JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.

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CHAPTER TWO—Continued.

Prince growled. John looked up the road.

"There's someone coming," he said.

Jessie turned and saw Miss Malden approaching. She looked at her muddy feet, her bedraggled hat and her spattered blouse and skirt.

"I'll get an awful scolding," she said, half to herself and half to the boy. Then for the first time she scrutinized John Burt. She noted that he was well dressed; that he was not barefooted like the most farmer boys, and that he was handsome and self-possessed.

"Do you belong to the riffraff?" asked Jessie, lowering her voice so that the approaching governess should not hear her.

"Never heard of it," replied John Burt in a puzzled smile. "What is it?"

"I don't know," said Jessie; "but my papa don't allow me to associate with the riffraff, and I forgot until just now to ask you if you are a riffraff."

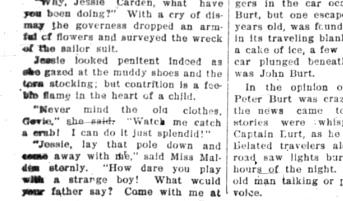
A look of pain came to the honest face of the boy. Before he could speak Jessie turned to meet Miss Malden.

"Why, Jessie Carden, what have you been doing?" With a cry of dismay the governess dropped an armful of flowers and surveyed the wreck of the sailor suit.

Jessie looked penitent indeed as she gazed at the muddy shoes and the torn stocking; but contrition is a feeble flame in the heart of a child.

"Never mind the old clothes, Gevie," she said. "Watch me catch a crab! I can do it just splendid!"

"Jessie, lay that pole down and come away with me," said Miss Malden sternly. "How dare you play with a strange boy! What would your father say? Come with me at once!" She gathered up the flowers and took Jessie by the hand.



"DO YOU BELONG TO THE RIFFRAFF?"

"Good-bye, Prince! Good-bye, John Burt!" Jessie waved her hand gaily at her fishing companion as Miss Malden turned into the path leading through the woods.

"He was real nice, and you're awful good, Govie, not to scold him!" were the words that reached John Burt as he carried his basket of crabs to the wagon.

CHAPTER THREE.

John Burt's Boyhood.

For two hundred years the first house had withstood the blasts of winter and the withering heat of summer. Time had worked upon the rough exterior until it seemed like a huge rectangular rock, weather-worn and storm beaten. The small plateau on which it stood sloped northward to the sea. Rugged rocks to the west stood as a wall, frowning at the quiet beauties of salt marsh and cedar swamp below. To the south were patches of meadow wrested from wood and rock by generations of toil. Through this fairer section a brook wandered between banks festooned with watercress. Old settlers knew the locality by the name of Rocky Woods.

When Hezekiah Burt died, Peter Burt inherited the hold homestead in Rocky Woods. He was a young giant with the shoulders of a Hercules. At the age of thirty he took to wife the fairest maiden of the surrounding country, and to them a son was born and christened Robert Burns Burt. A year later the mother sickened and died. The grief of Peter Burt was terrible as his strength. For a year he remained a prisoner in his house; then returned to work, and for two years labored with the energy of a demon. His second marriage followed. He led to the altar the daughter of a poor farmer, and of this proxsic union seven children were born.

After fifteen years of work and sorrow the patient wife folded her tired hands, closed her weary eyes and sank into that deep sleep, awaking not to toil. If Peter Burt loved his second wife, he never told her so. If he loved her children, his expression of affection took a peculiar form. He made no secret of his favoritism for Robert Burns Burt, the only child of his first wife.

Robert was a boy of whom any father would be proud. At twelve he was sent to school in Hingham. At nineteen he entered Harvard, graduating in four years with honors. After two more years devoted to a law course, he began practice in Boston, and his success was instantaneous.

For ten years after the death of his wife, Peter Burt conducted the farm of his forefathers. One after another of his sons and daughters, as they became of age, left the old home, never to return. One night after supper Peter Burt informed the remaining children that he was going to sea. He had bought an interest in a whaling vessel, and would sail from New Bedford in a week. To Sarah—the eldest of the children—he gave three hundred dollars, together with instructions concerning the management of the farm. He did not know how long he would be gone—it might be a year or it might be five. With some tenderness he kissed the weeping orphans, and tramped down the road in the direction of Hingham.

