KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

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Illustrations By Dearborn Melvill.

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SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is looking for roaming war parties of savages. He sees a wagon train at full gallop pursued by men on ponies. When Keith reaches the wagon the settlers 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 accompanying a ruffian named Black Bart, a former companion in his old home in Virginia. Neb that he knew the Keiths in Virginia. Neb says one of the murdered men was Tom 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 in hiding recognizes him as Black Bart. There is a terrific battle in the darkened room in which Keith is victor. Horses are appropriated and the girl who says that her name is Hope, joins in the escape. That night Keith intuition and the fugitives make for Fort Larned, where the girl is left with the hotel landlady. Keith now tells that she is the daughter of General Waite. Keith and Neb ride into Sheridan. Here Keith meets an old friend, Dr. Fairbain. Keith meets the brother of Hope Waite, under the assumed name of Fred Willoughby, and becomes convinced that Black Bart has some part involving the two. Hope learns that Gen. Waite, who was thought murdered, is at Sheridan, and goes there, where she is mistaken for Christie Maclaire, the latter is Bart's pal. Keith meets the real Christie Maclaire.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

"Don't you ever do it," he insisted. "The marshal brought her in here, and fired a fellow out o' the room so as to give it to her. He'd clean out this house if we ran in a cold deck on a friend o' his."

"What do I care for what your marshal does?"

"But he's Bill Hickock, Miss, 'Wild Bill!'"

Miss Maclaire leaned back against the stair-rail, her eyes turning from Tommy to her speechless supporters. Slowly the truth seemed to penetrate her brain.

"Oh," she gasped at last. "Then—then what else can you give me?"

The officers had long since departed, promising, however, to remain over in town and hear her again that night at the Trocadero, with hints as to a late supper; she had received a call from the manager of that most popular resort, and had rendered his life miserable by numerous demands; had passed half an hour practicing with the leader of the orchestra; but now was at last alone, tired, decided by fortitable, and still tempted to invade "15," and give that other woman a piece of her mind. Then some one rapped on the door. There was a decided accent of vexation in the voice which bade the one outside enter, but the lady's mood changed swiftly as her brown eyes perceived standing in the doorway the erect form of Keith, the light from the window revealing clearly his strong face. The man stood hat in hand, bowing slightly, unable to comprehend why he should have been sent for, yet marvelling again at the remarkable resemblance between this woman and that other whom he had left at Fort Larned. As Miss Maclaire stood with back toward the window, she presented the same youthful appearance, the same slenderness of figure, the same contour of face.

"Miss Christie Maclaire?" he asked, as though in doubt.

"Yes," graciously, won instantly by the man's appearance and manner, "you wished to see me? Will you be seated?"

He crossed the narrow room to the stiff-backed chair indicated, and the lady sank negligently down into her own, resting her head against a pillow, and regarding him expectantly. He could view her now much more distinctly, observing the slight difference in age, the fuller lips, the darker shade of the hair, and the varied expression of the eyes. It was as if a different soul had looked forth from the same face. He had never before realized how little, apparently trifling details marked the human countenance, and, embarrassed by her own scrutiny, his glance swept about the room. Misunderstanding this shifting of eyes, Miss Christie sought to place the man more at ease.

"The room is a perfect fright," she observed briskly, "but what can one expect in these mushroom towns. Really I had never been here before, or I shouldn't have come. They pay good money though for talent, and we all have to live, you know. Are—are you in professional work?"

He shook his head, smiling, somewhat perplexed at his reception.

"Really I didn't suppose you were," she went on, "you don't look it. But there are so many who come to me to help them that I have grown suspicious of every stranger. May I ask why you desired to see me?"

Another suspicion had taken possession of her mind, for the men of that section were never backward in exhibiting admiration, yet somehow this man did not seem exactly of that kind.

"I came merely because I was sent for, Miss Maclaire," he replied, his gray eyes once again upon her face, "Doctor Fairbain gave me your message; I am Jack Keith."

She looked the complete astonishment she felt, sitting up in the chair, her eyes filled with questioning doubt.

"Doctor Fairbain! My message! Surely you are mistaken? I know no one of that name, and have sent no message."

"You did not express a desire to see me?"

She laughed, exhibiting a row of white teeth.

