"The Notes, Probably."

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. 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 11 and retires in lower 9. He awakens in lower 7 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 West, 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. 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, whom she was on her way to marry when the wreck came. It is planned to give Mrs. Conway the forged notes in exchange for Sullivan.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

We crowded out of the elevator at the fourth floor, and found ourselves in a rather theatrical hallway of draperies and armor. It was very quiet; we stood uncertainly after the car had gone, and looked at the two or three doors in sight. They were heavy, covered with metal, and sound proof. From somewhere above came the metallic accuracy of a player piano, and through the open window we could hear—or feel—the throb of the Cannonball's engine.

"Well, Sherlock," McKnight said, "what's the next move in the game? It is our jump, or theirs. You brought us here."

None of us knew just what to do next. No sound of conversation penetrated the heavy doors. We waited uneasily for some minutes, and Hotchkiss looked at his watch. Then he put it to his ear.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, his head cocked on one side, "I believe it has stopped. I'm afraid we are late."

We were late. My watch and Hotchkiss' agreed at nine o'clock, and, with the discovery that our man might have come and gone, our zest in the adventure began to flag. McKnight motioned us away from the door and rang the bell. There was no response, no sound within. He rang it twice, the last time long and vigorously, without result. Then he turned and looked at us.

"I don't half like this," he said. "That woman is in; you heard me ask the elevator boy. For two cents I'd—"

I had seen it when he did. The door was ajar about an inch, and a narrow wedge of rose-colored light showed beyond. There, with both men at my heels, I stepped into the private corridor of the apartment and looked around. It was a square reception hall, with hats, and a couple of chairs. A lantern of rose-colored glass and a desk light over a writing-table across made the room bright and cheerful. It was empty.

None of us were comfortable. The place was full of feminine trifles that made us feel the weakness of our position. Some such instinct made McKnight suggest division.

"We look like an invading army," he said. "If she's here alone, we will startle her into a spasm. One of us could take a look around and—"

"What was that? Didn't you hear something?"

The sound, whatever it had been, was not repeated. We were awkward ly out into the hall, very uncomfortable, all of us, and flipped a coin. The choice fell on me, which was right enough, for the affair was mine, primarily.

"Wait just inside the door," I directed, "and if Sullivan comes, or anybody that answers his description, grab him without ceremony and ask him questions afterwards."

The apartment, save in the hallway, was unlighted. By one of those freaks of arrangement possible only in the modern flat, I found the kitchen first, and was struck a smart and unexpected blow by a swinging door. I carried a handful of matches, and by the time I had passed through a butler's pantry and a refrigerator room I was completely lost in the darkness. Until then the situation had been merely uncomfortable; suddenly it became grisly. From somewhere near came a long-sustained groan, followed almost instantly by the crash of something—glass or china—on the floor.

I struck a fresh match, and found myself in a narrow rear hallway. Behind me was the door by which I must have come; with a keen desire to get back to the place I had started from, I opened the door and attempted to cross the room. I thought I had kept my sense of direction, but I crashed without warning into what; from the resulting jangle, was the dining table, probably laid for dinner. I cursed my stupidity in getting into such a situation, and I cursed my nerves for making my hand shake when I tried to strike a match. The groan had not been repeated.

I braced myself against the table and struck the match sharply against the sole of my shoe. It flickered faintly and went out. And then, without the slightest warning, another dish went off the table. It fell with a thousand splinterings; the very air seemed broken into crashing waves of sound. I stood still, braced against the table, holding the red end of the dying match, and listened. I had not long to wait; the groan came again, and I recognized it, the cry of a dog in straits. I breathed again.

"Come, old fellow," I said. "Come on, old man. Let's have a look at you."

I could hear the thud of his tail on the floor, but he did not move. He only whimpered. There is something companionable in the presence of a dog, and I fancied this dog in trouble. Slowly I began to work my way around the table toward him.

"Good boy," I said, as he whimpered. "We'll find the light, which ought to be somewhere or other around here, and then—"

I stumbled over something, and I drew back my foot almost instantly. "Did I step on you, old man?" I exclaimed, and bent to pat him. I remember straightening suddenly and hearing the dog pad softly toward me around the table. I recall even that I had put the matches down and could not find them. Then, with a bursting horror of the room and its contents, of the gibbering dark around me, I turned and made for the door by which I had entered.

I could not find it. I felt along the endless wainscoting, past miles of wall. The dog was beside me, I think, but he was part and parcel now, to my excited mind, with the Thing under the table. And when, after aeons of search, I found a knob and stumbled into the reception hall, I was as nearly in a panic as any man could be.

