KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author Of "My Lady Of The South," "When Wilderness Was King," Etc.

Illustrations By Dearborn Melvill

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"Land's Sake, You Doan Mean to Steal Dem Hosses?"

SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is riding along the Santa Fe trail on the lookout for roaming war parties of savages. He notices a camp fire at a distance and then sees a team attached to a wagon and at full gallop pursued by men on ponies. When Keith reaches the wagon the raiders have massacred two men and departed. He searches the victims finding papers and a locket with a woman's portrait. He resolves to hunt down the murderers. Keith is arrested at Carson City, charged with the murder, his accuser being a ruffian named Black Bart. He goes to jail fully realizing the peril of swift border justice. A companion in his cell is a negro, who tells him he is Neb and that he knew the Keith family back in Virginia.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"I dunno, Massa, I done heerd 'em talk some 'bout dey plans, an' 'bout some gal dey wanted ter fin', but I didn't git no right sense to it. De Gin'ral, he was a night still man."

"The General? Whom do you mean? Not Walte?"

"John Sibley done called him dat." Then Keith remembered—just a dim, misty thread at first, changing slowly into a clear recollection. He was riding with despatches from Longstreet to Stonewall Jackson, and had been shot through the side. The first of Jackson's troops he reached was a brigade of North Carolinians, commanded by General Walte—General Willis Walte. He had fallen from his horse at the outposts, and, unable to bring help, was left to die beneath, and gazed at the countenance revealed, with new intelligence. There could be no doubt—it was the face of her who had cared for him so tenderly in that tent at Manassas before the fever came and he had lost consciousness. And that, then, was Willis Walte lying in that shallow grave near the Cimmaron Crossing, and for whose death he had been arrested. 'Twas a strange world, and a small one. What a miserable ending to a life like his—a division commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, a Lieutenant-Governor of his state. What strange combination of circumstances could have brought such a man to this place, and send him forth across those Indian-scouted plains? Surely nothing ordinary. And why should those border desperadoes have followed, through sixty miles of desolation, to strike him down? He was not robbery, at least in the ordinary sense of that word, then? And how was "Black Bart" involved? Why should he be sufficiently interested to swear out a warrant, and then assist in his arrest? There must be something to all this not apparent upon the surface—some object, some purpose shrouded in mystery. No mere quarrel, no ordinary feud, no accident of meeting, no theory of commonplace robbery, would account for the deed, or for the desperate efforts now being made to conceal it.

Some way, these questions, thus surging upon him, became a call to live, to fight, to unravel their mystery. The memory of that sweet-faced woman who had bent above him when the fever began its mastery, appealed to him now with the opportunity of service. He might be able to clear this, bring to her the truth, save her from despair, and hand over to justice the murderers of her husband. It was up to him alone to accomplish this—no one else knew what he knew, suspected what he suspected. And there was but one way—through escape. To remain there in weak surrender to fate could have but one ending, and that swift and sudden. He had no doubt as to "Black Bart's" purpose, or of his ability to use the "Red Light" outfit as desired. The whole plan was clearly evident, and there would be no delay in execution—all they were waiting for was night, and a lax guard. He glanced about at the walls of the room, his eyes grown hard, his teeth clenched.

"Neb," he said shortly, "I guess that was your outfit all right, but they were not killed by Indians. They were run down by a gang from this town—the same fellows who have put you and me in here. I don't know what they were after—that's to be found out later,—but the fight you put up at the camp spoiled their game for once, and led to your arrest. They failed to get what was wanted in Carson, and so they trailed the party to the Cimmaron Crossing. Then I got on their track, and fearing the result, they've landed me also. Now they'll get rid of us both as best they can. Those fellows won't want any trial—that would be liable to queer the whole trick away—but they have got to put us where we won't talk. There is an easy way to do this, and that is by a lynching bee. Do you get my drift, Neb?"

The whites of the negro's eyes were very much in evidence, his hands gripping at the bench on which he sat.

"Fo' de Lawd, yes, Massa Jack, I sho' does. I corroborates de whole thing."

"Then you are willing to take a chance with me?"

"Willin'! Why, Massa Jack, I'se overjoyed; I ain't gwine leave yer no my. I'se sho' gwine ter be yo' nigger. What yo' gwine ter do?"

Keith ran his eyes over the walls, carefully noting every peculiarity.

"We'll remain here quietly just as long as it is daylight, Neb," he replied finally, "but we'll try every board and every log to discover some way out. Just the moment it grows dark enough to slip away without being seen we've got to hit the prairie. Once south of the Arkansas we're safe, but not until then. Have you made any effort to get out?"

