THE FATAL REQUEST OR FOUND OUT

By A. L. Harris Author of "Mine Own Familiar Friend," etc.

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CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

"The train started on the journey which was to end in its destruction, and mile after mile sped away in silence. Once more the feeling of restraint had settled down upon us, and this time heavier than before.

"Then I remember a sudden, awful; never-to-be-forgotten crash, followed by cries and shrieks such as have rung in my ears ever since.

"I found myself flung violently forward against the opposite side of the compartment amid the smashing of woodwork, and with the presentiment of some awful doom upon me. I was half stunned, but recovering myself, found that I was not much hurt. Then I remembered my companion and turned my attention to him.

"'Silas!' I cried. 'Are you hurt?'

"But before he could reply, another sound was added to the awful babel of cries and groans all around.

"'Fire! fire!' we heard shrieked in voices mad with terror, mingled with agonizing cries for help. The atmosphere became stifling, a sickening, insupportable odor was wafted towards us and clouds of thick, black, suffocating smoke began to drift past.

"'Silas!' I shouted, in mad terror, to my friend; come! exert yourself, if you wish to escape instant death!'

"And I caught him round the body and tried to compel him to move; but in vain; he only gave a scream of agony.

"'Save yourself,' he groaned. 'I cannot stir; and I think my leg is broken.'

"I was almost demented, and tore at the shattered woodwork which made his prison, with my fingers; but only to increase his agony, without freeing him from his horrible position. And already the atmosphere was like that of a furnace, and hell itself seemed to be open. I could not save him, but I might save myself. I knew the door on the other side was unlocked, so that I might attempt to escape that way.

"I have nothing to forgive," was the broken answer.

I prepared for flight, but before I had taken the first step I was stayed by my friend's voice—

"'James,' he cried—and the roaring of the flames almost drowned his voice, which was sharp and shrill with horror—'put me out of my misery. Save yourself, but shoot me through the brain first! Quick! quick!'

"It was the most merciful death, and, without pausing a second—which on that awful day might have meant a human life—I drew the revolver, placed it to his temple"—("My God!" from the reader)—"and pulled the trigger. Even as I heard the report a thin tongue of flame curled upward through the splintered flooring and without even looking back—without even a glance at the face of my friend, I forced open the door and sprang from the now burning carriage with the smoking weapon still grasped in my right hand. In doing so I trod upon some smouldering timber and wrenched my ankle severely, so that for a long time I was lame.

"A few hours later and I was conveyed to town, together with a company of the other survivors, and as soon as I reached my destination my strength forsook me and I was prostrated for days by a nervous illness, the result of my late terrible experience.

"When I recovered, it was to find that there was a hue and cry already after me—that the partially consumed corpse of a first class passenger had been discovered shot through the head, and that all the evidence pointed to the crime having been committed by a fellow traveler who had made his escape during the terror and confusion of the catastrophe and who was being eagerly sought for.

"Since then, I have had to submit to the ordeal of seeing myself confronted by the reward of one hundred pounds offered for my detection; and have lived in daily and hourly fear of being charged with the committal of this crime—if crime it can be called—of which I was guiltless, in thought, if not in deed. It is this which is killing me, and I do not regret it.

"Sometimes I regret nothing; not even the shot which took my best friend's life and branded me with the brand of Cain!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

Dr. Jeremiah's Little Bill.

This was all. The reader drew a long, shuddering breath. "My God!" he whispered, voice and everything seeming to fail him for the moment, in the face of the revelation which had burst upon him. "My God! To think that I should know the truth at last! But how marvelous! How utterly beyond the realization of my wildest dreams!"

Not for an instant did it occur to him to think the narrative false. It was too astounding and, what was more, it agreed so exactly with all the strange, and hitherto mysterious, circumstances which had attended the tragedy. And the man he had wronged—the man he had hunted down and would have betrayed to death, believing him to be the vilest of his species—whose whole nature he had read falsely by the light of his unjust suspicions! His eyes were closed—he seemed to be hardly breathing. Had he fainted—or—was this death?

