INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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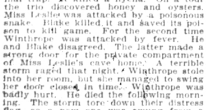
SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrope, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. All three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake, shunned by the boat, because of his roughness, became a friend as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Winthrope wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scored by Blake. All three constructed huts to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on cocoanuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness. Led by Blake, they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. Blake revealed his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and smothering several cubs. In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained their fire by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights. The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal. Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrope, Miss Leslie became frightened. Winthrope became ill with fever. Blake was poisoned by a fish and almost died. Jackals attacked the camp that night, but were driven off by Genevieve. Blake constructed an animal trap. It killed a hyena. On a tour the trio discovered bees and oysters. Miss Leslie was attacked by a poisonous snake. Blake killed it, and saved its antidote to kill game. For the second time Winthrope was attacked by fever. He and Blake disagreed. The latter made a strong door for the private compartment of Miss Leslie's cave home. A terrible storm raged that night. Winthrope stole into her room, but was mastered in season by her door closed in time. Winthrope was badly hurt. He died the following morning. The storm tore down their distress flag, so a new one was sewing from a bamboo pole.

CHAPTER XXII.

Understanding and Misunderstanding.



"I'm Fixing It So It'll Do Me Even When It Rains."

N the morning she found Blake scraping energetically at the inner surfaces of a pair of raw hyena skins.

"So you've killed more game!" she exclaimed.

"Game? No; hyenas. I hated to waste good poison on the brutes; but nothing else showed up, and I need a new pair of pa—er—trousers."

"Was it not dangerous—great beasts like these?"

"Not even enough to make it interesting. I'd have had some fun, though, with that confounded lion when the moon came up if he hadn't sneaked off into the grass."

"A lion?"

"Yes. Didn't you hear him? The skulking brute prowled around for hours before the moon rose, when it was pitch dark. It was mighty lonesome, with him yowling down by the pool. Half a chance and I'd given him something to yowl about. But it wasn't any use firing off my arrows in the dark, and, as I said, he sneaked off before—"

"Tom—Mr. Blake!—you must not risk your life!"

"Don't you worry about me. I've learned how to look out for Tom Blake. And you can just bank on it I'm going to look out for Miss Jenny Leslie, too! But say, after breakfast, suppose we take a run out on the cliff for eggs?"

"I do not wish any to-day, thank you."

He waited a little, studying her down-bent face.

"Well," he muttered, "you don't have to come. I know I oughtn't to take a moment's time. I did quite a bit last night; but if you think—"

She glanced up, puzzled, the meaning flashed upon her, and she rose.

"Oh, not that! I will come," she answered, and hastened to prepare the morning meal.

When they came to the tree-ladder she found that the heap of stones built up by Blake to facilitate the first part of the ascent was now so high that she could climb into the branches without difficulty. She surmised that Blake had found it necessary to build up the pile before he could ascend with his burden.

They were at the foot of the heap, when, with a sharp exclamation, Blake sprang up into the branches and scrambled to the top in hot haste. Wondering what this might mean, Miss Leslie followed as fast as she could. When she reached the top she saw him running across toward an out-jutting point on the north edge of the cliff.

She had hurried after him for more than half the distance before she perceived the vultures that were gathered in a solemn circle about a long and narrow heap of stones on a ledge down on the sloping brink of the cliff. While at the foot of the tree Blake had seen one of the gruesome flock descending to join the other, and, fearful of what might be happening, had rushed on ahead.

At his approach, the croaking watchers hopped awkwardly from the ledges and soared away; only to wheel and circle back overhead. Miss Leslie shrank down, shuddering. Blake came back near her, and began to gather up the pieces of loose rock which were strewn about beneath the ledges on that part of the cliff.

"I know I piled up enough," he explained, in response to her look. "All the same, a few more will do no harm."

"Then you are sure those awful birds have not—"

"Yes, I'm sure."

He carried an armful of rocks to lay on the mound. When he began to gather more she followed his example. They worked in silence, piling the rough stones gently one upon another, until the cairn had grown to twice its former size. The air on the open cliff top was fresher than in the cleft, and Miss Leslie gave little heed to the absence of shade. She would have worked on under the burning sun without thought of consequences. But Blake knew the need of moderation.

