BLINDFOLDED

By EADLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

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SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city over the remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, who sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Dudley is summoned to the mortuary and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And then Dudley goes without ever explaining to Dudley the unusual work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues his disguise, and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. He learns that there is a boy whom he is charged with secreting and protecting. Dudley, assuming for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Borton who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Mrs. Terrill and Darby McGee who are after him. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is terrified by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. Slumming tour through Chinatown is planned. The trip to Chinatown. Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrill. Luella and Dudley, separated from the rest of the party and imprisoned in a hallway building with a locked door. Three Chinese ruffians approach the imprisoned couple. A battle follows. One is knocked down, Giles begins firing. Tim Terrill is seen in the mob. A newly formed mob is checked by Lieut. Tom Reardon's revolver. Policeman Corson breaks down the door with an axe. Luella and Giles are rescued. Luella thanks Giles Dudley for saving her life. Knapp appears at the office with no trace of the previous night's debauch. Following his instructions Dudley has a notable day in the Stock Exchange, selling Crown Diamond and buying Omega, the object being to crush Decker, Knapp's hated rival. Dudley discovers that he loves Luella Knapp. Mother Borton tells Giles Dudley that "they've discovered where the boy is." The mysterious unknown woman employer of Dudley meets him by appointment with "the boy" who proves to be Dudley with his guards and they drive with him to the ferry boat. Tim Terrill is out of the city. Dudley and his faithful guards convey "the boy" by train to the village of Livermore, as per the written instructions. The party is followed. Soon after the party is quartered in Hotel a special train arrives in Livermore. The "gang" including Darby McGee and Tim Terrill, lay siege to the hotel and endeavor to capture "the boy," who is supposed to be concealed there. Tricked again, across Tim Terrill, when he sees the manager of the hotel is not "the boy." Dudley and Terrill meet in battle of arms to a man. Dudley is knocked unconscious by Terrill's assistant and awakes to find himself in the hotel room under care of his guards. The hotel is guarded by Terrill's men who are instructed to kill the first man who tries to escape. Dudley gives the note to the one-eyed man. The boy is left behind with Dudley and his remaining guards make their escape in horse drawn vehicles and in a locomotive. Doddridge Knapp and Decker meet face to face on the Dudley exchange. Decker is defeated and Knapp prevents a coup to control the directors and declare Knapp's option valid. Mother Borton is mortally wounded and dies after confessing to the abduction of his strange mission. Tim Davis arrived then is visited by Detective Harbinger. A allegation that Terrill's plans Dudley's mission is found. Harbinger proved Dudley a secret service messenger to meet the "unknown woman" his mysterious employer. Dudley learned to find that she is Mrs. Knapp. The boy is rescued after a thrilling chase by land and water. Dudley thinks that "Little Wolf" is not Doddridge Knapp, as he had supposed, but is Elliot Knapp, the father of the boy, and that Luella killed the boy's mother. Mr. and Mrs. Knapp had been left trustees of the boy, who inherits a vast fortune from his mother. Mrs. Knapp is trying to break Dudley from Lane, who would probably do away with him if he could get hold of him, in order to possess the fortune.

CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.

I suppressed an exclamation, and she continued:

"They have little in common, even in looks. I wonder you thought for a moment that he was Mr. Knapp. Few people who know them both have traced a resemblance."

"I think," said I, "that the remarkable circumstances under which I had seen Mr. Lane had a good deal to do with the illusion. This morning, for the first time, I saw his face under full light and close at hand."

Mrs. Knapp nodded. Then she continued:

"Mr. Knapp and his brother parted 30 years ago in Ohio. The brother—the man who has just gone—was younger than Mr. Knapp, though he looked older. He was wild in his youth. When he left home it was in the night and for some offense that would have brought him within reach of the law. Mr. Knapp never told me what it was and I never asked. For 15 years nothing was heard of him. Mr. Knapp and I married, and came to San Francisco, and he was already a rising man in the city. One day this man came. He had drifted to the coast in some lawless enterprise and by chance found his brother."

Mrs. Knapp paused.

"And at once began to live off of him, I suppose," I threw in as an encouragement to proceed.

"Not exactly," said Mrs. Knapp. "He confessed some of his rascality to Mr. Knapp, but pleaded that he was anxious to reform. Mr. Knapp agreed to help him, but made the condition that he should take another name, and should never allow the relationship to be known. Mr. Lane—I can not call him by no true name—was ready to agree to the conditions. I think he was glad indeed to conceal himself under an assumed name and hide from the memory of his earlier years."

