THE LONESOME LAND

A TALE OF THE OLD WEST

By HARRY LEON WILSON, AUTHOR OF THE SPENDERS

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CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"He did not tamper; he has never sought, to—he was all kindness."

She stopped, her short upper lip holding its incautious mate a prisoner. She blushed furiously under the sudden blaze of his eyes.

"So it's true, what Seth Wright tinted at? To think that you, of all people—my sweetheart—gone over—won over by a cursed mobocrat—a fiend with the blood of our people wet on his hands! Listen, Prue; I'm going into the desert. Even though you beg me to stay, you must have known—perhaps you hoped—that I would go. There are many reasons why I must. For one, there are 640 poor hunted wretches over there on the river bank, sick, cold, wet, starving, but enduring it all to the death for their faith in Joseph Smith. They could have kept their comfortable homes here and their substance, simply by renouncing him—they are all voluntary exiles—they have only to say 'I do not believe Joseph Smith was a prophet of God,' and these same Gentiles will receive them with open arms, give them clothing, food, and shelter, put them again in possession of their own. But they are lying out over there, fever-stricken, starving, chilled, all because they will not deny their faith. Shall I be a craven, then, who have scarcely ever wanted for food or shelter, and probably shall not? Of course you don't love me or you couldn't ask me to do that. Those faithful wretched ones are waiting over there for me to guide them on toward a spot that will probably be still more desolate. They could find their way, almost, by the trail of graves we left last spring, but they need my strength and my spirit, and I am going. I am going, too, for my own salvation. I would suffer anything for you, but by going I may save us both. Listen, child; God is going to make a short work on earth. We shall both see the end of this reign of sin. It is well if you take wheat to the mill, but what if you fetch the miller chaff instead?"

"Joe,—dear, dear Joel!—indeed I pity and sympathize—and care for—but I cannot go—even after all you say. And don't you see it will always be so! My father says the priesthood will always be in trouble if it sets itself above the United States. Dear Joel, I can't go, indeed I can't go!"

He spoke more softly now.

"Thank God I don't realize it yet—I mean, that we must part. You tell me so and I hear you and my mind knows, but my heart hasn't sensed it yet—I can feel it now going stupidly along singing its old happy song of hope and gladness, while all this is going on here outside. But soon the big hurt will come. Oh, Prue—Prue, girl!—can't you think what it will mean to me? Don't you know how I shall sicken for the sight of you, and my ears will listen for you!

Prue, darling—yet I must not be womanish! I have a big work to do. I have known it with a new clearness since that radiance rested above my head last night. The truth burns in me like a fire. Your going can't take that from me. It must be I was not meant to have you. With you perhaps I could not have had a heart single to God's work. He permitted me to love you so I could be tried and proved."

"But indeed I must be favored more than common, to deserve that so great a hurt be put upon me, and I shall not be found wanting. I shall never wed any woman but you, though, dear. If not you, never any other."

He stood up.

"I must go in to them now. There must be work to do against the start to-morrow."

"Joel!"

"May the Lord deafen my ears to you, darling!" and squaring his shoulders resolutely away from her, he left her on the seat and went in.

The old man looked up from his Bible as his son entered.

"It's sore sad, laddie, we can't have the temple for your sealing-vows."

"Prudence will not be sealed to me, father." He spoke dazedly, as if another like the morning's blow had been dealt him. "I—I am already sealed to the Spirit for a time and eternity."

"Was it Prudence's doings?" asked his mother, quickly.

"Yes; she has left the church with her people."

The long-faced, narrow-browed old man raised one hand solemnly.

"Then let her be banished from Israel and not numbered in the books of the offspring of Abraham! And let her be delivered over to the buffetings of Satan in the flesh!"

CHAPTER V.

Giles Rae Beautifies His Inheritance.

By eight o'clock the next morning, out under a cloudy sky, the Raes were ready and eager for their start to the new Jerusalem. Even the sick woman's face wore a kind of soft and faded radiance in the excitement of going. On her mattress, she had been tenderly installed in one of the two covered wagons that carried their household goods. The wagon in which she lay was to be taken across the river by Seth Wright—for the moment no Wild Ram of the Mountains, but a soft-cooing dove of peace. Permission had been granted him by Brockman to recross the river on some needful errands; and, having once proved the extreme sensitiveness, not to say irritability, of those in temporary command, he was now resolved to give as little eclat as possible to certain superior aspects of his own sanctity. He spoke low and deferentially, and his men was that of a modest, retiring man who secretly thought ill of himself.

