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 team at full gallop pursued by men on ponies. When Keith reaches the wagon the soldiers have massacred two men and departed. He searches the victims finding papers and a locket with a woman's portrait. Keith is arrested at Carson City, charged with the murder, his accuser being a ruffian named Black Bart. A negro companion in his cell named Neb tells him that he knew the Keiths in Virginia. Neb says one of the murdered men was John Sibley, the other Gen. Willis Wade, formerly a Confederate officer. The plainsman and Neb escape, and later the fugitives come upon a cabin and find the 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 ride for Fairbend, where the girl is left with the hotel landlady. Miss Hope tells that she is the daughter of General Wade. Keith and Neb drift into Sheridan, where Keith meets an old friend, Dr. Fairbairn. 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 Miss Waite, who was thought murdered, is at Sheridan, and the girl who says that her name is Christie Macklaire, the Carson City singer. Keith meets the real Christie Macklaire 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.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

"Miss Macklaire," he said, pleasantly, "I trust you will pardon all that has occurred between us, and permit me to explain."

"I—I do not understand," she replied, puzzled by these unexpected words. "There has nothing occurred between us, I am sure, which requires explanation. Have we met before?"

The man smiled. Seeing the woman's face in the shadows he was still convinced she was the same he had last parted with on the cliff path. However, if she preferred to ignore all that, and begin their relations anew, it was greatly to his liking. It gave him insight into her character, and fresh confidence that he could gain her assistance. Anyhow, he was ready enough to play her game.

"Let us assume not," just the slightest trace of mockery in the tone, "and begin anew. At least, you will confess the receipt of my letters—I am Bartlett Hawley."

She cast a half-frightened glance toward Keith, and the man, following the direction of her eyes, perceived the presence of the other. His right leg went backward, his hand dropping to the belt, his form stiffening at once. Keith's voice, low but clear in the silence, seemed to cut the air.

"Not a motion, Hawley! I have you covered."

"Oh, gentlemen, please don't!"

"There is no fear, Miss Macklaire; this man and I will settle our difference elsewhere, and not in your presence." He stepped forth into the middle of the room, revolver drawn, but held low at the hip, his watchful eyes never deserting the gambler's face.

"Back up against the wall, Hawley," he commanded. "I hardly need to tell you how I shoot, for we, at least, have met before. Now, I'm going out, and leave you to your interview with Miss Macklaire, and I wish you happiness and success."

He moved across to the opening, keeping his face toward his adversary; then backed out slowly, closed the door with a snap, and sprang aside to avoid any possibility of a bullet crashing after him. No sound of movement from within reached his ears, however, and he walked silently to the head of the stairs.

CHAPTER XXIII.

An Unexpected Meeting.

Keith paused at the landing, looking down into the deserted office, almost tempted to return and force Hawley into a confession of his purpose. It was easy for him to conceive what would be the final result of this interview between the artistic gambler and Miss Macklaire. In spite of the vague suspicion of evil which the plainsman had implanted within the woman's mind, the other possessed the advantage, and would certainly improve it. All conditions were decidedly in his favor. He merely needed to convince the girl that she was actually the party sought, and she would go forward, playing the game he desired, believing herself right, totally unconscious of any fraud. The very simplicity of it rendered the plot the more dangerous, the more difficult to expose. Hawley had surely been favored by fortune in discovering this singer who chanced to resemble Hope so remarkably, and who, at the same time, was in such ignorance as to her own parentage. She would be ready to grasp at a straw, and, once persuaded as to her identity and legal rights, could henceforth be trusted implicitly as an ally.

Realizing all this, and comprehending also how easily Hawley would win her confidence and overcome his warning by denouncing him as a fugitive from justice charged with murder, the temptation to return and fight it out then and there became almost overpowering. He had no fear of Hawley; indeed, physical fear had scarcely a place in his composition, but he was not as yet sufficiently fortified with facts for the seeking of such an encounter.

A man came in through the office, and began climbing the stairs. He was almost at the landing before Keith recognized him or the other glanced up.

"Ah—seen her, I suppose?"

"Yes," returned Keith, not thinking it worth while to mention the lady's denial of having sent for him. "I have just come from there."

"Hum—thought you'd be through by this time—fine looking girl, ain't she? —believe I'll run in and chat with her myself."

"I would advise you to select some other time, Doctor," said the younger, drily, "as the lady has a visitor at present."

"A visitor?" his face rosy, his shrewd eyes darkening. "Ah, indeed! Of the male sex?"