Was he to be left alone, and in the dark, with a dead or dying man?

He rushed to the door and dashed out of the house in search of a doctor.

James Ferrers was not dead; but the nearest medical man, on being summoned to the house, shook his head over the case.

"Heart!" he said, briefly. "Get him to bed. I do not think he will ever need to get up again."

By this time the whole household was roused, and the sick man's daughter was hanging in speechless grief, over her father's unconscious form.

At one time it was feared that he would pass away unconscious but the untiring application of restoratives was at last productive of some effect, and two or three hours later the dying man opened his eyes.

He saw his daughter kneeling beside his pillow; and, not far away, his old friend's son, who, by some means, had asserted and maintained a right to remain in the sick room.

The doctor, seeing that the patient had regained consciousness for a while before the end, stood aside, so as not to interfere with those last solemn moments.

The dying man's gaze rested upon the young man—who in obedience to a gesture, approached and bent over him—with a strange intensity, and his lips moved.

"Do you forgive?" he murmured close to the other's ear, so that the words might be heard by none but him for whom they were intended.

"I have nothing to forgive," was the broken answer. "You acted for the best, and I bless you for it."

A look of peace fell upon the corpse-like countenance upon the pillow, and he turned his eyes again upon his daughter.

"Don't grieve much for me, my child," said he; "and when I am gone——"

He gave a deep sigh, his eyes closed, and his head fell a little to one side.

The doctor pressed forward.

"This is the end," he said, "and a very peaceful one."

But it was not quite the end.

Once more the dying eyes opened, and fixed themselves upon the pale, remorseful face of the young man who had once hoped to see him expiate his deed upon the scaffold.

Then he turned them from him to the bowed head of the girl who knelt, with her face hidden, upon the other side of the bed, and back again. His lips moved for the last time, but no words issued from them.

He tried again, and this time—though there was no sound—it seemed to the other, who had his eyes fixed upon them, and his ear strained to catch the lightest whisper, that the motion of the lips might be translated into the words, "Keep my secret!"

"I will—I will," he answered, and even as he uttered these words the end came.

* * * * * * *

The next day Ted Burritt returned home unexpectedly.

The first thing he did was to write a brief summary of events to Dr. Jeremiah Cartwright, who, in spite of the very short time which had elapsed since his last visit, again made his appearance at Magnolia Lodge—ostensibly to hear further details, but more particularly to carry out a deep laid scheme of his own.

"And what do you mean to do—eh? I mean, about the young lady? Oh, you needn't look as though you don't understand what I am talking about! I've not forgotten what you told me about her. What a beautiful blush!"

And the little gentleman chuckled; then, all at once, became preternaturally grave. "By-the-by," he said, slowly, and with a noticeable tendency to avoid his friend's eye, "about that bill of mine."

Ted looked surprised.

"Bill?" he repeated.

"Yes, bill," continued the doctor. "You didn't suppose I was going to let you off, did you? You haven't forgotten what I said a little while back about sending one in, have you?"

The young man looked and felt nonplussed.

"I have made up my mind to take it in kind."

"What I mean is," continued Dr. Cartwright, "that instead of receiving payment for whatever services I may have rendered, in ready money, I am willing to take it out in some other article."

"And what might that article be?" was the natural but still perplexed inquiry.

"Your sister," was the brief and much to the point response.

"By Jove!" was the exclamation it called forth—followed by, "you don't mean it?"

"Don't I, though!" was the determined reply. "I've been meaning it for some time past. What's more, I've sounded the young lady—I don't mean with a stethoscope—and she wasn't half so much surprised as you seem to be."

The brother of the young lady in question burst out laughing.

"I suppose I shall have to give in, and I may as well do it sooner than later."

* * * * * * *

About three months later a gentleman in the most irreproachable attire called at the residence of the late James Ferrers, Esq., of Belmont House, Hampstead, and requested to see Miss Ferrers.

