INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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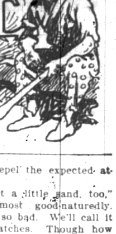


SYNOPSIS.

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. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor. Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Oh, but Mr. Blake, I am sure it must be a mistake; I am sure that if it is explained to papa—"

"Yes; we'll cable papa to-night. Meantime, we've something else to do. Suppose you two get a hustle on yourselves, and scrape up something to eat. I'm going out to see what's left of that blamed old tub."

"Surely you'll not venture to swim out so far!" protested Winthrope. "I saw the steamer sink as we cast off."

"Looks like a mast sticking up out there. Maybe some of the rigging is loose."

"But the sharks! These waters swarm with the vile creatures. You must not risk your life!"

"'Cause why? If I do, the babes in the woods will be left without even the robins to cover them, poor things! But cheer up!—maybe the mud-hens will do it with lovely water-lilies."

"Please, Mr. Blake, do not be so cruel!" sobbed Miss Leslie, her tears starting afresh. "The sun makes my head ache dreadfully, and I have no hat or shade, and I'm becoming so thirsty!"

"And you think you've only to wait, and half a dozen stewards will come running with parasols and ice water. Neither you nor Winthrope seem to 've got your eyes open. Just suppose you get busy and do something. Winthrope, chase yourself over the mud, and get together a mess of fish that are not too dead. Must be dozens, after the blow. As for you, Miss Jenny, I guess you can pick up some reeds and rig a headgear out of this handkerchief— Wait a moment. Put on my coat, if you don't want to be broiled alive through the holes of that peek-a-boo."

"But I say, Blake—" began Winthrope.

"Don't say—do!" rejoined Blake; and he started down the muddy shore.

Though the tide was at flood, there was now no cyclone to drive the sea above the beach, and Blake walked a quarter of a mile before he reached the water's edge. There was little surf, and he paused only a few moments to peer out across the low swells before he commenced to strip.

Winthrope and Miss Leslie had been watching his movements; now the girl rose in a little flurry of haste, and set to gathering reeds. Winthrope would have spoken, but, seeing her embarrassment, smiled to himself, and began strolling about in search of fish.

It was no difficult search. The marshy ground was strewn with dead sea-creatures, many of which were already shriveling and drying in the sun. Some of the fish had a familiar look, and Winthrope turned them over with the tip of his shoe. He even went so far as to stoop to pick up a large mullet; but shrank back, repulsed by its stiffness and the unnatural shape into which the sun was warping it.

He found himself near the beach, and stood for half an hour or more watching the black dot far out in the water—all that was to be seen of Blake. The American, after wading off-shore another quarter of a mile, had reached swimming depth, and was heading out among the reefs with steady, vigorous strokes. Half a mile or so beyond him Winthrope could now make out the goal for which he was aiming—the one remaining topmast of the steamer.

"By Jove, these waters are full of sharks!" murmured Winthrope, staring at the steadily receding dot until it disappeared behind the wall of surf which spumed up over one of the outer reefs.

A call from Miss Leslie interrupted his watch, and he hastened to rejoin her. After several failures, she had contrived to knot Blake's handkerchief to three or four reeds in the form of a little sunshade. Her shoulders were protected by Blake's coat. It made a heavy wrap, but it shut out the blistering sun rays, which, as Blake had foreseen, had quickly begun to burn the girl's delicate skin through her open-work bodice.

Thus protected, she was fairly safe from the sun. But the sun was by no means the worst feature of the situation. While Winthrope was yet several yards distant, the girl began to complain to him. "I'm so thirsty, Mr. Winthrope! Where is there any water? Please get me a drink at once, Mr. Winthrope!"

"But, my dear Miss Leslie, there is no water. These pools are all sea-water. I must say, I'm deuced dry myself. I can't see why that cad should go off and leave us like this."

"Indeed, it is a shame—Oh, I'm so thirsty! Do you think it would help if we ate something?"

"Make it all the worse. Besides, how could we cook anything? All these reeds are green."

