The MAN in LOWER TEN

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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 places both Blakeley and the unknown man who had exchanged clothes with him, under suspicion of murder. 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 dining 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 and hears of strange doings in the house next door.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

As we turned the corner I glanced back. Half a block behind us Johnson was moving our way slowly. When he saw me he stopped and proceeded with great deliberation to light a cigar. By hurrying, however, he caught the car that we took, and stood unobtrusively on the rear platform. He looked fagged, and absent-mindedly paid our fares, to McKnight's delight.

"We will give him a run for his money," he declared, as the car moved countryward. "Conductor, let us off at the muddiest lane you can find."

At one o'clock, after a six-mile ramble, we entered a small country hotel. We had seen nothing of Johnson for a half hour. At that time he was a quarter of a mile behind us, and losing rapidly. Before we had finished our luncheon he staggered into the inn. One of his boots was under his arm, and his whole appearance was deplorable. He was coated with mud, streaked with perspiration, and he limped as he walked. He chose a table not far from us and ordered food. Beyond touching his hat he paid no attention to us.

"I'm just getting my second wind," McKnight declared. "How do you feel, Mr. Johnson? Six or eight miles more and we'll all enjoy our dinners." Johnson put down the glass he had raised to his lips without replying.

The fact was, however, that I was like Johnson. I was soft from my week's inaction, and I was pretty well done up. McKnight, who was a well-spring of vitality and high spirits, ordered a strange concoction, made of nearly everything in the bar, and sent it over to the detective, but Johnson refused it.

"I hate that kind of peraon," McKnight said pettishly. "Kind of a fellow that thinks you're going to poison his dog if you offer him a bone."

When we got to the car line, with Johnson a draggled and drooping tail to the kite, I was in better spirits. I had told McKnight the story of the three hours just after the wreck; I had not named the girl, of course; she had my promise of secrecy. But I told him everything else. It was a relief to have a fresh mind on it; I had puzzled so much over the incident at the farm-house, and the necklace in the gold bag, that I had lost perspective.

He had been interested, but inclined to be amused, until I came to the broken chain. Then he had whistled softly.

"But there are tons of fine gold chains made every year," he said. "Why in the world do you think that the—er—smeary piece came from that necklace?"

I had looked around. Johnson was far behind, scraping the mud off his feet with a piece of stick.

"I have the short end of the chain in the sealskin bag," I reminded him. "When I couldn't sleep this morning I thought I would settle it, one way or the other. It was hell to go along the way I had been doing. And—there's no doubt about it, Rich. It's the same chain."

We walked along in silence until we caught the car back to town.

"Well," he said finally, "you know the girl, of course, and I don't. But if you like her—and I think myself you're rather hard hit, old man—I wouldn't give a whoop about the chain in the gold purse. It's just one of the little coincidences that hang people now and then. And as for last night—if she's the kind of a girl you say she is, and you think she had anything to do with that, you—you're addled, that's all. You can depend on it, the lady of the empty house last week is the lady of last night. And yet your train acquaintance was in Altoona at that time."

Just before we got off the car, I reverted to the subject again. It was never far back in my mind.

"About the—young lady of the train, Rich," I said, with what I suppose was elaborate carelessness. "I don't want you to get a wrong impression. I am rather unlikely to see her again, but even if I do, I—I believe she is already 'bespoke,' or near thing to it."

He made no reply, but as I opened the door with my latch-key he stood looking up at me from the pavement with his quizzical smile.

"Love is like the measles," he orated. "The older you get it, the worse the attack."

Johnson did not appear again that day. A small man in a raincoat took his place. The next morning I made my initial trip to the office, the raincoat still on hand. I had a short conference with Miller, the district attorney, at 11. Bronson was under surveillance, he said, and any attempt to sell the notes to him would probably result in their recovery. In the meantime, as I knew, the Commonwealth had continued the case, in hope of such contingency.

At noon I left the office and took a veterinarian to see Candida, the injured pony. By one o'clock my first day's duties were performed, and a long Sahara of hot afternoon stretched ahead. McKnight, always glad to escape from the grind, suggested a vaudeville, and in sheer ennui I consented. I could neither ride, drive nor golf, and my own company bored me to distraction.

