LION'S DEN

A TALE OF THE OLD WEST

By HARRY LEON WILSON, AUTHOR OF "THE SPENDERS"

COPYRIGHT 1903, BY LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

When Follett came riding back that evening he saw thi Prudence had been troubled. The candle-light showed sadness in her dark eyes and in the weighted corners of her mouth. He was moved to take her in his arms and soothe her as he had seen mothers do with some sorry little children. But instead of this he questioned her father sharply when their corn-husk mattresses had been put before either side of the fireplace for the night. The little man told him frankly the cause of her grief. There was something compelling in the other's way of asking questions. When the thing had been made plain, Follett looked at him indignantly.

"Do you mean to say that you let her go on thinking that about herself?"

"I told her that her father and mother had been rightly married."

"Didn't she think you were fooling her in some way?"

"I—can't be sure—"

"She must have, or she wouldn't be so down in the mouth now. Why didn't you tell her the truth?"

"If only—if only she could go on thinking I am her father—only a little while—"

Follett spoke with the ring of a sudden resolution in his voice.

"Now, I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Man, something has got to be done by some one. I can't do it because I'm tied by a promise, and so I reckon you ought to!"

"Just a little time! Oh, if you only knew how the knives cut me on every side and the fires burn all through me!"

"Well, think of the knives cutting that girl—making her believe she has to be ashamed of her mother. You go to sleep now, and try to lie quiet; there ain't anything here to hurt you. But I'll tell you one thing—you've got to toe the mark."

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Mission Service in Box Canyon Is Suspended.

Follett waited with a new eagerness next day for their walk to the canyon. But Prudence, looking at him with eyes that sorrow was clouding, said that she could not go. He felt a sharp new resentment against the man who was letting her suffer rather than betray himself, and he again resolved that this man must be made to "toe the mark" to "take his medicine;" and that, meantime, the deceived girl must be effectually reassured. Something must be said to take away the hurt that was tugging at the corners of her smile to draw them down. To this end he pleaded with her not to deprive him of the day's lesson, especially as the time was now at hand when he must leave. And so ably did he word his appeal to her sense of duty that at last she consented to go.

Once in the canyon, however, where the pines had stored away the cool gloom of the night against the day's heat, she was glad she had come. For, better than being alone with that strange, new hurt, was it to have by her side this friendly young man, who somehow made her feel as if it were right and safe to lean upon him—despite his unregenerate condition. And presently there, in the seal of saving his soul, she was almost happy again.

Yet he seemed today to be impatient under the teaching, and more than once she felt that he was on the point of interrupting the lesson to some end of his own.

He seemed insufficiently impressed even with the knowledge of astronomy displayed by the prophets of the Book of Mormon, hearing, without a quiver of interest, that when at Joshua's command the sun seemed to stand still upon Gibeon and the moon in the valley of Ajalon, the real facts were that the earth merely paused in its revolutions upon its own axis and about the sun. Without a question he thus heard Ptolemy refuted and the discoveries of Copernicus anticipated 2,000 years before that investigator was born. He was indeed deplorably inattentive. She suspected, from the quick glances she gave him, that he had no understanding at all of what she read. Yet in this she did him injustice, for now she came to the passage: "They all did swear unto him that whoso should vary from the assistance which Akish desired should lose his head; and whoso should divulge whatsoever thing Akish should make known unto them should lose his life." This time he sat up.

"There it is again—they don't mind losing their heads. They were sure the fightingest men—don't you think so now?"

As he went on talking she laid the book down and leaned back against the trunk of the big pine under which they sat. He seemed to be saying something that he had been revolving in his mind while she read.

"I'd hate to have you think you have been wasting your time on me this summer, but I'm afraid I'm just too dowright unsanctified."

"Oh, don't say that!" she cried.

"I couldn't even join your church—"

Her face became full of alarm.

"—only for just one thing;—I don't care very much for this having so many wives."

She was relieved at once. "If that's all—I don't approve of it myself. You wouldn't have to."

"Oh, that's what you say now—" he spoke with an air of shrewdness and suspicion—"but when I got in you'd throw up my duty to me constant about building up the kingdom. Oh, I know how it's done! I've heard your preachers talk enough."

