"I Have Not Forgotten—Anything."

The MAN in LOWER TEN

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE

ILLUSTRATIONS by M. G. KETTNER

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10

12

SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburg with the forged notes in the Bronson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. In the latter's home he is attracted by a picture of a young girl, whom the millionaire explains is his granddaughter. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower eleven and retains lower ten. He finds a drunken man in lower ten and retires in lower nine. He awakens in lower seven and finds his clothes and bag missing. The man in lower ten is found murdered. Circumstantial evidence points to both Blakeley and the unknown man who had exchanged clothes with him. Blakeley becomes interested in a girl in blue. The train is wrecked. Blakeley is rescued from the burning car by the girl in blue. His arm is broken. They go to the Carter place for breakfast. The girl proves to be Alison West, his partner's sweetheart. Her peculiar actions mystify the lawyer. She drops her gold bag and Blakeley puts it in his pocket. Blakeley returns home. He finds that he is under surveillance. Moving pictures of the train taken just before the wreck reveal to Blakeley a man leaping from the train, with his stolen grip.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Shadow of a Girl.

Certain things about the dinner at the Dallas house will always be obscure to me. Dallas was something in the fish commission, and I remember his reeling off fish eggs in billions while we ate our caviar. He had some particular stunt he had been urging the government to for years—something about forbidding the establishment of mills and factories on river-banks—it seems they kill the fish, either the smoke, or the noise, or something they pour into the water.

Mrs. Dallas was there, I think. Of course, I suppose she must have been; and there was a woman in yellow; I took her in to dinner, and I remember she loosened my clams for me so I could get them. But the only real person at the table was a girl across in white, a sublimated young woman who was as brilliant as I was stupid, who never by any chance looked directly at me, and who appeared and disappeared across the candles and orchids in a sort of halo of radiance.

When the dinner had progressed from salmon to roast, and the conversation had done the same thing—from fish to scandal—the yellow gown turned to me.

"We have been awfully good, haven't we, Mr. Blakeley?" she asked. "Although I am crazy to hear, I have not said 'wreck' once. I'm sure you must feel like the survivor of Waterloo, or something of the sort."

"If you want me to tell you about the wreck," I said, glancing across the table, "I'm sorry to be disappointing, but I don't remember anything."

"You are fortunate to be able to forget it." It was the first word Miss West had spoken directly to me, and it went to my head.

"There are some things I have not forgotten," I said, over the candles. "I recall coming to myself some time after, and that a girl, a beautiful girl—"

"Ah!" said the lady in yellow, leaning forward breathlessly. Miss West was staring at me coldly, but, once started, I had to stumble on.

"That a girl was trying to rouse me, and that she told me I had been on fire twice already." A shudder went around the table.

"But surely that isn't the end of the story," Mrs. Dallas put in aggrievedly. "Why, that's the most tantalizing thing I ever heard."

"I'm afraid that's all," I said. "She went her way and I went mine. If she recalls me at all, she probably thinks of me as a weak-kneed individual who faints like a woman when everything is over."

"What did I tell you?" Mrs. Dallas asserted triumphantly. "He fainted, did you hear? when everything was over! He hasn't begun to tell it."

I would have given a lot by that time if I had not mentioned the girl. But McKnight took it up there and carried it on.

"Blakeley is a regular geyser," he said. "He never spouts until he reaches the boiling point. And by that same token, although he hasn't said much about the Lady of the Wreck, I think he is crazy about her. In fact, I am sure of it. He thinks he has locked his secret in the caves of his soul; but I call you to witness that he has it nailed to his face. Look at him!"

I squirmed miserably and tried to avoid the startled eyes of the girl across the table. I wanted to choke McKnight and murder the rest of the party.

"It isn't fair," I said as coolly as I could. "I have my fingers crossed; you are five against one."

"And to think that there was a murder on that very train," broke in the lady in yellow. "It was a perfect crescendo of horrors, wasn't it? And what became of the murdered man, Mr. Blakeley?"

McKnight had the sense to jump into the conversation and save my reply.

"They say good Pittsburgers go to Atlantic City when they die," he said. "So—we are reasonably certain the gentleman did not go to the seashore."

The meal was over at last, and once in the drawing room it was clear we hung heavy on the hostess' hands. "It is so hard to get people for bridge in September," she wailed. "There is absolutely nobody in town. Six is a dreadful number."

"It's a good poker number," her husband suggested.

