The Two Captains

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

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CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"I left her in port," replied Captain Bland, "and I'm here waiting for her."

Pope fell back with a wild look at Crystal, and struck his thigh a slap that sounded like a shot.

"Good mercy!" cried he with a dull, rather pale face. "'Tis a small world, Captain Bland. The Madre's the ship we are waiting for."

The bearded skipper looked under a frown, with his black slow eyes at him, gathered his beard to a point in a leisurely clutch of his fist, and said, without smiling, "We must go into partnership," at which Crystal broke into a more genuine explosion of laughter than Pope had ever heard fly from his lips.

"Who is this gentleman?" said Captain Bland.

"Captain Crystal, my chief officer," answered Pope.

"I believe we have met," said Captain Bland. "Wasn't you once master of a little barque with a cargo for London from Kingstown, Jamaica?"

"The William Pitt," said Crystal.

"I boarded you off Turk's Island."

Crystal frowned, reflected, and answered, "Yes, I recollect. Your visit was brief, and your usage handsome."

"You had nothing aboard good for us," said Captain Bland.

"Pray step below," said Pope, who wore a face of chagrin. "Grindal, see that that boat's crew have plenty of grog to toast us in," and he went down the companion steps, Captain Bland and Captain Crystal following.

The cabin servant placed drink and cigars on the table, and the three captains filled, then chinked glasses, and smoked.

"See here, Captain Bland," cried Pope, "there are two of us on this job. What do you say to this, that the ship which first falls in with the Madre will be the vessel that takes her? If we're alongside of her and you heave in sight and come bowling down upon us—hey, Captain Bland?"

"If you are pillaging her, and I come upon the scene, then," said Captain Bland, with a peculiar glow in his dusky eye, "I will make off. 'Tis a rule of mine never to interfere in any good business that may be doing by my friends."

"So!" cried Pope, his face lighting up, "each of us then has his chance, and no man can ask for more. Your hand on that bargain, friend;" and he stretched his arm.

Captain Bland gravely squeezed Captain Pope's fingers. "A prosperous voyage, Captain."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Madre.

Nothing answering to the description of the Madre hove in sight. Pope had not known until he met Captain Bland that ships from Cadiz for two or three years in succession had been taken by pirates. He consulted with Crystal, and they agreed it was possible that the commander of the Madre, fearing to be plundered, had shaped a course for the Horn widely remote from that pursued by his predecessors.

Four days had passed since the Julia Morton parted company. Pope and Crystal were sitting at dinner. A piece of salt beef steamed upon the table; a boiled fowl lay before Crystal; on a little brass tray, suspended from the upper deck, swung three or four bottles, containing as many different sorts of liquor.

Pope, after receiving a leg of fowl upon his plate, instead of falling to, sat eyeing his companion steadfastly.

"Crystal," said he, "I have made up my mind to quit this barren, cursedly hopeless scene to-morrow and go for the Antilles. It is a horrible disappointment, but we must face it like men. Before I take this fresh step I will call the crew aft and hold a council with them."

"They'll expect it," said Crystal, helping himself to a glass of the Earl's champagne.

Just then the boatswain called through the skylight:

"Three sail, right ahead, are reported from the t'gallant yard, sir. Heading for us."

"Right," and the boatswain's ugly face vanished.

After swallowing another tumbler of grog apiece, the two captains went on deck.

It was not until five bells, half-past two, that the three sail sprang into sight ahead; two showing from the deck before the third. It was plain they were keeping company and sailed close together. Pope and Grindal had been watching the ships on the bow through the telescope intently for some time in silence, when Grindal exclaimed:

"The little 'un to the right is a schooner. She's under small canvas while t'other shows all she's got to spread, and the amidship vessel," he added after a pause, letting the glass sink from his eye and speaking in a hollow voice, while he fastened his wicked bloodshot gaze on the commander's countenance, "is a frigate—as I should say by the histe of the taws'ls, of all fifty guns."

"Quick! the g'ass!" shouted Pope.

He wrenched it with the violence of a sudden passion of excitement out of the boatswain's hands, looked, and in a note of thunder bawled:

"It's an English frigate, as you say, convoying the Madre, that's half-wrecked aloft, and the schooner Julia Morton is her prize, by heaven!"

He then rushed aft, roaring, "Shift your helm two points; let the shift be gradual! Grindal, trim with caution! A hellish trap to stumble on! All of a sudden, too!" He was blood-red with sensations and passions.