The negro came over to him, and bent down.

"I was layin' on a board what I'd worked loose at one end," he whispered hoarsely; "back ob de bench, but I couldn't jerk it out wid'out something ter pry it up wid."

"Where is it?"

"Right yere, Massa Jack."

It was a heavy twelve-inch plank, part of the flooring, and the second from the side-wall. Keith managed to get a grip next to the black fingers, and the two pressed it up far enough for the white man to run one arm through the opening up to his shoulder and grope about below.

"There's a two-foot space there," he reported, as they let the board settle silently down into position. "The back part of this building must be set up on piles. I reckon we could pry that plank up with the bench, Neb, but it's liable to make considerable racket. Let's hunt about first for some other weak spot."

They crept across the floor, testing each separate board, but without discovering a place where they could exert a leverage. The thick planks were tightly spiked down. Nor did the walls offer any better encouragement. Keith lifted himself to the grated window, getting a glimpse of the world without, but finding the iron immovable, the screws solidly imbedded in the outside wood. He dropped to the floor, feeling baffled and discouraged.

"It will have to be the plank back of the bench, Neb," he announced briefly, wiping the perspiration from his face. "Get down there, and work it as loose as you can without making any noise, while I keep my ear to the door and listen for any interruption."

They took turns at this labor, discovering a loose nail which gave an opening purchase at the crack, thus enabling the insertion of a small wooden block, and insuring space for a good finger grip when the right time came. A sleepy Mexican brought in their dinner, and set it down on the bench without a word, but on his return with supper, the marshal accompanied him, and remained while they ate, talking to Keith, and staring about the room. Fortunately, the single window was to the west, the last rays of the sun which fell upon the opposite wall, leaving the space behind the bench in deep shadow. Whatever might be the plans of "Black Bart" and his cronies, Keith was soon convinced they were unknown to Hicks, who had evidently been deceived into thinking that this last arrest had created no excitement.

"That's why we picked yer up so early," he explained, genially. "Bart said it we got to yer afore the boys woke up they'd never hear nuthin' 'bout it, an' so thar wouldn't be no row. He didn't even think thar'd be enny need o' keepin' a special guard ter-night, but I reckon I won't take no such chance as that, an' I'll have couple o' deputies prowlin' 'round fer luck. When Carson does wake up, she's hell."

He left them tobacco and pipes, and went away evidently convinced that he had performed his full duty. The two prisoners, puffing smoke-rings into the air, heard the heavy clang of the iron bar falling into place across the door, and sat looking into one another's faces through the deepening twilight. In the mind of both black and white reposed the same thought. The negro was first to break the silence.

"Pears ter me, Massa Jack, like dis yere Bart pusson am mighty anxious ter hab no suspicions raised."

"Anybody but Hicks would see that," acknowledged the other, the rings of smoke circling his head, "but he hasn't any brains. It was pure nerve that got him the job. Well, this is one time that Bart pusson' is going to find an empty coop. We'll get out, Neb, just as soon as it gets dark enough. Hicks isn't likely to put on his extra guard for an hour yet, and the 'Red Light' bunch won't be fit for business much before midnight. By that time we'll be in the sand hills, heading south, able to give them a run for their money—we'll have horses, too, if we can find them."

The negro's eyes shone white.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, Massa," he protested, "dat'd sho' be a hangin' job if ebber dey 'cotched us."

Keith laughed, knocking out the ashes from his pipe.

"With an hour's start that will be the least of my troubles," he said, quietly.

CHAPTER VI.

The Escape.

It was dark enough for their purpose in half an hour, the only gleam of remaining color being the red glow of the negro's pipe, even the opening in the iron grating being blotted from sight. Keith, staring in that direction, failed to perceive any distant glimmer of star, and decided the night must be cloudy, and that time for action had come. Guided by Neb's pipe bowl, he touched the boy on the shoulder.

"Knock out your ashes, and shuffle about lively with your feet, while I pry up the board."

In spite of his slenderness, Keith possessed unusual strength, yet no exertion on his part served to start the loosened plank sufficiently for their purpose. Ripping a strip from the bench he managed to pry the hole somewhat larger, arranging the bench itself so as to afford the necessary leverage, but even then his entire weight failed to either start the spikes, or crack the plank. Some altercation began in the other room, the sound of angry voices and shuffling feet being plainly audible. It was clear to Keith that they must take the chance of a noise, and no better time than this could be chosen.

"Here, Neb, take hold with me, and bear down—put your whole weight on it, boy."