The matter settled itself, however. I was hopeless, save as a dummy; Miss West said it was too hot for cards, and went out on a balcony that overlooked the Mall. With obvious relief Mrs. Dallas had the card table brought, and—I was face to face with the minute I had dreaded and hoped for for a week.

Now it had come, it was more difficult than I had anticipated. I do not know if there was a moon, but there was the urban substitute for it—the arc light. It threw the shadow of the balcony railing in long black bars against her white gown, and as it swung sometimes the face was in the light. I drew a chair close so that I could watch her.

"Do you know," I said, when she made no effort at speech, "that you are a much more formidable person to-night, in that gown, than you were the last time I saw you?"

The light swung on her face; she was smiling faintly.

"The hat with the green ribbons!" she said. "I must take it back; I had almost forgotten."

"I have not forgotten—anything." I pulled myself up short. This was hardly loyalty to Richey. His voice came through the window just then, and perhaps I was wrong, but I thought she raised her head to listen.

"Look at this hand," he was saying. "Regular pianola; you could play it with your feet."

"He's a dear, isn't he?" Alison said unexpectedly. "No matter how depressed and downhearted I am, I always cheer up when I see Richey."

"He's more than that," I returned warmly. "He is the most honorable fellow I know. If he wasn't so much that way, he would have a career before him. He wanted to put on the doors of our offices, Blakeley and McKnight, P. B. H., which is Poor But Honest."

From my comparative poverty to the wealth of the girl beside me was a single mental leap. From that wealth to the grandfather who was responsible for it was another.

"I wonder if you know that I had been to Pittsburg to see your grandfather when I met you?" I said.

"You!" She was surprised.

"Yes. And you remember the alligator bag that I told you was exchanged for the one you cut off my arm?" She nodded expectantly. "Well, in that valise were the forged Andy Bronson notes, and Mr. Gilmore's deposition that they were forged."

She was on her feet in an instant.

"In that bag!" she cried. "Oh, why didn't you tell me that before? Oh, it's so ridiculous, so—so hopeless. Why, I could—"

She stopped suddenly and sat down again. "I do not know that I am sorry, after all," she said after a pause. "Mr. Bronson was a friend of my father's. I—I suppose it was a bad thing for you, losing the papers?"

"Well, it was not a good thing," I conceded. "While we are on the subject of losing things, do you remember—do you know that I still have your gold purse?"

She did not reply at once. The shadow of a column was over her face, but I guessed that she was staring at me.

"You have it!" She almost whispered.

"I picked it up in the street car," I said, with a cheerfulness I did not feel. "It looks like a very opulent little purse."

Why didn't she speak about the necklace? For just a careless word to make me sane again!

"You!" she repeated, horror-stricken. And then I produced the purse and held it out on my palm.

"I should have sent it to you before, I suppose, but, as you know, I have been laid up since the wreck."

We both saw McKnight at the same moment. He had pulled the curtains aside and was standing looking out at us. The tableau of give and take was unmistakable; the gold purse, her outstretched hand, my own attitude. It was over in a second; then he came out and lounged on the balcony railing.

"They're mad at me in there," he said airily, "so I came out. I suppose the reason they call it bridge is because so many people get cross over it."

The heat broke up the card group soon after, and they all came out for the night breeze. I had no more words alone with Alison.

I went back to the Incubator for the night. We said almost nothing on the way home; there was a constraint between us for the first time that I could remember. It was too early for bed, and so we smoked in the living room and tried to talk of trivial things. After a time even those failed, and we sat silent. It was McKnight who finally broached the subject.

"And so she wasn't at Seal Harbor at all."

"No."

"Do you know where she was, Lollie?"

"Somewhere near Cresson."

"And that was the purse—her purse with the broken necklace in it?"

"Yes, it was. You understand, don't you, Rich, that, having given her my word, I couldn't tell you?"

"I understand a lot of things," he said, without bitterness.

We sat for some time and smoked. Then Richey got up and stretched himself. "I'm off to bed, old man," he said. "Need any help with that game arm of yours?"

"No, thanks," I returned.

I heard him go into his room and lock the door. It was a bad hour for me. The first shadow between us, and the shadow of a girl at that.

CHAPTER XVII.

At the Farm House Again.

McKnight is always a sympathizer with the early worm. It was late when he appeared. Perhaps, like myself, he had not slept well. But he was apparently cheerful enough, and he made a better breakfast than I did. It was one o'clock before we got to Baltimore. After a half hour's wait we took a local for M——, the station near which the cinematograph picture had been taken.