"Coolest place in town these days," he declared. "Electric fans, breezy songs, airy costumes. And there's Johnson just behind—the coolest proposition in Washington."

He gravely bought three tickets and presented the detective with one. Then we went in. Having lived a normal, busy life, the theater in the afternoon is to me about on a par with ice cream for breakfast. Up on the stage a very stout woman in short pink skirts, with a smile that McKnight declared looked like a slash in a roll of butter, was singing nasally, with a laborious kick at the end of each verse. Johnson, two rows ahead, went to sleep. McKnight prodded me with his elbow.

"Look at the first box to the right," he said, in a stage whisper. "I want you to come over at the end of this act."

It was the first time I had seen her since I put her in the cab at Baltimore, with a sort of shock, I saw on the white curtain the announcement:

THE NEXT PICTURE IS THE DOOMED WASHINGTON FLIER. TAKEN A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE SCENE OF THE WRECK ON THE FATAL MORNING OF SEPTEMBER TENTH. TWO MILES FARTHER ON IT MET WITH ALMOST COMPLETE ANNIHILATION.

Then, with a sort of shock, I saw on the white curtain the announcement:

"And There's Johnson Just Behind, the Coolest Proposition in Washington."

I confess to a return of some of the sickening sensations of the wreck; people around me were leaning forward with tense faces. Then the letters were gone and I saw a long level stretch of track, even the broken stone between the ties standing out distinctly. Far off under a cloud of smoke a small object was rushing toward us and growing larger as it came.

Now it was on us, a mammoth in size, with huge drivers and a colossal tender. The engine leaped aside, as if just in time to save us from destruction, with a glimpse of a stooping fireman and a grimy engineer. The long train of sleepers followed. From a forward vestibule a pouring of white coat waved his hand. The rest of the cars seemed still wrapped in slumber. With mixed sensations I saw my own car, Ontario, fly past, and then I rose to my feet and gripped McKnight's shoulder.

On the lowest step of the last car, one foot hanging free, was a man. His black derby hat was pulled well down to keep it from blowing away, and his coat was flying open in the wind. He was swung well out from the car, his free hand gripping a small valise, every muscle tense for a jump.

"Good God, that's my man!" I said hoarsely, as the audience broke into applause. McKnight half rose; in his seat ahead Johnson stifled a yawn and turned to eye me.

I dropped into my chair limply, and tried to control my excitement. "The man on the last platform of the train," I said. "He was just about to leap; I'll swear that was my bag."

"Could you see his face?" McKnight asked in an undertone. "Would you know him again?"

"No. His hat was pulled down and his head was bent. I'm going back to find out where that picture was taken. They say two miles, but it may have been forty."

The audience, busy with its wraps, had not noticed. Mrs. Dallas and Alison West had gone. In front of us Johnson had dropped his hat and was stooping for it.

"This way," I motioned to McKnight, and we wheeled into the narrow passage behind us, back of the boxes. At the end there was a door leading into the wings, and as we went boldly through I turned the key.

The final set was being struck, and no one paid any attention to us. Luckily they were similarly indifferent to a banging at the door I had locked, a banging which, I judged, signified Johnson.

"I guess we've broken up his interference," McKnight chuckled.

Stage hands were hurrying in every direction; pieces of the side wall of the last drawing room menaced us; a switchboard behind us was singing like a tea-kettle. Everywhere we stepped we were in somebody's way. At last we were across, confronting a man in his shirt sleeves, who by dots and dashes of profanity seemed to be directing the chaos.

"Well?" he said, wheeling on us. "What can I do for you?"

"I would like to ask," I replied, "if you have any idea just where the last cinematograph picture was taken."

"Broken board—picnickers—lake?"

"No. The Washington Flier."

He glanced at my bandaged arm.

"The announcement says two miles," McKnight put in, "but we should like to know whether it is railroad miles, automobile miles, or policeman miles."

"I am sorry I can't tell you," he replied, more civilly. "We get those pictures by contract. We don't take them ourselves."