Five years later the Segregansett dropped anchor at New Bedford. None of the crew that went on with her returned. Peter Burt sold the cargo, paid off his men, disposed of his interest in the ship, and on the following day walked into the Burt farmhouse. He was greeted affectionately by his son Joseph, who for a year had lived alone in the old house. A week later the boy was sent to school in Boston, and Peter Burt began his solitary occupancy of the ancestral home.

Shortly before Peter Burt's return, Robert had married, and the old man was delighted when the young couple made a visit to the old farm. The following year John Burt was born, and Peter Burt journeyed to Boston to witness the christening.

Two years later Robert Burns Burt and his wife were instantly killed in a railroad accident. The train crashed through a bridge. It was winter, and bitterly cold. Of the fifteen passengers in the car occupied by Robert Burt, but one escaped. A child, two years old, was found warmly wrapped in its traveling blanket, uninjured, on a cake of ice, a few minutes after the car plunged beneath the water. It was John Burt.

In the opinion of his neighbors, Peter Burt was crazy from the hour the news came to him. Strange stories were whispered concerning Captain Lurt, as he was then called. Belated travelers along the lonely road saw lights burning through all hours of the night. They heard the old man talking or praying in a loud voice.

"Think you're smart, don't ye?" responded the strange boy as he baited his hook. "Crazy Burt's boy, ain't ye? No objection to my fishin', have you?"

There was a taunting sarcasm in his voice, and defiance in his air. Without waiting for reply he cast his line into the water.

"You can fish as long as you please on your own side of the creek," said John sullenly. For half an hour no word was spoken. John caught four bass during that time, while Jim hooked only a pickerel. Then he cast his line across the pool, dropping it a few feet from John's line.

John Burt's face flushed angrily.

"Keep on your own side!" he commanded.

"I'll fish where I darn please! This isn't your creek!" retorted Jim Blake with a defiant grin. "If it is, what are you going to do about it?"

As he spoke John brought his hook near the surface, and by a sudden twist "snagged" Jim Blake's line. With a jerk he whipped the line across his opponent's hand. Young Blake was furious. John calmly lowered his rod across the pool, unsnarled the lines, and threw the rod on the bank.

Obeying a boy's first instinct, Jim looked for a stone, but found none. Then he jumped for the log. Dropping his rod, John Burt also sprang forward, and they met in the center of the bridge.

(To be continued.)

Why the Sea Is Salt.

Why should the sea be salt, when the lakes and rivers are fresh? This is a question that comparatively few people stop to think about. They recognize the fact, but do not take the trouble to reason about it.

There are four salts in sea water—sodium chloride (common salt), magnesium, potassium and calcium. These are minerals and are washed out of the rocks of the earth by the streams and carried to the sea in a state of solution.

The water of the sea is being constantly evaporated, and it comes to the land as rain, snow, hail or sleet. But this evaporation leaves the salt in the sea, and as the streams are all the time carrying more salt there the quantity is constantly increasing, but so gradually that it is not noticed in the water.

It has been estimated that if all the salt were obtained out of the waters of the sea there would be enough to cover the continent of North America to a depth of half a mile.

In some parts of the world the salt used by the people is all obtained from sea water, but not where there are salt mines or salt springs, for the quality of that obtained from them is much superior to that yielded by sea water.

Spool Building.

There is nothing more interesting for an ingenious boy or girl. Given a lot of spools and a ball of florists' wire, so much can be done that it is impossible to give a detailed description. To collect spools is a much easier job than the old-fashioned practice of collecting buttons. Old buttons are sometimes valuable in piecing out a set, but empty spools are usually thrown away. A person of enterprise can always collect them, and the smallest and most insignificant is not to be despised. A young architect can plan a house, and the builder of a suspension bridge can string his spools securely on wire and produce a complete and steady structure. Strong little taborets may be made of them, if there is solid wood for the table part; the spools may be used for their legs and supports. A trash basket may be made of them, strung one on top of the other, with a wooden bottom, and lined with gay cretonne. The smaller spools make pretty picture frames, especially if painted white or green. They may be used in a hundred ornamental ways, they may be collected from a dozen different sources, and they are sure to provide amusement for innumerable rainy days.

