The MAN in LOWER 10

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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 9 and a girl in lower 9. He awakens in lower 7 and finds his clothes and bag missing. The man in lower 9 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 West, the 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 adventuress investigate the home of Sullivan's sister. From a servant Blakeley learns that Alison West had been there on a visit and Sullivan had been attentive to her. Sullivan is the husband of a daughter of the murdered man. Blakeley's house is ransacked by the police. He learns that the affair between Alison and his partner is off. Alison tells Blakeley about the attention paid her by Sullivan.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

"Married!" she said finally, in a small voice. "Why, I don't think it is possible, is it? I—I was on my way to Baltimore to marry him myself, when the wreck came."

"But you said you don't care for him!" I protested, my heavy masculine mind unable to jump the gaps in her story. And then, without the slightest warning, I realized that she was crying. She shook off my hand and fumbled for her handkerchief, and failing to find it, she accepted the one I thrust into her wet fingers.

Then, little by little, she told me from the handkerchief, a sordid story of a motor trip in the mountains with Sullivan, Mrs. Curtis, the woman with broken car, and a rainy night when they—she and Sullivan, tramped eternally and did not get home. And of Mrs. Curtis, when they got home at dawn, suddenly grown conventional and deeply shocked. Of her own proud, half-disdainful consent to make possible the hackneyed compromising situation by marrying the rascal, and then—of his disappearance from the train. It was so terrible to her, such a heaven-sent relief to me, in spite of my rage against Sullivan, that I laughed aloud. At which she looked at me over the handkerchief.

"I know it's funny," she said, with a catch in her breath. "When I think that I nearly married a murderer—and didn't—I cry for sheer joy." Then she blushed her face dark red and began again.

"Please don't," I protested unsteadily. "I won't be responsible if you keep on crying like that. I may forget that I have a capital charge hanging over my head, and that I may be arrested at any moment."

That brought her out of the handkerchief at once. "I meant to be so helpful," she said, "and I've thought of nothing but myself! There were some things I meant to tell you. If Jennie was—what you say, then I understand why she came to me just before I left. She had been packing my things and she must have seen what condition I was in, for she came over to me when I was getting my wraps on, to leave, and said, 'Don't do it, Miss West, I beg you won't do it; you'll be sorry ever after.' And just then Mrs. Curtis came in and Jennie slipped out."

"That was all?"

"No. As we went through the station the telegraph operator gave Her—Mr. Sullivan, a message. He read it on the platform, and I excited him terribly. He took his sister aside and they talked together. He was white with either fear or anger—I don't know which. Then, when we boarded the train, a woman in black, with beautiful hair, who was standing on the car platform, touched him on the arm and then drew back. He looked at her and glanced away again, but she reeled as if he had struck her."

"Then what?" The situation was growing clearer.

"Mrs. Curtis and I had the drawing-room. I had a dreadful night, just sleeping a little now and then. I saw his cigarette case in your hand. I had given it to him. You wore his clothes. The murder was discovered and you were accused of it! What could I do? And then, afterward, when I saw him asleep at the farm house, I—I was panic-stricken. I locked him in and ran. I didn't know why he hid it, but—he had killed a man."

Some one was calling Alison through a megaphone, from the veranda. It sounded like Sam. "All-ee," he called. "All-ee! I'm going to have some anchovies on toast! All-ee!" Neither of us heard.

"I wonder," I reflected, "if you would be willing to repeat a part of that story—just from the telegram on—to a couple of detectives, say on Monday. If you would tell that, and—how the end of your necklace got into the sealskin bag—"

"My necklace!" she repeated. "But it isn't mine. I picked it up in the car!"

"All-ee!" Sam again. "I see you down there. I'm making a julep!"

Alison turned and called through her hands. "Coming in a moment, Sam," she said, and rose. "It must be very late: Sam is home. We would better go back to the house."

"Don't," I begged her. "Anchovies and juleps and Sam will go on forever, and I have you—such a little time. I suppose I am only one of a dozen or so, but—you are the only girl in the world. You know I love you, don't you dear?"

Sam was whistling, an irritating bird call, over and over. She pursed her red lips and answered him in kind. It was more than I could endure.

