was, they had met and parted in a moment, and every circumstance had been against him. For it was the most natural thing in life, that he should, after his cousin's interview with Washington, stoop to her words with delight and interest; and it was equally natural for Cornelia to put the construction on his attentions which every one else did.

Hyde wandered through the parlors speaking to one and another but ever on the watch for Cornelia. He saw her no more that night. She had withdrawn as soon as possible after meeting Hyde, and he was so miserably disappointed, so angry at the unpropitious circumstances which had dominated their casual meeting, that he hardly spoke to any one as they returned home.

The next day Annie asked: "Do you remember the Rev. Mr. Damer, rector of Downhill Market?"

"Very well. He preached very fine sermons."

"His daughter Mary was at the ball last night."

What is Mary Damer doing in America?"

"She is on a visit to her cousin, who is married to the Governor of Massachusetts. He is here on some state matter, and as Miss Damer also wished to see Washington, he brought her with him."

"I was in here last when I saw her last. Is she passable?"

"She is extremely handsome. My aunt heard that she is to marry a Boston gentleman of good promise and estate. I dare say it is true."

It was so true that even while they were speaking of the matter Mary was writing these words to her betrothed:

"Yesterday I met the Hydes. The young lord got out of my way. Did he imagine I had designs on him? I look for a better man. I may see a great deal of them in the coming summer, and then I may find out. At present I will dismiss the Hydes, have met pleasanter company."

Annie dismissed the subject with the same sort of impatience. It seemed to no one a matter of any importance.

Hyde was shaken, confused, lifted off his feet, as it were; but after another day had passed, he had come to one steady resolution—he would speak to Cornelia when he next met her, no matter where it was, or who was with her.

For nearly a week he kept a conscious, constant watch. Its insisting sorrowful longing was like a cry from Love's watch towers, but it did not reach the beloved one, or else she did not answer it. One bright morning he resolved to walk through the great dry goods stores, where the beauties of the "gay Quakers" bought their choicest fabrics in foreign chintzes, lawns and Indian muslins. He was getting impatient of the bustle and pushing, when he saw Cornelia's mother approaching him. The young man was driving a new and very spirited team, and as he with some difficulty held them, he called to Hyde to come and drive with him. After an hour's driving they went to a famous hostelry, and Clymer said, "Let us have ourselves lunch, and the horses bait and a rest, then we will make them show their mettle home again."

The young men had a luxurious meal and many good wine than they ought to have taken.

The champ and gallop of the horses and Clymer's vociferous enjoyment of his own wit, blended, and for a moment or two Hyde was under a physical exhilaration as intoxicating as the foam of the champagne he had been drinking. In the height of this mercurial gaiety, a carriage, driving at a rather rapid rate turned into the road; and Cornelia suddenly raised her eyes to the festive young men, and then dropped them with an abrupt, even angry expression.

Hyde became silent and speechless, and Clymer was quickly infected by the very force and potency of his companion's agitation and distressed surprise. Both were glad to escape the other's company, and Hyde fled to the privacy of his own room, that he might hide there the almost unbearable chagrin and misery this unfortunate meeting had caused him.

"Where shall I run to avoid myself?" he cried as he paced the floor in an agony of shame. "She will never respect me again. She ought not. I am the most wretched of lovers."

For some days sorrow and confusion and distraction bound his senses; he refused all company, would neither eat, nor sleep, nor talk, and he looked as white and wan as a spectre. A stupid weight, a dismal sullen stillness succeeded the storm of shame and grief; and he felt himself to be the sole burden of human beings. At length, however, the first misery of that wretched meeting passed away, and then he resolved to forget.

"It is all past!" he said despairingly. "She is lost to me forever! Alas, alas, Cornelia. Though you would not believe me, it was the most perfect love that I gave you."