"But—it isn't necessary. I wouldn't—I don't think it would be at all nice of you."

He looked at her with warm sympathy. "You poor ignorant girl!—Not to know your own religion! I read in that book there about this marrying business only the other day. Just hand me that one."

She handed him the "Book of Doctrine and Covenants," from which she had occasionally taught him the Lord's word, as revealed to Joseph Smith. The revelation on celestial marriage had never been among her selections. He turned to it now.

"Here, right in the very first of it—" and she heard, with a sinking heart—"Therefore prepare thyself to receive and obey the instructions which I am about to give unto you; for all those who have this law revealed unto them must obey the same; for behold! I reveal unto you a new and everlasting covenant; and if ye abide not that covenant, then are ye damned, for no one can reject this and be permitted to enter into my glory."

"There, now!"

"I never read it," she faltered.

"And don't you know they preach in the tabernacle that anybody who rejects polygamy will be damned?"

"My father never preached that."

"Well, he knows it—ask him."

It was proving to be a hard day for her.

"Of course," he continued, "a new member coming into the church might think at first he could get along without so many wives. He might say: 'Well, now, I draw a line in this marrying business. I'll never take more than two or three wives, or maybe four.' He might even be so taken up with one lady that he'd say: 'I won't even marry a second wife—not for some time yet, that is—not for two or three years, till she begins to get kind of housework.' But then after he's taken his second, the others would come easy. Say, he marries, first time, a tall, slim, dark girl,"—he looked at her musingly, while she gazed intently into the stream in front of them.

"—and then say he meets a little chit of a thing, kind of heavy-set like, with this light yellow hair and pretty light blue eyes, that he saw one Sunday at church—"

Her dark face was flushed now in pained wonder.

"—why then it's so easy to keep on and marry others, with the preachers all preaching it from the pulpit."

"But you wouldn't have to."

"No, you wouldn't have to marry anyone after the second—after this little blonde—but you'd have to marry her because it says here that you 'shall abide the law or ye shall be damned, saith the Lord God.'"

He pulled himself along the ground closer to her, and went on again in what seemed to be an extremity of doubt:

"Now, I don't want to be lost, and yet I don't want to have a whole lot of wives like Brigham, or that old coot we see so often on the road. So what am I going to do? I might think I'd get along with three or four, but you never can tell what religion will do to a man when he really gets it."

He reached for her small brown hand that still held the Book of Mormon open on her lap, and took it in both his own. He went on, appealingly:

"Now, you try to tell me right—like as if I was your own brother—tell me as a sister. Try to put yourself in the place of the girl I'd marry first—no, don't; it seems more like your sister if I hold it this way—and try to think how she'd feel when I brought home my second. Would that be doing square by her? Wouldn't it sort of get her on the bark? But if I join your church and don't do that, I might as well be one of those low-down Free-will Baptists or Episcopals. Come, now, tell me true, letting on that you're my sister."

She had not looked at him since he began, nor did she now.

"Oh, I don't know—I don't know—it's all so mixed! I thought you could be saved without that."

"There is the word of God against me."

"I wouldn't want you to marry that way—if I were your sister."

"That's right now, try to feel like a sister. You wouldn't want me to have so many wives as those old rodgers down there below, would you?"

"No—I'm sure you shouldn't have but one. Oh, you couldn't marry more than one, could you?" She turned her eyes for the first time upon him, and he saw that some inward warmth seemed to be melting them.

"Well, I'd hate to disappoint you if you were my sister, but there's the word of the Lord—"

"Oh, but could you anyway, even if you didn't have a sister, and there was no one but her to think of?"

He appeared to debate with himself cautiously.

"Well, now, I must say your teaching has taken a powerful hold on me this summer—he reached under her arm and caught her other hand.—"You've been like a sister to me, and made me think about these things pretty deep and serious. I don't know if I could get what you've taught me out of my mind or not."

"But how could you ever marry another wife?"

"Well, a man don't like to think he's going to the bad place when he dies, all on account of not marrying a few more times. It sort of takes the ambition out of him."

"Oh, it couldn't be right!"

