MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE
Author of "Double Jealousy" "Love Under Lock and Key" "Sweet Alice" etc.

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Chapter XV. Continued.

In front of the door Dick halts his team. Lights abound just here, a number of colored lanterns hanging from the trees. The music of a fountain can be heard close by, and the air is heavy, with the intoxicating perfumery of flowers.

A carpet has been laid upon the steps, for these Mexicans of the upper class know all the wrinkles of Fifth avenue or the boulevards of Paris. As the pretended driver hands the ladies out, he gives no indication of his identity, but Dora looks at him closely —Dora, whose eyes are so sharp that little escapes them.

He does not know whether she suspects or not, but sees the ladies mount the steps, at the top of which they are met by the senora, and all vanish from his vision.

Dick looks after his horses. Several servants approach him, as though anxious to talk, but they get such short, surly answers to their questions that they soon give up trying to make the acquaintance of the boor. Thus Dick is left severely alone, which is just what he wants.

If Lopez is in this game at all, what will be his plan of action. Does he intend to strike while Pauline is under the roof of Morales, or has he bought the driver of the vehicle and expects him to deliver the young American, who controls the El Dorado, into his hands?

The time wears on. Between the music he can hear laughter and the sound of voices, as though the inmates of the house are having a pleasant time. Dick smiles grimly. He is quite content to stand on guard while the girl he loves enjoys herself

Meets His Assailants with His Fists.

it gives him a thrill to think that he may be in a measure looked upon as her protector.

Then his thoughts fly in another direction. Has Bob kept his promise, and does he crouch just outside the walls, ready to respond to a signal should there be any need of his services? He knows the Sheriff of Secora county too well to doubt this fact. If Bob has declared his intention to do a certain thing, all the forces of nature and man cannot debar him. Besides there is a magnet here that must draw him.

Once Dick catches a voice that causes him to elevate his eyebrows. So the little professor, who has come to Mexico to burrow in new realms of science and make known to the world her wealth in animal life, is present.

This fact causes Dick to believe more than ever that the whole business is a deeplaid scheme on the part of Lopez. Perhaps Morales is in his power. The grandee diplomat may own a goodly share in the El Dorado, so that he is financially interested in the carrying out of the hidalgo's schemes. Dick moves nearer, so that he may examine the house and its approaches. If Morales is in the game, of course that is no reason his wife knows aught about it; her influence may have been secured and she quite innocent.

Still the time passes. He can see that they are having refreshments above. One of the servants invites him to join them in cake and pulque, but Dick refuses, but continues to smoke while he keeps up his vigil, knowing that if he once gets among a lot of native Mexicans they will soon penetrate his disguise.

So he waits.

The drama will soon make another turn unless his calculations are all astray. He feels for his weapons now and then, not that he is anxious to use them, but their presence gives him confidence in his power to protect Pauline.

If Morales has been drawn into the plot he must have entered it heart and soul, and once in, will give himself over to the service of Lopez without reserve, so that all the forces under his control will be turned against the Americans.

The hour grows late. Dick consults his watch and finds it is after eleven. They have been having such a good time inside the house that perhaps they do not notice the lapse of hours. More than once he sees Pauline in a window, and fears his eyes upon her. Not a pang of jea ousy passes into his heart when he sees her in the company of one who seems to be a Mexican officer, judging from his military dress, for Dick is already sure of the soid he has upon Miss Westerly's regard. Like a faithful watch-dog he waits; and the opportunity comes at last.

He notices that there has been a change within—the music ceases, and even the laughter comes only at intervals. Perhaps the ladies are about ready to go home; if so, the crucial test is certainly at hand.

Dick moves still nearer, in order to be ready for anything that may take place. What was that? It sounded not unlike a woman's scream. He knows Miss Pauline is above giving vent to her feelings in that way, but what of Dora? Other signs warn Dick that the hour, yes, the minute, has come. He remembers his promise to Bob, and gives the signal whistle that is to warn the other. Then, hesitating no longer, he springs up the steps of the mansion, two at a time. A voice calls after him, but he ignores the fact. Perhaps some of the Morales retainers are there, and amazed to see one they take to be the driver of a vehicle rushing into the house of their master.