"There; that'll do," he said. "He may have been—all he was; but we've no more than done our duty. Now, we'll stroll out on the point."

"I should prefer to return."

"No doubt. But it's time you learned how to go nesting. What if you should be left alone here? Besides, it looks to me like the signal is bearing loose."

She accompanied him out along the cliff crest until they stood in the midst of the bird colony, half deafened by their harsh clamor. She had never ventured into their concourse when alone. Even now she cried out, and would have retreated before the sharp bills and beating wings had not Blake walked ahead and kicked the squawking birds out of the path. Having made certain that the big white flag was still secure, his staff he led the way along the seaward brink of the cliff, pointing out the different kinds of seafowl and shouting information about such of their habits and qualities as were of concern to hungry castaways.

He concluded the lesson by descending a dizzy flight of ledges to rob the nest of a frigate bird. It was a foolhardy feat at best, and doubly so in view of the thousands of eggs lying all around in the hollows of the cliff top. But from these Blake had recently culled out all the fresh settings of the frigate birds and none of the other eggs equaled them in delicacy of flavor.

"How's that?" he demanded, as he drew himself up over the edge of the cliff and handed the big chalky-white egg into her keeping.

"I would rather go without than see you take such risks," she replied, coldly.

"You would, eh?" he cried, quite misunderstanding her, and angered by what seemed to him a gratuitous rebuff. "Well, I'd rather you'd say nothing than speak in that tone. If you don't want the egg heave it over."

Unable to conceive any cause for his sudden anger, she was alarmed and drew back, watching him with sidelong glances.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Think I'm going to bite you?"

She shrank farther away, and did not answer.

At her call to the noon meal Blake took his time to respond, and when he at last came to join her, he was morose and taciturn. She met him with a smile and exerted all her womanly tact to conciliate him.

"You must help me eat the egg," she said. "I've boiled it hard."

"Rather eat beef," he mumbled.

"But just to please me—when I've cooked it your way?"

He uttered an inarticulate sound which she chose to interpret as assent. The egg was already shelled. She cut it exactly in half and served each of the pieces to him with a bit of warm fat and a pinch of salt. As he took the dish he raised his sullen eyes to her face. She met his gaze with a look of smiling insistence.

"Come now," she said; "please don't refuse. I'm sorry I was so rude."

"Well, if you feel that way about it!—not that I care for fancy dishes," he responded, gruffly.

"It would be missing half the end and onions in the same dish."

"I'm sure, Mr. Blake—"

"Beats a burlesque all hollow—Mrs. Saint-Regis-Waldoff's chop-soocy tea and young Mrs. Vandam-Jones' auto-cotillon—with us sitting here like troglodytes, chewing snake-poisoned antelope, and you in that Kundry dress—"

"Do you—I was not aware that you knew about music."

"Don't know a note. But give me a chance to hear good music and I'm there if I have to stand in the peanut gallery."

"Oh, I'm so glad! I'm very, very fond of music! Have you been to Bayreuth?"

"Where's that?"

"Germany. It is where his operas are given as stated by Wagner himself. It is indescribably grand and inspiring—above all, the Parsifal!"

"I'll most certainly take that in, even if I have to cut short my engagement in this good-for-us clime—not bit what, when it comes to leopard ladies—" He paused and surveyed her with frank admiration.

The blood leaped into her face.

"Oh!" she gasped, "I never dreamed that even such a man as you would compare me with—with a creature like that!"

"Such a man as me!" repeated Blake, staring. "What do you mean? I know I'm not much of a ladies' man; but to be yanked up like this when a fellow is trying to pay a compliment—well, it's not just what you'd call pleasant."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Blake. I misunderstood. I—"

"That's all right, Miss Jenny! I don't ask any lady to beg my pardon. The only thing is I don't see why you should dare out at me that way."

For a full minute she sat, with down-bent head, her face clouded with doubt and indecision. At last she bravely raised her eyes to meet his.

