KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

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Illustrations by Dearborn Melville

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SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is riding along the Santa Fe trail on the lookout for roaming war parties of savages. He notices a camp fire at a distance and then sees a team attached to a wagon and at full gallop pursued by men on ponies. When Keith reaches the wagon the raiders have massacred two men and departed. He searches the victims finding papers and a locket with a woman's portrait. He resolves to hunt down the murderers. Keith is arrested at Carson City, charged with the murder, his accuser being a ruffian named Black Bart. He goes to jail fully realizing the peril of swift border justice. A companion in his cell is a negro, who tells him he is Neb and that he knew the Keith family back in Virginia. Neb says one of the murdered men was John Sibley, the other Gen. Willis Waite, formerly an officer in the Confederate army. The plainsman and Neb escape from the cell, and later the two fugitives become lost in the sand desert. They come upon a cabin and find its lone occupant to be a young girl, whom Keith recognizes as a singer he saw at Carson City. The girl explains that she came there in search of a brother who had deserted from the army. A Mr. Hawley induced her to come to the cabin while he sought to locate her brother. Hawley appears, and Keith in hiding recognizes him as Black Bart. Hawley tries to make love to the girl. There is a terrific battle in the darkened room in which Keith overcomes Black Bart. Horses are appropriated, and the girl who says that her name is Hope, joins in the escape. Keith explains his situation and the fugitives make for Fort Larned, where the girl is left with the hotel landlady.

CHAPTER XV.

Again Christie Maclaire.

Keith possessed sufficient means for several months of idleness, and even if he had not, his reputation as a plains scout would insure him employment at any of the more important scattered army posts. Reliable men for such service were in demand. The restlessness of the various Indian tribes, made specially manifest by raids on the more advanced settlements, and extending over a constantly widening territory, required continuous interchange of communication between commanders of detachments. Bold and reckless spirits had flocked to the frontier in those days following the Civil War, yet all were not of the type to encourage confidence in military authorities. Keith had already frequently served in this capacity, and "abundantly" proved his worth under rigorous demands of both endurance and intelligence, and he could feel assured of permanent employment whenever desired. Not a few of the more prominent officers he had met personally during the late war—including Sheridan, to whom he had once borne a flag of truce—yet the spirit of the Confederacy still lingered in his heart; not in any feeling of either hatred or revenge, but in an unwillingness to serve in the blue uniform, and a memory of antagonism which would not entirely disappear. He had surrendered at Appomattox, conquered, yet he could not quite adjust himself to becoming companion-in-arms with those against whom he had fought valiantly for four years. Some of the wounds of that conflict still smarted. A natural soldier, anxious to help the harassed settlers, eager enough to be actively employed, he still held aloof from army connections except as a volunteer in case of emergency.

Just now other considerations caused him to desire freedom. He had been accused of murder, imprisoned for it, and in doubtful escape, had been compelled to steal horses, the most heinous crime of the frontier. Not only for his own protection and safety must the truth of that occurrence at the Cimmaron Crossing be made clear, but he also had now a personal affair with "Black Bart" Hawley to be permanently settled. They had already clashed twice, and Keith intended they should meet again.

Memory of the girl was still in his mind as he and Neb rode slowly forth on the black prairie, leading the extra horse behind him. He endeavored to drive the recollection from his mind, so he might concentrate it upon plans for the future, but somehow she mysteriously wove her own personality into those plans, and he was ever seeing the pleading in her eyes, and listening to the soft Southern accent of her voice. Of late years he had been unaccustomed to association with women of high type, and there was that touch of the gentlewoman about this girl which had awakened deep interest. Of course he knew that in her case it was merely an inheritance of her past, and could not truly represent the present Christie Maclaire of the music halls. However fascinating she might be, she could not be worthy any serious consideration. In spite of his rough life the social spirit of the old Slaveholder was planted in his blood, and no woman of that class could hold him captive. Yet, some way, she refused to be banished or left behind. Even Neb must have been obsessed by a similar spirit, for he suddenly observed:

"Dat am sutt'nly a mighty fine gal, Massa Jack. I ain't seen nothin' to compare wid her since I quit ol' Virginia—deed I ain't."