We passed the scene of the wreck, McKnight with curiosity, I with a sickening sense of horror. Back in the fields was the little farm house where Alison West and I had intended getting coffee, and winding away from the track, maple trees shading it on each side, was the lane where we had stopped to rest, and where I had—it seemed presumption beyond belief now—where I had tried to comfort her by patting her hand.

We got out at M——, a small place with two or three houses and a general store. The station was a one-roomed affair, with a railed-off place at the end, where a scale, a telegraph instrument and a chair constituted the entire furnishing.

The station agent was a young man with a shrewd face. He stopped hammering a piece of wood over a hole in the floor to ask where we wanted to go.

"We're not going," said McKnight, "we're coming. Have a cigar?"

The agent took it with an inquiring glance, first at it and then at us.

"We want to ask you a few questions," began McKnight, perching himself on the railing and kicking the chair forward for me. "Or, rather, this gentleman does."

"Wait a minute," said the agent glancing through the window. "There is a hen in that crate choking herself to death."

He was back in a minute, and took up his position near a sawdust-filled box that did duty as a cuspidor.

"Now fire away," he said.

"In the first place," I began, "do you remember the day the Washington Flier was wrecked below here?"

"Do I!" he said. "Did Jonah remember the whale?"

"Were you on the platform here when the first section passed?"

"I was."

"Do you recall seeing a man hanging to the platform of the last car?"

"There was no one hanging there when she passed here," he said with conviction. "I watched her out of sight."

"Did you see anything that morning of a man about my size, carrying a small grip, and wearing dark clothes and a derby hat?" I asked eagerly.

McKnight was trying to look unconcerned, but I was frankly anxious. It was clear that the man had jumped somewhere in the mile of track just beyond.

"Well, yes, I did." The agent cleared his throat. "When the smash came the operator at MX sent word along the wire, both ways. I got it here, and I was pretty near crazy, though I knew it wasn't any fault of mine.

"I was standing on the track looking down, for I couldn't leave the office, when a young fellow with light hair limped up to me and asked me what that smoke was over there.

"'That's what's left of the Washington Flier,' I said, 'and I guess there's souls going up in that smoke.'

"'Do you mean the first section?' he said, getting kind of greenish-yellow.

"'That's what I mean,' I said; 'split to kindling wood because Rafferty, on the second section, didn't want to be late.'

"He put his hand out in front of him, and the satchel fell with a bang.

"'My God!' he said, and dropped right on the track in a heap.

"I got him into the station and he came around, but he kept on groaning something awful. He'd sprained his ankle, and when he got a little better I drove him over in Carter's milk wagon to the Carter place, and I reckon he stayed there a spell."

"That's all, is it?" I asked.

"That's all—or, no, there's something else. About noon that day one of the Carter twins came down with a note from him asking me to send a long-distance message to some one in Washington."

"To whom?" I asked eagerly.

"I reckon I've forgot the name, but the message was that this fellow—Sullivan was his name—was at M——, and if the man had escaped from the wreck would he come to see him."

"He wouldn't have sent that message to me," I said to McKnight, rather crestfallen. "He'd have every object in keeping out of my way."

"Do You Recall Seeing a Man Hanging to the Platform of the Last Car?"

"There might be reasons," McKnight observed judicially. "He might not have found the papers then."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Russian Wheat Production.

An enormous crop of wheat has been grown in Russia this year, placing that land for the first time at the head of wheat-growing countries. Its harvest of 783,000,000 bushels exceeds that of the United States by 26,000,000 bushels, and is greater than its own previous record by about 100,000,000 bushels. The development of wheat growing has been most rapid along the line of the Trans-Siberian railway. As the home consumption is small in proportion to population, this has made Russia one of the great sources of supply for the rest of the world. France consumes much of the wheat that it grows. The present price of wheat in the United States, when placed against the surplus product of Russia, makes it more difficult for this country to hold its place as an exporter of that cereal.

Helps Poor Girls.

Mrs. James J. Storrow, wife of the Boston banker, is interested in a number of charities, among them being the girl's bowl shop. In the spare time which the girls have, they make pottery articles, which they sell, the money to be used for purposes of education. Mrs. Storrow has a girls' library club, and every summer she sends a number of girls to the country, 14 at a time.

