# 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 looking for rangers near parlies of savages. He sees a wagon team 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. Keith is arrested at Carson City, charged with the murder, his accuser being a ruffian named Black Bart. A negro companion in his cell named Neb tells him that he knew the Keiths in Virginia. Neb says one of the murdered men was John Sibley, the other Gen. Willis Waite, formerly a Confederate officer. The plainsman and Neb escape, and later the fugitives come upon a cabin and find its occupant to be a young girl, whom Keith thinks he saw at Carson City. The girl explains that she is in search of a brother, who had deserted from the army, and that a Mr. Hawley induced her to come to the cabin while he sought her brother. Hawley appears, and Keith is thinking recognizes him as Black Bart. There is a terrific battle in the darkened room in which Keith is victor. Horses are prepared, and the girl who says that her name is Hope, joins in the escape. Keith explains his situation and the fugitives make for Fort Earned, where the girl is left with the hotel landlady. Miss Hope tells that she is the daughter of General Waite. Keith and Neb drift into Sheridan, where Keith meets an old friend, Dr. Fairbain. Keith means the brother of Hope Waite, under the assumed name of Fred Willoughby, and becomes convinced that Black Bart has some plot involving the two. Hope learns that Gen. Waite, who was thought murdered, is at Sheridan, and goes there.

### CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

It was growing dark, the outside world, now consisting of level plains, fading into darkness, with a few great stars burning overhead. Trainmen lit the few smoking oil lamps screwed against the sides of the car, and its occupants became little more than dim shadows. All by this time were fatigued into silence, and several were asleep, finding such small comfort as was possible on the cramped seats. Hope glanced toward the heretofore noisy group at the rear, and saw the girl nestled at rest with unconscious head pillowed upon the shoulder of her man friend, and both were sleeping. How haggard and ghastly the woman's powdered face looked, with the light just above it, and all semblance of joy gone. It was as though a mask had been taken off. Out in the darkness the engine whistled sharply and then came to a bumping stop at some desert station. Through the black window a few lanterns could be seen flickering about, and here across the sound of gruff voices speaking. The sleepers inside, aroused by the sharp stop, rolled over and swore, seeking easier postures. Then the front door opened, and slammed shut, and a new passenger entered. He came down the aisle, glancing carelessly at the upturned faces, and finally sank into the seat directly opposite Hope. He was a broad shouldered man, his coat buttoned to the throat, with strong face showing clearly beneath the broad hat brim and lighted up with a pair of shrewd, kindly eyes. The conductor came through, nodded at him, and passed on. Hope thought he must be some official of the road, and ventured to break the prolonged silence with a question:

"Could you tell me how long it will be before we reach Sheridan?"

She had partially pushed aside her veil in order to speak more clearly, and the man, turning at sound of her voice, took off his hat, his searching eyes quizzical.

"Well, no, I can't, madam," the words coming with a jerk. "For I'm not at all sure we'll keep the track. Ought to make it in an hour, however, if everything goes right. Live in Sheridan?"

She shook her head, uncertain how frankly to answer.

"No loss to you—worst place to live in on earth—no exceptions—I know—been there myself three months—got friends there likely?"

"I hardly know," she acknowledged doubtfully. "I think so, but I shall have to hunt some place in which to stay tonight. Can you tell me of some—some respectable hotel, or boarding house?"

The man wheeled about, until he could look at her more clearly.

"That's a pretty hard commission, Miss," he returned uneasily. "There may be such a place in Sheridan, but I have never heard it. Old Mother Shattuck keeps roomers, but she won't have a woman in the house. I reckon you'll have to try it at the Hotel—I'll get you in there if I have to mesmerize the clerk—you'll find it a bit noisy though."

"Oh, I thank you so much. I don't mind the noise, so it is respectable."

He laughed, good humoredly.

"Well, I don't propose to vouch for that—the proprietor ain't out there for his health—but, I reckon, you won't have no serious trouble—the boys mostly know a good woman when they see one—which isn't often—anyhow, they're liable to be decent enough as long as I vouch for you."