Pope was perfectly right; but then no seaman aided by a glass could have mistaken; the schooner was undoubtedly the beautiful fabric commanded by Captain Bland, and the ship with her fore-topmast gone answered in every minute point to the description Pope had received of the Madre de Dios.

"Damnation! she's after us," bellowed Crystal.

And sure enough the frigate might be seen with yards slowly squaring, rounding slowly out from her consorts, and as she brought her bow guns to bear upon the Gypsy, flash! and her most intelligible hint of thunder veiled the fok'sle in blue powder smoke.

The brig was put dead before the wind. Her people toiled in frantic haste, and in a frenzy of desire to escape; for well did they know the penalty that many of them would have to pay if that shapely cloud of soft, swelling whiteness astern brought the grinning artillery of the hull below within easy reach of the Gypsy's spars.

"I expect that scoundrel Bland has peached," says Crystal fiercely to Pope, while the two captains stood together near the wheel watching their lofty, swaying pursuer. "Does he gain on us?"

"No," answered Pope, with the sudden decision of conviction. "But curse seize this swell! Is it the forerunner of a calm? Then we are dead men, Johnny. Or is there wind behind it?"

"I believe I see wind in that sky," answered Crystal, looking into the southeast. "What shall you do if she overhauls us?"

"Strike," answered Pope.

"I'll not be taken alive," said Crystal. "So help me God, I will shoot myself when you strike, if, after fighting them, I am alive. I'll not swing."

Again the frigate tried the range; to no purpose. All the pirates looking as one man could not see where the shot hit the water.

There could be no question that the Gypsy was not only holding her own, but that she was distancing her pursuer. When her people made sure of this, their savage exultations broke out. They filled cans of gin and rum, and Pope, flourishing a glassful, roared out:

"Here's to our brave little sweetheart. Here's to her darling heels, my lads. Drink to her—drink to her!"

And a roaring huzza went up from the crew.

"If they're going to broach the liquor casks in this fashion," muttered Crystal in Pope's ear, making a dreadful face as he slowly turned his eyes from the frigate, "there'll be no fighting when fighting's wanted."

"There'll be no fighting anyhow," answered Pope. "What! with a fifty-gun ship, and say four hundred and fifty of a crew? A single broadside would blow us into ribs."

At four o'clock in the afternoon the frigate was still in chase, but the light breeze and the keen entry of the brig had helped her as though with the gift of an auxiliary screw, and now when you looked at the man-of-war you saw that she was sunk to her ports, but still she hung astern, a full majestic moon of canvas deadly in resolved pursuit.

"Ain't the wind scanting," said Grindal to Captain Pope, creasing his nose and snuffling as he brought his wicked eyes to bear on his commander.

"We may have it out of southeast," answered Pope, "I shall keep all on, everything abroad, dead before it until we can sail her into darkness which can't be far off; though fire seize that sun! d'ye notice how slow he always is in his going when night's wanted in a hurry?"

It was a famous saying of Nelson, "that at sea a good deal must be left to chance," and very often chance, which is another name for fortune, will show mercy to the undeserving even to pirates, though a meritorious frigate has been sweating astern all day in their wake. For by six o'clock the sky southeast was painted a threatening dark gray with a mass of loose stuff sulkily scaling off it; and now it was that both Pope and Crystal stood waiting breathlessly; it was life or death to them; they stared into the horizon and their faces looked their tremendous intentions. Each man as he gazed saw the brig filled with men-of-warsmen and his own corpse crimsoning the white plank with a great bullet wound in his head. No! these starving master mariners had hoisted the abhorred flag for a fortune, not for a gibbet.

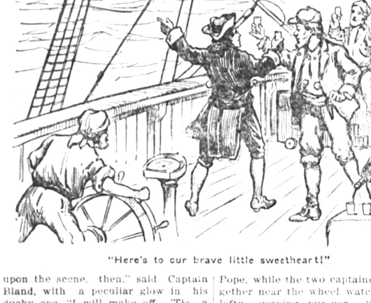
Then with no further scanting the wind shifted all of a sudden slap with the run of the swell.

"Starboard your helm! Starboard your helm!" roared Pope. "See what are they doing yonder?"

Such a cheer as a man reprieved from death would send up to heaven or being a scoundrel pirate would send down to the devil, broke from Pope's deep throat as he dropped the telescope and turned to Crystal. The frigate with a shift of wind had down helm and was bracing her yards up to join the two vessels out of sight behind the rim of the sea. She had abandoned the pursuit.