Dick finds the doors wide open. He bursts into the spacious hallway where lights abound, his manner that of a tiger in pursuit of his prey.

There is no need of a directory to show him the way; the loud voices lead him straight to the room where an exciting drama is taking place.

As he reaches the doorway this is what meets his eyes. The room is apparently a library, and seems full of people. There is Dora, looking frightened, and with Professor John endeavoring to calm her, at the same time pouring his share of devotion into her ear. Senora Morales has sunk back upon a divan, while her husband stands before her, his face expressing shame at being connected with a scheme to harm his wife's guest.

In the middle of the room stands the central figure—Pauline Westerly. Two men hold her, and it is well they do, for she has a small revolver in her hand, and would do some of her enemies harm if given the chance.

The men who thus lay sacrilegious hands upon the brave American girl are Senor Lopez and one of his followers. Although there are a number of Mexican gentlemen present, not one raises a hand to help beauty in

distress, which is positive proof that they are all in the same boat; like Morales, they fear a deep interest in the El Dorado, and besides, must be in the power of the cunning old hidalgo.

All this constitutes a dramatic scene Dick will never forget to his dying day. His first glance is at the girl's face—how her eyes seem to fairly burn as they turn upon the old Mexican don. She feels an utter contempt for a man who would stoop to war upon women, and this feeling is shown in her glorious orbs.

Dick catches his breath as his eyes remain riveted upon that inspired face. With such an incentive he would dare anything on earth, nor could he be daunted.

"This time we have you, my lady manager, and we do not mean to let you escape until you have placed your signature to this paper. Jose, place it on the table—the pen—the ink. Now," twisting the little revolver from her hand, "sit down and sign, Miss Westerly," and the senor almost forcibly caused Pauline to be seated.

Will she sign? Dick is ready to spring forward, if he sees her about to give way. She takes the paper in her hands and reads—every eye is bent upon her—she slowly picks up the pen, dips it in the ink, and, as Dick takes a step forward, draws a heavy black cross over the entire face of the document.

CHAPTER XVI.

Locking Horns.

Exclamations burst out on all sides, and more than one Mexican oath is heard. Lopez looks as black as a thunder-cloud, though he smiles in a cruel way, as only a Mexican can.

"Ah! you will give us the trouble to make out a new document. It is easily done. Understand, you go not forth until you have signed. This time there is no dashing cowboy to fly to your rescue; we have looked after him, senorita. If you refuse to sign, this night sees his death."

Here is a new factor brought to bear—her love for Dick. It may influence her more than anything else. The man in the door-way hears this threat with a feeling of rage; he can restrain himself but little longer, and then a Texas cloud-burst will sweep into that library, threatening to overcome all before it.

"You are cruel; you are contemptible! What has any one else to do with my business? You would scruple at nothing in order to further your designs," she cries.

"That is just where you are right, senorita," gloats the hidalgo, seeing signs of relenting.

"She gives in! we have won!" exclaims more than one among those present.

"You are wrong; I will not sign; Mr. Denver is capable of looking after himself," comes her answer, and the expectant faces darken again.

"Then nothing remains but force. You have said I am cruel; you compel me to be so. Consider yourself a prisoner, Senorita Pauline Westerly; a prisoner whose fate depends upon her discretion in writing her name. Jose! Sancho! once more lay hold upon our fair captive."

"Hands off, there!"

These words come in a roar; the steam engine has burst under the tremendous strain, a human cyclone rushes through the door-way, and up to the men who are about to obey their friend and master, by laying hands upon the girl who dares defy his will.

Upon them Dick Denver plunges with all the speed of a wild-cat engine, and when the impact has come two Mexican gentlemen are seen flying in as many different directions with an impetus that is alarming, while their impelling power, the man who has come upon the scene thus suddenly, stands there, facing the whole roomful of people.

Pauline sees, she comprehends, she gasps, in a happy delirium:

"Thank Heaven! It is my hero, it is Dick!"

The storm that races down the Sierra Madres through arroya and barranca, cutting woods and chaparral in its way, does not produce more consternation than the coming of this human hurricane, before which Jose and Sancho have gone down in confusion.

