MISS PAULINE IN NEW YORK

BY THEODORE BATHGATE
AUTHOR OF "DOUBLE JOHN"
"THE MAN WHO WAS NOBODY"
ETC.

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CHAPTER XXII Continued.

During this last brief interval that elapses Dick has a chance to shoot one glance upward. The chief engineer's house is back of them, and up his alarm he sees a figure in a window.

"Pauline, for heaven's sake, girl, hide!" he calls, and evidently the one he addresses hears, for the figure no longer stands there boldly in the window, although he is positive Pauline will remain where she can watch the awful battle for the possession of her birthright—the El Dorado Mine.

"Let loose!" suddenly shouts Dick, as he fires his gun into one of the onrushing groups.

A flash of fire runs along the line of intrenchments, just as wild fire runs over the prairie, only there is accompanying this the rattle of fire-arms. It must at such short range be deadly in its nature, and the assailants stagger under the blow. In some cases the sight of blood makes men demons, and such seems to be the effect now, instead of halting they rush on more rapidly than ever, and their cries are enough to curdle the blood of honest men. A peculiar change has also been effected in the situation by that burst of musketry from behind the intrenchments. Strangely enough nearly every marksman seems to have picked out a torch-bearer for his target—at least every man but one of those who carry flambeaux is down, and this sole remaining individual, finding himself left as it were, the focus of all hostile eyes, becomes panic-stricken, throws his torch upon the ground and flies from it as though the inanimate object might be the most deadly rattlesnake to be found in all the jungles of Mexico.

In the midst of this weird, ghastly sight, the followers of the Mexican hidalgo are discerned rushing up to the breastworks and engaging the defenders in a terrible hand-to-hand struggle.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Shadow of the Cuchillo.

That is the moment when Colonel Bob brings to bear his tactics. He and his men have up to now taken no part in the encounter, for the time was not ripe, but when the others reach the point that they are fighting like tigers over the breastworks to get in their work.

At a word from the colonel his men pour a withering fire upon the foemen, those who are in the advance, for that would subject their friends to the leaden hail, but a contingent of rioters, that hurries up to the assistance of their companions gets the benefit of the volley.

Bewildered, panic-stricken, they hardly know what has come upon them, or in which direction to flee. Enemies to the right of them, enemies to the left of them, enemies behind them, volley and thunder. Some roll over upon the ground in their despair, while still others turn and scamper away, though a legion of fiends, pursue—scamper off without weapons, without hats, without everything that made them so bold but a minute before.

They are lucky, indeed, who are able thus to save themselves. Some of their comrades lie upon the field of battle who will never more lead the charge or diminish the ugardiente flask, for they have been met in the midst of a crime-stained career by Death on a pale horse.

Colonel Bob has made a good beginning, but Colonel Bob is not satisfied. He knows his friends are being hotly beset by the fellows who have gained the breastworks, and his idea now is to descend upon these wretches from the rear, with the fury of the hurricane that sometimes sweeps over the Sierra Madres, coming out of that mystic gulf, the scene of romance and history.

His first act is to bend down and seize upon one of the torches, having grasped this he waves the flambeau around his head until the current of air causes a bright flame to spring up. Nor is it the only torch regenerated; a number of his followers have profited by his example, and at least half a dozen lights are circling through the air at the same time, describing all manner of parabolic curves, and looking like meteors flying in zigzag fashion through space.

Thus it is akin to darkness falls upon the scene, where men rush forward to grapple with their fellows in a death-clutch. It is saved from being absolute gloom by three things—in the first place some of the torches continue to flicker even while lying upon the ground, then the occasional flashes of lightning send a white light over El Dorado, that comes and goes with a dazzling intensity—last of all the blaze from the guns of the Americans is really a factor in bringing some illumination to the scene.

All this has occupied but a fraction of a minute, and then the torch-bearers leap toward the line where the desperate hand-to-hand struggle goes on—leap that way, bearing the blazing light in one hand and a revolver in the other, for they are determined, these men who fight for Miss Pauline, that the right shall triumph on this night.