For at Half After Five Johnson and I Were on Our Way Through the Dust to the Station, Three Miles Away.

"Sam—or no Sam," I said firmly, "I am going to kiss you!"

But Sam's voice came strident through the megaphone. "Be good, you two," he bellowed, "I've got the binoculars!" And so, under fire, we walked sedately back to the house. My pulses were throbbing—the little swish of her dress beside me on the grass was pain and ecstasy. I had but to put out my hand to touch her, and I dared not.

Sam, armed with a megaphone and field glasses, bent over the rail and watched us with gleeful malignity.

"Home early, aren't you?" Alison called, when we reached the steps.

"Led a club when my partner had doubled no-trumps, and she fainted. Damn the heart convention!" he said cheerfully. "The others are not here yet.")

Three hours later I went up to bed. I had not seen Alison alone again. The noise was at its height below, and I glanced down into the garden, still bright in the moonlight. Leaning against a tree, and staring interestedly into the billiard room, was Johnson.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In the Dining Room.

That was Saturday night, two weeks after the wreck. The previous five days had been full of swift-following events—the woman in the house next door, the picture in the theater of a man about to jump from the doomed train, the dinner at the Dallaes, and Richey's discovery that Alison was the girl in the case. In quick succession had come our visit to the Carter place, the finding of the rest of the telegram, my seeing Alison there, and the strange interview with Mrs. Conway. The Cresson trip stood out in my memory for its serio-comic horrors and its one real thrill. Then—the discovery by the police of the sealskin bag and the bit of chain; Hotchkiss producing triumphantly Stuart for Sullivan and his subsequent discomfiture; McKnight at the station with Alison, and later the confession that he was out of the running.

And yet, when I thought it all over, the entire week and its events were two sides of a triangle that was narrowing rapidly to an apex, a point. And the said apex was at that moment in the drive below my window, resting his long legs by sitting on a carriage block, and smoking a pipe that made the night hideous. The sense of the ridiculous is very close to the sense of tragedy. I opened my screen and whistled, and Johnson looked up and grinned. We said nothing. I held up a handful of cigars, he extended his hat, and when I finally went to sleep, it was to a soothing breeze that wafted in salt air and a faint aroma of good tobacco. I was thoroughly tired, but I slept restlessly, dreaming of two detectives with Pittsburg warrants being held up by Hotchkiss at the point of a spline, while Alison fastened their hands with a chain that was broken and much too short. I was roused about dawn by a light rap at the door, and, opening it, I found Forbes, in a pair of trousers and a pajama coat. He was as pleasant as most fleshy people are when they have to get up at night, and he said the telephone had been ringing for an hour, and he didn't know why somebody else in the blankety-blank house couldn't have heard it. He wouldn't get to sleep until noon.

As he was palpably asleep on his feet, I left him grumbling and went to the telephone. It proved to be Richey, who had found me by the simple expedient of tracing Alison, and he was brilliant.

"You'll have to come back," he said. "Got a railroad schedule there?"

"I don't sleep with one in my pocket," I retroted, "but if you'll hold the line I'll call out the window to Johnson. He's probably got one."

"Johnson!" I could hear the laugh with which McKnight comprehended the situation. He was still chuckling when I came back.

"Train to Richmond at 6:30 a. m.," I said. "What time is it now?"

"Four. Listen, Lollie. We've got him. Do you hear? Through the woman at Baltimore. Then—the other woman, the lady of the restaurant—he was obviously avoiding names—she is playing our cards for us—No—I don't know why, and I don't care. But you be at the Incubator to-night at eight o'clock. If you can't shake Johnson, bring him, bless him."

To this day I believe the Sam Forbes has not received from the surprise of my unexpected arrival, my one appearance at dinner in Granger's clothes, and the note on my dresser which informed them the next morning that I had folded my tents like the Arabs and silently stolen away. For at half after five Johnson and I, the former as unInquisitive as ever, were on our way through the dust to the station, three miles away, and by four that afternoon we were in Washington. The journey had been uneventful. Johnson relaxed under the influence of my tobacco, and spoke at some length on the latest improvements in gallows, dilating on the absurdity of cutting out the former free passes to see the affair in operation. I remember, too, that he mentioned the curious anomaly that permits a man about to be hanged to eat a hearty meal. I did not enjoy my dinner that night.

