KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

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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 men and women are massacred and the children carried off. He searches the victims for 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 Bibley. The other was 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. Keith explains his situation and the fugitives make for Fort Larned, where the girl is left with the local landlady. Hope tells Keith that she is the daughter of General Waite. Keith and Neb drift to Denver, where Keith meets an old friend, Dr. Fairbain. Keith meets the brother of Hope Waite, under the assumed name of Fred Willoughby, and becomes associated with Black Bart has arrested, but involving the two. Hope learns that Gen. Waite, who was thought murdered, is at Bibleville, and goes there, where she is mistaken for Christie Maclaire, the Christie Keith met. Keith meets the real Christie Maclaire and finds that Black Bart had influenced 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 shall hold the key to the situation. Keith finds Willoughby shot dead.

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

"Was that all?"

"De ol' gin'ral he didn't seem ter know what ter say; he done set dar lookin' off ober de prairie like he was clar flummagasted. Ho' did I look like dat black debble hed hit him mighty hard. Den he says slow like, turnin' his hoss 'round: 'Bartlett, yo' am puttin' up a good bluff, but, by Gawd, I'm goin' ter call yo'. Yo' don't get a cent ob dat money yo' gave me up de proof. I'll meet yo' whar yo' say, but ef I can git hol' ob some papers dat's missin' I'll take dat grin off yo' face.' De odder one laughed, an' de ol' gin'ral started fo' ter ride away, den he pull up his hoss, an' he look back. 'Yo' sorter herd wid dat kind ob cattle, Bartlett,' he say, sharp like, 'maybe yo' know a gambler roun' yere called Hawley?' De black debble nebber eben lose he's grin. 'Do yo' mean Black Bart Hawley?' 'Dat's the man, where is he?' 'Deafin' faro fo' Mike Kenna in Topeka a week ago—friend ob yours?' 'Dat's none ob yo' damned business,' snorted de ol' gin'ral, givin' his hoss de spur. 'Sho', Massa Jack, he nebber know'd he was talkin' ter dat same Hawley, an' dat black debble jest laughed as he rode off."

"When was all this, Neb?"

"'Bout de time yo' all went up on de hill, I reck'n. I done come right yere, and walked."

Keith walked across the room, selected a cigar, and came back, his mind busy with the problem. Hawley had in some manner, then, got into communication with Waite, and was threatening him. But Waite evidently knew the man under another name—his given name—and the gambler had sent him off on a false trail. The lost papers apparently contained the solution to all this mystery. Waite believed Hawley possessed them, but did not suspect that Bartlett and Hawley were the same person. What would he most naturally do now? Seek Hawley in Topeka probably; seize the first opportunity of getting there. Keith turned impatiently to the clerk.

"Any train running east?"

"Well, they generally start one out every day," with a glance toward the clock, "long 'bout this time. Maybe it's gone, and maybe it hasn't."

It was already nearly dark outside as the two men hastened toward the depot. They arrived there barely in time to see the red lights on the last car disappear. No inquiries made of those lounging about brought results—they had been interested in a lot of drunken graders loaded on the flat cars by force, and sent out under guard—and not one could tell whether any man answering Waite's description was in the single passenger coach. Convinced, however, that the General would waste no time in prosecuting his search, Keith believed him already on his way east, and after dismissing Neb, with instructions to watch out closely for Hawley, he made his own way back to the hotel.

It seemed strange enough how completely he was blocked each time, just as he thought the whole baffling mystery was about to be made clear. Hawley playing in rare luck, all the cards running easily to his hand, thus, at least, gaining time, and strengthening his position. There could no longer be any doubt that the gambler possessed some knowledge which made him a formidable adversary. From Waite's statement it was the loss of the papers which left him helpless to openly resist the claim being made upon him on behalf of the mysterious Phyllis. His only hope, therefore, lay in recovering these; but, with time limited, he had been sent back on a wild goose chase, while Keith alone knew, with any degree of positiveness, where those documents really were. Hawley certainly had them in his possession the day before, for he had taken them to Miss Maclaire to thus convince her as to the truth of his statements. And Hawley was still in Sheridan. However, it was not likely the man would risk carrying documents of such value, and documents connecting him so closely with that murder on the Santa Fe Trail, about upon his person. At best, life was cheap in that community, and Black Bart must possess enemies in plenty. Yet if not on his person—where? Scott was only a tool, a mere ignorant desperado, not to be trusted to such a degree—yet apparently he was the only one working with the gambler in this deal, the only one cognizant as to his plans. Christie—Keith came to a stop in the street at the recurrence of the woman's name. Why not? If she had been convinced. If she really believed that these papers proved her right to both property and parentage, then she would guard them as a tigress does her young. And Hawley would know that, and must realize they would be far safer in her hands than in his pocket.