That young lady, who had descended to encounter her visitor quite in ignorance as to his identity, was confounded beyond measure to discover, in the supposed stranger, none other than that same individual whom she had first met at the Royal Academy and who had afterwards occasioned her the greatest perplexity of mind by doubling the part of the young man who waited at table and cleaned the plate. Only—he had grown the loveliest moustache and it seemed perfectly impossible to imagine for a moment that he had ever done such a thing as polish the forks and spoons and make himself generally useful.

Ted plunged at once into the object of his visit.

"I should have called much sooner," he remarked with a compassionate glance at her deep mourning, "but was afraid of intruding upon your retirement. I have a statement to make—an explanation to give, which I cannot withhold any longer."

He came nearer to her and—oh, the presumption of the creature!—actually ventured to take her hand.

"Do you remember being at the Academy, one day last June, and dropping your catalogue?"

Did she not? But she made no audible reply, and the explanation thus propitiously commenced was continued without any interruption beyond an occasional stifled exclamation on the part of its recipient.

It is not necessary, however, to report the whole of what passed during the interview. A certain portion only of it need be referred to as being of some interest.

"And you really mean to say," said Miss Ferrers to the young man, "you really mean to say that you fell in love with me then and there, and took the situation, and put up with everything, just for the sake of being under the same roof with me?"

He looked at her strangely for a moment before answering.

"What other reason could there have been?" he asked.

She clapped her hands together in delight.

"Whatever will the girls at school say to this?"

(The End.)

Beecher's Deacon Went to Sleep.

"Pew sleepers are one of the bugbears of preachers," said the Rev. Robert Collyer, the veteran New York minister. "I can speak feelingly from experience. On one occasion when Henry Ward Beecher asked me to go to Plymouth Church to talk to his people, he remarked—jokingly, let us hope—that most of them were hard working folk who needed plenty of rest on Sunday, and he felt that a sermon from me might be gratefully received.

"In the course of my talk I mentioned this, and said that it was, however, a matter upon which my feelings could not be hurt, and that I owed this imperviousness to Mr. Beecher himself. I told them that, one Sunday, years before, when I was attending a service at old Plymouth and Mr. Beecher was thundering forth, I saw one of his deacons asleep in a front pew.

"I went on to say that always after this, whenever I saw a man slumbering peacefully through my most stirring efforts in the pulpit, I would say to myself: 'Well, let him sleep; even the great Beecher can't keep 'em all awake.'"—Success.

Why He Wanted a Bible.

On McKinley's birthday President Roosevelt, the cabinet officers, and all the Washington officials wore pink carnations. The memory of McKinley was in many minds, and many were the McKinley anecdotes that were pensively told.

Congressman Dick of Akron said:

"McKinley was always good to the poor. When he lived in Canton he had each winter a great stock of blankets, shoes, potatoes, Bibles, and so forth that he would distribute where they were needed most.

"One day he gave a Bible to a newsboy. He would not have ventured upon such a gift as this had not the newsboy asked for the book.

"'I am glad,' Mr. McKinley said to the lad, 'that you want a Bible. Are you not happy now that you have gotten one?'

"'Yes, sir,' said the boy. 'I know a place where I can trade it off for a fiddle.'"—Buffalo Enquirer.

An Ideal Nursery.

In an ideal nursery, planned by a mother who devotes herself to her children, is a fireplace which is beautiful, and a favorite trysting spot of the little people.

The tiles in this unique fireplace have a white background, with delft blue figures of nursery characters, with the rhyme beside it. All the old favorites are there, including "Simple Simon," "The Old Woman in the Shoe," "Mistress Mary" and "Little Boy Blue."

Another clever nursery idea is that of the Kilkenny cats, which are of wood, cut in the outline of animals and painted to imitate them. They are joined together by a rush seat and placed on rockers to look like the old-fashioned rocking horse.

The Vogue of Pantalets.

