KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

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Illustrations By Dearborn Melville

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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 cloud of dust 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. 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, and later the two fugitives become lost in the sand desert.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Wilderness Cabin.

The light was considerably farther away than they had at first supposed, and as they advanced steadily toward it, the nature of the ground rapidly changed, becoming irregular, and littered with low growing shrubs. In the darkness they stumbled over outcroppings of rock, and after a fall or two, were compelled to move forward with extreme caution. But the mysterious yellow glow continually beckoned, and with new hope animating the hearts of both men, they staggered on, nerving themselves to the effort, and following closely along the bank of the stream.

At last they arrived where they could perceive dimly something of the nature of this unexpected desert oasis.

The light shone forth, piercing the night, through the uncurtained window of a log cabin, which would otherwise have been completely concealed from view by a group of low growing cottonwoods. This was all the black, enshrouding night revealed, and even this was merely made apparent by the yellow illumination of the window. The cabin stood upon an island, a strip of sand, partially covered by water, separating it from the north shore on which they stood. There was no sign of life about the hut, other than the burning lamp, but that alone was sufficient evidence of occupancy. In spite of hunger, and urgent need, Keith hesitated, uncertain as to what they might be called upon to face. Who could be living in this out-of-the-way spot, in the heart of this inhospitable desert? It would be no cattle outpost surely, for there was no surrounding grazing land, while surely no professional hunter would choose such a barren spot for headquarters. Either a hermit, anxious to escape all intercourse with humanity, or some outlaw hiding from arrest, would be likely to select so isolated a place in which to live. To them it would be ideal. Away from all trails, where not even widely roving cattlemen would penetrate, in the midst of a desert avoided by Indians because of lack of game—a man might hide here year after year without danger of discovery. Yet such a one would not be likely to welcome their coming, and they were without arms. But Keith was not a man to hesitate long because of possible danger, and he stepped down into the shallow water.

"Come on, Neb," he commanded, "and we'll find out who lives here."

The window faced the west, and he came up the low bank to where the door fronted the north in intense darkness. Under the shadow of the cottonwoods he could see nothing, groping his way, with hands extended. His foot struck a flat stone, and he plunged forward, striking the unlatched door so heavily as to swing it open, and fell partially forward into the room. As he struggled to his knees, Neb's black face peering past him into the lighted interior, he seemed to perceive in one swift, comprehensive glance, every revealed detail. A lamp, burned on a rudely constructed set of drawers near the window, and a wood fire blazed redly in a stone fireplace opposite, the yellow and red lights blending in a peculiar glow of color. Under this radiance were revealed the rough log walls plastered with yellow clay, and hung about with the skins of wild animals, a roughly made table, bare except for a book lying upon it, and a few ordinary appearing boxes, evidently utilized as seats, together with a barrel cut so as to make a comfortable chair. In the back wall was a door, partially open, apparently leading into a second room. That was all, except the woman.

Keith must have perceived all these in that first hurried glance, for they were over after closely searching together in his mind, yet at the moment he possessed no clear thought of anything except her. She stood directly behind the table, where she must have sprung hastily at the sound of their approach, clutching at the rude mantel above the fireplace, and staring toward him, her face white, her breath coming in sobs. At first he thought the vision a dream, a delirium born from his long struggle; he could not conceive the possibility of such a presence in this lonely place, and staggering to his feet, gazed widly, dumbly at the slender, gray clad figure, the almost girlish face under the shadowing dark hair, expecting the marvellous vision to vanish. Surely this could not be real! A woman, and such a woman as this here, and alone, of all places! He staggered from weakness, almost terror, and grasped the table to hold himself erect. The rising wind came swirling up through the open door, causing the fire to send forth spirals of smoke, and he turned, dragging the dazed negro within, and snapping the latch behind him. When he glanced around again he fully believed the vision confronting him would have vanished. But no! there she yet remained, those wide-open, frightened brown eyes, with long lashes half hiding their depths, looking directly into his own; only now she had slightly changed her posture, leaning toward him across the table. Like a flash he comprehended that this was reality—flesh and blood—and, with the swift instinct of a gentleman, his numbed, nerveless fingers jerked off his hat, and he bowed bareheaded before her.

"Pardon me," he said, finding his voice with difficulty. "I fell over the step, but—but I didn't expect to find a woman here."