"Where are the company's offices?"

"New York." He stepped forward and grasped a super by the shoulder. "What in blazes are you doing with that gold chair in a kitchen set? Take that piece of pink plush there and throw it over a soap box, if you have not got a kitchen chair."

I had not realized the extent of the shock, but now I dropped into a chair and wiped my forehead. The unexpected glimpse of Alison West followed almost immediately by the recitation of the picture, had left me limp and unnerved. McKnight was looking at his watch.

"He says the moving picture people have an office down-town. We can make it if we go on now."

So he called a cab, and we started at a gallop. There was no sign of the detective. "Upon my word," Richey said, "I feel lonely without him."

The people at the down-town office sight of the cinematograph company were very obliging. The picture had been taken, they said, at M———, just two miles beyond the scene of the wreck. It was not much, but it was something to work on. I decided not to go home, but to send McKnight's bag for my clothes, and to dress at the Incubator. I was determined, if possible, to make my next day's investigations without Johnson. In the meantime, even if it was for the last time, I would see Her that night. I gave Steele a note for Mrs. Klopton, and with my dinner clothes there came back the gold bag wrapped in tissue paper.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why Dickens Wrote "Christmas Carol."

I noticed a statement in one of the papers recently that Dickens wrote his "Christmas Carol" with the express object of reviving the popular interest in the Christmas season and its festivities. This is a pleasing fiction which had often been previously met with. The fact is that Dickens wrote the "Christmas Carol" in the autumn of 1843 because he was short of money and in great need of $5,000. The most candid chapter in Forster's "Life" is the one (in the second volume) which relates the tale of Dickens' disappointment and despair when he received the "Carol" accounts, for instead of the $5,000 he "had set his heart and soul upon," the sum due to him was only $1,150. Dickens wrote: "My year's bills, unpaid, are so terrific that all the energy and determination I can possibly exert will be required to clear me before I go abroad." Dickens ultimately cleared $2,630 by the "Christmas Carol" on a sale of 15,000 copies.—London Truth.

Homely Girl a Necessity

Has Many Qualities That Make Her More Popular Than Her Beautiful Sister.

In these days the homely girl is an absolute necessity, for she is like a cooling, quieting draft.

She comforts tired workers on their return from the whirl of busy towns; she can make a humble home—or a mansion—a place of happiness.

Her simplicity is her greatest charm. She pursues neither ambition nor ideals, but confines herself to the essentially useful things of life. Man, under her gentle sway, becomes again as a little child; he drops the world for a time, and revels in the delight of domesticity, and returns again to the fray like a giant refreshed.

All her arts, too, are simple, easily fathomed; she practices no deep laid wiles; yet she is a final and all-powerful factor in human affairs. The very directness of her purpose gains her end.

The "homely girl" is seen at her best, of course, in the home, smiling happily and wearing a big apron. She dusts and cooks with quiet enthusiasm and manages her household as if it were an important principality. Her cooking, be it whispered, is divine, and thus she claims reverent admiration from many masculine minds.

Her work seems a genuine delight to her. She sings with a merry heart, and, when the time comes for play, she disports herself with an equally simple and delightful pleasure. Artificiality shrinks from her presence.

As a wife, the "homely girl" is, let it be known, pre-eminent. She wraps her heart and soul around home and husband. No detail is too small for her ardent attention.—Philadelphia Press.

Wedding Trip with Fifty Slaves.

By the death of Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Summers some time ago Missouri lost one of its pioneers. Mrs. Summers was married to James P. Summers, also a Kentuckian, when she was 17 years old. On their wedding trip they came by steamboat to Missouri, bringing with them about fifty slaves.—Kansas City Times.

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.

8

Elegant home, and lot 60 feet front by 20 rods deep (16 acres) on East Maple Avenue. Fine home and every convenience. Price $6,000. Terms to suit client. On the market for the first time this week. Will make to the right purchaser for portion of the purchase price.

77

One lot on Woodward Avenue, just south of business district. Just the place for a garage. Any one wishing to purchase will find this a bargain. Price reduced from $3,000 to $2,500. See or Exchange Bank.