The crash, when Colonel Bob and his men come in contact with their enemies, is like a sharp and distinct clap of thunder, only more disastrous. Men are seen running in all directions, fire arms rattle, and that terrible shouting continues, as though the Americans would add terror to the flight of their defeated foes.

Ah! the field is won—the victory theirs!

Gradually the sounds of battle die away; the men of the New Mexican guard cease fighting because they can no longer find enemies against whom they may launch themselves.

Colonel Bob suddenly awakens to a startling fact that gives him much uneasiness. He cannot find his comrade, Dick.

He rages around, seeking information, and at last strikes a clew. Dick was seen heading for the house of the chief engineer just when the last line of the Mexicans broke and fled, so it looks as though he might be there.

Without waiting longer Bob Harlan rushes away, and a minute later reaches the house.

Once inside the doorway he pauses to listen and hears sounds that indicate a desperate engagement of some sort. That arouses Colonel Bob, who cannot stand by when there is any fighting going on, he rushes headlong for the scene of the disturbance, for a wonder holding his tongue. As a general thing, under similar circumstances, he would be shouting as he ran, telling those who fought not to fight—finally to a finish—but this time he came, but something momentarily palsies his tongue now. Perhaps the thought has struck him that the miserable Professor John, that bulldog of a naturalist, may be in the house with the intention of finishing off Dick, and the idea is so staggering that it has actually taken his breath away.

At any rate, it has not deprived Bob of his powers of locomotion, for he gets over the ground in a way that is surprising, and in a few moments bursts upon the scene.

It is essentially and peculiarly dramatic, for the characters engaged form a complete company. That tragedy has also entered into it can be seen at a glance, nor is the comic side missing—humor attends to that.

The combatants are those old-time bitter foes, Barcelona and the man against whom he holds such a bitter grudge, the man for whom he has waited so long, the man who has on several occasions come him up handsomely—Dick Denver.

Stretched upon the floor is Senor Lopez, with the blood oozing from a wound in the breast. The pistol that did the awful work is not three feet away from his hand—it belongs to Barcelona, and the Mexican has for some terrible accident shot his employer just as the man the bullet was intended for leaped upon him.

Bending over the fallen Mexican are two female forms, one being an old woman, the other a young girl whose face and figure betray the beautiful Juanita. Where they have come from is a mystery; but, perhaps, knowing something of the mission of the senor, they have entered the house looking for him; some other motive may have influenced Juanita to action, some deep feeling of the heart, for she is a girl of singular impulses.

Colonel Bob's gaze does not stop here; he looks for something beyond. Dora—where is the only and delightful Dora? A cry reaches his ear in a voice he knows half a furnish; this Bob sees a sight that causes a broad grin to spread over his face—a sight that is certainly humorous enough to cause a hearty laugh, although serious for one poor individual.

Dora is there, very much there; she holds in her hand a revolver while this same Colonel Bob gave her recently with which to defend herself. Dora has taken a few lessons with this weapon, but she is woefully at sea regarding its use, and although she swings it around in a truly dramatic style she has neglected to draw back the hammer.

Crouching before her is the little bug-hunter, who dodges his head in great alarm every time that weapon comes in line with her eyes, all the while keeping his form and uttering exclamations, calling upon all the gods to witness the fervency of his devotion, and once begging the adorable, the charming Dora, not to murder him in cold blood, he whose only fault is in loving her not wisely but too well.

Quite a strange scene, taken all in all—tragedy and comedy combined. Colonel Bob hardly knows whether to laugh or look serious. He sees that his comrade is in rather a bad predicament, and gives one step toward helping him, when he hears Dick say:

"Stand back, Bob; I want to manage this chap alone if I can. Stand back, old fellow."

The two men struggle with the power of giants, and Barcelona, seeing a companion near by, ready to give him antagonist assistance if necessary, realizes how desperate his case is.

A scream thrills Bob; he turns his head just in time to see a figure flash before him, and realizes that it is the maid of Mexico—lovely Juanita. He sees her spring between Barcelona and Dick Denver just in time to receive in her bosom the murderous cuchillo that is launched forward, intended for the American.

A cry of horror rings out—even the bull fighter appears half stupefied at what he has done—at the persistency with which fate steps in between himself and Dick Denver.

