The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, a fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. He tries to get work and fails. A former college chum makes a business proposition to Howard which requires $2,000 cash, and Howard is broke. Robert Underwood, who has been refused by Howard's wife, Annie, in his college days, and had once been engaged to Alicia, Howard's stepmother, has apartments at the Astoria. Howard decides to ask Underwood for the $2,000 he needs. Underwood, taking advantage of his intimacy with Mrs. Jeffries, becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character she denies him the house. Alicia receives a note from Underwood, threatening suicide. As dealers for whom he has been acting as commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard Jeffries calls an intoxicated condition. He asks Underwood for $2,000 and is told by the latter that he is in debt up to his eyes. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. A caller is announced and Underwood draws a screen around the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from him that he will not take his life, pointing to the chance that she would attach to herself. Underwood refuses to promise unless she will renew her patronage. The shot is heard and Underwood kills himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He comes over the dead body of Underwood. Realizing his predicament he attempts to flee and is met by Underwood's valet. Howard is turned over to the police.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"But what's the good of sitting here in this death house?" protested Howard. "Take me to the station if I must go. It's intolerable to sit any longer here."

The captain beckoned to Maloney. "Not so fast, young man. Before we go to the station we want to ask you a few questions. Don't we, Maloney?"

The sergeant came over, and the captain whispered something in his ear. Howard shivered. Suddenly turning to his prisoner, the captain shouted in the stern tone of command:

"Get up!"

Howard did as he was ordered. He felt he must. There was no resisting that powerful brute's tone of authority. Pointing to the other side of the table, the captain went on:

"Stand over there where I can look at you!"

The two men now faced each other, the small table alone separating them. The powerful electrolier overhead cast its light full on Howard's haggard face and on the captain's scowling features. Suddenly Maloney turned off every electric light except the lights in the electrolier, the glare of which was intensified by the surrounding darkness. The rest of the room was in shadow. One saw only these two figures standing vividly out in the strong light—the white-faced prisoner and his stalwart inquisitor, in the dark background stood Policeman Delaney. Close at hand was Maloney taking notes.

"You did it, and you know you did it!" thundered the captain, fixing his eyes on his trembling victim.

"I did not do it!" replied Howard slowly and firmly, returning the policeman's stare.

"You're lying!" shouted the captain.

"I'm not lying," replied Howard calmly.

The captain glared at him for a moment and then suddenly tried new tactics.

"Why did you come here?" he demanded.

"I came to borrow money."

"Did you get it?"

"No—he said he couldn't give it to me."

"Then you killed him."

"I did not kill him," replied Howard positively.

Thus the searching examination went on, mercilessly, tirelessly. The same questions, the same answers, the same accusations, the same denials, hour after hour. The captain was tired, but being a giant in physique, he could stand it. He knew that his victim could not. It was only a question of time when the latter's resistance would be weakened. Then he would stop lying and tell the truth. That's all he wanted—the truth.

"You shot him!"

"I did not."

"You're lying!"

"I'm not lying—it's the truth."

So it went on, hour after hour, relentlessly, pitilessly, while the patient Maloney, in the obscure background, took notes.

CHAPTER X.

The clock ticked on, and still the merciless browbeating went on. They had been at it now five long, weary hours. Through the blinds the gray daylight outside was creeping its way in. All the policemen were exhausted. The prisoner was on the verge of collapse. Maloney and Patrolman Delaney were dozing on chairs, but Capt. Clinton, a marvel of iron will and physical strength, never relaxed for a moment. Not allowing himself to weaken or show signs of fatigue, he kept pounding the sobbing youth with searching questions.

By this time Howard's condition was pitiable to witness. His face was white as death. His trembling lips could hardly articulate. It was with the greatest difficulty that he kept on his feet. Every moment he seemed about to fall. At times he clutched the table nervously, for fear he would stumble. Several times, through sheer exhaustion, he sat down. The act was almost involuntary. Nature was giving way.