"Well, now, I'll do as you say. Do I forget all these things you've been teaching me, and settle down with one wife—or do I come into the Kingdom and lash the cinches of my glory good and plenty by marrying whenever I get time to build a new end on the house, like old man Wright does?"

She was silent.

"Like a sister would tell a brother," he urged, with a tighter pressure of her two hands. But this seemed to recall another trouble to her mind.

"I'm not fit to be your sister—don't talk of it—you don't know—" Her voice broke, and he had to release her hand. Whereupon he put his own back up against the pine tree, reached his arm about her, and had her head upon his shoulder.

"There, there now!"

"But you don't know."

"Well, I do know—so just you straighten out that face. I do know, I tell you. Now, don't cry and I'll fix it all right, I promise you."

"But you don't even know what my trouble is."

"I do—it's about your father and mother—when they were married."

"How did you know?"

"I can't tell you now, but I will soon. Look here, you can believe what I tell you, can't you?"

"Yes, I can do that."

"Well, then, you listen. Your father and mother were married in the right way, and there wasn't a single bit of crookedness about it. I wouldn't tell you if I didn't know and couldn't prove it to you in a little while. Say, there's one of our wagon trains coming along here toward Salt Lake next Monday. It's coming out of its way on purpose to pick me up. I'll promise to have it proved to you by that time. Now, is that fair? Can you believe me?"

She looked up at him, her face bright again.

"Oh, I do believe you! You don't know how glad you make me. It was an awful thing—oh, you are a dear—" and full upon his lips she kissed the astounded young man, holding him fast with an arm about his neck. "You've made me all over new—I was feeling so wretched—and, of course, I can't see how you know anything about it, but I know you are telling the truth." Again she kissed him with the utmost cordiality. Then she stood up to arrange her hair, her face full of the joy of this assurance. The young man gaze from her to the ten both hills and his religious perplexities, and he did not wish her to be entirely divested of concern for him at this moment.

"But how about me? Here I am, lost I do and lost I don't. Not better set down here again and see if there isn't some way I can get that crown of glory?"

She sat down by him, instantly sobered from her own joy, and calmly gave him a hand to hold.

"Well, I'll tell you," she said, frankly. "You wait awhile. Don't do anything right away. I'll have to ask father. And then as he reached over to pick up the Book of Mormon—"No, let's not read any more today. Let's sit quiet and think only think about things." She was so free from embarrassment that he began to doubt if he had been so very deeply clever, after all, in suggesting the relationship between them. But after she had mused awhile, she seemed to perceive for the first time that he was very earnestly holding both of her hands. She blushed, and suddenly withdrew them. Whereat he was more pleased than when she had passively let them lie. He approached the matter of salvation for himself once more.

"Of course, I can wait awhile for you to find out the rights of this thing, but I'm afraid I can't be baptized even if you tell me to be—even if you want me to oil the Lord and marry some pretty girl like you complected, yellow-haired thing afterwards—after I'd married my first wife. Fact is, I don't believe I could. Probably I'd care so much for the first one that I'd have blinders on for all the other women in the world. Why, I have me tied down with the red ribbon in her hair—he touched the red ribbon in her own by way of illustration—just like I can tie the biggest steer you ever saw with that little silk rag; and I can make him lead legs and one fore, so he can't budge an inch. I'd just like to see some little, short, kind of plump, pretty yellow-haired thing come between us."

For an instant she looked, such warm, almost indignant approval that he believed she was about to express an opinion of her own in the matter, but she stayed silent, looking away, instead with a little movement of having swallowed something.

"And you, you know, I'd be my sister, do you think I'd want you married to a man who'd begin to look around for some one else as soon as he got you? No, sir—you deserve some decent young fellow who'd love you all to pieces day in and day out and never pay any attention to look at this little yellow-haired girl—even if she was almost as pretty as you."

But she was not to be led into rendering any hasty decision which might affect his eternal salvation. Moreover, she was embarrassed and disturbed.

"We must go," she said, rising before he could help her. When they had picked their way down to the mouth of the canyon, he walking behind her, she turned back and said: "Of course you wouldn't marry that little yellow-haired girl with the blue eyes first, the one you're thinking so much about—the little short, fat thing with a doll-baby face—"

"But he only answered: "Oh, well, if you get me into your church it would make a bit of difference; whether I took her first or second."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He Took Her Small Brown Hand in His.