"Do you wonder that I am not quite myself?" she asked. "You should remember that I have always had the utmost comforts of life and have been cared for— Don't you see how terrible it is for me? And then the death of—"

"I can't be sorry for that!"

"But even you felt how terrible it was—and then— Oh, surely, you must see how—how embarrassing—"

It was Blake's turn to look down and hesitate. She studied his face, her bosom bebging with quick-drawn breath; but she could make nothing of his square jaw and firm-set lips. His eyes were concealed by the brim of his leaf hat. When he spoke, seemingly it was to change the subject: "Guess you saw me making my bow. I'm fixing it so it'll do me even when it rains."

Had he been the kind of man that she had been educated to consider as alone entitled to the name of gentleman, she could have felt certain that he had intended the remark for a delicately worded assurance. But was Tom Blake, for all his blunt kindliness, capable of such tact? She chose to consider that he was.

"It's a cunning little bungalow. But will not the rain flood you out?"

"It's going to have a raised floor. You're more like to have the rain drive in on you again. I'll have to rig up a porch over your door. It won't do to stuff up the hole. You've little enough air as it is. But that can wait awhile. There's other work more pressing. First, there's the barricade. By the time that's done those hyena skins will be cured enough to use. I've got to have new trousers soon, and new shoes, too."

"I can do the sewing, if you will cut out the patterns."

"No; I'll take a stagger at it myself first. I'd rather you'd go egging. You need to run around more, to keep in trim."

"I feel quite well now, and I am growing so strong! The only thing is this constant heat."

Well have to grin and bear it. After all, it's not so bad, if only we can afave off the fever. Another reason I want you to go for eggs is that you can take your time about it, and keep a look out for steamers."

"Then you think—?"

"Don't screws up your hopes too high. Would little show of being picked up by a chance boat on a coast with reefs like this. But I figure that if I was in your daddy's place I'd be joyment to eat such a delicacy without some one to share it," she said.

Blake looked away without answer. But she could see that his face was beginning to clear. Greatly encouraged, she chatted away as though they were seated at her father's dinner-table and he was an elderly friend from the business world whom it was her duty to entertain.

For a while Blake betrayed little interest, confining himself to monosyllables except when he commented on the care with which she had cooked the various dishes. When she least expected, he looked up at her, his lips parted in a broad smile. She stopped short, for she had been describing her first social triumphs and his untimely levity embarrassed her.

"I don't mind you're fun, Jenny," he said, his eyes twinkling. "You don't know how funny it seems to sit here and listen to you talking about those things. It's like serving up ice cream hush time for me to be cabling a ship to run up from Natal, or down from Zanzibar, to look around for jettison, et cetera."

"I'm sure papa will offer a big reward."

"Second the motion! I've a sort of idea I wouldn't mind coming in for a reward myself."

"You? Oh, you, to be sure. Papa is generous, and he will be grateful to anyone who—"

"You think I mean his dirty money?" broke in Blake, hotly.

Her confusion told him that he had not been mistaken. His face, only a moment since bright and pleasant, took on its sullen, stormy frown.

Miss Leslie rose hurriedly and started along the cleft.

"Hello!" he called. "Not going for eggs now, are you?"

"Hang it all, Miss Jenny! Don't go off like that!"

"May I ask you to excuse me, Mr. Blake? Is that sufficient?"

"Sufficient? It's enough to give a fellow a chill! Come, now; don't go off mad. You know I've a quick temper. Can't you make allowances?"

"You've—you've no right to look so angry, even if I did misunderstand you. You misunderstood me!" She caught herself up with a half sob. His silence gave her time to recover her composure. She continued with excessive politeness: "I repeat, I repeat my request to be excused, Mr. Blake."

"No; once is enough! But, honest, now, I didn't mean to be nasty."

"Good-day, Mr. Blake."

"Oh, da-darn it, good-day!" he growled.

Then, a few minutes later, she returned, he was gone. He did not come back until some time after dark, when she had withdrawn to her lean-to for the night. His hands were bleeding from thorn scratches, but after a hasty supper he went back down the cleft to build up the new wall of the barricade with the great stack of fresh thorn-brush that he had gathered during the afternoon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ALL IN THE GOLDEN FUTURE

Beautiful Picture of What Life on the Farm is to Be Like.