"Had his crimes then been so great?" I asked, as Mrs. Knapp again ceased to speak.

"He had been a wicked, wicked man," said Mrs. Knapp. "The full tale of his villainy I never knew. Mr. Knapp helped him. He prospered in business, bought a ranch, and turned farmer. To all appearances he had reformed completely.

"Well, it was seven years ago that he married. His wife was much younger than he—a lovely girl, and her parents were rich. How he got her I do not see. It was his gift of the tongue, I suppose, for he could talk well. She was not happy with him, but was better contented when, two years later, her boy came. Last year Mrs. Lane's father died, and she came in under the will for more than $1,000,000 worth of property. Then Mr. Lane changed his habits. He became most attentive to his wife. He looked to her wants, and appeared to the world as a model husband. But more was going on than we knew. From the little she told me, from the hints she dropped, she must have looked upon him with dread. She failed rapidly in health, and six months ago she died."

"Murdered?" I asked.

"I believe it with all my soul," said Mrs. Knapp. "But there was no evidence—not a particle. I tried to find it, but it was beyond the power of the doctors to discover."

"And his motive?"

"He thought he was heir to her fortune. When he found that she had left it with Mr. Knapp and me, in trust for the boy, his rage was frightful to see. Before he had time to plan any of his wicked thoughts into action I took the boy to my home, thinking that there I could keep him in safety. Mr. Knapp pooh-poohed my fears, and, when Mr. Lane made a demand for the child, was in favor of giving him up. The father is the one to care for the boy," he said, and washed his hands of the whole matter."

"Then Mr. Knapp had nothing to do with the affair, one way or the other?"

"Oh, no—nothing at all. I believe, though, that Henry did use his name

"I AM GOING TO MARRY THE PRESIDENT OF THE OMEGA COMPANY."

with the police, to deter them from interfering with our plans."

I remembered Detective Coogan's words, and knew that she was correct in this supposition.

"Mr. Lane," she continued, "threatened legal proceedings. But, knowing his own past and knowing that I knew something of it, too, he dared not begin them. Mr. Knapp's feelings in the matter had made me unwilling to keep the boy in my house, but at first I thought it the best way of protecting him, and had him with me. Then one night the house was broken into and two men were discovered in the room where the boy usually slept. I had taken him to my own bed that night, for he was ailing, and so he escaped. The alarm was raised before they found him, and the men fled. Mr. Knapp was confident that they were ordinary house-breakers, but I knew better. I dared keep the boy there no longer, and called Henry Wilton to assist me in making him safe. He found a suitable house for the boy and hired men to guard it. But after one experience in which the place was attacked and almost carried by storm, Henry thought it better to hide the boy and watch the enemy. The rest you know."

Heaving a sigh as of relief, she went on:

"Mr. Lane was insane, I am certain. I tried to have Mr. Knapp take steps to lock him up. But Mr. Knapp could not believe that his brother was so wicked as to wish to take the life of his own child. I think he was fearful of a scandal in which the relationship should become known. But there was a time, a few weeks ago, when I was near spurring Mr. Knapp to action. It was at the time of his trip to Virginia City. Mr. Lane came to the house while I was away and scared the servants into fits with his threats and curses. Luella had the courage and tact to face him and get him out of the house and I telegraphed for Mr. Knapp."

"I remember the occasion, though I didn't know what was going on."

"Well, Mr. Knapp was very angry, and had a long talk with Lane. He told me that the creature cried and pleaded for forgiveness and promised amendment, for the future. And Mr. Knapp believed him. Yet that very night you were assailed with Luella in Chinatown."

The truth flashed on me. The groans and cries behind the locked door in Doodridge Knapp's office, the voices which were like to one man pleading and arguing with himself, were all explained.

"I think the assault was something of an accident," she continued; "or, rather, it was more the doing of Terrill than of Lane."

"What was the cause of Terrill's enmity?" I asked. "He seemed to take a hearty personal interest in the case for a hired man."

"For one thing, a family interest. I think he is a son of Lane's early years. For another, he had a violent personal quarrel with Henry over some matter, and you have had the benefit of the enmity. But I don't think you'll hear of him again—or Meeker either. They will be in too much of a hurry to leave the state."

At her last words we were at the wharf, and landed free from fear.

An hour later I reached my lodgings, sore with fatigue and half-dead for want of sleep.

CHAPTER XXXI.
The Reward.

