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 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 they knew the Keith family back in Virginia. Neb says one of the murdered men was John Sibley, the other Gen. Willis Waite, formerly an officer in the Confederate army. The plainsman and Neb escape from the cell.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

It was the quiet, confident voice of assured command, of one satisfied with his plans, and the obedient negro, breathing hard, never dreamed of opposition; all instinct of slavery held him to the dominion of his white master. Keith leaned forward, staring at the string of deserted ponies tied to the rail. Success depended on his choice, and he could judge very little in that darkness. Men were straggling in along the street to their right, on foot and horseback, and the saloon on the corner was being well patronized. A glow of light streamed forth from its windows, and there was the sound of many voices. But this narrow alley was deserted, and black. The fugitive stepped boldly forward, afraid that otherwise he might startle the ponies and thus create an alarm. Guided by a horseman's instinct he swiftly ran his hands over the animals and made quick selection.

"Here, Neb, take this fellow; lead him quietly down the bank," and he thrust the loosened rein into the black's hand.

An instant later he had chosen his own mount, and was silently moving in the same direction, although the night there was so black that the obedient negro had already entirely vanished. The slope of the land not only helped cover their movements, but also rendered it easy for them to find one another. Fully a hundred yards westward they met, where a gully led directly down toward the river. There was no longer need for remaining on foot, as they were a sufficient distance away from the little town to feel no fear of being discovered, unless by some drunken straggler. At Keith's command the two climbed into his saddle. Both ponies were restive, but not vicious, and after a plunge or two, to test their new masters, came easily under control. Keith led the way, moving straight down the gully, which gradually deepened, burying them in its black heart, until it finally debouched onto the river sands. The riotous noises of the drunken town died slowly away behind, the night silent and dark. The two riders could scarcely distinguish one another as they drew rein at the edge of the water. To the southward there gleamed a cluster of lights, marking the position of the camp of regulars. Keith drove his horse deeper into the stream and headed northward, the negro following like a shadow.

There was a ford directly opposite the cantonment, and another, more dangerous, and known to only a few, three miles farther up stream. Keeping within the water so as to thus completely obscure their trail, yet not daring to venture deep for fear of striking quicksand, the plainsman set his pony struggling forward, until the dim outline of the bank at his right rendered him confident that they had attained the proper point for crossing. He had been that way only once before, and realized the danger of attempting passage in such darkness, but urgent need drove him forward.

"Follow me just as close as you can, boy," he said sternly, "and keep both your feet out of the stirrups. If your horse goes down hang to his tail, and let him swim out."

There was little enough to guide by, merely a single faint star peering out from a rift of low cloud, and Keith's remembrance was that the ford led straight out to the center of the stream, and then veered slightly toward the right. He knew the sand ridge was only used by horsemen, not being wide enough for the safe passage of wagons, but the depth of the water on either side was entirely problematical. He was taking a big chance, yet dare not wait for daylight. Summoning all his nerve and alertness, he urged his horse straight forward, the intelligent animal seemingly comprehending the situation, and feeling carefully for footing. The actions of the animal gave the rider greater confidence, and he loosened his grip on the rein, leaving the pony instinct to control. The latter fairly crept forward, testing the sand before resting any weight upon the hoof, the negro's mount following closely. The water was unusually high, and as they advanced it bore down against them in considerable volume; then, as they veered to the right, they were compelled to push directly against its weight in struggling toward shore. The men could see nothing but this solid sheet of water rushing down toward them from out the black void, and then vanishing below. Once Keith's horse half fell, plunging nose under, yet gaining foothold again before the rider had deserted his saddle. A dim darkness ahead already revealed the nearness of the southern bank, when Neb's pony went down suddenly, swept fairly off its legs by some fierce eddy in the stream. Keith heard the negro's guttural cry, and caught a glimpse of him as the two were sent whirling down. The coiled rope of the lariat, grasped in his right hand, was hurled forth like a shot, but came back empty. Not another sound reached him; his own horse went steadily on, feeling his way, until he was none against the bank, with water merely rippling about his ankles. Keith driving feet again into the stirrups headed him down stream, wading close in toward the shore, leaning forward over the pommel, striving to see through the gloom.