He heard her quick breathing, marked a slight change in the expression of the dark eyes, and caught the glitter of the firelight on a revolver in her lowered hand.

"What did you expect to find?"

"I hardly knew," he explained lamely; "we stumbled on this hut by accident. I didn't know there was a cabin in all this valley."

"Then you are not here for any purpose? to meet with any one?"

"No; we were lost, and had gone into camp up above, when we discovered your light."

"Where do you come from?"

Keith hesitated just an instant, yet falsehood was never easy for him, and he saw no occasion for any deceit now.

"Carson City."

"What brought you here?"

"We started for the 'Bar X' ranch down below, on the Canadian; got caught in a sand-storm, and then just drifted. I do not know within twenty miles of where we are."

She drew a deep breath of unconcealed relief.

"Are you alone?"

"The negro and I—yes; and you haven't the slightest reason to be afraid of us—we're square."

She looked at him searchingly, and something in Keith's clean-cut face seemed to bring reassurance, confidence in the man.

"I am not afraid," she answered, coming toward him around the short table. "Only it is so lonely here, and you startled me, bursting in without warning. But you look all right, and I am going to believe your story. What is your name?"

"Keith—Jack Keith."

"A cowman?"

"A little of everything, I reckon," a touch of returning bitterness in his tone. "A plainsman, who has punched cattle, but my last job was government scout."

"You look as though you might be more than that," she said slowly.

The man flushed, his lips pressing tightly together.

"Well, I—I may have been," he confessed unwillingly. "I started out all right, but somehow I reckon I just went adrift. It's a habit in this country."

Apparently those first words of comment had left her lips unthinkingly, for she made no attempt to reply; merely stood there directly facing him, her clear eyes gazing frankly into his own. He seemed to actually see her now for the first time, fairly—a supple, slender figure, simply dressed, with wonderfully expressive brown eyes, a perfect wealth of dark hair, a clear complexion with slight olive tinge to it, a strong, intelligent face, not strictly beautiful, yet strangely attractive, the forehead low and broad, the nose straight, the lips full and inclined to smile. Suddenly a vague remembrance brought recognition.

"Why, I know you now."

"Indeed!" the single word a note of undisguised surprise.

"Yes; I thought you looked oddly familiar all the time, but couldn't for the life of me connect up. You're Christie Maclaire."

"Am I?" her eyes filled with curiosity.

"Of course you are. You needn't be afraid of me if you want it kept secret, but I know you just the same. Saw you at the 'Gaiety' in Independence, maybe two months ago. I went three times, mostly on your account. You've got a great act, and you can sing too."

She stood in silence, still looking fixedly at him, her bosom rising and falling, her lips parted as if to speak. Apparently she did not know what to do, how to act, and was thinking swiftly.

"Mr. Keith," she said, at last in decision, "I am going to ask you to blot that all out—to forget that you even suspect me of being Christie Maclaire, of the Gaiety."

"Why, certainly; but would you explain?"

"There is little enough to explain. It is sufficient that I am here alone with you. Whether I wish to or not, I am compelled to trust myself to your protection. You may call me Christie Maclaire, or anything else you please; you may even think me unworthy respect, but you possess the face of a gentleman, and as sure I am going to trust you—I must trust you. Will you accept my confidence on these terms?"

Keith did not smile, nor move. Weak from hunger and fatigue, he leaned wearily against the wall. Nevertheless that simple, womanly appeal awoke all that was strong and sacrificing within him, although her words were so unexpected that, for the moment he failed to realize their full purport. Finally she straightened up.

"I accept any terms you desire," he gasped weakly, "if—if you will only give one return."

"One return?—what?"

"Food; we have eaten nothing for sixty hours."

"I—I Accept Any Terms You Desire."

Her face, which had been so white, flushed to the hair, her dark eyes softening.

"Why, of course; sit down. I ought to have known from your face. There is plenty here—such as it is—only you must wait a moment."

CHAPTER IX.

The Girl of the Cabin.

He saw Neb drop down before the blazing fireplace, and curl up like a tired dog, and observed her take the lamp, open the door into the other room a trifle, and slip silently out of sight. He remembered staring vaguely about the little room, still illumined by the flames, only half comprehending, and then the reaction from his desperate struggle with the elements overcame all resolution, and he dropped his head forward on the table, and lost consciousness. Her hand upon his shoulder aroused him, startled into wakefulness, yet he scarcely realized the situation.