"I've heard about you," said Luella, when on the next evening I made my bow to her. "But I want to hear all about it from yourself. Tell me, please."

Then I told her the story of my coming, of the murder of Henry Wilton, of the struggles with death and difficulty that had given the spice of variety to my life since I had come across the continent.

It was an inspiration to have such a listener. Under the encouragement of her sympathy I found an unwonted flow of words and ideas. Laughter and tears shone in her eyes as the ludicrous and sorrowful parts of my experience touched her by turns. And at the end I found that I was clasping her hand.

For a minute we were silent.

"Oh," she cried softly, withdrawing her hand and looking dreamily away, "I knew it was right—that it must be right. You have justified my faith, and more!"

"I am repaid for all by those words," I said.

"You deserve a much greater reward than that," said Luella.

"I want a much greater reward than that," said I boldly.

I did not think the courage was in me. But under the magnetic influence of the woman before me I forgot what a poor devil I was. Luella looked at me, and I saw in her eyes that she understood what I would say.

I do not know what I did say. I have no doubt it was very badly put, but she listened seriously. Then she said:

"That's very nice of you to want me, but I am going to marry the president of the Omega Company."

I turned sick with despair at these words so gently said, and a pang of jealously, tinged with wonder, shot through me. "Surely she can't be in love with that red-faced brute we fought with in the Omega office," I thought. Luella saw my distress as I tried to rise and fly from the place.

"Don't go," she said gently. "What are you going to do with your men?"

"The free companions are to be disbanded," I said, recovering myself with a gulp.

"And you, Mr. Dudley?"

This question struck me a little blank. I had really not thought of what I was going to do.

"It's another case of an occupation gone," I said rather ruefully. "With the break-up of the plots and the close of the Omega deal I am at the end of my employments."

With this view of the question before me, I fell into a panic of regrets and began to blush furiously at my folly in imagining for an instant that Luella could think of me for a husband.

"No," said Luella thoughtfully. "You are just at the beginning."

The tone, even more than the words, braced my nerves, and once more there glowed within me a generous courage of the future.

"You are right. I thank you," I said feelingly. "I have faith in the opportunities."

"And I have faith—" said Luella. Then she stopped.

"In the man, I hope," I ventured.

Luella did not answer, but she gave me a look that meant more than words. I was a trifle bewildered, wondering where I stood to the eyes of this fair and unusual woman. Indeed my speculations were cut short by the coming of Mrs. Knapp.

There was no reservation in her greeting. As we talked over the events of the month, I found nothing left of the silent opposition with which she had watched my growing friendship with the daughter of the house. At last she cried:

"Oh, I had almost forgotten, Mr. Knapp wishes to see you in his room, before you go."

"I am at his service," I said, and went at once to the den of the Wolf.

"Mr. Wilton, I find you're not Wilton," he growled amiably. The loss of his brother had not affected his spirits.

"Quite true," I said.

"You needn't explain," he said. "The women folks say it's all right, though I don't quite understand it myself."

"I can tell you the story," I said.

"I don't want to hear it," he growled. "I've tried you, and that's enough for me."

I murmured my appreciation and thanks for his good opinion.

The Wolf waved his hand as a disposal of my acknowledgments, and growled again:

"Have you any engagements that would keep you from taking the place of president of the Omega Company?"

I fell back on the chair speechless.

"There'll be a good salary," he continued. "Well, of course, you needn't be in a hurry to accept. Take a day to think over it if you like."

The Wolf actually smiled.

"Oh, I don't need any time," I gasped. "I'll take it now."

"Well, you'll have to wait till the directors meet," he said.

I gave him my heart, thanks for the unlooked-for favor.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "it was the doing of the women folks."

My heart sank a leap at the announcement, for it carried a great deal more with than Doddridge Knapp knew.

"I am a thousand times obliged to you—and the ladies," I said.

"Well, I wasn't unwilling," he said indulgently. "In fact, I intended to do something for you myself, you. But there's one condition I must make."

I looked my inquiry.

"You must not speculate. You haven't got the head for it."

"Thank you," I said. "I'll keep out, except under your orders."

"Right," he said. "You've the best head for carrying out orders I ever found."

The King of the Street waved me good night, and I went back to the parlor.

Luella was sitting where I had left her, and no one else was about. She was looking dreamily down, and did not glance up till I was beside her.

"I have won a double prize," I said. "I am the president of Omega."

And I stooped and kissed her.

THE END.

PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR INK.

Signature in Indelible Pencil on Wet Check Will Be Accepted.