He mounted the wagon in which the sick woman lay, sat well back under the bowed cover, clucked low to the horses, and drove off toward the ferry. If discreet behavior on his part could ensure it there would be no conflict provoked with superior numbers; with numbers, moreover, composed of violent-tempered and unprincipled persecutors who were already acting with but the merest shadow of legal authority.

On the seat of the second wagon, whip in hand, was perched Giles Rae, his coat buttoned warmly to the chin. He was slight and feeble to the eye, yet he had been fired to new life by the certainty that now they were to leave the territory of the persecuting Gentiles for a land to be the Saints' very own. His son stood at the wheel, giving him final directions. At the gate was Prudence Corson, gowned for travel, reticule in hand, her prettiness shadowed, under the scoop of her bonnet, the toe of one trim little boot, meditatively rolling a pebble over the ground.

"Drive slowly, Daddy. Likely I shall overtake you before you reach the ferry. I want but a word yet with Prudence; though"—he glanced over at the bowed head of the girl—"no matter if I linger a little, since Brother Seth will cross first and we must

"You—My Sweetheart—Gone Over—Won Over by a Cursed Mobocrat."

wait until the boat comes back. Some of our people will be at the ferry to look after you—and be careful to have no words with any of the mob—no matter what insult they may offer. You're feeling strong, aren't you?"

"Ay, laddie, that I am! Strong as an ox!" The very thought of being free out of this Babylon has exalted me in spirit and body. Think of it, boy! Soon we shall be seven beyond the limits of the United States—in a foreign land out there to the west, where these bloodthirsty ones can no longer reach us. Thank God they're like all snakes—they can't jump beyond their own length!"

He leaned out of the wagon to shake a bloodless, trembling fist toward the temple where the soldiers had made their barracks.

"Now let great and grievous judgments, desolations, by famine, sword, and pestilence come upon you, generation of vipers!"

He cracked the whip, the horses took their load at his cheery call, and as the wagon rolled away they heard him singing:

> Lo, the Gentile chain is broken!
> Freedom's banner waves on high!

They watched him until the wagon swung around into the street that led away to the ferry. Then they faced each other, and he stepped to her side as she leaned lightly on the gate.

"Prue, dear," he said, softly, "it's going hard with me. God must indeed have a great work reserved for me to try me with such a sacrifice—so much pain where I could least endure it. I prayed all the night to be kept firm, for there are two ways open—one right and one wrong; but I cannot sell my soul so early. That's why I wanted to say the last good-by out here. I was afraid to say it in there—I am so weak for you, Prue—I ache so for you in all this trouble—why, if I could feel your hands in my hair, I'd laugh at it all—I'm so weak for you, dearest."

She tossed her yellow head ever so slightly, and turned the scoop of her bonnet a little away from his palpitating face.

"I am not complimented, though—you care more for your religion than for me."

He looked at her hungrily.

"No, you are wrong there; I don't separate you at all—I couldn't—you and my religion are one—but, if I must, I can love you in spirit as worship my God in spirit—

"If it will satisfy you, very well!"

"My reward will come—I shall do a great work, I shall have a Witness from the sky. Who am I that I should have thought to win a crown without taking up a cross?"

"I am sorry for you."

"Oh, Prue, there must be a way to save the souls of such as you, even in their blindness. Would God make a flower like you, only to let it be lost? There must be a way. I shall pray until I force it from the secret heavens."

"My soul will be very well, sir!" she retorted, with a distinct trace of asperity. "I am not a heathen, I'd thank you to remember—and when I'm a wife I shall be my husband's wife—"

He winced in acutest pain.

"You have no right to taunt me so. Else you can't know what you have meant to me. Oh, you were all the world, child—you of your own dear self—you would have been all the selves in the world to me—there are many, many of you, and all in a heavenly one—"

"Oh, forgive me, dearest," she cried, and put out a little gloved hand to comfort him. "I know, I know—all the sweetness and goodness of your love, believe me. See, I have kept always by me the little Bible you gave me on my birthday—I have treasured it, and I know it has made me a better girl, because it makes me always think of your goodness—but I couldn't have gone—and that marrying is so odious—"