The stricken girl staggers and falls across the form of the Mexican. Then a human figure flies at the bull fighter like a crazy thing; it is Dick, who has been more than ever aroused by the sight of Juanita sent bleeding and dying to the floor at the hands of this fellow—Dick, who now assaults him with irresistible power, who dazes the Mexican by the brilliancy of his actions, and presently crushes him to the floor with several sledge-hammer blows that render the humiliated and doomed athlete almost senseless.

One figure Colonel Bob has not noticed before—it is that of Miss Pauline, who has been standing just beyond a table. She now darts forward, and when Dick turns after so quickly disposing of Barcelona, he discovers her bending over the fallen girl, endeavoring with trembling hands to stanch the flow of blood.

"Was—he—hurt?" the Mexican girl gasps.

"Dick? No, no—you saved him, dearest Juanita."

"For you. I ought to hate you, Pauline Westerly, for you have stolen what I thought belonged to me, but I cannot do it; where I would hate I love—I know not why," gasps the stricken girl.

Dick reaches her side—upon his face is the deepest concern, but Juanita smiles.

"It is just as well—I could never have lived and been happy, knowing ry on loved her. Now I have saved you for your Pauline. I gave my life—he implored me to—I sang off my death, and the idea is so staggering that it has actually taken his breath away.

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(To Be Continued.)

A SETTER.

This that follows is really funny. It is told by a Georgia "gentleman of the old school," who is noted for his rare humor:

"I heard a good story the other day about a horse, and must tell it to the children. A man had a horse who would sit down whenever he was touched in the flank. He would squat on his hind quarters like a dog. The man tried to break him of it, but he couldn't, and nobody would buy him. One day a sportsman came along and made his acquaintance, and they took a ride together to hunt partridges. When they found a covey, the man touched his heels to his horse's flank, and he sat down. 'What makes your horse do that?' asked the sportsman. 'Why, he's a setter,' said the man. 'He sets birds just like a dog.' So the sportsman thought he was a most wonderful horse, and he swapped for him and gave $50 to boot. And he got on him, and after awhile they came to a creek that was pretty deep, and as the sportsman held up his legs to keep them out of the water, he touched the horse in the flank, and down he sat in the water. When he got up and out and was all dripping wet, he was as mad as a wet hen, and said: 'Well, sir, what made this horse do that way in the water?' 'I forgot to tell you,' said the man, 'that he sets fish just as well as he does birds.'"

In Silent Testimony.

A romantic story is told of the late count of Flanders: Every day he went for a long walk, and always passed a house where a white hand was waved from a window by children in return to his deep salutation. He never entered the house. The occupant was a lady to whom he was attached before he was married, but whom he had never seen since. Before parting they arranged that when in Brussels she should pass her door once a day, and this testimony to an old love was faithfully carried out.

GAMBLING CHECKED

EASTERN FARMERS DRIVE IT OUT OF OKLAHOMA.

Violators of the Law Put in Jail and Kept There—Public Sentiment Is Strong Against Gaming.

To-day there are not five towns in Oklahoma of any importance where gambling is conducted openly, as it was six years ago. As late as three years ago the biggest games ever seen in the territory were running in Oklahoma City, though confined to upper floors or basements. During the last two months, says the Kansas City Star, all the boss gamblers in Oklahoma City upon whom the law could lay its hands have been put in jail and kept there. They had violated injunctions prohibiting them from using certain buildings for gambling purposes. Guthrie has been without its big games for more than a year.

The change is due to activity among religious organizations, a public sentiment that rests upon practical as well as moral grounds and to the displacement of certain adventurous pioneer citizens by more conservative men and women from older communities. The explanation of an old time boss gambler, a man who came to Oklahoma at the opening, may not be without interest. He said:

"In my town in earlier years, when gambling was under full headway, the 'producers' were mostly farmers. These farmers were western men who had been with the vanguard of western settlement all their lives. They had no more hesitancy in gambling than they had in smoking a cigar or taking a drink of whisky. They had been accustomed to it all their lives. When one came to town with a load of wheat he put the money in his pocket, took his team to a livery stable and went to a restaurant or a hotel. Usually he would stay in town all night. After supper he would take a few drinks and then saunter around to a gambling house, always within easy reach and without danger of raids. In many instances he went home broke.