Taxes in the Olden Time

In the Reign of George the Third One Could Not Even Escape Them by Dying.

For taxes out of the common one must turn back to the days of George III. For in the reign of that monarch one was almost forced to "die beyond one's means." The army and the navy were in urgent need of money and the chancellor was at his wits' end. He thought of the dead and gravely suggested a tax on coffins. Which proposal recalls the day when one could not be born without involving a proud parent in a tax. A graduated tax. The birth of an eldest son, for instance, cost a duke as much as £30, whereas a cottager was forced to pay only two shillings. To be born with a silver spoon in the mouth cost money in those days!

Not only was there once a tax on hair powder, but hair itself has been called upon to pay its due share to the revenue. For beards were, at various times, taxed in England. Henry VIII. graduated his levy according to the status of the wearer, the sheriff of Canterbury, for instance, having to pay three shillings four pence for his beard, and Elizabeth fixed the same sum for every beard of over a fortnight's growth.

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 house, and lot [illegible] feet front by [illegible] rods deep [illegible] and every modern convenience—furnace, bath, [illegible] for portion of the purchase price.

77

One lot on Woodward Avenue, just north 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 Exchange Bank.

147

Nice little home for some one of small means—1¼ acres in [illegible] Township of Troy; 7-room house; barn in good shape; well at both barn and house, never dry; 1½ mile west of Rochester electric; fare to Detroit 15c; R. F. D. All cash and no grumbling will buy it at $750. Hurry up!

167

Wants to trade for 55 or 60 acres on or near electric. Ninety-four acres on [illegible] sec 11, Troy township; 3 buildings valued at $2,000 (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.

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.

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.

195

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 and Campbell Roads, ¼ mile east of electric road; adjoins J. L. Hudson and Duffield tracts, which are held at $500.00 per acre; 1½ miles north of State Fair grounds. Price $350 an acre; will exchange for Detroit property.

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.

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 $250) 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.

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. Rent for $15 per month each. $40 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 183 feet deep; room for a nice garden; can live in one apartment and have a steady income from the other. This is something to ponder over. Come and let us help you ponder. Always at your service. If you can't call, write.

229

A pleasant and sightly farm of 71 acres in West Bloomfield, ½ mile from the Northwestern electric; [illegible] acres orchard; 4 acres good timber; 5 buildings 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 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.

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; also barn, chicken house, plenty of fruit and cement walks—and the house alone cost $6,000—for $2,000 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 section; 2 wells, 2 good houses, 2 barns in good repair; well fenced; only 1 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 about an acre of good garden land on north side of Hamilton Street. Good, old-fashioned house, and a [illegible] 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.

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." [illegible] furnace room, good hot-air furnace, 2 grates and mantels, [illegible] in the village [illegible] will buy it, and the balance of purchase price [illegible] interest. Without exception, this is the finest location, and the best lot of buildings on our list and the price is right.

256

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

270

House and lot, west side of Ann Street; [illegible] frame cottage [illegible] and cellar; one block from Woodward Avenue [illegible] $1,800; terms easy.

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, [illegible] barn large enough for house or auto; cement walks, cistern, etc. Worth [illegible] more money than we ask for it, but we'll sell it for $3,500 on easy terms.

280

Farm of 226 acres in Troy—18 acres oak and maple timber, 5 acres orchard, [illegible]; 7 buildings valued at $4,000, insured for $2,500. No waste land; [illegible] and tank house [illegible] Rochester [illegible] best bottom [illegible] fence. $85 per acre [illegible] are easy at low rate of interest.

281

Two very desirable lots in the Duell Addition can be bought for $500 on account of the owner moving town. [illegible] lots in the [illegible] money.

282

Lot 4 in Block 7, Campbell's Subdivision; good house [illegible]. Nice cosy little house for some one with enough cash to make a small first payment.

283

Lots 38 and 39, Duell's Addition; one of the best locations in the whole plat; can be bought for [illegible] and you can [illegible] balance on land contract.

294

ACREAGE—[illegible] in the village of Birmingham. [illegible] street on two sides [illegible] block from Woodward Avenue. [illegible] easy. $2,500 [illegible] R. R. Day [illegible] Bank, Birmingham.

296

Nice [illegible] house [illegible] in Village of Royal Oak, one block from [illegible] —cellar, cistern, lot [illegible] feet deep. Cost [illegible]

297

Without exception, the finest farm for stock raising in Avon Township [illegible] Rochester electric [illegible] Nothing finer in our list, and less than $100 per acre will buy it on easy terms. Think!