With a huge oath Crystal dashed his cap on to the deck, shouting, "What an escape!"

Scarce had he said this when all hands began to see what had happened and they fell mad. The decks were covered with dancing figures, the air was split with their hideous roars of joy.



"Here's to our brave little sweetheart!"

CHAPTER XIV.

The Thetis, West Indiaman.

Nothing happened the next two days. The crew were bitterly disappointed by the escape of the Madre. They admitted that their commander had not deceived them. That sort of fortune over which the black star trembles had admitted them to a sight of the object of their cruise; but for Bland and his accursed schooner, the Spaniard might have been theirs.

However, it was to be the next ship; Captain Pope had sworn it. Captain Crystal had echoed the oath. The men, defeated in their greed, wild to get money and end the dangerous cruise, were furiously determined.

It was a Sunday morning, fair and peaceful; one of those sweet, warm mornings, which at sea make you think of the glad music of the mounting lark, while memory calls up the woodland scene, the dusty road, the little highway inn.

Crystal had come up from breakfast, leaving Pope at table, and Grindal, relieved from his watch on deck, was rolling forward, when a loud, clear voice, sang from the fore-top-gallant yard, "Sail ho!"

(To be continued.)

FIRED ON HIS MEN.

Why Irish Colonel Engaged in Battle With His Friends.

Among the humors of the Boer war the following incident deserves to be recorded: Some time in the year 1901 a certain regiment of the Irish yeomanry arrived at Springfontein, under an officer well known as a good sportsman in his county in Ireland. On his arrival he was ordered to join a column in the neighborhood of Smithfield, some forty miles distant. This, however, like many things in South Africa was more easily ordered than executed. In a country in which you can hide 100,000 men in a ten-mile square and lose them it was not surprising that he was unable to find a column of 500 men. After wandering for a few days aimlessly the colonel thought it better to return and he and his gallant men struck the railway line some four miles south of Springfontein. As soon as the force was perceived the nearest blockhouse promptly opened fire on the yeomanry. The gallant colonel put out his men in skirmish order and made a determined and well-conceived attack on the offending blockhouse. The battle continued merrily for two hours or so, when an armed train arrived on the scene and the nature of the conflict being discovered stopped the hostilities. The colonel of the yeomanry being asked why he returned the fire of the blockhouse, replied in excited accents: "Begorra, they fired on me men." His ingenuous reply so charmed Lord Kitchener that nothing further was ever heard of "the battle of Springfontien."

Artificial Babies.

A genius has invented a mechanical baby designed for the use of ladies when traveling, who wish to secure the sole use of a compartment of a railway carriage. Here is an extract from his printed circular:

"Common traveling infants yielding intermittent cries of fear, and capable of being put into the pocket, 10s.; second class, crying not too loudly, but lamentably and insupportably, 20s.; third class, full squallers, with a very piercing and aggravating voice of five octaves, £2; the same arranged as a prompt repeater, £2 6s.; fifth class, first quality, capable of continued squalling, £3. These babies can not only be set going in a moment (as indeed can most living ones), but they can also be stopped as quickly, which the natural ones cannot."—London Answers.

Caustic Criticism.

R. K. Munkittrick, editor of Judge, tells a good story of one of his neighbors out in the wilds of New Jersey. The said neighbor, while in a preparatory school, concluded that he would one day startle the world with his lofty literary style.

Having devoured many works of rhetoric, he finally landed in Harvard, where he determined to begin with his "startling" tactics. He prepared, at great length, an essay that he says he considered a masterpiece of sublime and lofty style. When it came back he was quite astonished to find the following brief criticism written across its face in large blue-pencil letters:

"Don't you think you took a pretty long run for so short a slide?"—New York Times.

Nation of Debtors.

Every Frenchman is born with a debt of $150 on his shoulders

CARRYING IT TOO FAR.

Irishman Had Traveled Too Long a Distance for a Joke.

The late George T. Cline, the eccentric Chicago millionaire, had a passion for violins and Irishmen. Though on himself he would never spend more than fifteen or twenty cents a day, he would readily pay $2,000 or $3,000 for a violin, and he thought nothing of buying Irishmen sumptuous dinners, with champagne, in order to hear them talk in their musical brogue.