Thought it Time to Stop

Wonders of the Telephone Too Much for Sitting Bull.

C. J. H. Woodbury, the engineering expert of the telephone company, told the boot and shoe club one other night the true version of the Sitting Bull and telephone story, says the Boston Herald. Sitting Bull had been captured by the United States troops and was held in close confinement. So also was another obstreperous Indian, held in confinement at a post about 100 miles away. The officer in charge of Sitting Bull had been chasing the Indians for two months, and was wondering what he would do with the captive. In an inspired moment he decided to arrange an interview between the two Indians over the telephone. After the necessary ringing up Sitting Bull was asked if he cared to talk into the machine. He talked into it for several minutes and did a heap of listening also.

He put down the instrument finally, and for hours was even more gloomy than usual. At last beginning to talk to himself, something very rare for the Indian. Asked if he was dissatisfied with his accommodations or if there was anything they could do for him, he broke forth in a flood.

"No. I'm finished. It's all right when the white man's plaything talks the white man's language; but when it learns to talk the red man's tongue it's time to stop."

For it is believed in the west, where the incident is fairly well known, that this talk over the telephone between the two Indians had a considerable influence in shortening the Indian wars.

Harry Lehr's Witticism.

A "Lehric," as the witticisms of Harry Lehr are called, recently went the rounds of Newport. At a dinner where Robert Goelet said of a young millionaire: "He drank entirely too much. He was ruining his life. I am glad to see that he has sworn off. He drinks nothing but soda water now." "But he wears yellow glasses," said Mr. Lehr, "to make himself think that's it's champagne."

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 ever modern conveniences. Furnace, bath, closet, etc. Can be bought for what the buildings cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

55

Village lots on Woodward avenue, bounded north by land of Mille G. Smith, east by D., G. H. & M. Ry., south by Bower street, west by Woodward avenue, 165 feet front on Woodward avenue, 165 feet deep on north side and 140 feet on south side; all in the Village of Birmingham, Mich. One of the finest building sites in the village.

55

Lots 6 and 8 on Randall's Addition, price $125 for the two lots (which is worth more). Will exchange for small house and lot in Birmingham.

77

One rod on Saginaw street, just south of land owned by John Germane, 8 feet frontage. Anyone wishing to purchase will find this a bargain. For particulars inquire of Mollie G. Smith or at the Exchange Bank.

101

Farm of 31 acres in sections 22 and 15, Southfield; 2 acres best grafted fruit; 3 buildings insured for $1,100; all place land, well drained and under a high state of cultivation. Price $3,000.

102

Eighty-acre farm in White Lake township, w ½ of s ½ of section 22; 70 acres cleared, 10 acres timber and buckthorn swamp. (Don't laugh; this swamp netted the owner over $150.00 last summer.) Three acres of good orchard, house of 5 rooms, barn 30x60, 1½ miles from Milford, 3 miles from Commerce; proposed electric road comes within a mile of the house. Price, $2,000.

114

Fine farm in the Township of Southfield; 86 acres, of which 75 are cleared and the balance in good maple timber. Two acres of orchard; buildings worth $2,000, and the exceptionally fine place can be bought for $50.00 per acre.

116

Farm in Southfield. Really you will begin to think we have the whole Township 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, 55 acres at $60 per acre; buildings, nice spring of ever-flowing water; all good plow land, except 15 acres of scattering timber. No marsh land on the place. Terms.

120

Farm formerly belonging to Edward Coate, and located on the east shore of Pine Lake in the township of Bloomfield and West Bloomfield, one of the finest locations for a summer home in Oakland county. House with six story, frame dwelling and seven rooms; in a very fair condition; and bituminous macadamized road leading to the eastern portion and Pine Lake on the west. The price is less than sixty dollars per acre and the portion bordering on Pine Lake (part in said) and in lots which would sell very fast times the whole amount asked for the farm. 35 miles from the city of Detroit and at the opening end of Pine Lake (on the stream and electric railway stations at Oakland Center. Worth investigating. If you are here to answer all your questions, either in mail or in a personal interview—which we would great'y prefer.