The future farmer will subirrigate his land, and defy drought as well as floods. He will become a scientific forester, and every farm will produce wood and lumber as well as wheat and apples. A single acre will produce what ten acres yield now. Women will work out doors as heartily as men; in fact, they will be the horticulturists and the truck gardeners. There will be closer relation between the producer and the consumer ignoring a horde of middlemen who frequently waste more than is destroyed by ignorant help and insect foes combined. Under the alliance with the school the farm will be valued not only for its gross weight of products, but for its poems and its education. As our schools become places for applying as well as acquiring knowledge, our farm homes will become integral parts of the garden school and the school farm. The alliance between the home and the school will become very close. A valley full of farms is already the nearest to paradise that we have, but the future will fenfold its wealth and hundredfold its delights.—Independent.

But the Glamor Fades.

If every man could be as good as he would like to be the first time he falls in love, there would be more good citizens in this country than there are now.

Real Estate Exchange

OF WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL

Exchange Bank Birmingham Michigan

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 hc se, and lot 66 feet front by 20 rods deep (½ acre) in East ½ of ½ of ½ Avenue. Pipe barred use every modern convenience—furnace, bath, closet, etc. Can be bought for what the buildings cost. Will exchange for good city property. Address Tom Blake, for all his blunt kindliness, capable of such tact? She chose to consider that he was.

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55

Village lots on Woodward Avenue, bounded north by land of Mollie G. Smith, east by D., G. & M. R'y, south by Bower Street, west by Woodward Avenue; 10c feet on Woward Avenue, 175 feet deep on north side and 148 feet on south side; all in the Village of Birmingham, Michigan. One of the finest building sites in the village.

77

One lot on Woodward Avenue, just south of land owned by John German, 50 feet frontage. Any one wishing to purchase will find this a big bargain. For particulars inquire of Mollie G. Smith, or at Exchange Bank.

147

Nice little home for some one of small means—1½ acres in n w ¼ of n ¼ of sec 31, Township of Troy; 7-room house, barn in good shape; within both barn and house, never dry; ½ mile east of Rochester electric; fare to Detroit 15c; R. F. D. All cash and no grunting will buy it a $750. Hurry up!

167

Wants to trade for 50 or 63 acres on or near electric. Ninety-four acres on e ¼ of s ¼ of sec 11, Troy township; 8-room house, all new; insured for $1,700; flowing well piped to barn; 2 wells and cistern at house. Only 1½ miles from electric at Troy Corners, where there are good schools and churches. Fare 17c to Detroit; 30 per acre.

178

Seven-room cottage on west side of Bates Street, 40 x 66 feet, 125 feet deep. You couldn't build he house for $1,200, and that's all we ask for it. City water, wood-shed, cellar, all and many conveniences. One of the best bargains we have. Show it to you any time.

180

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

188

One of the best-arranged and finest-equipped residences in the village, and it absolutely the best location—East Maple Avenue. Blocks from electric road; bath, toilet, hot and cold water, city gas, 16 rooms, 2 stories, rebuilt last year, better than new; 3 buildings, fine orchard, 176 feet on Maple. 330 feet deep; plenty of room for chickens and garden; good barn; fine workshop. What else do you want, anyhow? Will sell house and 2½ feet front by 330 feet deep for $2,500. One of our best bargains.

193

Thirty-five-acre fruit farm, 1¼ miles north of Birmingham, on the town line, 6 buildings, insured for $1,200. All kinds of soil—clay, gravel, sand and dark loam. Last year this farm produced 125 bushels raspberries, 100 bbls blackberries, 111 bushels strawberries, 10 bbls pear, 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 $5,000; terms easy.

194

Fifty acres in Township of Troy, adjoining the Jos. Clock Farm; 5 buildings, house, basement barn; plenty of small fruit, orchard of excellent fruit; 2½ miles from Flint Division D. U. R.; 2 wells and fine spring. Price $4,000.