He had no doubt about Neb's pony making land, unless struck by some driftwood, or borne to the center of the stream by the shifting force of the current. But if Neb had failed to retain his grip he might have been sucked under by the surge of waters. A hundred yards below he found them, dripping and weak from the struggle, yet otherwise unhurt. There were no words spoken, but the black and white hands clasped silently, and then Neb crept back into the saddle, shivering in his wet clothes as the cool night wind swept against him. Keeping close in toward shore, yet far enough out so that the water would hide their trail, the fugitives toiled steadily up stream, guided only by the black outline of the low bank upon their left.

CHAPTER VII.

In the Sand Desert.

Suddenly Keith halted, bringing his pony's head sharply about, so that the two faced one another. The wind was rising, hurling clouds of sand into their eyes, and the plainsman held one hand before his face.

"There's no need of keeping up a water trail any longer," he said quickly. "By all the signs we're in for a sand storm by daylight, and that will

"Do You See That Straight Ahead of You?"

cover our tracks so the devil himself couldn't follow them. Got a water bag on your saddle.

"I reck'n dis am one, sah."

Keith felt of the object Neb held forth.

"Yes, and a big one, too; fill it and strap it on tight; we've got a long, dry ride ahead."

"Whar yo' propose goin', Massa Jack?"

"To the 'Bar X' on the Canadian. I've worked with that outfit. They'll give us whatever we need, and ask no questions; I don't know of anything in the weeds. It's going to be a hard ride, boy, and mighty little to eat except what I saved from supper."

"How far am it to dis yere 'Bar X'?"

"A hundred and fifty miles as the crow flies, and sand all the way, except for the valley of Salt Fork. Come on now, and keep close, for it's easy to get lost in these sand hills."

Keith had ridden that hundred and fifty miles of sandy desolation before, but had never been called upon to make such a journey as this proved to be. He knew there was little to fear from human enemies, for they were riding far enough east of the Santa Fe trail to be out of the path of raiding parties, while this desert country was shunned by Indian hunters. It consisted of sand hill after sand hill, a drear waterless waste, where nothing grew, and mid the dread sameness of which a traveler could only find passage by the guidance of stars at night or the blazing sun by day.

They had covered ten miles of it by daybreak, their ponies traveling heavily, fetlock deep, but could advance no further. With the first tint of rose in the east the brooding storm burst upon them in wild desert fury, the fierce wind buffeting them back, lashing their faces with sharp grit until they were unable to bear the pain. The flying sand smote them in clouds, driven with the speed of bullets. In vain they lay flat, urging their ponies forward; the beasts, maddened and blinded by the merciless lashing of the sand, refused to face the storm. Keith, all sense of direction long since lost, rolled wearily from the saddle, burrowed under the partial shelter of a sand dune, and called upon Neb to follow him. With their hands and feet they made a slight wind-break, dragging the struggling ponies into its protection, and burrowed themselves there; the clouds of sand skurrying over them so thick as to obscure the sky, and rapidly burying them altogether as though in a grave. Within an hour they were compelled to dig themselves out, yet it proved partial escape from the pitiless lashing. The wind howled like unhoused demons, and the air grew cold, adding to the sting of the grit, when some sudden eddy hurled it into their hiding place. To endeavor further travel would mean certain death; for no one could have guided a course for a hundred feet through the tempest.

It was three o'clock before it died sufficiently down for them to venture out. Even then the air remained full of sand, while constantly shifting ridges made travel difficult. Only grim necessity—the suffering of the ponies for water, and their own need for soon reaching the habitation of man and acquiring food—drove them to the early venture. They must attain the valley of the Salt Fork that night, or else perish in the desert—there remained no other choice. Tying neckerchiefs over their horses' eyes, and lying flat themselves, they succeeded in pressing slowly forward, winding in and out among the shifting dunes, with only the wind to guide them. It was an awful trail, the hoofs sinking deep in drifting sand, the struggling ponies becoming so exhausted that their riders finally dismounted, and staggered forward on foot, leading them stumbling blindly after. Once the negro's horse dropped, and had to be lashed to its feet again; once Keith's pony stumbled and fell on him, hurling him face down into the sand, and he would have died there, lacking sufficient strength to lift the dead weight, but for Neb's assistance. As it was he went staggering blindly forward, bruised, and faint from hunger and fatigue.