"Who has a fountain pen?" asked the nervous man as he fished out his check book. "I have to pay mine host his bill, and as I'm going out of town for a couple of weeks, I want to get the job off my hands. He hasn't a pen and ink here." "Here is an indelible pencil," said a friend, as he reached into his vest pocket. "That won't do," snapped the nervous man. "No bank will take a check written with a pencil." "Oh, yes, provided you wet the check first," said the friend soothingly. "If you can't get water, lick the check as you would a stamp and then your writing while it is still moist. An indelible pencil is filled with nothing but ink powder, compressed into solidity. When it is moistened it becomes ink. Try it." "I see," said the nervous man as he signed his check with a flourish, "that there are more ways of killing a cat than choking it with hot butter."

Uncle Eben.

"Experience," said Uncle Eben, "is a good teacher. But some of us don't learn nuffin' fum her 'ceptin' how to recite hard-luck stories."—Washington Star.

WHEN THE OTHER MAN IS HIT.

Misfortunes of Others Frequently Cause of Self-Congratulation.

"I wonder why it is," said the melancholy man, "that when we hear of misfortune befalling one very close to us, there is usually a feeling—well, I won't call it one of superiority of fate, but certainly one of recognition of the fitness of things by which we are not picked out for such evil case. And we are careful to give ourselves all possible credit for exemption. Jones, you hear, has failed. Poor Jones. You know him, and you know that if you had been in his place you would have seen the signs of disaster and taken warning. Brown's son has made a runaway match. Well, well! That is tough on the Browns, but it is clear that they didn't understand bringing up a boy. And so it goes. There's a preening of the feathers, an assumption of an air of conscious rectitude. Does it come from innate selfishness? Or is it because there has been no personal experience of sorrow along the lines indicated?"

The Alloy.

The softest word to pronounce, the sweetest sentiment to express, expire when we think they are ordered.—Balzac.

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, (next to A. T. Bird's barn and) with 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 Mellen A. Smith, east by D. G. H. & M. R'y, south by Bower street, west by Woodward avenue, each lot 66 feet front by 132 deep, 178 feet deep on north side and 146 feet on south side; all in the Village of Birmingham, Mich. One of the finest building sites in the village.

66

Good, comfortable, cozy, old-fashioned house with lovely front on Martin Street. Fine location, plenty of room, and the price is only $1,800.

77

One set on Saginaw street, just south of land owned by John German, 80 feet frontage. Anyone wishing to purchase will find this a bargain. For particulars inquire of Mollie G. Smith or at the Exchange Bank.

103

Eighty-acre farm in White Lake township, w ½ of s e ¼ of section 26. 70 acres cleared, 10 acres timber and hickory-nut grove, balance pasture; this swamp netted the owner over $150.00 last summer. Fair buildings and good water; house of 7 rooms, good neighborhood; 4½ miles from Milford, 3 miles from Commerce; proposed electric road comes within a mile of the house. Price, $2,000.

114

Nine farm in the Township of Southfield; 89 acres, of which 78 are improved and the balance is good maple timber. Two acres of orchard; buildings worth $1,500, and usually five place can be bought for $5,000. Nuf ced.

126

Vacant lots 14, 15, 18 & of Wilson's Sub-division, Royal Oak village, each. Price, $250 each. Terms easy, with small payment down.

147

Nice little home for someone of small means, being the w ½ of the e ½ of the s e ¼ of the s e ¼ of sec. 24, township 1 south, range 9 east, Troy township 5 rooms, barn in good shape, well in back yard and house never dry. 4½ miles east of Rochester Electric line runs through the farm. All cash and no grumbling will buy it at $750. Hurry up!

No. 167

Wants to trade for 30 or 60 acres on or near electric. Ninety-four acres on east ½ of southeast ¼ of sec. 3, Troy township; 60 acres cleared, valued at $8,000 (insured for $7,700); flowing well piped to barn; farm very well adapted for stock or dairy; 14 miles from electric at Troy Corners where there are good schools and churches. Fare 1½ to Detroit. Price 80 acres.

No. 171

Finest building site between Birmingham and Pontiac, on electric railway, 4 miles north of Birmingham, among the country homes of such men as Booth, Bofinger, Rodicott, Brady, Shaw, Cook, etc. Fine location, nearly half of which is timber and pretty little branch of River Rouge runs through it; 12 feet or more deep; plenty of room for chickens and garden; fine drainage for orchard of 2 acres. Price is high, but if you have the cream you must expect to pay for it.