"But Mr. Blake said to gather some fish. Had you not best—"

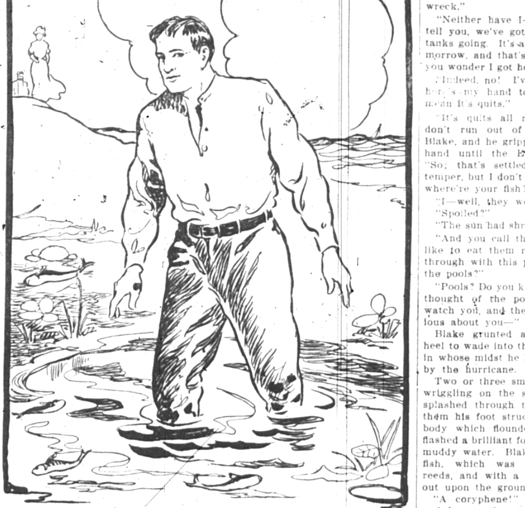
"He can pick up all he wants. I shall not touch the beastly things."

"Then I suppose there is nothing to do but wait for him."

"Yes, if the sharks do not get him."

Miss Leslie uttered a little moan, and Winthrope, seeing that she was on the verge of tears, hastened to reassure her. "Don't worry about him, Miss Genevieve! He'll soon return, with nothing worse than a blistered back. Fellows of that sort are born to hang, you know."

"But if he should be—if anything should happen to him!"



Two or Three Small Fish Lay Faintly Wriggling on the Surface.

Winthrope shrugged his shoulders, and drew out his silver cigarette case. It was more than half-full, and he was highly gratified to find that neither the cigarettes nor the vesta matches in the cover had been reached by the wet.

"By Jove, here's luck!" he exclaimed, and he bowed to Miss Leslie. "Pardon me, but if you have no objections—"

The girl nodded as a matter of form, and Winthrope hastened to light the cigarette already in his fingers. The smoke by no means tended to lessen the dryness of his mouth; yet it put him in a reflective mood, and in thinking over what he had read of shipwrecked parties, he remembered that a pebble held in the mouth is supposed to ease one's thirst.

To be sure, there was not a sign of a pebble within miles of where they sat; but after some reflection, it occurred to him that one of his steel keys might do as well. At first Miss Leslie was reluctant to try the experiment, and only the increasing dryness of her mouth forced her to seek the promised relief. Though it failed to quench her thirst, she was agreeably surprised to find that the little flat bar of metal eased her craving to a marked degree.

Winthrope now thought to rig a shade as Miss Leslie had done, out of reeds and his handkerchief, for the sun was scorching his unprotected head. Thus sheltered, the two crouched as comfortably as they could upon the half-dried crest of the hummock and waited impatiently for the return of Blake.

CHAPTER III.

The Worth of Fire.

THOUGH the sea within the reefs was fast smoothing to a glassy plain in the dead calm, they did not see Blake on his return until he struck shallow water and stood up to wade ashore. The tide had begun to ebb before he started landward, and though he was a powerful swimmer, the long pull against the current had so tired him that when he took to wading he moved at a tortoise-like gait.

"The bloomin' loafer!" commented Winthrope. He glanced quickly about, and at sight of Miss Leslie's arching brows, hastened to add: "Beg pardon! He—ah—reminds me so much of a navvy, you know."

Miss Leslie made no reply.

At last Blake was out of the water and toiling up the muddy beach to the spot where he had left his clothes. While dressing he seemed to recover from his exertions in the water, for the moment he had finished he sprang to his feet and came forward at a brisk pace.

As he approached, Winthrope waved his fifth cigarette at him with languid enthusiasm, and called out as heartily as his dry lips would permit: "I say, Blake, deuced glad the sharks didn't get you!"

"Sharks?—bah! All you have to do is to splash a little, and they haul off."

"How about the steamer, Mr. Blake?" asked Miss Leslie, turning to face him.

"All under but the maintopmast—curse it!—wire rigging at that! Couldn't even get a bolt."

"A bolt?"

"Not a bolt; and here we are as good as naked on this infernal—Hey, you! what you doing with that match? Light your cigarette—light it!— Damnation!"

Heedless of Blake's warning cry, Winthrope had struck his last vesta, and now, angry and bewildered, he stood staring while the little taper burned itself out. With an oath, Blake sprang to catch it as it dropped from between Winthrope's fingers. But he was too far away. It fell among the damp rushes, spluttered, and flared out.