"I judge so—Black Bart' Hawley."

"Good Lord!" so startled his voice broke. "Did he see you?"

"Rather; I backed him up against the wall with a gun while I made my adieu."

"But what brought him there? Are they acquainted?"

"Don't ask conundrums, Doctor. He may be your rival with the fair lady for all I know. If he is, my sympathies are all with you. Only I wouldn't try to see Miss Christie just now; I'd wait for a clearer field. Hawley is probably not in the best of humor."

Fairbain stared into the face of the speaker, uncertain whether or not he was being laughed at.

"Reckon you're right," he acknowledged at last. "Tired, anyhow—been out all night—thought I'd like to see her again, though—finest looking woman I've met since I came West—remarkable eyes—well, I'll go along to bed—see you again to-morrow, Jack."

Keith watched the sturdy figure stamp heavily down the hall-way, loose boards creaking under his positive tread, and smiled to himself at the thought that he might have, indeed, become truly interested in the music hall singer. Somehow, the doctor did not harmonize with the conception of love, or fit graciously into the picture. Still, stranger matings had occurred, and Cupid does not ask permission before he plays pranks with hearts. Keith turned again toward the stairs, only to observe a woman slowly cross the office and commence the ascent. She was in the shadow, her face even more deeply shaded by her hat, yet he stared at her in amazement—surely, it was Miss Macklaire! Yet how could it be? He had left that person scarcely five minutes before in "26," and this stairway was the only exit. His hand grasped the rail, his heart throbbing strangely, as a suspicion of the truth crossed his brain. Could this be Hope? Could it be that she was here also? As her foot touched the landing, she saw him, her eyes lighting up suddenly in recognition, a wave of color flooding her cheeks.

"Why, Captain Keith," she exclaimed, extending her gloved hand frankly, "you have been to my room, and were going away. I am so glad I came in time."

"I hardly thought to meet you," he replied, retaining her fingers in his grasp. "When did you reach Sheridan?"

"Only last night. I had no idea you were here until Doctor Fairbain chanced to mention your name. Then I at once begged him to tell you how exceedingly anxious I was to see you. You see, I was sure you would come if you only knew. I really thought you would be here this morning, and remained in my room waiting, but there were some things I actually had to have. I wasn't out ten minutes, so you mustn't think I sent you a message and then forgot."

The nature of the mistake was becoming apparent, and Keith's gray eyes smiled as they looked into the depths of the brown.

"Your message had rather an amusing result," he said, "as the doctor informed me that Miss Christie Macklaire was the one who desired my presence."

"Miss Macklaire!" her voice exhibiting startled surprise. "Why—why—oh, I did forget; I never told him differently. Why, it was most ridiculous." She laughed, white teeth gleaming between the parted red lips, yet not altogether happily. "Let me explain, Captain Keith, for really I have not been masquerading. Doctor Fairbain and I arrived upon the same train last evening. He is such a funny man, but was very nice, and offered to escort me to the hotel. I remember now that although he introduced himself, I never once thought to mention to him my name. The town was very rough last night—the company had paid off the graders I was told—and there was no carriage, so we were compelled to walk. I—I never saw such a mob of drunken men. One came reeling against me, and brushed aside my veil so as to see my face. The doctor struck him, and then the marshal came up—you know him, Bill Hickock—and the impudent fellow actually declared he knew me, that I was Christie Macklaire. I tried to explain, but they hurried me on through the crowd to the hotel, and I became confused, and forgot. Do you suppose they registered me by that name?"

"Quite likely; at least Fairbain still believes it was the Christie whom he so gallantly escorted last night."

"How provoking," her foot tapping the floor, a little wrinkle between her eyes. "It seems as though I couldn't escape that woman—does she really look like me?"

"At a little distance, yes," he admitted, "her form and face resemble yours very closely, but her hair is darker, her eyes have a different expression, and she must be five or six years older."

"Do—do you know her well?"

"No, indeed; I have seen her several times on the stage, but never met her until a few moments ago."

"A few moments ago! Do you mean she is here in this hotel?"

"Yes, I hope, and that was what made the mistake in names so laughable. Fairbain gave me your message, but as coming from Christie. I was, of course, greatly surprised, yet responded. The lady very promptly denied having sent for me, but as I was anxious to interview her myself, we managed to drift into conversation, and I must have passed a half hour there. I might have been there still, but for an interruption."

"Oh, indeed!" with rising inflection. He glanced quickly about, reminded of the situation.