178

Seven-room cottage on west side of Bates street, 42 feet front, 120 feet deep. You couldn't build the lot for $1,200 and that's what we ask for it. City water, wood shed, cellar, all ordinary conveniences. Only $3,000 and the best bargains we have. Show it to you any time.

180

Farm in Avon township, 75 acres of good clay loam; 60 acres cultivated; small orchard; no building; small amount down. For sale or exchange for small farm.

185

Corner lot, 100 feet front on Maple avenue, 132 feet deep; one good building insured; plenty of canal fruit. A bargain for $2,000, one-half cash down.

187

House and lot, in Campbell Subdivision, Birmingham; building 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 in absolutely the best location—East Maple Avenue, two blocks from electric road; bath, toilet, hot and cold water, city gas, 10 rooms, 2 stories, rebuilt last year, better than new; 3 buildings, fine orchard; 181 feet on Maple, 225 feet deep; plenty of room for chickens and garden; fine barn, fruit-house—new. Can't be beat. Price, $5,000; terms easy.

193

Thirty-five-acre fruit farm, 1¼ miles north on Birmingham, on the town line; 6 buildings, insured for $1,200. All kinds of soil—clay, gravel and sand—but a loam. Last year this farm produced 123 bushels raspberries, 20 bushels blackberries, 1,000 bushels strawberries, 10 tons hay, etc. A gravel ridge of great length, with an almost inexhaustable 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 $5,000; terms easy.

194

Fifty acres in Township of Troy, adjoining the Bay Stock Farm; 5 buildings, good house, basement barn, plenty of water, fruit, etc. Has the easiest fruit; 2½ miles from Flint Division D. U. R. 1 mile and fine soil. Price $4,000.

195

Fifteen acres in Township of Royal Oak; so situated as to make it worth a pretty penny for future; new land, well drained, clay bottom, back to sandy loam; on the Lincoln road and Campbell road, ¼ mile east of electric road; adjoins T. L. Dudley tracts, which are held at $500.00 per acre; 1½ miles from Ferndale; 2 miles from Royal Oak; 3 miles from Birmingham. Price $300 per acre; will exchange for Detroit property.

196

Six acres, part of s w ¼ of n e ¼ of section 18, 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 on excellent land, 40 fine apple trees, no buildings. Price $1,600. The place is well fenced, and the price will enable you to build the kind of house you may require.

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; 1 mile from Birmingham. Worth looking at. Take you to see it any day. Oh, yes; the price is $10,000, and the terms easy. Farms not as good as this are selling for the past year, in the immediate vicinity, for $150.00 per acre. Let us show it to you. It will only 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, 132 feet deep; hot water heater, hot and cold bath, toilet, city gas, city water; convenience to post office; very close to all city conveniences. Cement walk (cost $200) and fence, and shade trees. Will sell cheap, or will cost at least $3,000 to build today; ask any one to build it for that money and see what they say. You can buy this beautiful home for $2,800, and have it your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

203

Forty comes on the line of the Flint electric, at Harris' Corners, in Troy township. Fine clay loam soil; clay loam, no waste. One of the pleasantest locations for building in the county for residence. The place is held for more money, but make us an offer of $2,000 cash, and we will see what we can do for you.

208

Five acres and 4 good buildings, making a nice little home near the little Village of Southfield. Stores, school, church, etc., within sight. The buildings cost more to build than the price asked for the place, and are well worth looking at. The price is $1,900, and $250 cash will take care of it, and the balance you can pay at your leisure.

209

Fine home with good barn on Townsend Street. Good 5-story house, plenty of fruit, beautiful apple trees on south side make it a shady, restful residence. Well worth $2,500, but will sell it alone, and $2,250 will buy it if you take it right off the last. Owner is leaving town, and that's the reason.

211

Just an acre of land. (Ever read that book, "Just an acre of land. Owner wants to sell. Apply Box Enough?" No? Well, you ought to. It's a dandy.) There's a house on it, though, a little house with 4 rooms, in Southfield village. Electric cars pass the door, and before April 1, 1907, gets it if you come soonish.

213

Fine little farm of about 75 acres in Royal Oak township, 1 mile southeast of Birmingham and 1 mile north of Royal Oak; fare to Detroit 15c; good colliery soil 120 feet deep; good pure water; 1-acre bearing apple orchard; 2 buildings, insured for $1,200, and $4,000 will buy it, subject to a small mortgage, which can run at 6 per cent. Will exchange for improved Detroit city property.