"But you know nothing of me."

"Don't need to—your face is enough—I'll get you the room all right."

She hesitated, then asked:

"Are you—are you connected with the railroad?"

"In a way, yes—I'm the contract surgeon—had to dig a bullet out of a water-tank tender back yonder—fellow howled as though I was killing him—no nerve—mighty poor stuff most of the riff-raff out here—mail wasn't in much below the skin—Indian must have plugged him from the top of the bluff—blame good shot too—ragged looking slug—like to see it?"

She shook her head energetically.

"Don't blame you—nothing very uncommon—get a dozen cases like it a day sometimes—stay in Sheridan, show you something worth while—very pretty surgical operation to-morrow—come round and get you if you care to see it—got to open the stomach—don't know what I'll find—like to go?"

"Oh, no! I'm sure you mean it all kindly, but—but I would rather not."

"Hardly supposed you would—only knew one woman who cared for that sort of thing much—she was nursing for me during the war—had a half lip and an eye like a dagger—good nurse though—rather have your kind round me—ever nurse any? Could get you a dozen jobs in Sheridan—new prospects every night—forty dollars a week—what do you say?"

"But I'm not seeking work, Doctor," smiling in spite of her bewilderment. "I have money enough with me."

"Well, I didn't know—thought maybe you wanted a job, and didn't like to ask for it—have known 'em like that—no harm done—If you ever do want anything like that, just come to me—my name's Fairbain—everybody knows me here—operated on most of 'em—reat expect to be—Damn that engineer! don't believe he's—Sheridan's just ahead—backing up." He peered out of the window, pressing his face hard against the glass. "I reckon that's Sheridan he's whistling for now—don't be nervous—I'll see you make the hotel all right."

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### The Marshal of Sheridan.

It was called a depot merely through courtesy, consisting of a layer of cinders, scattered promiscuously so as to partially conceal the underlying mud, and a dismantled box car, in which presided ticket agent and telegrapher. A hundred yards below was the big shack where the railroad officials lodged. Across the tracks blazed invitingly the "First Chance" saloon. All intervening space was crowded with men, surging aimlessly about in the glare of a locomotive head light, and greeting the alighting passengers with free and easy badinage. Stranger or acquaintance made no difference, the welcome to Sheridan was noisily extended, while rough play and hoarse laughter characterized the mass.

Hope paused on the step, even as Dr. Fairbain grasped her hand, dinned by the medley of discordant sounds, and confused by the vociferous jam of humanity. A band came tooting down the street in a hack, a fellow, with a voice like a fog horn, howling on the front seat. The fellows at the side of the car surged aside to get a glimpse of this new attraction, and Fairbain, taking quick advantage of the opportunity thus presented, swung his charge to the cinders below. Bending before her, and butting his great shoulders into the surging crowd, he succeeded in pushing a passage through, thus finally bringing her forth to the edge of the street.

"Hey, there," he said shortly, grabbing a shirt-sleeved individual by the arm. "Where's Charlie?"

The fellow looked at him wonderingly.

"Charlie? Oh, you mean the 'Kid'? Well, he ain't here ter-night; had a weddin' an' is totin' the bridal couple 'round."

Fairbain swore discreetly under his breath, and cast an uncertain glance at the slender figure shrinking beside him. The streets of Sheridan were not over pleasant at night.

"Only hack in town is somewhere else, Miss," he explained briefly. "I reckon you and I will have to hoof it."

He felt the grip of her fingers on his sleeve.

"The boys are a little noisy, but it's just their way—don't mean anything—you hang on to me, an' keep the veil down—we'll be there in the shake of a dog's tail."

He helped her over the muddy crossing, and as they reached a stretch of board walk, began expatiating on the various places lining the way.