Pantalets came into vogue about 1820. They were loose, flapping frills tied on under the knee and hanging over the foot. The strings generally broke or slipped down, and one learns of a young mother's trials with those horrid things in a letter quoted by Mrs. Earle, which says: "My finest dimity pair, with real Swiss lace, is quite useless to me, for I lost off one leg. I saw that mean Mrs. Spring wearing it last week for a tucker. My help says she won't stay if she has to wash more than seven pairs a week for Myrtilla."

TYPES OF JAPANESE

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SUBJECTS OF THE MIKADO.

Eastern People Hold to Beliefs Which in Our Western Eyes Are Ludicrous—Tokio a City Which Will Repay the Visit of the Tourist.

(Special Correspondence.)

Almost everything in Japan is small—the people, their houses, the children, the jinrikishas. On every specimen of Japanese art, one time or another, you will find portrayed their noble mountain, Fujiyama, which is not small. To the people of Japan this mountain is sacred.

Approached for the first time, the glimpse of the mountain is a breath-catching experience. It is a volcanic mountain, trailing after its last eruption, in 1707, a fiery page in the history of the country. The ascent of Fuji necessitates a long, hard climb through lava ashes and loose stones. Proverbial is the violence of the wind on certain portions of the mountain and many are the tales told by climbers of the dangers.

Native Carriage.

Seen from level ground, the mountain is a picture of beauty, long to be remembered. There stands, apparently arising from the sea to the blue sky, a perfect pyramid, silver-crested. From dawn to sunset the silver crest constantly changes color, with the most enchanting effect. At the base of the mountain more than 10,000 pilgrims gather in religious ardor annually, making the slow ascent of the mountain. Resthouses have been built at intervals along the upward paths and upon the summit there are several entrances to the crater, which is 400 feet deep, the entrances marked by sacred gateways.

Sculptured effigies of protecting deities are everywhere. Around the base of these figures are heaps of pebbles, gathered by pilgrims during the past centuries and placed there as offerings. Various kinds of offerings to appease these gods and goddesses are evident; especially about the statue of the Buddhist god Jizo, who is supposed to especially guard travellers and little children, do we notice immense piles of stones. The Japanese love and reverence children.

This custom of piling stones to the gods of especial guardianship over children had a curious beginning. There is a legend which tells of a demon living upon the banks of a river in the lower world who catches little children as they try to cross and makes them work for him at the eternal task of piling up stones upon the shore. Every pebble laid at the feet of these guardian gods is supposed to lighten the burden of some little one below.

The first impression of Tokio is of its enormous size. And it must be, to enclose a population of much over 1,900,000 people. From an elevation Tokio presents a plain of wooden roofs, a limitless expanse meeting the sea on one side and stretching away into gray haze on the other. On an average every 30 years the city has been burned down and rebuilt, stronger and more far-reaching.

Hair Dressers.

The starting point for sightseers is the imperial palace. Around the palace is drawn a moat so vast and deep that one may be excused for mistaking it for a river. Until within about thirty years ago Tokio had not been the official residence of the Mikado. Previous to 1869 the military regent called the Shogun ruled in Tokio, and many are the residences and entrances and the gates that are shown now belonging to Shoguns.

The houses of the Japanese nobles in Tokio are varied and as imposing as such "play houses" can look to foreign eyes. The pagodas and temples and houses recall school-book days, when our wondering eyes could not reconcile our minds to people living in these fantastic places.

One of the peculiarities of Japanese architecture is an unusual type of gateway or portal. Sometimes it rises before you in granite, or wood, or bronze, marking the approach to a temple, or shrine, or a gentleman's residence. There are two theories of the origin of these portals. The first declares they were intended originally for perches, upon which the birds always prominent in Japan, might pause before they took their heavenward flight to bear aloft the prayers of their liberators. The second theory affirms that these straight columns with their curving crosspieces, are forms of the Chinese letter which signifies heaven.

