The MAN in LOWER 10

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
AUTHOR of THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE
ILLUSTRATIONS by M. G. KETCHER
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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. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower 11 and retains lower 10. He finds a drunken man in lower 10 and retires in lower 9. He awakens in lower 11 and finds his clothes and bag missing. The man in lower 10 is found murdered. Circumstantial evidence points to both Blakeley and the man who stole his clothes. The train is wrecked and Blakeley is rescued from a burning car by a girl in blue. His arm is broken. The girl proves to be Alison Weeks, his partner's sweetheart. Blakeley returns home and finds 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. Investigation proves that the man's name is Sullivan. Mrs. Conway, the woman for whom Blakeley bought a Pullman ticket, tries to make a bargain with him for the forged notes, not knowing that they are missing. Blakeley and an amateur detective investigate the home of Sullivan's sister.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

Hotchkiss felt certain that it had been Sullivan, but I was not so sure. Why would he have crawled like a thief into his own house? If he had crossed the park, as seemed probable, when we did, he had not made any attempt to use the knocker. I gave it up finally, and made an effort to conciliate the young woman in the house.

We had heard no sound since our spectacular entrance into her room. I was distinctly uncomfortable, as alone this time, I climbed to the tower staircase. Reasoning from before, she would probably throw a chair at me. I stopped at the foot of the staircase and called.

"Hello up there," I said, in as debonnair a manner as I could summon. "Good morning. Wie geht es bei ihnen?"

No reply.

"Bon jour, mademoiselle." I tried again. This time there was a movement of some sort from above, but nothing fell on me.

"I—we want to apologize for rousing you so—er—unexpectedly this morning," I went on. "The fact is, we wanted to talk to you, and you—you were hard to waken. We are travelers, lost in your mountains, and we crave a breakfast and an audience."

She came to the door then. I could feel that she was investigating the top of my head from above. "Is Mr. Sullivan with you?" she asked. It was the first word from her, and she was not sure of her voice.

"No. We are alone. If you will come down and look at us you will find us two perfectly harmless people, whose horse—curses on him—departed without leave last night and left us at your gate."

She relaxed somewhat then and came down a step or two. "I was afraid I had killed somebody," she said. "The housekeeper left yesterday, and the other maids went with her."

When she saw that I was comparatively young and lacked the earmarks of the highwayman, she was greatly relieved. She was inclined to fight shy of Hotchkiss, however, for some reason. She gave us a breakfast of a sort, for there was little in the house, and afterward we telephoned to the town for a vehicle. While Hotchkiss examined scratches and replaced the Bokhara rug, I engaged Jennie in conversation.

"Can you tell me," I asked, "who is managing the estate since Mrs. Curtis was killed?"

"No one," she returned shortly.

"Hiss—any member of the family been here since the accident?"

"No, sir. There was only the two, and some think Mr. Sullivan was killed as well as his sister."

"You don't?"

"No," with conviction.

"Why?"

She wheeled on me with quick suspicion.

"Are you a detective?" she demanded.

"No."

"You told him to say you represented the law."

"I am a lawyer. Some of them misrepresent the law, but I—"

She broke in impatiently.

"A sheriff's officer?"

"No. Look here, Jennie; I am all that I should be. You'll have to believe that. And I'm in a bad position through no fault of my own. I want you to answer some questions. If you will help me, I will do what I can for you. Do you live near here?"

Her chin quivered. It was the first sign of weakness she had shown.

"My home is in Pittsburg," she said, "and I haven't enough money to get there. They hadn't paid my wages for two months. They don't pay anybody."

"Very well," I returned. "I'll send you back to Pittsburg, Pullman included, if you will tell me some things I want to know."

She agreed eagerly. Outside the window Hotchkiss was bending over, examining footprints in the drive.

"Now," I began, "there has been a Miss West staying here?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Sullivan was attentive to her?"

"Yes. She was the granddaughter of a wealthy man in Pittsburg. My aunt has been in his family for 20 years. Mrs. Curtis wanted her brother to marry Miss West."

"Do you think he did marry her?" I could not keep the excitement out of my voice.