For a moment Blake knelt, staring at the rushes as though stupefied; then he sprang up before Winthrope, his bronzed face purple with anger.

"Where's your matchbox? Got any more?" he demanded.

"Last one, I fancy—yes; last one, and there are still two cigarettes. But look here, Blake, I can't tolerate your talking so deucedly—"

"You idiot! you—you— Hell! and every one for cigarettes!"

From a growl Blake's voice burst into a roar of fury, and sprang upon Winthrope like a wild beast. His hands closed upon the Englishman's throat, and he began to shake him about, paying no heed to the blows his victim showered upon his face and body, blows which soon began to lessen in force.

Terror-stricken, Miss Leslie put her hands over her eyes, and began to scream—the piercing shriek that will unnerve the strongest man. Blake paused as though transfixed, and as the half-suffocated Englishman struggled in his grasp, he flung him on the ground and turned to the screaming girl.

"Stop that squawking!" he said. The girl cowed down. "So; that's better. Next time keep your mouth shut."

"You—you brute!"

"Good! You've got a little spunk, eh?"

"You coward—to attack a man not half your strength!"

"Steady, steady, young lady! I'm warm enough yet; I've still half a mind to wring his fool neck."

"But why should you be so angry? What has he done; that you—"

"Why—why? Lord! what hasn't he done? This coast fairly swarms with beasts. We've not the smell of a gun; and now this idiot—this dough-head—has gone and thrown away our only chance—fire—and on his measly cigarettes!" Blake choked with returning rage.

Winthrope, still panting for breath, began to creep away, at the same time unclasping a small penknife. He was white with fear; but his gray eyes—which on shipboard Blake had never seen other than offensively supercilious—now glinted in a manner that served to alter the American's mood.

"That'll do," he said. "Come here and show me that knife."

"I'll show it you where it will do the most good," muttered Winthrope, rising hastily to repel the expected attack.

"So you've got a little sand, too," said Blake, almost good-naturedly. "Say, that's not so bad. We'll call it quits on the matches. Though how you could go and throw them away—"

"Deuce take it, man! How should I know? I've never before been in a wreck."

"Neither have I—this kind. But I tell you, we've got to keep our think tanks going. It's a guess if we see to-morrow, and that's no joke. Now do you wonder I got hot?"

"Indeed, no! I've been an ass, and here's my hand to it—if you really mean it's quits."

"It's quits all right, long as you don't run out of sand," responded Blake, and he gripped the other's soft hand until the Englishman winced. "So; that's settled. I've got a hot temper, but I don't hold grudges. Now, where're your fish?"

"I—well, they were all spoiled."

"Spoiled?"

"The sun had shriveled them."

"And you call that spoiled! We're like to eat them rotten before we're through with this picnic. How about the pools?"

"Pools? Do you know, Blake, I never thought of the pools. I stopped to watch you, and then we were so anxious about you—"

Blake grunted and turned on his heel to wade into the half-drained pool in whose midst he had been deposited by the hurricane.

Two or three small fish lay faintly wriggling on the surface. As Blake splashed through the water to seize them his foot struck against a living body which floundered violently and flashed a brilliant forked tail above the muddy water. Blake sprang over the fish, which was entangled in the reeds, and with a kick flung it clear out upon the ground.

"A coryphene!" cried Winthrope, and he ran forward to stare at the gorgeously colored prize.

"Coryphene?" repeated Blake, following his example. "Good to eat?"

"Fine as salmon. This is only a small one, but—"

"Fifteen pounds if an ounce!" cried Blake, and he thrust his hand in his pocket. There was a moment's silence, and Winthrope, glancing up, saw the other staring in blank dismay.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Lost my knife."

"When?—in the pool? If we felt about—"

"No; aboard ship, or in the surf—"

"Here is my knife."

"Yes; almost big enough to whittle a match! Mine would have done us some good."

"It is the best steel."

"All right; let's see you cut up the fish."

"But you know, Blake, I shouldn't know how to go about it. I never did such a thing."

"And you, Miss Jenny? Girls are supposed to know about cooking."