298

House, barn, wagon shop, blacksmith shop, two lumber sheds; two acres of land, fine orchard; buildings in good repair; 2½ miles from electric in Village of Franklin, prettiest village in Michigan. All ready for an enterprising blacksmith and wagonmaker to make a good living in a prosperous farming community. Best of reasons for selling, and $2,000 cash will buy it right off the reel.

299

FOR SALE—80-acre farm all under cultivation, good buildings on rural mail route and telephone line. Four miles from railroad station, in a well settled country, and ¾ mile from a proposed railroad 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 corn, hay, oats, onions or peppermint. A good distillery and boiler to go with the farm. One-half mile to church and school. This farm is well worth $4,000.00, but to make a quick sale will take $3,300—$1,800 cash and balance on easy terms.

302

Nice little farm of 40 acres, about a mile from the electric, and 1½ miles from Birmingham. Rolling country, beautiful view, 4 acres orchard, fine maples, pretty little brook, excellent gravel State road, 12-room house just finished, fine new barn with accommodation for 15 cows, cement floor, ample hay room, good new stables, 35 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 anyway.

303

One of the nicest lots on the Duell Addition, facing on Woodward Avenue, 50 feet frontage and 125 feet deep. Corner lot, and one of the most desirable building lots in the village. Can be bought for cash at a price that will surely appeal to any one—either for building purposes or as investment.

306

Two-story cottage on Campbell Addition, two blocks from car; 7 rooms, city water, well-drained cellar, small fruit; cost $1,800; will sell for $1,250 cash. Worth more money, but owner has best of reasons for selling.

316

New brick house, two blocks from electric; bath, closet, furnace, city water, electric lights—all modern conveniences; 2-story brick residence, nine rooms, cement walks; finest location in village. $2,700 above little mortgage will buy it. Ask us about it.

318

A cozy, convenient home which cost $6,000 to build the house, and it is one of the best home locations in Birmingham, and would not be sold but for the [illegible] your good fortune and the fault of the owner, [illegible] will take $1,800 [illegible] chance.

320

Excellent business chance in a small village. Store and dwelling, 1½ acres, 5 buildings; fine chance for some one with small means, unable to do hard labor, to make a living and something besides. Wealthy farming community, and a good grocery trade has been done in the same locality. The price is $1,600, and the terms can be made easy for any one who will pay enough to secure a [illegible]. Ice house, barn, wood shed, 7-room house, good cellar, fine well, good brick cisterns. Particulars for the asking.

321

Fine farm of 86 acres in the midst of the Bloomfield Hills, a little over a mile from the electric, with all Page fence; eight-room stone house, two basement barns, woodshed, hog house, 2 hen houses, tool house; wind mill supplies best water, never failing, piped to house and barns; rich, gravelly, loamy soil; about 5 acres pretty little grove and hickory. No waste land. Price $100 per acre. Terms easy.

323

If quality in farming lands is what you are looking after, here it is. One mile from the electric, an excellent gravel road, 120 acres well fenced, and 10-room brick house with furnace; [illegible] flowing well in the country; basement barn [illegible], nearly new; hog house with cement floor; corn crib, horse barn, hay shed, tool house, [illegible] of waste land, and well known for its productiveness; [illegible] farms in the immediate neighborhood (adjoining) have sold for $140 per acre, but we will sell this for less.

324

Ninety-two acres a mile east of the electric in Royal Oak, 10-room house, 5 other buildings; large apple and peach orchard, soil sandy loam, and listen here! $7,000 cash will buy it, and the balance of the purchase price will run on long time at low rate of interest. Let's look it over.

325

Eight and one-half acres just outside of the corporate limits of Royal Oak village. An acre of fruit trees; 10-room house—bath, toilet, cellar, hot-water heater, all conveniences. Price $4,750, or would trade for Birmingham, good improved.

326

Fifteen acres, no buildings—no waste land; 4 pear and peach trees just coming into bearing; three-quarters of a mile from Woodward Avenue, in the midst of the famous Bloomfield-Hills District; 30 rods frontage on Cranbrook Road; good fences, rolling land, and price low enough to make it interesting for a speculator or a homesteader. We'll tell you more about it, or introduce you to the owner.