"The agricultural prosperity in Oklahoma in the last ten years brought a great advance in the value of farm property. Farmers from eastern and northern states began coming to Oklahoma with bank accounts. The original settler was offered $2,000, $5,000 and sometimes as high as $10,000 for his quarter section of land, which to him seemed more than the land was worth, and he sold it and moved to other localities. The new owners had practical economy all their lives. They had lived in communities where gambling was not tolerated.

"When these farmers come to town they bring produce with their wheat or corn, and a basket of lunch to save paying for a restaurant. They deposit their money in a bank. Instead of taking their horses to a livery stable, unless the weather is bad, they feed them from a wagon box. This kind of thing is not profitable for the game gambling house, but it has happened in my portion of the territory and I believe that it has happened elsewhere."

DID NOT UNDERSTAND—AN INCIDENT OF BARBER SHOP.

"How will you have your hair cut, sir?" said the talkative barber to the victim in the chair.

"Minus conversational profanity," replied the patient.

"How's that, sir?"

"With abbreviated or totally eliminated narratives."

"What?"

"Without effervescent verbosity."

"Sir?"

"Let even diminutive colloquy be conspicuous by its absence."

The barber scratched his head thoughtfully a second, and then went over to the proprietor of the shop and whispered:

"I learned in Paris what your mission was, and having already an inkling of the truth I set about discovering facts. Years ago, for revenge upon your father, I hired a woman to steal away his infant brother Beulah. It was believed she was drowned; I myself never doubted it, for the woman swore to the fact when I paid her. Years later this same woman entered my employ again—she brought with her a child for whom I took a strange fancy —I adopted her."

"Merciful heaven!" cries Pauline, bending upon the dying Juanita a look of startled eagerness and supreme anguish—"that child—Juanita——"

"I have since discovered is the Beulah whom your father lost in the past. Antoinette Duval, stand forward and testify to the truth of my words."

"What Senor Lopez has stated is the truth, every word. Mon Dieu! I hope I may be pardoned for the part I took in the wicked business, I swear by all that I hold sacred that this girl is none other than Beulah whom I carried away years ago from the Westerly home, where I was employed as a nurse. Look upon her, Mamselle Pauline—for she is your sister."

(To Be Continued.)

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 road, corner Lincoln ave. Fine barn and cow-house, chicken-house. Furnace heat, bath, electric lights, sewer, city water. All buildings cost. Will exchange for unoccupied city property for portion of the purchase price.

42

Brick house, good barn and seven acres of land suitable for platting, on south side of Maple avenue east, Birmingham, opposite the Poppleton subdivision. Price $3,500 and it is worth every cent of it. If you don't believe it, ask us about it and we will prove it.

55

Village lots on Woodward avenue, bounded north by land of Middleton, south east by D. G. H. & M. R'y, south by Bower street, west by Woodward avenue, 100 feet front on Woodward avenue, 175 feet deep on Bower street, 100 feet on south side; all in the Village of Birmingham, Mich. One of the most building sites in the village.

56

Lots 48 and 49 Randall's Addition, price $375.00 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 n e ¼ section 2, Farmington, Oakland county, Mich. In the finest farming locality of the county, with 8 fairly good buildings. There is no incumbrance on the property and it is less than a mile from the Farmington electric road. 3 acres of timber, valuable basswood, etc., and the price is only $45.00 per acre and you can have your own very much on terms of payment as long as you have one-half enough to secure it. A postal will get you fuller particulars.

77

One lot on Bagley avenue, just south of land owned by Geo. Scott, 66 feet front and 132 deep. If you are wishing to purchase a lot, find this a bargain. Not for sale unless to one of Mother G. Booth or at the Exchange bank.

89

Lot on the east side of Baldwin Ave., in the Randall Addition. Fine building site. Price only $500.00.

90

Finest farm we know of, 154 acres one mile south of the village of Birmingham. Nine good buildings, one of the finest in the county. One finest orchard in the country, one mile from the postoffice and one mile west of the electric railway. Flowing well. House heated with furnace.