"No. There were reasons"—she stopped abruptly.

"Do you know anything of the family? Are they—were they New Yorkers?"

"They came from somewhere in the south. I have heard Mrs. Curtis say her mother was a Cuban. I don't know much about them, but Mr. Sullivan had a terrible temper, though he didn't look it. Folks say big, light-haired people are easy going, but I don't believe it, sir."

"How long was Miss West here?"

"Two weeks."

I hesitated about further questioning. Critical as my position was, I could not pry deeper into Alison West's affairs. If she had got into the hands of adventurers, as Sullivan and his sister appeared to have been, she was safely away from them again. But something of the situation in the car Ontario was forming itself in my mind: the incident at the farmhouse lacked only motive to be complete. Was Sullivan, after all, a rascal or a criminal? Was the murderer Sullivan or Mrs. Conway? The lady or the tiger again.

Jennie was speaking.

"I hope Miss West was not hurt?" she asked. "We liked her, all of us. She was not like Mrs. Curtis."

I wanted to say that she was hot like anybody in the world. Instead—"She escaped with some bruises," I said.

She glanced at my arm. "You were on the train?"

"Yes."

She waited for more questions, but none coming, she went to the door. Then she closed it softly and came back.

"Mrs. Curtis is dead? You are sure of it?" she asked.

"She was killed instantly. I believe. The body was not recovered. But I have reasons for believing that Mr. Sullivan is living."

"I knew it," she said. "—I— think he was here the night before last. That is why I went to the tower room. I believe he would tell me if he could." As nearly as her round and comely face could express it, Jennie's expression was tragic at that moment. I made a quick resolution, and acted on it at once.

"You are not entirely frank with me, Jennie," I protested. "And I am going to tell you more than I have. We are talking at cross purposes.

"I was on the wrecked train, in the same car with Mrs. Curtis, Miss West and Mr. Sullivan. During the night there was a crime committed in that car and Mr. Sullivan disappeared. But he left behind a chain of circumstantial evidence that involved me completely, so that I may, at any time, be arrested."

Apparently she did not comprehend for a moment. Then, as if the meaning of my words had just dawned on her, she looked up and gasped:

"You mean—Mr. Sullivan committed the crime himself?"

"I think he did."

"What was it?"

"It was murder," I said deliberately.

Her hands clenched involuntarily, and she shrank back. "A woman?" she could scarcely form her words.

"No, a man; a Mr. Simon Harrington of Pittsburg."

Her effort to retain her self-control was pitiful. Then she broke down and cried, her head on the back of a tall chair.

"It was my fault," she said wretchedly, "my fault. I should not have sent them the word."

After a few minutes she grew quiet. She seemed to hesitate over something, and finally determined to say it.

"You will understand better, sir, when I say that I was raised in the Harrington family. Mr. Harrington was Mr. Sullivan's wife's father!"

CHAPTER XXV.

At the Station.

So it had been the tiger, not the lady! Well, I had held to that theory all through. Jennie suddenly became a valuable person; if necessary she could prove the connection between Sullivan and the murdered man, and show a motive for the crime. I was triumphant when Hotchkiss came in. When the girl had produced a photograph of Mrs. Sullivan, and I had recognized the bronze-haired girl of the train, we were both well satisfied—which goes to prove the ephemeral nature of most human contentments.

Jennie either had nothing more to say, or feared she had said too much. She was evidently uneasy before Hotchkiss. I told her that Mrs. Sullivan was recovering in a Baltimore hospital, but she already knew it, from some source, and merely nodded. She made a few preparations for leaving, while Hotchkiss and I compared notes, and then, with the cat in her arms, she climbed into the trap from the town. I sat with her, and on the way down she told me a little, not much.

"If you see Mrs. Sullivan," she advised, "and she is conscious, she probably thinks that both her husband and her sister were killed in the wreck. She will be in a bad way, sir."

"You mean that she—still cares about her husband?"