A Luxurious Bed.

An Indian potentate recently ordered from Paris a bed which will rival the rajah's bed in the Arabian Nights. It is of satinwood, richly carved, and ornamented with silver plates in repoussé work, adorned with bouquets of roses, pink and corn, the rajah's coat of arms being placed at the head. At each corner stands a statue of a girl one French one Greek, one Spanish and one Italian. Each is tinted according to the complexion of her race, and wears a suitable head dress, either black, blond, chestnut or auburn.

These maidens have movable eyes, and their only ornament is a gold bracelet round one arm, which waves over the sleeper's head either a fan or a push punkah. The further enjoyment is heightened by an ingenious arrangement in the mattress, which, as soon as any one lies down, plays a selection of Gounod's airs.—Ohio State Journal.

Steepest of Mountains.

Mount McKinley is known to be the steepest of all the great mountains of the world, and it is unlike most other great peaks from the fact that arctic conditions begin at its base. The most prospective conqueror of this immense uplift must pick his path over broken stones, icy slopes, sharp cliffs and an average slope of 45 degrees for at least 14,000 feet.

Dogs That Smoke Pipes.

These two dogs, Dewey and Ruth, are the pets of a Minneapolis man. Their skill at balancing pipes between their teeth is but one of the many clever tricks they have learned. In justice it should be said that the pipes are never lighted, but the dogs enjoy them, all the same, and anybody who tries to interfere with the after-dinner smoke must watch for a fight.

For Bible Students.

If the children slain in Herod's Slaughter of the Innocents were buried in sand and but the right arm showing, how could you tell the girls from the boys?

This has puzzled many theologians, but the answer is simple: Only boys were slaughtered. — Woman's Home Companion.

MAN WHO WAS NOT

Cope Whitehouse, the authority on Egyptology and other branches of science, discussing the recent explosion at Woolwich in the Newport Herald, relates the following story, which he says, was told by Sir Benjamin Baker at a dinner of the Scientific club (an association of British civil engineers), which was attended by Mr. Whitehouse:

"There were two mixing houses at Waltham Abbey, separated by a considerable space and fully protected by banks of earth. Two men were passing between these houses, when both exploded. They said that the one on the right went off first, but it was supposed that this was an inference affecting the memory. They could not understand the simultaneous explosions and therefore supposed that one must have preceded the other by a sensible period of time. But the scientific officers of the government were of the opinion that the stability of the compound was disturbed through some sympathetic action.

"These men also said that they threw themselves on the ground to avoid the falling fragments'; as a prone position was the worst possible, their nerves were evidently shaken. They had observed, before the explosion, a workman approaching the door of one of these houses. When they rose to their feet their first thought was for him and they looked around to see where he was. But although they looked and looked, they found no body nor part of it. He was 'not. For the air took him.' According to the scientific explanation, his atoms had received a jar which had shaken them to pieces of about the billionth of an inch in diameter or less.

"As would be said now, he became a collection of antagonistic electrons. They found not an empty stocking and the heel of a boot. That was all. It must be remembered that there would have been no inorganic matter about him no metal or hard substance. Therefore as the mysterious processes of life had built him up, so also they had built the material of his clothes. The fragments which escaped annihilation were apparently due to one of those electrical 'freaks' common in thunderstorms."

AGES UPON AGES OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

Conclusive Proof That Thousands of Years Must Have Elapsed Between Savagery and Even Early Education.