Before we got into Washington I had made an arrangement with Johnson to surrender myself at two the following afternoon. Also, I had wired to Alison, asking her if she would carry out the contract she had made. The detective saw me home, and left me there.

Mrs. Klopton received me with dignified reserve. The very tone in which she asked me when I would dine told me that something was wrong.

"Now—what is it, Mrs. Klopton?" I demanded finally, when she had informed me, in a patient and long suffering tone, that she felt worn out and thought she needed a rest.

"When I lived with Mr. Justice Springer," she began acidly, her mending basket in her hands, "it was an orderly, well-conducted household. You can ask any of the neighbors. Meals were cooked and, what's more, they were eaten; there was none of this here one day and gone the next business."

"Nonsense," I observed. "You're tired, that's all, Mrs. Klopton. And I wish you would go out; I want to bathe."

"That's not all," she said with dignity, from the doorway. "Women coming and going here, women whose shoes I am not fit—I mean, women who are not fit to touch my shoes—coming here as insolent as you please, and asking for you."

"Good heavens," I exclaimed, "What did you tell them—her, whichever it was?"

"Told her you were sick in a hospital and wouldn't be out for a year!" she said triumphantly. "And when she said she thought she'd come in and wait for you, I slammed the door on her."

"What time was she here?"

"Late last night. And she had a light-haired man across the street. If she thought I didn't see him she don't know me." Then she closed the door and left me to my bath and my reflections.

At five minutes before eight I was at the Incubator, where I found Hotchkiss and McKnight. They were bending over a table, on which lay McKnight's total armament—a pair of pistols, an elephant gun and an old cavalry sabre.

"Draw up a chair and help yourself to pie," he said, pointing to the arsenal. "This is for the benefit of our friend Hotchkiss here, who says he is small and fond of life."

Hotchkiss, who had been trying to get the wrong end of a cartridge into the barrel of one of the revolvers, straightened himself and mopped his face.

"We have desperate people to handle," he said pompously, "and we may need desperate means."

"Hotchkiss is like the small boy whose one ambition was to have people grow ashen and tremble at the mention of his name," McKnight jibed. But they were serious enough, both of them, under it all, and when they had told me what they planned, I was serious, too.

"You're compounding a felony," I remonstrated, when they had explained. "I'm not eager to be locked away, but, by Jove, to offer her the stolen notes in exchange for Sullivan!"

"We haven't got either of them, you know," McKnight remonstrated, "and we won't have, if we don't start. Come along, Fido," to Hotchkiss.

The plan was simplicity itself. According to Hotchkiss, Sullivan was to meet Jibronson at Mrs. Conway's apartment at 8:30 that night with the notes. He was to be paid there and the papers destroyed. But just before that interesting finale," McKnight ended, "we will walk in, take the notes, grab Sullivan, and give the police a joint call that will put them out of business."

I suppose not one of us, slewing around corners in the machine that night, had the faintest doubt that we were on the right track, or that Fate, scurvy enough before, was playing into our hands at last. Little Hotchkiss was in a state of fever; he alternately twitched and examined the revolver, and a fear that the two moments might be synchronous kept me uneasy. He produced and dilated on the scrap of pillow slip from the wreck, and showed me the stiletto, with its point in cotton batting for safekeeping. And in the intervals he implored Richey not to make such fine calculations at the corners.

We were all grave enough and very quiet, however, when we reached the large building, where Mrs. Conway had her apartment. McKnight left the power on, in case we might want to make a quick get-away, and Hotchkiss gave a final look at the revolver. I had no weapon. Somehow it all seemed melodramatic to the verge of farce. In the doorway Hotchkiss was a half dozen feet ahead; Richey laid back beside me. He dropped his affectation of gayety, and I thought he looked tired. "Same old Sam, I suppose?" he asked.

"Same, only more of him."

"I suppose Alison was there? How is she?" he inquired irrelevantly.