Senor Lopez starts back in alarm; his crafty black eyes are fixed upon the face of the man; he sees the driver who was hired to serve him, looks further and discovers more.

"The accursed Americano!" he hisses, his swarthy face expressing the utmost rage, for already has Dick Denver played havoc with his plans, and a man of his fiery temper cannot stand being balked.

Dick knows he is in the midst of men who have reason to hate him; he has intelligence that more than one carries a cuchillo that they would willingly baptize in his blood, consequently, after having sent the two men into different corners, with his fists, he draws out something that will go further than anything with which a man can overtake an enemy who may be fleeing from him, and fifty feet away, since a bullet is gifted with the wings of the lightning.

Gentlemen all, this lady is under my protection; I mean to see her safely to her hotel, and the man who interferes does it at his peril! I am an American, Dick Denver is my name, and any one who wants satisfaction will find me at the Plaza. Now stand back, every one."

"Dora!"

"Oh, Mr. Denver!"

"Come, Miss Pauline, we must leave this inhospitable house," he cries.

"Mercy!" moans the wretched senora, whose hospitality has been so abused by her husband, one of the worst things a Spaniard could do.

(To Be Continued.)

THE PLOT THAT FAILED.

Governor Found Himself in a Predicament and Schemed to Squirm Out of It.

A couple of years ago a governor of one of the southern states went to Palm Beach, Florida, for a short holiday. He registered at one of the magnificent hotels and was assigned to a luxurious suite of rooms. He was comfortably installed, relates Lippincott's, when a friend came in to call on him.

"This is a wonderful apartment they have given you," said the visitor.

"Why, yes," replied the governor. "I've never enjoyed such luxury in my life. Never saw such a place! They just showed me to these rooms, but I've been wondering if they realized that I was a poor man. What do you suppose they'll charge me?"

"Well, governor," answered the other, "I happen to know about that. The last time a railroad president from New York, paid $75 a day for these very rooms."

"Scissors to grind," cried the unfortunate politician, "I've only got $50. I'll have to leave at once. But look here, Jim, I don't want to confess I can't pay for at least one day so you go down to the station and telegraph me to come home at once. I will meet you at the station within an hour."

When the governor arrived at the station his friend the friend waiting as he had arranged.

"You got my telegram all right?"

"Got it!" said the governor in a despairing voice, "I should say so. I believe I am the unluckiest man alive. Why, when I went to ask for my bill the manager of the clerk said: 'He told me there was no bill—said they would be honored if I stay a year!'"

CLOTHES HELP CIVILIZE.

Philippine Savages Were Made Peaceable by Introduction of Them.

"Why do you want this, and what do you come here for, anyhow?" questioned, at one of these meetings, the old sultan of Bayabao, writes R. L. Bullard, in Atlantic, after I had just finished dealing out quinine to him and his begging retinue one raw, rainy day. "We are satisfied as we are," he added, vehemently, as he sat shivering in bare feet, thin jacket, and flimsy trousers before me, well, warmly, and dryly clad.

"Have you such shoes and clothes as I to warm your body and protect your feet? Oh have you such medicines as I have just given you to cure your sickness?" I answered. "Do you know how to make them? He was silent and began to listen. "We do, and have some to show you. That is why."

To this day he and his people have not fought the Americans, nor resisted their government.

No More Swinging.

Mother Monkey—What's the matter, dear? Why are you crying?

Little Monk—The teacher told me I'd evolute into a human being some day and I'll have to lose my tail.—Detroit Free Press.

All Over.

"What's the matter, Jack? You look cut up."

"I am. You know I came 200 miles to see Miss Hardcastle. Well, I called on her last night, and, by mistake, sent up my pawn ticket instead of my card."—Stray Stories.

THE UNDOING OF UNCLE ZEKE.

There is such a thing as being too strenuous, even when the pace is set by no less authority than the president. There can be strenuosity in speech as well as in action. Quite recently the postmaster at a certain village on the eastern shore related an incident wherein the strenuousity of speech proved Uncle Zeke's undoing.

"Well," the postmaster admitted, reluctantly, "there don't many drummers stop in the village over night if they can get away—not now they don't. They used to every one.