94

One of the best farms in Southfield, 151 acres of waste land. Well fenced and thoroughly tiled. 25 acres of fine orchard, 12 acres good heavy timber. Two buildings valued at more than $5,000 and the whole 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 cents worth of postal cards will tell you all about it by return mail.

96

Yep! there's your chance at last! Will exchange for 80 acres of city property. Farm of 160 acres in Southfield township, very productive soil, in a high state of cultivation, just a few of waste land on the place, flowing wells excellent buildings, 25 acres fine orchard, 12 acres good heavy timber. Two buildings valued at more than $5,000 and the whole 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 cents worth of postal cards will tell you all about it by return mail.

100

Farm of 77½ acres on the Twelve mile road, 1¼ miles east of the Electric Railway on Wood ward avenue, Birmingham, Mich. Has good buildings which are insured for for $1,500. Hard and soft water. Only $100 per acre. A pickaxe, plenty of fruit of all kinds. Price $6,500.

102

Farm of 31 acres in sections 22 and 23, South field; 2 acres best grafted fruit, 5 buildings in good repair, 4 acres timber, 2 acres pasture, 20 under a high state of cultivation. Price $3,000.

102

Two story brick residence in the village of Franklin, Mich., one of the prettiest spots in the country, with beautiful surroundings, nestled among the hills and valleys of the prettiest little village in Michigan. Modern in every detail, divided into vestibule, provision, laundry and furnace room. The house has thirteen rooms and five closets, hot and cold water, furnace room, water closets and in fact every convenience that you could possibly have in the city. Two barns, 2 woodhouses, pig-pen, hen house and corn house complete. Flowing well for cold hours on cold jobs, iron fence around entire lot, cement walks, fruits and shade trees and on corner lot of one acre. The house alone cost $5,000 to build, and the whole can be had for a song if sold at once. Plenty of fruit—an ideal place for city people who would like a country home, and a pleasant little country village and rest. Price (we are ashamed to say it), is only $4,000, half cash, balance on time. If you want a home worth $5,000 live in the big wicked city and would like to see a place that would astonish you, just come and 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. ½ S. E. ¼ Sec. 12, 70 acres cleared, 10 acres timber and brush, balance pasture. Good buildings this swamp netted the owner over $50.00 last summer. Three acres of orchard, house of 7 rooms, good neighborhood; 4½ miles from Milford, 1 miles from Commerce, proposed electric road passes within a mile of the farm. Price $3,500.

107

One of the finest residences in the village of Birmingham, 200 feet front on Brown and 200 on Daines street; 7 story house with furnace, 8 large rooms, with waters, cellar, pretty well shaded. Price $3,500.

108

About 15 acres of vacant property in the village of Birmingham, suitable for platting; 500 feet on west side of Woodward avenue, along the line of the electric railway, platted into 50 foot lots you can reach and a thousand dollars cash will buy it with the balance on easy terms. Don't wait for a time at low rate of interest, although we are almost ready to say it ourselves. There is money in it for anyone who has time to devote to the handling of it, and who could take monthly payments etc.

112

Now little farm of nineteen acres in the town shipped Troy on the Detroit electric road, all good for chicken raising, plenty of timber for fire wood, good buildings, small frame barn and other buildings. Price $1,400.

114

Fine farm in the township of Southfield, 80 acres all under cultivation, 60 acres timber, in good repair, 2 wells, 2 acres of orchard. Two buildings with 8 rooms each. Price $3,000. Terms to suit purchaser.

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 it is the best 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 selling at a reasonable price, and this is one of a building, nice spring of ever-flowing water, all good plow land, except 15 acres of pasture and timber. No marsh land on the place. Price

120

Farm formerly belonging to Edward Coster and located on the east shore of Pine Lake, in the township of Bloomfield and West Bloomfield; one of the loveliest locations in all the lake region of Oakland county; 120 acres with 1½ story frame dwelling, 8 rooms and bath, very beautiful oak and hickory grove. Farm touches Long Lake in the northeast portion and Pine Lake on the west. The price is less than sixty dollars per acre and the buildings on the Pine Lake part in fact, all in the lake are worth more than the whole amount asked for the farm. Farm is located on the Pontiac and at the opposite end of Pine Lake from the steamer landing and within a mile of Orchard Lake. Worth investigating and we are liable to sell it any day. Correspondence by mail or in a personal interview—which we would greatly prefer.