An Irishman once played Colonel Cline false. He stole a pair of boots from him. Discovering his theft the millionaire pursued the Irishman, overtaking him as he was about to enter a pawnshop with the boots in his hand.

"Those are my boots; you have stolen them," said Colonel Cline.

"Sure, it was only a joke," said the Irishman.

But the inexorable millionaire hauled the thief before a magistrate, and here again the man repeated:

"It was only a joke, your honor."

"Only a joke, hey?" said the magistrate. "Well, Mr. Cline, how far away from your house had he carried the boots when you overtook him?"

"Over a mile, sir," replied the millionaire.

"Held for court," said the magistrate. "This is a case of carrying the joke too far."

CRUEL TO BE KIND.

Closing Hymn Almost of Too Suggestive a Nature.

A missionary to India who had just returned to the homeland received an invitation from a nearby church to speak about her work in the foreign land. Upon being introduced the pastor told her that the meeting was now turned over to her and that she could talk as long as she saw fit. The lady took advantage of his kindness and talked and talked and when she finally finished the pastor rose and said, "We will now close the meeting by singing 'Speed on, speed on.'"

On being invited to another church to speak the old lady told the minister of her experience at the other church, and on being presented to this congregation the minister told of the incident, and said that he hoped they would not be so unkind.

The missionary not only took the time allotted for her to speak, but many minutes more, and when she had thanked the members for their kind attention, the minister said he would now close the meeting by singing "The morning light is breaking."

To-night.

If I could come into the room, dear,
When the last bit of daylight had fled,
And thro' the cigar smoke and gloom, dear,
Get a glimpse of your blessed old head,
It would lighten the weight of oppression
That is crushing me, killing me quite,
Just to sit on your knee for confession
Of to-day's sins—to-night.

Am I blue? You'd provoke me to laughter
With the wit that has won you renown;
Am I cross? I'd be penitent after
You'd kissed me and rubbed out the frown.
Oh, I want you to coddle and pet me
And say, "It will come out all right."
If you were here, dear, you'd not let me
Be lonesome to-night.

You may have forgotten what jolly
Good fellows we were in the past,
And say 'twas the veriest folly
For us to imagine 'twould last.
You may hint that a fool's paradise won't
Be viewed in a merciful light;
You may think what you please; I, for one, don't
Regret it to-night.

I can see you tipped back in your chair now,
Your head in a halo of smoke,
And your feet on the desk, with no care now
Your soul or your wrath to provoke;
The walls still adorned with the clever,
Quaint fancies in which you delight,
Look down on a floor strewn as ever
With papers to-night.

Oh, no doubt you'll survive it! I'm—well, I'm
So unearthly cheerful and gay
That no human being could tell I'm
A heart-broken woman to-day.
And they say I'm so cold! Draw the curtain—
I'd rather they'd think they were right—
But I'm crying—here's one thing that's certain—
For you, dear, to-night.

Deference to Decorum.

The elder woman's lips were trembling.

"This is too—too much, Madeline!" she cried. "You are my cook—my good plain cook—to whom I would have trusted even my last new bonnet. And yet, what do I hear? That no sooner was my back turned last night than you received a visit from two policemen. Oh, Madeline, Madeline, I am indeed deceived in you! One policeman I could have understood and forgiven, but two——"

"Well, mum," replied Madeline, "surely ye wouldn't have an unmarried lady sitting wid only wan policeman, would ye? Sure, one av thim was me cousin and the other—well, the other was me chapyrone!"

Duke Was Too Sanguine.

It is said by an old historian that when the Spanish armada sailed along the south coast of England in Queen Elizabeth's reign the duke of Medina-Sidonia, admiral of the armada, was so affected at the sight of Mount Edgcumbe, a beautiful mansion, viewed from the sea, that "he resolved it for his own possession, in the partage of the kingdom, which the Spaniards preconquered in their hopes and expectation." But, as the author quaintly observes, "he had catched a great cold had he had no other clothes to wear than those which were to be made of the skin of a bear not yet killed." A few weeks ago the prince of Wales was entertained at Mount Edgcumbe.

Teachers Are Scarce.

Several counties in Pennsylvania report a scarcity of teachers for the public schools. In many of the country districts the salaries are $35 per month or less, and scores of teachers are finding more profitable work in other lines.

Americans in Mexico.