329

Wait a minute! Here it is! Five acres of excellent land; good house—7 rooms; cellar, cistern, nice shade, new barn 16x24, chicken house 10x18, 50 apples, 4 cherries, 4 peaches—all in good bearing; taxes last year $6; 80 rods from electric; hourly service to Detroit, fare 18 cents to city hall. Good roads, soil, well, sandy land. Price $3,000—no trade. All ready for a country home after your own heart.

330

Fine farm of 330 acres, 3 miles from Birmingham; 11-room house, 6 buildings; 30 acres orchard—apple, pear and peach; 15 acres timber; soil a gravelly loam and very productive. Price considerably less than $100 per acre, and land in the immediate neighborhood has sold for double the price within the year.

331

House, barn, lot 67 feet front and 320 feet deep, on one of the most desirable locations in the village. Fronts on two streets, and can be adapted to the building of two more good residences on the same lot without crowding. At $3,000 you can't beat it anywhere on this offering, with real estate going up all the time.

332

Twenty acres with good buildings; 2 acres fine orchard; 8-room, 2-story house; barn 31x36, and other buildings; 2 miles from Birmingham and electric. Best [illegible] on earth. Best reasons for selling at the low price of $4,000. Why, bless you! the buildings alone are worth $3,000—[illegible] that amount. We'll talk about it, write about it or take you to see it if you will only let us.

334

Will trade for Detroit vacant or improved, house and lot in Birmingham, 5 minutes walk from the electric; lot 130x160, bungalow with modern conveniences—bath, water-closet, hot-water heating, gas, etc. Small barn on premises suitable for garage; about ¾ acre of excellent land. Price $2,500.

335

Will exchange for small farm near Birmingham, [illegible] on corner in the best part of Birmingham; [illegible] rooms, bath, water-closet, hot-air furnace, range. Two blocks from the electric. Price $5,000; terms easy. Plenty of fruit. One of the best-equipped homes in the village. Hurry up before he plants his garden.

336

Twenty-five acres, 1½ miles from Rochester electric line, small house, barn, fine shade, excellent land in high state of cultivation; easy terms. Price $3,000.

337

South side of Martin Street, Birmingham, three blocks from D. U. R.; 50 feet front, 160 feet deep; 5-room house and barn. And a [illegible] vacant lot, 50x160 feet, for $600, or all together for $1,700.

[illegible] desirable lots on Woodward Avenue, [illegible] garden and chicken [illegible] the price so low we are ashamed to tell it. [illegible]

341

Bully little farm of 51 acres, ¾ of a mile from the electric at Birmingham; six acres of good timber; new wire fences; excellent drainage; good improvements; all buildings in excellent repair; bank barn, stanchions for 10 cows, granary; [illegible] barn for horses and hay, with carriage house, corn crib, chicken house, hog house, etc., to your heart's content; [illegible] Road. Take you to see it! Won't cost you anything, whether you buy or not.

342

Just a minute! Nicest farm you ever saw; 80 acres at $80 per acre. Brick house, 10 rooms; [illegible] barn [illegible] with hip roof [illegible] drainage; entire farm fenced with [illegible] wire fence with cedar posts; [illegible] miles to village with store, grist mill, blacksmith shop, telephone, etc. Two churches within ½ mile; [illegible] miles from city limits, 4 miles from Grand River Road. You can plow a hill of corn (if you want to) on every foot of the land. No "pasture" or other waste land. Every acre of it in high state of cultivation. Let's go and look at it at our expense.

343

Good little farm of 38 acres in the Township of Southfield. Old-fashioned 10-room house, with cellar under whole house. Barn 36x30, and stables for 4 horses and 10 cows. Cement floor to granary. Corn crib, poultry house, tool house, hog house. Land well drained, and all good tillable land; [illegible] farming. Price $2,800, and terms easy—but no trade at this price.

344

New modern house—2 story and attic—with lot 60x160 on Maple Avenue. City water, electric lights, [illegible] hot-air furnace, fine place, laundry, bath, closets, hot and cold water—every possible convenience; and owing to the owner being compelled to change his residence, we will sell at greatly less than cost. Will cost you nothing to investigate—and the price is right.

345

House and lot in Birmingham. Will trade for good little farm in the vicinity of the village. Eight-room house, 3 stories; city water; good location—three blocks from electric. Price $1,700.

346

Cheapest farm on our list—160 acres in Township of Southfield, 2½ miles from electric, 8 Birmingham, 12 Detroit, [illegible] soil, 8 acres orchard, good house and other buildings; rolling land, fine shade, beautiful location, well fenced. But wait! The price is only $65 per acre; and will exchange for Detroit improved on west side.