The cat crawled over on my knee, and rubbed its head against my hand invitingly. Jennie stared at the undulating line of the mountain crests, a colossal surf against a blue ocean of sky. "Yes, she cares," she said softly. "Women are made like that. They say they are cats, but peter there in your lap wouldn't come back and fight your hand if you kicked him. If—if you have to tell her the truth, be as gentle as you can sir. She has been good to me—that's why I have played the spy here all summer. It's a thankless thing, spying on people."

"It is that," I agreed soberly.

Hotchkiss and I arrived in Washington late that evening, and, rather than arouse the household, I went to the club. I was at the office early the next morning and admitted myself. McKnight rarely appeared before half after ten, and our modest office force some time after nine. I looked over my previous day's mail and waited, with such patience as I possessed, for McKnight. In the interval I called up Mrs. Klopton and announced that I would dine at home that night. What my household subsists on during my numerous absences I have never discovered. Tea, probably, and crackers. Dilligent search when I have made a midnight arrival, never reveals anything more substantial. Possibly I imagine it, but the announcement that I am about to make a journey always seems to create a general atmosphere of depression throughout the house, as though Euphemia and Eliza, and Thomas, the stableman, were already subsisting, in imagination, on Mrs. Klopton's meager fare.

So I called her up and announced my arrival. There was something unusual in her tone, as though her throat was tense with indignation. Always shrill, her elderly voice rasped my ear painfully through the receiver.

"I Was Afraid I Had Killed Somebody," She Said.

"I have changed the butcher, Mr. Lawrence," she announced portentously. "The last roast was a pound short, and his mutton-chops—any self-respecting sheep would refuse to acknowledge them."

As I said before, I can always tell from the voice in which Mrs. Klopton conveys the most indifferent matters, if something of real significance has occurred. Also, through long habit, I have learned how quickest to bring her to the point.

"You are pessimistic this morning," I returned. "What's the matter, Mrs. Klopton? You haven't used that tone since Euphemia baked a pie for the iceman. What is it now? Somebody poison the dog?"

She cleared her throat.

"The house has been broken into, Mr. Lawrence," she said. "I have lived in the best families, and never have I stood by and seen what I saw yesterday—every bureau drawer opened, and my—my most sacred belongings—" she choked.

"Did you notify the police?" I asked sharply.

"Police!" she sniffed. "Police! It was the police that did it—two detectives with a search warrant. I—I wouldn't dare tell you over the telephone what one of them said when he found the whisky and rock candy for my cough."

"I don't think you take anything?" I demanded, very nerve on edge.

"They took the cough medicine," she returned indignantly, "and they said—"

"Confound the cough medicine!" I was frantic. "Did they take anything else? Were they in my dressing-room?"

"Yes. I threatened to sue them, and I told them what you would do when you came back. But they wouldn't listen. They took away that black sealskin bag you brought home from Pittsburg with you!"

I knew then that my hopes of freedom were numbered. To have found Sullivan and then, in support of my case against him, to have produced the bag, minus the bit of chain, had been my intention. But the police the bag, and, beyond knowing something of Sullivan's history, I was practically no nearer his discovery than before. Hotchkiss hoped he had his man in the house off Washington Circle, but on the very night he had seen him Jennie claimed that Sullivan had tried to enter the Laurels. Then—suppose we found Sullivan and proved the satchel and its con-

"The House Has Been Broken Into, Mr. Lawrence."

tents his? Since the police had the bit of chain it might mean involving Alison in the story. I sat down and buried my face in my hands. There was no escape. I figured it out despondingly.

Against me was the evidence of the survivors of the Ontario that I had been accused of the murder at the time. There had been blood-stains on my pillow and a bidden dagger. Into the bargain, in my possession had been found a traveling bag containing the dead man's pocketbook.

In my favor was McKnight's theory against Mrs. Conway. She had a motive for wishing to secure the notes, she believed I was in lower ten, and she had collapsed at the discovery of the crime in the morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Real Estate Exchange

OF WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL

Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

The following is a partial list of Farms, City and Village Lots, and Real Estate generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request that parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list.

5.

