KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "My Lady of the South," "When Wilderness Was King," Etc. Etc.

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 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 Colonel 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 Keith, finding that 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. Neb's services 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. 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 meets 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, where she is mistaken for Christie Maclaire, the Carson City singer. Keith meets the real Christie Maclaire and finds that Black Bart has convinced her that there is a mystery in her life which he is going to turn to her advantage. The plainsman tells Hope Waite of her resemblance to Christie Maclaire. They decide that Fred Willoughby may hold the key to the situation.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

A group was gathered about the body in the rain, a single lantern glimmering. Two or three men had started down the passageway, and Keith met them, revolvers drawn and suspicious.

"Who are you?" snapped one sharply. "Were you doing all that shooting yonder?"

Keith recognized the voice, thankful that he did so.

"I fired at the fellow, but he got away onto the prairie. I reckon you wouldn't have done any better, Bill."

"Jack Keith!" and Hickock's voice had a new tone, his hand dropping on the other's shoulder. "Never was a sladder to meet a fellow in my life. Boys, this is an old deputy of mine down in Dodge. When he gives up chasin' a murderer there isn't much use our tryin'. Let's go back, and find out how bad the fellow is hurt. While we're feelin', our way, Jack, you might tell us what you know about this affair."

"It was just the flash of a gun, and the man dropped." Keith explained briefly. "I was ten or a dozen feet behind, and the fellow fired from under the wagon there. He must have been laying for some one—I reckon, maybe, it was me."

"You? Then it's likely you have some notion who he was?"

"Well, if I have, Bill," and Keith's lips were set tight, "I'm not liable to tell you. If it's the lad I think likely, I'll attend to the case myself. You understand—this is my personal affair."

Hickock nodded, his hand again pressing the other's shoulder.

"Sure, Jack, if you feel that way. There's enough doing here in Sheridan to keep a marshal reasonably busy, without dippin' into private matters. I rather reckon you can take care of yourself; but if you need me, old boy, I'm always right here on the job. You know that."

"I do, Bill, and appreciate it."

"The group about the motionless body fell away, and the room for the marshal, the last man to rise saying soberly:

"He's dead all right, Hickock. I guess he never knew what hit him. Good shootin', too, dark as it is here."

"Had the range fixed, likely," returned the marshal. "That's what makes it look like it was arranged for."

He bent down, striving to distinguish the dead man's features turned up to the drizzle, but the night revealed only the faintest outline.

"Anybody know him?" There was no response, only a shuffling of feet in the mud. "Here, you man with the lantern, hold it over where I can see. There, that is better. Now, you fellows take a look, and see if some of you can't name the poor devil."

They glanced down, one after the other, over Bill's shoulder, shading their eyes from the rain so as to see clearer. The light of the flickering lantern streamed full on the ghastly face, but each man shook his head, and passed on. Keith hung back, hoping some one would identify the body, and not make it necessary for him to take part in the gruesome task. It was not likely to be any one he knew, and besides, he felt the man had died in his stead, and he dreaded to look upon the stricken face. When the last of the group had drifted back out of the radius of light, Hickock looked up and saw him.

"Here, Jack," he said, gravely, "you better, try—you might know him."

Keith bent over and looked down. As he did so his heart seemed to rise choking into his throat, and a blur obscured his sight. He swept a hand over his eyes and dropped on his knees into the mud beside the body, staring speechless into the white face of the sightless eyes. Hickock watching him closely and gripped his arm.

"What is it? Do you know him?"

"My God, yes; Fred Willoughby!"

CHAPTER XXV.

A Reappearance of the General.

Keith did not inform Hope of her brother's death until the following morning, but had the body properly prepared for burial, and devoted the remainder of the night to searching for General Waite, and, incidentally, for both Hawley and Scott. Both Hickock and Fairbain assisted in this effort to learn the whereabouts of the two men, but when the search ended, not the slightest result, nor did Keith's investigations reveal the gambler at any of his accustomed resorts, while Scott had apparently made a complete getaway.