Keith glanced back at his black satellite, barely able to distinguish the fellow's dim outlines.

"You think her a lady, then?" he questioned, giving thoughtless utterance to his own imagination.

"Deed I does!" the thick voice somewhat indignant. "I reckn I knows de real quality when I sees it. I'se 'sociated wid quality white folks befo'."

"But, Neb, she's a singer in dance halls."

"I don't believe it, Massa Jack."

"Well, I wouldn't if I could help it. She don't seem like that kind, but I recognized her as soon as I got her face in the light. She was at the Gaiety in Independence, the last time I was there. Hawley knew her too, and called her by name."

Neb rubbed his eyes, and slapped his pony's flank, unable to answer, yet still unconvinced.

"I reck'n both ob yer might be mistook," he insisted doggedly.

"Not likely," and Keith's brief laugh was not altogether devoid of bitterness. "We both called her Christie Maclaire, and she didn't even deny the name; she was evidently not proud of it, but there was no denial that she was the girl."

"Dat wasn't like no name dat you called her when we was ridin'."

"No; she didn't approve of the other, and told me to call her Hope, but I reckon she's Christie Maclaire all right."

They rode on through the black, silent night as rapidly as their tired horses would consent to travel. Keith led directly across the open prairie, guiding his course by the stars, and purposely avoiding the trails, where some suspicious eye might mark their passage. His first object was to get safely away from the scattered settlements lying east of Carson City. Beyond their radius he could safely dispose of the horses they rode, disappear from view, and find time to develop future plans. As to the girl—well, he would keep his word with her, of course, and see her again sometime. There would be no difficulty about that, but otherwise she should retain no influence over him. She belonged rather to Hawley's class than his.

It was a lonely, tiresome ride, during which Neb made various efforts to talk, but finding his white companion uncommunicative, at last relapsed into rather sullen silence. The horses plodded on steadily, and when daylight finally dawned, the two men found themselves in a depression leading down to the Smoky River. Here they came to a water hole, where they could safely hide themselves and their stock. With both Indians and white men to be guarded against, they took all the necessary precautions, picketing the horses closely under the rock shadows, and not venturing upon building any fire. Neb threw himself on the turf and was instantly asleep, but Keith climbed the steep side of the gully, and made searching survey of the horizon. The wide arc to the south, east and west revealed nothing to his searching eyes, except the dull brown of the slightly rolling plains, with no life apparent save some distant grazing antelope, but to the north extended more broken country with a faint glimmer of water between the hills. Satisfied they were unobserved, he slid back again into the depression. As he turned to lie down he took hold of the saddle belonging to Hawley's horse. In the unbuckled holster his eye observed the glimmer of a bit of white paper. He drew it forth, and gazed at it unthinkingly. It was an envelope, robbed of its contents, evidently not sent through the mails, as it had not been stamped, but across its face was plainly written, "Miss Christie Maclaire." He stared at it, his lips firm set, his gray eyes darkening. If he possessed any doubts before as to her identity, they were all thoroughly dissipated now.

As he lay there, with head pillowed on the saddle, his body aching from fatigue yet totally unable to sleep, staring open-eyed into the blue of the sky, the girl that had left behind awoke from uneasy slumber, aroused by the entrance of Mrs. Murphy. For an instant she failed to comprehend her position, but the strong hrogue of the energetic landlady broke in sharply:

"A bit av a cup av coffee for ye, honey," she explained, crossing to the bed. "Shure an' there's nuthin' loike it when ye first wake up. Howsy Mither, but it's toird 'nough ye do be lookin' yet."