"That's the 'Mammoth' over there—dance hall back of it—biggest thing west of the Missouri—three men killed there last week—what for? Oh, they got too fresh—that's the 'Cashoo' and the one beyond is 'Pony Joe's Place'—cut his leg off since I've been here—fight over a girl. Ain't there any stores?—sure; they're farther back—you see the saloons got in first—that's 'Sheepy Mike's' gambling joint you're looking at—like to go over and see 'em play? All right, just thought I'd ask you—it's early anyhow, and things wouldn't be goin' very lively yet. Say, there, you red head, what are you trying to do?"

The fellow had lurched out of the crowd in such a manner as to brush partially aside the girl's veil, permitting the glare of "Sheepy Mike's" lights to fall full upon her revealed face. It was accomplished so openly as to appear planned, but before he could reel away again, Fairbain struck out, and the man went down. With an oath he was on his feet, and Hope cowered back against her protector. Each man had weapons drawn, the crowd scurrying madly to keep out of the line of fire, when, with a stride, a new figure stepped quietly in between them. Straight as an arrow, broad shouldered, yet small waisted as a woman, his hair hanging low over his coat-collar, his face smooth shaven except for a long moustache, and emotionless, the revolvers in his belt untouched, he simply looked at the two, and then struck the revolver out of the drunken man's hand. It fell harmless to the ground.

"And don't you pick it up until I tell you, Scott," he said quietly. "If you do you've got to fight me."

Without apparently giving the fellow another thought, he wheeled and faced the others.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Doctor? The drunken fool won't make any more trouble. Where were you taking the lady?"

"To the hotel, Bill."

"I'll walk along with you. I reckon the boys will give us plenty of room." He glanced over the crowd, and then more directly at Scott.

"Pick up your gun!" the brief words snapping out. "This is the second time I've caught you hunting trouble. The next time you are going to find it. I saw you run into this lady—what did you do it for?"

"I only wanted to see who she was, Bill."

"You needn't call me Bill. I don't know you. My name is Hickock to you. Was it any of your affair who she was?"

"I reckoned I know'd her, and I did."

The marshal turned his eyes toward Hope, and then back upon Scott, evidently slightly interested.

"So? Recognized an old friend, I suppose?"

The slight sneer in "Wild Bill's" soft voice caused Scott to flame up in sudden passion.

"No, I didn't! but I called the turn just the same—she's Christie Maclaire."

The marshal smiled.

"All right, little boy," he said soberly. "Now you trot straight along to bed. Don't let me catch you on the street again to-night, and I'd advise you not to pull another gun—you're too slow on the trigger for this town. Come along, Doctor, and we'll get Miss Maclaire to her hotel."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Don't Be Nervous—I'll See You Make the Hotel All Right."

## ONE AMERICAN IDEA FAILS

### Tourists From This Country Form Only 8 Per Cent. of Those Who Visit Switzerland.

We have been telling ourselves so long that our American tourists keep up the European hotels and that but for them Europe would become bankrupt, we have come to believe it. Some figures on the subject now come from Switzerland, the "Mecca" of all Americans after they have reaped their reward for virtue by visiting Paris.

Swiss hotels entertain about two million tourists annually, and if those who stay at pension and boarding houses are included the number of guests reaches three million. Of this number 22 per cent. are the Swiss themselves. The Germans, who are often pictured as stay-at-homes, constitute 40 per cent., then come the English, 17 per cent.; the French, 15 per cent., and the Americans, who, with their 8 per cent., are only one per cent. ahead of the Italians. So, after all, it seems that Switzerland would not go to the wall if the Americans boycotted Europe long enough at least to see the wonders and beauties of the Grand Canyon, the Canadian Rockies, the Yellowstone, the Yosemite and Niagara Falls first.

### Pity the Chinese Student.

A new map of China was recently published by a German house which undertakes to transcribe the chief names in the exact forms which they assume in the dialects of the respective provinces as well as the commonly accepted form. In this way the fifteen chief dialects are represented, says the National Review. The commonly accepted form is printed in dark green, the dialect forms in black. Thus such unfamiliar forms appear as Taetsiu for Taichow, Fupe for Hupei, Pulan for Hunan, Hokklong for Fukien, Sujutchon for Suchow, etc. Other features which make the map valuable are the thoroughness with which it treats Mongolia and the Kokonor country north of Szechuan—regions which in most maps are left more or less blank spaces.