Decidedly the prettiest lake farm in the county of lakes. Situated on Wing Lake, noted for its excellent fishing, 1 mile south of Birmingham; 8-room house with furnace; fine lawn; excellent barns; fences in good shape; 2 acres of young peaches, 4 acres bearing peaches, and 7 acres apple orchard, which last year netted the owner $1,500 in apples the past year. One mile to the C. & O. R. R. Daily mail and telephone service. Abundance of pure water, piped into the house, and piped from house and other buildings. Eighty acres and the place is 75 miles from Detroit. Price you to see it and you say it isn't worth the money, we'll take care for it later on. Or, if you want a nice string of bass, and then you'll give us twice the money, and it's worth it, too. Try it.

216

A new, modern dwelling, constructed by a well-known builder for his own use, from best concrete blocks, hollow wall, 2 stories high, in one of the best localities in our village; lot 66x100 feet; large apple trees; bath, water-closet, hot and cold water, open plumbing, etc. 5 rooms beautifully finished in hard wood, large attic. Best of furnace for sale, only $4,200. Let us show it to you any day—any time.

217

Farm of 80 acres on Section 1, Troy; 8 buildings, 4 acres beech and maple timber, 76 acres cleared, 4 acres orchard; 2½ miles from Rochester line D. U. R. Can be bought for what it cost; that's only a trifle over $66 per acre. $1,000 cash will buy it, with the balance on long time at 6 per cent interest. Seems as if that ought to interest almost anybody.

219

Tidy little place for some one with moderate means. Corner Chestnut and Palm, Campbell Addition, 2 lots each 66 feet front and 132 deep; house insured for $1,200; that's $1,700, and prices are advancing all along the line in that location. If you come right away we will consider an offer of $1,500, 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. Think it over.

222

Two-story tenement or terrace, on the east side of Woodward avenue, in the Village of Birmingham, about 10 rods from Woodward Avenue, on the Pontiac electric line; one step in front; about 80 rods deep, with nice little creek (branch of the River Rouge) crossing the back end of the premises. Finest location in the county for a nice little chicken farm. No buildings, but can be bought cheap enough so that you can build to suit yourself and have one of the finest homes among the many in the Bloomfield Hills district. Postal card request will bring prices and full particulars. Rather show it to you, though.

229

A pleasant and sightly farm of 71 acres in West Bloomfield, in sight of the Pontiac-Western electric, 3 acres orchard, 4 acres good timber, 5 buildings, valued at $5,000, and they're all O. K.—and it is well worth it. Soil sandy loam and clay loam, under high state of cultivation. Better investigate.

230

Seventy-one-acre farm in Township of Troy, good buildings, well fenced and watered; branch of River Rouge runs through the farm—never dry; 81 rods from school; 8-room 2-story house, basement barn 42x60, other barn 30x36, two good wells, and $6,000 will buy it. Surely is amply secure will take it. One of the most desirable farms in the Township of Troy, and that's one of the best towns for fine farms in the world. Nuf Ced. Well, we'll prove it to you if you'll let us.

231

Two-story, 7-room house in good repair; well, cistern, cellar, fruit, etc. House would cost more than $1,500 to build—and that's what we ask for it. Opposite school house, between Merritt and Marsh, on Chester Street. Terms easy.

232

Farm of 97½ acres, just outside the Village of Birmingham, on the D. U. R. electric line; 1½ fare to Detroit, half-hour service; land all cleared; two acres; four buildings, all in good condition. Best open location between Detroit and Pontiac.

233

Farm of 107 acres, one hour's ride from City Hall on Jefferson Avenue; 1,000 feet on Lake St Clair; 7 acres of apple orchard; splendid buildings The price is very low.

234

Farm of 77 acres, on road from D. & F. electric line. All cleared; good buildings; 10c fare to Detroit. This farm can't be beaten very cheap.

236

Forty-six acres, all improved, no buildings, good land, well fenced, flowing stream through the place. Worth the money, for it will be over $100 per acre will buy it.

237

Four vacant lots in the Randall Addition. Excellent building places in a rapidly improving part of the village. If you want to buy one of these lots for $100 cash and you like it, and you can prove it, and that's one of the best towns for fine farms in the world. Nuf Well, we'll prove it to you if you'll let us. want to build a house on it and are lacking in ready cash, come and see us about it, and we will make arrangements at low rates and easy terms.