122

Nice little 20-acre farm near Big Beaver, (S. of N. ¼ of S. E. ¼ Sec. 22, Troy.) Barn 32x40 and 2-story house with 11 rooms. An acre of good orchard and 5 acres of timber. A mile and a half from the Rochester Electric Railway. Less than 2 miles from Troy. Price $2,000. Terms to suit. But any man who means business can pay for it.

125

Vacant lots of 17, 18 & 19 of Wilson's Subdivision Royal Oak village, 50x132 each. Price $60 each. Terms easy, with small payment down.

127

House and lot on Fremont street in Birmingham. Well finished feet. House nearly new, 7 rooms and closets, well and cistern. Price, $1,100

129

One of the finest residences on Saginaw street, Birmingham, to or 15 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. The house was originally built and cost $7,000 to build; it lot about 150 feet; front on Saginaw street, and about 20 feet deep. And the reason we love that we wouldn't feel justified in mentioning it in this public manner. Really, if you want the best house and lot in our town at a cost far less than it cost to put it in its present condition, you surely would be foolish to buy unless if you don't call on us and let us take you to see it. That's right!

133

Five acres, no buildings, good light loamy soil, no waste land. Ten beautiful maples on the road. 20 rods from post office, street car. Delivery twice daily, store, mill and electric waterworks plant in village. Also, electric railway runs past the property. Price $200.00. Ideal place for a country home. Only 20 miles from Rochester electric line about 8 miles from city of Pontiac, and if you don't speak right up quick, you'll lose it.

135

Large 10-room frame house on Woodward ave nue, basement under all, good furnace, bath, handsome oak mantels with grates, large attic, fine large barn, new chicken house, well, all kinds of small fruit, nice lawn, with magnificent elms for shade. Will sell house, buildings and some of the land for $4,500, or the whole place for $5,500. It is right on the car line, and there is about two acres of land and the most sightly and picturesque view of the village. Come and see what it is worth. You will never be sorry for having made the investigation.

138

Eighty acres in township of Redford, Wayne county, Mich., about two miles from the North western electric railway. Orchard and small fruits; buildings valued at $1,000. Only 6 miles from Detroit. Price $4,800. Terms. Tell you all about it for the asking.

140

House and lot in the Campbell subdivision on second side of Forest avenue, 10 rooms, 12 hard, cellar, bath, hot water heat, open fire, wax and hardwood finish in natural woods; all kinds of conveniences. Just say the house is more than that to build.

144

Farm in Southfield of 120 acres, to be subdivided; 40 acres timber, 80 acres clear; well framed; 30 acres oak timber; fruit in plenty, 15 acres orchard. Buildings alone are valued at $5,000. Can be bought at the low price of $65 per acre, say, $7,800. Stream of living water; nearly every acre tillable; good for 30 head of stock; half a mile from Franklin village. Good neighborhood if you want to do so. Do you want this now? Come and let us show it to you.

146

Farm, well, acres, good buildings, 2 acres timber, 1 mile east of the Electric R'y, in Royal Oak township in w ¼ of s w ¼ sec. 22, long and clay soil. If you come with the good hail about you can get it for $100 per acre. But if we are properly approached, we might consider hail cash, rest on easy terms.

147

Nice little home for someone of small means 1¼ acres in n w ¼ of s w ¼ sec. 14, township of Troy, house 5 rooms, barn in good shape, well, both fine water, 1 mile from the Detroit Rochester Electric fare to Detroit 15c. R. F. D. All cash and no grumbling will buy it at $750. Hurry up.

151

Farm of 80 acres in the township of Lamont, Ottawa county, Mich. Here is a mighty good chance for a young man to work himself into a good farm at very little cost. There are 3 buildings on the place, one a house with 6 rooms, in moderate requirements to live in. Basement barn 32x50, with 20 foot posts. Good frame house, sheep barn, pig-house, etc. 30 rods to Lamont P. O., three miles from village, ¼ mile to church, ½ mile to good school. Marlette & Western Michigan R. R. runs through it. 7½ miles good roads and nice neighborhood. Price, $5 per acre if sold at once.