### Commuter's Travels.

She—Are you fond of travel?

He—I think I must be.

She—I've circled the globe six times—a matter of 150,000 miles—think of it! I suppose you have traveled more?

He—Yes—New York and Stamford—every week day—23 years—a matter of 462,300 miles—Just think—great Scott!" (Snaps his watch and runs.)

## Useful About the House

### Ammonia Cleans Clothing and Paint and is Good for Numerous Other Purposes.

In housekeeping ammonia has many uses. It is an efficient help about the wardrobe. Black material, sponged with a cupful of water in which a teaspoonful of ammonia has been mixed, will renew its freshness, while black silk will lose its objectionable shininess by such a sponging. A little ammonia will remove grease from collars, and when rubbed over corsets will cleanse them to a nicety. When mixed with equal parts of turpentine, ammonia will remove paint stains from cloth. If the paint is stubborn it may require several applications before the work is done. Persevere. Nothing is so good for boys' tweed suits as to sponge them with the ammonia mixture. For toilet use, a small quantity will soften the water in which the hair is washed and aid in cleansing the scalp. It renders the bath delightful, and carpets, when thoroughly gone over with ammonia and water, are surprisingly restored to something like their original freshness. Ammonia and turpentine was and turpentine it makes the best of polishes for the floor. To relieve the pain and prevent inflammation resulting from the bites and stings of summer insects ammonia ranks first as a cure.

### Ants Plague English District.

An extraordinary plague of ants is causing alarm in the Durham, England, colliery village of Ryhope. One hundred and twenty miners' houses are infested with myriads of the pests, which swarm in the living rooms, causing serious discomfort and damage. The ants spread rapidly, and swarm about the cupboards and on the food in the houses. They are of a foreign species, and were brought to the village in consignments of Egyptian hay. The colliery owners have engaged experts to exterminate the pests. The infested houses are dealt with in turn, the ants being dug out in colonies and their nests destroyed.

### On the Warship.

First Officer—Things look threatening on shore. We will have to land a force.

Second Officer—Go tell that to the marines.

# Real Estate Exchange

*of WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL*

## Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

**The following is 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. Has been used at least $3,000 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 have your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

**241**

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within 200 feet of the corner, side of Woodward Ave.; built 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 $3,000 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 on easy terms—we really think $1,500 in spot cash will buy it. Make 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, and adjoining the Village of Beverlaction, price $1,600. 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 8th electric railway; cellar, cistern; lot 50 feet front and 120 feet deep. Cost owner $2,800, 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 Detroit, Toledo & Ironton electric, 18 miles from Detroit; two flowing wells, pond of nearly an acre of pure spring water furnishing an abundance of pure clean ice; nine-room house, new silo, barn 74x40, accommodation for 20 head of cattle in cement-floor stable, milk house with flowing well, 15 acres timber, 345 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, fine condition; 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 list.

**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.

**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, finest 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. The 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, wood-shed, ice house, two houses, 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 little pine grove; $3,500 is the latest price $100 per acre. Terms easy.

**323**

If quality in farming lands is what you are looking for, this is a mile and 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; large barn with cement floor, corn crib, horse barn, hay shed, tool house. Not a foot of waste land, and well known for its productiveness; fully underlaid with 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 in Royal Oak; ten-room house, five other buildings; two 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, twenty acres orchard—apple, pear and peach; fifteen acres timber; soil a gravelly loam and very productive. Price considering class land $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 more good houses 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, 180x160 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, bath, city water, good barn $2x40. 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 $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; 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 the owner and you can dicker it out. Isn't that fair enough?

**350**

A classic among the farms. 166 acres half a mile from Birmingham and three 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 ample barns; well fenced and the most productive land in the country. Well, 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. Couldn't imagine any better place for an ideal country residence. Land in the immediate vicinity has sold this season for $200 to $1,000 an acre, and yet this can be bought for $7,500. That's different, too. But there's a reason. Ask us.