"You see, while there ain't much of a town here—fact, you wouldn't hardly notice it at all 'less it was sort of brought forward to be noticed, still a lot of folks and oyster folks come here to trade, and the stores handle right smart of stuff altogether.

"The drummers used to come down to King's Crossing—that's seven miles from here—on the mornin' train, and Uncle Zeke, that run the hotel here, would always be on hand to drive them over, so they didn't take a livery team. They would calculate to get through in the village, an' catch the evening train at the Crossing. There wasn't but one train each way in the day.

"That's what they calculated on, but that didn't suit Uncle Zeke—naturally like he wanted them to stay over night ot his hotel, and they did.

"It was this way. The train passed the Crossing at seven o'clock in the evening. Well, when there was a drummer at the hotel, supper had a way of bein' kinder late, so it was generally 'bout half-past five before Uncle Zeke got the table ready. Solomon hitched up ready to drive 'em down. They'd finally get started, though, an' make right good time for about three miles, an' then right in the middle of the river ford that runs Solomon Balkers, Solomon sure took the cake. Never heard of Solomon balkin' anywhere else, or any time 'cept when there was a drummer in the buggy—but he never missed it then. I do believe that Uncle Zeke would size up a drummer a half mile off.

"Well, as I said, Solomon would balk. He would just stand there in the middle of the ford, with his legs braced out an' his ears laid back an' all the horse-sense never heard wouldn't budge him an inch. There was just one thing that would move him. When he heard the faint far-off whistle of the train for King's Crossing he would kinder sigh, gather his legs up, an' calmly walk on. Wasn't no use then—couldn't possibly get to the Crossing in time to catch the train. Nothin' to do but turn 'round an' come back to the village, there not bein' any hotel at the Crossing. Funny thing about it, the Solomon never balked in the mornin', always got to the Crossing in plenty of time for the train.

"Uncle Zeke made a right good thing out of his hotel for a long time, an' was powerful proud of that mule. Used to might near cry when he had to larrup him when he was a-balkin' in the water.

"Well, one day Uncle Zeke brought on a big Wall street fellow that wanted to look over some oyster interests. He fooled around the country all day, an' in the afternoon came back to the hotel. As per usual, supper got kinder late. They was eatin' when a young fellow rode up on a bicycle with a telegram that the agent at the Crossing had sent on for the Wall street man. It must have been right important, for when he read it he never stopped to finish his supper, but grabbed his hat an' yelled for Uncle Zeke to get him to the Crossing in no time—a special would come along and pick him up.

"I'll give you $50 to make it in 45 minutes,' he says to Uncle Zeke, an' you oughter seen that old rascal hump himself an' get the harness on Solomon.

"Well, they got off in a hurry, an' were evidently goin' to do that seven miles in 45 minutes all right at that gait—till they come to the ford. You see, the Wall street fellow had a big diamond in his shirt front, and so on, an' for the first time in his life Solomon made a mistake—took 'im for a drummer. When they got to the middle of the ford Solomon kinder leaned up against hisself an' waited for the customary cussin'. It come, but not the customary kind. That Wall street fellow like to have had a fit.

"'Take the hide off him,' he yells, 'I'll give you $100 to get to the station by 6:30,' he says.

"Uncle Zeke sure wanted that money, an' the way he whaled into Solomon was a caution. Solomon stood it all till Uncle Zeke called him 'a fool mule'; that took all the stiffening out of him, and as he gave a heartbroken sigh he sank slowly out of the water and lay down in the middle of the road on the bank. Uncle Zeke whaled and walloped him, but wasn't no use. Solomon felt that he had been betrayed and slandered by a friend he had loved with his whole heart, an' his heart was broke. He wouldn't get up—the strenuosity of language had been too much for him.

"Finally the New York fellow grabbed his grip an' started to walk. Uncle Zeke let every one of Uncle Zeke a dollar for bringin' him that far. He got a farmer down the road to take him in his wagon, an' the agent said he got to the Crossing 'bout seven o'clock, so mad he was about to choke.