Cornelia's sorrow, though quite as profound, was different in character. Her sex and various other considerations taught her more restraint; but she also felt the situation to be altogether unendurable, for despite all reason, despite even the evidence of her own eyes, Cornelia kept a reserve. And in that pitiful last meeting, there had been a flash from Hyde's eyes, that said to her—she knew not what, of unconquerable love and wrong and of revenge—a flash swifter than lightning and equally potential. It had stirred into tumult and revolt all the platitudes with which she had tried to quiet her restless heart; made her doubtful, pitiful and uncertain of all things, even while her lover's reckless gaiety seemed to confirm her worst suspicions. And she felt unable to face constantly this distressing dubious questioning, so that it was with almost irritable entreaty she said, "Let us go home, mother."

"I have desired to do so for two weeks, Cornelia," answered Mrs. Moran. "I think our visit has already been too long."

"My Cousin Silas has now begun to make love to me; and his mother and sisters like it no better than I do. I hate this town with its rampant, affected fashion and frivolities. Mother, let us go home, at once. Lucinda can pack our trunks to-day, and we will leave in the morning."

"Can we go without an escort?"

"Oh, yes, we can. Lucinda will wait on us—she too is longing for New York—and who can drive us more carefully than Cato? I am at the end of my patience. I am like to cry, out! I am so unhappy, mother!"

"My dear, we will go home to-morrow. We can make the journey in short stages. Do not break down now, Cornelia. It is only a little longer."

"I shall not break down—if we go home." And as the struggle to resist sorrow proves the capacity to resist it, Cornelia kept her promise. As they reached New York her cheerfulness increased, and when they turned into Maiden Lane she clapped her hands for very joy.

She ran upstairs to her own dear room, laid her head on her pillow, sat down in her favorite chair, opened her desk, let in all the sunshine she could, and then fell with holy gratitude on her knees and thanked God for her sweet home, and for the full cup of mercies he had given her to drink in it.

When she went downstairs the mail had just come in, and the Doctor sat before a desk covered with news-

Had a luxurious meal.

papers and letters. "Cornelia," he cried in a voice full of interest, "here is a letter for you—a long letter. It is from Paris."

She examined the large sheets closed with a great splash of red wax, bearing the de Tourmerre crest, but had indeed come from Paris, the city of dreadful slaughter, yet Cornelia opened it with a smiling excitement, as she read:

"It is from Arenta'!"

(To be continued.)

NEW PHASE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Artists Now Go to Patrons Instead of Waiting a Call from Them.

It is no longer regarded as the proper thing in society to go to a photograph gallery to have one's picture taken. Leaders of the smart set at the east have decreed that the artists shall come to the houses of the sitters, although an extra charge is involved in the new arrangement. The men who do this at-home work must be artists of the first class. These pictures in the homes have revolutionized one fashion. Formerly a woman would wear all her jewels and take her stand before the camera in her most pretentious frock, but now these display pictures are tabooed and the woman dresses simply. A favorite pose with one photographer has the subject in a picture hat, with bare shoulders and wearing a simple string of pearls.

More recent even than the dashing hat and glistening shoulders is the photographing of young matrons with their children. In England these pictures are in great vogue and the woman who poses wears a house gown suggestive of the calm of the nursery. The photograph of the lovely countess of Warwick with her daughter was one of the most popular in England. Lady Warwick's arms were entwined about the pretty child and the picture was sold just the same as those of Ellen Terry, Edna May and other celebrities. Another woman who is photographed always with her child is Rachel, countess of Dudley, wife of the lord lieutenant of Ireland. The countess is one of the great English beauties.

WAS WASTING HIS TALENTS

Why Young Man Wanted Farmer to Join Football Club.

Young Henderson was courting the farmer's daughter, but, alas! One night the farmer caught him.

There was an exchange of compliments, rapid and to the point, and the young man found himself sailing through the air in a manner which would have delighted Santos Dumont, and love's golden dream had a pretty brassy sort of awakening for Henderson.

But, lo, next day he was again at the farmer's house. Naturally the good man was indignant.

"I rather thought," he observed severely, "that the delicate hint I gave you last night would have shown you that your presence here was not required."