"I can't stand 'any more," he murmured. "What's the good of all these questions? I tell you I didn't do it."

He sank helplessly on to a chair. His eyes rolled in his head. He looked as if he would faint.

"Stand up!" thundered the captain angrily.

Howard obeyed mechanically, although he reeled in the effort. To steady himself, he caught hold of the table. His strength was fast ebbing. He was losing his power to resist. The captain saw he was weakening, and he smiled with satisfaction. He'd soon get a confession out of him. Suddenly bending forward, so that his fierce, determined stare glared right into Howard's half closed eyes, he shouted:

"You did it and you know you did!"

"No—I—" replied Howard weakly.

"These repeated denials are useless!" shouted the captain. "There's already enough evidence to send you to the chair!"

Howard shook his head helplessly. Weakly he replied:

"This constant questioning is making me dizzy. Good God! What's the use of questioning me and questioning me? I know nothing about it."

"Why did you come here?" thundered the captain.

"I've told you over and over again. We're old friends. I came to borrow money. He owed me a few hundred dollars when we were at college together, and I tried to get it. I've told you so many times. You won't believe me. My brain is tired. I'm thoroughly exhausted. Please let me go. My poor wife won't know what's the matter."

"Never mind about your wife," growled the captain. "We've sent for her. How much did you try to borrow?"

Howard was silent a moment, as if racking his brain, trying to remember.

"A thousand—two thousand. I forget. I think one thousand."

"Did he say he'd lend you the money?" demanded the inquisitor.

"No," replied the prisoner, with hesitation. He couldn't—he—poor chap—he—"

"Ah!" snapped the captain. "He refused—that led to words. There was a quarrel, and—" Suddenly leaning forward until his face almost touched Howard's, he hissed rather than spoke: "You shot him!"

Howard gave an involuntary step backward, as if he realized the trap being laid for him.

"No, no!" he cried.

Quickly following up his advantage, Capt. Clinton shouted dramatically:

"You lie! He was found on the floor in this room—dead. You were trying to get out of the house without being seen. You hadn't even stopped to wash the blood off your hands. All you fellers make mistakes. You relied on getting away unseen. You never stopped to think that the blood on your hands would betray you!" Gently he added: "Now, come, what's the use of wasting all this time? It won't go so hard with you if you own up. You killed Robert Underwood!"

Howard shook his head. There was a pathetic expression of helplessness on his face.

"I didn't kill him," he faltered. "I was asleep on that sofa. I woke up. It was dark. I went out. I wanted to get home. My wife was waiting for me."

"Now I've caught you lying," interrupted the captain quickly. "You told the coroner you saw the dead man and feared you would be suspected of his murder, and so tried to get away unseen." Turning to his men, he added: "How is that, Maloney? Did the prisoner say that?"

The sergeant consulted his back notes, and replied:

"Yes, Cap, that's what he said."

Suddenly Capt. Clinton drew from his hip pocket the revolver which he had found on the floor near the dead man's body. The supreme test was about to be made. The wily police captain would now play his trump card. It was not without reason that his enemies charged him with employing unlawful methods in conducting his inquisitorial examinations.

"Stop your lying!" he said fiercely. "Tell the truth, or we'll keep you here until you do. The motive is clear. You came for money. You were refused, and you did the trick!"

Suddenly producing the revolver, and holding it well under the light, so that the rays from the electrolier fell directly on its highly polished surface, he shouted:

"Howard Jeffries, you shot Robert Underwood, and you shot him with this pistol!"

Howard gazed at the shining surface of the metal as if fascinated. He spoke not a word, but his eyes became riveted on the weapon until his face assumed a vacant stare. From the scientific standpoint, the act of hypnotism had been accomplished. In his nervous and overfatigued state, added to his susceptibility to quick hypnosis, he was now directly under the influence of Capt. Clinton's stronger will. He was completely receptive. The past seemed all a blur to his mind. He saw the flash of steel and the police captain's angry, determined-looking face. He felt he was powerless to resist that will any longer. He stepped back and gave a shudder, averting his eyes from the

"Why Did You Come Here?"

blinding steel. Capt. Clinton quickly followed up his advantage:

"You committed this crime, Howard Jeffries!" he shouted, fixing him with a stare. To his subordinate he shouted: "Didn't he, Maloney?"