"Yes, Hawley came in, and I would prefer not to meet him here, or have him discover you were in Sheridan. Could we not go to your room? I have much to tell you."

Her wounded eyes left his face, and stared down over the rail. A heavily built man, with red moustache, leaned against the clerk's desk.

"Do you know that man?" she asked quickly. "He followed me all the time I was shopping. I—I believe he is the same one who jostled me in the crowd last night."

Keith leaned past her to get a better view, but the fellow turned, and slouched away.

"I only had a glimpse, but have no recollection of ever seeing him before. You heard no name?"

"'Wild Bill' called him either Scott, or Scotty—if this is the same man."

Keith's jaw set, the fighting light burning in his eyes. That was the name of the fellow rooming with Willoughby, the one who seemed to be Wiley's special assistant.

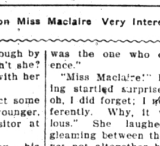
"A mere accident probably; but about my request? May I talk with you a few moments alone?"

She bowed, apparently still dissatisfied regarding his lengthy conversation with Christie, yet permitted him to follow down the hall. She held open the door of "15," and he entered silently, not wholly understanding the change in her manner. She stood before the dresser, drawing off her gloves and removing her hat.

"Will you be seated, Captain; the arm-chair by the window is the more comfortable." She turned toward him, almost shyly, yet with womanly curiosity which would not be stifled. "Was your call upon Miss Macklaire very interesting? Did you admire her very much?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Was Your Call Upon Miss Macklaire Very Interesting?"



Little Wars of the French

They Have Two Campaigns on Hand at Present That May Last for Years.

While the war in Morocco calls for 30,000 men, France still has two other little wars on her hands with no prospects of complete pacification within three or four years.

The latest news from Wadai in the heart of Sudan shows that in February the negro tribes affiliated with the Senoussia were still fighting fiercely, despite invariable and severe losses.

A serious encounter took place on February 7 in Darkouti, just occupied by the French under Colonel Largeau. On the previous day a large caravan from Mecca, in connivance with the Senoussian chief, Allan Djabou, presented itself at the intrenched port at N'dele, professing a peaceful attitude.

At three o'clock in the morning the tribesmen, approaching under cover of the caravan, opened a furious fire on the French and their native allies. The battle lasted until eight, when the attack broke up in a panic. Allah Djabou was shot in the leg. He left 50 dead on the field and carried off hundreds of wounded.

This is a sample of a dozen combats recorded in brief dispatches in the French papers. Reenforcements are now moving in from the coast to join Largeau. They should reach him about the middle of August. He will then have 1,200 men, and it is believed he will soon be able to pacify central Africa and end the pernicious activities of the Senoussia.

The other troubled region is on the ivory coast. The tribes living near the Liberian frontier have recently been brought into order after a campaign of six weeks in which they lost heavily, while the French had seven men wounded.

France has 2,400 native troops under French officers operating in the region, and expects to have it reduced to order in three years. So far 40,000 guns have been captured from natives and destroyed.

His Efforts Unappreciated

Charles H. Sherrill, minister to the Argentine Republic, who has been in the United States telling business organizations about the opportunities to get wealthy from trade with South America, received a call from a middle-aged woman who approached him in a western city with the statement: "I am going to assist you in your work." "Yes?" said Mr. Sherrill. "I am going to take some of these lecture dates off your hands and give them myself. By the way, how much do you get a night for them?" Mr. Sherrill related with a directness which carried conviction that he did not get a red cent and paid his expenses besides. "Well," said the caller, in great anger, "as she flounced to the door, "I thought you were a business man, but it seems that you are only doing a great injury to the lecture market in this section."

Her Way.

Mrs. Woggs—So you keep your husband home evenings? I suppose you put his slippers where he can find 'em?

Mrs. Boggs—No; I put his overshoes where he can't.—Puck.

Met His Match.

Alkali Ike—They have just taken Roaring Bill to the hospital.

Pistol Pete—What happened to him?

Alkali Ike—He tried to break up a suffragist meeting.—Judge.

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, 123 feet deep; hot and cold water, bath, toilet, city gas, city water—every convenience found in the best class of a modern home. 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 $2,000, and have your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within 300 feet of the west city limits. Contains 7 rooms, with hardwood finish; lot 5x180; plenty of fruit. You could not build the house for $3,600, 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. There goes with about one acre of good garden with a substantial barn, two blocks from electric. Owner has decided to go west and will sell at a sacrifice. His price is $2,000, but—whisper!—we really think $1,500 in spot cash will buy it. Make 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, insured for $850; fine location; price $1,100. Neat, cozy little home for some one who can readily 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; 50 feet front and 132 feet deep. Cost owner $2,600, but will sell for $2,100.