"It did," said the young man; and a look of mingled sadness and admiration crossed his face. "You showed me that all right enough; but I want to know if you will join our football club. Sir, you're wasting your talents!"—London Tit-Bits.

A Psychological Experience.

Professor—Did you ever have any psychological experience?

Mrs. Eyeglass—Indeed I did—a most remarkable one.

"Prophetic?"

"Yes."

"I should greatly like to hear it."

"One night I dreamed that the sky suddenly blazed with light; the heavens were filled with a thronging host, a trumpet sounded, the dead arose from their graves and then a voice shouted: 'Something terrible is going to happen!'"

"Well?"

"Well, the very next day our cook left."—New York Weekly

The Dark Before Dawn.

Oh, mystery of the morning gloam,
Of haunted air, of windless hush!
Oh, wonder of the deepening dome—
Afar, still far, the morning's flush!
My spirit fears, among the spheres,
The round earth's ever-quickening rush!

A single leaf, on yonder tree,
The gentle planet's rush hath felt, hath heard;
And soon all branches whispering be!
That whisper wakes the nested bird—
The song of thrush, before the blush
Of dawn the dreaming world has ever stirred!

The old moon withers in the east—
The winds of space may drive her far!
In heaven's chancel waits the priest—
Dawn's pontiff-priest, the morning star!
And yonder, lo! a shafted glow—
The gates of day-spring fall ajar!
—Scribner's.

A War-Time Incident.

Several months ago, when Department Commander Weber of the Grand Army was in Chattanooga looking after a site for the Ohio monument to her soldiers who fought at Mission Ridge, he met a Capt. Smart. Incidentally, in the conversation, Commander Weber spoke of the charge of the Union forces up the ridge, and of a Confederate battery which tried to escape, but snagged one of its guns on a stump. He spoke also of one of the boys of his company who dropped a red cap near one of the batterymen. Capt. Smart gave him the address of Capt. Dent, who commanded the battery, and the commander wrote to him receiving the following interesting reply:

"I commanded what was known as 'Dent's battery' at the battles of Chickamauga and Mission Ridge. My battery was on the ridge and not far to the left of that part of the Confederate line which was opposite Orchard Knob. My battery was divided when the assault was made on the ridge. I had two guns at the left of a public road, and four to the right of said road. I think the road was the Shallow Fork road, but am not sure. I had six brass 12-pounder Napoleon guns, and lost five of them in this battle.

"I feel satisfied from your description of the battle that it was my battery that fired on your flank, or at least a part of it. As soon as the assaulting column got under the hill so we could not reach it in front fire, we turned our guns so as to inflade the assaulting column as much as possible. One of my guns, the one near eat the road, got away. When I found the fire so heavy that I could not hope to escape that way, I tried to take the guns over through the underbrush.

"In going down I remember the axle of one of my guns caught against a stump. I tried to have it lifted over the stump, as the ground there was level, but could not get the front axle over, but before we could get the rear axle over your people got very close and opened fire, killing, as I now remember, one man, and wounding several others. I was with this gun, and the ball went through my coat sleeve. The gun, of course, was abandoned there.

"The red cap which your people found there belonged, I think, to the man killed there—his name was Schaub. When I say he was killed—I know he was shot through the neck and fell, and judging from the way the blood spurted, I saw no chance for him, and we left without ceremony.

"My impression is that the officer who rode the white horse in that battle was Gen. Granger. Lieutenant Anderson was afterward very badly wounded in the battle of Jonesboro. He died a few years ago in Memphis, Tenn., but went into the army from Florida.

"My battery was reorganized, but with only four guns, and I was in all the battles from Dalton to Atlanta, and was wounded July 22, 1864, in the battle of Atlanta—the day Gen. McPherson was killed—and later, was wounded in the battle of Nashville. I was also in the battle of Pittsburg Landing, as some of your people call it and was wounded there.