"Very well. I did not see her this morning." Hotchkiss was waiting near the elevator. McKnight put his hand on my arm. "Now, look here, old man," he said, "I've got two arms and a revolver, and you've got one arm and a splint. If Hotchkiss is right, and there is a row, you crawl under a table."

"The deuce I will!" I declared scornfully.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Story of Halley's Comet

Created Consternation in the Court of French King as Far Back as 840 A. D.

At a meeting of the savants in Paris lately one of the philosophers present told an interesting story of Halley's comet.

"Do you know," he asked "that Louis le Debonnaire was one of the first Europeans to notice the comet?"

"During the Easter festival," he writes, "a phenomenon, always a sad presage, appeared in the heaven. As soon as the king, who was much impressed in these matters, beheld it, he sent for me and demanded what I thought of such a sign.

"On the astronomer begging for time to consider the matter Louis observed, 'Go upon the terrace of the palace and return quickly, and tell me what you have seen, for I know that it is a sign which will announce to me a change of the throne and the death of the prince.'

"'Have no fear,' replied the astronomer.

"The king answered, 'We ought not to have fear. The same God created both the stars and ourselves.'

"The king and his court," the astronomer adds, "gave themselves up to fasting and prayer for eight days."

Louis le Debonnaire,—it may be added, died about 840 A. D.

Proof of Devotion.

"Before we were married," said Mr. Meekton, "I showed my affection for Henrietta by serenading her." "I suppose you neglect such attentions now." "Yes. I show my affection now by respecting her desire that I shall not try to sing."

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 by 165 feet deep, on corner of East Maple Ave. Fine barns and every modern convenience—furnace, bath, closet, etc. Can be bought for what the buildings cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

280

Farm of 80 acres in Avon township; 85 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 barns; plenty of small fruit; orchard of excellent fruit; 2½ miles from Flint Division D. & R. G.; two wells and fine spring. Price $4,000.

195

Fifteen acres in Township of Royal Oak; no buildings; small grove of maples in a pasture; new, level land, well drained, clay bottom, black top soil; corner of 9½-mile and Campbell's roads, ¼-mile east of electric road; adjoins J. L. Hudson and Duffield tracts, which are held at $500 per acre. 15 miles north of State Fair Grounds. Fine location, will exchange for Detroit property.

198

Ten acres, 1 mile east of Royal Oak village, excellent land; 40 fine apple trees in bearing; new, level land, well fenced, and the price will be right if you will build the kind of house you may require.

201

Fine, two-story residence on Maple Ave., corner of High St.; 50 feet front, 132 feet deep; hot water heater, hot and cold bath, toilet, gas, city waterworks—every convenience; found in the best class of city residences. Original cost $7,000; and best neighborhood in town. House would cost at least $5,000 to build. Ask anyone who has built it for less and see what they say. You can have a beautiful home for $3,000, and have your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, on corner of Ann St. and the side of Woodward Ave.; eight rooms, hardwood finish; lot 54x100; plenty of room. You could not build this house for $2,000, 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, fruit, and shade trees, all conveniences, and barn, chicken house; plenty of room for a family of cows, and the house alone cost $4,000—for $3,000 on easy terms, you'd call it a snap, wouldn't you? Well, we can do it. Come on and we'll show you.

247

Good old-fashioned house and a cozy home, at a comfortable price. House cost $2,500 to build in times when labor and materials were cheap. Lot 100x200, about one acre of good garden with a substantial barn, two blocks from electric line. Only $2,000 for the place, and will sell at a sacrifice. This price is cash, but whisper! We think $1,500 in spot cash will buy it. Make us the offer if it suits you, and we will do our best for first of it.

270

House and lot, west side of Ann St., two-story, frame cottage, cement block basement, 3 rooms and cellar; one-block from Woodward Ave.; $1,500, easy terms.

280

Farm of 235 acres in Troy—thirteen acres cash and mortgage. House could be built and 40 acres apples; seven buildings valued at $4,000; price for 235 acres. No waste land. Soil rich loam, flowing wells; tank and tank house; buildings fair; one mile from electric line; good nine-room house with good cement basement; 200 rods of new Page wire fence; $65 per acre will buy it, and the terms are easy, at low rate of interest.