"I never cooked anything in all my life, Mr. Blake, and it's alive—and—and I am very thirsty, Mr. Blake!"

"Lord!" commented Blake. "Give me that knife."

Though the blade was so small, the American's hand was strong. After some little haggling, the coryphene was killed and dressed. Blake washed both it and his hands in the pool, and began to cut slices of flesh from the fish's tail.

"We have no fire," Winthrope reminded him, flushing at the word.

"That's true," assented Blake, in a cheerful tone, and he offered Winthrope two of the pieces of raw flesh. "Here's your breakfast. The trimmed piece is for Miss Leslie."

"But it's raw! Really, I could not think of eating raw fish. Could you, Miss Leslie?"

Miss Leslie shuddered. "Oh, no!—and I'm so thirsty I could not eat anything."

"You bet you can!" replied Blake. "Both of you take that fish and go to chewing. It's the stuff to ease your thirst while we look for water. Good Lord!—in a week you'll be glad to eat raw snake. Finnicky over clean fish, when you swallow canvas-back all but raw, and beef running blood, and raw oysters with their stomachs full of disintegrated animal matter, to put it politely. You couldn't tell rattlesnake broth from chicken, and dog makes first-rate veal—when you've got to eat it. I've had it straight from them that knows that over in France they eat snails and fish-worms. It's all a matter of custom or the style."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE REAL AMERICAN HEIRESS

A Worthy Standard of Conduct the Only Imperishable Heritage.

To know that one's forebears were people of refinement, of culture, of gentle breeding, instead of inspiring arrogance should challenge the best that is in one, lest he fall short as a representative of those in whose persons these graces once flowered, writes Ruth McEnry Stuart in Harper's Bazar.

An inherited standard of life—let us put that down in our list of blessings. And for all inherent good which has come down to us as a benediction, without the asking, and which may be held only in trust as a sacred responsibility, let us delight to give thanks.

We American women, then, will tell to our children any true story of prowess, of chivalry, of long patience and reverent waiting—of any great quality which has found expression in lives of any of their ancestors—so that they may know themselves thus endowed with the only imperishable heritage. The daughter, the granddaughter, who comes by direct line into such an inheritance is the real American heiress.

She may not have a dinner gown to her name, or be "up" in the etiquette of fashionable life. Perhaps she is not even a person of leisure, much less a member of the "leisure class." If so much the better. So much more hopefully has she her life in her own hands.

A Success.

First Broker—How's that mining scheme of your coming on?

Second Broker—Splendid. Why, we sold every share before we found the mine.—Unidentified.

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 rod deep on Maple Ave. East, (half an acre). Fine barn and every modern convenience. Furnace bath, closet, etc. Can be bought for what the buildings cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

65

Village lots on Woodward avenue bounded north by land of Mollie G. Smith, east by D. G. H. & M. R'y, south by Bower street, west by Woodward avenue, 106 feet front on Woodward avenue, 178 feet deep on north side and 148 feet on south side; all in the Village of Birmingham, Mich. One of the finest building sites in the village.

77

One lot on Saginaw street, just south of land owned by John German, 50 feet frontage. Any one 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 32; 70 acres cleared, 10 acres timber and huckleberry swamp. (Don't laugh; this swamp netted the owner over $150.00 last summer.) Three acres of good orchard, house of 7 rooms, good neighborhood; 4½ miles from Milford, 2 miles from Commerce; proposed electric road comes within a mile of the house. Price, $2,000.

147

Nice little home for someone of small means. 1¼ acres in n w ¼ of n e ¼ of sec 34, township of Troy, house 7 rooms, barn in good shape, well, both barn and house never dry. ½ mile east of Rochester Electric, fare to Detroit 15c. R. F. D. All cash and no grumbling will buy it at $750 Hurry up!

No. 167

Wants to trade for 50 or 60 acres on or near electric. Ninety-four acres on east ½ of southwest ¼ Sec. 11, Troy township; three buildings valued at $3,000 (insured for $1,700); flowing well piped to barn; farm well adapted for stock or dairy; 1½ miles from electric at Troy Corners, where there are good schools and churches. Fare 17c to Detroit; $60 per acre.