"Certainly not; not until this moment was I even aware of the existence of Mr. Jack Keith."

His own eyes smiled in response to challenge of humor.

"I can assure you the surprise was mine also," he hastened to inform her, now more at ease, as he grasped the situation. "I could not understand now I had become known to you, yet I pledge you my word the message was actually brought. Of course you may suspicion otherwise, for I have seen you on the stage, and being a normal man, have wished that I could devise some excuse for meeting you."

"Indeed!" her eye-brows slightly uplifted.

"Yes, I make that confession frankly, yet this call comes from another desire. I had no question when I came what I had been sent for—do you believe this?"

"I suppose I must, yet it seems very peculiar," she replied, feeling convinced that he was a gentleman, and troubled as to what she had best do. "Yet now that you have discovered your mistake—"

"I hope to take advantage of the opportunity," he broke in firmly, leaning slightly forward. "May I ask you a question?"

"I could hardly prevent it, and really I do not know that I have anything to conceal."

"Then I will risk the effort—do you know a man named Hawley?—Hartlett Hawley?"

Her eyes did not falter, although a red spot shot into her cheeks, and her lips pressed together.

"No; that is I have never met him."

Keith Backed Into the Corner—His Hand in His Pocket.

"No," the short monosyllable was not encouraging. "His messages were of a business character."

"I disclaim all relation, Miss Maclaire, even friendship. You, of course, know who this individual is?"

"So I presumed, yet one likes to of my parents; I cannot remember either my father or mother. Oh, I do not know why I should tell you this! Who are you, really? Why do you ask me such questions?"

He leaned forward, touched by the woman's emotion.

"Miss Meglaire," he said gravely. "I am not prying into your life needlessly, but am endeavoring to serve you as well as others. Hawley may indeed possess papers of great value, but if so they were not found by accident, but stolen from the body of a murdered man. These papers may possibly refer to you, but if so Hawley himself does not believe it—he has simply chosen you to impersonate the right party because of your physical resemblance."

"Resemblance to whom?"

"To a young woman, a Miss Hope."

"But how do you know this." Why should you be interested? Are you a detective?"

"No, I am not a detective, but I cannot explain to you my interest. I am trying to serve you, to keep you from being drawn into a plot—"

she acknowledged, just a little confused. "But I have received two letters signed by that name, and rather expected the gentleman would call upon me here in Sheridan during my engagement. Is that your mission? Were you sent by him? or are you Mr. Hawley?"

"No, I am not Hawley, but—but I cannot even tell the names know something even of the person he does business with. I have been acquainted with Hawley for several years, and have never been aware of any honorable business he has ever engaged in. He is a professional gambler, known on the frontier as 'Black Bart;' last night he was running a faro game across there in the 'Palace.' I cannot help wondering what kind of business such a fellow could possibly have with you, Miss Maclaire."

The woman's eyes flashed, hardening in their brown depths.

"What right have you to ask?" she began indignantly. "I am capable of deciding my own affairs. As I have told you I have never met Mr. Hawley, but I am not to be influenced against him merely by the denunciation of an avowed enemy. He has written me of something he has discovered which is of deep personal interest to me, and has promised to tell me the details, as well as place within my hands certain necessary papers."

"I appreciate your feelings," he said gently, as she paused, "but would you mind telling me the nature of those papers?"

"That was something in Keith's face which told of honesty, and inspired confidence Miss Maclaire's worldly experience had given her deep insight into the character of men, and somehow, as she looked into the clear gray eyes, she felt impelled to answer, a vague doubt of the unknown Hawley in her mind.

"They—they were papers to establish identity. He had discovered them by accident; they have to do with an inheritance. Really that is all I know, for he wrote very briefly, stating it.

"Rather to keep me from learning the truth, Mr. Jack Keith," she burst forth, rising to her feet indignantly. "You are here trying to prejudice me against Mr. Hawley. He is your enemy, and you have come to me stabbing him in the back for revenge. That is your interest. Well, I am going to see the man, and consider what he has to say. I don't care half so much about the money as I do to find out who I am. If he can throw any light on my early life, on my parentage, I shall be the happiest woman in the world. I am sorry I told you anything—but I am going to see him just the same. Perhaps he might tell me something about you."