238

Vacant lot on Woodward Avenue, on street car line, 50 feet front and 132 deep. One of the best building places on the most popular street in the village, and—$200 will buy it. Want to build on it and don't happen to have the cash? Come and see us about it, and we can arrange matters. Come and see us anyhow.

239

Vacant lot in Castle's Plat; price $300, and will exchange for Detroit property.

240

Small house with lot 50x150, $1,000 cash. Large or house with lot 60x150 and all ordinary conveniences for $2,200, or will sell the whole outfit, both houses and about 2¾ acres of land, on south side of Maple Avenue, for $3,500.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, with 300 feet of frontage on the west side of Woodward Avenue; 8 rooms, hard-wood finish; lot 86x100; plenty of room. You could not build the house for $3,000, and that's all we ask for the premises. Well worth looking at.

243

Farm of 160 acres, Saginaw county, 2 miles from Fergus Station, on the M. C. R. R.; Clay loam, good buildings; valued at $8,000, and $5,000 will buy the farm if you come right away—now. The place is within 3 miles of active railroad stations, and there is a rich coal deposit under the entire farm; 6 miles to Chesaning; 16 miles to Saginaw. Also lands in Charles and 22 miles to Saginaw. Well drained, good fences, and altogether worth the money.

244

If you could buy an acre and a quarter of land with a brick house equipped with hot and cold water, bath, modern conveniences, and every possible convenience, and barn, chicken house, plenty of fruit, and well fenced and the house alone cost $6,000—for $3,000 on easy terms, you'd call it a snap, wouldn't you? Well, we can do it. Come on and we'll show you.

245

Lot 7, Block 1, of Campbell's Subdivision, Village of Birmingham, Mich., on the corner of High Street and Lincoln Avenue. Without doubt the most desirable lot for building purposes on this very popular subdivision. Price $300; but there are other things that we would like to whisper to you. Come and let us take you to see the property.

246

One hundred and twenty-seven acres in the Township of Avon. Fine buildings worth $5,000, 7 acres of timber, 5 acres of orchard; well watered (Clinton River runs through the farm); no marsh; land is 120 feet above the river; fine cedars, 4 miles, 2 good lumber mills in good repair, well fenced, and only a mile from the thriving Village of Rochester. Will trade for a smaller farm or will consider an offer of $8,500 cash. Will take one-third cash. Take you to see it any old time at all.

247

House, barn, and about an acre of good garden land on north side of Saddle Street. Good, old-fashioned house, and a good barn. Owner's family has decided to go West and wants to sell badly enough to make a decided sacrifice. Ask the man at the bank about it.

248

Comfortable house, nearly new, in good location in Whitehead & Mitchell's Subdivision. House would cost more than $2,000 to build at the present minute; and we only ask $1,050 for the house and lot. Terms, $2 cash and $5 a month on $100 which we run. The building is insured for $700. Owner lives in Detroit and wants to sell.

249

Nice, warm, old-fashioned home on the south side of Maple Avenue, among the best class of neighbors. Has 8 rooms, bath, hot and cold water, good garden, and it can be bought for $1,900. Not a bad proposition, is it? Well, come and talk it over with us, and after you look the premises over you will make us an offer anyhow.

250

Now, here is a "Beaner!" House, barn and chicken house, with two acres of land on westerly side of Woodward, opposite Electric Park, known as "Elmcrest." Ten rooms, bath, toilet, two cellars, furnace and modern conveniences; two grates and mantels, one of the best equipped lot of buildings in the village, city water, drains, fine shade trees and everything beautiful have been provided for $4,000. $3,500 cash will buy it, and the balance of purchase price can be had at 6 per cent interest rate of interest. Without exception, this is the finest location and the best lot of buildings on our st; and the price is right.

251

House and lot in Campbell's Subdivision; corner lot 60x132 feet; fruit trees in front and rear; well and cistern water in the kitchen; fine veranda on front and sides; new chicken house, coops, cupples—all bearing—and some smaller trees. $1,400 will buy it, and terms can be made so that it won't take a millionaire to handle it. Come on.

252

Eight acres of land in Newaygo county, Michigan, lately cleared, with small buildings, 10 acres oak timber; price $5 per acre. Won't cost anything to investigate. We're ready to answer all questions you may ask—wise or otherwise.

253

Two hundred acres of sand and sandy loam, 40 acres of timber, 160 acres cleared, two buildings of little value; price $10 per acre. In the Township of Ellsworth, County of Newaygo. And then we have 640 acres more, in the same township, with 6 buildings, 2½ acres of orchard and 100 acres of timber; all at $10 per acre. We'll just dare you to dig into this proposition—and you know what that signifies—and to be at school regarding any "feller" that wouldn't "take a dare."