"Well, no drummers didn't stay in the village after that. Solomon never balked again, an' no matter how late supper was, he would pull that buggy through to the station on time. To the end of his days that mule went around reminiscin' you of the snow-storm in the melter-drawn, with his poor ears hangin' down like frostbitten lily leaves.

"Which show," the postmaster concluded impressively, "to what strenuosity of language, as well as strenuosity of action, will sometimes bring a man."—Baltimore American.

Whisky in Australia.

Australians apparently have about decided that if they do continue drinking British whiskies they must have them pure. Five years ago the annual consumption of Scotch whisky in western Australia amounted to about 2,000,000 gallons, but now it is not quite much more than 1,500,000. The decrease is ascribed to adulteration.

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:

5.

Elegant house and lot 66 feet front and 20 rods deep on Maple Ave. East, half an hour's ride from the center of Birmingham, opposite the Fashion suburban electric cars. Can be bought on easy terms. The building cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

12

The Bayley farm, in the Town of Troy, 127¾ 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.

42

Brick house, good barn, and seven acres of land suitable for platting, on south side of Maple avenue east, Birmingham, opposite the Fashion suburban electric cars, 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. Ry. south by Bower street, west by Woodward avenue. Also lots on Lake Park avenue, 175 feet deep on north side and 145 feet on south side, all in the Village of Birmingham, Mich. One of the finest building sites in the village.

56

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 this County, with 8 fairly good buildings. There is no incumbrance on the property, and it is less than 2 miles from the Farmington electric road. 5 acres of timber, other than this 40 acres that I do not only $45.00 per acre and you can have your own way about the terms of payment as long as you have cash or security to secure it. A postal will get you fuller particulars.

58

Good little farm in the township of West Bloomfield, Oakland county, one mile—So cleared, 18 of oak timber, 2 acres of orchard, house and barn of but little value. The little lake on the farm, good neighborhood and soil of the very best. Waits a minute. The price is the thing to make you consider. It can be bought for $45.00 per acre. There!

77

One cot on Saginaw street, just south of land owned by John Gerstan, 50 feet frontage. Anyone wishing to purchase will find this a bargain. For particulars inquire of Mollie G. Smith or at the Exchange Bank.

89

Lot on the east side of Baldwin Ave., in the Baldwin Addition. Fine building site. Price only $100.00.

90

Finest farm we know of, 154 acres one mile south of the village of Birmingham. Have good buildings, 30 acres of timber, 4 acres of orchard, half acre of grafted fruit, small assortment of small fruits, and one mile west of the electric railway. Flowing well. House heated with furnace.

94

One of the best farms, without exception, in the township of Southfield, 123 acres and no waste land. Well fenced and thoroughly tiled, 12 acres excellent orchards to acres good heavy timber. Two buildings well built, worth more than $3,000 and the place can be bought on easy terms for $65.00 per acre. There, if that don't get you to thinking we won't try any more. A cent's worth of postal cards will tell you all about it by return mail.

Price $65.00 per acre. Want to know more about it? A postal will bring full particulars.

96

Yep! there's your chance at last. Will exchange for property, city or farm, 40 acres on 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 wire fences, one thoroughly drained, 75 grape vines, 75 apple trees, 50 raspberries, two barns, fine dwelling, one swing and one hammock, and one of the finest locations combined, everything ready to do the finest and most profitable farming. Don't let the country but falling health makes it advisable to dispose of this desirable property. Price $50.00 an acre.

Farm of 77½ acres on the Twelve mile road, ¼ miles east of the Electric Railway on Woodward avenue, two-story House, good barn and buildings which are insured for $1,500. Also a long lane. Admirable for truck gardening, plenty of fruit of all kinds. Price $6,500.

101

Farm of 21 acres in sections 22 and 15, Southfield; 3 acres best grafted fruit, 5 buildings insured for $1,000, all plow land, well drained and under a high state of cultivation. Price $3,000.

102

Two story brick residence in the village of Franklin, Mich., and one of the finest in the country, with beautiful surroundings, nestled among the hills and valleys of the prettiest little village in Eastern Michigan. The cellar is divided into vegetable, provision, laundry and furnace room. The house has thirteen rooms and five closets, hot and cold water, furnace room, and a bath room that is complete in every instance that you could possibly have in the city. Two barns, carriage house, and all that goes to make a special would come along and pick him up. make up a country home of the finest and most comfortable kind. If you want such a place that would suit you, we will take you to see this place and be glad to get acquainted with you whether you buy or not.