"I have placed food for the negro beside him," she said quietly, and for the first time Keith detected the soft blur in her speech.

"You are from the South!" he exclaimed, as though it was a discovery.

"Yes—and you?"

"My boyhood began in Virginia—the negro was an old time slave in our family."

She glanced across at the black, now sitting up and eating voraciously.

"I thought he had once been a slave; one can easily tell that. I did not ask him to sit here because, if you do not object, we will eat here together. I have also been almost as long without food. It was so lonely here, and—and I hardly understood my situation—and I simply could not force myself to eat."

He distinguished her words clearly enough, although she spoke low, as if she preferred what was said between them should not reach the ears of the negro, yet somehow, for the moment, they made no adequate impression on him. Like a famished wolf he began on the coarse fare, and for ten minutes hardly lifted his head. Then his eyes chanced to meet hers across the table, and instantly the gentleman reawoke to life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Establishing a Reputation.

"If I knew how to go about it, I would have a mastiff or dog he-bear trained before a judge and jury for assault and battery," said the animal dealer. "Unless he was convicted and executed I could get about three prices for him.

"Every time a dog is haled to court on the charge of having bitten somebody I attend the trial and take part in the reception the beast holds after his acquittal. A dog that has enough class about him to precipitate a lawsuit couldn't be bought for love or money, but if his master wished to sell him he could do so a dozen times over before leaving the courtroom.

"Even if it has been proved that the dog does show his teeth once in a while there are people willing to take chances just for the sake of owning a dog that has so much character. Selling dogs being in my line, I have studied up a good many ways to advertise, but trial by jury is the best way so far discovered."

The Lily Eaters.

"This beautiful spring weather," said James Wilson, the secretary of agriculture, at a luncheon in Washington, "sends one, in thought at least, back to the farm."

Mr. Wilson smiled.

"I heard of a farm the other day," he said, "to which a certain congressman sent a gift of rare lily bulbs from the department. The farmer's wife acknowledged the gift thus:

"Dear Sir—Thank you so much for the particularly fine onions, which were greatly enjoyed with last evening's steak."

Criminal Instinct.

Crimes lead into one another. They who are capable of being forgers are capable of being incendiaries.—Burke.

Why Odd Wore Overcoat

Day Was Warm, but Fashion Mentor's Trousers Hadn't Been Pressed for Two Days.

Delos Odd is a clerk in the office of a broker. Now, Delos has been pronounced by a certain authority as the man's fashion mentor of the town. Some time ago the broker had a rush order to fill in the sale of some bonds. The wasting of a few minutes might mean that the sale would fall through and that the broker lose a fat commission.

"Delos, run to the bank and get those bonds! Be quick," the boss ordered.

The bank was less than a half block away. The weather was quite warm. With deliberation Delos slipped on his coat and then his overcoat and went out. In a few minutes he returned with the bonds. The sale was made and the customer left.

"Now, will you kindly tell me, Mr. Odd," the broker asked, after a preliminary sputter or two, "just why you stopped to put on your overcoat to go such a short distance, and especially when the weather is so warm?"

Odd's face showed surprise that such a question should ever be asked.

"Why, sir," he said, with a patronizing smile, "didn't you notice that my trousers hadn't been pressed for two days?"

Early School Books.

The horn book invented in 1450 and used considerably up to the close of the eighteenth century was the usual textbook of the elementary school. A thin slab of hard wood was covered with parchment, on which was printed the capital and small letters, numerals and some elementary syllables and words.

Over this a thin sheet of transparent cow's horn was placed and firmly bound so that no moisture could penetrate. To this the Bible and the sampler on which little girls painfully stitched the letters of the alphabet, some "Godly saying" and a border of herring stitch, or some conventional pattern of impossible flowers and foliage and the legend "Mary Smith, her sampler," or the like, were about all that the children used up to the beginning of the eighteenth century.

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 $2,000, and have your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within 300 feet of the west side of Woodward Ave.; eight rooms, hardwood finish; lot 50x200; plenty of fruit. You could not build the house for $2,600, and that's all we ask for the premises. Well worth looking at.

247

Good, old-fashioned house and a cozy home at a reasonable price. House cost $2,000 to build in times when labor and materials were cheap. 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 $1,500 in spot cash will buy it. Make us the offer if it suits you, and we will do our best for the rest of it.