123

Nice little 40-acre farm near Big Beaver (S. ½ of N. ½ 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 little over a mile from the Rochester Electric Railway. Less than $80 per acre will buy it, and the terms are so easy that any man who means business can pay for it.

126

Vacant lots 16, 17, 18 of Willson's Sub-division, Royal Oak village, $125 each. Price for each. Terms easy, with small payment down.

127

House and lot on Fremont street in Birmingham, Mich., 50x150 feet. House nearly new, 4 rooms and closets well painted. Price, $1,000.

140

House and lot in the Campbell sub-division, on north side of Forest Avenue; 10 rooms, furnace, cellar under the whole house, open stairway, hardwood finish in natural woods, all kinds of fruit; a bargain at $2,900. Say, the house cost more than that to build it.

146

Farm, 37½ acres, good buildings, 2 acres timber, 1 acre orchard, one mile east of Electric Railway, in Royal Oak township, in W. ½ of S. W. ¼ Sec. 22, barn and clay soil. If you come with the good hard cash in your hand, you can buy it for $3,800.

147

Nice little home for someone of small means; 1¼ acres in n. w. ¼ of n. ¼ of sec. 14, township of Troy; house 7 rooms, barn in good shape, with both barn and house never dry; ¼ mile east of Rochester Electric Railway, R. F. D. All cash and no grumbling will buy it at $750. Hurry up!

157

The celebrated Cooper stock farm, situated one-half mile north of Birmingham on the D. G. R. electric line, and right among the most prominent and most advanced prosperous places in wealthy citizens. Three hundred and forty acres of excellent farming land, with 11 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 pear trees and five hundred plum trees, and a peach orchard, and a apple orchard. One of the finest ball mile race tracks in the state is situated on the farm. There is a stream well stocked, 50 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. Price $75 per acre. Cash or even part realized from the sale of this water, which is acknowledged by the first medical specialists of the present day to be the best known modern remedy for Diabetes and the various other kidney diseases. A chemical analysis of this water will be furnished on request. The principal dwelling on the farm cost over $4,000 in cash, not the money. It has a modern hot air furnace and all the other conveniences which are almost considered necessities now-a-days. A good brick tenant house—in fact twelve good buildings in all.

No. 160

Best lot in Township of Troy; buildings would cost $2,500 to build half as good; site, flowing well; price $1,000 cash, half down would make 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 $2,500 in cash. Buildings worth more and long time. Buildings alone worth $2,500; cranberry marsh produces $75 to the bushel per year without cultivation; Clarkston ¾ miles, Waterford four miles.

No. 165

Eighty-acre farm in Township of Wells, Tuscola county, Mich.; 36 acres cleared, two acres orchard, balance is second-growth timber; level sandy loam. An even $1,000 cash will buy it.

No. 166

Seventy acres just north of the base line in Royal Oak township; 40 acres cleared, 10 acres second-growth, and five acres orchard; no buildings; soil sandy. Price $60 per acre. But wait a minute; I'll make a short cut. Take the Detroit State Fair Ground, and cut across diagonally, the Ball ex. good drainage, fine orchard; 4 acres, price is high, but if you have the cream you must expect to pay for it.

176

Farm of 225 acres on the town line between Troy and Bloomfield. Seven buildings valued at $6,000, 10 acres oak and hickory timber, 5 acres best kind of apple and peach orchard; 1½ miles from station of the River Rouge runs through east end; 4 good springs; 2 miles from Bloomfield Center; well located for Stock Farm; well drained; 1½ miles from the Detroit & Pontiac electric. Note little farm of 40 acres adjoining, price $3,000. Come and show you the prettiest place in Oakland county.

178

Seven-room cottage on west side of Bates street, 66 feet front, 120 feet deep. Price, $1,200, half the house for $1,200, and that's all we ask for it. Bath, hot and cold water, 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; 60 cleared, 12 of oak timber; 5 acres good apple orchard. Two buildings valued at $800; balance unimproved; buildings insured. Price $4,200, 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; 8 acres, all cleared; four acres good orchard; gravel and sand loam. Buildings valued at $1,000, insured. Will sell for $3,800, enough cash down to secure.