103

Eighty acre farm in White Lake township, W. N. P. R. R., 30 acres cleared, 40 acres timber and huckleberry swamp. (Don't laugh this swamp netted the owner $100 last year in summer). Three acres of orchard, house of 4 rooms, good neighborhood; 4½ miles from Pontiac, 3 miles from Commerce, proposed electric road comes within a mile of the house. Price $2,000. Say, what do you want, anyhow?

104

House and barn and south half of four lots, corner of Fremont and Pierce streets, Birmingham; contains little home and garden, finally 55 feet front on Pierce street and 160 on Fremont. Price $1,200, terms easy. Will trade for other property.

106

House and two lots on Stanley avenue, Birmingham, 150x330 feet, cistern, cellar, fruit; house worth $1,000 and that's all we ask for the place. Wouldnt that take you to the Twig?

107

One of the finest residences in the village of Birmingham, 200 feet front on Brown and 200 on Daines street, of 8 rooms and bath, hot and cold rooms, well cistern, cellar, plenty of fruit; one block from electric cars for Detroit. Price $5,500.

108

About 15 acres of vacant property in the village of Birmingham, suitable for platting; 300 feet on west side of Woodward avenue, and in the heart of the electric railway; will plat into 65 lots 30 feet each, and a thousand dollars cash will buy it with the balance of the purchase price on long time at low rate of interest. Owner needs the money in it, or maybe who could take a second mortgage for it, and who could take monthly payments, etc.

114

Fine farm in the township of Southfield; 8 acres of which 75 are cleared, and the balance in good maple timber. Two acres of orchard, 3 buildings worth $3,000, and this property in fine place can be bought for $5,000. Mail call!

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 growing too much for it, and so they are just getting down to reason and some are very cheap. 160 acres, 40 acres at $50 per acre, 5 buildings, have spring of ever-flowing water, and plenty of timber. Some of it is quite interesting timber. No marsh land on the place. There!

117

The celebrated Cooper stock farm, situated on half mile south of Birmingham, Mich., on R. R. electric line, and right among the finest homes of any village in Michigan, and the wealthy citizens. Three hundred and forty-two acres of excellent farming land, with 10 buildings, well adapted to the requirements of a first-class stock farm. Forty acres of this is in the matter of fruit. There are forty pear trees and five hundred plum trees, and six acres of the finest grafted apples in the state. Also a mile race tracks in the state is situated on the farm. There are also two flowing wells, one supplying an unlimited amount of mineral water, which, if properly handled, in a few years would be worth more than the price of the farm. Another well supplies the finest spring water from the side of the water, which is acknowledged by the first medical specialists of the present day to be the best remedy in all the world for Diabetes and the various other kidney troubles. Analysis of both these waters can be furnished on request. The principal dwelling on the place cost $15,000 to build, not to say the money. It has a modern hot air furnace and hot and cold water, and in fact all the almost considered necessities now-a-days. A good brick tenant house in fact twelve good buildings in all.

No. 158

Farm of 127 acres, 10-room brick house, excellent barn, basement, 2 silos, 2 wells, 1 never failing spring, 1 mile from electric cars, 1 mile from U. D. R. R., 2 miles south of Rochester. It necessary will divide the place in smaller portions. And also 10 acres of fine timber, 2 miles from other farms along the line of electric roads. We will show more than one bargain in this list of real estate dealers in Detroit. Exchange Real Estate, Birmingham, Mich.