"He killed him all right," echoed Maloney.

His eyes still fixed on those of his victim, and approaching his face close to his, the captain shouted:

"You did it, Jeffries! Come on, own up! Let's have the truth! You shot Robert Underwood with this revolver. You did it, and you can't deny it! You know you can't deny it! Speak!" he thundered. "You did it!"

Howard, his eyes still fixed on the shining pistol, repeated, as if reciting a lesson:

"I did it!"

Quickly Capt. Clinton signaled to Maloney to approach nearer with his note-book. The detective sergeant took his place immediately back of Howard. The captain turned to his prisoner:

"You shot Robert Underwood!"

"I shot Robert Underwood," repeated Howard mechanically.

"You quarreled!"

"We quarreled."

"You came here for money!"

"I came here for money."

"He refused to give it to you!"

"He refused to give it to me."

"There was a quarrel!"

"There was a quarrel."

"You drew that pistol!"

"I drew that pistol."

"And shot him!"

"And shot him."

Capt. Clinton smiled triumphantly.

"That's all," he said.

Howard collapsed into a chair. His head dropped forward on his breast, as if he were asleep. Capt. Clinton yawned and looked at his watch. Turning to Maloney, he said with a chuckle:

"By George, it's taken five hours to get it out of him!"

Maloney turned out the electric lights and went to pull up the window shades, letting the bright daylight stream into the room. Suddenly there was a ring at the front door. Officer Delaney opened, and Dr. Bernstein entered. Advancing into the room, he shook hands with the captain.

"I'm sorry I couldn't come before, captain. I was out when I got the call. Where's the body?"

The captain pointed to the inner room.

"In there."

After glancing curiously at Howard, the doctor disappeared into the inner room.

Capt. Clinton turned to Maloney.

"Well, Maloney, I guess our work is done here. We want to get the prisoner over to the station, then make out a charge of murder, and prepare the full confession to submit to the magistrate. Have everything ready by nine o'clock. Meantime, I'll go down and see the newspaper boys. I guess there's a bunch of them down there. Of course, it's too late for the morning papers, but it's a bully good story for the afternoon editions. Delaney, you're responsible for the prisoner. Better handcuff him."

The patrolman was just putting the manacles on Howard's wrists when Dr. Bernstein re-entered from the inner room. The captain hurried to him.

"Well, have you seen your man?" he asked.

The doctor nodded.

"Found a bullet wound in his head," he said. "Pleah all burned—must have been pretty close range. It might have been a case of suicide."

Capt. Clinton frowned. He didn't like suggestions of that kind after a confession which had cost him five hours' work to procure.

"Suicide?" he sneered. "Say, doctor, did you happen to notice what side of the head the wound was on?"

Dr. Bernstein reflected a moment.

"Ah, yes. Now I come to think of it, it was the left side."

"Precisely," sneered the captain. "I never heard of a suicide shooting himself in the left temple. Don't worry, doctor, it's murder, all right." Pointing with a jerk of his finger toward Howard, he added: "And we've got the man who did the job."

Officer Delaney approached his chief and spoke to him in a low tone. The captain frowned and looked toward his prisoner. Then, turning toward the officer, he said:

"Is the wife downstairs?"

The officer nodded.

"Yes, sir; they just telephoned."

"Then let her come up," said the captain. "She may know something."

Delaney returned to the telephone and Dr. Bernstein turned to the captain.

"Say what you will, captain, I'm not at all sure that Underwood did not do this himself."

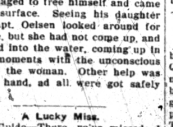
"Ain't-you? Well, I am," replied the captain with a sneer. Pointing again to Howard, he said:

"This man has just confessed to the shooting."