Elegant house and lot 66 feet front and 20 rods deep on Maple Ave. East, (half an acre). Fine barn and sewer main connection. Will furnish plans, etc. Can be bought for what the buildings cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

55

Village lots on Woodward avenue, bounded north by land of Mollie G. Smith, east by D., G. R. & W. R. R., south by Conway, and west by Woodward avenue, 100 feet front on Woodward avenue, 198 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 set on Saginaw street, just south of land owned by John German, 50 feet frontage. Anyone looking to purchase will find this a bargain. For particulars inquire of Mollie G. Smith or at the Exchange Bank.

No. 167

Wants to trade for 80 or 40 acres on or near Detroit. Nine-room house on east ¼ of southwest ¼ Sec. 11, Troy township; three buildings and 20 acres for $8,500 (assessed for $1,700); fencing will be shipped to barn; farm well adapted for stock or fruit. Within 1¼ miles of Troy Corners, 3 miles to Troy Corners, where there are good schools and churches. Pays 6% to Detroit; $6,000 per acre.

178

Seven-room cottage on west side of Bates street, 8 feet front, 120 feet deep. You couldn't build it for less than $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. Short it to you any time.

180

Farm in Avon township; 55 acres of good clay loam, all cleared; small orchard, no build ings; $4,000 per acre. For sale or exchange for small farm.

168

One of the best-arranged and finest-surfaced residences in the village, and in absolutely the best location—East Maple Ave.—being 2 blocks from electric road; bath, toilet, hot and cold water, large 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! This is one do you want, anyhow? Will sell house and 82 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 $1,800. All kinds of soil—clay, gravel, sand and dark loam. Last year this farm produced 132 bushels raspberries, 20 bushels blackberries, 111 bushels strawberries, and some fruit. A gravel ridge 60 rods in length, with an almost inexhaustible supply of gravel, is worth almost the price of the farm alone. No waste land and under a high state of cultivation. Worth looking at anyhow. Price $5,000; terms easy.

194

Fifty acres in Township of Troy, adjoining the City of Detroit, 8 miles; 2 buildings, fair; small apartment barn, plenty of small fruit, orchard of excellent fruit; 2½ miles from Electric Park; 1½ miles from Detroit property.

198

Ten acres 1 mile east of Royal Oak village; excellent land, 47 fine apple trees, no buildings. Price $1,200. Will take $100 cash and balance to suit. This price will enable you to build the kind of house you may require.

201

Fine 3-story residence on Maple Avenue, corner of High Street; 50 feet front, 128 feet deep; city 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 beautiful cement walk in front. House would cost at least $8,000 to build today; ask any one to build it for that money, and see what they say. You can buy this beautiful home for $2,800, and have part of the purchase money on time. Ask the man at the bank.

219

Tidy little place for some one with moderate means. Corner Chestnut and Palm, Campbell Addition. Good earth at least $600, and the house is insured for $1,200; that's $1,700, and prices are advancing all the time; lines in that location. If you come right away we could name a price of $1,600, 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. Chat.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within 200 feet of the west side of the Woodward Avenue; 8 rooms, hot and cold water, bath, toilet, cellar, cistern, lot 50 feet front and 150 feet deep. Cost owner $2,600, but will sell for $2,100.

243

Farm of 100 acres, Saginaw county, 2 miles from Fergus Station, on the M. C. R'y. Clay loam, good building; value $6,000, 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. Within 4 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 $5,000—on easy terms, you'd say, I call it a snap, wouldn't you? Well, we can do it. Come on and we'll show you.

247

House, barn, and about an acre of good garden land on north side of Saddle Street, good, old-fashioned house, and a cozy home at a low price. Party has decided to go West and will sell cheap for cash. Now is the time to get a home so well suited 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 can be bought for $1,500. Now! 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.

205

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

251

House and lot in Campbell's Subdivision; corner lot 82x210, fine location for a home; 6 rooms, cellar and cistern water in the kitchen, fine veranda in front and side; cherries, peaches, pears, crab apples—all bearing—and some grapes. Price, $1,450 will buy it, and terms can be made so that it won't be a millionaire to handle it. Come on.

269

House and lot, east side Woodward Avenue; will exchange for small farm. Price, $1,500. House 8 rooms; small barn, large garden, some fruit; $1,000; buildings are insured for $600.