281

Two very desirable lots in the Buell Addition, Royal Oak, bought for $225 on account of the owner leaving town. Bound to go soon, as same class of lots are selling around here at $350 and up; twice the money. Inquire.

282

Lot 4 in Block 7, Campbell's Subdivision, Royal Oak, inquire for price and location; price $1,500. Nice cozy little home for some one with enough cash to make a small first payment.

283

Lots 23 and 24, Buell's Addition; one of the best locations in the whole plat; has been held at $600 each, but will sell them both by paying only $25 and the balance on land contract with easy payments.

294

ACREAGE—52 acres, high and dry, in the village of Birmingham. Just the thing for platting into lots. Has road through the middle. Quit-claim deed from Woodward Ave. Price low; terms easy. $5,000 will handle it. R. E. Dept. Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Michigan.

296

Nice eight-room house, built last year by Village Marshal; has hot and cold baths, electric railways, cellar, cistern; lot 70 feet front and 129 feet deep; cost owner $5,000, but will sell for $3,400.

297

Without exception, the finest farm for block raising or fruit-growing in the county. On the line of the Rochester electric; 18 miles from Detroit; two flowing wells; nearly an acre of apple spring water furnishing an abundance for all purposes. Fine new brick house, new silo, barn 34x46, accommodation for 50 cattle and 6 horses; convenient stable, milk house with flowing well, 15 acres timber, 245 rods new wire fence, 40 acres in wheat, 142 acres of black loam land, and not a foot of waste land; 30 acres fruit, cement floor; complete farm. Nothing finer on 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, two lumber yards, all in good repair, 2½ miles from electric in Village of Franklin, prettiest village in Michigan. All ready for a man desiring 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 bat.

302

Nice little farm of 43 acres, about a mile from the electric, and 1½ miles from Birmingham. Rolling country, beautiful view; four acres orchard, fine apples, pretty little brook, excellent gravel State road, twelve-room house just finished, fine new barn with accommodation for twenty cows, cement floor; ample hay room, good new stables; forty acres plow land, twenty acres timber—and a trifle over $100 per acre will buy it. Glad to show you any time, and if you don't find just what you want in a little bit. Worth looking at, anyhow.

303

One of the nicest lots on the Buell Addition, facing on Woodward Ave., 50 feet frontage and 129 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 speak appeal to any one—either for building purposes or as investment.

308

Two-story cottage on Campbell Addition, two blocks from cars, eight rooms, city water, wood shed, cellar, small fruit; cost $1,200; will sell for $1,000 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; two-story, up-to-date residence, pipe rooms, cement walks, finest location in village. $2,500 cash, little mortgage will buy it. Ask us about it.

318

A cozy, convenient home which cost $2,000 to build the house, and it is in one of the best residence localities in Birmingham, and would not be sold but for the conditions existing, but that's your good fortune and, no fault of the owner, and he will take $1,800 and no grumbling. Terms easy and long time to the right kind of a purchaser.

320

Excellent business chance in a small village. Store and dwelling, 1½ acres, five buildings; fine barns; only store in one with small means, unable to do hard labor, to make a good living and something besides. Wealthy farming community, and a good country 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 him. Nice house, barn, wood-shed, seven-room house and cellar, fine well, good brick cistern. Particulars on the asking.

321

Fine farm of 56 acres in the midst of the Bloomfield Hills, a little over a mile from the electric, nearly all Page fence, eight-room stone house, basement barns, woodshed, ice house, pog house, two hog houses, tool house, wind mill supplies best of water, never failing; piped to house and barns; rich, gravelly, loamy soil; about five 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 for, here it is. One mile from the electric, on excellent gravel road, 160 acres, well fenced, and ten-room brick house with furnace; two best flowing wells in the county; basement barn 30x80, nearly new, hen house with cement floor, corn crib, horse barn, tool shed, tool house; soil is a foot of waste land, and well known for its productiveness; all cultivated but 15 acres. Farms in the immediate neighborhood (adjoining) have sold for $150 per acre, but we will sell this for less.