At that moment the front door opened and Annie Jeffries came in escorted by an officer. She was pale and frightened, and looked timidly at the group of strange and serious-looking men present. Then her eyes went round the room in search of her husband. She saw him seemingly asleep in an armchair, his wrists manacled in front of him. With a frightened exclamation she sprang forward, but Officer Delaney intercepted her. Capt. Clinton turned around angrily at the interruption.

"Keep the woman quiet till she's wanted!" he growled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Captain's Heroic Act.

Penned in the cabin of a canal boat that had sunk at its pier without warning at New York, the other day, the captain saved his invalid wife and 12-year-old daughter in a most remarkable manner. The hero of this exploit was James Oelsen, captain of the Josie B. With his wife and daughter he was at breakfast in the cabin of the boat, which was loaded with coal, when suddenly the craft gave a lurch, and the bottom like a shot. The captain acted instantly. He pushed his daughter through the cabin door and she rose to the surface. Then he started to help his wife out, but both became wedged in the door. He managed to free himself and came to the surface. Seeing his daughter safe Capt. Oelsen looked around for his wife, but she had not come up, and he dived into the water, coming up in a few moments with the unconscious form of the woman. Other help was now at hand, and all were got safely to land.

A Lucky Miss.

The Guide—There, ye've missed; I kin hear him makin' off through the bushes.

Young Hopeful—Well, it doesn't matter; it was probably only the lawyer. He was somewhere over in that direction, wasn't he?—Harper's Weekly.

As You Like It.

The aged, worn, and gulleless-looking individual sauntered up to the desk of the clerk in a southern hotel, and quavered, as he drew from his wallet a yellow bill, "Friend, will you kindly give me five silver dollars in exchange for this memento of the good old confederate days?"

The clerk glanced quickly at the proffered bill, smiled to himself, tossed it into the drawer, and counted out the five dollars. When the guileless looking individual had gone, the clerk examined the bill he had just taken in. He found that it was, or was not, a good U. S. bill. Either way you take it, it makes a story. It has never been decided which is the better way.—Puck.

Remarkable Surgical Operation.

A remarkable surgical operation has been performed by Dr. Morrison, at Queen's hospital, Birmingham, upon a man named Charles Endall, who had been suffering from a stricture of the gullet caused by having taken sulphuric acid in mistake for whisky. The man's throat having been closed, a new permanent mouth was opened in his side, through which he was fed by means of a tube. He gained weight, and was able to leave the institution, but gave way to drink, and died from exhaustion through stricture, hastened by bronchitis.

BALDWIN PUBLIC LIBRARY

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.

5

Elegant house, and lot 66 feet front by 20 rods deep (1½ acres) on East Maple Ave. Fine barn and every modern convenience—furnace, bath, closet, etc. Can be bought for what the buildings alone cost. Only reason for disposal property for portion of the purchase price

180

Farm in Avon township; 85 acres of good clay loam; all cleared; small orchard, no buildings; small amount down. For sale, or exchange for small farm.

195

Fifteen acres in Township of Royal Oak, no buildings; finely grove of oaks; plenty pretty feature; new land, well drained, clay bottom; black top soil; corner of the Middle and Campbell roads, ¼-mile east of electric road; Adjoins Hudson and Duffield tracts, which are held at $500 per acre; 1½ miles north of State Fair grounds. Price $200 an acre; will exchange for Detroit property.

201

Fine two-story residence on Maple Ave., corner of High St.; 50 feet front, 125 feet deep; hot-water heater, hot and cold baths, city water, gas, and every convenience found in the best homes. Built to sell (the owner built it, cost $200); and best neighborhood in town. House would cost at least $4,000 to build to-day, and we can build it for less and see what they say. You can buy this place for $2,000, and take your own way about payments. Ask for the man at the bank.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within 200 feet of the west side of Woodward Ave.; eight rooms, hot-water heater, bath, closet, lot full of fruit. You could not build the house for $3,000, and this we ask you for the premises. Well worth looking at.