147

Nice little home for some one of small means. 1 acre in x 14 rd x 8 in 34 of sec 31, Township 2 T. 2 rom house; barn in good shape; well at least here and house, never dry; 8 miles out of Detroit; 400 per acre.

180

Farm in Avon township; 15 acres of good clay loam; all cleared; small orchard, no buildings; almost down to R. R. track. For sale, or exchange for small farm.

194

Fifty acres in Township of Troy, adjoining the Jay Stone Farm. All buildings, 7-room house, basement barn, plenty of small fruit, orchard of excellent fruit; 2½ miles from Flint Division R. R. U. S. 2 wells and one spring. Price $4,000.

195

Fifteen acres in Township of Royal Oak; no buildings; 10 acres of maple trees; 5 acres pasture; new land, well drained, clay bottom, black top soil; one mile from Birmingham; 2 Gilmore roads, 14 mile east of electric road; adjoins J. L. Hudson and Duffield tracts, which are held at $500.00 per acre. Adjoins tracts of State Fair grounds. Price $300 an acre; will exchange for Detroit property.

198

Ten acres 1 mile east of Royal Oak village; excellent soil; 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 5-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; not 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 3 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 lot is 70 feet front on the best frontage on Woodward, and 185 feet deep; room for a nice garden; can live in one apartment and have a steady income from the other. This is something to ponder over. Come and let us help you ponder. Always at your service. If you can't call, write.

229

A pleasant and sightly farm of 71 acres in West Bloomfield, 4 mile from the Northwestern electric; 12 acres wood, 4 acres good timber; 8 buildings; worth $3,200, and the price is only $3,000—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; 9 rooms, hard-wood finish; 50x100; 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, and barn, chicken house, plenty of fruit, and 10-rods cement walks—and the house almost $3,000—for $3,000 on easy terms, you'd call it 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 $6,000; 7 acres of timber, 5 acres orchard; well watered (Clinton river runs through the farm); no marsh; land is 120 feet above the river; fine cedars; 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.

250

Lots 18 and 24, Beall's Addition, Birmingham. Price $400 for both lots. Terms, $50 cash; balance on contract.

270

House and lot, west side of Ann Street; factory district; good neighborhood; 5 rooms; cellar; cistern and ceiling; one block from Woodward Avenue $1,850; terms easy.

273

New cement house, one block from Woodward Avenue, 4 bedrooms, bath and closet on second floor; large reception hall, dining room, kitchen, furnace, hot and cold water, hard-wood floors, good size lot, cement walk, fruit trees, gas, electric, walks, cistern, etc. Worth nothing all; also worth much more than we ask for it, but we'll sell it for $4,200 on easy terms.

280

Farm of 125 acres in Troy—15 acres oak and maple timber; 2 miles from Troy Village; 7-room house; outbuildings valued at $4,000, insured for $2,000. Must sell. Sell cash lease; drawing wells; tools and stock go with the farm. Price, $4,000. Terms, $1,000 down, balance on easy terms. Fine chance for a good farmer. Will take a good city or village residence, $2,500 per acre will buy it, and lot better we may at low rate of interest.

281

Two very desirable lots in the Beall Addition on the height of land, right on account of the owner moving town. Should be at least double what lots in the neighborhood are selling for twice the money.

282

Lot 4 in Block 7, Campbell's Subdivision, good location; price $300 for quick sale, or exchange for Flint city lots; home for some one with enough cash to make a small first payment.

283

Lots 22 and 24, Beall's Addition; one of the best locations in the whole plat; can be bought for cash, and you can pay for them by paying only $50 down, balance on land contract with easy payments.

294

ACREAGE—10 acres, high and dry, in the village of Birmingham. Just the place for Machine Shop or Factory. Fine for Garden Truck. Only 2 blocks from Woodward Avenue. Price here, terms easy. $1,000 will handle it. R. A. Day's Exchange.

296

Nice 5-room house, built last year in Village of Royal Oak, one block from both electric railways; cellar, cistern, fruit, etc. Price $1,800; $300 down, balance $20 per month. Only place we have for sale in Royal Oak.