272

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, 2 buildings, valued at $7,000; hot and cold soft water, tabular 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; 15 acres orchard, 20 acres timber; one of the finest farms in the county. Price low and terms. Take you to see it any day.

267

Forty acres on the line of the Flint electric, at Jarvis Corners, in Troy township. Excellent soil, clay loam, no waste land; one of the most desirable locations for building a nice country residence. The place is held for more money, but makes up the offer of $2,600 cash, and we will see what we can do for you, or will sell house one to 20 acres in any sort of parcel, or any part of the 40 acres, 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; Detroit, 20 miles. Price, $8,000; $2,000 of this will be sold before March 1. Postal will get full particulars, or we will take you to see it at any time.

278

How would you like a good big farm in Crawford county, Michigan; 80 acres, and the north branch of the Au Sable river runs across it; 40 acres cleared, 2 acres orchard, 2 buildings valued at $1,500; good house 9 rods back from the river; abundance of game and fish, climate, pure air, fine school house on the same section; only four settlers in the township; ideal place for club houses or 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.

280

Farm of 228 acres in Troy—15 acres oak and maple timber, 5 acres orchard, 6 acres apples, 7 buildings valued at $4,000, insured for $2,000. No waste land. Soil rich clay loam; fencing walks; tank and tank house; buildings fair; one mile from Rochester electric; 2 miles from Utica; house with good basement bottom cellar; 200 rods of new Page wire fence, $85 per acre and up. Will sell house and 82 feet front by 150 feet deep for $2,800. One of our best bargains.

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 shed and dark room. Last year this farm produced 132 bushels raspberries, 20 bushels blackberries, 111 bushels strawberries, and some fruit. A gravel ridge 60 rods in length, with an almost inexhaustible supply of gravel, is worth almost the price of the farm alone. No waste land and under a high state of cultivation. Worth looking at anyhow. Price $5,000; terms easy.

286

Fine farm of 55 acres on Franklin Road, 1¾ 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 for 1¼ miles; 1¼ miles from electric; fine view; farm well fenced. Price $6,000; enough cash to secure, balance on long time at 6 per cent.

288

Acreage, 16 acres one block from Woodward, streets on two sides, excellent land well drained; just the thing for platting. Price $1,400. 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 make it $3,000 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, 18 acres of best orchard, just coming into bearing, all kinds of fruit, fine hip-roof carriage house; just outside of village limits; 2½ rods to electric; no waste land; perfect title to the country. Owner has business which takes him to other parts and will sell at a sacrifice. For price and terms call at the Exchange Bank, and if you want something better than an ordinary at almost your own price you will go with the man and look it over. Any time—any day.

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 $1,600; terms easy. $3,000 will handle it. R. E. Dep't Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Michigan.

296

Nice 8-room house, built last year in Village of Royal Oak, one block from both electric railways; 8 rooms, bath, toilet, cellar, and 150 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 miles from Utica; 2 nearly an acre of pure spring water furnishing an abundance of pure water; 9-room house, new kiln, barn 76x40, accommodation for 20 horses, basement in cement-floor stable, milk house with flowing well, 15 acres fruit; 243 rods of 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!

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, practically village in Michigan. All ready for an enterprising blacksmith and wagon-maker to engage in; living in a prosperous farming community. Best of reasons for selling, and $2,000 cash will buy it right off the bat.

300

GOOD BUSINESS CHANCE.—Country store, stock of general merchandise, house and land for sale. Eight-room house; cellar, soft water, hot air furnace to store and dwelling, acetylene gas plant in store; will invoice about $3,000; sales from $20 to $30 per day. One mile from electric, Twelve miles south of Pontiac. Price low; terms easy. $3,000 will handle it. R. E. Dep't Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

302

Nice little farm of 63 acres, about a mile from the electric, and 1½ miles from Birmingham. Fairly productive, beautiful view, 4 acres orchard, 7 acres timber, 2 acres of asparagus, excellent gravel fine maples, pretty little house not finished, fine new State road, 15-rods house lot finished, fine new barn with accommodation for 20 horses, cement floor, and a hay room, and other stables. 40 acres plow land. 23 acres timber—and a trifle over $100 per acre will buy it. Glad to show you any time, and if you don't buy you will not be scolded a little bit. Worth looking at anyhow.