157

The celebrated Cooper stock farm, situated one-half mile north of Lathrup station on the D. U. R. electric line, and right among the summer homes of some of the most wealthy of Detroit's wealthy citizens. Three hundred and forty-five acres of excellent land for fruit and farming, well adapted to the requirements of a first-class stock farm. Forty acres of timber, and for the matter of fruit there are over four trees and five hundred plum trees, and six acres of bearing strawberries and raspberries. The finest ball mile race tracks in the state is situated on the farm. There is an artesian well 600 feet deep supplying an unlimited amount of mineral water which, if properly developed and advertised would be worth more than the price of the farm. From $25 to $50 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 and most modern remedy 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 $10,000 and is 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 $2,500 to build half as good; silo, flowing well, 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. Good buildings; some wood. $2,500 cranberry marsh produces 75 to 100 bushels per year without cultivation; Clarkston 2½ miles, Waterford four miles.

No. 163

South ½ of northeast ¼ of Sec. 34, Southfield; 79 acres for $2,800; terms easy. Buildings fair, well; cleared, sandy loam; sandy hard Hill, on Farmington electric. Must be sold before April 1 next.

No. 164

Eighty-five acres 30 rods east of the Pontiac electric, in the Township of Bloomfield; house worth $3,000; good buildings; flowing well on back part of farm, five acres oak timber, six acres fine orchard; lies nicely and ready for $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.; 36 acres cleared, two acres orchard, balance in second-growth timber; black sandy loam. An even $1,000 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 for quick sale, $1,800; make a thousand; 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. Ninety-four acres on east ½ of southwest ¼ of Sec. 31, Troy township; buildings valued at $2,000 (insured for $1,700); flowing well piped to barn; farm runs through it for sixty rods; 1¼ miles from electric at Troy Corners, where there are churches, schools and churches. Fare 15c to Detroit; $60 per acre.

No. 168

Forty acres 3 miles east of Birmingham, in Township of Troy, 1 mile from the Rochester electric; 4 buildings valued at $1,000, an acre of good orchard, 3 acres soft maple timber, trout stream right at the house, school house within half a mile. One of the nicest little places along the line. Must be sold.

No. 171

Finest building site between Birmingham and Pontiac, on electric railway, 2 miles south of Birmingham, among the country homes of such men as Booth, Barbour, Radicott, Brady, Shaw, Conklin, and others; 40 acres, practically half of which is timber, and pretty little branch of River Rouge (never dry) runs through the place with giant elms and oaks overhanging. No buildings, good drainage, 1 acre orchard of 3 acres. Price is high, but if you have the cream you must expect to pay for it.

No. 172

Twenty-four and one-half acres on Rochester electric, in Troy, to acres timber, soil gravelly loam, no waste land, good neighborhood, $1,800, fences and everything in good repair, and will be sold for bought for $2,500, and it's only 1½ miles from Detroit.

174

Farm of 160 acres, ¾ mile from Highland station, 30 acres fine oak timber, 5 acres orchard, 9 buildings insured for $1,600, good water, best neighborhood. Will trade for Detroit or Birmingham improved real estate. Price is so low we are ashamed to tell it, for fear you'd think we were crazy. But we're not. Just ask us about the circumstances.

The man with time to waste is a bigger fool than the one with money to burn.

175

Three hundred-acre farm known the Grinnell Farm, and part of the celebrated Grinnell tract in West Bloomfield and Bloomfield townships. No better or more desirable farm in Oakland. Is also gravelly loam soil, 15 acres timber, 12 acres choice sorts of apple orchard, 2-story brick house—12 rooms, good basement, cistern, hot and cold water, nice running stream and small lake, and very desirable in every way. Is a bargain at $100 per acre, and will close out this fine piece for $25 per acre if sold at once. Take you to see it any day without expense.