The two flung themselves upon the end of the bench, leaping up and down so as to add weight to power. Something had to give, either the stout wood of their improvised lever or else the holding of the plank. For an instant it seemed likely to be the former; then, with a shrill screech, the long spikes yielded and the board suddenly gave. With shoulders inserted beneath, the two men heaved it still higher, ramming the bench below so as to leave the opening clear. This was now sufficiently ample for the passage of a man's body, and Keith, lowering himself, discovered the earth to be fully four feet below. The negro instantly joined him, and they began creeping about in the darkness, seeking some way out. A rudely laid foundation of limestone along obstructed their patch to the open air. This had been laid in mortar, but of inferior quality, so that little difficulty was experienced in detaching sufficient to obtain hand hold. Working silently, not knowing what watchers might be already stationed without, they succeeded in loosening enough of the rock to allow them to crawl through, lying breathless in the open. Accustomed as they were to the darkness, they could yet see little. They were upon the opposite side from the town, with no gleam of lights visible, prairie and sky blending together into spectral dimness, with no sound audible but the continued quarrel in the front room of the jail. Keith crept along to the end of the building from where he could perceive the lights of the town, the twinkling dimly through the intense blackness. Evidently the regular evening saturnalia had not yet begun, although there was already semblance of life about the numerous saloons, and an occasional shout punctured the stillness. A dog howled in the distance, and the rounding of swift hoofs along the trail told of fresh arrivals. An hour later and the single street of Carson City would be alive with humanity, eager for any excitement, and ready for any wild orgy. If only once turned loose. That it would be turned loose, and also directed, the man lying on his face in the grass felt fully assured. He smiled grimly, wishing he might behold "Black Bart's" face when he should discover the flight of his intended victims. But there was no time to lose; every moment gained, added to their chance of safety.

"Are those horses tied there by the blacksmith's shop?" he asked, pointing.

The negro stared in the direction indicated, confused by the shadows thrown by the dim lights.

"I reck'n dey am, Massa Jack; I done make out fo'."

"Then two of them must belong to us; come on, boy."

He ran forward, crouching behind every chance cover, and keeping well back behind the line of shacks. A slight depression in the prairie helped conceal their movements, and neither spoke until they were crouching together beside the wall of the shop. Then Neb, teeth chattering, managed to blurt out:

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, yer don't actually mean ter steal dem hosses?"

Keith glanced about at the other's dim, black shadow.

"Sure not; just borrow 'em."

"But dat's a hangin' job in dis yere country, Massa Jack."

"Sure It is if they catch us. But we'd be strung up anyway, and we can't be hung twice. Besides there is a chance for us with the ponies, and none at all without. An hour's start in the saddle, Neb, and this bunch back here will never even find our trail; I pledge you that. Come, boy, stay close with me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

At 60 Degrees Below Zero

How the Intense Cold of Winter In the Far Northwest Affects Man and Animals.

"I asked an Alaskan pioneer who was crossing to his old home in Sweden what happened when the thermometer goes down to 60 and 80 degrees below zero," said Marshall J. Taylor of Seattle, Wash. "At 60 degrees below," he said, "the exposed ears, hands or nose will freeze in going a quarter of a mile under ordinary circumstances; but the children go and come from school as usual without suffering from the cold provided their faces and hands are protected.

"They soon get used to it. But caution must be used to avoid drawing the cold air into the lungs, and it is dangerous to breathe through the mouth. More die from pneumonia brought on by freezing the lungs in that way that from any other form of exposure. Horses are protected by breathing bags, which extend down from the nose of the animal about eighteen inches and are open at the bottom. The breath which is exhaled warms the air in the bag before it is inhaled and drawn into the lungs. And men wear a 'parky' or headdress which extends over the face and affords similar protection.

"In the Canadian districts the Northwest Mounted police regulate the treatment of horses on the freight wagons and stage lines in a most humane manner, so as to prevent them from suffering in this way."—Washington Herald.

Too Busy.

"Don't be giving me good advice about being industrious. I know a young fellow who came to grief by following such advice."

"How could that be?"

"His father kept advising him always to be doing. So he did."

"What did he do?"

"He did everybody he could and then he did time."

Henpeck's Belief.

Willie—Papa, what are trial marriages?

Mr. Henpeck (with surprising spirit)—All of 'em, my son; all of 'em!—Puck.

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 and cold water, bath, toilet, city gas, city water—every convenience found in the best class of city residences. Price, honest and square, $7,000, and best neighborhood in town. House would cost at least $2,000 to build today; ask anyone to build it for less and see what they say. You can buy this beautiful home for $3,000, and have your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within 200 feet of the west side of Lake Park Ave.; eight rooms, hardwood finish; lot 56x100; plenty of fruit. You could build this house for $3,000, and that's all we ask for the premises. Well worth looking at.