303

One of the nicest lots on the Buell addition, facing on Woodward Avenue, 50 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 an investment.

304

Fine large 8-room house three blocks from electric, practically rebuilt this year; water-closet, bath, electric lights, city water, small barn, lot 82x3-3, best neighborhood and location in the village; cement walks, newly painted and decorated, ready to occupy without further expense. $1,900.

305

New 7-room cottage just finished, one block from electric, lot 6x30, west of Woodward Avenue, north side of street; house 18x30. Fine cozy home for any one of small means. Everything new and neat. House never rented or occupied. Sure to please you as it did me.

306

Two-story cottage on Campbell Addition, two blocks from car; 8 rooms, city water, wood shed, cellar, small fruit; cost $1,300 will sell for $1,000 cash. Worth more money, but owner has best of reasons for selling.

307

Twenty-seven acres on the line of the Rochester electric in Troy township; rich as dry loam and clay; no buildings; 15 acres orchard; good school, nice neighborhood, and the thing for chicken farm and build to suit you, or nice country residence or fine crops right from the start. Price $1,200; $200 cash and can be bought for $5,000 on easy terms.

308

Now, here it is! Best-equipped stock farm in the country, Township of Troy, 20 minutes to Detroit, 2 minutes to electric; 10-room house, practically new; 2 barns, 40x60 and 40x80; 2 silos, 100 tons each; 2 buildings for sheep, 100 head each; 2 buildings for hogs; water in every field and stream; beautiful shade, fine view, and last word in the line of stock; high state of cultivation—altogether one of the most beautiful as well as profitable farms in that country. Will be sold at a sacrifice. Price, $12,000; big old-fashioned fire-place, heating-stove in dining-room; 2 acres in peaches, all the buildings, fences, drainage and every detail up-to-date in order. Let us take you to see this farm—invited from our office, and good roads. Come on!

309

Vacant lot, Merrill Flat, frontage on Merrill Street, 60x120, near Methodist Church; fine location. Price $300.

310

Brand-new 5-story cottage, finished in golden oak, with bath, water-closet, city water, electric light, and every convenience to be found in best-appointed city home; 2 acres, 220 feet deep; two blocks from electric, and two blocks from Birmingham, High School, and Public School. Easy. You must be convinced that this is very cheap after we look at this beautiful, new, well-equipped, cozy little home. Let us show it to you.

312

Eight-room, 2-story dwelling on west side of Southfield Avenue, large barn, 2 acres, fine brick wall, good neighborhood. Why, see here! The buildings would cost at least $3,500 to build now, besides the other improvements, and what's all we ask for the whole outfit, will take $1,600 cash, or balance on mortgage or land contract. Don't you look at this, you will be sorry after; you have bought slave here.

313

The very cream of all farms on or near the electric on Woodward Avenue, between Birmingham and Detroit, in the fashionable Woodward Hills district; 160 acres, nice old-fashioned home residence built in the days when people built and frame additions; 7 buildings in all; 10 acres of good timber; beautiful branch of the River Rouge runs through the farm near the house, with the finest old elms and other shade trees; 3 acres of finest apples and peach orchard in farm, well trimmed; one of the best and most productive in the county. The price is high for farming land, but we believe that other places in the vicinity, and 10 times more desirable. This is the first time we ever have put on the market. We want you to know about it. Take you to see it any time—any day.

314

Good comfy 2-story, 9-room cottage on Purdy Street, with good barn. Lot 82x120, one block from electric. City water, hard-wood floors and the price is so low and the terms so easy that you will have to call later office and ask us to take you to see the property; and when we tell you the circumstances you'll sit up and take notice. Try it!

315

Fine Lake Farm, with good buildings, excellent natural drainage, well drained, no waste land and Page wire, with a gravelly lake front, with solid banks and plenty of sand for cement work; cement floor, five stalls, new shingle roof; silo and cement box; timber, 15 acres; orchard, all kinds of fruit; seven buildings. And all at a price which is right in debt. Two good offers have looked over all the other land, proposition for this country is beautiful, and it will take you to it without expense any day—any time. Only about 25 minutes ride from our office.