324

Ninety-two acres a mile east of the electric in Royal Oak; ten-room house; five other buildings; two acres apple and plum orchard; 40 acres timber. And listen here! $2,500 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

Elegant and unusual acres just outside the city limits and Royal Oak village. An acre of fruit trees; ten-room house, bath, toilet, cellar, hot-water heat; all conveniences; price $4,250, or would trade for Birmingham, good improved.

329

Wait a minute! Here it is! Five acres of excellent land; good house—seven rooms, cellar, cistern, nice shade, new barn 18x24, and chicken house half; fifty apples, four cherries, four peaches—all in good bearing; 2 acres fine yearling seedlings; 80 rods from electric; hourly service to Detroit; fare 18 cents to City Hall. Good road; sand and gravel; level land. Price $3,000—no trade. All ready for a country home after your own heart.

330

Fine farm of 230 acres, three miles from Birmingham; eleven-room house, six buildings; 150 acres orchard—apple, pear and peach; fifteen acres timber; soil a gravelly loam and very productive. Just the place for those that pay $100 per acre, and land in the immediate neighborhood has sold for double the price within the year.

331

House barn, lot 50 feet front and 220 feet deep, on one of the most desirable locations in the village, on two streets, and can be adapted to the building of two more good residences on the same lot. Cheap at $1,000. If you don't see any money on this offer, we will part with real estate going up all the time.

332

Twenty acres with good buildings; two acres fine orchard; eight-room two-story house, barn 34x38, and other buildings; two miles from steam and electric line location in best farming community in county. Reason for selling at the low price of $4,000. Why, bless you, the buildings alone are worth $3,000—couldn't be replaced for anywhere near that amount. We'll talk the matter over when you take you to see it if you will only let us.

335

Will exchange for small farm near Birmingham, 180x132 on corner in the best part of Birmingham; twelve rooms, bath, water-closet, hot air furnace, hardwood finish, cement walks, all modern conveniences; barn for electric. Price $5,000, terms easy. Plenty of fruit. One of the best equipped homes in the village. Partly up before the plants his garden.

336

Twenty-five acres, 1½ miles from Rochester electric line; small house, barn, sheds, etc.; excellent land; in high state of cultivation; easy terms. Price $2,500.

339

Five desirable lots on Woodward Ave., running back to frontage on street one block from Woodward Ave., nine-room house, water-closet, good barn, about 50x40. Plenty of room for garden and chickens, one of the best locations, and the price will be low and terms to suit. Come and see us and make us an offer. Terms easy.

341

Bully little farm of sixty-four acres, one-quarter mile from the line of the electric at Birmingham; six acres of raspberries; new wire fence; excellent drainage; house seven rooms; all buildings in excellent repair, barn 30x40, stanchions for ten cows, cement floor; another barn 24x30 for horses and hay, with carriage house, corn cribs, chicken houses, pig pens, etc., to your heart's content; one-quarter acre new strawberry patch just in its prime. On new State road. Take you to see it? Won't cost you anything, whether you buy or not.

343

Good little farm of 38 acres in the Township of Southfield. Old-fashioned ten-room house, with cellar under whole house. Barn 24x60, and stable for four horses and ten cows. Cement floor to granary. Corn crib, poultry house, tool house, tool shed. Land well drained, and all good village schools near by. Fine fruit farming. Price $2,800, and terms easy—but no trade at this price.

344

New, modern house—two-story and attic—with lot 66x150 on Maple Ave. City water, electric lights, Peninsular hot-air furnace fireplace, laundry, bath, closets, hot and cold water—every possible convenience; and owing to the owner being compelled to leave immediately, the house will sell at greatly less than cost. Will not open matter up to investigate—and the price is right.

347

Forty acres just outside of the corporate limits of Birmingham. Rich loamy land, two acres of orchard, three first-class buildings which could not be built for $3,000, fourteen-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 two lots, two blocks from electric in Birmingham; 16 feet front and 188 feet deep. City water, eight-room new, two-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 as well as I do a vacant house in Birmingham is in demand for fifty, and then some. These lots are easily worth $350 each, but for the two we will sell the three in a bunch for $1,100.