"The war is over. I have a son in the navy who took part in the Spanish-American war a few years ago—so you see he fought for the flag in that war, if I did follow the stars and bars in the war of 1861-65.

"S. D. Dent, Eufaula, Ala."

In a postscript the captain says of the battle of Mission Ridge:

"One incident of the battle you may recall. As your column advanced up the hill just opposite where one section of my battery was posted, which was to the Confederate left of this road, in forming the column with the inflading fire, we cut down the only tree, as I remember, left standing. The tree fell right on the advancing column, and, as it rolled down the steep hill, it carried with it one man, who had evidently been caught in the limbs of the tree. The picture of that man as he was carried down by the tree is very vivid in my mind."

Think Railroad Rate Too High.

There is a good deal of comment in Grand Army circles in the East over what the comrades regard as too high a rate established by the railroads for the trip to the National Encampment, to be held in San Francisco in August. Seventy-three dollars from New York is regarded as too high. They cite the fact that the Christian Endeavorers, when their international convention was held in San Francisco, were given a rate of $52. Massachusetts veterans have taken the matter up seriously, and a committee of six will be appointed to act with the Department Commander of that state in securing lower rates, if possible. A meeting of the present and past officers of the Department of Massachusetts and delegates was held in the state house in Boston recently to consider the subject. It was resolved to ask Commander in Chief Stewart to use all proper influence to get as good rates to San Francisco for the week of August 17 as was given the Christian Endeavor society.

Colored Man Was Grateful.

"I had a pleasant reminder of the war the other day," said Captain Tit came in the shape of a silver cream pitcher and sugar bowl, accompanied by a well-written letter, which my people liked very much. The letter abounded in references to the significance of which was apparent only to myself. After one of the hot engagements of the war I came upon a young colored man who had been between the lines and who was like a man paralyzed. I spoke reassuringly to him and hurried after the retreating enemy.

"In the evening some of my men brought the young negro into camp, and as I passed the group I heard the boys explaining to the young fellow that he was free and could do as he pleased. They wanted to know what he was going to do about it, and intimated pretty strongly that if they were in his place they would take the job of cooking for a certain mess in their own company. As I passed the colored man came toward me and stammered that he didn't know what the massas meant, but if he could do as he pleased he would do whatever I wanted him to.

"He became my cook and man of all work at company headquarters, and remained with me to the end of the war. I took him home with me and in due time established him in business. Then I came West, and after my location in Chicago did not hear from my protege for thirty years. He, in the meantime had changed location, had prospered in business, and after thirty years' waiting sent me the silver creamer and sugar bowl, with a letter testifying to his gratitude and affection. I liked that, you know, and I was as glad to hear of his success in life as I would be to hear of the success of an old comrade in arms."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Daughters of Veterans.

On Memorial Day, 1885, five school girls, none of them being over 16 years of age at the time, stood at the gate of the cemetery at Massillon, O., and watched their brothers, the Sons of Veterans, taking part in the observance of the day in the official capacity of their society. "Why can't we have a society to be called the "Daughters of Veterans?" interrogated one of the girls of her companions. "Why can't we!" they all responded. The idea had no sooner had its origination than the girls set to work with a will and with a vigor to organize a local order, and soon their number was increased to 14 girls and they became the charter members of not only the first society of Daughters of Veterans in the state of Ohio, but in the whole United States.

The girls were encouraged by their parents and soon the society was incorporated under the laws of the state as is any other lodge or society.

The growth of the order has been slow but gradual and it bids fair in a few years to become an organization of great strength as any descendants of a veteran may become a member of the order, thus permitting it to perpetuate itself.

Few Fraudulent Claims.