282

Lot 4 in Block 7, Campbell's Subdivision; good house, insured for $800; fine location; price $1,500. Nice cozy little home for some one with enough cash to make a small first payment.

296

Nice eight-room house, built last year in Village of Royal Oak, one block from both electric railways; cellar, cistern, lot 75 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 county. On the line of the Rochester electric, 15 miles from Detroit; two flowing wells, pond of nearly an acre of water, supplying water for filling an abundance of pure clean ice; nine-room house, new silo, barn, 76x40, accommodation for 30 head of stock, cement floor stable, milk house with flowing well, 12 acres timber, 245 rods new wire fence with cedar posts, 142 acres of black loam land, and just 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, tool house, 10 acres of good land, fine orchard; buildings in good repair; 2½ miles from electric in Village of Franklin, a pretty village in Michigan. All ready for an enterprising blacksmith and wagonmaker to make a good living in a prosperous farming community. Best of reasons for selling, and $2,000 cash will buy it right off the bat.

303

One of the nicest lots on the Buell Addition, facing on Woodward Ave., 50 feet frontage and 120 feet deep. Corner lot, and one of the best residence building lots in the village. Can be bought for cash at a price that will surely appeal to any one—either for building purposes or an investment.

316

New brick house, two blocks from electric; bath, closet, furnace, city water, electric lights—all modern conveniences; two-story, up-to-date residence, nine rooms, cement walks; finest location in village. $2,750 buys little mortgage; we will sell this property to secure loan. Make us an offer.

318

A cozy, convenient home which cost $2,000 to build the house, and it is in one of the best residence locations in Birmingham, and would not be sold but for the conditions calling for it. But this your good fortune and no fault of the owner, and he will take $1,800 and no grumbling. Terms easy and long time to the right kind of a purchaser.

320

Excellent business chance in a small village. Store and dwelling; 3 large 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 doing 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, second-hand but good house, good cellar, fine well, good brick cistern. Particulars for the asking.

321

Fine farm of 86 acres in the midst of the Hilly Belt, only 1½ miles from the electric, nearly all Page fence, sixty-rods stone board, two basement barns, woodshed, ice house, hog house, two hen houses, tool house; wind mill supplies best water; never failing; piped to house and barns; rich, gravelly loam and clay; 25 acres in good 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; 40 acres on excellent gravel road, 164 acres, well fenced, and ten-room brick house with furnace; two cest flowing wells in the country; basement barn 30x80, nearly new; ben house with cement floor; corn crib, horse barn, hay shed, tool house. Not a foot of waste land, and well known for its productiveness; fully drained by tile. Farms in the immediate neighborhood adjoining have sold at $150 per acre, but we will sell this for less.

324

Ninety-two acres a mile east of the electric in Rochester; good house, nine other buildings; two acres apple and peach orchard; soil sandy loam. And listen here! $4,000 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, twenty acres orchard—apple, pear and peach; fifteen acres timber; two wells, never failing and 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 added to by building of two more good residences on the same lot without crowding. At $2,000 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; two-story house, six rooms, 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, two sheds; excellent land in high state of cultivation; easy terms. Price $2,500.

339

Five desirable lots on Woodward Ave., running back to frontage on street one block from Woodward Ave., nine-room house, water-closet, city water, good barn 30x40. Plenty of room for garden and chickens; one of the best locations, and the price so low we are ashamed to tell it. Come and see us and make us an offer. Terms easy.

347

Forty acres just outside of the corporate limits of Birmingham. Rich loamy land, two acres of orchard, nine first-class buildings which could not be built for $8,000; fourteen-room house, bath, toilet, range—every convenience of city; city water. Just what you want. Costs nothing to investigate. Let us take you to see it.

348

House and two lots, two blocks from electric in Birmingham; 118 feet front and 188 feet deep. City water, eight-room new two-story house and good barn. Would exchange for almost anything. Let us take you to the owner and you can make it out. Isn't that honest and square?

350

A classic among the farms. 166 acres half a mile from Birmingham and ten rods from the electric, just on the edge of the Bloomfield Hills district. Pretty little stream, no waste land, and plenty of shade. Fine stone and cement house and ample barns; well fenced and the most productive land in the county. Will sell in parcels if necessary. The price is right, and when we take you to see it you will say the place is right, too.