About them night finally closed in, black and starless, yet fortunately with a gradual dying away of the storm. For an hour past they had been struggling on, doubting their direction, wondering dully if they were not lost and merely drifting about in a circle. They had debated this fiercely once, the ponies standing dejectedly, talls to the storm, Neb arguing that the wind still blew from the south, and Keith contending it had shifted into the westward. The white man won his way, and they staggered on uncertain, the negro grasping the first pony's tail to keep from being separated from his companion. Some instinct of the plains must have guided them, for at last they dragged themselves out from the desert, the crunching sand under foot changing into rock, and then to short brittle grass, at which the ponies nibbled eagerly. The slope led gradually downward, the animals scenting water, and struggling to break away. Swaying in their saddles, the riders let them go, and they never stopped until belly deep in the stream, their noses burled. The men shivered in their saddles, until, at last satisfied, the ponies consented to be forced back up the bank, where they nibbled at the short tufts of herbage, but in a manner expressive of weariness. Keith flung himself on the ground, every muscle of his body aching, his exposed flesh still smarting from the hail of sand.

He had not the slightest conception as to where they were, except he knew this must be the Salt Fork. Utterly confused by the maze of shifting dunes, through whose intricacies they had somehow found passage, the blackness of the night yielded no clue as to their point of emergence. The volume of water in the stream alone suggested that in their wanderings they must have drifted to the eastward, and come out much lower down than had been originally intended. If so, then they might be almost directly south of Carson City, and in a section with which he was totally unacquainted. One thing was, however, certain—they would be compelled to wait for daylight to ascertain the truth, and decide upon their future movements.

Keith arose reluctantly, and removed the saddles from the animals, hobbling them so they could graze at will. Neb was propped up beneath an out-cropping of the bank, which partly protected him from the wind, a mere bulk of a shadow. Keith could not tell whether he slept or not, but made no effort to disturb him. A moment he stared vacantly about into the black silence, and then lay down, pillowing his head upon a saddle. He found it impossible to sleep, the chill of the wind causing him to turn and twist, in vain search after comfort, while unappeased hunger gnawed incessantly. His eyes ranged about over the dull gloom of the skies until they fell upon the eastern level, and then he suddenly sat up, half believing himself in a dream—down the stream, how far away he could not judge, there gleamed a steady, yellowish light. It was no flicker of a camp fire, yet remained stationary. Surely no star could be so low and large; nor did he recall any with that peculiarity of color. If such a miracle was possible in the heart of that sandy desert he would have sworn it was a lamp shining through a window. But he had never heard of any settler on the Salt Fork, and almost laughed at the thought, believing for the instant his brain played him some elfish trick. Yet that light was no illusion; he rubbed his eyes, only to see it more clearly, convinced of its reality. He strode hastily across, and shook Neb into semi-consciousness, dragging him bodily up the bank and pointing down the stream.

"Do you see that?" he inquired anxiously. "There, straight ahead of you?"

The negro stared, shaking with cold, and scarcely able to stand alone.

"Maybe it am de moon, Massa Jack," he muttered, thickly, "or a goblin's lantern. Lawd, I don't jest like de looks ob dat ting."

"Well, I do," and Keith laughed uneasily at the negro's fears. "All I wanted to know was if you saw what I saw. That's a lamp shining through a window, Neb. What in heaven's name it can be doing here I am unable to guess, but I'm going to find out. It means shelter and food, boy, even if we have to fight for it. Come on, the horses are safe, and we'll discover what is behind that light yonder."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HE HADN'T BEEN SWIMMING

Technically, Little Waldo Told His Mother the Truth, for He Couldn't Swim.

These lovely days usher in the season when such conversations as the following are to be heard in every other household:

"Waldo, have you been in swimming "

"No, ma'am."

"Waldo, I told you that the water wasn't warm enough, and you promised me that you wouldn't go. But your face is cleaner than I ever saw it. Waldo, even your ears are clean. Have you been in swimming?"

"No, ma'am."

"Waldo, your stockings are on wrong-side-out and you seem to have lost your undershirt. Your shirt clings to your body. Dear, you have never told mamma a falsehood, and it would break her heart if you were to begin now. I ask you again—have you been swimming?"

"No, ma'am!"

And the little hero always tells the truth. He may have jumped off the dock into shallow water a few times, and he may have paddled around in the breakers all the afternoon, but he hasn't been swimming. For it is common knowledge among the fellows that Waldo can't swim a stroke.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Retort Literary.

Manager—Say, you ought to know your lines in this musical comedy by this time. Why are you continually referring to the libretto?

Actor—You ought not to criticise my delivery of my part. I am speaking by the book.