Mexico now has 60,000 American residents and $323,000,000 American money

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 50 acres, well fenced, well watered—never-failing stream; 10 acres timber, 1½ miles from Bloomfield Center and electric railway to Detroit and Pontiac. Terms easy.

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 $1,000. 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'y and one mile south of the postoffice in Birmingham, over good roads; consists of 153¼ acres, of which 133 acres are cleared and 20 acres are in timber and 4 acres of orchard, all selected fruit and in good bearing. The soil is a rich clay loam and there are nine good buildings which are valued at $5,000 and upon which there is $3,500 insurance. They consist of good two-story brick house with ten rooms, furnace heating whole house; large barn, shed, hop-house, horse-barn, chicken-house, shop and tool house creamery, 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; 130 bushels of corn to the acre. Seven acres of wheat raised 140 bushels when wheat was an absolute failure all over the state. It 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 exposure to the south. It is all ready to commence a profitable farming business. All things duly 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 Michigan, we ask you to write, telephone, or better yet, come and see us about it. If you want to look the farm over 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 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 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 Lake in the township of Bloomfield, Oakland county, 2½ 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 and prefers to sell the farm and employ the 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 comprises 200 acres of land in all, and the gently sloping shores go down to 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 $2,875. 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 lake farms in the county for a nominal price. If parties are desirous 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 Buttolph farm in the town of Troy, 220 acres, excellent buildings, two good flowing wells. Carp pond well stocked, 9 miles of tile; fine orchard, 5 miles from Birmingham, 2 miles straight south of Troy corners, where there is a church, store, postoffice, school, etc. D., R & L. O. runs past the door. Cars every hour to Detroit, Rochester, Romeo and Lake Orion. Price low and terms easy.

10.

Large, roomy two-story house on Townsend St. in Birmingham, good barn, city water and all ordinary conveniences, 120 ft. front and 108 ft. deep. Small fruit and good neighborhood.

12.

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

13.

Farm in Southfield, 67 acres, of which 10 acres is timber, good beech and maple. Soil, clay loam Creek runs through farm. Water in every lot the year round. New, small house and small barn. Terms easy and price so low that it will pay you to look it up. Will trade for Birmingham property.

16.

Fine fruit farm of 68 acres about 2 miles from Birmingham, nice rolling land, 5 acres timber. No waste land; 2,300 peaches, 100 plums, 500 grapes, 20 apples, 1½ acres raspberries, ½ acres 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.

18.

A small farm of 8 acres, being part of the w½ of section 3, Southfield township, Oakland county. Four good buildings; house, barn, fowl-house and pig-pen. Buildings insured for $1,200. Premises abundantly supplied with cold pure water from flowing well, which is piped to barn, furnishing plenty of water for stock or other purposes all the year 'round. Good fences, excellent soil, gravelly loam in high state of cultivation. House, two-story and wing, 9 rooms; woodshed, cellar, cistern and all conveniences; 2¾ miles from Birmingham, over roads which are the best in the country; 40 rods from good school; 60 rods from Erity's mill. Excellent neighborhood. This little farm is ready for business, without a cent for 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 $100. Soil, sandy loam. Price $25 per acre; terms $500 cash, balance on long time at 5 per cent. Here is a golden opportunity for a poor man to acquire a good home in a short time. Better investigate.

26.

One of the finest farms in the grand old township of Bloomfield, celebrated alike for its fine scenery and productive soil. It is the Harff farm about midway between Birmingham and Pontiac and just far enough from the electric railway to take advantage of all its conveniences and not be inconvenienced; 240 acres gravelly loam, 15 acres of the finest orchard in the state, 2,000 peach and 700 plum trees, brick house with all conveniences, 22 rooms, 2 wells, good windmill, barn 40x150, with ample sheds; good school near the farm, and land is perfectly tiled, 2¼ miles (15 minutes) to Pontiac. Excellent roads at all times. Price per acre is low and terms are easy. Let us tell you about it. A postal card will do it.

27.

Want to go west? Well, here's your chance. 160 acres of red Mesa land in Delta county, Colorado. Said by experts to be the finest fruit land in the world. Two-thirds of the farm is cleared and there is an orchard of 5 acres of the best and finest varieties of fruit; 3 buildings and everything is ready for business. The price is $7,000 and a proper discount for cash will be given from this rate or will trade for Detroit vacant lots for part of the purchase money. Remember what the sage of Chappaqua said and let us explain about the healthful climate of Colorado if you have lung trouble or a kindred ailment it is worth your while to investigate.