"I haven't slept very well," the girl confessed, bringing her hand out from beneath the coverlet, the locket still tightly clasped in her finger. "See, I found this on the floor last night after you had gone down stairs."

"Ye did!" setting the coffee on a convenient chair, and reaching out for the trinket. "Let's have a look at it once. Angels av Hiven, if it isn't the same the ol' Gineral was showin' me in the parly."

The other sat up suddenly, her white shoulders and rounded throat gleaming.

"The old General, you said? What General? When was he here?"

"Shure now, be aisy, honey, an' O'll tell ye all there is to it. It's not his name Ol know; maybe Ol niver heard till av it, but 'twas the 'Gineral' they called him, all right. He was here maybe three days outfittin'—a nice broken ov' gintlemin, wid a gray beard, an' onc't he showed me the locket—be the powers, if it do be his, there's an openin' to it, an' a picter inside."

The girl touched the spring, revealing the face within, but her eyes were flooded with tears. The landlady looked at her in alarm.

"What is it, honey? What is it? Did you know him?"

The slender form swayed forward, shaken with sobs.

"He was my father, and—and this is my mother's picture which he always carried."

"Then what is your name?"

"Hope Waite."

Kate Murphy looked at the face half hidden in the bed-clothes. That was not the name which Keith had given her, but she had lived on the border too long to be inquisitive. The other lifted her head, flinging back her loosened hair with one hand.

"Mr. Keith dropped it," she exclaimed. "Where do you suppose he got it?" Then she gave a quick, startled cry, her eyes opening wide in horror. "The Cimmaron Crossing, the murder at the Cimmaron Crossing! He—he told me about that; but he never showed me this—this—you—do you think—"

Her voice failed, but Kate Murphy gathered her into her arms.

"Cry here, honey," she said, as if to a child. "Shure an' Ol'm tellin' ye it niver was Jack Keith what did it—murther ain't his style."

CHAPTER XVI.

Introducing Doctor Fairbain.

Headed as they were, and having no other special objective point in view, it was only natural for the two fugitives to drift into Sheridan. This was at that time the human cesspool of the plains country, a seething, boiling maelstrom of all that was rough, evil, and brazen along the entire frontier. Customarily quiet enough during the hours of daylight, the town became a mad saturnalia with the approach of darkness, its ceaseless orgies being noisily continued until dawn. But at this period all track work on the Kansas Pacific being temporarily suspended by Indian outbreaks, the graders made both night and day alike hideous, and the single dirty street which composed Sheridan, lined with shacks, crowded with saloons, the dull dead prairie stretching away on every side to the horizon, was congested with humanity during every hour of the twenty-four.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Across Its Face Was Plainly Written, "Miss Christie Maclaire."

Strict School Rules.

John Wesley held that school children should do without holidays altogether. When he opened Kingswood school in 1748 he announced that "the children of tender parents, so called, have no business here, for the rules will not be broken in favor of any person whatsoever. Nor is any child received unless his parents agree that he shall observe all the rules of the house; and that they will not take him from school, no, not for a day, till they take him for good and all."

Further, no play days were permitted, and no time was ever allowed for play, on the ground that he who plays when he is a child will play when he becomes a man. Every Friday the children went to work in the gardens in the afternoon without breaking their fast.

Wasted Effort.

"I want you to subscribe something to the fund we are raising for the purpose of giving Senator Burns a grand reception when he comes from Washington. How much shall we put you down for?"

"Nothing!"

"Nothing? Why, you must admit that Senator Bunk has made a great record in congress. He has succeeded in making himself one of the leaders of the most dignified deliberative body on earth."

"Yes, but he's got all the offices at his disposal filled, so what's the use?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

What He Wanted.

It was after the explosion, and Henderson sat on a rail fence gazing ruefully over the scene of ruin. One of his wheels was still rolling onward over the plike. Another hung from the limb of a tree. Other sections of the car were strewn about the highway, far and near.