Every now and then is heard a remark to the effect that many applicants for pensions are frauds, or that many claims made by soldiers are fraudulent, and the unthinking believe it. The last report of trials and convictions for one year shows there were 226 convictions, against 159 persons, as follows:

Soldiers and sailors, 11. Women's roll—Claiming as widows (after remarriage), 22; bogus widows, 11; claim as mother of soldier, 1; false witnesses, 4. Civilian's record, men's cases—Attempting bribery, 1; conspiracy, 2; false certifications, 23; false claims, 22; false personation, 1; forgery and perjury, 24; prosecuting claims as a government officer, 3. Offenses also against pensioners—Embezzlement from minors, 1; charging illegal fees, 15; personating government officers, 13; retaining pension certificates, 2.

Only seven soldiers and sailors appear in the above list two of whom were deserters, and one other served in the Spanish-American war.

Grand Army Notes.

The fifteenth annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic of the Department of Georgia will be held at Fitzgerald, Ga., on Saturday, March 21.

E. D. Bacon, department commander of the G. A. R. of Alabama, has issued general orders from the headquarters, Birmingham, Ala., convening the fifteenth annual encampment of the department at Birmingham, Ala., on Tuesday, March 24.

The members of the Roanoke and Newbern Association held their annual reunion at the Grand Army Hall in Athol, Mass., on Saturday, March 14. The meeting was well attended. James Oliver is president and R. L. Doane secretary and treasurer of the association.

Raising Fund for Encampment.

An effort is being made to raise a fund of $100,000 to pay the expenses of the coming ex-Confederate soldiers' reunion in New Orleans. One contribution of $1,000 has been made, and is the largest thus far. Three of $500, one of $300, and five of $200 have been made. The Union Veterans' Association has given $10, regretting its inability to give more, and saying: "We are prompted to this action by the kind treatment always accorded us by the Confederate veterans during our residence among you."

Postpone Meeting Till October.

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee has decided to postpone its meeting in Washington, D. C., from May to October 15. This action has been taken on account of a desire to have the President present at the unveiling of the statue of Gen. Sherman.

Confederates to Meet Yearly.

It is proposed to have a yearly reunion of the South Carolina Confederate veterans so long as a sufficient number survive, and that it be always held in Columbia.

Campfires

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:

2.

Farm of 80 acres, well fenced, well watered—never-failing stream; 3 acres timber, 15 miles from Detroit, 2 miles from electric railway to Detroit and Pontiac. Terms easy.

3.

Twenty-nine and two-thirds acres of land near Irish Hills, in Rollin, Lenawee county. It is an excellent land, four good buildings and fences all in good repair; 25 acres of choice clean trees and plenty of other small fruit. Buildings insured for $1,000. Price $2,800. Terms easy. The place is just outside of the limit 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 Ry. and one mile south of the postoffice in Birmingham, over good roads; consists of 153¼ acres, of which 120 acres are cleared and 30 acres are in timber and 4 acres of orchard, all select and fruit and in good bearing. The soil is a rich clay loam and there are nine good buildings which are valued at $3,000 and upon which there is $3,300 insurance. They consist of good two-story brick house with ten rooms, furnace heated, whole top large barn, shed, hog-house, horse-barn, chicken-house, shop and tool house creamery house, etc., fine flowing well piped to the creamery and to barns. The large barn (30x80) is new and has an excellent stone foundation with basement stables and all conveniences. We challenge comparison with any for productiveness. During the season of 1900 there were raised upon this farm 28 tons of sugar Beets to the acre; 500 bushels of corn to the acre. Seven acres of wheat raised 240 bushels when wheat was a double figure all over the state. It never fails on good crops whether bay, or other cereals or pasture. It is well fenced and thoroughly tiled and lies on a gently sloping expanse to the south. It is all ready to commence farming with a few dollars. All things duly considered the farm is well worth every cent of the price. **One Hundred per Acre and** we have it for sale upon this basis. If you have the least desire to own or become the possessor of one of the most productive and profitable Farms in Michigan, we say to you, Use telephone, or better yet, come and see us about it. If you want to look the farm over we will be very glad to show it to you. If you do not treat you well and we will get acquainted if nothing more. We do not buy or you will never hear us complain of the time wasted in showing you the premises.

5.