No. 171

Finest building site between Birmingham and Pontiac, on electric railway, just north of Birmingham, among the country homes of such men as Booth, Barbour, Endicott, Brady, Shaw, Conklin, and others; 43 acres, nearly half of which is timber, and pretty little branch of River Rouge (never dry) runs through the place with giant elms and oaks overhanging. No buildings, good drainage, fine orchard of 3 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 house for $1,200, and that's all we ask for it. City water, wood shed, cellar, all ordinary conveniences. One of the best bargains we have. Show it to you any time.

180

Farm in Avon township; 35 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 is 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; 112 feet on Maple, 320 feet deep; plenty of room for chickens and garden; good barn, fine workshop—— 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.

193

Thirty-five-acre fruit farm, 1¼ miles north of Birmingham, on the town line; 6 buildings, insured for $1,300. All kinds of soil—clay, gravel, sand and dark loam. Last year this farm produced 123 bushels raspberries, 20 bushels blackberries, 111 bushels strawberries, 10 tons hay, etc. A gravel ridge 60 rods in 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 Joy Stock Farm; 5 buildings, good 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.

[illegible]

Fifteen acres in Township of Royal Oak; no buildings; small grove of maples is a pretty feature; new land, well drained, clay bottom, black top soil; corner of the 9½-mile road and Campbell road, ½ 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 s w ¼ of n e ¼ of section 24, 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 fine 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.

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; ½ 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 have sold 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 convenience found in the best class of city residences. Cement walk (cost $200) and best neighborhood in town. 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.

216

A new, modern dwelling, constructed by a well-known builder for his own use, from best concrete blocks, hollow walls, 2 stories high, in one of the best localities in our village; lot 60x100 feet; 12 large apple trees; bath, water-closet, hot and cold water, cess-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.

219

Tidy little place for some one with moderate means. Corner Chestnut and Palm; Campbell Addition. Lot worth at least $500, and the house is insured for $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 $1,500, 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.

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, hot and cold water, city water and gas; each independent of other apartment. Rents for $15 per month each. Forty dollars per year 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 ready 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.

227

Five acres just outside of the corporation limits of Birmingham, about 10 rods frontage on Woodward Avenue, on the Pontiac electric line; car stops 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, ¼ mile from the Northwestern electric; 8 acres orchard, 4 acres good timber, 5 buildings worth $5,000, and the price is $6,000—and it is well worth it. Soil sandy loam and clay loam, under high state of cultivation. Better investigate.

232

Farm of 27½ acres, just outside the Village of Birmingham, on the D. & P. electric line; 15c fare to Detroit, half-hour service; land all cleared; two acres; four buildings, all in good condition. Best open location between Detroit and Pontiac.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within 300 feet of the west side of Woodward Avenue; 8 rooms, hard-wood finish; lot 56x100; plenty of fruit. 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'y. Clay loam, good buildings valued at $5,000, and $3,000 will buy the farm if you come right away—now. The place is within 2 miles of active coal mines, and there is a rich coal deposit under the entire farm; 6 miles to Chesaning; 16 miles to Owosso; 4½ miles St. 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, water closet, furnace, and every possible convenience, and barn, chicken house, plenty of fruit and cement walks—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.

246

One hundred and twenty-seven acres in the Township of Avon. Six 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 wells, 2 good houses, 2 barns 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, with one-third cash. Take you to see it any old time at all.

247

House, barn, and also an acre of good garden land on north side of [illegible] Street. Good, old-fashioned house, and a cozy home at a low price. Party has decided to go West and wants to sell badly 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 the village. Plenty of room for a good garden, and it can be bought for $1,500. No! 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 "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 room, good hot-air furnace, two grates and mantels, one of the best equipped lot of buildings in the village, city water, drains, fine shade trees and beautiful lawn; buildings insured for $4,000. $3,500 cash will buy it, and the balance of purchase price can be had on long time and low rate of interest. Without exception, this is 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 60x110, fine hedge on front and side, cellar, city and cistern water in the kitchen, 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 so that it won't take a millionaire to handle it. Come on.