244

If you could buy an acre and a quarter of land with a brick house equipped with bath and cold water, hot-water closet, furnace and every possible convenience, and chicken house, with plenty of fruit and cement walks—and the house alone cost $4,000—for $2,000 on easy terms, would call it a snap, wouldn't you? Well, we can do it. Come on and we'll show you.

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 sell at a sacrifice. His price is $2,500, but—whisper—we really think $2,200 will cause a sale. Will keep 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 $950. Fine location; price $1,400. Nice cozy little house for some one with enough cash to make a small first payment.

283

Lots 22 and 23, Buell's Addition; one of the best locations in the whole plat; can be had cheap for $1000, and can get them by paying only $25, and the balance on land contract with easy payments.

296

Nice eight-room house, built last year, in Village of Royal Oak, one block from both electric railways; cellar, cistern, pump, sink, etc.; lot 50 feet front and deep. Cost owner $2,600, but will sell for $2,400.

297

Without exception, the finest farm for stock raising or high-class farming in the county. On the line of the Rochester electric, is miles from Detroit; has flowing wells, pond of nearly an acre of pure spring water furnishing an abundance of pure clean, free, nine-room house, new barn, 60x70, accommodation for 30 head of cattle in cement-floor stable with mows; will sell with or without 25 acres timber. Farm is under fence with cedar posts, 112 acres of black loam land, and not a foot of waste land; pretty little creek runs through farm, furnishing fine pasture. Just what you want. Will sell in parcels if necessary. Best farm $100 per acre will buy it, on easy terms. There!

298

House, barn, wagon shop, blacksmith shop, implement sheds, 10 acres of land, the orchard, buildings in good repair, all for $3,000. On the line of the Detroit & Franklin, prettiest village in Michigan. Good opening for a man handy at blacksmithing and wagonmaker to make and repair. Doing a prosperous farming community. Best of terms for anything 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 $1,000, 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, furnace, city water, electric lights—all modern conveniences. Lot 50 feet front and 150 feet deep; nine rooms, cement walks; finest location in village. $2,700 gives the fortunate purchaser who will take it, and no grumbling. Terms easy and long time to the right kind of a purchaser.

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 but for the condition of the owner's health. Your good fortune and no fault of the house or lot 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 combined, two buildings; fine chance for some one with small capital, willing to work and labor, to make a living and something besides. Wealthy community to draw from, and a good country trade has been done in the same locality. The price is $1,600 and the terms can be made easy for any one who will pay enough to secure loan. Two blocks from electric car; seven-room house, good cellar, fine well, good brick cistern. Particulars for the asking.

321

Fine farm of 80 acres in the midst of the Bloomfield Hills; a little over a mile from the electric, nearly all Page fence, eight-room stone and brick house, barns, woodshed, ice house, hog house, two-room tenant 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. 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 new electric on excellent gravel road, 160 acres, well fenced, and ten-room brick house with furnace; two good flowing wells in the country; basement barn 30x80, nearly new; hen house with cement floor, corn crib, horse barn, hay shed, tool house. Not a foot of waste land, and well known for its productiveness; fully drained by best tile. Farms in the immediate neighborhood (adjoining) are 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 apple and peach orchard; all fenced; about 15 acres timber. Can be divided into two farms. Price $2,500 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.

325

Eight and one-half acres just outside of the corporate limits of Royal Oak Village. An acre of fruit trees; ten-room house—bath, toilet, cellar, hot-water heater, all conveniences. Price $4,750, or would trade for Birmingham property. All ready for a country home after your own heart.

329

Nine farm of 32½ acres, three miles from Birmingham; seven-room house, six buildings, twenty acres orchard—apple, peach and cherry; fifteen acres timber; soil a 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 past year.

330

Fine farm of 32½ acres, three miles from Birmingham; seven-room house, six buildings, twenty acres orchard—apple, peach and cherry; fifteen acres timber; soil a 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 past year.