"You shall see how little you had to fear of that doctrine which God has seen fit to reveal to these good men. I tell you now, Prue, I shall wed no woman but you. Nor am I giving you up. Don't think it. I am doing my duty and trusting God to bring you to me. I know He will do it—I tell you there is the spirit of some strange, awful strength in me, which, tells me to ask what I will and it shall be given to—to seek to do anything, how great or hard soever, and a giant's, a god's strength will rest in me. And so I know you will come. You will always think of me so—waiting for you—somehow, somewhere. Every day you must think it, at any idle moment when I come to your mind; every night when you waken in the dark and silence, you must think: 'Wherever he is, he is waiting for me, perhaps awake as I am now, praying, with a power that will surely draw me.' You will come somehow. Perhaps when I reach winter quarters, you will have changed your mind. One never knows how God may fashion these little providences. But He will bring you safe to me out of that Gentile perdition. Remember, child, God will keep us safe in these last days to save the human family from the ruins of the fall, and some way, He alone knows how, you will come to me and find me waiting."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MORE THAN PAT COULD STAND

Rose in His Wrath When Mule Took to Throwing Stones.

The author of "Very Far West Indeed" has many amusing stories to tell of his adventures on the Fraser River at the time of the gold excitement in British Columbia, now nearly 40 years ago. He was making his way through the mountains in company with an Irishman when this occurred:

Two or three miles from the ferry we looked about for a suitable spot at which to camp for the night and while thus engaged, Pat Kernan and I, with one of the laden mules, fell behind. Pat was 20 or 30 yards ahead of me, and I was urging on the lagging mule with gentle entreaties. Finding these unavailing, I adopted a more violent expedient, and threw a stone at him. The stone—it was a good-sized one—missed the mule, but hit Pat in the back.

With many execrations of rage, Pat descended from his perch, and proceed to heid the mule. Hardly able to keep from laughing aloud, I inquired:

"What's the matter, Pat?"

"Matther enough! Here's this old black baste, not continted wid thrying to upset me fry'nt mint, has big and trun a rock and hit me square in the middle of the back."—Youth's Companion.

Real Estate Exchange

Of WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL

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.

5.

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

$4,200

54

Brick house, good barn, and seven acres of land suitable for platting, on south side of East Maple Avenue, Birmingham, adjoining the Eugene Sub-division. Price $4,000, and it is worth every cent of it. If you don't believe it, ask us about it and we will prove it.

55

Village lots on Woodward avenue, bounded north by land of Mollie G. Smith, east by D., G. H. & M. R'y, south by Bower street, west by Woodward avenue, 178 feet deep on Woodward avenue, 178 feet deep on north side and 148 feet on south side. In the Village of Birmingham, Mich. One of the finest building sites in the village.

56

Lots 48 and 49 Randall's Addition, price $350 each for the two lots (which is very cheap). Will exchange for small house and lot in Birmingham.

77

One set on Saginaw street, just south of land owned by John Gerrow, at Village of Pontiac, for one wishing to purchase will find this a bargain. For particulars inquire of Mollie G. Smith or at the Exchange Bank.

87

House and three lots on the corner of Townsend and Hereford Streets, Detroit, front on Woodward and 165 feet deep, fronting on Townsend. Practically new and modern, closets, cellar, well, wood shed and summer kitchen. Only one block from the electric railway. In one of the best locations in the village. Price $2,500, or without westerly lot $2,400.

90

Finest farm we know of, 154 acres one mile south of Birmingham village on Nine Mile road; buildings, 30 acres of timber, 4 acres of orchard, finest orchard in the country, one mile from the postoffice and one mile south of the electric railway. Flowing well. House heated with furnace.

96

Yep! Here's your chance at last. Will exchange for Detroit city property. Farm of 40 acres in Southfield township, very productive soil, in a high state of cultivation, not a foot of waste land on the place, flowing wells, excellent buildings, two nice fences, farm thoroughly drained, 75 grape vines, 25 apple trees, 50 raspberry bushes, new barns, one dwelling, one swine house (capacity 100), tobacco and milk route combined, everything ready to do the finest and most profitable dairy business in the country, but failing health makes it advisable to dispose of this desirable property.

100

Farm of 103 acres in the Twelve mile road, the eighth mile road of the Dixie highway. Wood stand new house, barns and buildings with water in all. Soil Dark county, well drained, and obtaining plenty of fruit on it. Price $5,500

107

Farm of 81 acres in section 22 and 24 South field; 5 acres best grafted fruit; 5 buildings; 50 acres for grass, all low land, well drained and under a high state of cultivation. Price $3,000.