247

Good, old-fashioned house and a cozy home at a reasonable price. House cost $2,000 to build in times when labor and materials were cheap. Then there is about one acre of good garden with a substantial barn, two blocks from electric. Owner has decided to go west and will sell at a sacrifice. His price is $2,500, but—whisper!—we really think $1,600 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 $1,250. Nice cozy little home for some one with enough cash to make a small first payment.

296

Nice eight-room house, built last year in Village of Royal Oak, one block from both electric railways; cellar; cistern; hot-air furnace; lot 66x132. 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 state. On the line of the Rochester electric, 18 miles from Detroit; two flowing wells, pond of nearly an acre of pure spring water furnishing an abundance of pure clean ice; nine-room house, new silo, barn 74x40, accommodation for 30 head of cattle in cement-floor stable, milk house with flowing well, 15 acres timber, 340 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 lots, 66x132 feet deep. Corner lot, and one of the most desirable building lots in the village. Can be bought cheap for a man who can properly 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. Two-story up-to-date barn; nine rooms, cement walks; finest location in village. $2,700 and a 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 parts of Birmingham, and would not be sold but for the condition of business. Make us your good fortune and no fault of the owner, and he will take it. Just 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, with five buildings; fine chance for some one with small means, unable to do hard labor, to make a living and something besides. Wealthy farming community, and a good country trade has been done in the same locality. The price is $1,600 and the terms are made easy for any one who will pay enough to secure loan. Two-story brick building, seven-room house, good cellar, fine well, and brick cistern. Particulars for the asking.

321

Fine farm of 86 acres in the midst of the Blooming Valley district, 2½ miles from the electric; nearly all Page fence, eight-room stone house, two basement barns, woodshed, ice house, two houses, two hen houses, tool houses; wind mill supplies never failing; orchard, apple; balance of land in meadow and pasture; rich, gravelly loam; well timbered with a fine 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, 150 acres, well fenced, and ten-room brick house with furniture, two mile flowing wells that never fail; basement barn 2ox80, 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 described in our list. Farms in the immediate neighborhood (adjoining) have sold for $200 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; 20 acres apple and peach orchard; soil sandy loam. And listen here: $2,600 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 330 acres, three miles from Birmingham; eleven-room house, six buildings; yielding variety of fruit—apple, pear and peach; fifteen acres timber; small quantity of waste land; 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 houses on 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, 189x103 on corner in the best part of Birmingham; twelve rooms, bath, water-closet, air furnace, two 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 wells; 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, cement walks, fine barn 32x40. 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 loam; but a trifling cost 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, 2½ miles from electric, 1½ miles from thriving village. Fourteen acres of fine timber, large trees—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, too. Only thirty-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 we may have for sale and you can make your own terms independent of us. That's fair, eh?

373

Forty-three acres with adequate buildings and good fences, with plenty of water; waste land, well a good loam, fine large orchard of best varieties of apples, cherries, peaches, etc., within easy walking distance of the electric in the delightful Bloomfield Hills country. Price $4,000 cash, 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 the finest kind of farm lands, thirteen acres timber, sixteen acres good orchard, eight buildings, valued at $7,500, no waste land, well a good loam, fine large orchard of best varieties of apples, cherries, peaches, etc., within easy walking distance of the electric in the delightful Bloomfield Hills country. Price $4,000 cash, and farms hard to get, yet this very desirable farm home can be had for $6,000.

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375

Just about the right size for a middle aged man with children to want to work himself and wife to death on a good farm. Eighty-five acres, eight acres of orchard, within three miles of the beer, 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 balance of it in very pleasant location on slight elevation. Two hundred dollars cash will buy it and the balance of the purchase price can be paid on the easiest terms you could ask for. Better investigate—that won't cost you anything.

376

An acre and a quarter just inside the corporation limits. Fine location for a nice home with plenty of room for garden. No buildings. $1,500 will buy it if you have $500 down—the rest can run on mortgage.

377

Vacant lot in Campbell Addition, good location; new cement walk. Lot is 66x110 and it can be bought right now for $175 cash.

378

Vacant lots on Southfield Ave., 99 feet front and 135 feet deep. Fine location for nice residence; excellent neighboorhood; $500.