Still wrestling with the intricate problem, Keith entered the dining-room, and weaved his way, as usual, through the miscellaneous crowd, toward the more exclusive tables at the rear. A woman sat alone at one of these, her back toward the door. His first thought was that it must be Hope, and he advanced toward her, his heart throbbing. She glanced up, a slight frown wrinkling her forehead, and he bowed, recognizing Christie Maclaire.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Chance Conversation.

The opportunity thus so unexpectedly afforded was not one to be wasted, and Keith accepted it with swift determination. The expression in the woman's face was scarcely one of welcome, yet his purpose was sufficiently serious to cause him to ignore this with easy confidence in himself.

"I am, indeed, most fortunate to discover you alone, Miss Maclaire," he said, avoiding her eyes by a swift glance over the table, "and evidently at a time when you are only beginning your meal. May I join you?"

She hesitated for an instant, debating with herself, and as quickly deciding on disagreeable tactics.

"I presume this is a public table, and I consequently have little choice in the matter, if you insist," she replied, her voice more civil than her words. "Still, Mr. Keith, I am not accustomed to associating with criminals."

He smiled, holding his temper in check, more than ever determined to win.

"Then, possibly, you may rather welcome a new diversion. I can assure you our criminals out here are the most interesting portion of our population. I wish I might have your permission."

Standing there before her, bareheaded, his slightly tanned face strong and manly, his gray eyes filled with humor, Miss Maclaire recognized again that he was not of the common herd, and the innate coquetry of her nature obtained mastery. What harm could it do for her to chat with him for half an hour? It was better than eating a lonely meal, and, besides, she might learn something of value to report to Hawley. Her own eyes brightened, the slight frown disappearing.

"You are certainly an illustration of your theory," she said pleasantly. "I shall have to say yes, but, really, I did not suppose you would enjoy being ranked among that class."

He drew out a chair, and sat down facing her, leaning slightly forward upon the intervening table.

"Nor would I, only I recognize you do not comprehend. The source of your information is a bit polluted, Miss Maclaire. There are those whose good opinion I do not seek, and you should not form your decisions on the unsupported testimony of a personal enemy."

"Oh, indeed," rather resenting the words, and already regretful of her compliance. "Surely I have as much reason to trust my informant as I have you. He, at least, has proven himself a friend."

"I wish I could feel as fully assured of that as you do," he returned honestly. "I would then have every temptation to meddle further taken away from me. Do you realize that my interest is very largely upon your account?"

"Oh, no," laughing. "I couldn't believe that. I—I have heard it whispered it might be because of the other girl."

"The other girl!" In complete surprise at this swift return.

"Yes, sir," conscious of having attained the upper hand. "Miss Hope Waite."

"Some more of Mr. Hawley's fancies," he retorted, perplexed that so much should be suspected. "Have you seen her?"

"Why, of course. I am a woman, Mr. Keith, with all the natural curiosity of my sex. In this case I had special reason to be interested. One does not meet her counterpart every day."

"The resemblance between you is certainly most striking."

"Sufficiently so," she said slowly, her eyes on his face, "to abundantly confirm in my mind the truth of all that has been told me."

The waiter approached with the orders, and the two remained in silence until he had distributed his load upon the table, and departed. She was watching the face opposite through lowered lashes that veiled her eyes, his fault. He told me about his life, and it was very sad. He was driven from home when only a boy, and naturally drifted into evil company. His one ambition is to break away, and redeem himself. I am so anxious to help him, and wish you could realize his purpose, as I do, and become his friend. Won't you, for my sake? Why, even in this affair he has not the slightest mercenary purpose—he has only thought of what was rightfully mine."