I was myself again in a second, and by the light from the hall I led the way back to the tragedy I had stumbled on. Bronson still sat at the table, his elbows propped on it, his cigarette still lighted, burning a hole in the cloth. Partly under the table lay Mrs. Conway, face down. The dog stood over her and wagged his tail.

McKnight pointed silently to a large copper ash tray, filled with ashes and charred bits of paper.

"The notes, probably," he said ruefully. "He got them after all. He burned them before her. It was more than she could stand. Stabbed him first and then herself."

Hotchkiss got up and took off his hat. "They are dead," he announced solemnly, and took his note-book out of his hatband.

McKnight and I did the only thing we could think of—drove Hotchkiss and the dog out of the room, and closed and locked the door. "It's a matter for the police," McKnight asserted. "I suppose you've got an officer tied to you somewhere, Lawrence? You usually have."

We left Hotchkiss in charge and went downstairs. It was McKnight who first saw Johnson, leaning against a park railing across the street, and called him over. We told him in a few words what we had found, and he grinned at me cheerfully.

"After awhile, in a few weeks or months, Mr. Blakeley," he said, "when you get tired of monkeying around with the blood-stain and finger-print specialist duties, you come to me. I've had that fellow you want under surveillance for ten days."

CHAPTER XXX.

Fine Details.

At ten minutes before two the following day, Monday, I arrived at my office. I had spent the morning putting my affairs in shape, and in a trip to the stable. The afternoon would see me either a free man or a prisoner for an indefinite length of time, and, in spite of Johnson's promise to produce Sullivan, I was more prepared for the latter than the former.

Blobs was watching for me outside the door, and it was clear that he was in a state of excitement bordering on delirium. He did nothing more than save to tip me a wink that meant "As man to man, I'm for you." I was too much engrossed either to reprove him or to return the courtesy, but I heard him follow me down the hall to the small room where we kept outgrown law books, typewriter supplies and, incidentally, our wraps. I was wondering vaguely if I would ever hang my hat on its nail again, when the door closed behind me. It shut firmly, without any particular amount of sound, and I was left in the dark. I groped my way to it, irritably, to find it locked on the outside. I shook it frantically, and was rewarded by a sibilant whisper through the keyhole.

"Keep quiet," Blobs was saying huskily. "You're in deadly peril. The police are waiting in your office, three of 'em. I'm goin' to lock the whole bunch in and throw the key out of the window."

"Come back here, you imp of Satan!" I called furiously, but I could hear him speeding down the corridor, and the slam of the outer office door, by which he always announced his presence. And so I stood there in the ridiculous cupboard, hot with the heat of a steaming September day, musty with the smell of old leather bindings, filled to the brim with broken overshoes and handleless umbrellas. I was apoplectic with rage one minute, and choked with laughter the next. It seemed an hour before Blobs came back.

He came without haste, strutting with some dignity, and passed outside my prison door.

"Well, I guess that will hold them for a while," he remarked comfortably, and proceeded to turn the key. "I've got 'em fastened up like sardines in a can!" he explained, working with the lock. "Gee whiz! you ought to hear 'em!" When he got his breath after the shaking I gave him, he began to sputter. "How'd I know?" he demanded sulkily, "You nearly broke your neck gettin' away the other time, and I haven't got the old key. It's lost."

"Where's it lost?" I demanded, with another gesture toward the coat cellar.

Down the elevator shaft." There was a gleam of indignant satisfaction through his tears of rage and humiliation.

And so, while he hunted the key in the debris at the bottom of the shaft, I quieted his prisoners with the assurance that the lock had slipped, and that they were to be free as lord as soon as we could find the janitor with a pass-key. Stuart went down finally and discovered Blobs, with the key in his pocket, telling the engineer how he had tried to save me from arrest and failed. When Stuart came up he was almost cheerful, but Blobs did not appear again that day.

Simultaneous with the finding of the key came Hotchkiss, and we went in together. I shook hands with two men who, with Hotchkiss, made a not very animated group. The taller one, an oldish man, lean and hard, announced his errand at once.

"A Pittsburg warrant," I inquired, unlocking my cigar drawer.

"Yes. Allegheny county has assumed jurisdiction, the exact locality where the crime was committed being in doubt." He seemed to be the spokesman. The other, shorter and rotund, kept an amiable silence. "We hope you will see the wisdom of waiving extradition," he went on. "It will save time."