Real Estate Exchange

Of WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL

Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

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

201

Fine two-story residence on Maple Ave., corner of High St.; 50 feet front, 125 feet deep; hot water heater, hot and cold bath, toilet, city gas, city water—every convenience found in the best class of city residences. Cement walk (cost $200) 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 it your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within $00 feet of the west side of Woodward Ave., right; nicely hardwood finish, lot 56x100; plenty of room for garden. You could not build a 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. Has nice, cozy little home for some one with enough cash to make a small first payment.

290

Nice eight-room house, built last year in Village of Royal Oak, one block from both electric railways; cellar, cistern; lot 50 feet front and 120 feet deep. Cost owner $2,600, but will sell for $2,100.

297

Without exception, the finest farm for stock raising or high-class farming in the market. On the line of the new interurban electric, 15 miles from Detroit; two flowing wells, pond of nearly an acre of water, and a never-failing stream; 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 it, emptying finally into Au Sable river. Less than $100 per acre will buy it, on easy terms. There!

298

House, barn, wagon shop, blacksmith shop, two dwellings, 14 acres of choice land, fine orchard; buildings in good repair. 25 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 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 purchased at a price that will surely appeal to any one—either for building purposes or as investment.

316

New brick house, two blocks from electric; bath, closet, furnace, city water, electric lights—all modern conveniences; two-story, up-to-date residence, nine rooms, cement walks; finest location in village. $2,100 above little mortgage will buy it. Ask us about it.

318

A cozy, convenient home which cost $2,000 to build the house, and it is in one of the most desirable residences in Birmingham, and would not be sold but for the conditions existing. But that's your good fortune and no fault of the owner, and he will take $1,500 and no grumbling. Terms easy and long time to the right kind of a purchaser.

320

Excellent business chance in a small village. Store and dwelling, 1¼ acres, five buildings; fine chance for some one with small means, unable to do hard labor, to 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 can be made easy for any one who will pay enough to secure loan. Ice house, barn, wood-shed, well, good pump, two hen houses, tool house; wind mill supplies water, never failing; fallen 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 the electric, on excellent gravel road, 160 acres, well fenced, and ten-room brick house with furnace; two wells, never-failing supply; basement barn 30x80, nearly new; hen house with cement floor; corn crib, horse power 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) are selling 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 outbuildings; two acres apple and peach orchard; soil sandy loam. And listen how easy we will make it. Only $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.

330

Fine farm of 320 acres, three miles from Birmingham; eleven-room house, six buildings; two acres of orchard—apple, pear and peach; fifteen acres timber; soil 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 220 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 flats or residences 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, 180x103 on corner in the best part of Birmingham; twelve 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, new sheds; cleared; 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, with city water, good barn 32x40. Plenty of room for garden and chickens. Some of the best soil 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 188 feet deep. City water, eight-room new two-story house and good barn. Would exchange for almost anything. Let us know what you have 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, large lake, 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 acres from half a mile from the electric; beautiful location. Pretty little branch of the River Rouge, with overhanging trees; 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 $300.00 to $1,000.00 per acre, and yet this can be bought for $7,500. That's different, too. But there's a reason. Ask us.

353

Ideal little place for a country house and fine grounds. A mile and a half by the road to the electric; half mile from the village limits. No buildings—they wouldn't suit you if there were any. Well fenced, no waste land, on four corners, in excellent neighborhood. Five acres—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, fine stone house—ten rooms, furnace, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, city water, half acre of beautiful grove of native trees, and plenty of room for all kind of fruits just coming into bearing, splendid new barns and carriage house; 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 to 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 the 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 for the asking, and if you prefer we will take you to see the owner and let you make your own bargain.

356

One of the best of Bloomfield farms. Sixty-six acres, with good buildings, ten-room house, basement barns recently rebuilt, good fences, and little creek you ever saw runs through the place; three acres of fine sugar bush, 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, modern conveniences, storm house, fine location; lot 220 feet deep. House cost $2,500 to build, and a very little more would buy the whole business.

359

Eight-room, two-story house, on Middle St.; bath, closet, hot and cold water, furnace, and all modern conveniences; fine block from the electric, nice shade, good neighborhood, quiet and select. 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 50x132 feet. Price is right, $2,400. Well, look it over, and if you think you can build the house for that, you can contract for all the houses we build hereafter.