347

Forty acres just outside of the corporate limits of Birmingham. Rich loaming land, 2 acres of orchard, 2 first-class buildings which cost not less [illegible] $8,000.00; 14-room house, bath, toilet, range—every convenience of city; city water. Just what you want. Costs nothing to investigate. Let us take you to see it.

348

House and 2 lots, 2 blocks from electric in Birmingham; [illegible] feet front and 150 feet deep. City water, 8-room new 2-story house and good barn. Would exchange for almost anything. Let us take you to the owner and you can dicker it out. Isn't that honest and square?

349

Three vacant lots in the Castle Addition. Fine location for residence building—and you know there isn't a vacant house in Birmingham, with demand for 50, and then some. These lots are easily worth $500 each, but just for fun we will sell the three in a bunch for $1,100.

350

A classic among the farms. 166 acres half a mile from Birmingham and 10 rods from the electric, just on the edge of the Bloomfield Hills district. Pretty little stream, no waste land, and plenty of shade. Fine stone and cement house and ample barns; well fenced and the most productive land in the country. Will sell in parcels if necessary. The price is right, and when we take you to see it you will say the place is right, too.

351

Ten-room house, three blocks from electric in Birmingham; plenty of fruit, beautiful shade; about half an acre of good garden land. Barn in good shape. Will sell for $2,200 cash. You can't lose if you buy Birmingham property. Prices going up every day.

352

Forty-two-acre farm about half a mile from the electric; beautiful location. Pretty little branch of the River Rouge, with overhanging elms; no waste land; good, new, comfortable buildings; land under high state of cultivation. Couldn't imagine any better place for an ideal country residence. Land in the immediate vicinity has sold this season for $300.00 to $1,000.00 per acre, and yet this can be bought for $7,500. That's different, too. But there's a reason. Ask us.

353

Ideal little place for a country house and fine grounds. A mile and a half by the road to the electric; half mile from the village limits. No buildings—they wouldn't suit you if there were any. Well fenced, no waste land, on four corners, in excellent neighborhood. Five and one-half acres, nearly, and can be bought right.

354

One of the best-equipped and loveliest little farms on our list. Forty-seven acres, new stone house—10 rooms, furnace, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, city water, half acre of beautiful grove of native trees, 16 acres of best kind of fruit just coming into bearing, splendid new barns and carriage houses; just outside the village limits. Altogether the finest place in the vicinity, about 29 rods from the electric—and it can be bought for less than the buildings cost. Let's you and I go and look at it at our expense.

On the Installment Plan.

One day Robert said, "Uncle Bill, how much do you want for those pups?" "Oh, about $2 apiece," was the reply. "But, Uncle Bill," said Robert, "what could I do with a piece of pup?"—The Delineator.

Day of Accidents.

Whatever may be thought of Sabbath observance, broadly considered, it may certainly be doubted if we have gained much by transforming Sunday from a day of rest into a day of accidents.—Providence Bulletin.

What Can City Boys Do?

City boys get no chance at all in the trades. The argument of the unions is that they are being constantly subjected to the pressure from the country, where the boys learn the trades and then come to the city. But what are our city boys to do? Shall they all grow up to be cigarette-smoking clerks and loafers? I would like to see some practical use made of the manual training facilities in the schools for which the city has put out so much money. Teach the boys in the schools the useful trades. We can't all be clerks or bookkeepers or lecturers. Some must work.—Leslie's.

Cure for Sleeping Sickness.

A new treatment for the sleeping sickness is called the cold cure, and requires a refrigerator with a hospital ward installed in it. The room is painted white, devoid of carpet, but made comfortable with a table, a deck chair and an electric light. The patient who submits to the treatment sits for hours at a time in the ward which is kept at a temperature of from 10 to 20 degrees below freezing point. The room is 12 feet by 9 feet and has double wooden walls, the space between being packed with cotton.—Popular Mechanics.

A Hongkong Brewery.

A number of attempts have been made in Hongkong to establish a brewery, but the first successful one is the Oriental brewery, which commenced operations early in 1909. The buildings are extensive and the brewery installation is of the most modern American type, having a capacity of 100,000 barrels of beer a year. American capital is understood to be back of the enterprise, which is already successfully competing with the Japanese and Tsingtau beers.