"I'll come, of course," I agreed. "The sooner the better. But I want you to give me an hour here, gentlemen. I think we can interest you. Have a cigar."

The lean man took a cigar; the rotund man took three, putting two in his pocket.

"How about the catch of that door?" he inquired jovially. "Any danger of it going off again?" Really, considering the circumstances, they were remarkably cheerful. Hotchkiss, however, was not. He paced the floor uneasily, his hands under his coat-tails. The arrival of McKnight created a diversion; he carried a long package and a corkscrew, and shook hands with the police and opened the bottle with a single gesture.

"I always want something to cheer on these occasions," he said. "Where's the water, Blakeley? Everybody ready?" Then in French he toasted the two detectives.

"To your eternal discomfiture," he said, bowing ceremoniously. "May you go home and never come back! If you like Monsieur Blakeley with you, I hope you choke."

The lean man nodded gravely. "Prosit," he said. But that fat one leaned back and laughed consumedly.

Hotchkiss finished a mental synopsis of his position, and put down his glass. "Gentlemen," he said pompously, "within five minutes the man you want will be here. A murderer caught in a net of evidence so fine that a mosquito could not get through."

The detectives glanced at each other solemnly. Had they not in their possession a sealskin bag containing a rather unusual bit of gold chain, which by putting the crime upon me, would leave a gap big enough for Sullivan himself to crawl through?

"Why don't you say your little speech before Johnson brings the other man, Lawrence?" McKnight inquired. "They won't believe you, but it will help them to understand what is coming."

"You understand, of course," the lean man put in gravely, "that what you say may be used against you."

"I'll take the risk," I answered impatiently.

It took some time to tell the story of my worse than useless trip to Pittsburg, and its sequel. They listened gravely, without interruption.

"Mr. Hotchkiss here," I finished, "believes that the man Sullivan, whom we are momentarily expecting, committed the crime. Mr. McKnight is inclined to implicate Mrs. Conway, who stabbed Bronson and then herself last night. As for myself, I am open to conviction."

The lean man said the stout detective quizzically. And then Alison was announced. My impulse to go out and meet her was forestalled by the detectives, who rose when I did. McKnight, therefore, brought her in, and I met her at the door.

"I hate put you to a great deal of trouble," I said contritely, when I saw her drawn face around the room. "I wish I had not—"

"It is only right that I should come," she replied, looking up at me. "I am the principal witness, or most of it, I am afraid. Mrs. Dallas is going to wait in the outer office."

I presented Hotchkiss and the two detectives, who eyed her with interest. In her poise, her beauty, even in her gown, I later saw, she represented a new type to them. They remained standing until she sat down.

"I have brought the necklace," she began, holding out a white-wrapped box, "as you asked me to."

I passed it, unopened, to the detectives. "The necklace from which was broken the fragment you found in the sealskin bag," I explained. "Miss West found it on the floor of the car, near lower ten."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Knowledge of the World.

Everbody but a fool keeps good friends with waiters, for, whether these have any opinion or not, they are a big-hearted people, and more than once I have seen every waiter in a restaurant, even as a swarm of bees, fall aboard some "bad man," and when he came to in the hospital he would look like Quixote after the sweet service you get from him. With all their tricks and knowledge of the world, waiters are singularly unspoiled, good-natured and agreeable, and they are full of interesting, often scientific, information. They see so much of human nature that nobody else ever sees, mostly the comedy and pedantry of the big-ass farming in the cradle. On the whole, waiters prefer electric, 18 miles from Detroit; two flowing wells on property; an acre of pure spring water furnishing a large dance of pure clean ice; nine-room house, new silo, barn 74x90, accommodation for 50 head of cattle in cement-floored stalls; 40 acres under cultivation, 15 acres timber, 245 rods new wire fence, 20 acres of black loam land, and not a foot of waste land; pretty little creek runs through farm. Now owner has other interests and will sell at a sacrifice. Price less than $100 per acre will buy it, on easy terms. Theres!

Difference in Laughter.

A good honest laugh at a good honest joke or bit of sarcasm rubs out the gathering wrinkles of care; but an ill-tempered joke, is like a poisoned arrow, which makes a wound, and leaves its poison after it is withdrawn.

Laughter a Good Medicine.

Always laugh when you can; it is a cheap medicine. Merriment is a philosophy not well understood. It is the sunny side of existence.—Byron.

Chinese Center of Industry

Fan-Making Is the Principal Business Carried On in Village of Pengchow.