"Ah me!" sighed Henderson. "To think that only last night I was invelighing against an assembled carl By Jove! I'd give $100 to anybody who'd come along at this moving minute and assemble mine."—Harper's Weekly.

No Refreshments for Him

Pedestrian's Hopes, at First High, Dashed When Explanation Was Made.

A pedestrian in North Carolina one morning came upon a mountain cabin which gave unusual evidence of rural industry. There was a flourishing patch of wild mustard at the rear of the premises, a bantam hen on the front doorstep, and something that resembled a milking stool overturned on the hard-packed, yellow clay of the yard. Although it was but ten o'clock in the morning, the traveler decided to stop and ask for refreshments, since he might not come upon anything so promising in many hours.

The tall, simply-clothed, and apparently meagerly-fed woman who came to the door looked at first amazed and then resentful when her visitor made known his request.

"We've et," she drawled, in a rebukeful tone. "Jim's gone to taown to fetch co'n meal."

Inferring from this that there was no solid food in the larder, the man cheerfully suggested a glass of milk.

Again the woman shook her head, while her sallow visage lengthened. "Jim went an' forgot to milk the caow. He won't be back till evenin'."

This seemed to be the traveler's opportunity, both to exercise his gallantry and to obtain a glass of the pure and unadulterated beverage which he coveted.

"I'll be glad to milk her for you," he offered, looking hopefully at the overturned stool in the yard. "I was brought up on a farm."

Again the woman shook her head. "Ye cain't, stranger." This time her resentment was tinged with futile regret. "Jim rid the caow to taown."—Youth's Companion.

An Early Suffragette.

There has just been wound up in Edinburgh, Scotland, the trust made by Miss Mary Dick, sister of Mr. William Dick, the founder and chief benefactor of the Royal Dick Veterinary college. She was a strong personality, kindly disposed, active and possessed of business habits. She personally managed the house property and feus, and conducted a large correspondence, often on public questions. She was born in Whitehouse Close in June, 1791. She used to relate that she had been offered the perusal of several of Scott's novels while yet in manuscript; but on political grounds declined to read them both then and afterward. She advocated female suffrage half a century ago. At the age of twelve she crossed the Forth in an open boat, paying two shillings for her passage, part of which counted in her being carried from the boat to the landing place on the boatman's shoulders.

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.

201

Fine two-story residence on Maple Ave., corner of High St.; 50 feet front, 125 feet deep; hot water heater, hot and cold bath, toilet, city gas, city water—every convenience found in the best class of city residences. Cement walk (cost $200) and best neighborhood in town. Houses would sell at that $3,000 to build today; ask anyone to build it for less and see what they say. You can buy this beautiful home for $2,000, and have 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 of Woodward Ave.; eight rooms, hardwood finish; lot 56x100; plenty of fruit. You could not build the house for $3,000, and that's all we ask for the premises. Well worth looking at.

247

Good, old-fashioned house and a cozy home at a reasonable price. House cost $2,000 to build in times when labor and material were cheap. Then there is about one acre of good garden with a substantial barn, two blocks from electric. Owner has decided to go west and will sell at a sacrifice. His price is $2,500, but whether you are really thinking $1,500 in spot cash will buy it. Make us the offer if it suits you, and we will do our best for the rest of it.

282

Lot 4 in Block 7, Campbell's Subdivision; good house, insured for $800; fine location; price $1,500. Nice cozy little home for some one with enough cash to make a small first payment.

296

Nice eight-room house, built last year in Village of Royal Oak, one block from both electric and steam roads. Price, lot 50 feet front and 120 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 Richmond electric. 15 miles from Detroit; two flowing wells; pond of nearly an acre of pure spring water furnishing an abundance of pure clean ice; new nine-room house, new silo, barn 74x40, accommodation for 30 head of cattle in cement-floor stable, milk house with flowing well, 15 acres timber, 245 rods 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. Buildings in good repair. 2½ miles from electric in Village of Franklin, prettiest village in Michigan. All ready for an enterprising blacksmith and wagonmaker to make a good living in a prosperous farming community. Best of reasons for selling, and $2,000 cash will buy it right off the bat.