195

Fifteen acres in Township of Royal Oak; no buildings; small grove of maples in a pretty location; one mile from electric; 1½ miles from splendid, eight-room house, with good cellar, city water—every convenience found in the best class of residences. Owner will take small tract of land as first payment. Price $1,500; can be had cost at less; $1,000 to build today, ask any one to build for less. Will sell for $1,200, and you can buy this beautiful home for $2,800, and have your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

219

Tidy little place for some one with moderate means. Ten acres, 1 mile from Birmingham, Campbell Addition. Lot worth at least $500, and the whole is insured for $1,200—that is $1,700, and prices are advancing all along this line of property. If you come right away we will consider an offer of $1,500, and that is only half what we have shown you over the premises, we will introduce you to the owner, and you can make your own terms.

222

Two-story tenement or terrace, on the east side of Woodward Avenue. Two distinct 2-story houses of 8 rooms each. Furnace, water-closet, bath and lavatory for each house, and each independent of other apartment. Rent for $15 per month. Will sell for $2,500, and will take real estate. Good barn on the premises, and lot 50 feet front by 200 feet deep, room for a nice garden, cow and a pen and yard, and in a street none from the other. This is something to buy or live over. Come and let us help you a pointer. Always at your service. If you can't call, write.

229

A pleasant and sightly farm of 71 acres in West Bloomfield, ½ mile from the Northwestern electric; 4 acres orchard, 4 acres timber; 2 buildings, 6 worth $3,000, and the price is only $5,000—and it is well worth it. Soil, sandy loam and clay loam, under high state of cultivation. Better investigate.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within 10 feet of the corner of Woodward Avenue, 8 rooms, hard-wood finish; lot 56x100; pleasant shade trees. You'll like the location and the house, and that's all we ask for the premises. Well worth looking at.

243

Farm of 100 acres, Saginaw county, 2 miles from Fergleville, on the M. C. R'y. Clay loam. Two buildings valued at $5,000, and $8,000 will buy the farm if you come right away—now. The plan is within 2 miles of the village of Fergleville, and a rich coal deposit under the entire farm. 6 miles to Owosso. Five trains daily from Owosso to Detroit, and that's all we ask for the premises. Well worth looking at.

244

If you could buy an acre and a quarter of land with a brick house equipped with hot and cold water, bath, toilet, furnace, and many more possible conveniences, and barn, chicken-house, plenty of fruit and cement walks—and the house alone cost $6,000 to build today, would you call it a snap, wouldn't you? Well, we can do it. Come on and we'll show you.

246

One hundred and twenty-seven acres in the Township of Avon. Six buildings worth $5,000, across the line from Rochester electric railway. Clinton river runs through the farm); new school land is 120 feet above the river; fine orchard; 4 wells, 2 good barns; farm in good shape and well fenced; only 1 mile from the thriving Village of Rochester. Will trade for a smaller farm, or consider any offer of $6,500, with one-third cash. Take you for one it any old time at all.

247

House, barn and about an acre of good garden land on North side of Hamilton Street. Good, old-fashioned house, and a cozy home at a low price. Party has decided to go West and wants to sell body enough to make a decided sacrifice. Ask the man at the bank about it.

249

Nice, warm, old-fashioned house on the south side of Maple Avenue, among the best class of residences in Birmingham. 7 rooms, bath, toilet, 2 cellars, good garden, and it can be bought for $1,500. Not Why not? Well, just 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 "Beauter" House, barn and chicken house, with two acres of land on westerly side of Woodward, opposite Electric Park, known as "Elmcrest." 10 rooms, bath, toilet, 2 cellars, furnace room, good hot-air furnace, 2 grates and mantels, one of the best-equipped lot of buildings in the village—city water, drains, fine shade trees and lawn. Owner will sacrifice himself and the $6,500 cash will buy it, and the balance of purchase price can be had on long time and low rate of interest. Without exception, the finest location and the best lot of buildings on our list, and the price is right.

251

House and lot in Campbell's Subdivision; corner lot 60x130, fine hedge on front and side, cellar, city and cistern water, flowing well, chicken, fine veranda on front and side; cherries, peaches, pears, crab apples—all bearing—and some smaller trees. $1,400 will buy it, and terms can be made to suit. That it won't take a millionaire to handle it. Come on.