350

A classic among the farms. 166 acres half a mile from Birmingham; good roads from the electric, just on the edge of the village limits; Rouge River, a pretty little stream, no waste land, and plenty of shade. Fine stone and cement house and ample barns and sheds and all 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.

352

Forty-two acre farm about half a mile from the electric; beautiful location. Pretty little branch of the River Rouge, with overhanging trees; no waste land; good, new, comfortable buildings; land ideal for a variety 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 $2,500. That's different, too. But there's a reason. Ask us.

353

Ideal little place for a country house and a few acres for chickens, bees and fruit, on the road to the electric; half mile from the village limits. No buildings—they wouldn't amount to much if there were. Well fenced, no waste land, on four corners; half acre of cultivated; plenty of native trees, sixteen acres of best kind of timber; long time to pay; splendid new barns and carriage houses; just outside the village limits. Altogether a nice place in the vicinity, about twenty rods from the electric, and you can't buy for less than the buildings cost. Let us run and go and look at it at our expense.

355

A fine farm of two hundred and twenty acres one mile from the limits of the corporate limits of Birmingham and one of the very finest locations in the county. Fifty acres fine wood; buildings in very good shape, five acres of excellent orchard, plenty of timber, two sets of buildings, and the farm can be divided so that each part would be a good farm. Rich, black, loamy soil, well watered, and no waste land. Farm is now rented, but will be bought by the immediate neighborhood for fifty per cent more than we ask for it. Full description for the asking, and if you prefer we will take you to see the owner and let you make your own bargain.

356

One of the best of Bloomfield farms. Sixty-six acres, with good buildings, seven-room house, basement barns recently rebuilt, good fences; finest little creek you ever saw; over 100 rods of fine young trees, plenty of shade and the price is right. Take you to see it any time at all.

357

Three vacant lots on the Buell Addition in Birmingham, 50x120, each, one-block from electric, fine location, and will be sold from together or separately, as you wish.

358

Fine new cement house on Woodward Ave., eight rooms, closet, bath, hot and cold water, hot air furnace, fine lot, good storm house, fine location, lot 230 feet deep. House cost $5,500 to build, and at that price it would pay the whole business.

359

Eight-room, two-story house, on Middle St., bath, closet, hot and cold water, hot air furnace, one block from the electric, nice shade, good neighborhood, lot 50 feet front and 132 feet deep, as nice a home as you could wish for. Well, look it over, and if you think it is worth the money for $2,800 you can contract for all the houses we build hereafter.

361

Beautiful location on Pine Lake, with a small lake on the premises, two miles from Birmingham, sixty acres in farm with good buildings worth $2,000, a nice little home for about a thousand dollars will handle it, and the rest on easy terms and long time.

362

House and two lots on Willits street, half block from Woodward Ave., one front, 103 feet deep, seven room house, and the price is low for a quick deal; best city water, fine well, good cellar, brick cistern, maple trees for shade and usual amount of fruit. Twenty-five hundred will buy it, and it will be a snap. This House would cost the asking price to build. One of the best bargains we ever listed.

363

Farm in Southfield of 26½ acres. Eight buildings, valued at $1,500; two-acres good apple orchard, sandy soil, and also for fall wheat. Within 1½ miles of Birmingham and nearly all the drained, old-fashioned eight-room house, barn 22x40, with stable 15x35, ten stanchions, cement floor, granary, corn crib, chicken house, poultry house and tool shed. Twenty-eight hundred dollars, half cash, will buy it.

364

Very desirable vacant lot in Buell Addition, 50 feet front, on Woodward, 130 feet deep. On electric and nice place for suburban residence for party with small means. Two hundred and twenty-five dollars will buy it, and one hundred dollars down will clinch it.

365

Eighty-acre farm in Southfield, eight buildings well worth $1,500; two acres good orchard, nine rooms house, all sandy, with clay in low places, all in high state of cultivation, 1½ miles to electric, and enough cash to secure will get you an excellent bargain. Between Five Mile Road and electric. The price farms are bringing in this locality ought to make this number attractive.