33.

Twenty-three hundred dollars cash will buy one of the most profitable farms in the township of Southfield, consisting of 96 acres. The price is $50 per acre, but the balance of the purchase price will be allowed to continue on mortgage at 5 per cent, or will trade for a smaller farm or house and lot in Birmingham; three good buildings, good cellars, wells, cisterns and all the usual conveniences. There are other things which we will whisper in your ear upon application.

34.

Nice little forty-acre farm up in Sanilac county for $25 per acre; 30 acres cleared, 2 acres of orchard; a good barn and a comfortable log house; 5½ miles from Lexington; 4 miles east of Applegate post office on the P. & P. M. R'y; will exchange for Birmingham property or a small farm hereabouts. For a poor man with a small amount to invest and a right good chance to work out the balance, this will be worth coming to see us about. Now don't go along all your life working for someone else and without a home. Come and tell us what you can do and see if we can help you out. It don't cost anything if we don't deal, and if we do, the man who is selling the property pays all the commission.

37.

Fine new house located on lot 7 of Campbell's subdivision, Birmingham. Price $800. House cost that to build. At this price it would be all cash to owner—but we can arrange that. Inquire about it.

38.

Two story house and lot on south side of Oaines St., two doors from electric road on Saginaw St., 80 ft. front, 110 ft. deep. Hot and cold water on both floors, water closet, bath, furnace and every modern convenience. Terms $500 cash, balance on long time. Price $2,800. 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.

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 $3,500 and it is worth every cent of it. If you don't believe it, ask us about it and we will prove it.

44.

Fine Stock Farm—the celebrated Collier Farm—105 acres in township of Southfield. Buildings are well painted and in good condition: Large 12 room frame house, with cellar divided into three compartments. House surrounded with large handsome elm trees. Horse barn with stalls for six horses and separate carriage room. Bank barn with granary, overhead track, cow stables underneath with cement floor and 5 or 6 additional stalls, sliding doors, good windows, window guards, stone foundation, etc., etc. Horse barn with 10 box stalls and paddock. Horse barn with 4 box and 8 other stalls and paddock enclosed with high board fence. Straw shed. Tool house, enclosed with sliding doors. Office with large stallion or foaling box stall attached and paddock. Bull box stall with paddock secure and strong for this purpose and isolated from other buildings. Outside closet for house. Outside closet for stables. Fruit: Large and bearing apple orchard well trimmed and in good condition, Baldwins, Greenings, Kings, Steeles Red, Jonathans and Russets; 500 pear trees, 300 peach, 25 cherry, 25 plum, all of best varieties, 3 apricots, 2 quince, currants, grapes, strawberries, etc. 5 acres timber or wood lot. Water, Good well with iron pump at house; good well with iron pump at stables; branch of River Rouge runs across entire south end of farm and is NEVER DRY. Farm is well tiled. Fences all in first class shape, many of them entirely new. Condition of soil: Farm has carried an average of 40 head of stock during past five years. No feed of any kind sold and entire farm heavily manured. No commercial fertilizers used. Better inquire about this farm it may pay you.

55.

Village lots on Saginaw street, bounded north by land of Mollie G. Smith, east by D. G. H. & M. R'y, south by Bower street, west by Saginaw street, 108 ft. front on Saginaw street, 178 feet deep on north side and 148 feet deep on south side; all in the village of Birmingham, Mich. One of the finest building sites in the village. Price $600

56.

Lots 48 and 49 Randall's Addition, price $135.00 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 e ¼ of section 2, Farmington, Oakland county, Mich., in the finest farming locality of the county, with 3 fairly good buildings. There is no incumbrance 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 and you can have your own way about the terms of payment as long as you have cash enough to secure it. A postal will get you fuller particulars.

59.

House and lot, No. 1420 Fourteenth ave., Detroit, a little over a block from the Boulevard; paved street; house piped and furnace; small barn, some fruit; buildings valued at $2,700, insured for $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 small fruit and shade trees; two buildings worth $1,500 and will sell for just what the buildings would cost to build. House and 7 rooms and pantry, cellar, good well, nice barn. Buildings were built less than two years ago. Price $1,500 and terms very easy.

61.

House of 11 rooms on lots 5 and 13 Castle's plat, fronting on Merrill and Martin streets, Birmingham. Good cistern and ample cellar. There are things about this 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.