297

Without exception, the cheapest farm for sale within or 100 miles anywhere in the country. On the line of the Pere Marquette R. R., 10 miles from Detroit. 2 bearing wells, good for nearly an acre of celery, enough water to irrigate an abundance of pure clean ice. Brown house, new attic, barn 72x40, with cement floor, 2 silos, chicken house, 2 cow or horse stables, mile house with fireplace, 12 acres timber, 340 rods new wire fence with cedar posts, 16 acres cleared for celery, 12 acres in celery, 2 acres waste land; pretty little creek runs through farm. Nothing on earth like this for the money. Price $100 per acre will buy it on easy terms. Thousands have been made on this farm.

298

Brown farm, 40 acres, 2 blocks with steam railway shops, two acres of land, fine orchards, buildings in good repair; five miles from electric, in Village of Franklin, population 1,000; good soil, well watered, good roads to Lake Angelus, Pontiac and Orchard Lake; 1 mile from Grand Rapids to Ludington, which is sure to be completed within two years. This farm is 40 No. 1 acres, and is worth more than any acreage, celery or peppermint. A good distillery and bottling plant on the farm. One-half mile to church and school. This farm is well worth $6,000.00. Will consider good city lots at value $2,000 and balance on easy terms.

302

Nice little farm of 40 acres, about a mile from the Village of Northville; 2 good buildings, 7-room dwelling, bathing conveniences, beautiful view, 4 acres orchard, fine maples, pretty little stream, 2 miles from Northville Stake road. 12-room house just finished, has new barn with cement floor, 30 x 40 feet, hay loft, grain floor, maple hay room, good new stables, of same size; 10 acres of the 40 are cleared. Price $4,000 per acre will buy it. Glad to show you any time, and if you don't buy you will not be molested a little bit. Worth looking at anyhow.

303

One of the nicest lots on the Beall addition, fronting on Woodward Avenue, 40 feet frontage and 120 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 Woodward Avenue; 5 rooms, bath, cellar, small fruit; cost $1,800; will sell for $1,500 cash. Worth more money, but owner has need of revenue for selling.

316

New brick house, two blocks from electric bath, closet, furnace, city water, cistern, 10-foot all modern conveniences; fruit; 5 rooms; price $2,000 cash, nine rooms, cement walks; finest location in village. Is there about $600 mortgage will buy it. Ask us about it.

318

A cozy, convenient home, which cost $2,800 to build the house, and it is in one of the best residence localities in Birmingham, and would not be sold but for the sudden necessity of a change in your good fortune and no fault of the owner, and we will take $1,800 and be glad to do it. It is easy and long time to the right kind of a year about.

320

Excellent business chance in a small village. Store and dwelling, 16 rooms, 3 bedrooms; fine chance for some one with small means, worked in a hard place, to make a living and accumulate an estate. Healthy farming community, and a good country trade has been done in the store heretofore. The price is $1,650, and the terms can be made easy for any one who is a little out of luck and wishes to change location. Joe Rouse, barn, wood-shed, 2-room house and lot, good brick cistern. Further chats for the asking.

321

Fine farm of 36 acres in the midst of the Bloomfield Hills, a little over 20 rods from the electric, nearly all Page fence; 2 good wells, one 180 feet and one 140 feet deep; 2 barns, 2 basement barns, woodshed, ice house, hog house, 2 hen houses, tool house, wood-house finish; 50x100; plenty never failing, piped to house and barns; fish, gravelly, sandy soil; about 7 acres young fruit, grove and pasture. No waste land. Price $150 per acre. Terms easy.

323

If quality in farming lands is what you are looking for, we have it. We have 160 acres in Franklin on excellent gravel road, 105 acres well tended, and 15-rods cement walks—and the house is just flowing wells in the country immediately beside it. Well, sandy loam; about 7 acres young fruit, grove and pasture. No waste land. Price $150 per acre. Terms easy.