These disappearances merely served to convince him as to the truth of his first suspicions; Scott might have departed for good, but Hawley would certainly reappear just as soon as assured his name had not been mentioned in connection with the tragedy. To Neb alone did the plainsman candidly confide his belief in the guilt of these two, and when other duties called him elsewhere, he left the negro scouring the town for any possible reappearance of either.

Heavy-eyed from lack of sleep, heavy-hearted with his message, yet fully decided as to what advice he should offer, Keith returned to the hotel, and requested an interview with Hope. Although still comparatively early, some premonition of evil had awakened the girl, and in a very few moments she was prepared to receive her visitor. A questioning glance into his face was sufficient to assure her of unpleasant news, but, with one quick breath, she grasped his arm as though his very presence afforded her strength.

"How tired you look! Something has occurred to keep you out all night—and—and I know you have brought me bad news. Don't be afraid to tell me; I can bear anything better than suspense. Is it about father?"

"No, Hope," and he took her hand, and led her to a chair. Bending above her he gave her the whole story of the night, and she scarcely interrupted with a question, sitting there dry-eyed, with only an occasional sob shaking her slender form. As he ended, she looked up into his face, and now he could see a mist of unshed tears in her eyes.

"What shall I do, Captain Keith? I am all alone with this, except for you."

"I have considered that, Hope," he answered, gravely, "and it seems to me your present duty is more to the living than the dead. You should remain here until we learn something definite regarding your father, and discover the truth of this conspiracy formed against him. If Fred could know the trouble his chance words have caused, he would wish you to do this. With him gone, we are going to find the unravelling harder than ever. It is my judgment, Hope, your brother should be buried here."

She shuddered, her hands pressed to her eyes.

"Oh, on that horrible 'Boots Hill?'"

"Only temporarily, little girl," his voice full of deepest sympathy, "in a few weeks, perhaps, it could be removed East."

She was silent for what seemed to him a long while; then she looked up into his face, clinging to his arm.

"Yes," she said, "that will be best."

The same afternoon the sun low in the west, they placed the dead boy in his shallow grave on "Boots Hill." It was a strange funeral, in a strange environment—all about the barren, deserted plains; far away to the east and west, the darker line marking the railroad grade, and just below, nestled close in against the foot of the hill, the squalid town of tents and shacks. There were not many to stand beside the open grave, for few in Sheridan knew the lad, and funerals were not uncommon—some cronies, half-drunk and maudlin, awed somewhat by the presence of the marshal, Doctor Fairbain, Keith and Hope. That was all excepting the post chaplain from Fort Hays, who, inspired by a glimpse of the girl's unveiled face, spoke simple words of comfort. It was all over with quickly, and with the red sun still lingering on the horizon, the little party slowly wended their way back, down the steep trail into the one long street of Sheridan.

At the hotel Neb was waiting, the whites of his eyes shining with excitement, his patomime indicating important news. As soon as he could leave Hope, Keith hurrried down to interview his dusky satellite, who appeared about to burst with restrained information. As soon as uncorked that individual began to flow volubly:

"I sho' done seed 'em, Massa Jack; I done seed 'em both."

"Both? Both who?"

"Massa Waite, sah, an' dat black debbie dat we was huntin' for. It was jes' plumb surprisin circumstance, sah—a mos' surprisin circumstance."

"Well, go on; where did you see them? Do you mean they were together?"

The negro took a long breath, evidently overcome by the importance of his message, and unable to conjure up words wholly satisfactory to his ideas.