Keith listened, feeling to the full the woman's earnestness, the impossibility of changing her fixed conviction. Hawley had planted his seed deep and well in fruitful soil.

"You make a strong and charming advocate, Miss Maclaire," he returned, feeling the necessity of saying something. "I should like to have you equally earnest on my side. Yet it will be hard to convince me that Black Bart is the paragon of virtue you describe. I wish I might believe for your sake. Did he also explain how he came into possession of these papers?"

"Oh, yes, indeed; there is no secret about that. They were entrusted to him by an old man whom he discovered sick in Independence, and who died in his rooms three years ago. Mr. Hawley has been searching ever since for the old man's granddaughter. It is remarkable how he was finally convinced that I was the one."

"A photograph, was it not?"

A gleam of sudden suspicion appeared in the brown eyes, a slight change in facial expression.

"That was a clue, yes, but far from being all. But why should I tell you this?—you believe nothing I say."

"I believe that you believe; that you are fully convinced of the justice of your claim. Perhaps it is just, but I am suspicious of anything which Bart Hawley has a hand in, Miss Christie, you really make me wish to retain your friendship, but I cannot do so if the cost includes faith in Hawley. Do you know that is not even his name—that he lives under an alias?"

"Is there anything strange in that out here?" she asked stoutly. "I told you how deeply he regretted his life; that alone would be sufficient cause for him to drop his family name. Did you ever learn his true name?"

He was not sure—only as Neb had reported; was Waite how he called the man, yet ventured a direct reply.

"Bartlett, I believe—he uses it now as a prefix."

"Hartlett!—Bartlett!" her hands clasping, and unclasping nervously. "Why, what a strange coincidence!"

"How? What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing," shutting her lips in vexation. "The name merely recalled something. But really, I must go, Mr. Keith, or I shall be late at the theater. You have not attended since I came?"

"No," arising from the table with her. "However, I have heard you sing before, and hope I may again."

"How tenderly you dwell on that word 'hope,'" she said banteringly, "it almost makes me envious."

"Your resemblance almost makes me forget."

"But not quite?"

"No, not quite," he confessed, smiling back into her quizzing eyes.

They went out into the hall together, only to meet with Doctor Fairbain at the door. The latter stared at the two with some embarrassment, for a moment forgetful of his purpose. His gaze settled on the face of the lady.

"Always getting you two mixed," he blurted forth. "Never saw such resemblance—positively uncanny—same hotel too means trouble—this Miss Waite?"

"No, Doctor; I am Miss Maclaire."

"Ought to have known it—if I knew as much about faces as I do about anatomy never would make such mistake—very sorry—what fooled me was seeing you with Keith—thought he was after the other one—gay dog though—never satisfied—was hunting after you."

"After me?" evidently amused.

"Certainly—you—went to the room—then to the clerk—said you were in at supper—just occurred to me streets are bad at night—thought I'd ask you to let me escort you to theater and back—a bit of lunch later—" he glanced suspiciously at Keith—"probably got here too late."

"Well, really, you have, Doctor," she replied sweetly, veiling her eyes to hide their laughter. "But I can assure you it is not Mr. Keith," courtesying slightly to the latter, "for he has not honored me; we merely met by chance at the table. I am sure I should enjoy your company exceedingly, but to-night I must plead a previous engagement."

"Ah—ah, some other night?"

"With pleasure, yes."

The doctor faded away into the office, not wholly satisfied because Keith still lingered. Miss Christie extended her hand.

"Isn't he a funny man? But I do like him—someway I like so many people whom perhaps I ought not, including you, Mr. Jack Keith. Please think over what I told you about Mr. Hawley, won't you?"

"Certainly; you have given me food for thought. I presume he is to be your escort?"

She bowed, evidently resenting the question.

"Yes, and it may interest you to know that he has something of the utmost importance to tell me to-night—he has actually seen my guardian. Don't you wish you could be there?"