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 lots in the city. Price $1,600. Can be bought for cash at a price that will surely appeal to anyone—either for building purposes or an investment.

316

New brick house, two blocks from electric; bath, closet, furnace, city water, electric lights—all modern conveniences; two-story, up-to-date residence, nine rooms, cement walks. Price for location in village, $2,700 above 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, 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. Price is $1,600, and the terms can be made easy for any one who will pay enough to secure loan. Ice house, barn, wood-shed, seven-room house, good cellar, fine well, good brick cistern. Particulars for the asking.

321

Fine farm of 86 acres in the midst of the Bloomfield Hills, a little over a mile from the electric, nearly all Page fence, eight-room stone house, two basement barns, one 36x60, the other 30x60, with two hen houses, tool house; wind mill supplies best water, never failing; piped to house and barns; rich, gravelly loamy soil; about five acres pretty fine timber; balance all fine, productive 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 country; basement barn 30x80, nearly new, fine house with cement floor, corn crib, horse barn, hay shed, tool house. Not a foot of waste land, and well known for its productiveness. Fully equipped with best of 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; 20 acres apple and peach orchard, soil sandy loam. 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.

330

Fine farm of 320 acres, three miles from Birmingham; eleven-room house, six buildings, 30 acres in orchard, mostly apple, pear and peach; fifteen acres timber; soil a gravelly loam and very productive. Price considerably less than $100 per acre, and land in the immediate neighborhood was sold for double the price within the year.

331

House, barn, lot 60 feet front and 320 feet deep, in one of the most desirable locations in the village. Fronts on two streets, and can be adapted to the building of two good cottages, or house on the same lot without crowding. At $2,500 you can't lose any money on this offering, with real estate going up all the time.

335

Will exchange for small farm near Birmingham, 180x102 on corner in the best part of Birmingham; twelve rooms, bath, water-closet, hot air furnace, range. Two blocks from the electric. Price $5,000, terms easy. Plenty of fruit. One of the best equipped homes in the village. Hurry up before he plants his garden.

336

Twenty-five acres, 1½ miles from Rochester electric line; small house, barn, two sheds; 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, city water, good barn 32x40. Plenty of room for garden and chickens; one of the best locations, and the price so low we are ashamed to tell it. Come and see us and make us an offer. Terms easy.

347

Forty acres just outside of the corporate limits of Birmingham. Rich loamy land, two acres of orchard, nine first-class buildings which could not be built for $8,000; 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; 115 feet front and 185 feet deep. City water, eight-room new two-story house and good barn. Would exchange for almost anything. Let us take you to see it, answer and you can dicker it out. Isn't that honest and square?

350

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

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. You didn't imagine any better place for an ideal country residence. Land in the immediate vicinity has sold for season for $300.00 to $1,000.00 per acre, and yet this can be bought for $175 an acre. That's different, too. But there's a reason. Ask us.

353

Ideal little place for a country house and fine grounds. Land, half a half by the road to the electric; half mile from the village limits. No buildings—they would spoil your ideal if there were any. Well fenced, no waste land, on four corners, in excellent neighborhood. Five and one-half acres, nearly, and can be bought right.

354

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

355

A fine farm of two hundred and twenty-five acres only six miles and half from the corporate limits of Birmingham and one of the very finest locations in this county of fine farms. Six good buildings in very good shape, five acres of excellent orchard, twenty acres of timber, two sets of buildings, and the farm can be divided if that each part would be cared for in this respect. Rich, loamy soil, well watered, and no waste land. Farms not as good have sold in the immediate neighborhood for fifty per cent more than we ask for this one. Full description for the asking, and if you prefer to visit it you can see the owner and let you make your own bargain.