268

Lots 23 and 24, Bourke's Addition, Birmingham. Price $400 for both lots. Terms, $20 cash; balance on contract.

269

House and lot, east side Woodward Avenue; will exchange for other property; lot 100x97; house 4 rooms; small barn, large garden, some fruit. $1,000; buildings are insured for $600.

270

House and lot, west side of Ann Street; 5-story frame construction, second floor, 4 rooms and cellar; one block from Woodward Avenue. $1,300; terms easy.

271

Forty feet front on Southfield Avenue, 176 feet deep; 2 buildings, 6-room house, 3 bedrooms, water in house, garden, fruit, new cement walks; $1,350.

273

New cement house, one block from Woodward Avenue; 4 bedrooms, bath and closet on second floor, 4 rooms downstairs; large veranda, hot-air furnace, hot and cold water, hard-wood floors, good barn large enough for horse or auto; cement walks, fixtures, etc. We look big at all; also worth more money than we ask for it, but we sell it for $3,500 on easy terms.

274

Nice little country place for some one of small means. House, barn, and all necessary outbuildings with two acres of good land; buildings insured for $725, cistern, good location, 2½ miles from Clawson on the Flint electric line; $900; terms easy.

275

Fine new house and 102 acres of good land on west side of Woodward Avenue, near Pontiac; 80 acres timber, 8 acres orchard; 2 buildings, valued at $7,000, but and cold, soft water, tubular hot-air furnace, bath, toilet, water closet; grapes, peaches and apples in great abundance; one mile from Pontiac on D. U. R. electric. Prices and terms on application.

276

Farm of 160 acres, west of Birmingham; excellent soil, good buildings, fine location; 16 acres orchard, 20 acres timber, 4 acres wood; 2 cisterns, 2 wells, never-failing stock water in the farm, fine corn in the country. Price low and terms. Take you to see it any day.

267

Forty acres on the line of the Flint electric, at Harris Corners, in Troy township. Excellent sandy clay loam, no waste land, one of the pleasantest locations for building a nice country residence. The place is held for more money, but come us an offer of $2,600 cash, and we'll see what we can do for you, or, will sell from one to 20 acres in any sort of parcel, or all, at $65 per acre. Ask about it, as it is a bargain.

277

Farm of 160 acres in Southfield; gravelly loam and clay; 4 good buildings, 8 acres orchard, 40 acres oak timber; 1 mile from cheese factory and Village of Franklin, 2½ miles from electric road; telephone, R. F. D., and $45 per acre will get it if sold before March 1. Postal will get full particulars, or we will take you to see it at any time.

278

How would you like a good big farm in Crawford county, Michigan? 80 acres, and the north branch of the Au Sable river runs across it. 50 acres cleared, 2 acres orchard, 2 buildings valued at $1,500; good house 8 rods from the river; abundance of game and fish; fine climate, pure air, fine water, and the best location for early fruit and berries, 111 bushels strawberries, 10 bbls pear, 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 $5,000; terms easy.

280

Farm of 228 acres in Troy—15 acres oak and maple timber, 5 acres orchard, 4 acres apples 7 years old; value of land for $2,000. No waste land. Soil rich loam; flowing wells; tank in house. Inside the fair one mile from Rochester electric; 9-room house with good cellar, city water, bath, toilet, etc. Owner has gone west and will sell for a low price. Price $45 per acre will buy it, and the terms are easy at low rates of interest.

281

Two very desirable lots in the Buell Addition can be bought for $325 on account of the owner going West. Lots are level, and on same close of 40 in the neighborhood are selling for twice the money.

282

Lot 4 in Block 7, Campbell's Subdivision; good house insured for $950; fine location; price $1,200. Nice cozy little home for some one with enough cash to make a small first payment.

283

Lots 23 and 24, Bourke Addition; one of the best locations in the whole plat; can be bought for $400, and you can get them by paying only $25, and the balance on small monthly easy payments.