297

Without exception, the finest farm for stock raising or high-class farming in the county. On line of the Detroit Interurban electric, 18 miles from Detroit; two flowing wells, good of nearly an acre of pure, spring water furnishing an abundance of pure, clean ice; nine-room house, new silo, 12x40, accommodation for 30 head of cattle in cement floor stable, milk house with flowing well, 12 acres timber, 2,440 rods new wire fence with cedar posts, 142 acres of black loam land, and not a foot of waste land; pretty little creek runs through farm. Nothing finer on our list, and less than $100 per acre will buy it, on easy terms. There!

298

House, barn, wagon shop, blacksmith shop, two lumber sheds, 2½ acres, good land, fine orchard; buildings in good repair, 20 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, 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 a few days at $400, but surely appeal to any one—either for building purposes or an investment.

316

New brick house, two blocks from electric; bath, closet, furnace, city water, electric lights—all modern conveniences. Small, neat, cozy residence; nine rooms, cement walks; finest location in village. $2,700 gives this 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 prettiest residence parts of Birmingham, and would not be sold but for the conditions existing. Just the thing for your good fortune and no fault of the owner; and we will help you to find 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, 3 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 second-hand stock can be 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, 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, 40-ft. cement barns, woodshed, ice house, hog house, two hen houses, tool house; wind mill supplies best water. Water is also 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 electric on excellent gravel road, 160 acres, well fenced, and ten-room brick house with furnace, two neat flowing wells in dooryard, convenient 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 (adjoining) have sold for $150 per acre, but we will sell this for less.

324

Ninety-two acres a mile east of the electric; 75 acres under cultivation; five other buildings; two acres apple and peach orchard; soil sandy loam. And listen here, boys, it's for sale at a price balance of the purchase price can run on long time at low rate of interest. Let's look it over.

330

Fine farm of 230 acres, three miles from Birmingham; eleven-room house, six buildings, fine orchard, two acres apple, pear and peach; fifteen acres wood lot, all gravelly loam and very productive. Price considerably less than $100 per acre, and land in the immediate neighborhood has sold for double the price within the year.

331

House, barn, lot 60 feet front and 320 feet deep, on one of the most desirable locations in the village. Fronts on two streets, and can be adapted to the building of two more good residences on the same lot without crowding. At $1,500 you can't beat any money on this offering, with real estate going up all the time.

335

Will exchange for small farm near Birmingham, 180x103 on corner in the best part of Birmingham; twenty rooms, bath, water-closet, hot air furnace, range. Two blocks from the electric. Price $5,000; terms easy. Plenty of fruit. One of the best equipped homes in the village. Hurry up before he plants his garden.

336

Twenty-five acres, 1½ miles from Rochester electric line; small house, barn, nice shade; 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 barn 30x40. Plenty of room for garden and chickens; one of the best locations, and the price so low we are ashamed to tell it. Come and see us and make us an offer. Terms easy.

347

Forty acres just outside of the corporate limits of Birmingham. Rich loamy land, two acres of orchard, nine first-class buildings which could not be built for $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 138 feet deep. City water, eight-room new two-story house and good barn. Would exchange for almost anything. Let us know what you have to offer 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. 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, all fenced and the most productive land in the county. 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 branch of the River Rouge. With everchanging views, no waste land; good, new, comfortable buildings; land under high state of cultivation. Couldn't imagine any better place for an ideal country residence. Land in the immediate vicinity has sold this season for $200.00 to $1,000.00 per acre, and yet this can be bought for $2,500. 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; mile and a half from the village limits. No buildings—they wouldn't suit you if there were any. Well fenced, no waste land, on four corners, in excellent neighborhood. 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, hard and soft water, city water, half acre of beautiful grove of native trees, sixteen acres of best kind of fruits just coming into bearing, splendid new barn and carriage houses, just outside the village limits. Altogether the finest place in the vicinity, about twenty rods from the electric—and it can be bought for less than the buildings cost. Let's you and I go and look at it at our expense.

355

A fine farm of two hundred and twenty-five acres only a mile and a half from the corporate limits of Birmingham and one of the very finest locations in this county of fine farms. Six good buildings in very good shape, five acres of excellent orchard, twenty acres of timber, two sets of buildings, and this farm can be divided so that each part 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 that is interesting, and if you prefer we will take you to see the place and let you make your own bargain.