316

New brick house, two blocks from electric; bath, hot and cold water, set tubs, large cellar, all modern conveniences; 5-story up-to-date residence, with cement walks; finest location in village $2,700 above little mortgage will buy it. Ask us about it.

Family Affection in France.

What is the best gift a parent's love, answers M. Sargeret, and the answer is the same in M. Louis Delzons's "Le Meilleur Amour." It would probably be the same from the lips of nine out of every dozen Frenchmen, if they spoke sincerely, for in this land, where love-marriages are rare, the love of hearth and home, the devotion to offspring, the adoration of children for their parents, are stronger than elsewhere. The fierce egoism of the heart break out there far more frequently, far more potently, than in the system of menages a trois which inspires the literature of the Boulevard.

Why?

If it is true that the world has gone completely to the bow-wows, and that vice and corruption are in control, why is that our penitentiaries have no more attraction than they do for men who call themselves honest?

Like Insect Flyers.

So far nearly all aeroplanes fly almost like insects. The fly makes 300 beats of its tiny wings a second. The propeller, perhaps one-third as many revolutions, but the albatross and the frigate bird, which are buzzard make at most only three or four beats a second. But albatross and frigate can sustain themselves two or three days without lunching between dates. Let's hear of prizes for longer and longer flights on the least gasoline. When the thing gets down to brass tacks it may show that the aeroplane only needs to put on strong power in going up to its aerie. After that it may soar away and dine its gasoline only to meet certain unseemly conditions in the upper or lower air.

Hay Fever.

The symptoms or irritation in back of nose and throat, with dryness and heat in the nasal passages, with running, and dropping back into the throat of mucus at times, indicates hay fever trouble. In some cases the eyes water with other symptoms, as of a severe cold in the head. To relieve this complaint a soothing antiseptic spray has often proved of several times a day, spraying back of the throat and nasal passages, thoroughly. Great relief can be secured from the inhalation of ordinary lavender or ailing salts.

Troubles With P. M.

Postmaster-General Hitchcock speaking of the troubles encountered by new postmasters in rural districts, told of a case that recently was called to his attention.

A postmaster who had been on duty at a town in North Carolina for several weeks had failed to reply to any of the official communications which had been addressed to him. He had, however, been sending in his reports without delay.

"We were just about to send an inspector down there," said the postmaster-general, "when we received a letter from the postmaster, in which he said:

"'I have a big bundle of mail here addressed to P. M., and as no person with those initials gets mail here, what shall I do with it?'

"He was told that it might be opened and read by him."—Judge.

Not What Tommy Desirea

Incident That Caused Youngster to Have Grave Doubts of the Efficacy of Prayer.

The Sunday school lesson had been on the efficacy of prayer, and the teacher had done her best to instil into the youthful mind the belief that our prayers are answered. There was one doubting Thomas, however, who insisted that he knew better.

"Why, Tommy, I am surprised to hear you say you don't believe our prayers are answered," expostulated the teacher.

"I know they ain't," persisted Tommy, doggedly.

"What makes you think so?" asked the teacher.

"I don't think it; I know it," replied Tommy. "You know the angels brought a new baby to our house last week."

"Yes, I heard about that," said the teacher. "Now, surely, that was an answer to prayer, wasn't it?"

"It was, ain't" replied Tommy disgustedly. "Why, for six months I've been prayin' for a goat."

The Boy Critic.

Richard Croker, at an open-air luncheon at Palm Beach, told a George Washington story.

"A teacher," he began, "was conducting a lesson in history.

"'Tommy Jones,' she said, 'what was there about George Washington which distinguished him from all other Americans?'

"'He didn't lie,' was the prompt answer."

Says the Optimist to the Pessimist.

"Life," said the pessimist, "is a dreadful bore. I don't know what happiness is."

"Life is all right," rejoined the optimistic man, "if you only look upon the bright side of it."

"But my life has no bright side," protested the other.

"Then," said the optimist, "get busy and polish up one of the dark sides."