"It sho' am de strangest thing, Massa Jack, ebber I prognosticated. I was jes' comin round de corner ob Sheeny Joe's shebang, back dar by de blacksmith shop, when—de Lawd save me!—yere come ol' Massa Waite, a ridin' long on a cream colo'd pinto just as much alibe as ebber he was. Yas, sah, dere was whers we was blowin' round, an' I could eben yeah him cussin' he hoss, when he done shy at a man what got up sudden like from a cart-wheel he was settin' on. I done took one look at dat secon' fellar, and seed it was dat black debbie from down Carson way. Den I ducked inta de blacksmith shop out 'er sight. I sho' didn't want Mister Hawley to git no chance at dis nigger—I sho' didn't."

"Did they speak to one another?" Keith asked, anxiously. "Did you hear what was said?"

"Sho' dey talked, Massa Jack. I sorter reckon dey was dar for dat special purpose. Sutt'nly, sah, dey went right at talkin' like dey had been pals dey whole life. Ol' Massa Waite was a sittin' straight up on de hoss, an' dat black debbie was a standin' dar in front ob him. Ol' Massa Waite he was mad from de first jump off, an' I could heah most ebery word he said, how Mr. Hawley he grin de same way he do when he deal faro, an' speaks kinder low. De ol' man he swear fine at him, he call him eberyt'ing—a damn liar, a damn scoundrel—but Mr. Hawley he jest grin, and say ebery de same ting."

"Wha't was that, Neb?"

"Som't'ing 'bout a gal, Massa Jack—an' a law suit—an' how de ol' man better settle up widout no fightin'. I jest didn't git de whole ob it, he talkin so low like."

"What did Waite say?"

"Well, mostly he jest cussed. He sho' told dat black debbie 'bout what he thought ob him, but he didn't nebber call him Hawley—no, sah, not once, he done call him Bartlett, or somet'ing or odder like dat. But he sutt'nly read dat man's pedigree from way back to de time of de flood, I reck'n. An' he done swore he'd fight for whatebber it was, papers or no papers. Den Hawley, he got plumb tired ob de ol' man swearin' at him, an' he grabbed a picter out ob he's pocket, an' says, 'Damn you; look at dat! What kind ob a fight can yo' make against dat face?' De ol' man stared at it a while, sorter chokin up; den he say softer like: 'It's Hope; where did yo' ebber get dat?' and de black debbie he laughed, an' shoved de picter back into he's pocket, 'Hope, hell!' he say, 'it's Phylis, an' I'll put her before any jury you're mind to get—oh, I've got yo' nailed, Waite, dis time.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Som't'ing 'Bout a Gal, Massa Jack—an' a Law Suit."

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. Lot 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. House would cost 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 30ft feet of the west side of Woodward Ave.; eight rooms, hardwood finish, lot 66x100, 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 materials 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 act at a sacrifice. His price is $2,500, but—whisper!—we really think he'll take less if you make him an offer; as 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 $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 Royal Oak, one block from both electric railways; cellar, cistern; 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, fruit or high-class farming in all the county. On the line of the Rochester electric, 15 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 200 head of cattle in cement-floor stable, milk house with flowing well, 24 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 unless this 160 per acre will buy it, on easy terms. There!

298

House, barn, wagon shop, blacksmith shop, two lumber sheds, 10 acres of land, including buildings in good repair; 2½ miles from electric in Village of Yarmouth, 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 only one of the cheap building lots in the village. Can be bought for cash at a price that will surely appeal to those either for building purposes or an investment.

316

New brick house, two blocks from electric; bath, hot and cold water, electric lights—all modern conveniences; two-story, up-to-date; house has 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 best residence districts in Birmingham, and would not be sold but for the conditions existing. But that's your good fortune and not my fault for 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 not far out and within 12½ cents fare of Detroit. Two buildings, fine chance for some one with small means, unable to do hard labor, to make a living and wanderful besides. Wealthy farming community, and a good carpenter can get all he can do in the same locality. The price is $1,600 and the terms can be made easy for any one who will pay as much as $400 down. Ice house, barn, wood-shed, seven-room house, good cellar, fine well, and 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, finished, ice house, hog house, 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 grove; not a foot of 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 gravel road, 160 acres well fenced, and ten-room brick house with furnace, two neat flowing wells with never-failing current barn 30x80, nearly new; hen house with cement floor, corn crib, horse barn, tiny milking cool house. Not a foot of waste land, and well known for its productiveness; fully drained by tile. Farms in the immediate neighborhood radjoining sell 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, folks, there are only 92 acres in the whole farm, 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; two acres of apple, pear and peach orchard; fifteen acres timber and grazing land. Plenty of fruit. One of the best equipped homes in the village. Hurry up before he plants his garden.