356

One of the best of Bloomfield farms. Sixty-six acres, with good buildings, ten-room house, basement barn recently rebuilt, good fences; finest little creek you ever saw flows through it; about three acres of fine orchard, plenty of shade, and the price is right. Take you to see it any time at all.

358

Fine new cement house on Woodward Ave., eight rooms, closet, bath, hot and cold water, furnace, porch, screens, storm house, fine location; lot 120 feet deep. House cost $3,500 to build, 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, furnace, porch, screens, electric, nice shade, good neighborhood; price, $2,000. Walk over with us and look the place over some of these fine mornings. Come on!

360

New house on Merrill St., one block from postoffice and electric; eight rooms, bath, closet, hot and cold water, furnace, hardwood finish, cement walk, fine shade; lot 40x132, and the price is $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 belonging to the place. Five acres, part in farm with good buildings worth $2,000; five acres fine orchard, five 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; eight-foot front, 103 feet deep, seven room house, city water, fine well, good cellar, beautiful maple trees for shade and usual assortment of fruit. Twenty-five hundred on easy terms will do the business. House would cost the asking price to build. One of the best bargains on our list.

366

Listen Here! Five acres not more than forty rods from the corporation line, on Woodward Ave. fare to the city hall, fifteen cents. Almost ready to buy it ourselves. Ideal suburban residence. Plenty of fruit of all kinds. Well a mighty fine house, eight rooms, ten rooms, toilet, bath, cellar, furnace, hot and cold water, electric light. Stone stable and two other buildings, right on the electric to Detroit. Say, what do you want anyhow? The price is right. If you doubt it ask Whitehead at the First National Bank.

367

Half a block from the electric, just outside of the dust and noise. Six acres of land with plenty of fruit, good two-story house, bath, hot and cold water, electric light, fine cellar, excellent drainage, good neighborhood and the price is twenty-five hundred dollars, and the terms are very easy indeed.

368

Sixty acres of rich loamy land in Southfield, twenty acres of ash and elm timber, forty acres tillable. Price is one hundred dollars per acre. No buildings or orchard; a little over a mile to the electric. Prefer to sell for cash, but would entertain a proposition to trade for Detroit improved, flat preferred.

371

In these times of high prices for any old kind of farming lands, if you could buy a ripping good farm for sixty dollars an acre, you would not hesitate and take notice, wouldn't you? Well, here it is. Eighty acres in the township of Southfield, barn cost $1,800, good well and cistern, never-failing stream runs through the farm. Good gravelly loam with clay sub-soil, seven acres of finest orchard, 2½ miles from Birmingham, 3 miles from thriving village. Fourteen acres of fine timber, large fruit—all old-fashioned timber! Look it over with us and see if we haven't told you things just as they are.

372

Here's another Southfield farm. And the price is very low, too. Only sixty-two and one-half dollars per acre. Nine-room house, underground stable and good barn, two wells, four acres of timber, three acres of good orchard, three miles from electric, terms easy and we will take you to see the owner of this or any other property you may have for sale and you can make your own terms independent of us. That's fair, eh?

373

Forty-three acres with adequate buildings and good fences, with plenty of water, no waste land; soil a good loam, fine large orchard of best varieties of apples, cherries, peaches, etc., within easy walking distance of the electric, in the delightful Bloomfield Hills country; prices are very high, and farms hard to get, yet this very desirable farm home can be had for $6,000.

374

Here's a good one for the lucky purchaser. One hundred and twenty-seven acres of fine productive farm lands, thirteen acres timber, sixteen acres good orchard, eight buildings, valued at $7,500, no mortgage or swamp, good fences, a mile from the electric on Woodward Ave., all in a high state of cultivation. Can be had for one hundred and twenty dollars per acre. That is a very reasonable price when you consider that farms not as good have been sold in the immediate neighborhood for three times that amount.