64

Are you tired of Michigan's wet and dry extremes? Do you long for a better climate—the land of sunshine and flowers? Well, now you are the very fellow we have been looking for. Here's an Orange Grove of 10 acres in San Bernardo county, California, just in the first of it's bearing. Needn't worry about the dry weather; it's irrigated. The party will take $3,500 down and the balance on long time; or he will trade with you for a small farm in Bloomfield or Farmington townships. Ask us about it.

Good little farm in the township of West Bloomfield, Oakland county, 40 acres—80 cleared, 10 of oak timber, 2 acres of orchard, house and barn of but little value. Nice little lake on the farm, good neighborhood and soil of the very best. Wait a minute! The price is the thing to make you consider. It can be bought for $45.00 per acre. There!

67

Formerly known as the Rood Farm, within ten rods of the electric railway near Kimball's Corners, between Pontiac and Birmingham, on the Pontiac branch of the D. U. R. Eighty-eight and 44-100 acres, 3 acres orchard, 6 acres second growth timber, house and two barns in fair condition, heavy loamy soil. Described as e ½ of n e ¼ sec 9, Bloomfield. Was formerly held at $6,500 but now, owing to existing circumstances, it can be bought for $1,000 less. Terms very easy and long time given at very low rate of interest. Show it to you any day you say you will team up with us and look it over.

68

Three miles west of Birmingham, formerly known as the George Durkee farm, now occupied and owned by R. D. Bird, Sr. One hundred and sixty acres of excellent land, good orchards, all kinds of fruit, apples, pears, peaches, plums. Very superior class of buildings, and good neighborhood with beautiful location. The land sloping gently away from the buildings across some of the richest and most profitable farming lands in the county. The price is $70.00 per acre and the terms will be made very easy, indeed, a poor man with a little ginger in his make-up and enough money in his inside pocket to make a reasonable payment down, can soon pay for it.

69

Ah, here it is! Just what you have been looking and longing for. The justly celebrated "Koal Kabin Stock Farm," formerly owned by the late O. W. Shipman. One hundred sixty-three and 7-10 acres. No waste land, all being under the highest possible state of cultivation. Best buildings in the neighborhood. Two-story 12-room house, cow, horse, sheep and grain barns of large capacity, flowing well and windmill takes pure, cold water throughout all the buildings, soil dark clay loam made rich by hundreds of carloads of manure from Detroit stables, 7 miles of tile—well, say! 'twould take a column to describe all the advantages of this place and then you wouldn't be satisfied until you examined it, so you might as well let us take you out to look at it, first as last. It's only a mile from Birmingham, straight west over beautiful roads. Come on.

70

Used to be known as the John Lawson farm, 120 acres in the township of Southfield, only a mile from Birmingham, 95 acres cleared, 25 acres hardwood timber, 5 acres best kind of orchard, 4 buildings in excellent condition, all of them having been recently rebuilt. We will give you the price right off the bat, for we mean business and might as well tell you the lowest and be done with it. Eight thousand dollars will buy it and you can have your own way about paying for it. That's only a little over $66.00 per acre and if it isn't worth that it isn't worth mentioning in polite society. Honest now, if you really think of buying a farm and don't let us show you this one, you will be doing yourself an injury.

72

Part of n e ¼ of sec 27, Bloomfield, 44 acres, 4 acres of timber and pasture land, 3 acres orchard—good fruit—4 buildings valued at $500, 1½ miles west of the D & P Electric R'y, free daily mail delivery. Good well, cellar, cistern, and fine living water on the southerly end of the farm. Price $2,200 and terms easy on long time. It makes a nice little home in an excellent neighborhood all ready to commence business at a price within the reach of all. Ask us about No. 72. A postal will get it.

71

Ten acres, no buildings, 6 acres cleared, 4 acres elm and ash timber, 1½ miles west of Birmingham, Mich. Price $50.00 per acre.

75

Cottage, number 79 Oak Hill street, Pontiac, Mich., 4 rooms and attic. Half a mile from the court house. Price $675, cash or installments.

77

Two lots on Saginaw street, bounded on the north by land of John German, on the east by D. G. H. & M. R. R., on the south by land of William Milton, on the west by Saginaw street; 100 foot frontage. Anyone wishing to purchase will find this a bargain. For particulars inquire of Mollie G. Smith or at the Exchange Bank.