183

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

185

Corner lot, 50 feet front on Maple avenue, 12 feet deep; one good building, insured; plenty of good fruit. A bargain for $3,800, one-half cash down.

187

House and lot, in Campbell Subdivision, Birmingham; buildings insured. Come in and ask the price, and let us surprise you.

188

One of the best-arranged and finest-equipped residences in the village, and is undoubtedly the best location—East Maple Avenue, two blocks from electric road; well, tested, hot and cold water, city gas, 10 rooms, 2 stories, rebuilt last year, best let than new; 3 buildings, fine orchard; 112 feet on Maple, 320 feet deep; plenty of room for chickens and gardens; good barn, fine shape. Say, What else do you want, anyhow? 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; one block from electric road; well, cistern, hard, 3 x 125 feet. Two buildings, insured for $1,800; fine location in growing city village; for sale, Price $1,800.

191

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

193

Thirty-five-acre fruit farm, 3½ miles north of Birmingham, on line of electric road; 6 buildings, insured for $1,300. All kinds of soil—clay, gravel, sand and dark loam. Last year this farm produced 121 bushels raspberries, 20 bushels blackberries, 111 bushels cherries, 10 tons hay, etc. A gravel ridge 60 rods in length, with an almost inexhaustible supply of gravel, is worth almost the price of the farm alone. No waste land and under a high state of cultivation. Worth looking at anyhow. Price $3,000, terms easy.

194

Fifty acres in Township of Troy, adjoining the Joy Stock Farm; buildings, good house, basement barn, plenty of small fruit, orchard of excellent fruit; 2½ miles from Fifth Division D. U. R., 2 wells and fine spring. Price $4,000.

195

Fifteen acres in Township of Royal Oak; no buildings; small orchard of maples in a pretty feature; new land, well drained, clay bottom; black top soil, corner of Hewitt road and Campbell road, ¼ mile east of electric road; adjoins J. L. Hudson and Duffield tracts, which are held at $500.00 per acre; 1½ miles north of State Fair grounds. Price $300 per acre, will exchange for Detroit property.

196

Six acres, part of n ½ of n ½ of section 34, Troy township; new barn, fair house, soil clay loam, fine flowing well; 2 miles east of Flint electric road, 2½ miles from Big Beaver; good farm for somebody. Price $625.

198

Ten acres 1 mile east of Royal Oak village; excellent land, 40 apple trees, no buildings. Price, $1,200. The place is well fenced, 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 Flint line D. U. R. Good buildings, fine orchard, two good houses; farm well fenced and tiled. Excellent buildings insured for $5,500; 1½ miles from Royal Oak village; 5 acres excellent orchard; 6 acres oak and white ash timber; everything in splendid condition. Will exchange for improved Detroit city property. Price $125 per acre.

200

One hundred and twenty-six acres near Birmingham; good buildings, well fenced, fine orchard flowing well; pretty little River Rouge runs through the farm; 10 miles from Birmingham. Worth looking at. Take you to see it any day. Just the price is $10,000, and the terms easy. Farm not as good as this could sell within the past year, in the immediate vicinity, for $150.00 per acre. Let us take you to see it. It will please you, and if you don't buy we won't grumble.

201

Fine 2-story residence on Maple Avenue, corner of High Street; 50 feet front, 125 feet deep; hot water heater, hot and cold bath, toilet, city gas, city water; every conveniences; built in the best glass of city residences. Cement walk (cost $200) and best neighborhood in the city. House would cost at least $3,000 to build today; ask any one to build it for less and see what they say. You can buy this beautiful home for $2,800, and have your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

203

Forty acres on the line of the Flint electric, as Harris corners, in Troy Township. Excellent soil, clay loam, no waste; one of the pleasantest places in Oakland county; well drained. The place is held for more money, but make us an offer of $2,600 cash, and we will see what we can do for you.

206

One hundred and forty feet front and 140 feet deep on Woodward Avenue; small fruit, apples, peaches; house 16x32, 1½ stories, 7 story and wing; hot air furnace, city gas, toilet and bath rooms, hot and cold water, cellar under water-motor, good cellar with cement floor, wood and coal shed—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.