331

House, barn, lot 50 feet front and 320 feet deep, on one of the most desirable streets in the village. Fronts on two streets, and one is shaded by a fine row of trees. Two good residences on the same lot as this. Owner must sell at once, and 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, 100x132 ft. corner in the best part of Birmingham; twelve rooms, bath, hot-water heat, all modern; fine range. Two blocks from the electric. Price $6,000; terms easy. Plenty of room to build another good house on this lot in the village. Hurry up before he plasters his garden.

336

Twenty-five acres 1½ miles from Dearborn; electric line, small house, running water, 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, waterworks, 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 sell it. Come and see us and make us an offer. Terms easy.

344

New modern house—two-story and attic; lot 50x132 on corner of Maple Ave. City water, electric lights, Peninsular hot-air furnace, fireplace, laundry, bath, closets, hot and cold water—every possible convenience, and owing to the owner being compelled to change his residence, we will sell at greatly less than cost. Will cost you nothing to investigate—and the price is right.

347

Forty acres just outside of the corporate limits of Birmingham. Rich loamy land, two acres of orchard, nine-year-old frame buildings which could not be built for $5,000; consist of seven-room house, bath, toilet, range—every convenience of a city water. Just what you want. Costs nothing to investigate. That's what we're here for. Let us take you to see it.

348

House and two lots, two blocks from electric in Birmingham, 132 feet front and 188 feet deep. City water, eight-room house, two-story frame 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 two 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 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 overhanging elms; no waste land; good, new, comfortable buildings. Land under high state of cultivation. Couldn't imagine any better location for an ideal country residence. Land in the immediate vicinity sells at from $500.00 to $1,000.00 per acre, and yet this can be bought for $7,500. That's cheek, 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—they wouldn't suit you if there were any. Well fenced, and 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 seven-house-ten rooms, furnace, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, in fact, half and more than half 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. Although within the limits of the village, about twenty rods from the electric—and it can be had for less than the buildings cost. Lets 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 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 rared for to his respect. Rich loam land. Well watered; no waste land. Farms not as good have sold in this vicinity for fifty dollars per acre—not more than we ask for the place. Full description on application, 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-odd acres and good buildings, ten-room house, basement barns recently rebuilt, good fences; finest little creek in the county runs through the place; three acres of fine orchard, plenty of shade and the price 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, storm house, fine location; lot 230 feet front. 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, in good neighborhood, quiet and clean. Walk over with us and look into the matter 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 66 feet front and deep. Price $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

A beautiful location on Pine Lake with a small lake front; fine shade, high and dry; a few rods from the electric cars; 4 acres of fruit, 2 acres in farm, will leave fruit; price $2,000. Five acres more adjoining, if desired, at $200 per acre.

362

House and two lots on Militia street, half block from electric, eighty feet front, 132 deep; house has two rooms, city water, fine well, good cellar, house in good repair; lots set to a large amount of fruit. Twenty-five hundred dollars will buy this well situated home. House would cost the additional to build. One of the best bargains we have on list.

364

Very desirable vacant lot on Pleasant Addition, 50 feet frontage on Woodward Ave., by 132 feet deep. On this nice place for suburban residence for party with small means. Two hundred and twenty-five dollars will buy it, and one hundred dollars down will clinch it.

365

Eight-acre farm in Southfield, eight buildings, well worth $4,500; two acres good orchard, balance fine, productive sandy, with clay in low places; all tillable; about one acre and enough cash to secure will leave on mortgage for term. Four miles from Grand River line, and a few rods. The price farms are bringing in this locality ought to make this number attractive.

369

Listen Here! Five acres and more than forty rods from corner in the corporation line, on Woodward Ave. Price, per acre, half fifteen cents. Almost ready to buy. It only costs a dime to look at this piece. Plenty of fruit—all kinds. Want a minute? Sound yes! Five acres, 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 want? Come and see us. Better yet, if you doubt it ask Whitehead at the First National Bank.