379

Well, now! Look at this. A fine farm of one hundred and twenty acres, with good commodious house, barn, 23x83, comfortable six-room house, 1,200 apple, pear and plum trees, ten acres peas and oats, nine-half acres potatoes, four acres butter beans and—listen here, there are two good gravel pits on the farm and it is only 220 rods from the D. U. R. road. All throw in new cement block machine, a few sheep, a few lambs, horse and wagon, good mare, and all but enough household stuff for the farm, and the price is only THIRTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! Now hustle, for this bargain is sure to go in a week.

380

New brick ten-room house, toilet, bath, hot and cold water, furnace, electric light, fireplace, mantels, cement walks in town; lot 125 feet front and 229 feet deep; good barn, poultry house and other buildings. Didn't know that it could be bought at such price, but circumstances alter cases, and this place must be sold for much less than it cost, and you know what that means in these depreciating in value in Birmingham times. Let us show you this property. It. Ask us about it, talk to us and we'll show 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 the village limits—electric. Ten-room house, toilet, bath, hot-and-cold water, furnace, grates, mantels, in town; lot 125 feet front and 229 feet deep; good barn, poultry house and other buildings. Didn't know that it could be bought at such price, but circumstances alter cases, and this place must be sold for much less than it cost, and you know what that means in these depreciating in value in Birmingham times. Let us show you this property. It. Ask us about it, talk to us and we'll show it. Go and look the premises over and—that will probably settle it.

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382

House and two lots on Willits street; half block from electric, eighty feet front, 193 feet deep; seven room house, city water, fine well, good cellar, beautiful shade trees; house and lots a good amount of fruit. Twenty-five hundred dollars will handle it, and the rest on easy terms and long time.

383

Beautiful location on Pine Lake, with a small lake on the premises besides. Five acre grove, thirty acres of farm well fenced, seven room house, $2,600; five acres fine orchards. Five thousand dollars will handle it, and the rest on easy terms and long time.

384

Eight-room, two-story house, on Middle St.; bath, closet, hot and cold water, furnace, basement barns recently rebuilt, electric light, stone block, 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!

385

New house on Merrill St., one block from postoffice and electric; eight rooms, bath, closet, hot and cold water, furnace, hardwood finish, cement walks, fine shade; lot 40x102, 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.

386

House and two lots on Willits street; half block from electric, eighty feet front, 193 feet deep, seven room house, city water, fine well, good cellar, beautiful shade trees; house and lots a good amount of fruit. Twenty-five hundred dollars will handle it, and the rest on easy terms and long time. House would cost the asking price to build. One of the best bargains on our list.

386

Listen Here! Five acres not more than forty rods from the electric 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. Wait a minute! Stone house, two-story, ten rooms, toilet, bath, cellar, furnace, fine well, city water, electric light, stone stable and two other buildings; right on the electric to fare. Say, what do you want anyhow? The price is right; if you doubt it ask Whitehead at the First National Bank.

387

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, city water, electric light, fine cellar, excellent drainage, good neighborhood and the price is twenty-five hundred dollars, and the terms are very easy indeed.

388

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. Little over a mile to the electric. Prefer to sell for cash, but would entertain a proposition to trade for Detroit improved, flat preferred.

370

Forty-five acre farm in the township of Royal Oak; just north of the sandy strip. Rich loamy land and good barn and house (worth $2,500 easy), and all in good shape. Farm well fenced, never failing stream waters the farm and well fenced. Four acres of plums. One of the very best for fruit or poultry. $1,000 cash will handle it and you can have your own way about the balance of the price. It is only a little over a mile from the electric and a little over four miles from the State Fair grounds.

WEBSTER AND THE MAGICIAN

Secretary of State's Clever Retort to the Joking Remark of Signor Blitz.

During the presidency of Mr. Tyler I had occasion to call on Daniel Webster, then secretary of state.

Glancing at my card, he turned and, reaching out his hand with, "Welcome, signor! No hocus pocus among my papers," covering them with his arms.

After explaining to him my object I received the required information. We laughed and chatted a few minutes, and I was about to retire when I mentioned that I was an applicant for office and hoped I could rely upon his influence in the matter.

"You, a magician, an office seeker, signor?"

"There is only one, sir, I aspire to; all others I should refuse without regard to their emoluments."

"Well, what one is that?" questioned the great statesman, in his deep and powerful voice.

"Counting the treasury notes, Mr. Webster."

"The treasury notes, Signor?"

"Yes, sir. You might give me 100,000 to count and watch me closely, but you would find only 75,000 when I returned them."

"Signor," he exclaimed, with lively animation, "there is no chance for you; there are better magicians here than you. For thefe would not be 75,000 left after their counting."—"Life and Adventures of Signor Blitz."