189

SAY—What do you want anyhow? Fifty-nine acre farm for sale half mile east of Clawson, on the Detroit line of the D. U. R. Fair buildings, orchards, all to good shape; no waste land; worth $1,000 an acre for subdivision lots, but for $65 per acre; half a dozen fine farms above the line for $50 per acre. Also fine lots on the Royal Oak and rochester postal card will get 'em. Do it now. Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

No. 160

Best 80 in Township of Troy: Buildings would cost $5,000 to replace; 50 acres tillable, balance timber; fences, 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 $2,700; $1,400 cash; balance on easy terms and long time; buildings alone worth $2,500; cranberry marsh; 40 acres timber; 30 acres fruit; fences, orchards, all in good shape; no waste land; 2 miles from Waterford electric railway. Can be had for $65 per acre; half a dozen fine farms above the line of the Detroit United Railway; also fine Royal Oak and rochester postal card will get 'em. Do it now. Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

No. 163

South ½ of northeast ¼ of Sec. 34, Southfield; 79 acres, for $2,800; terms easy. Buildings fair; well, cistern; fence; 15 miles from Detroit, on Farmington electric. Must be sold before April 1 next.

No. 164

Eighty-five acres 80 rods east of the Pontiac electric car line. Owner has been thoroughly house worth $3,000; eight buildings, flowing well on back part of farm, five acres oak timber, six acres fine orchard, has been steadily held at $110 per acre, but will now sacrifice at $75. An ideal country home for city gentleman.

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 even $2,000 cash will buy it.

No. 166

Seventy acres just north of the base line in Royal Oak township—50 acres cleared, 15 acres second-growth, and five acres orchard; no buildings; soil sandy. Price $60 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 80 acres on or near electric. Ninety-four acres on east ¼ of southwest ¼ Sec. 31, Troy township; 60 acres tillable; fair buildings (rented for $1,000); flowing well piped to barn; fair fruit; pasture for stock or dairy; 1¼ miles from electric at Troy Corners, where there are good schools and churches. Fare 15c to Detroit; $60 per acre.

There are signs, says a Washington report, that Alice Longworth is bringing up her husband properly. In fact, the idea is afloat in Washington that he is fairly well tamed already. He has gone shopping with his wife more than once. To be sure," says an official in one of the departments, "the worst shopping with her before she was his wife, but that doesn't count. It's the shopping he has done since then that makes or breaks the record. The antenuptial shopping was expected. The postnuptial—well, until it is done the taming has not been accomplished. The Washington rule for judging whether the husband has been tamed is to invite him to go shopping in one of the department stores before lunch. If he does, he has been broken to double harness."

Miss Lillian M. Thomas, a surgeon for the New York fire department, is an immense favorite with the firemen. Whenever a spectacular fire paints red the midnight sky there is a girl, clad in rubber coat, cap and boots, eating smoke with the sturdiest firemen. She manages to keep in the background so far as newspaper notoriety is concerned, persistently refusing to talk with reporters. Dr. Thomas looks like a very girl, and she is only several years older than that, but though the firemen are as brave as can be found none of them has had the courage to ask her age.

The few irreverend New Yorkers who refuse to recognize claims of blue blood made by or on behalf of fellow citizens are enjoying a broad grin at the expense of the 400. In the latest issue of the "Blue Book," which is supposed to contain the names of aristocrats, appear those of a negro janitor and his wife. "Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chappelle, No. 205 West One Hundred and Twenty-third street." How this awful mistake occurred, is not known.

The department of agriculture has succeeded in developing a lettuce that is all head and weighs a pound and a half. In two years they hope to have the lettuce so developed that they can produce heads weighing four pounds that will be all white and tender. "Great!" said John Allen, of Mississippi, when he heard of it. "They ought to send a few of those heads to congress."

No one will be surprised to learn that a prominent lawyer asserts that women are to blame for 80 per cent. of the divorces. Men have always talked that way, clear back to the time of Adam.

Maybe the London doctor who says night air is good for a man has used up all the other stay-out-late excuses.

Baby for Forty-Six Years.

The death has just occurred at Westbury workhouse, Wiltshire, England, of a 46-year-old baby. The child was born in Westbury, and at the age of 22 months its further development, both physically and mentally, was arrested. Throughout its life it was attired in baby's frock clothes, and continued to act and play and had to be fed and taken care of precisely as an infant.

Couldn't Scare Him.

"I'm ashamed of this composition, Charley," said a teacher in one of the local schools this morning. "I shall send for your mother and show her how bad you are doing."

"Send for her—I don't care," said Charley. "Me mudder wrote it, anyway."—Albany Journal.