

White Franchise

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.

SYNOPSIS:

Jack Keith, a Virginia, now a border policeman, is looking for a woman whom he had seen in a wagon train at full gallop pursued by a man with a gun. The woman was seen in the saddle. He has been searching for her for some time. He has a picture of her with him. He has been told by a man named Black that a woman named Keith is in the vicinity of the hotel. He has been told that she is a young girl, whom Keith has seen in the vicinity of the hotel. He has been told that she is a young girl, whom Keith has seen in the vicinity of the hotel.

around him; even had he been sober, he would not have talked freely. Keith lifted the darning feet in a more comfortable position, turned the lamp lower, went out, and kicked the door. Two men were tramping heavily up the stairs, and they turned into the hall at the very moment he disappeared within his own room. He still retained his grasp upon the latch, when a voice outside asked: "What number did you say, Bill?" Keith straightened up as though suddenly pricked by a knife; he could never forget that voice—it was Hawley's.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Leap Against the Odds. In his own door, started by the rapid sequence of events, Keith was able, from different sounds reaching him, to mentally picture most of what occurred in the next room. He heard Hill sink down into the convenient chair, and drink from the bottle, while the gambler apparently advanced to

the next room. Apparently as Hawley carelessly from his edge of the washstand had dialogued the glass, which he had been drinking from. Keith swore audibly at the loss. "Shut up, Bill," snarled the gambler, irritated. "You've got the bottle full. I'm going; there's nothing for any of us to go now, until after I see Christie. You remain here! Do you understand?"—remains here. Damn me, if that drunk fool isn't winking up. There was a rattling of the rickety bed, and then the sound of Willoughby's voice, thick from liquor.

"Almighty glad to see you, Bartam. Indeed. Want money—Bart am I both want money—can't drink with you money—can't eat without money—ah, when you got stake us?" "I'll see you again in the morning, Fred," returned the other briefly. "Go on back to sleep." "Will when I get good! Ready—go sleep, stay wake, just as I please—don't care damn what you do—got me a new friend? Who? Hawley spoke with aroused interest. "He's all right—his mighty the fellow—come in without in-lavation—called her Hope—your fool, Bart. Hawley, think my sister Christie—Christie—daddy the name—my sister, Hope—don't want yer money—my new friend, he'll stake me—he knows my sister—Hope."

CHAPTER XVIII—(Continued). "Just a little," carelessly; "but what sort of a trick—could be working trying to make you acknowledge Christie's claims?" Keith stared at Willoughby. He did not answer, shifting uneasily about on the bed. Keith waited, and at last the boy blurted out: "Oh, it wasn't nothing much. I told him something when I was drunk once, that I thought maybe might have figured out a trick, though I don't see how he could. It wasn't more than a pipe dream, I reckon. Where did you meet Hope? Back in Missouri?"

"Oh, I've known her some time. Not long ago I had a service for which she is grateful. Did you know she was out in this country searching for you?"

"Out here? In Kansas?" "Sure; that isn't much of a trip for a spotted girl. She got to her head from your letters that you were in trouble, and set out to find you and bring you home. She'll tell me this, but that is the way I heard it. It was for her sake I came in here. Why not go to her, Willoughby, and see both of you return to Missouri?"

"The suspense had gone out of the boy's face; he looked tired, discouraged. "There is Hope?" he asked. "For Larned, I suppose. She went to Carson City first."

"Well, that settles it," shaking his head. "You don't suppose I could go brown round Larned, and not get snatched up? They don't chase deserters very far out here, but that's the post I skipped from. I'm damned if I'll go back until I get a stake. I want to see a fellow first."

"What fellow?" "Well, it's Hawley. If you want to know no bad. He said I would come here and wait for him; he'll put me on to a good thing."

"Has there a deeply laid plot back of all these preparations involving both Willoughby and his sister, that Keith is Hawley was scheming about so carefully, holding this boy deserter in his hands, while he searched for the man was not working blindly; he must have a purpose in view. Willoughby had acknowledged that he told the fellow something once when he was drunk—about his family history—no doubt; for he had shown him Hope's picture. Perhaps a better chance of understanding with Christie, before I jump the boy any further. If we can once get her working with us, Willoughby won't have much hand in the play—where's she, I'd like to know what she was up to?"

"Am sober," solemnly, "ain't had but six drinks; just mazy; tired out." "Oh, indeed; well, such a room as this would drive any man to drink. Did you see what I sent you here sister?" "I am sure did, Bart," and Keith held the fellow get to his feet. "I understand it all," some letters. "Keith told me only what he had in the grip."