They were both standing, the woman's eyes flashing angrily, defiantly, her hands clinched. Keith, realizing the false, position into which he had drifted, hesitated to answer. He meant to tell her the whole story, and urge her to co-operate with him in learning the gambler's purpose. The woman impressed him as honest at heart, in spite of her life and environment; she was not one whom a swindler could easily dupe into becoming a tool.

"Miss Maclaire," he began, determined on his course, "listen to me for just a moment. I am—"

There was a rap at the door. The eyes of both turned that way, and then Keith backed slowly into the darkened room beyond the window, his right hand thrust into the pocket of his coat. Miss Maclaire observed the movement, her lips smiling, a red flush on either cheek. Then she stepped across the room, and opened the door, framed against the black background of the hall, his dark, rather handsome face clearly revealed as he fronted the window, his black, audacious eyes fixed appreciatingly upon the lady, stood "Black Bart" Hawley. He saw no one but her, realized no other presence, had no thought except to make a good impression. He was facing a beautiful woman, whom he sought to use, and he bowed low, hat in hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hard Luck.

"What I consider the worst case of hard luck on record came to my notice the other day. A Chicago man mortgaged his home to buy an automobile, and in less than a week after he had purchased the machine his house burned to the ground, the garage in which the automobile was standing also being destroyed, together with its contents, and there wasn't a cent of insurance on anything."

"Oh, I don't know. I think I can tell you of a case of harder luck than that. I know a man who tried to mortgage his home to buy an automobile, but he was unable to find anybody who would advance any money on it, so he was compelled not only to get along without an automobile, but to continue to make payments on the house."

Not Content.

"My wife went to the intelligence office to get a good plain cook."

"Did she get one?"

"That depends on the point of view. Literally speaking, yes. The cook sent us went to church once a day and three times on Sunday, and her morals were beyond reproach. She had a complexion like a nutmeg grater, a snub nose and wall eyes. So far, she was a good plain cook. But her cooking belonged to the criminal class."

His Experience.

"Your city, sir, seems to be a very quiet law-abiding place for the Far West."

"Yes, it is, but what will you say when I tell you the very first day I arrived in this town I was held up!"

"You were! As the victim of footpads or road agents?"

"Neither; by the doctor as the finest ten-pounder in the place."

Good Jokes

Shrewd.

An economical young man who was much bored by the requests of fickle young ladies to return their photos, decided upon desperate measures to put a stop to the unnecessary expenditure of time and postage.

He announced his intention of starting a Venus collection to contain the pictures of the 100 most beautiful women in the world, and now the girls never ask for their pictures.

The Wise Bride.

"Yes, the girls gave the bride a commiseration shower."

"What do the world is that?"

"Why, they all told her how sorry they were she was going to marry such a man as the coming bridegroom."

"That must have hurt her feelings."

"No, it didn't. She knew there wasn't a girl there who wouldn't have given her eyes to get him!"

Plea to the Angler.

"Let me sleep," in pleading terms.
Was couched the minnow's wish.
"The early birds may have your worms—
They are not good for fish."

Too Much of a Strain.

"I doubt think grand opera in English will be any improvement."

"You don't?"

"No. When I go to grand opera in French I know I can't understand what they're singing and I take it easy. But the strain to try to understand English as the grand opera stars will sing it will just about drive me crazy.'

Literal.

"My dear young lady," said the smitten man of means, "I have been talking to the manager you suggested and am in receipt of proof of your ability I will finance your tour."

But he was more overjoyed than he had any need to be when she cried joyfully, "You're an angel!"

He Made Good.

"That boy'll make his mark some day."
Said the father, with delight,
He did—but in a different way—
For he never learned to write.

An Ambition.

"Roosevelt says it is his ambition to die on the field of battle. What is it your ambition to die on?"

"Well, I think I could die happy if I were to pass away on the corns of the fellow who steped on mine a little while ago."

A Pleasing Expectation.

Papa—I'm sorry, my dear, but our physician says while the trained nurse he has procured for us is a good one, she is a perfect bear.

Tommy—Oh, papa, do take her if's she's a trained bear!

Knew His Man.

Gibbs—I called yesterday to borrow ten dollars, but you were not in.