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, 5 acres fine apple orchard, 2 acres pasture, 2 acres timber, little brook in the River Rouge runs through the farm, sandy loam soil. And the reason we address the celebrated Joy Stock Farm; well mentioning it in this public manner. Really, if you want the best house and lot in our town at a cost far less than it cost to put it in its present condition, you surely would be foolish to buy unless if you don't call on us and let us take you to see it. That's right!

178

Seven room cottage on west side of Bates street 65 feet front, 132 deep. Has cistern, city water in 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.

IBSEN'S CONDUCT IN CAFE.

Frequently Wrote His Autograph on Request While at Table.

When Henrik Ibsen lived in Munich he was a daily visitor to the Cafe Luitpold. Naturally he was the object of much attention, relates a foreign exchange.

The most amusing thing about him was the solemnity with which he used to write his autograph for Americans who came to the cafe. If they did not know of his presence the waitress always informed them. She was also willing to take cards over to him for signatures and he always signed them without question.

Frequently he wrote at his table and there were usually pen and ink there. The waitress would take over a card with a request for an autograph. Solemnly and without glancing from his newspaper he would put it down and write his name.

Then he would resume his reading without any further demonstration of interest in the proceedings. It was very characteristic of his seriousness in all matters of life.

When he first began going to the cafe he started out by trying every one of the liqueurs on the bill of fare. He ordered one a day until he had sampled the whole list until he had sampled them all. After he had learned from experience the taste of every one he returned to his beer or coffee.

When he went to live again in Christiania the waitresses in the Cafe Luitpold lost a very lucrative source of increased very much the amount of their tips by their stories about the great man and his willingness to distribute autographs.

ABSENT-MINDED FINANCIER.

Strictly Attentive to Business He Lost Sight of Domestic Felicities.

A new story about absent-mindedness is being told on a West Philadelphia man, and he is not a college professor, either, but an alert financier of large affairs who is so absorbed in his business that similar stories have been told him before, relates the Philadelphia Record.

His infirmity, indeed, is so well recognized that at his office, in a big Broad street building, every sort of safeguard is taken, and he is a difficult person to see, except by appointment. On the day in question, however, he was not in his office, but at home, alone in the library, awaiting with some trepidation the course of events upstairs, where great things were happening. Despite his anxiety, however, his mind was absorbed, as he fell to speculating as to how he should enhance with his business so as to make it fit the approaching amplification of his domestic establishment.

Just then there was a knock at the door. "Come in," said the financier. A white-capped head struck her head around the edge of the door. "It's a boy, sir," she said. The financier raised himself. "Kindly ask him to state the nature of his business," he replied.

MEXICO CALLS IT POACHING

Reprehensible Practice of American Fishermen in Waters of the Gulf.

Advices received in Washington to the effect that the three fishing companies operating from headquarters at Pensacola, Mobile and Galveston, are fitting out other schooners to fish in the gulf waters have caused some disquiet in view of the announced intention of the Mexican government to seize every foreign vessel taking fish in Mexican waters. It appears that the Mexican government asserts that for many years American poachers have been operating in the state three mile limit, and after repeated warnings it has now determined to stop the practice. As the United States has no treaty with Mexico granting our citizens the right to fish within territorial waters there is no ground for protest on the part of the state department in case of seizures, once the fact is established that the vessels were actually within the marine league of shore.

The alleged poaching in Mexican waters is by no means a new industry, however, and after the case of the three vessels recently seized off the coast of Yucatan, and meantime it is hoped that no fresh issues will be made.

Clever Mother Wood Duck.

How does the mother wood-duck get her brood of 12 to 18 ducklings from her hollow tree to the creek? Hunters, fishermen, and nature students have tried to answer this question, and many are the guesses at the riddle. Mr. William Brewster watched an American golden-eye that had a nest in the hollow tree overhanging the water, until he heard it, after she had made an inspection of the surroundings, utter a "quack" that brought her brood pell-mell out of the tree and tumbling down into the water. A recent magazine writer says he has seen the mother wood-duck climb out of the hollow down the tree, and walk to the water, which was nearby. Others believe that the mother carries them in her bill, taking them by their wings; others, that she carries them on her back.—Country Life in America.

If dying rich is a disgrace why doesn't somebody prove it?