367

Half a block from the electric, just outside of the limits and inside the limits of land with plenty of fruit, good two-story house and barn, city water, electric light, the cellar, excellent drainage, good neighborhood and the price is twenty-five hundred dollars, and the terms are very easy indeed.

368

Sixty acres of rich loamy land in Southfield, twenty acres of good timber, forty acres tillable. Price, one hundred dollars per acre. No buildings or orchard. Right on and close to the electric. Prefer to sell for cash, but would entertain a proposition to trade for Detroit improved, that preferred.

369

New little seven-room house, two story, with good cellar, cistern, stone sluice and good little stable; one block from the electric; one of the most popular portions of the village. $2,000.

370

Forty-five acres farm in the township of Royal Oak, just north of Campbell's strip. Rich loamy land and good barn and house; about 30 acres cleared, all in good shape. Farm well fenced, never failing water, and a fine orchard in every field. Four acres good fruit there of the best for fruit or poultry. $1,000 cash will buy it, and you can have your own way about the terms. Only a mile and a half from the river and a mile from the electric and a little over four miles from the State Fair grounds.

371

In these times of high prices for any old kind of farming lands, if you could buy a farm for $100 per acre, and land and acre, you would sit up and take notice, wouldn't you? Well, here it is. Eighty acres in the township of Southfield, part of it fenced and the rest and cheaper, never-failing stream runs through the farm. Good gravelly loam, with clay subsoil, and a fine young orchard. Six miles from Detroit, 2½ miles from Birmingham, and within two acres of the timber, large trees—real old-fashioned timber. Would like to see you and see if we haven't got a few things just as they are.

372

Here's another Southfield farm, and the price is only $100 per acre. Right two and one-half dollars per acre. Nine hundred dollars will buy it. Seven from good barn, two wells, four acres of timber, three acres of orchard, and six miles from electric; terms easy and we will take you to see the owner of this or any other farm we have for sale and you can make your own terms independent of us. That's fair, eh?

373

Twenty acre farm with four buildings, one mile from the electric, five miles from the village of Birmingham, eight acres of apple orchard, soil a gravelly loam. Price $2,000.

374

Forty-three acres with adequate buildings, well watered by never-failing stream of water, no waste land, soil a good loam, fine for apples, cherries, peaches, within easy walking distance of the village of Birmingham, and one of the best fruit districts in this county where prices are rapidly rising. Only $1,500 for this fine, desirable farm home—can be had for $6,000.

374

Here's a good one for the lucky purchaser. One acre and a half, with plenty of fine productive farm lands, thirteen acres, fifty fruit trees, some good orchard, eight buildings valued at $7,500, no mortgage, wells, good fences, a mile from the electric on Woodward Ave., all in a high state of cultivation, two sets of buildings, two acres and twenty-five dollars per acre. That is the price, and it is a snap. You consider that farm not at we would have been sold in the immediate neighborhood for fifty times that amount.

375

Just about the right size for a middle aged couple who want to work himself and wife to death on a little farm. Forty acres, thirty acres of orchard, eight acres of timber, good fences and buildings, every foot of it a good, rich soil, and the place pays farm money. Only a little over a mile from the electric, and the land well drained and buildings in very pleasant condition and slightly run down. Only two thousand dollars will buy it and the balance of the purchase price can be paid on long time if you could pay for it. Better investigate—that won't cost you anything.

A Primer of Life.

"Don't talk 'bout de fine feelin' out on de season er de year," said Brother Williams, "'cept de's a spark in de ashes, you orter whistle fer a wind ter blow it ter a blaze, but some folks is so misfortunate dat de'y wait ter see whether de spark is gwine ter turn into a hairicane an' take de whole house off. De righteous sho' do have a hard time in dis rough worl', an' dey can't ax fer interest on de treasure what dey has laid up in de skies, but fer de mos' part dey gits er'n gittin in dar at all."—Atlanta Constitution.