284

House, barn, and 1¼ acres of excellent land with plenty of fruit; 2 wells and good barn with cement floor; fine location on west side of Woodward Avenue, near Electric Park; good drainage; cement walks. Price $2,500.

286

Fine farm of 55 acres on Franklin Road, 1¼ miles from Court House in Pontiac. No buildings, and well and new fences; all tillable waste land, well fenced, nice grove of 2 acres on west end, new road; State road to be cut by city limits, ¼ mile from; electric fine view; farm well fenced. Price $6,500; enough cash to secure, balance on long time at 6 per cent.

288

Acreage, 16 acres one block from Woodward, and one block from Maple; all well drained; just the thing for platting. Price $4,900. Terms, $2,000 cash and balance on mortgage, easy terms.

289

Two-story frame house, practically new; 10 rooms, good furnace, bath and carriage house. 120 feet frontage on south side of Townsend street, one block west of Chester. Cement walks, everything in excellent condition; city water, all conveniences. Will be sold for $1,900 cash, or enough to secure and balance on easy terms. One of the best bargains on the list. Come and see it.

290

One of the best equipped and loveliest little farms on our list. 47 acres, new stone house, 10 rooms, furnace, bath, toilet, city water, city water, 9½ acres beautiful grove of native trees, 18 acres of best orchard just coming into bearing, all of choice fruit. Fine large new barn; 2 good wells and cistern; fine view; farm well fenced. Price $6,000; enough cash to secure, balance on long time at 6 per cent.

293

Forty acres good farming land suitable for cutting up into lots or parcels for building to sell purposes; on line of D. U. R., 18 miles from Detroit. No waste. No build gs. No trade. Price $2,400. Let's go and see it.

294

ACREAGE—32 acres, high and dry, in the village of Birmingham. Just the thing for platting. Street on two sides and through the middle. One block from Woodward Avenue. Price low, terms easy. $1,000 will handle it. E. E. Dep't Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Michigan.

295

Nice little Chicken Farm on the Rochester electric line, 7½ acres, 9-room house with furnace, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, and chicken house, all new buildings and finely equipped. Owner going South on account of health. Can be bought for what the buildings cost, and all the cash required is the equity above the mortgage, which can continue. Worth looking into. You can't help liking it, and we will show you the premises any day, without expense to you.

296

Nice 5-room house, built last year in Village of Royal Oak, one block from both electric railways —collar, cistern, lot 50 feet front by 160 feet deep. Cost owner $2,000, but will sell for $1,150.

297

Without exception, the finest farm for stock raising or high-class dairying in the country. On the line of the Rochester electric, 15 miles from Detroit, 2 flowing wells, pond of nearly an acre of pure spring water furnishing an abundance of pure clean ice, 9-room house, new silo, barn 76x66, accommodations for 30 head of cattle, basement floor stable, silo inside with flowing well, 15 acres timber, 140 rods new wire fence, 40 acres under cultivation of block-lawn seed and not a foot of waste land; pretty little creek runs through farm. Nothing finer on our list, and less than $100 per acre will buy it on easy terms. There!

298

House, barn, wagon shop, blacksmith shop, two timber sheds, two acres of land, fine orchard; buildings in good repair; 9½ miles from electric; in Village of Franklin, practical, village in Michigan. All ready for an entertaining blacksmith and wagonmaker to make a good living in a prosperous farming community. Best of reasons for selling, and $3,000 cash will buy it right off the bat.

299

FOR SALE—82-acre farm all under cultivation and in good condition; no waste land; telephone line. Four miles from railroad station. In well-settled country, and ½ mile from a graveled side road from Grand Rapids to Ludington, which is sure to be completed within two years. This farm is all No. 1 black soil, the very best for wheat, oats, onions or peppermint. A good distillery and boiler to go with the farm. Will sell this cheap for cash or school. This farm is well worth $4,000 if you make a quick sale at $2,500 cash. $2,000 —$1,500 cash and balance on easy terms.