"Nothing there to give us any help," he acknowledged reluctantly. "Damn the fellow; he ought to be in the fight; a glow worm would be better." There was a pause; then he slapped his hand on his forehead. "I was in Springfield, Missouri, and this photograph is a peach. Just look here, Bill! What did I tell you? Ain't Christie a dead ringer for this girl?" "You bet she is, Bart," admitted the other in maudlin admiration. "Only, I reckon maybe some older."



UP! DAMN YE! HE CALLED HIMSELF JACK KEITH.

ward the bed, where he stood looking down on his unconscious occupant. "The fool is dead drunk," he declared dismally. "We can't do anything with him tonight." "I say—brother water over your ears, before I jump the boy any further. If we can once get her working with us, Willoughby won't have much hand in the play—where's she, I'd like to know what she was up to?"

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had evidently revealed to Hawley some hidden family secret, having been discovered, not doubt, and in which the discovered that the sister of Phyllis figured. She might, perhaps, be a sister, or half-sister, or even a woman who had been associated with him at a remarkably strange fact that he possessed not the slightest liking as to the girl's name. Her brother had assumed to be called Willoughby when he enlisted in the army, and his companions continued to call him this. If he could interview the girl now for only five minutes he should be able probably to straighten out the whole intricate tangle. But where was she? Would she have recognized him at that point with Fort Larned with Kate Murray?

There was a noise of movement in the room.

KNOW THE SENATORIAL LIFE

Woman Had Her Own Idea as to Why Senators Moved Early Hours.

United States senators may talk solemnly to the effect that their good business reasons for meeting at two o'clock every day instead of noon, but they cannot deny that certain Washington women, who has her own ideas on the subject. This woman occupies a prominent place in society at the capital. Maclaire, had been the basis of the plot they do not cut any more figure than debutantes. She was visiting the senate wing of the capitol, in company with some friends. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon and, as she happened to glance into the chamber, she noticed that it was vacant.

"Has the senate adjourned already?" she asked, in surprise. "Oh, no," a man in the party said. "You know it meets at two o'clock now, in order to give the senators more time for committee work."

"Ah, yes," she said. "I remember now. I never thought of it before. I have no doubt that it expedites public business wonderfully. It gives the senators plenty of time to share, take a long drive, read the paper and eat breakfast—after having been up all night."

Foretold in a Dream. A fatal accident that was foretold in a dream was described yesterday at an inquest at Old Hill, near Birmingham. All the body of a miner named Benjamin Westwood, who was killed at the Fly Colliery.

"His brother William said that on Tuesday night he had a dream, and it he saw his brother killed. He added: 'I did not go to work on Wednesday morning, for I dreamt that I would see my brother killed, and I was unable to do any work since.'"

"In my dream I saw a considerable quantity of coal fall from the roof on to my brother, knock him down and kill him, and from what those who witnessed the accident have told me, it appears that this is exactly what happened. My dream was to warn him, and it was 'too late' to leave home."—London Chronicle.

Hired Man Was Not Dainty

"Uncle Joe" Cannon Types Moral With One of His Typical Humorous Stories. "Uncle Joe" Cannon, at a dinner in Washington, told a piece of satire revision that he opposed: "It is useless for the foreigner and no good at all for the American and no good at all for the middle of the seas and found the cook's and boy's prospects looking very dark."

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SCANT ALLOWANCE OF SOAP

Captain Didn't Want to Hire Those Pa to Get Hands and Rooms Washed.

When Fairmount Inn was opened, among its first patrons was Captain G. W. Marsh. He looked after it for a while, but he was not a friend of Captain Larrabee, the father of the young proprietor of the inn, and he wished to "see for himself" what kind of a tavern Edgemoor would keep.

He was taken to one of the prettiest rooms, where the proprietor, wife of the young man, showed him the inn at all the modern innovations, but when he was at last asked to admire some of the soap, he looked thoughtful. "Is that little square cake of soap all that goes with this flat-iron?" he inquired, indicating the cake as it stood on the holder.

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

"Well, you see, here's what the captain, confidentially. 'You and Edgy have got used to city soap, where you all styles, such as are in your soap, but let me tell you one thing, you're liable to have a good many folks from the country here, and I reckon they know the cap's, and with his young folks well, now you furnish up a few rooms with some good liberal bars of soap, and we're used to it.'