103

Eighty-acre farm in White Lake township, w ½ of s e ¼ of section 25, 70 acres cleared, 10 acres timber, and blackberry swamp; 1 acre of Deer, laughing swamp netted the owner over $250.00 last summer; 2 acres orchard, good orchard, house of 7 rooms, good neighborhood; 40 miles from Milford, 3 miles from Commerce; proposed electric road comes within a mile of the house. Price $2,000.

112

Nice little farm of 19 acres in the Township of Troy, 1½ miles from the electric railway; good for chicken raising; plenty of timber for firewood. Log house and small frame barn and other building. Price $1,400.

114

Fine farm in the Township of Southfield; 80 acres, of which 75 are cleared and the balance in good maple timber. Two acres of orchard; building worth $3,000, and the exceptionally fine place can be bought for $5,000. Not cod.

116

Farm in Southfield. Really you will begin to think we have the whole Town of Southfield for sale. Well, we have a lot of it, and there is no better farming land in the world. Only they have been asking too much for it. Now they are just getting down to reason, and some are very cheap. For instance, 65 acres at $60 per acre; 4 buildings, nice spring of ever-flowing water; all good plow land, except 15 acres of scattering timber. No marsh land on the place. There!

120

Farm formerly belonging to Edward Coates and located on the east side of Pine Lake in the townships of Bloomfield and West Bloomfield, one of the finest locations in all the Pine Lake region of Oakland county, 120 acres with 1½ sixty (sixty feet) acres of lake frontage, 2 story and ½ beautiful oak and hickory grove. Particulars Long Lake in the central portion of Pine Lake on the west. The price is $100 per acre and the portion bordering on Pine Lake is worth $150 per acre. The farm as well worth five times the whole amount asked for it, being 14 miles from the city of Pontiac and at the opposite end of the Lake from the steam and electric railway stations at Orchard Lake. Worth investigating and we are here to answer all your questions either by mail or in personal interview—which we would greatly prefer.

122

Nice little 40 acre farm near Big Beaver, (S. h. of N. ½ of N. ½ sec. 8, T. Troy.) Has 1½ story house with 7 rooms. An acre of young orchard and 5 acres of timber; a little over a mile from the Rochester Electric Railway. Less than $50 per acre will buy it, and the terms are so easy that any man who means business can pay for it.

126

Vacant lots at the corner of William's Subdivision, Royal Oak village. Price $150 each. Terms to suit purchaser.

127

House and lot on Fremont street in Birmingham, Mich. Nearly new. House contains seven rooms and closets, well and cistern. Price, $1,100.

129

One of the finest residences on Woodward Avenue, Birmingham; 10 rooms, closets, furnace, bath—hot and cold water; every convenience which you would have or expect to have in the city, without exception the finest location in our village; brick house, 2 stories, practically new; cost $6,000 to build it; lot 100 feet front on Woodward Avenue, and about 200 feet deep. And the price is so low that we wouldn't feel justified in mentioning it in this public manner. Really, if you want the house and lot in our town at a cost far less than it could be built at present condition, you surely would do yourself an injustice if you failed to call on us and let us take you to see it. That's right!

135

Large 10-room frame house on Woodward avenue, basement under all, good furnace, bath, handsome oak mantels, etc., etc. Also a fine large barn, best house, flowing well, all kinds of small fruits, also a magnificent grove for shade. All set; buildings and grounds in the land of the free, or the whole place for $6,500. It is right on the car line, and only 2 miles from Detroit's city limits. Also 40 acres of land and the most sightly and picturesque site in the village. Come and see what it is, and you will never be sorry for having made the investigation.

140

House and lot in the Campbell sub-division, on north side of Forest Avenue; 10 rooms, furnace, cellar under the whole house, cistern, well and wood finish in natural woods, all kinds of fruit; a bargain at $2,600. Say, the house cost more than that to build it.

144

Farm in Southfield of 120 acres; is buildings rolling land, clay loam with some clay; well drained; 30 acres oak timber; fruit in bearing; 10 acres orchard. Buildings alone are valued at $5,000. Can be bought for a very little more than $50 per acre, say, $5,500. Stream of living water; buildings consist of house, barn, sheds, and stock; half a mile from Franklin village. Good neighborhood. Is this the farm you have been on your mind? Come and let us show it to you.