207

Seems as if this place ought to be attractive to any party who wants a good farm at a fair price. One and one-half miles west of Birmingham on the Franklin road. 160 acres clay loam and gravelly soil and not a foot of waste land; 16 acres timber; 6 flowing wells; 10 acres in the various buildings and distributed in the different fields, where most needed; 14 miles of tile drain running a rods apart over all the farm; best brick and concrete silo; 19 good buildings; 2 houses; ample barn room—50 head of cattle or horses can be nicely accommodated. Oh, well! what's the use. We could never tell you about it. Price is reasonable, and party wants to sell owing to sickness in family. Let us know if you are interested and we will meet you at the car or train any time and go and look it over. Will exchange for part city property.

208

Five acres and 4 good buildings, making a nice little home near the little Village of Southfield. Stores, school, church, etc., within 200 rods. The buildings cost more to build than the price asked for the place, and are well worth looking at. The price is $1,000, and $250 down will take care of it, and the balance you can pay as your leisure.

209

Fine home with good barn on Townsend Street. Good 2-story house, plenty of fruit, beautiful maple trees on south side house is a shady, restful residence. Would cost $2,500 to build the house alone, and $2,300 will buy it if you take it right off the bat. Owner is leaving town, and that's the reason.

210

Nice little cottage with barn just west of the High School, on Martin Street; buildings insured for $1,000; fine location; 5 rooms; can be rented for $200, maybe of. Ask the man at the bank. Absent $300 will swing it.

211

Just an acre of land. (Ever read that book that was so popular some years ago, entitled "One Acre Enough?" No? Well, you ought to. It's worth while.) There's a house within about 1 little house with 4 rooms, in Southfield village. Price $250 down and $250 more before April 1, and $225 each 6 months after.

212

The premises, 4 acres, owned and occupied by the Mrs. Dr. Gray, in Southfield village. The house and some 4 nail buildings on the south side of the lot, with 37½ acres of land can be bought separate if desired. Seventy acres on the north side of the road, with barns and all other necessary buildings. Land is all under a high state of cultivation, from electric line—Flint Division D. U. R. After you take up the land it will be worth more than the price we ask now, and will keep the land down to about $45 per acre. Take you to see it any time.

213

Fine little farm of about 75 acres in Royal Oak, on the line of the Rochester Electric, 2 miles north of Royal Oak; fair to good clay loam; well-cistern; well 120 feet deep; good pipe water; 3-acre barn; no apple orchard; 1 building, insured for $1,200, and $4,000 will buy it, subject to a small mortgage, which carries at the present time. Will exchange for improved Detroit city property.

214

About 62 acres, 1 mile west of Rochester, 26 miles from Detroit, on the Rochester Electric; house and barn worth $1,600, insured for $1,000. About 35 bearing butternut trees, 15 walnuts and 10 hickories; fine oak trees of Nature's planting border the farm on east and north. Can show you pictures and diagrams of this place if you want to know almost as good an idea of it as if you went to see it.

215

Decidedly the prettiest lake farm in this county of lakes. Situated on Silver Lake, from best concrete blocks, hollow walls, 2 stories high, in one of the best locations in our village, let 60x100 feet, 18 large apple trees, bath, water-closet, hot and cold water, good-pool, hot-air furnace, 9 rooms beautifully finished in hard wood, large attic. Best of reasons for selling. Price $3,800. Let us show it to you any day-any time.

217

Farm of 98 acres on Section 1, Troy; 5 buildings, 4 acres level, 2 acres timber, 70 acres cleared, 3 acres orchard; 2½ miles from Rochester line D. U. R. Can be bought for $4,000, and that's only a trifle over $36 per acre. $1,000 cash will buy it, with the balance on long time at low rate of interest. Seems as if that ought to interest almost anybody.

218

House and lot on the southwest corner of Townsend and Pierce Streets, Birmingham. Eight-room house; city water, fine elm shade trees; delightful location; rents for $10 per month; 103 feet frontage on Pierce and 130 feet frontage on Townsend. Price? Well, if you think it's too low, we can raise it; but $1,300 will buy it. You couldn't build the house for the money, and the vacant lots are worth more than that. Think it over.