324

Ninety-two acres 1 mile east of the electric in Royal Oak; 16-room house, 5 other buildings; "Jersey" soil; 40 acres of it cleared and under tame and tillage here! $2,400 cash will buy it, and the balance of the purchase price can 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 Birmingham 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 year 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 homestead. Let us tell you more about it, or introduce you to the owner.

329

Wait a minute! Here is lot. Five acres of excellent land; good house—7 rooms; cellar, cistern, nice shade, new barn 16x24, chicken house 10x12; 50 apples, 4 cherries, 2 peaches. All in good bearing; taxes last year $6; 80 rods from electric. Only service to 25-cent fare. Only 25-cents to big ball. Good roads, fine soil, no waste land. Price $2,000—no trade. All ready for a country home after your own heart.

330

Fine farm of 320 acres, 3 miles from Birmingham; 11-room house, 6 barns, 1 building; 20 acres orchard—apple, pear and peach; 15 acres timber; soil a gravelly loam and very productive. Worth 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 60 feet front and 325 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 $2,800 you can't lose any money 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 artesian wells and electric. Fine location in best farming community on earth. Best reason for selling is the low price of $4,000. Why, blow you! the buildings alone are worth $3,000—couldn't be replaced for anywhere near 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-room house, fruit, city and electric; lot 130x180, bungalow with modern conveniences, walk, water, electric, fruit, shade, barn, etc. Small barn on premises suitable for garage; about ¾ acre of excellent land. Price $2,800.

335

Will exchange for small farm near Birmingham, 100x185 on corner in the best part of Birmingham village; 5-room, bath, water-closet, furnace, range. Two blocks from the electric. Price $2,400; terms easy. Plenty of fruit. One of the best equipped homes in the village. Hurry up, before he changes his mind.

336

Twenty-five acres, five miles from Rochester electric line; small house, barn, two sheds; excellent land in high state of cultivation; easy terms. Price $2,500.

337

South side of Martin Street, Birmingham, three blocks from D. U. R.; 50 feet front, 150 feet deep; will sell house and lot, 5 rooms, for value; or vacant lot, 50x150 feet, for $350, or all together for $1,500.

339

Five desirable lots on Woodward Avenue, from Wheeler Street to Lincoln Avenue, on the east side of Woodward Avenue; 5-room house, water-closet, city water, good barn 32x40. Fruit trees for sale. Price $3,500; $1,000 down, balance to suit purchaser and the price so low we are ashamed to tell it. Come and see us and make us an offer. Terms easy.

340

A good little farm of 37 acres, with five buildings; 4 acres orchard; 2 good wells; 2 barns; 2 silos; chickens for city; improved, but would rather sell than sell or trade; 2 miles from Northville, 2 miles from electric, 6-room house, barn or stable 70 feet long, within hearing of Northville whistles. New State Road all the way from Birmingham; good wire fences; all the buildings in excellent condition. No waste land. Can be made a big thing for somebody. Come and see. Look at that our expense any time—any day.

341

Fully little farm of 64 acres, ¼ of a mile from Redondo Park, Birmingham; all level, 40 acres of it fine clay loam; new wire fences; excellent Kalamazoo house, 7 rooms, bath, hot and cold water, cellar, cistern; barn 30x40, stanchions for 10 cows; chicken house, another barn 24x30 for horses and hay, with cement floor, good well, good cistern, fruit, shade, etc., to your heart's content; 8-acre new wire fence around the farm. Price $4,000. See Mr. Rood. Take you to see it. Won't cost you anything, whether you buy or not.

342

Just a minute! Nicest farm you ever saw; 19 acres at $80 per acre; 7-room house, 10 rooms, sewer, water, bath, hot and cold, with hot water heater, grand barn 40x60—standing for 10 years in good condition; 700 rods of tile, making perfect drainage; entire farm in a high state of cultivation; white Yokes with cedar posts; 15 miles to village, with sheet gravel road, 2 miles to electric, 3 miles etc. Two churches within 40 rods. 11 miles from city limits; 2 miles from Village of Rochester. You can raise a half of both (if you want to) at every foot of the land. Only "bachelor" farm ever seen for sale. Every foot of it in the state of cultivation. Let's go and look at it at all our expense.