So far as the question of time is concerned, it deserves notice that not merely geology but almost every form of inquiry into the past throws further back the limits usually assigned. Egypt, for instance, is continually furnishing fresh proofs of the antiquity of civilization. Prof. Flinders Petrie expounded at Owens College, Manchester, England, a few days ago the result of recent explorations at Abydos, the ancient Egypt, from which it appears that the ruins at that one spot tell a continuous story that carries us back to 5000 B. C. Abydos was the first capital of Egypt and remained for forty-five centuries the religious capital of the land, and there the Egyptian exploration fund has unearthed the remains of "ten successive temples, one over the other."

From the age of the first temple a group of about 200 objects has been found, which throw surprising light on the civilization of the first dynasty.

A part of a large glazed pottery vase of Mena, the first king of the first dynasty, about 4700 B. C., showed "that even then they were making glaze on a considerable scale, and also inlaying it with a second color. The inlay carving was astonishingly fine, a figure on the following dynasty equaling and power of expression as good as any work of later ages." At about 4000 B. C. an ivory statuette of Cheops, the builder of the great pyramid, was found, the only portrait known of him. Making every possible allowance for the marvelous rapidity of art development, must not many thousand of years have rolled over between the pristine dwellers in the Nile valley and the men who carved ivory statuettes and manufactured glazed work inlaid with engraved colors? It is a long, long march from flint implements to the solemn temple, ivory statuettes and human portraits.—London Telegraph.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY BIBLE WRITTEN BY HAND

Beautiful Volume in the Congressional Library at Washington—Could Not Be Duplicated.

The most beautiful volume among the half million in the congressional library at Washington is a Bible which was transcribed by a monk in the sixteenth century. It could not be matched to-day in the best printing offices in the world. The parchment is in perfect preservation. Every one of its thousand pages is a study. The general lettering is in German text, each letter perfect, without a scratch or blot from lid to lid. At the beginning of each chapter the first letter is very large, usually three or three inches long and is brightly illuminated in red and blue ink. Within each of these capitals is drawn the figure of some saint, some incident of which the chapter tells. There are two columns on a page, and nowhere is traceable the slightest irregularity of line space or formation of the letters. Even under a magnifying glass they seem flawless. This precious volume is kept under a glass case, which is sometimes lifted to show that all the pages are as perfect as the two which lie open.

A legend relates that a young man who had sinned deeply became a monk and resolved to do penance for his misdeeds. He determined to copy the Bible that he might learn every letter of the divine commands which he had violated. Every day for many years he patiently pursued his task. Each letter was wrought in reverence and love, and the patient soul found its only companionship in the saintly face which were portrayed on these pages. When the last touch was given to the last letter the old man reverently kissed the page and folded the sheets together. The illustrated initials in perfection of form and brilliancy of color surpass anything produced in the present day. With all our boasted progress nothing in Europe or America equals it.—New York Press.

PRACTICAL JOKE THAT CAUSED A WAR.

President Castro's Humiliation of Wealthy Citizen Resulted in Revolution That Nearly Ruined Venezuela.

"The Matos revolution, lately ended in Venezuela by President Castro's great victory at Ciudad Bolivar, cost the lives of thousands of men, indirectly caused an international blockade of Venezuela, and nearly ruined the country," said an American who recently returned from Caracas. "And what do you think it was caused by? Simply a blanket.

"Matos was the greatest capitalist in the country, the merchant prince of Caracas, a pompous old gentleman, to whom everybody bowed and scraped. He helped to make Castro president, but directly Castro was firmly seated in power Matos among other rich men, was faced with a demand for a heavy 'assessment' to pay the victorious soldiers.

"He refused, and Castro promptly sent a file of soldiers to drag him to jail. Castro has a fondness for rough practical jokes, and he told the officer in command to seize Matos in bed and bring him through the streets at night clad only in a blanket. This order was carried out. The merchant prince offered thousands of bolivars for a pair of pants and a jacket, but in vain. The humiliation was terrible, for all the rabble of the town guyed him.

"After he had languished in jail for a while, Matos wrote to Castro, saying that he now saw his duty to the nation in a clearer light, and would be glad to pay the assessment. Castro replied cordially, but regretted that the necessities of the government had increased in the meanwhile and he was now desolated by having to ask for double the amount.