Dibbs—Yes I was. I was in ten do'lars.

Twenty-Six Easier Than One.

The letters of the alphabet
We never in our lives forget;
But strange to say, our memories fail
When we're given us one to mail.

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 Hill st.; 58 feet front, 125 feet deep; hot water heater, hot and cold bath, toilet, city gas, city water—every convenience in fact. This is the best class of city residences. Cement walk; cost $2000; all new neighborhood in town. House would cost at least $2,000 to build today. Let anyone to build it for less and see what they say. You can buy this beautiful home for $1,000 and save from $200 to $300 on payments. Ask the man at the bank.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, and in good location, the east side of Woodward Ave.; eight rooms, hardwood finish; for $4150. Terms to suit. You could not build the house for $2,000, 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 $2,500 to build in times when the best materials were cheap. Then there is about one acre of good fruit, with a substantial barn, two blocks from electric. Owner has decided to go west and will sell at a bargain. Price is only $2,500, but—whisper!—we really think $1,500 in spot cash will buy it. Take 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 and stable; for $850; 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 Birmingham, one block from church and railways; cellar, cistern; for 50 feet front and 120 feet deep. Owner $2,600, but will sell for $2,100.

297

Without exception, the finest farm for the raising of chicken, fruit and farming in the county. On the line of the Rochester electric, 18 miles from Detroit; two flowing wells, pond of nearly an acre of pure spring water furnishing an abundance of pure drinking water; nine-room house, new sills, barn, 74x40, accommodation for 20 head of cattle; cement-floor stable, milk house with flowing well, 15 acres timber, 30 rods new wire fence with cedar posts, 142 acres of black loam land, and not a foot of waste land. Little creek runs through the farm. Nothing finer on our list, and less than $200 per acre will buy it, on easy terms. There!

298

House, barn, wagon shop, blacksmith shop, two lumber sheds, two acres of land, three buildings all new; price $4,000; 2½ miles from electric in Village of Trenton, 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 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, toilet, furnace, city water, electric lights—all modern conveniences; two-story, up-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 it is in one of the new residence localities in Birmingham and would not be sold but for the inducing offering. But that's your good fortune and no fault of the owner and he will take $1,800 and no questions. Terms easy and long time to the right kind of a purchaser.

320

Excellent business chance in a small village. Store and dwelling, 14 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, all new; fine well and good brick cistern. Particulars for the asking.

321

Fine farm of 66 acres in the midst of the Bloomfield Hills, a little over a mile from the electric, nearly all Page fence, eight-room stone house, new; cement basement, modern ice house, hog house, two hen houses, tool house, wind mill supplies fine well and tank, fairly piped to house and barns; rich, gravelly loam soil, about five acres pretty little grove and hickory. No waste land. Price $100 per acre. Terms easy.

323

If quality in farming lands is what you are looking for, here it is. One mile from the electric on excellent travel road, 140 acres, well fenced, and ten-room brick house with furnace, two neat fitting wells in the cellar; basement barn 30x80, nearly new; hen 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 drained by tile. Farms in the immediate neighborhood unfinished for $100 per acre, but we will sell this for less.

324

Ninety-two acres a mile east of the electric in Royal Oak; two houses, five other buildings, two acres apple and peach orchard; soil sandy loam. And cheap at $2,500 if you 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; 40 acres orchard—apple, pear and peach; fifteen acres timber; 200 acres under plow, and very productive. Price considerably less than $100 per acre, and in the immediate neighborhood has sold for double the price within the year.

331

House, barn, lot 40 feet front and 320 feet deep, on one of the most desirable locations in the village. Fronts on two streets, and can be sold off in lots. Speaking of two more good residences on the same lot without dwelling. At $2,100 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, 138x103 on corner in the best part of Birmingham; twelve rooms, bath, water-closet, hot air furnace, range, etc.; modern in every respect. 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, barn and chicken-house; room for garden and chickens; one of the best locations to sell for gardening or for residences; call and see us and make us an offer.

347

Forty acres just outside of the corporate limits of Birmingham. Rich loaming 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 158 feet deep. City water, eight-room new two-story house and good cellar; fruit; fine change for almost anything. Let us take you to the owner and see you can't afford 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 brook in the lower part of the farm. 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 brook in the lower part of the farm. 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.