Writing of fan making in southern China, the American consul at Swatow says:

"This industry was started centuries ago in the village of Pengchow, at Ampow, about three miles from Swatow. It was formerly confined to women in various households, but for many years past every family in the village has been devoted to the work, all the members of the families being occupied in the manufacture. In the city of Chaochowfu itself the fan industry is also large, but the Pengchow district abounds in a particular kind of bamboo especially suitable for the ribs and handle, and to this fact is the large output of the latter place attributed.

"Only the open fan is manufactured in this district. For the frame the split bamboo is repeatedly rived until each piece is sufficiently slender and flexible. Twenty-four pieces of the bamboo are arranged in a row, attached to each other by a thread passed crosswise through the middle. This thread is fastened to a semicircular strip of bamboo giving the fan its shape. The ribs are then slightly heated and bent at the ends. The fan has now the peculiar and characteristic shell-like shape at the top. Very flimsy silk gauze is then pasted on the face, and a kind of tissue-like paper on the back. After the handle is attached the border of the fan is black varnished and the gauze is coated with a chalk and water mixture. The handles are made of bamboo, various kinds of hard wood, bone and ivory. The hand painting on the fans is cleverly done, in some instances being a work of art.

Harsh Fate.

He is sometimes slave who should be master; and sometimes master who should be slave.—Cicero.

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.

179

Elegant house and lot 66 feet front by 165 feet deep, corner of Saint Maple Ave. Fine barns and every modern convenience, including bath, closets. Can be bought for what the buildings and lot cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

180

Farm 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; 2 buildings, good house, basement barn, plenty of small fruit, orchard of excellent fruit; 2¼ miles from Flint Division D. U. R.; two wells and fine spring. Price $4,000.

195

Fifteen acres in Township of Royal Oak; no buildings; small grove of maples is a pretty feature; new land, well drained, clay bottom, black soil; corner of the 8½-mile and Campbell roads, 3-mile east of electric road; adjoins J. L. Hudson and Duffield tracts, which are held at $500 per acre. 1½ miles south of State fair grounds. Price $200 an acre. Will exchange for Detroit property.

198

Ten acres, 1 mile east of Royal Oak village; excellent land; 40 fine apple trees, no buildings. Price $1,200. The place is well fenced, and the price will enable you to build the kind of house you may require.

201

Fine two-story residence on Maple Ave., corner of High St., 56 feet front, 132 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 $5,000 to build today; ask anyone to build it for less and see what they say. You can buy this beautiful home for $3,000, and take your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within 300 feet of the west side car line; eight rooms, bath, hardwood finish; lot 56x100, plenty of fruit. You could not build the house for $3,000, and you can get it for the premises. Will worth looking at.

244

If you could buy an acre and a quarter of land with a brick house equipped with bath, hot water heat, gas, city, closet, furnace, and every possible convenience and barn, chicken house, plenty of fruit and cement walks—and just on paper cost $4,000—for $2,000 on easy terms and all 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 corner of it reserved for you. House cost $2,000 to build in times when labor and materials were cheap. Lot alone is about one acre of good garden with a substantial fence; two blocks from electric; owner has decided to go west and will sell at a sacrifice. His price is $1,500; $500 cash will handle it, and $1,500 in spot cash will buy it. Make us an offer if it suits and we will try to do our best for the rest of it.

270

House and lot, west side of Ann St., two-story frame cottage, cement block foundation, 6 rooms, bath, hot water heat, gas, electric lights, etc. Lot 40x132, block from Woodward Ave. $1,500, easy terms.

281

Two very desirable lots in the Buell Addition; owner has cause of most of it, I am afraid. Mrs. Dallas is going to wait in the outer office." go soon, as some class of lots in the neighborhood are selling for twice the money.

282

Lot in Block 7, Campbell's Subdivision, 40 feet frontage by 150 feet deep; 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. can be bought for $400, and you can get them for $25 down and the balance on land contract with easy payments.

294

ACREAGE—32 acres, high and dry, in the village of Birmingham. Just the thing for platting. Street on two sides and through property. Only block from Woodward Ave. Price low, terms easy. $2,000 will handle it. R. E. Dept. Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Michigan.

296

Nice eight-room house, built last year in Village of Royal Oak, one block from both electric lines; all modern; lot 50 feet front and 120 feet deep. Price, either $2,600, but will sell for $2,500.