375

Just about the right size for a middle aged man who doesn't want to work himself and wife to death on a big farm. Eighty-five acres, eight acres of orchard, eight acres of timber, good fences and buildings, everything in good order ready to make a cozy farm home. Only a little over a mile from the village, all rolling land, well drained and buildings in very pleasant location, slight elevation. Two thousand dollars cash will buy it and the balance of the purchase price can be paid in easy payments if you could ask for. Better investigate—that won't cost you anything.

376

An acre and a quarter just inside the corporation limits. Fine location for a nice home with plenty of room for garden. No buildings. $1,500 will buy it if you have $1,000 to pay down—the rest can run on mortgage.

377

Vacant lot in Campbell Addition. Good location; new cement walk. Lot is 60x110 and it can be bought right now for $175 cash.

378

Vacant lots on Southfield Ave., 99 feet front and 135 feet deep. Fine location for nice residence; excellent neighborhood; $500.

379

Well, now! Look at this. A fine farm of one hundred and twenty acres, with good cement block barn, 23x32, comfortable six-room house, 1,200 peach trees, 1,000 plum trees, ten acres peas and oats, one-half acre potatoes, four-acre butter bean and—listen here, there are two good gravel pits on the farm and it is only two rods from the D. U. R. tracks. Will throw in new cement block machine, 12 sheep, 8 horses and cows, all farming implements, and all the other stock and tools on the place for a little more than a song. THIRTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! No hustle, but this bargain is sure to go in a week.

380

New brick ten-room house, toilet, bath, laundry, cellar, furnace, electric lights, fireplaces, mantels, finest location in town; lot 125 feet front and 220 feet deep, good barn, 24x30, and other buildings. Didn't know that it could be bought at any price, but circumstances alter cases, and this place can be bought for much less than it cost, and you know property hasn't been depreciating in value in Birmingham of late. Not so that you would notice it. Ask us about it, talk to us and the owner about it. Go and look the premises over and—that will probably settle it.

381

Yep! Here's the chicken farm you have been looking after. Seven and one-half acres in Troy, near the electric. Ten-room house, toilet, bath, Peninsular furnace, grates, mantels, electric light, flowing well, chicken houses, barn, good drainage, sixty fruit trees just coming into bearing. Five is cents to City Hall. There is a mortgage on about three-fourths of the place, which chan run. The balance is a small, considering everything that it needn't worry you. Let's go and look at it. It's worth while.

SCANT ALLOWANCE OF SOAP

Captain Didn't Want to Hire Three Rooms to Get Hands and Face Washed.

When Fairmount Inn was opened, among its first patrons was Captain Stringer of Marshby. He had long been a friend of Captain Larrabee, the father of the proprietor of the new Inn, and he wished to "see for himself what kind of a tavern Eddy would keep."

He was taken to one of the prettiest rooms, where the proprietor's wife waited his opinion. He looked silently at all the modern innovations, but when he was at last asked to admire the pretty bathroom adjoining his bedroom, he spoke his word.

"Is that little square cake" of soap all that was allowed me? I'm required, indicating the cake in its nickel holder.

"Why, yes," said the young woman. "One cake for each room, new for each guest, of course."

"Well, now, see here," said the captain, confidentially. "You and Eddy have got used to city ways, where it's all style, and save in what don't show; but let me tell you one thing, you're liable to have a good many folks from Marshby and adjoining towns hire the cap'n, and wish his young folks well. Now you furnish up a few rooms with some good liberal bars o' soap, such as we're used to.

"It'll cost ye a little more, but 'twill come to more in it costs on advertising. You wouldn't want your father's old friends to tell that they had to hire three rooms at Fairmount Inn to get them a good face-and-hands wash, now would ye?"—Youth's Companion.

In Line.

Suitor—Your daughter, sir—well, er—that is—she told me to come to you—she says you—

Pater—Quite so—I understand. Let's see, are you Mr. Bronson or Mr. Wibbles?

Suitor—Why, I'm Mr. Hotchkiss.—Brooklyn Life.