"Matos paid, and then promptly left the country and organized a revolution with the aid of his great wealth. He has told his friends that he would have pardoned the 'hold up,' for capitalists are used to that sort of thing in countries like Venezuela; but he could not forget the blanket."

UNITED STATES ARMY IS WIDELY SCATTERED.

Available Force in Garrison at Home and in Our Insular Possessions Makes a Total of Sixty-Two Thousand Men.

On October 15 the regular army of the United States—according to the acting adjutant-general's report—consisted of 62,000 men. These were scattered over the earth from Porto Rico and Cuba on the east to Alaska, Hawaii, China and the Philippines on the west. The force in Porto Rico has been reduced to 2,270 men and that in Cuba to 748. There are 210 men in Hawaii and 156 men in China. Sixteen thousand men were retained in the Philippines, although it is proposed to reduce this number to 12,000, about 4,000 are in garrisons in the United States.

In time of peace Spain planned to keep 4,000 soldiers in Porto Rico and 12,000 in the Philippines. The United States is able to preserve order with fewer men in Porto Rico. Its Philippine force is about equal to that formerly kept employed by Spain. The islands, however, are kept in much better order than was the case under the old regime.

The militia includes 117,000 men. Of these 43,000 are within twenty-four hours of New York and 29,000 are within the same time of Chicago. Within a day 51,000 could reach the Canadian frontier east of the Mississipi. In the Spanish-American war about 30 per cent of the militia entered the United States service. About 100,000 of the present guardsmen have declared themselves ready to respond to a call by the president. Not all these have the equipment necessary for field service, and it is hardly to be supposed that in the event of war 100,000 could be depended on for the army.

Still, the condition of the national defense is far better than before the Spanish war, and it is likely to improve from year to year.—Kansas City Star.

Thought Ordinance Too Severe.

Mayor Fred E. Lewis of Allentown, Pa., has vetoed a curfew ordinance passed by the city fathers providing that after 9 o'clock children under 16 years old must keep off the streets. His honor objects to a penalty clause providing for fine or imprisonment in the county jail, holding that to send a boy or girl to prison for such an offense is unreasonable.

Temperance Among Students.

Eight years ago the students of Sweden formed a temperance association. At present it has seventy-six branches, with 3,000 members.

Woman Gets Large Vote.

Miss Vida Goldstein, the woman candidate in Victoria for a seat in the commonwealth senate, was not elected, but she received 51,000 votes.

Real Estate Exchange

Of Whitehead & Mitchell at the Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Ala.

The following is a partial list of farm, 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; 30 acres timber, 15 miles from Bloomfield Center; on the Interstate 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 an excellent land, four good buildings and fences all in good condition, 25 apple trees, some peaches and plenty of other small fruit. Buildings insured for $1,500. Price $3,000. Terms easy. The place is just out side of the limits 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.

6.

Elegant house and lot on 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, 1½ story, fine lake frontage, three fine orchards, 18 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. Lot 50 feet front and 128 deep. Small fruit and good neighborhood.

12.

The Barker farm in the town of Troy, 127½ acres. Good farm house and farm buildings, fine grazing and all the land which is the wonder and pride of Troy; 30 acres good beech and maple timber, 4 acres fine grafted orchard. Creamery and cheese factory and milk station on the land, and the man who comes first will secure one of the best bargains in the county. 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. Price $2,400 and terms to suit buyer. 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, 8 acres timber No waste land; 2½ acres peaches, 100 plum, 500 grapes, 20 apples, 1½ acres raspberries, 4 acres strawberries, etc. Good house and barn. Price $60 per acre. Will take other property for part pay. Tell you more about it if you ask us.

10.

A small farm of 5 acres, being part of the W of section 3, 8 miles southeast, Oakland county. Four good buildings, house, barn, hog house and pig-pen. Building 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, 8 rooms; good shed, cellar, cistern and all conveniences; 1½ miles from Birmingham, over roads which are the best in the country; 40 rods from school; 10 rods from Kelly's mill. Excellent milk business. This farm is ready for the business, without a cent of repairs or improvements. Price $1,600. Terms easy.

19.