Elegant house and lot 66 feet front and 20 rods deep on Maple Ave. East, (half an acre). Fine barn and every modern convenience. Furnace, bath, closet, etc. Can be bought for what the buildings cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

6.

The VanEvery farm on the north shore of Wing Lake, 160 acres, two good houses, three good barns, fine lake frontage, 10 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's Lake, in the township of Bloomfield, Oakland county, 5½ miles from the Detroit & Pontiac Ry. with half hour service each way. It constitutes the northerly part of the farm formerly owned by the late Gardner property and is owned by his daughter, Mrs. M. J. Adrian O'Brien, of Detroit, Mich., who finds it inconvenient to look after the property and prefers to sell the farm and employ the real estate. The property is unsurpassed and combine to make it necessary to sell the farm as an entirety, but will sell in parcels in order to fit the extremely low price of $50 per acre. The farm comprises 80 acres, and has a fine level and gently sloping shores go down to a gravelly beach, affording delightful opportunities for boating, fishing and bathing. The land is comparatively new and has ten rooms. There are two good barns and a fine dwelling house, ample accommodation of stock; 15 acres of excellent orchard and 50 acres of hard wood timber bordering the lake. The fences are in good shape and the entire farm is underdrained by tile. The terms will be made extremely favorable and 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 farms in the country for a non-nal price. If parties are desirous of making a subdivision 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 s y two hundred acres. It is the John Bultolph farm in the town of Troy, 20 miles from Detroit, 2 miles from Birmingham. Sharp pond well stocked, 9 miles of tile; fine orchard, fine buildings, fences, 2 miles straight south of Troy corners, where there is a church, store, postoffice, express office, R. F. 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 barn, with all modern and ordinar- conveniences, 120 ft. front and 168 ft. deep. Small fruit and good neighborhood.

12.

The Bayley farm in the town of Troy, 137½ acres. Good farm house and farm buildings; flowing well at the barn which is the wonder and pride of Troy; 20 acres good beech and maple timber; 20 acres fine grafted orchard. These 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 timber, good buildings, fruit and soil. Price $3,000. Terms easy.

14.

Two hundred and fourteen acres in sections 18 and 19, Southfield, with finest farm buildings in the township, large and productive orchard of all kinds of best varieties of fruit, 10 acres of good timber. Will sell on cheaper terms than 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.

16.

Fine fruit farm of 68 acres about 3 miles from Birmingham, nice rolling land, 5 acres timber. No waste land; 2,500 peach trees, 100 pear trees, 200 apples, 1½ acres raspberries, 1 acres strawberries, etc. Good buildings and new. Price $60 per acre. Will take other property for part pay. Tell you more about it if you ask us.

19.

A farm of 105 acres in the township of Bloomfield, Oakland county; 50 acres cleared, remainder mixed hardwood timber; 3 acres of orchard, 10 acres meadow. Price $40 per acre; terms $1,000 cash, balance on time to suit purchaser. This is a good opportunity for a poor man to secure a good home on easy terms. Call and see us.

33.

Twenty-three hundred dollars cash will buy the most beautiful fruit and truck farms in the township of Southfield, comprising 10 acres, 5 acres, 2½ acres and 1½ acres, at $200 per acre, but the balance of the property will be sold at $150 per acre. Terms, one-third cash, balance in three equal payments of one, two and three years, or will trade for a smaller farm. Every foot of this property is underlaid with gravel for building, good cellars, well, cisterns and good buildings. Will sell the whole or in parts to suit purchaser. We will whisper in your ear if you call.

34.

Nice little forty-acre farm up in Scotia county for $30 per acre; 30 acres cleared, remainder timber; good buildings and a comfortable house; 35 miles from Detroit, 3 miles from Milford, 2 miles from either on the F. & P. M. Ry. and Detroit, Grand Rapids & Western Ry. Call and see us about this farm here-bouts. For a poor man with a small amount to start on, this is a good chance to work out the balance, this will be worth more than the price we ask for it. We are going to close it out at once, so come along and see us before working for someone else. If you are looking for a farm, we can suit you, and if you can see it you can help you out a little. Don't delay, but call at once. If we don't deal, and if we do, the man who is selling the property pays us for the commission.