255

One-hundred-acre farm in Royal Oak township, a mile west of Starr Station on Rochester line D. U. R.; 8-room house; wind-mill supplies clear, cold spring of water; buildings—natural gas well supplies heat and light to all buildings (been running for 10 years); 4 acres orchard; fine peaches; farm well fenced, rows of fine maples along entire front; good neighborhood. Will exchange for District improved property.

256

Eight-room house, good barn and two acres of select land on south side of Southfield Avenue, in the Village of Birmingham—one of the best-equipped and finest homes in the village. Buildings would cost $2,800 to build today (house is practically new), and the whole outfit can be bought for $2,500 cash. Terms can be had. Want to secure it will get it, and you can have your own way about payments, no balance!

257

Just what everybody wants! Don't want a mine or small store? Then buy our house and barn, with 2 other good buildings, all nearly new, in acre of fine orchard, with a total of 400 fruit trees planted for $2,000. 11 acres of excellent land, 1½ miles from Flint Electric, 20 hours' ride from Detroit. Price, $3,500; terms easy. Half mile east from school, church and store. Take you to see it any time.

258

Lots 23 and 24, Buell's Addition, Birmingham, Price $150 for both lots. Terms, $25 cash; balance on contract.

260

Eight-room, 2-story house on Southfield Avenue, Lot 80x176 feet, on south side of street; cellar, well, 3 porches, fine stables, barn, carriage house, chicken house. Within four blocks of electric line.

261

Completely equipped shop for general repair work and manufacture of gasoline engines, both marine and stationary. $1,850 cash will buy the balance on easy terms.

262

Nine lots on the Merrill Plat, formerly owned by M. I. James. Finest location in village. Terms easy and prices low.

263

Forty acres just outside of village. Fine buildings, brick house. Everything in excellent condition. Ideal country home. Has been sold for $300 per acre, and it's worth it. Make us an offer. Take you to see it any time.

264

Nine acres, no buildings, on south side of Willow Avenue, between Woodward and Pierce (outside of corporation), and $1,350 will buy it on easy terms.

265

Eighty-acre farm in Lenia county, Town of Easton. Will exchange for small farm or residence. Property is described as w ½ of s e ¼ of sec 26, town 4 n, r 1 e. Nine buildings, insured for $2,250 mortgage of $8,500, which can run 2,500 years at 6 per cent. Balance, $3,000 from Iowa; 9-room white brick house; all kinds of fruit; no hills or rocks; level as a billiard table. This offer is good for 30 days only, so you'd better get busy.

266

What would you think if we would offer you a fine modern room of 11 rooms, with toilet and bath room, hot and cold water, and steam heat (was cheap,) lot 80x193, and a nice little barn, for $2,400? And terms easy at that. Well, we can do it. If you don't think the place is worth more money than we ask for it, we will convince you in about a minute, or you will call at the bank and ask the man. The property is located in the Village of Birmingham, on the corner, and in one of the best locations in town. Honest, we are sure that this is one of the best bargains we have on our large list.

JACK THE OLDEST DOG ALIVE.

He Was Born Nineteen Years Ago, But Refuses to Think of Dying.

Jack, a mongrel terrier, but a breed worth while, has been so used to fighting all his life that he will not die. Not he; he refuses to think of it, says the Boston Globe.

His father was a cross between an Irish terrier and a skye terrier and his mother a nondescript hailed from Terrier. Glorious combination, a terrier of the terriers. He was born in Newton Lower Falls in March, 1889.

Bought for $5, his owner, to keep the peace in the family of Noah A. Plympton of Wellesley Hills, said that he had brought him home for the baby. On those terms and on those alone was he admitted to the household, which he has ruled since to such an extent that the members are grateful that he does not know about the discussion which nearly kept him from the place where he belonged.

Faithful, affectionate, good to look at, with his expressive eyes and shaggy hair, intelligent to a degree, good-tempered, though quick to resent an insult like the accident of having moved one's foot anywhere near him, Jack has been a cheering companion and a devoted friend.

And Jack has had the unique honor of being present at a Wellesley college function, to which no man ever has been admitted. He came home decked out with ribbons.

Ungodly Refinement.

Refinement which carries us away from our fellowmen is not God's refinement.—Beecher.

Troubles Minimized.

A clever man turns great troubles into little ones and little ones into none at all.—Chinese.