A farm of 100 acres in the township of Rose, Oakland county, 8 miles from Pontiac, 30 miles northwest of Detroit. Price $35 per acre; 1 mile from $500 cash, balance on long time at 6 per cent. Here is a golden opportunity for a poor man to acquire a good home in a short time. Square investment.

33.

Twenty-three hundred dollars cash will buy one of the most profitable farms in the township of Southfield, Oakland county. Price $100 per acre, but the balance of the purchase price can be arranged to suit purchaser at 6 per cent, or will trade for a smaller farm or village lot. Good buildings, fine orchard, plenty fruit, good cellars, wells, cisterns and all the usual conveniences. There are other things which we will whisper in your ear upon application.

54.

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. 24 miles from Lexington, 4 miles from Applegate; post office on the F. & M. R'y, will exchange for Birmingham property or a small farm in Southeastern Michigan. For a poor man with a small amount to invest and a right good chance to work out the balance, this will be worth looking after. If you don't believe it, ask us about it and we will prove it.

42.

Brick house, good barn and seven acres of land suitable for platting on south side of Maple Ave. east, Birmingham, within the Birmingham 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 Cotton Farm—305 acres in township of Southfield. Buildings are well painted and in good order, consist of large 10-room house, with bath, hot and cold water, set bowls, etc., and all modern conveniences. Large 50-foot basement barn, with stalls for six horses and separate cattle room. Bank barn with granary, overhead track, new stables and sheds, one story and one and a half additional stalls, sliding doors, hog houses, corn cribs, etc. Tenant house, barn, etc., etc. Horse barn with 16 box stalls and padded floor, also with one good box stall and padded enclosed with high board fences. Straw shed, with feed room and bin, with sliding doors. Office with large stallion or riding box stall attached and padded. Box box stall with padded access and stirrup, for this purpose and isolated from other buildings. Outside closet for horses. Good implement shed. Fruit: Large and bearing apple orchard, with all the best varieties of fall and winter apples, 2 apiaries, 2 quince, currants, grapes, straw berries, etc., 3 acres timothy and clover meadow. Good well with iron pump at house; good well and iron pump at stables. Farm is all under fence. Rouge runs across entire south end of farm and is never dry. Farm is all tillable. Fences are in first class shape, and any of them entirely new can be built at small cost. Farm is conducted an average of 60 head of stock during the year. Five tons of feed of any kind sold and entire farm heavily manured. Has commercial fertilizer used. Better inquire about this farm it may pay you.

55.

Village lots on Saginaw street, bounded on the north by Lot 9 of Maher's Addition, price $125.00 for the two. Terms which is not often. 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, 4 miles in the finest farming locality of the county, well fairly good bed drain. There is no incumbrance on the property and it is less than 1 mile from the Farmington railway road. 3 acres of timber, the remainder cleared. Price $1,600. Only $400 per acre and you can have your own time to pay the balance as long as you like and have cash enough to secure it. A postal will get you further details.

59.

House and lot, No. 1420 Fourteenth ave., Detroit, a little over a block from Michigan ave., paved street; house piped and furnace; small variety of fruit; lot 40x100 feet; house is insured for $1,200. Will trade for Birmingham property or for a small farm of not more than 5 acres.

60.

House and two lots 100 x 200 just north of the separation line of the village of Royal Oak; plenty of water; house has three bedrooms, parlor, two wards $1,800 and will sell for $1,600 on terms that would cost to build. House and lot is large and pretty and is in a good location. Houses were built less than two years ago. Priced $1,800 and terms very easy.

61.

House of 11 rooms on lots 4 and 10 Chaffee's addition to Royal Oak, 2 miles from Birmingham. Good sisters and brothers, if you have any notions about this place which we may be able to put you right on, please call and see us. We are ashamed to tell you right out loud, and will wait and for the present, keep it dark.