336

Twenty-five acres, 1¼ miles from Rochester electric line; small house, barn, shed; excellent land, and 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, two-story, city water, fine barn 32x40. Plenty of room for garden and chickens. Fine location for home, and the price so low we are ashamed to tell it. Only one to sell 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, fine eight-room house, large barn, all 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 188 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 honest and square?

350

A classic among the farms. 166 acres half a mile from Birmingham and ten rods from the electric; right on the edge of the Bloomfield Hills district. Pretty little stream, no waste land, and plenty of shade. Fine house and cement walks and ample barns; 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 orchard of the River Rouge, with overhanging elms, no waste land; good seven-room modern 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 $400.00 to $500.00 per 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 fine grounds. A mile and a half by the road to the electric, half mile from the village limits. No buildings worth; wouldn't suit you if there were any. Well fenced, on 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 in all Oakland County. 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 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 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 finest locations in this county of fine farms. Six good buildings, including a fine house, 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 land, well watered, 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 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, with good buildings, ten-room house, basement barns recently built, orchard, never-failing little creek you ever saw runs through the place; both spring and well water, 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, screens, and 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 electric, fine neighborhood, nicely shaded, quiet and clean. 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, and cold storage. Had to build it, 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 besides. Five acre grove, thirty acres in farm with good buildings worth $2,000; 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 maple trees for shade and usual amount of fruit. Can be had for a hundred on easy terms will do the business. House would cost you 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 all kinds. Wait a minute! Stone house, two-story, ten rooms, toilet, bath, cellar, furnace, hot and cold water, and all 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, two acres of land with plenty of fruit, good two-story frame house, city water, electric light, fine cellar, excellent drainage, and within walking distance of the city. In 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 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 $1,500, good well and cistern, never-failing stream runs through the farm. Good gravelly loam with clay sub-soil, seven acres finest orchard, 2½ miles from electric, 1¼ miles from thriving village. Fourteen acres of fine timber, and the rest in old-fashioned timber! Look it over with us and see if we haven't told you talmey just as they are.

372

Here's another Southfield farm. And the price is very low, 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, seven easy and we will take you to see the owner of this or any other property 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 buildings and good fences, with plenty of water, no waste land, soil a good loam, fine two-story house and barn, lots 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, 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, one marsh or swamp, no fences, a mile from the electric on Woodward Ave., all in a high state of cultivation, and the price is one hundred and twenty-five dollars per acre. This 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 electric, nice rolling land, well drained and buildings in very pleasant location on slight elevation. Two thousand dollars cash will buy it and the balance of the purchase price can be paid on the easiest 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; you have to have $1,000 or par down—the rest can run on mortgage.

377

Vacant lot in Campbell Addition. Good location; new cement walk. Lot is 60x132 and deep. 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 fine cement block barn, 32x32, comfortable six-room house, 1,200 peach, apple and plum trees, ten acres pears and plums, one-half timber, four acres butter beans and—listen here, there are two good gravel pits on the farm and it is only 220 rods from the U. S. Mail. Can throw in new cement block machine, 12 cows and lambs, horse and wagon, good mare, and all we want is $3,000 cash 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, hot and cold water, furnace, electric light, fireplace, mantels, finest location in town; lot 125 feet front and 320 feet back, corner lot; 24x30, and other buildings. Didn't kifow 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 has 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 and look at it, and look the premises over and—that will probably settle it.