252

Eight acres of land in Newaygo county, Michigan, listed "A No. 1 sandy soil;" no 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 mixed timber, 20 acres cleared; two buildings of little value. Price $10 per acre. Is in the Township of Big Prairie, County of Newaygo. And then we have 440 acres more, in the same township, with 5 buildings, 2½ acres of orchard and 100 acres of mixed timber; all at $10 per acre. We'll just dare you to dig into this proposition—and you know what our opinion used to be at school regarding any "feller" that wouldn't "take a dare."

256

Eight-room house, good barn and two acres of excellent land on west side of Southfield Avenue in the Village of Birmingham—one of the best-equipped and tidiest homes in the village. Buildings would cost $2,800 to build today (house is practically new), and the whole outfit can be bought for just a trifle more than that. Enough to secure it will get it, and you can have your own way about payments on balance.

257

Just what everybody wants! Don't wait a minute or you'll lose it. Fine house and barn, with 3 other good buildings, all nearly new, an acre of fine orchard, lots of small fruit; buildings insured for $2,900; 11 acres of excellent land, ½ mile from Flint Electric, an hour's ride from Detroit. Price $3,500; terms easy. Half mile east to school, church and stores. Take you to see it any old time.

258

Lots 23 and 24, Buell's Addition, Birmingham. Price $400 for both lots. Terms, $25 cash; balance on contract.

265

Eighty-acre farm in Ionia county, Town of Easton. Will exchange for small farm or residence. Property is described as w ½ of s e ¼ of sec 36, town 7 n, r 7 w. Nine buildings insured for $2,250 mortgage of $3,500, which can run; 2,500 cash will secure balance. 2 miles from Ionia; 9-room white brick house; all kinds of fruit; no hills or waste land; excellent soil. This offer is good for 30 days only, so you'd better get busy.

269

House and lot, east side Woodward Avenue; will exchange for other property. lot 105x97; house 6 rooms; small barn, large garden, some fruit; $1,000; buildings are insured for $600.

270

House and lot, west side of Ann Street; 2-story frame cottage, cement block foundation, 8 rooms and cellar, one block from Woodward Avenue; $1,800; 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, hardwood floors; good barn large enough for horse or auto; cement walks, cistern, etc. Worth looking at; also worth more money than we ask for it, but we'll 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; 16 acres timber, 5 acres orchard, 2 buildings, valued at $7,000; hot 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; one of the finest farms 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 soil, clay loam, no waste; one of the pleasantest locations for building a nice country residence. 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; or, will sell from one to 20 acres in any sort of parcel, or any part of the 40, at prices which cannot fail to interest you.

277

Farm of 160 acres in Southfield; gravelly loam and clay; 4 good buildings, 6 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, 640 acres, and the north branch of the Au Sable river runs across it. 96 acres cleared, 2 acres orchard, 2 buildings valued at $3,500; good house 8 rods from the river; abundance of game and fish, fine climate, pure air, school house on the same section; only four settlers in the township; ideal place for club buildings for hunting and fishing. Price $15 per acre; terms easy, and we will take some stock in a corporation to buy it. A postal will bring full particulars, photographs and map.

Many Tons in Seam of Coal.

A four-foot coal seam yields 6,000 tons an acre.

280

Farm of 228 acres in Troy—15 acres oak and maple timber, 5 acres orchard, 4 acres apples; 7 buildings valued at $4,000, insured for $3,000. No waste land. Soil rich loam; flowing wells; tank and tank house; buildings fair; one mile from Rochester electric; 9-room house with good cement bottom cellar; 200 rods of new Page wire fence. $55 per acre will buy it, and the terms are easy at low rate of interest.

281

Two very desirable lots in the Buell Addition can be bought for $325 on account of the owner leaving town. Bound to go soon, as same class of lots in the neighborhood are selling for twice the money.

282

Lot 4 in Block 7, Campbell's Subdivision; good house insured for $850; 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, Buell's 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 land contract with easy payments.

284

House, barn, and 1¼ acres of excellent land, with plenty of fruit; 8-room house, good barn with cement floor; fine location on west side of Woodward Avenue, near Electric Park; good drainage; cement walks. Price $2,500.