356

One of the best of Bloomfield farms. Sixty-six acres, with good buildings, ten-room house, new barns recently rebuilt, good fences; finest little creek you ever saw runs through the place; three acres of fine orchard, plenty of shade, and the price is right. Take you to see it any time at all.

358

Fine new cement house on Woodward Ave., eight rooms, closet, bath, hot and cold water, furnace, porch, screens, storm house, fine location; lot 230 feet deep. House cost $3,500 to build, and a very little more would buy the whole business.

359

Eight-room, two-story house, on Middle St.; bath, closet, hot and cold water, Peninsular furnace, one block from the electric, nice shade, good neighborhood, quiet and clean. 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, 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 lakelet on the premises besides. Five acres grove, thirty acres timber, 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 shade trees, and a good and usual amount of fruit. Twenty-five hundred on easy terms will do the business. House would cost $3,000 to price to build. One of the best bargains on our list.

364

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 property for all kinds. Wait a minute! Stone house, two-story, six bedrooms, hot and cold water, furnace, hot and cold water, electric light. Stone stable and two other buildings; right on the electric. Don't you see what we 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 good house, one and one-half story house and barn, city water, electric light, fine cellar, excellent drainage with good soil, and the price is twenty-five hundred dollars, and the terms are very easy indeed.

368

Sixty acres of rich loamy land for Southfield twenty acres of sand and cut 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 rippling good farm for sixty dollars an acre, you would sit up and take notice, wouldn't you? Well, here it is. Eighty acres in the township of Southfield, barn cost $1,800, good well and cistern, never-failing stream runs through the farm. Good gravelly loam with clay sub-soil, seven acres of finest orchard, 3½ miles from electric, 1½ miles from thriving village. Fourteen acres of fine timber, the rest tree-real 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, only sixty-two and one-half dollars per acre. Nine-room house, underground stable and good barn, two wells, four acres of timber, three acres of good orchard, three miles from electric; terms easy and we will take you to see the owner of this or any other property in the market 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 shade, no waste land, and a good loam, fine large orchard of best kinds of apples, cherries, peaches, etc., within easy reach of Detroit over 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, no waste 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 dollars per acre. That is a very reasonable price when you consider that farms not as good have 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, 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 slight elevation. Seven thousand dollars cash will buy it and the balance at the purchase price will 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 room for a garden. No buildings. $1,500 will buy it if you have $1,000 to pay down—the rest can run on mortgage.

377

Vacant lot in Campbell Addition. Good location; new cement walk. Lot is 60x132 feet; can be bought right now for $175 cash.

378

Vacant lots on Southfield Ave., 99 feet front and 125 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 barns, block silo, comfortable six-room house, 1,200 bushels corn and potatoes, 300 bushels beans and oats, one-half acre potatoes, four acres of buttercup beans and—listen here, there are two good cement pits on the farm and it is only 220 rods from the D. U. R. line. Well, we're living in the cement block machine, 12 sheep, 8 lambs, horse rake, corn sower, mower, 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, hot and cold water, Peninsular furnace, grates, mantels, electric light, Bowker well, chicken houses, barn, good drainage, sixty fruit trees just coming into bearing. Price is cents to City Hall. There is a message for about one-third of the value of the place, which is less than it is, and you know property hasn't been depreciating in value in Birmingham of late. Now, if you feel pits on the fence over about it, talk to us and like over about it. Go and look the premises over and—that will probably settle it.

381

Yep! Here's that chicken farm you have been looking after. Seven and one-half acres in Troy, near the electric. Ten-room house, toilet, bath, Peninsular furnace, grates, mantels, electric light, Bowker well, chicken houses, barn, good drainage, sixty fruit trees just coming into bearing. Price is cents to City Hall. There is a message for about one-third of the value of the place, which is less than it is, and you know property hasn't been depreciating in value in Birmingham of late. Now, if you feel pits on the fence over about it, talk to us and like over about it. Go and look the premises over and—that will probably settle it.

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 make."

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 room and adjoining his bedroom, he spoke his word.

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

"Why, yes," said the young woman.

"One cake for each room, new for each guest, of course."

"Well, now, see here," said the captain, confidentially. "You and Eddy have got used to city ways, where it's all style, and save in what don't show; but let me tell you one thing, you're liable to have a good many folks from Marshby and all around, that 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, as 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.