37.

Fine new house located on lot 7 of Cass-Johnston subdivision, Birmingham. Price $600. House cost that to build. Will take it this price it would be all cash to owner—but we don't want to sacrifice about it.

38.

Two story house and lot on south side of Daines St., two doors from electric road on Saginaw St., in Birmingham. Has city water, city water on both floors, water closet, bath, furnace and every modern convenience. Terms down and easy payments. Will trade for vacant lots or unincumbered farm. If you are curious or interested, just ask us for fuller particulars. If you are not curious it will be curious if we can't interest you.

42.

Brick house, good barn and seven acres of land suitable for gardening on Lincoln Ave. Lincoln Ave. east of Birmingham, opposite the Poppleton subdivision. Price $2,500 and it is worth 10 per cent of it. If you don't believe it, ask us about it and we will prove it.

59.

House and lot, No. 1420 Fourteenth ave., Detroit, a little over a block from the Boulevard; paved street, sewer, gas and water in front; large barn, some fruit; buildings valued at $2,700, assessed at $1,700. Will trade for Birmingham village property or for a small farm of not more than 5 acres.

60.

House and two lots 150 x 200 just north of the corporation line of the village of Royal Oak, plenty of room for chickens. House has seven rooms and pantry, cellar, good well, nice barn. Building were built less than two years ago. Price $1,200 and terms very easy.

61.

House of 11 rooms on lots 5 and 13 Castle's plat, fronting on Adams Ave. and Martin street, Birmingham. Good cistern and ample cellar. There are three fruit trees on the place which we want to talk to you about and the price is so low that we are ashamed to tell you right out loud. If you will call and see us about it, we will whisper.

55.

Village lots on Saginaw street, bounded north by land of Mollie G. Smith, east by D. U. R. & W. Ry., south by Bowers and west by Martin street, 108 ft. front on Saginaw street, 128 feet deep; also one lot on Bowers street, 66 ft. wide; all in the village of Birmingham, Mich. One of the finest building sites in the village. Price $700.00.

56.

Lots 48 and 49 Randall's Addition, price $1,800 for the two lots (which is very cheap). Will exchange for small house and lot in Birmingham.

57.

Farm of 40 acres, being the s e ¼ of the s w ¼ of section 2, Farmington, Oakland county, Mich., in the finest farming locality in the county, with a fairly good buildings. There is no finer piece on the property and it is less than a mile from the Farmington electric road. 3 acres of timber, elm, basswood, etc., and the price is only $45.00 per acre. Will trade for deep fruit side; all in the village of Birmingham, Mich. One of the finest building sites in the village. Price $700.00.

58.

Farm of 40 acres, being the s e ¼ of the s w ¼ of section 2, Farmington, Oakland county, Mich., in the finest farming locality in the county, with a fairly good buildings. There is no finer piece on the property and it is less than a mile from the Farmington electric road. 3 acres of timber, elm, basswood, etc., and the price is only $45.00 per acre. Will trade for deep fruit side; all in the village of Birmingham, Mich. One of the finest building sites in the village. Price $700.00.

62.

Fine Stock Farm—the celebrated Cutler Farm—108 acres in the township of Southfield, adjoining the village of Birmingham. The property buildings are well painted and in good condition; large 12 room frame house, with cellar divided into four apartments; barn 36x60 feet, rounded with large handsome stone trees. Horse barn with stalls for 8 horses; also large carriage room. Bank barn with granary, overhead track, cow and other stables. Hennery 20x60 feet and 5 or 6 additional stalls, sliding doors and good windows; window guards, stone foundation, etc., etc. Horse barn with a box and 8 stalls and cow stable with large platform and padock. Horse barn with 4 box and 8 other