300

GOOD BUSINESS CHANCE.—Country store, stock of general merchandise, house and lot for sale. Eight-room house, hard and soft water, hot and cold furnace in store and dwelling, acetylene gas machine; stock will invoice $2,000; sales run from $20 to $30 per day. One 1, the even electric, Telephone and R. F. D. This is for sale for good reasons for selling. Will make sacrifice for cash, or will trade for good farm. Address R. E. Dep't Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

301

Good two-story house and barn on south side of Maple Avenue, near East. 77 feet frontage and 20 rods deep, 10-room house, good cellar, excellent garden, large barn, plenty of bearing fruit trees, small fruit in abundance. Two blocks from electric. Price $2,800; half cash, balance on long time and easy terms. Worth $3,500; sales conditions make a sale very desirable. Better look it over.

302

Nice little farm of 62 acres, about a mile from the electric and within 2 miles from Birmingham. Rolling, sightly, beautiful view, 4 acres orchard; fine quality of soil, about a little bush, enough for fuel. Slate roof, 12-room house just finished, fine new barn with accommodation for 20 cows; cement floor, stone basement, good new stables, 40 acres plow land, 20 acres timber and a trifle over $100 per acre will buy it. Glad to show you any time and if you don't buy you will not be scolded a little bit. Worth looking at anyhow.

303

One of the nicest lots on the Buell addition, facing on Woodward Avenue, 40 feet frontage and 120 feet deep. Cheap for cash, and one of the most desirable building lots in the village. Can be bought for cash at a price that will make you rub your eyes—either for building purposes or an investment.

304

Fine large 8-room house three blocks from electric, practically rebuilt, this year; water-closet, bath, electric lights, city water, small barn, lot 80x132; best neighborhood and location in the village; cement walks; house newly painted and decorated, ready to occupy without further expense. $3,950.

305

New 7-room cottage just finished, one block from electric cars; 8 rooms, city water, cellar, small fruit, cost $1,200; will sell for $1,350 cash. Worth more money, but owner has best of reasons for selling.

307

Twenty-seven acres on the line of the Rochester electric; 8-room house, barn, no dy barn and clay; no buildings; 9 acres orchard; good school, nice neighborhood; just the thing for chicken farm, and build up a nice home. Will sell cheap for cash. Can store directly in front; fare to Detroit 13 cents, and can be bought for $2,700, on easy terms.

303

Now, here it is! Best-equipped stock-farm in the country. Township of Troy, 225 acres, 16-room house, with all modern conveniences, large and practically new; 28 box stalls, cold pure water piped to all the buildings; 125-barrel storage tank; water in every field for stock; beautiful shade, fine view, no waste land, and every acre under high state of cultivation—altogether one of the most beautiful as well as profitable farms in this country for sale. Buildings insured for $12,000; big old-fashioned fire-place, hardwood floors, bath, waters closets, etc., in fact, all the buildings, fences, drainage and every detail in apple-pie order. Let us take you to see it. Only two miles from our office, and good roads. Come on!

309

Vacant lot, Merrill Place, fronting on Merrill Street, close to Methodist Church; fine location. Price $300.

310

Brand-new 2-story cottage, finished in golden oak, with bath, hot-water-closet, electric light, and every convenience to be found in best-appointed city residences. Lot 40x100, and only two blocks from electric, and two blocks from Birmingham High School. Price $3,000, and terms easy. You must see it to appreciate it. Very cheap after you look at this beautiful, new, well-equipped, cozy little home. Let us show it to you.

312

Eight-room, 2-story dwelling on west side of Southfield Avenue; large barn, fine shade, cement walk, good well and cistern, lot 66x132. The buildings would cost at least $2,500 to build today. Owner has left this state, and that's all we ask for the whole outfit; will take $1,600 cash and balance on mortgage on easy terms. If you don't look at this, it will be sorry after you have bought elsewhere.

313

The very cream of all farms on or near the electric cars; 10 acres on the line between Birmingham and Pontiac, in the fashionable Bloomfield Hills district; 250 feet of road-frontage; nice cozy residence built of stone, with more modern cement and frame additions—2 buildings in all; house of 8 rooms and bath; beautiful lawn and fine River Rouge runs through the farm near the house, with fine old elms and other shade trees; large and finest apple and peach orchard; farm well fenced and one of the best and most productive in the county. The price is big; it's for