219

Tidy little place for some one with moderate means. Corner Chestnut and Palm, Campbell Addition. Lot cost at least $600, and the house cost at least $1,200; that's $1,700, and prices are advancing all along the lines in that location. If you come right away we will consider an offer of $1,200, and if that is too high after we have shown you over the premises, we will introduce you to the owner, and you can make your own terms. That's fair.

220

An acre and a quarter right on the west side of Woodward Avenue, just north of the power house on the electric line. Without exception the finest little home in the village. Room for chickens and a cow if you want it. Nice little 2-story cottage with 1-story wing, making 8 rooms in all. Good barn, best well in town, plenty fruit of all kinds. Buildings are insured for $1,100, and the place can be bought for $2,800. Confidently say this is one of the best bargains on our list. Let's look it over and talk it over together. Any time.

221

Fine house and two and one-half lots on Davis Street, Hosmell's Sub-Division. Hot and cold water, furnace, water-closet—everything. Also vacant lot on corner of Davis and Maple Avenue, big east of the Presbyterian Church. Will sell the whole business, or the different parcels separately. Prices very reasonable. Ask the man at the bank.

222

Two-story tenement or terrace, on the east side of Woodward Avenue. Two finished 2-story houses of 8 rooms each. Furnace, water-closet, bath, hot and cold water, city water and gas; each independent of other apartment. Rents for $15 per month each. Forty dollars per month will pay all taxes and insurance. Good barn on the premises, and the lot is 70 feet front on the best frontage on Woodward, and 185 feet deep; room for a nice garden; can live in one apartment and have a steady income from the other. This is something to ponder over. Come and let us help you ponder. Always at your service. If you can't call, write.

223

One of the finest little cozy homes in the thriving suburban Village of Royal Oak. Right on the line of the Rochester Electric, fifth D. U. R.; cars for Detroit every hour, fare 10 cents; 7-room house nearly new; one cistern, well, wood-shed, 3 x 125; strawberries, peaches, pears, plums, apples, etc., all nicely fenced. Price, $2,300. Remember! There's 3½ acres of land goes with it, and the price is $4,200. Small payment down, with easy terms on long time and low rate of interest.

224

A 54-acre farm in the Township of Troy, on the line of the Rochester Electric, fifth D. U. R.; 15 acres maple timber; excellent clay loam; 2 acres fine bearing orchard; 3 good buildings; cost $4,000, 10-room brick house, flowing well piped to barn (every stall), basement barn 30x60—2 floors—no commodious barn for cows and horses; house also entire farm newly fenced with wire and cedar posts; 2 miles from Rochester; 40 rods to good school; 2 mails daily. Price $6,000; terms easy. If this farm was as far from Detroit as Rochester is from able Hosmelld people, it wouldn't last 10 minutes at that price. Come on; let's go and see it.

225

Forty-acre farm on Section 7, Troy; 5 acres timber, 6 acres orchard, 6 buildings (which are worth $4,000); 3-room house, 1½ stories, plaster, well and windmill, water piped to house and barn; 1 mile north of the fence with cedar posts; 2 miles from Rochester, which will realize $400 per acre; 400 peaches, 100 plums, 10 pears and 500 cherry trees; 2½ miles from Troy; tile farm, free and clear, 2½ miles from Rochester line, and 3 miles east of Kimball's Corners, on the Pontiac line.

Her Specific Order.

Little Marie did not possess a pair of skates, and after using the rollers of a friend for some time she went to her father with the intention of getting a pair of the best pattern—those with ball bearings. She said: "Papa, I must have a pair of roller skates at once. And I want them like Jennie Smith's, with pall bearers on."

Rajah's Triumph Over Motor Car.

To-day we came upon a rajah driving in a motor car drawn by a pair of horses! Something had upset the internal economy of the car, and as this was not the first time the car had failed the rajah had hit upon the brilliant idea of dispensing with petrol and using the good old horses instead.—Madras Mail.

Unprofitable Accumulation.

If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-creatures, all the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, poor man, said I, you pay too much for your whistle.—Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790).

Pointer for Fishermen.

Lo, the poor Indian, when he went fishing, used to hang up a blanket in his canoe so that the sun would be hid from the water where he was getting in his work. Then he could plainly see the fish, but they could not see him. This is a tip to some of our fishermen.