78

A good farm which will be exchanged for city property. It is located in section 13, Southfield township, consists of 54 acres of rich gravelly loam, well drained and under good state of cultivation. Six acres of timber, two acres of orchard, all kinds of fruit. Good new barn, which cost $800.00 to build. No house on the place. Only four miles from the Detroit Electric railway, good roads, free rural mail delivery every day, 18 miles from Detroit and easy access to a good market. The owner means business and will sell or exchange on excellent terms if attended to at once.

Cold Wave Sweeps Western States and Crop Damage Is Feared.

BLIZZARD RAGES IN WYOMING

Worst Storm in Five Years Occurs in Minnesota, Ten Inches Falling on the Level—Highways Are Rendered Useless in Wisconsin.

Chicago, Sept. 15.—Frost and possibly a taste of the blizzard which is sweeping over several Western states is predicted for Chicago to-day by Forecaster Walz of the weather bureau. The entire corn belt as well as Chicago will be affected by the cold wave, and much damage to crops is feared.

That Chicago did not suffer from a cold wave yesterday was a surprise to Mr. Walz. There was every indication of a blizzard, and that it did not strike the city he attributes to the continued cloudiness.

The first sign of cooler weather here was noted last evening. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the thermometer in the Auditorium tower observatory registered 80 degrees. By 7 o'clock the mercury had dropped to 67 degrees. A fresh wind from the northwest, which was blowing at the rate of twenty-eight miles an hour, also presaged a cold wave.

Floods in Northwest.

In Winnipeg snow was ten inches on the level yesterday, and while only one fatality was reported much live stock perished and the grain which was still standing was almost totally destroyed. In Minnesota and Wisconsin floods washed away bridges and swept away a number of dams.

Blizzards are raging in Wyoming, and South Dakota is also getting a share of the cold weather.

The only fatality reported comes from Gretna, Winnipeg, where an old man fell from a buggy and perished in the storm. At Hartney twelve horses died in the Canadian Pacific yards, and in the vicinity other live stock is reported to have perished.

Snow in Minnesota.

Minnesota reported that the storm was one of the worst experienced there in five years. It started to blow about 10 o'clock in the morning, and a heavy rain soon followed. At noon this developed into a snow storm and by dark the snow was ten inches deep on the level prairie.

A terrific thunder and rain storm struck Sparta, Wis., and that section of the state and added to the distressingly wet conditions prevailing. Streets were flooded and much damage was done to bridges and country highways.

Much of Eau Claire county is under water as a result of the heavy rains which still continue. The damage on account of bridges being swept away and of the bursting of dams will amount to $40,000. The Eau Claire river has risen to fifteen feet and the Chippewa river is only a few inches lower.

Heavy Losses Are Reported.

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 15.—With losses amounting to $25,000 a day for three days, several fatal wrecks, numerous derailments, more than 100 washouts, telegraph wires down, a soaking rain in progress over several states and snow plows working on the western lines, northwestern railways are taxed to the utmost limit of their ability to maintain anything like regular service and to preserve the safety of their passengers. It has been years since there was a situation so serious.

Beginning with the heavy rainstorm Friday night and early Saturday morning, there has been an almost continuous downpour over Minnesota, Iowa and the Dakotas and sections of Nebraska. The widespread damage of the first storm has been followed by incessant washouts, and in every direction tracks are in bad condition and the operation of trains requires the utmost precaution.

DOCTOR WHIPS TURKISH ENVOY

Thrashes Ambassador Over Him and Loses Job in Vienna.

Vienna, Sept. 15.—Djeved Abdullah Bey, physician to the local Turkish embassy, attacked and thrashed the Turkish ambassador, Nedim Bey, whom he accused of sending unfavorable reports concerning him to the porte, thereby preventing Djeved from securing a better position. The assault took place in the Turkish embassy in the presence of the secretaries and a visitor. The affair caused a sensation. Djeved has been dismissed.

Carnegie Observatory Site.

Tulare, Cal., Sept. 15.—A letter received here from George E. Hale of Chicago states that a Carnegie observatory will be built on top of Mount Whitney, the highest point in the United States.

Engineer Is Robbed of $3,800.

Caro, Mich., Sept. 15.—Burglars opened the safe in the room of Frank Bailey, engineer on the Caro division of the Michigan Central, and stole $3,800.

Servian Plot.

London, Sept. 15.—A dispatch reports that another Servian military plot has been discovered at Kraguyevats, fifty-nine miles from Belgrade.