297

Without exception, the finest farm for stock raising or big-ass farming in the county. On the line of the interurban electric, 18 miles from Detroit; two flowing wells on property; an acre of pure spring water furnishing a large dance of pure clean ice; nine-room house, new silo, barn 74x90, accommodation for 50 head of cattle in cement-floored stalls; 40 acres under cultivation, 15 acres timber, 245 rods new wire fence, 20 acres of black loam land, and not a foot of waste land; pretty little creek runs through farm. Now owner has other interests and will sell at a sacrifice. Price less than $100 per acre will buy it, on easy terms. Theres!

298

House, barn, wagon shop, blacksmith shop, 15 acres, lumber sheds, all on one land, fine orchard; buildings in good repair; 1 mile from electric in Village of Franklin, prettiest village in Michigan. All ready for an enterprising blacksmith and wagonmaker to make a good living in a prosperous farming community. Best of reasons for selling and $2,000 cash will buy it right off the bat.

302

Nice little farm of 63 acres, about a mile from the electric and ¼ miles from Birmingham. Rolling country, beautiful view; four acres orchard, five maples, pretty little brook, excellent gravel State road, two-story 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 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 Ave.; 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.

306

Two-story cottage on Campbell Addition, two blocks from car; gas, electricity, water, wood shed, cellar, small fruit; will sell at $1,500 on easy terms, 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, zip-to-date residence, nine rooms, cement walks, finest location in village; $2,200 above little mortgage will buy it. Ask us about it.

318

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

320

Excellent business chance in a small village. Store and dwelling, 1¼ acres, five buildings; fine chance for some one with small means, unable to do hard labor, to make a living and something besides. Wealthy farming community, and a good 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 loan. Or house, barn, woodshed, seven-room house, good cellar, fine well, good brick cistern. Particulars for the asking.

321

Fine farm of 76 acres in the midst of the Bloomfield Hills, a little over a mile from the electric; nearly all Page fence, eight-room stone house, two basement barns, woodshed, ice house, hog house two hen houses, tool house, wind mill supplies best water, never failing; piped to house and barn; naturally rich, gravelly loamy soil; about five acres pretty little apple orchard. Not a foot of waste land, and well known for its productiveness; fully drained by best tile. Farms in the immediate neighborhood adjoining have sold for $150 per acre, but we will sell this for less.

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 cisterns, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, cement barn 30x80, nearly new; two cribs with cement floor, corn crib, horse barn, hay shed, tool house, etc. Not a foot of waste land, and well known for its productiveness; fully drained by best tile. 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, 10-room house, two-room house, five other buildings; two acres apple and peach orchard; soil sandy loam. And listen how cheap it is, and the balance of the purchase price can rest on long time at low rate of interest. Let's look it over.

325

Eight and one-half acres just outside of the corporate limits of Royal Oak village; one acre of fruit trees; ten-room house—bath, toilet, hot-water heater, all conveniences. Price $4,500, on liberal 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, barn barn 18x24, chicken house 10x18; fifty apples, four cherries, four peaches and a good variety of small fruit; last year $6; 80 rods from electric hourly cars to Detroit; fare 18 cents to City Hall. Good road, level land, rich soil and clay. Price $3,000—no trade. All ready for a country home after your cow's dry.

330

Fine farm of 230 acres, three miles from Birmingham; good buildings, basement buildings. Twenty acres orchard—all good fruit. Fifteen acres of timber, soil a gravelly loam and very productive. Situated not more 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 220 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 houses, or one house and barn on the same lot without crowding. At $2,000 you can't lose any money on this offering, with real estate going up all the time.

332

Twenty acres with good buildings; two acres fine orchard; eight-room two-story house, barn 24x36, and other buildings; two miles from steam and electric; fine location in best farming community on earth. Best reasons for selling at the low price of $4,000. Why, and through what buildings could be worth $3,000—couldn't be replaced for anywhere near that amount. Well, talk about it, write about it or take you to see it if you will only let us.

335

Will exchange for small farm near Birmingham, 180x165 on corner in the best part of Birmingham; nine-room house, bath, water-closet, hot air furnace, range, fine cellar, all other buildings; two miles from steam and electric; fine location in best farming community on earth. Best reasons for selling at the low price of $4,000. Why, and through what buildings could be worth $3,000—couldn't be replaced for anywhere near that amount. Well, talk about it, write about it or take you to see it if you will only let us.