146

Farm, 174 acres, good buildings; 8 acres timber, 2 acres orchard; one mile east of the Electric R'y, in Royal Oak township; price $100 per acre; soil loam and clay soil. If you cause with the undersigned you will find that you can buy it for $5,500. But if we are properly approached we might consider half cash, rest on easy terms.

147

Nice little home for someone of small means; 1½ acres in n w ¼ s e ¼ of sec 34, immediately in Troy; house 9 rooms; barn in good shape; well is built barn and house never dry; ¾ mile east of Rochester Electric; fare to Detroit 15c; R. F. D. all cash and no grumbling will buy it at $750. Hurry up!

157

The Detroiter Cooper stock farm, on the one-half mile north of Birmingham on the D. U. R. electric line, and right among the summer homes of some of the most prominent Detroiters and wealthy citizens. Three hundred and forty-five acres of excellent farming land, with 15 buildings, well adapted to the requirements of a first-class stock farm. Forty acres of timber, and for the matter of fruit there are forty peer land and five hundred plum trees, and six acres of bearing apple orchard. Also a fine lot of hard maple race tracks in the state is situated on the farm. There is an artesian well 300 feet deep supplying an unlimited amount of mineral water that is properly analyzed and advertised, and would be worth more than the price of the farm from $5 to $10 a month is even now realized from the sale of this water, which is acknowledged by the first medical specialists of the present day to be the best known remedy extant for Diabetes and the various other kidney diseases. A chemical analysis of the water will be furnished on request. The principal dwelling on the place cost over $7,000, and it's worth the money. It has a modern hot air furnace, and all the other conveniences which are almost considered necessary now-a-days. A good brick tenant house—in fact twelve good buildings in all.

No. 160

Best 80 in Township of Troy; buildings would cost $8,500 to build half as good; silo, flowing well; three barns and buildings in excellent repair; one mile from electric railway; $7,000, or a little less perhaps, would buy it. Take you to see it any day.

No. 162

Seventy-acre farm in Waterford township. Price $2,750; $1,400 cash, balance on easy terms and long time. Fine buildings alone worth $3,500; cranberry marsh produces 75 to 100 bushels per year without cultivation; Clarkston 2½ miles; Waterford four miles.

No. 163

South ¾ of northeast ¼ of sec. 34, Southfield, 79 acres for $2,800; terms easy. Buildings fair. Well, cistern, etc. 3½ miles from Sand Hill, on Farmington electric road. Must be sold before April 1 next.

No. 165

Eighty-acre farm in Township of Wells, Tuscola county, Mich.; 30 acres cleared, two acres orchard, balance in second-growth timber; black sandy loam. An extra $1,000 cash will buy it.

No. 166

Seventy acres just north of the base line in Royal Oak township—60 acres cleared, 15 acres second-growth, and 5 acres orchard; no buildings; soil sandy. Price $65 per acre. But wait a minute; it's only a short distance from the new State Fair Ground, and within 15 minutes of the City Hall.

No. 167

Wants to trade for 50 or 60 acres on or near electric R'y. Ninety-four acres on east ½ of southwest ¼ sec. 11, T. Troy township. Fine buildings valued at $3,000 (insured for $1,700); flowing well piped to barn; farm well adapted for stock or dairy; 1½ miles from electric at Troy Corners, where there are good schools and churches. Fare 10c to Detroit; $60 per acre.

No. 171

Finest building site between Birmingham and Pontiac, on electric railway, just north of Birmingham, among the country homes of such men as Booth, Barbour, Lindsay, Brady, Shaw, Conklin, and others; 41 acres, nearly half of which is timber, and pretty little branch of River Rouge never dry runs through the place with giant vines and oaks overhanging. No buildi gs, good drainage, for sale cheap for cash. Price is high, but if you have the cream you must expect to pay for it.

174

Farm of 160 acres, ¾ mile from Highland Station; 20 acres fine oak timber, 5 acres orchard, 10 buildings insured for $2,000; good water fine neighborhood. Will trade for Detroit or Birmingham improved realestate. Price is so low we are ashamed to tell it, for fear you'd think the farm was no good. Just ask us about the circumstances.

176

Farm of 225 acres on the town line between Troy and Bloomfield. Seven buildings valued at $4,000, 18 acres oak and hickory timber, 3 acres bearing apple and peach orchard; pretty little branch of the River Rouge runs through east end; 4 good wells, 3 miles new wire fence; adjoins the celebrated Joy Stock Farm; well drained; 1½ miles from the Detroit & Pontiac electric. Nice little drive for a pleasant afternoon; come and we'll show you the prettiest place in Oakland county.