285

Two-story cottage with wing, 2 lots 80x103, good barn and woodshed, cement walk; fine location on south side of Merrill Street; good neighborhood, two blocks from Woodward Avenue; cellar, cistern, city water, 8 rooms. Price $1,800.

286

Fine farm of 55 acres on Franklin Road, 1½ miles from Court House in Pontiac. No buildings, good well and new windmill, no waste land, well fenced, nice grove of 3 acres on west end, new gravel State road ½ mile to city limits, ½ mile from electric; fine view; farm well fenced. Price $6,000; enough cash to secure, balance on long time at 6 per cent.

287

Eight acres, 2-story dwelling, 10 rooms, 356 feet front on Southfield Avenue, in village; city water, good barn, chicken house, woodshed, cement walks, buildings valued at $3,000, an acre of orchard, all kinds of fruit. Price $4,000; terms easy. Anxious to sell.

288

Acreage, 16 acres one block from Woodward, streets on two sides, excellent land well drained; just the thing for platting. Price $4,000. Terms, $2,600 cash and balance on mortgage; easy terms.

289

Two-story frame house, practically new; 10 rooms, good furnace, nice barn and carriage house, 120 feet frontage on south side of Townsend Street, two blocks from electric, cement walks—everything in excellent condition; city water, all conveniences, and will be sold for $3,000 cash, or enough to secure and balance on easy terms. One of the best bargains on the list. Come and see it.

292

One of the best equipped and loveliest little farms on our list, 47 acres, new stone house, 10 rooms, furnace, bath, hot and cold water, city water, ½ acre beautiful grove of native trees, 16 acres of best orchard just coming into bearing, all kinds of fruit, fine hip-roof carriage house; just outside of village limits; 20 rods to electric; no waste land; prettiest location in the country. Owner has business which takes him to other parts and will sell at a great sacrifice. For price and terms call at the Exchange Bank, and if you want something better than the ordinary at almost your own price you will go with the man and look it over. Any time—any day.

293

Forty acres good farming land suitable for cutting up in lots or parcels for building to suit purchaser; on line of D. U. R., 18 miles from Detroit. No nonsense. No buildings. No trade. Price $2,0[illegible]. 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. $3,000 will handle it. R. 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 and toilet, flowing well, barn 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 8-room house, built last year in Village of Royal Oak, one block from both electric railways—cellar, cistern, lot 50 feet front and 120 feet deep. Cost owner $2,600, but will sell for $2,100.

297

Without exception, the finest farm for stock raising or high-class farming in the county. On the line of the Rochester electric, 18 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 74x40, accommodation for 30 heads of cattle in cement-floor stable, milk house with flowing well, 15 acres timber, 345 rods new wire fence with cedar posts, 142 acres of black-loam land 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!

Useful Work of Blacksnakes.

There are many farmers in this country who are in love with the blacksnakes which they have on their places, and believe the reptiles are better than any cats or dogs in removing the rats and mice from the premises. It is a well known fact that the snakes destroy hundreds of pests in a season, and for this reason they are liked by the farmers. There are some men who would cause all sorts of trouble to a man who would harm a reptile of this kind.—Toccoa (Ga.) Record.

Beliefs of Gamblers.

Many people, especially among those who gamble, have a profound belief in lucky and unlucky numbers. An old Italian woman at Nice was an inveterate player at the "loto" stakes, which are decided by numbers. She had no system properly so-called, but wherever she went she kept her eyes open for numbers, and whether it was on a tramway car or a steamer, a sack of coals or a matchbox, she used to regard the numbers she collected in this haphazard way as good for her "petits billets."

The Old Man and Death.

An old man that had traveled a long way with a great bundle of fagots found himself so weary that he flung it down, and called upon death to deliver him from his most miserable existence. Death came straightway at his call and asked him what he wanted. "Pray, good sir," said the old man, "just do me the favor to help me up with my bundle of fagots."—Aesop.

Milk as a Bathing Fluid.

Milk was highly prized as a bathing fluid by the ancients. The women of Nero's household performed their ablutions in asses' milk, and this valued promoter of beautiful complexions was always used by the lovely Empress Popaea. Nowadays milk is too expensive to waste in the bathtub, and modern beauties content themselves with a teacupful in a basin wherein their faces may be laved.