361

Beautiful location on Pine Lake, with a small lake on the premises before the house. Fifty acres in all, fine farm with good buildings worth $3,000; 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, 103 feet deep, seven room house, city water, fine well, good cellar, beautiful shade. Would be made and usual amount of fruit. Twenty-five hundred dollars will handle it. Any builder in House would cost the asking price to build. One of the best bargains on our list.

366

Listen Here! Five acres not more than forty rods from the corporation line, in 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, hot and cold water, electric light. Stone stable and two other buildings right on the electric to Detroit. Say, what do you want anyhow? The price is right; if you doubt it ask Whitehead at the First National Bank.

367

Half a block from the electric, just outside of the dust and noise, two acres of land with plenty of fruit; good two-story house and barn, 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.

368

Sixty acres of rich loamy land in Southfield, twenty acres of fine second-growth timber, forty acres tillable. Price is four 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.

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 in every field. Four acres good fruit. One of the very best fruit and poultry farms. $1,900 cash will buy it and you can have your own way about the balance of the price. Only a mile and a half to 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 tipping good farm for sixty dollars an acre, you would sit up and take notice, wouldn't you? Well, here it is. Eighty acres on the township of Southfield, barn cost $1,800, good well and cistern, never-failing stream runs through the farm. Good gravelly loam with only sub-soil, seven acres of finest orchard, 3½ miles electric, 3½ miles from thriving village. Fourteen acres of pine timber, large trees—real old-fashioned timber! Look it over and see if we haven't told you things just as they are.

372

Here's another Southfield farm. And the price is very low, too. Only sixty-two and one-half dollars per acre. Nine-room house, underground stable and 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 it any time on the edge or any other property we may have for sale and you can make your own terms independent of us. That's fair, eh?

373

Forty-three acres with adequate buildings and good fences, with plenty of water, no waste land, soil a good loam, three acres of the best varieties of apples, cherries, peaches, etc., within easy walking distance of the electric. In the village limits. 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. Two hundred and twenty-seven acres of fine productive farm lands, thirteen acres timber, sixteen acres good orchard, eight buildings, valued at $7,500, no marsh or swamp, good fences, on mile from the electric, on Woodward Ave., all in a high state of cultivation. Can be had for one hundred and twenty-five dollars per acre. That is a very reasonable price when you consider that farms near by have been sold in the immediate neighborhood for three times that amount.

375

Just about the right size for a middle aged man who doesn't want to work himself and wife to death on a big farm. Eighty-five acres, thirty 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 and slight elevation. Two thousand dollars cash will buy it and the balance can be purchased price can be paid on the easiest terms you could ask for. Better investigate—that won't cost you anything.

378

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 $1,000 to pay down—the rest can run on mortgage.

377

Vacant lot in Campbell Addition. Good location; new cement walk. Lot is 60x110 and it can be bought right now for $175 cash.

378

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

379

Well, now! Look at this. A fine farm of one hundred and twenty acres, with good cement block barn, 32x33, basement, six-room house, 1,200 peach, apple and plum trees, ten acres peas and oats, one-half acre potatoes, four acres of buttermilk beans and—listen here, there are two good gravel pits on the farm and is only 220 rods from the D. U. R. tracks. Will throw in new cement block machine, 12 sheep, 8 lambs, horse and wagon, good mare, harness and all the other stock and tools on the place, which can be had at the price of THIRTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! Now hustle, for this bargain is sure to go in a week.

380

New brick ten-room house, toilet, bath, laundry, cellar, furnace, electric light, fireplace, mantels, finest location in town, 125 feet front and 165 feet deep; good barn, 24x30, and other buildings. Didn't know that it could be bought at any price, but circumstances have changed, and this place can be bought for much less than it's worth, and you know property hasn't been depreciating in value in Birmingham of late. Not so that you would notice it. Ask us about it, talk it over with the owner about it. Go and look the premises over and—that will probably settle it.

381

Yep! Here's the chicken farm you have been looking after. Seven and one-half acres in Troy, near the electric. Ten-room house, toilet, bath, Peninsular furnace, grates, mantels, cellar, five outbuildings, chicken houses, barn, good drainage, sixty fruit trees just coming into bearing. Are 15 cents a day fare? Thirty Half Hours of late. Not so that you would notice it. Ask us about it, talk it over with the owner about it. Go and look the premises over and—that will probably settle it.

382

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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 readily extended 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 that 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 a chance for you; there are better magicians here than you. For there would not be 75,000 left after their counting!"—Life and Adventures of Signor Blitz.