Passing under these arches, toward the temple, the avenue will frequently be lined on either side with rows of lanterns, as the people call them. They look to us like monuments. Most of them are of stone; some of beautifully decorated bronze; many bear the crests of the family by whom they are placed. On festival days lanterns are hung, within the little monuments which are about five feet high, in honor of the dead to whom the monument was raised.

Tokio contains the beautiful Ueno Park, where the cherry blossoms abound. Poets have sung the praises of the pink cherry blossoms of Japan; every Japanese screen and vase grows cherry blossoms. Their blooming time is a national festival. Some of the avenues to the Mikado's capital are lined with the magnificent old trees, famous for beautiful coloring. In April the newspapers of Tokio announce daily the progress of the coloring as the trees blossom; maps of the city are sold, on which are indicated the pinkest groves of cherry trees.

One fairylike stream winds its way for two miles through banks of pink blooms, and pleasure-boats float leisurely along it. Along the banks thousands of spectators wander, on foot or in jinrikishas.

After the cherry blossoms have departed comes in May the wistaria, and the lovely vine covers bridges and houses and arbors, bearing clusters of blossoms of magnificent purple.

In August comes the lotus flower in all its glory. The Buddhist writings say: "Although thou be born in a hovel, if thou hast virtue thou art like the lotus growing in the slime." Accordingly the lotus, with its feet in the mud and ooze and bearing aloft to heaven its pure white blossoms, is the symbol of the Buddhist faith. Bronze vases usually stand on altars filled with the beautiful flowers. And the statue of Buddha has invariably for its base a smooth lotus flower in stone or bronze.

One of the most renowned places of resort for natives and tourists in Japan alike is Nikko. The mere approach to the sacred city is astonishing, over a road twenty miles in length, lined with the wonderful Japanese cedar trees, towering to the height of 200 feet. Here is the foaming river of Nikko, spanned by the famous bridge which none but the Emperor may cross. When Gen. Grant visited Japan, the Mikado paid him the very unusual compliment of ordering this bridge thrown open for his passing. But Gen. Grant, with tact and thoughtfulness for the beliefs of these people, declined the honor and took the frequented path.

From Nikko the forest path leads up the sacred mountain.

The uses by the people of the native bamboo is ingenious. The plant grows luxuriantly everywhere throughout the country, especially in the groves of Kioto. Bridges are made of bamboo, water pipes and fences, furniture, umbrellas, baskets, hats, fans, pipe stems and walking sticks. Indeed, the list would fill many a line.

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, 150 plum trees and plenty of other small fruit. Buildings insured for $1,000. Price $2,800. Terms easy. The place is just out side of the lighter soil of Royal Oak and cannot be beaten for anyone requiring a small farm suitable for small fruit or poultry [illegible]. Come and let us show you over the place some day.

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, 1[illegible] acres fine orchard, 15 acres timber. Excellent fishing, boating and bathing. 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 103 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; 30 acres good beech and maple timber, 4 acres fine grafted orchard. Circumstances render it advisable to sell at once, and the man who comes first will secure one of the best bargains in the country. Look it up.

13.

Farm in Southfield, 67 acres, of which 10 acres is timber, good beech and maple. Soil, clay loam. 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 3 miles from Birmingham, nice rolling land, 5 acres timber. No waste land, 250 peaches, 100 plums, 500 grapes, 20 apples, 1½ acres raspberries, 4 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 [illegible] acres, being part of the w½ of section 1, 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; 1¾ miles from Birmingham, over roads which are the best in the country; 40 rods from good school; 80 rods from Kriły'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 $[illegible] 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.

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. & H. 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's selling the property pays all the commission.

38.

Two story house and lot on south side of Haines 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 $4,800. 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 14 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 stalls. 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, [illegible] 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 Mallie G. Smith, east by D. G. H. & M. R'y, south by Bower street, west by Saginaw street, 108 ft. front on Saginaw street, 173 feet deep on north side and 143 feet deep on south side; all in the village of Birmingham, Mich. One of the finest building sites in the village. Price $6[illegible]

[illegible]

Lots 48 and 49 Randall's Addition, price $125.00 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.