She gave him a tantalizing smile, withdrawing her hand, and running up the stairs before he could answer. Over the railing of the landing she glanced down, and then disappeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"I Like Many People Whom Perhaps I Ought Not, Including You, Mr. Jack Keith."

Real Estate Exchange

OF WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL

Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

The following is a partial list of Farms, City and Village Lots, and Real Estate generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request that parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list.

201

Fine two-story residence on Maple Ave., corner of High St.; 50 feet front, 125 feet deep; hot water heater, hot and cold bath, toilet, city gas, city water—every convenience; one of the most desirable class of city residences. Cement walk all around. Best neighborhood in town. House would cost at least $2,000 to build today; ask anyone to build it for them. You see we have a house for $2,000, and have your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences; 66 feet on Maple Ave., west side of Woodward Ave.; eight rooms, hardwood finish; lot 56x100; plenty of fruit. You could not buy such a 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 $2,000 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 let a purchaser have this place for $2,500, but—whisper!—we really think $1,500 in spot cash will buy it. Make us an offer if you like, and we will do our best for the rest of it.

282

Lot 4 in Block 7, Campbell's Subdivision, Birmingham; 66 feet on Maple; 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 the electric line; hot water, cellar, cistern; lot 59 feet front and 120 feet deep. Owner says $2,600, but will sell for $2,100.

297

Without exception, the finest farm for stock raising and dairying or farming in the county. On the line of the Rochester electric, 18 miles from Detroit; two flowing wells, a spring of pure water, and pure spring water furnishing an abundance of water for clean cow barn, nine-room house, new silo, barn 74x10, accommodation for 50 head of cattle on cement floor and stable, milk house with running well, 15 acres timber, 345 rods new wire fence on four cedar posts, 142 acres of black loam land, and not a foot of waste land; pretty little creek runs through the 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 orchard; building in good repair; 2½ miles from electric in Village of Franklin, prettiest village in Michigan. All ready for an enterprising blacksmith and wagonmaker to make a good living in a prosperous farming community. Best of reasons for selling, and $2,000 cash will buy it right off the bat.

303

One of the nicest lots on the Buell Addition. Corner 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, hot and cold water, electric lights—all modern conveniences; two-story, up-to-date residence, nine rooms; cement walks; fine 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 for the conditions existing, but that's good fortune and not 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 raise a living and something besides. Wealthy farming community, and a good country trade has been done in the same location. 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, woodshed, ice house. Not a foot of 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 and hickory. Two 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, new ten-room brick house with furnace, two neat flowing wells in the country; basement barn 30x80, nearly new; barn house with cement floor, corn crib, horse barn, hay shed, tool house, etc. Not a foot of waste land, and well known for its productiveness and richness of soil. 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 apples, peach orchard; soil sandy loam. And listen here! $2,800 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; 100 acres orchard—apple, pear and peach; fifteen acres timber; soil a gravelly loam and very productive. Price cannot be less than $100 per acre, and land 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. Only two lots on streets, and can be adapted to the building of two houses. Will sell them at 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, 120x160 feet on corner in best part of Birmingham; twelve rooms, bath, set tubs, hot and cold water, range. Two blocks from the electric. Price $5,000; terms easy. Plenty of fruit. One of the best equipped homes in the village. Hurry up before he plants his garden.

336

Twenty-five acres, 1½ miles from Rochester electric line; small house, barn, two sheds; excellent land in high state of cultivation; easy terms. Price $2,500.

339

Five desirable lots on Woodward Ave., running back to frontage on street one block from Woodward Ave., nine-room house, water-closet, city water, good cellar. Plenty of room for garden and chickens. Terms very easy indeed, and the price so low we are ashamed to tell it. Call and see us and make us an offer. Terms easy.

347

Forty acres just outside of the corporate limits of Birmingham. Rich loamy land, two acres of orchard, nine first-class buildings which could not be built for $8,000; four-room house, bath, toilet, range—every convenience of city; city water. Just what you want. Will take you to investigate. 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 134 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 see if you can dicker it out. Isn't that honest and square?