178

Seven-room cottage on west side of Bates street, 42 feet front, 120 feet deep. You couldn't build the house for $1,200, and that's all we ask for it. City water, wood shed, cellar, all ordinary conveniences. One of the best bargains we have. Show it to you any time.

179

Farm in Springfield township for sale or exchange for property in Royal Oak, Birmingham or Pontiac. 120 acres; 100 cleared, 12 of oak timber; 5 acres good apple orchard. Two buildings valued at $900; property unincumbered buildings insured. Price $7,500, enough down to secure.

180

Farm in Avon township; 55 acres of good clay loam, all cleared, small orchard, no buildings; small amount down. For sale or exchange for small farm.

181

Farm for sale in Town of Southfield; 80 acres clay loam; all cleared; four acres good orchard; plenty of clay loam; three buildings worth $3,000, insured. Will sell for $3,200, enough cash down to secure

183

Two lots in Royal Oak, Block A. Splendid location.

185

House and two lots in Birmingham; building in good repair, insured. For very low cash price.

186

Corner lot, 100 feet front, on Maple avenue 120 feet deep; one good house and barn; plenty of small fruit. A bargain for $1,000, one-half cash down.

187

House and lot in Campbell Subdivision, Birmingham; building in good repair. Come in and see the price, and let us surprise you.

188

One of the best-arranged and finest-equipped residences in the village, and in absolutely the best location—East Maple Avenue, Birmingham. From electric road; bath, toilet, hot and cold water, for that matter, conveniences of every sort, better than new; 8 buildings, fine orchard; 122 feet on Maple, 320 feet deep; plenty of room for chickens and garden; good barn, fine workshop. Say! What else do you want, anyway? Will sell house and 52 feet front by 150 feet deep for $2,800. One of our best bargains.

190

Seven-room cottage on Ann Street, just finished; conveniences in the village and in absolutely the best location. Will sell, buildings and grounds, for $1,600, insured for $1,400; fine location in growing part of village. Price $1,600.

191

Vacant lots Nos. 54 and 55, Block B, Willsen's sub-division, Royal Oak Village; most desirable part of this growing village. Price $350 cash—no trade.

192

Twelve and one-half acres on section 19, Royal Oak; 4 buildings, insured for $1,000; 1½ acres apple timber, and 2 acres good orchard; 2¼ miles west of Royal Oak village. This farm for chicken raising and garden truck. Price $1,600.

193

Thirty-five-acre fruit farm, 1½ miles north of Birmingham. Buildings, house, 2 barns, insured for $1,300. All kinds of soil—clay, gravel, sand, loam. Will trade for house and lot in Detroit; 2 bearing peach orchards, 10 bushels each; 2 bearing apple orchards, 10 bushels each; 1 acre bearing strawberries; 10 tons hay, etc. A gravel ridge 30 rods in length; soil adapted to the production of early garden truck. Waste land at a high state of cultivation. Worth looking at anyhow. Price $5,000 cash.

194

Fifty acres in Township of Troy, adjoining the village of Birmingham; 30 acres timber, 10 acres second growth, plenty of small fruit, orchard, house and barn; fronts 660 feet on Maple road, 2½ miles from Flint Division D. U. R.; 2 wells and fine spring. Price, $4,000.

195

Fifteen acres in Township of Royal Oak; buildings; small grove of maples in a pretty knoll; 2 acres cleared, well drained, clay loam, balance sandy soil; corner of Maple road and Campbell road, 2½ miles from Birmingham; 1½ miles from Detroit property.

196

Six acres, part of s w ¼ of n e ¼ of section 14, Troy township; new barn, fair house, soil clay loam, fine orchard; 4 acres of timber; 2 miles electric road, 3½ miles from Big Beaver; good farm for somebody. Price $1,800.

198

Ten acres 1 mile east of Royal Oak village; excellent location, 40 fine apple trees, no buildings. Price $1,200. The place is small, but mighty, and the price will enable you to build the kind of house you may require.

199

One hundred and six acres, ¾ mile east of Northwood station on the Woodward Avenue electric and ¾ mile west of the Pere Marquette R. R. Buildings, new; two wind mills, two good houses, farm well fenced and tiled. Excellent orchard. Insured for $5,500; 1½ miles from Royal Oak village; a fine location for a stock farm. Will sell at $60 per acre. Let us take you to see it. It will please you, and if you don't buy we won't grumble.