64

Are you tired of Michigan's wet and dry seasons? Do you want to live in the land of sunshine and flowers? Well, now you are the very man we have been looking for. Here's an Orange Grove at Riverside, in Riverside county, California, just in the first of it's barring. Beautiful location. Terms very easy and it's fetherized. The party will take $2,000 down and the balance can be paid for at the rate of $20 per month. Better write to us at once and get you a small farm in bloomfield or Pine Lake addition to Birmingham.

68

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 spring water on the farm, good neighborhood and soil of the very best. Will exchange for a small farm or village lot 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 Birmingham and Detroit, on the Pontiac branch of the D. U. R. Eighty-eight and 44-100 acres, 14 acres under cultivation, second growth timber, house and two barns in fair condition, heavy loam soil. Will sell one acre or 88 acres. Household furniture also for sale. Price $6,500 but now, owing to existing circumstances, it can be bought for $5,000. Terms very easy and long time given at very low rate of interest. Show it to you any day you say you want us up with us and look it over.

69

Ah, here it is! just what you have been looking and longing for. The justly celebrated "Kool Kabin Stool Farm," formerly owned by the late O. W. Shipman, a few hundred miles further and to acres. No waste land, all being under the highest state of cultivation. Large house and buildings in the neighborhood. Two-story 12-room house, cow house, sheep and grain barns of large capacity, flowing well and windmill taken over cold water throughout the premises to describe all the advantages of this place and then you wouldn't believe the statement. Examined it so you might as well let us take you out to look at it. Price $6,000 and it's only a step 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 $300 per acre.

72

Part of n ½ of sec 27, Bloomfield, 44 acres, 6 acres of timber and pasture, 38 acres fine fruit orchard—good fruit—a buildings valued at $800, 1½ miles west of the D. & P. Electric line. Two daily mail delivery. Good well, cellar, cistern, and fine living water on the southerly end of the farm. Price $2,200 and terms to suit. Long time. It makes a nice little home in an excellent neighborhood, all ready for commencing business at a price within the reach of all. Ask us about No. 72. A postal will get it.

75

Cottage, number 93 Oak Hill street, Pontiac, Mich., 4 rooms and attic. Half a mile from the court house. Price $700, cash or installments.

77

Two lots on Saginaw street, bounded on the north by land of John Germain, on the east by D. G. H. & M. R. on the south by land of William Milton on the west by Saginaw street; 100 feet frontage. Anyone desiring 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 15 acres adjoining the village, 8 acres timber which is all large and valuable, 1 acre of orchard and 4 buildings, the latter insured for $1,500. 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, for sale cheap. Handsome, lovely little stream runs through the place furnishing plenty of water the year round. Not a foot of waste land, 10 acres of heavy timber and good outbuildings which are worth $5,000. Ten acres of timber oak and hickory, also most 2 acres of orchard (200 good new bearing peach trees) and 4 fine fields of clover and timothy. Farm fenced and cross fenced but everything to show you about this place, which will be glad to please you and you can be pleased at all. Money particularly low. Costs is too much. But, say if you will just drop us a postal card you'll find it out and we will gladly do the rest. Honest, it's cheap at the price asked for it.

85

A nice little farm of 7 acres a mile west of the electric road in Royal Oak township and about 1½ miles west of the village of Royal Oak, good gravelly loam, ten acres of timber. Three buildings and everything in good order, no waste land 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 a small down to secure it and balance on long time and easy terms. Now we don't want to sell and can tell you more about it on application, either in person or by mail!

86

Eighty acres of excellent land with good buildings (insured for $1,000), fine orchard, four acres of fine variety of small fruit, one half mile south of Northwood on the D. & P. electric line and half mile east of the road. Only 20 miles by road from Detroit and about a mile from Royal Oak village. Price $5,000. Terms reasonable. Can 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 Saginaw streets in excellent location. One of the best built and most comfortable residences in the village, with 120 feet front on Townsend and 165 feet deep. Modern ten room house with closets, cellar well, woodshed and summer kitchen. Now this is strictly "no bluff deal" and must not be repeated—but if you really have any interest in owning a home in this village within a year, you can't afford to overlook this place, because the price is only $5,600 and more than that it will cost to secure 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-I-tain't 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 per" 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 wonderfully pretty well voiced.