350

A classic among the farms. 166 acres half a mile from Birmingham and ten rods from the electric, just on the edge of the Bloomfield Hills district. Pretty little stream, no waste land, and plenty of shade. Fine stone and cement house and ample barns; well fenced and the most productive land in the country. Will sell with or without personal property. 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. Within one immediate vicinity has sold this season for $200.00 to $1,000 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 of Birmingham—they wouldn't suit you if there were any. Well fenced, no waste land, on four corners. In excellent neighborhood. Five and one-half acres, nearly, and can be bought right.

354

One of the best equipped and loveliest little farms on our list. Forty-seven acres, 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 places 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 most desirable locations in this county of fine farms. Six good buildings in very good shape, five acres of excellent orchard, twenty acres of timber, two sets of buildings, and the farm can be divided so that each part would be cared for in this respect. Rich sandy soil, and not a waste acre on the 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 rebuilt, good fences; most 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, hardwood finish, cement walk, storm house, fine location; lot 230 feet deep. House cost $2,500 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. Will look over with us and look the place over some of these fine mornings. Come on!

360

New house on Merrill St., one block from postoffice and electric; eight rooms, bath, closet, hot and cold water, furnace, hardwood finish, cement walk, fine shade; lot 40x103, 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 of peaches. 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, 103 feet deep, seven room house, city water, fine well, good cellar; beautiful maple trees for shade and usual amount of fruit. Only five thousand dollars will handle it, and the rest on easy terms and long time.

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. Not a mile! 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 to Detroit. Say, what do you think of that? 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, seven rooms, bath, electric light, fine cellar, excellent drainage, neighborhood the best, 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 oak 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 want us to 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. Is 3½ miles from Detroit, 2½ miles from thriving village. Fourteen acres of fine timber, and not a stick of old-fashioned timber! Look it over with us and see if we haven't told you things just as they are.

372

Here's another Southfield farm. And the price is very low, too. Only sixty-two and one-half dollars per acre. Nine-room house, underground stable and barn, two wells, four acres of timber, three acres of good orchard, three miles from electric; terms easy and we will take you to investigate. Cost us or any other property we may have on our list a thing to make you pay 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, and a rich loam, fine large orchard of best varieties of apples, peaches, etc., and 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 house 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 land, thirteen acres timber, sixteen acres good orchard, eight buildings, all rated at $7,500, no marsh or swamp, good fences, in the Village of Birmingham on Woodward Ave., all in a high state of cultivation, and the price for one hundred and twenty-five dollars per acre. That is a very reasonable price when you consider that land right in the village 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 or to get a big farm. Eighty-five acres, eighty 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 high ground. Two thousand dollars cash will buy it and the balance on such terms the price can be paid on the easiest terms you could ask for, and if interested—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. Will sell cheap 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., 66 feet front and 135 feet deep. Fine location for nice residence; excellent neighborhood; $500.

379

Well, now! Look at this. A fine farm of one hundred and twenty acres, with good cement block barn, 32x33, comfortable eight-room house, 1,200 peach, apple and plum trees, ten acres pear and quince trees, raspberries and 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 hog pen, corn crib, sheep and lambs, horse and 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, fireplace, mantels, etc., located in town; lot 125 feet front and 330 feet deep; good shade trees and other buildings. Didn't know that it could be bought at any price, but circumstances alter cases, and this place can be bought for much less than it cost, and you know property hasn't been depreciating in value in Birmingham of late. And this may not be office. Ask us about it, talk it over with the owner about it. Go and look the premises over and—that will probably settle it.

381

Yep! Here's the chicken farm you have been looking after. Seven and one-half acres in Troy, near the electric. Ten-room house, toilet, bath, Peninsular furnace, gratex, manufactured electric light, flowing well, chicken houses, barn, good drainage, sixty fruit trees just coming into bearing. Here is cents to City Hall. There is a mortgage for about one-third of the value of the place, which can run. The balance is to know property hasn't been depreciating in value in Birmingham of late. And this may not be office. Ask us about it, talk it over with the owner about it. Go and look the premises over and—that will probably settle it.

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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 a little cake o' soap all that goes with this fit-out?" he inquired, indicating the cake in its nickel bracket.

"Why, yes," said the young woman. "One cake for each room, new for each guest, as nurse—"

"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 lose 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.

"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—

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

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