**353**

Ideal little place for a country house and driving ground. A mile and a half from the road to the electric; half mile from the village limits. No buildings—they wouldn't suit you if there were any. Well fenced, no waste land, on four corners, in excellent neighborhood. Few 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, new 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 fruit just coming into bearing, splendid new barns and carriage houses; just outside the village limits. Altogether the finest 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 a mile and a 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 condition, five acres of excellent orchard, twenty acres of timber, two sets of buildings, and the farm can be divided so that each part would be cared for in this respect. Rich loamy soil, well watered, and well fenced land. Farms not as good have sold in the immediate neighborhood for fifty dollars per acre more than we ask for this. 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, well kept buildings, ten-room house, basement barns recently rebuilt, good fences, finest little creek you ever saw 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.

**358**

Fine new cement house on Woodward Ave., eight rooms, closet, bath, hot and cold water, furnace, cellar, cement storm house, fine location; lot 230 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, Peninsular furnace, one block from the electric, nice shade, good neighborhood, quiet and clean. Ask over with us and look the place over some of these fine mornings. Come on!

**360**

New house on Merrill St., one block from pastoffice and electric, eight rooms, bath, closet, hot and cold water, furnace, hardwood finish, cement walk, fine shade; lot 60x175, 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 in the premises besides. Five acre grove, thirty acres in farm well kept buildings worth $3,000; five acres fine orchards. Five thousand dollars will handle it, and the rest on easy terms and long time. One of the best bargains on our list.

**362**

House and two lots on Willits street, half block from electric, lot 50 feet front, 160 feet deep; seven room house, city water, fine well, good cellar, beautiful maple trees for shade and usual amount of fruit. Twenty-five hundred on easy terms will do the business. House would cost the asking price to build.

**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. Wait a minute! Stone house, two-story, ten rooms, toilet, bath, cellar, furnace, hot and cold water, electric light. Stone stable and two other buildings; right on the electric line. Price, $6,000. 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, two acres of land with plenty of fruit, good two-story house and barn, city 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 sit up 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, 3½ miles from electric, 1½ miles from thriving village. Fourteen acres more in 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.

**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 we may have for sale as long as 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 beautiful Bloomfield Hills country where prices are high and land is 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 fine sixteen acres good orchard, eight buildings, cost $7,500, no marsh or swamp, good fences, a mile from Milford and on Woodward Ave., all in a high state of cultivation. Can be had for one-half cash and twenty-five dollars per acre. That is a very reasonable price when you consider that farm land 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 to death on a big farm. Eighty-five acres, eight acres orchard, eight acres of timber, good fences and buildings, everything in good order ready to make a cozy little home. Only a little over a mile from the electric, nice rolling land, well watered and buildings in very pleasant location on slight elevation. Two thousand dollars cash will buy it and balance of purchase price can be paid on the easiest terms you could ask for. Better investigate—that won't cost you anything.

**375**

An acre and a quarter just inside the corporation limits. Fine location for a fine 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; $600.

**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, apple and plum trees, ten acres peas and beans, one-half acre potatoes, four acres butter beans and—listen here, there are two good gravel pits on the farm and it is only 220 rods from the city limits. Will throw in new cement block machine, 15 sows, 8 lambs, horse and wagon, good mare, and all the farming stock and tools on the farm, and the price is only THIRTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! Now hustle, for this bargain is sure to go in a week.

**380**

New brick ten-room house, toilet, bath, laundry, cellar, furnace, electric light, fireplace, mantels, finest location in town; lot 125 feet front and 220 feet deep, good barn, 24x32, 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 properly hasn't been depreciating in value in Birmingham of late, 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. Twenty-five 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. Fare to Detroit is City Limits. Take a mortgage for about one-third of the value of the place, which can run. The balance is so 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 young 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 awaited 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 o' soap all that goes with this fit-out?" he inquired, 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 all around, that knew 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 n' 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, sir—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. Hotskins—Brooklyn Life.