381

Yep! Here's the chicken farm you have been looking after, sixty-acre and one-half acres in Troy, near the electric line. 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. Have 15 cents fare to the hall. There's advantages after cases, and this place can be bought for much less than it cost, and you know property has 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 and look the premises over and—that will probably settle it.

Brice as a Poker Player

Colonel Lemert Tells How Warning to Late Ohio Senator Was Breath Wasted.

"A visit to Washington always recalls the good old days when my friend Senator Calvin S. Brice was here," said Colonel Lemert of Ohio.

"Ohio never fully appreciated the worth of Brice until he was gone, and when those who knew the real man personally never tire of telling about his career. Long before his election to the senate he came to my town of Bucyrus as a clever young lawyer, but even then he was beginning to indicate what was in him. After our consultation he insisted on meeting with a famous character of our town who kept a rather high-class gambling place. I do not mean a public resort, but just a gentlemen's poker game. Brice had heard a lot about the wonderful skill of these citizens, and he had a curiosity to try them a spell as a matter of recreation. I begged him almost with tears in my eyes not to risk his money with such experts, but he smiled. Then I explained that I would have a supply of funds for him when he was ready to leave town, as I felt sure these local sports would trim him down to his shirt studs. I even begged that I might take care of his watch.

"Well, I worried a good deal that night, and could hardly sleep thinking what was happening to Brice. I hastened to find him the next morning. He was chipper and smiling, and I asked him if he needed any money with which to leave. He smiled and pulled out a roll of bills. Then he explained that he had tackled our local, heavyweights in a quiet little gentlemen's game, and had won every dollar they could rake and scrape together. I have never warned men like Brice against going into any sort of a game. It is breath wasted."—Washington Post.

The Poor Vegetarian.

Dr. Archibald Henderson, the author of the new life of Bernard Shaw, was talking about vegetation at a dinner in Hillsboro.

"Mr. Bernard Shaw," he said, "has been a vegetarian more than 20 years. He sticks to vegetables very strictly. At the same time he doesn't like their taste overmuch.

"Shaw, at his house at Ayot St. Lawrence, once said to me:

"'You should have come in time for luncheon. We had a fine luncheon today.'

"'Good!' said I.

"'Yes,' said Shaw, 'a fine luncheon. Salad, lentils, cress, greens, a luncheon fit for a cow—excuse me, I mean for a king.'"

Charges for the Filling.

Patient—Great Scott, Doctor, I've swallowed some of that gold you are plugging my teeth with.

Dentist—Thank you for mentioning it. I shall include it in the bill.

Mapping the Nation

More than one-third of the area of the United States has been surveyed and mapped by topographers of the United States geological survey in connection with the preparation of a detailed topographic atlas of the country.

The maps represent areas called quadrangles, and show by a system of contour lines all topographic features, giving elevations as determined by the survey's spirit level work. The quadrangles are areas limited by parallels of latitude and meridians of longitude, and differ in size with the latitude of the areas and with the scales of the maps.

Topographic work has been completed in Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Rhode Island and the District of Columbia, and will be finished in Maryland during the next field season. In only five states has less than one-tenth of the area been covered.

It is not yet possible to make an estimate of the number of sheets that will form the completed atlas, but it will probably exceed 8,000.—Brooklyn Citizen.

In Too Much of a Hurry.

"Absalom," said Mrs. Pambo, "you've got to quit your drinking, your smoking, your chewing, your swearing, your—" "For heaven's sake, Nancy," protested Mr. Rambo, "don't commit me to such a wholesale reform. Let me revise my habits schedule by schedule."—Chicago Tribune.

When a fool wants to become wicked he must meet a wicked man who is looking for a fool.—Beaumarchais.

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 out his mind.

"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 for 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 know 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, and—"

"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. Wibbles?

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