353

Ideal little place for a country house and fine grounds. A mile and a half by the road to the electric, half mile from the village limits. No buildings—they wouldn't suit you if there were any. Well fenced, new wire fence 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, new stone house—ten rooms, furnace, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, city water, half acre of beautiful grove of native trees; three acres of bearing kind of fruits just coming into bearing, splendid new barns and carriage houses, just outside the village limits. Altogether the finest place in the vicinity, about twenty minutes from the electric, and it can be bought for less than the buildings cost. Let's run out 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 shape, five acres of excellent orchard, twenty acres of timber, two acres of building land, and the farm can be divided so that each parcel 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. Full description on the asking, and if you prefer we will take you to see the owner and let you make your own bargain.

356

One of the best of Bloomfield farms. Sixty-six acres, with good buildings, ten-room house, basement barns recently rebuilt, good fences, finest little creek you ever saw runs through the place, and it never goes dry. 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; 120 feet deep. House cost $4,500 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. Walk over with me and look the place over some of these fine mornings. Come on!

360

New house on Merrill St., one block from Woodward Ave.; seven rooms, bath, hot and cold water, furnace, screens, storm house, fine location; 120 feet deep. House cost $3,500 to build, and a very little more would buy the whole business.

361

Beautiful location on Pine Lake, with a small lake on the premises besides. Five acre grove, thirty acres of farm and good buildings worth $3,000; five acres fine orchards. 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, eighty feet front, 132 feet deep; seven-room house, city water, fine well, good cellar, beautiful shade on lots, and unusual amount of fruit. Twenty-five hundred dollars will handle it, and 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., close 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 outbuildings. Five cents 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, 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 king of farming lands, if you could buy a gilt-edge 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, bars cost $1,000, good well and cistern, never-failing stream runs through the farm. Good gravelly loam with clay sub-soil, seven acres of best orchard, 1½ miles from electric, 1½ miles from Birmingham. Fifty dollars per acre of fine timber, large tract of cedar posts, and a bargain. Let's run out with us and see if we haven't told you the truth about it, or not.

372

Here's another Southfield farm. And the price is right, you bet. Only sixty-two and one-half dollars per acre, nine-room house, underground stable and poultry house, 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 farm we may have for sale and you can make your own terms independent of us. That's fair, eh?

373

Forty-three acres, with adequate building and good fences, with a well, water to the house, and a good orchard of apples, cherries, peaches, etc., within easy walking distance of the electric, in the delightful Bloomfield Hills country where prices are high and farms hard to get. This very desirable farm home can be had for $6,000.00.

374

Here's a good one for the lucky purchaser. One hundred and twenty-seven acres of fine productive farm lands, fifteen acres timber, eighty acres good orchard, eight buildings, valued at $7,000; no marsh 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-five dollars per acre. That is a very low price for the farm 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 to death with a cow or 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 electric, nice rolling land, well drained, buildings in very pleasant location on slight elevation. Two hundred dollars per acre will buy it and the balance of the purchase price can be run on the most easy terms 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 $1000 to pay down—the rest can run on mortgage.

377

Vacant lot in Campbell Addition. Good location; new cement walk. Lot is 60x110 and can be bought right now for $150 cash.

378

Vacant lots on Southfield Ave., 90 feet front and 125 feet deep. Fine location for nice residence, excellent neighboorhood; $500.

379

Well, now! Look at this. A fine farm of one hundred and twenty acres, with good, substantial house, nine rooms, comfortable six-room house, 1,200 peach, apple and plum trees, three acres peas and oats, 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 D. U. R. tracks. Will throw in new cement block machine, 12 sheep, 4 lambs, one good wagon, good mare, and all the other 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, fireplaces, mantels, finest location in town, lot 125 feet front and 320 feet deep; good barn, 24x30, and other buildings. Didn't know that it could be bought for any such a price, circumstances alter cases, and this place can be bought for less than it cost. Now and you know property hasn't been depreciated that it needs 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 had stalked to admire the pretty bathroom adjoining his bedroom, he spoke his word.

"Is that little square cake o' soap all that goes with this de-luxe?" 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 him and his 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, 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. Wrinkles?

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