343

Good little farm of 38 acres in the Township of Southfield, 2 miles from Birmingham; 6-room house, cellar under whole house. Barn 35x40, and stable for 4 horses and 10 cows. Good chicken house. Corn crib, poultry house, tool house, tool shed. Land well drained, and all good tillable sandy soil. Site for trade farm, or for $2,800, and terms easy—but no trade at this price.

344

New modern house—½ story and attic—with lot 75x160 on Maple Avenue. City water, electric lights, Peninsular hot-air furnace, fire 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 it cost. Will not let you come in 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, 2 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 miles Birmingham, 12 Detroit, 10 gravelly loam, 15 heavier soil, 8 acres cleared, about 40 acres good timber, logs, piling land, fine shade, beautiful location, well fenced. But, wait! The price is only $75 an acre, and will exchange for Detroit improved or west side.

347

Forty acres just outside of the corporate limits of Birmingham. Rich loaming land, 2 acres of orchard, 2 frame-house buildings which could not be built for $8,000 to-day. Fine for a country home, range—every convenience of city; cistern, well and 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 village. 5 rooms, bath, hot and cold. City water, 3-room new 2-story house and good barn. Would exchange for good city lots, or take you to the owner and you can deal direct. Is that not 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 the exception of the Castle Addition. 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 wood, good fences, good buildings and ample barns; well fenced, and the most productive land in the country. Will sell in parcels to suit purchaser. Price is right, and we want you to see it you will say the place is right, too.

351

Tenroom house, three blocks from electric in Birmingham village. Fine, beautiful shade about half an acre of good garden land. Back in good order, and well let at $25 per month. You can live if you buy Birmingham property. Prices are on every day.

352

Forty-tenacre farm about half a mile from the electric, fronting on Grand River, just south of the River House, with overhanging elms; no waste land, good fences, rolling land, good land, under high state of cultivation. Country immediately adjoining is the most desirable in existence. Land in the immediate vicinity has sold for $300 an acre. We can sell this farm for less than the buildings cost. Let's go and look it at our expense.

353

Ideal little place for a country home and fine grounds. A mile and a half by the road to the Village of Birmingham. Fine house and 7 acres of land, well fenced, no waste land, on Four corners. Adjoining property has sold within the last year for $300 an acre. Price $2,000 cash, or will trade for good city property. Terms easy.

354

One of the best equipped and loveliest little homes in Birmingham village. Fine, modern house—10 rooms, furnace, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, cellar, cistern, etc. Lot 100x185, and a grove of native trees. Lot is a fine lot, and the place is well worth the price we ask for it. Large carriage house; just across the village limits. Altogether the finest place in the village, about half a block from the electric. Price is much less than the buildings cost. Let's go and look it at our expense.

Long-Lived English Woman.

A woman named Margaret Burns of Millvale, about ten miles from Newry, celebrated her 108th birthday and said nine birthday yesterday. She is still able to relate stories of many of the stirring events which occurred during the early part of her life, and can move about the house.—London Express.

Strategy.

The farm boy was charging a dime to ferry the pretty summer girl across the stream. "You won't charge me, will you, sonny?" asked the close girl coaxingly. "No'm," responded the lad with a broad smile, "old ladies are always free." And the way she "ponied" up a dime was a caution.

For the Benefit of the Race.

"Pa, goodness sake, child, what are you doing with your father's fishing outfit? He will be wild when he sees this." "I read yesterday that it would be a good thing for the human race if all the flies could be destroyed, and I was just destroyin' a few."

Necessary Mental Work.

Physical energy is common enough; it is easy to work hard with your body. It is far harder to work hard with your mind, but only that will bring the mental growth that makes the difference between success and failure.

Mind Must Be Developed.

No man can get either success or satisfaction out of existence unless he begins early to develop his mind, to make it worth for its own good and for the good of the minds with which it comes into contact.

Rosaries of Korean Monks.

Monks in Korea wear a rosary of red wooden beads polished like crystal by ceaseless fingering. They wear them either as necklaces or bracelets.