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, 280 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, post office, 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.

59.

House and lot, No 1491 Fourteenth ave., Detroit, a little over a block from the Boulevard; paved street; house piped and furnace; small barn, some fruit; buildings valued at $2700, 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 $[illegible] 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, 90 acres—80 cleared, 10 of oak timber, 3 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 [illegible] up with us and look it over.

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.

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.

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.

75

Cottage, number 73 Oak Hill street, Pontiac, Mich., 4 rooms and attic. Half a mile from the court house. Price $[illegible] 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.

83

The new offering in the real estate department of the Exchange Bank this week is a pretty little farm of [illegible] acres adjoining the village, 8 acres timber which is all large but scattered, an acre of orchard and 4 buildings, the latter insured for $[illegible]. Ask Whitehead at the Exchange Bank.

84

A beautiful and productive farm—no better in the county—and only a mile from the electric road, near the little hamlet of Circle, three miles from Birmingham, four miles from Pontiac, lovely little stream runs through the place furnishing plenty of water the year round. Not a foot of waste land, ten-room house and good outbuildings which are worth $5,000. Ten acres of timber, oak and hickory; 5 acres of good orchard (200 good new bearing peach trees) and altogether an ideal stock or dairy farm. Nothing to conceal but everything to show you about this place, which will be sure to please you—if you can be pleased at all. More particulars? Nope. Costs too much. But, say if you will ask about it on a postal (only costs you a cent) we will gladly do the rest. Honest, it's cheap at the price asked for it.

85

A nice little farm of 7[illegible] acres a mile west of the electric road in Royal Oak township and about 1½ miles west of that village. No sand, but good gravelly loam, ten acres of timber. Three buildings and everything in good repair, all ready to settle down and be happy. Might just as well tell you what it can be bought for, first as last. Five Thousand Dollars will buy it, with enough down to secure it and balance on long time and easy terms. Now, will you be good and let us tell you more about it on application, either in person or by mail?

86

Eighty acres of excellent land with good buildings (insured for $3,000), fine orchard, four acres of best varieties of grafted fruit, half mile east of Northwood on the D. & P. electric line and half mile west of the Rochester line, 12 miles from Detroit and about a mile from Royal Oak village. Price $8,000. Terms, enough cash to secure and the balance on long time at a low rate of interest. Worth inquiring more particularly about.

87

House and three lots on the corner of Townsend and Henrietta streets—an excellent location. One of the best built and most comfortable residences in the village, with 120 feet front on Townsend and 103 feet deep. Modern ten room house with closets, cellar, well, woodshed and summer kitchen. Now, this is strictly "on the dead" and must not be repeated—but if you really have any intention of buying a home in this village within a year, you can't afford to overlook this place, because the price is only $2,000 and more than that but that's a state secret and you can't find out a thing further, until you see Whitehead and ask him about it. Cross-my-heart-hope-I-may-never-see-the-back-of-my-neck-if-'taint so!

PADDOCK PHILOSOPHY.

Long green is the popular shade in nest-eggs.

Never judge a horse-shark by his wisdom teeth.

We must go in pursuit of happiness while ill-luck obligingly follows one.

"Unswerving" fidelity is more admirable in the thoroughbred even than in the man.

The average bettor marvels at his ill-luck, but doesn't express any surprise when he wins.

The bettor on the constant lookout for a "slee[illegible]r" sometimes selects the nag that goes to the post "nodding."

Real estate men, attention! The bettor has no ground for complaint when the horse wins with "lots" to spare.

The racehorse can see as far through a stone wall as anybody, so you can't blame him for sometimes "looking for a hole in the fence."

Gentlemen riders will always remember that it isn't etiquette to give up one's seat in the saddle, no matter with what ease and grace it be done.

The average "rooter" may not be up on turf lore, but to listen to him during the progress of a race one must confess that he's nevertheless pretty well voiced.