200

One hundred and twenty-six acres near Birmingham; good buildings, well fenced, fine orchard, flowing well; pretty stream of water flows through the farm; ¼ mile from Birmingham. Worth looking at. Take you to see it any day. Oh, yes; the price is $10,000, and the terms are easy. Farms not as good as this have sold within the past year, in the immediate vicinity, for $150 an acre. Let us take you to see it. It will please you, and if you don't buy we won't grumble.

201

Fine 5-story residence on Maple Avenue, corner of High Street; 50 feet front, 125 feet deep; hot-water heater, hot and cold bath, toilet, and city water; every convenience found in the best class of city residences. Corner lot; shade trees and hear neighborhood in town. House would cost at least $8,000 to build today; ask any one to build it for less and see what they say. You can buy this house and home for $5,000, and have your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

202

This is sure a good bargain for somebody that we can't help making a special notice of it. Just listen! 19½ acres in the pretty little Village of Southfield (the property formerly owned by Dr. Holcomb); 3 buildings valued at $2,000; house finished in natural woods, 12 rooms, 3 verandas, cement walks around building; house is insured for $2,000.00. And all this can be had for $2,500 cash, or will trade for good improved property in Detroit or Birmingham. We said cash, but if parties wish to make small payment down, enough to secure, we have no doubt but the matter could be arranged suitably. It will be good business for you to address the Exchange Bank if you want to take advantage of the best bargain on the list.

203

Forty acres on the line of the Flint electric, at Harris Corners, in Troy Township. Excellent soil, clay loam, no waste; one of the finest locations for building a nice country residence. The place is held for more money, but make us an offer of $2,000 cash, and we will see what we can do for you.

204

The VanEvery Farm of 160 acres. To those acquainted with the place, this description would be sufficient. However, it is one of the finest. Beautiful location on the banks of Wolf Lake, 10 acres of timber; 20 acres of excellent orchard; 9 buildings valued at $5,000; recently rebuilt; 700 rods new Page fence; over $2,000 required to put on the place last spring; fine, bold lake shore; delightful boating, fishing and bathing; half mile to good school; 2 miles to Village of Franklin and 4½ miles from Birmingham; good neighborhood. Ask the man at the bank.

205

Part of lot on the north side of Townsend Street, Castle's Plat; plenty of good fruit, good barn; all you have to do is to build a house and you are fixed for life. If you don't want the barn, will sell the lot for $300. Postal card will get full particulars.

206

One hundred and forty feet front and 140 feet deep on Woodward Avenue; small fruits, apples, peaches; house of nine 10 rooms—2 story and wing; hot air furnace, city gas, toilet and bath room; hot and cold soft water for bath, water motor, good cellar with cement floor, wood and coal sheds—in fact, one of the best locations and finest-equipped residences in the village of Birmingham; and the price is right. Don't take our word for it, but ask the man at the bank, and see if you don't think it is a bargain.

HER OFFENSE.

The despondent damsel had been apprehended in the very act of drinking carbolic. The speedy work of skilled physicians saved her life. The physicians afterward admitted that they had saved it. An officious constable hurried her on the ground of attempted suicide. Then a wise man presenter interfered and said:

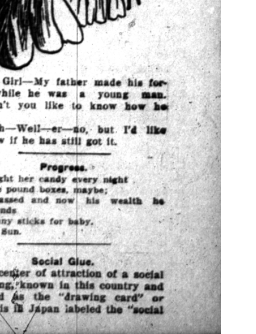
"I object to this high-handed procedure. If this person is to be seized on any charge, it should be as a violator of the pure-food law."

"How so?" exclaimed every one in unison.

"Because she was putting acid inside her."

Whereupon the crowd released the woman and with one accord hanged the author of the pun.—Judge.

WHAT INTERESTED HIM MOST.



Fair Girl—My father made his fortune while he was a young man. Wouldn't you like to know how he did it?

Youth—Well—er—no, but I'd like to know if he has still got it.

Progress.

He bought her candy every night
In five pound boxes, maybe;
Time passed and now his wealth he spends
In penny sticks for baby.
—N. Y. Sun.

Social Glue.

The center of attraction of a social gathering, known in this country and England as the "drawing card" or "lion," is in Japan labeled the "social glue."