339

Five desirable lots on Woodward Ave., running back to frontage on street one block from Woodward Ave.; nine-room house, water-closet, city water, good barn 20x40, cement floor for horses and cows, stanchions for ten cows, cement floor, another barn 24x30 for horses and hay, with carriage house, corn crib, chicken houses, pig pens, in fact 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 52x40, and stable for four horses and ten cows. Cement floor to granary. Corn crib, poultry house, tool house, barn shed. Land well drained, and all good tillable sandy soil, fine for truck farming. Price $2,800, and terms easy—but no trade at this price.

344

New, modern house—two-story and attic—with lot 60x160 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 change his residence, we will sell at actually less than cost. Will cost you nothing 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, almost first-class buildings which could not be built for $8,000. Eight-room house, bath, toilet, range—every convenience of city—city water. Just what you want. Costs nothing to investigate. Let me take you to see it.

348

House and two lots, two blocks from electric in Birmingham; 115 feet front and 188 feet deep. City water, seven-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 there isn't any nicer house in Birmingham, with demand for fifty, and then some. These lots are easily worth $500 each, but just for Fun we will sell the three in a bunch for $1,100.

350

A classic among the farms. 166 acres half a mile from Birmingham and two rods from the electric, just on the edge of the village limits. A distinct, healthy little stream, no waste land, and plenty of shade. Fine stone and cement house and ample barns, well fenced and the most productive land in the country. Will sell in quantities to suit purchaser. 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 elms; no waste land; good, new, comfortable buildings; land under high state of cultivation. Can't imagine any better place for an ideal country home. Within 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 is one difference, too. But there's a reason. Ask us.

353

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

354

One of the best equipped and loveliest little farms on the line. Forty-seven acres, new stone house—ten rooms, furnace, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, city water, half acre of beautiful grove of maple and elm, 200 acres of best kind of fruits just coming into bearing, splendid new barns and carriage houses; just on the village limits. Altogether the finest place in the vicinity. Almost new, and with all the electric and it can be bought for less than the buildings cost. Let's you and I go and look at it at our expense.

355

A fine farm of two hundred and twenty-five acres only a mile and a half from the corporate limits of Birmingham, and only two miles from the village in this county of fine farms. Six good buildings, all in good shape, five acres of excellent orchard, twenty acres of timber, well-drained land, and the farm can be divided so that some part would be cared for in this respect. Rich loamy land, no waste land, a little creek runs through the place; three acres of fine orchard, 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 by Birmingham, 50x120 each, one block from the electric, fine location, and we will sell them togethed or separately, as you wish.

358

Fine new cement house on Woodward Ave., close to the village limits; hot and cold water, furnace, porch, screens, storm house, cement walks, cement [illegible] to walk, and a very little more would buy the whole business.

359

Eight-room, two-story house, on Middle St.; bath, closet, hot and cold water, Peninsular furnace, one block from the electric, has a good home-like appearance, and looks fine. Owner has other interests and will sell it right. Take you to see it any time at all.

360

New house on Merrill St., one block from postoffice and electric; eight rooms, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, furnace, hardwood finish, cement walks, fine shade trees, lot 60x192, high and dry. $2,400. Well, look it over, and if you think you can build the house for that, you can contract for all the houses we build hereafter.

361

Beautiful location on Pine Lake, with a small lake on the premises bordered by a beautiful grove. Fifteen acres in farm with good buildings worth $5,000; five acres of the orchards. Fifteen 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 electric, eighty feet front, 132 feet deep. Seven-room house, city water, fine well, good cellar, beautiful maple trees, and a good sized amount of fruit. Twenty-five hundred dollars will buy it. Worth more money. House would cost the asking price to build. One of the best bargains on our list.

363

Farm in Southfield of 24½ acres. Eight buildings, valued at $1,600—two acres good apple orchard, sandy soil, suitable for market gardening, all fenced and nearly all the drained, old-fashioned ten-room house, barn 32x40, stable 18x35, ten stanchions, cement floor, granary, hog house, corn crib, poultry house, tool shed. Fifteen hundred eight hundred dollars, half cash, will buy it.

364

Very desirable vacant lot in Buell Addition, 50 feet front, 120 feet deep, facing ward, 129 feet deep. On electric and nice place for suburban residence for party with small means. Two hundred and fifty-five dollars will buy it, and one hundred dollars down will attend to it.

365

Eighty-acre farm in Southfield, eight buildings well worth $1,500; two acres good orchard, all fruit coming into bearing; sandy, with clay in low place, all tillable, well-drained, no waste land, enough cash to handle it with a mortgage for an excellent term. Four miles from Grand River car line, and the price and price farms are bringing in this locality ought to make it a number attractive.