352

Forty-two acre farm about half a mile from the electric; beautiful location. Pretty little branch of the River Rouge, with overhanging elms; no waste land; good, new, comfortable buildings; land under high state of cultivation. Couldn't imagine any better place for an idle 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 few acres. A mile and a half by the road to the electric; half mile from the village limits. Not enough buildings to wouldn't suit you if there were any. Well-fenced, never-failing water, 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 we know of. Forty-seven acres, new stone house—ten rooms, furnace, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, city water, half acre of beautiful grove of native trees; sixteen acres of best kind of fruits just coming into bearing; splendid new barns and carriage houses; just outside the village limits. Altogether the finest place in the vicinity, about twenty rods from the electric, and it can be bought for less than the buildings cost. Let's you and I go and look at it at our expense.

355

A fine farm of two hundred and twenty-five acres only a mile and a half from the corporate limits of Birmingham and one of the best farming 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 land, and one-half of it fronts on 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 repaired, good fences, small little creek runs over our two runs through the place; three acres of fine orchard, plenty of timber, 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, screens, storm house, fine location; lot 230 feet deep. House cost $3,500 to build, and at very little more would buy the whole business.

359

Eight-room, two-story house, on Middle St.; bath, closet, hot and cold water, Peninsular block furnace, electric light, nicely shaded, good neighborhood, quiet and pleasant. 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 40x132, and the price is $2,400. Well, look it over, and if you think you can build the house for that, you can't expect for all the houses we build hereafter.

361

Beautiful location on Pine Lake, with a small lake on the premises besides. Five acres of rich loamy acres in farm with good buildings worth $3,000; five acres in orchard worth a 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 Woodward; lot 50 feet front, 103 feet deep, seven room house, city water, fine well, good cellar, beautiful maple trees for shade and ample amount of fruit. Twenty-five hundred will easily turn this place. The buildings 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 on Woodward Ave. face 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 good fruit, 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 ash and elm timber, forty acres tillable. Price is one hundred dollars per acre. No buildings or orchard; a little over a mile to the electric. Price is well 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 $2,000 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 for fruit or poultry. $1,000 cash will buy 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.

371

In these times of high prices for any old kind of farming lands, if you could buy a rippling good farm for sixty dollars an acre, you would sit up and take notice, wouldn't you? Well, here it is. Eighty acres in the township of Southfield, barn cost $1,600, good well and cistern, never-failing stream runs through the farm, good gravel loam with clay sub-soil, seven acres of good orchard, fine apples, right electric, six miles from Detroit, twenty-five acres of nice timber, large tree—real old-fashioned timber. Come look it over with us and see if we haven't told you things just as they are.

372

Here's another, Southfield farm. And the price is very low, too. Only sixty-two and one-half dollars per acre. Nine-room house, underground cistern 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 have for sale and show 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, small mortgage loan; fine large orchard of best varieties of apples, cherries, peaches, etc., within easy walking distance of the electric in the delightful Bloomfield Hills, country where the roads are high and farms hard to get, yet this very desirable farm home can be had for $6,000.

374

Here's a good one for the lucky purchaser. One hundred and twenty-seven acres of fine Southfield farm lands, thirteen acres timber, sixteen acres good orchard, good buildings, valued at $7,800, no marsh or swamp, good fences, a mile from the electric on Woodward Ave., all in a high state of cultivation. Can be had for one hundred and twenty-five dollars per acre. That is a very reasonable price when you consider that farms not as good 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. Forty-seven acres, eight acres of orchard, eight acres of timber, good fences and buildings, everything in good order and ready to make a cozy farm home. Only a little over a mile from the electric, rich loamy land, well drained and buildings in very pleasant location on a slight elevation. Two thousand dollars cash will buy it and the balance of the purchase price can be paid on easy terms, or you could ask for a 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 chickens. No buildings. $1,500 will buy it if you have $500 to pay down—the rest can run on mortgage.

377

Vacant lot in Campbell Addition. Good location; new cement walk. Lot is 40x110 and it can be bought right now for $175 cash.

378

Vacant lots on Southfield Ave., 80 feet front and 132 feet deep. The location for nice residence, excellent neighborhood; $500.

379

Well, now! Look at this. A fine farm of one hundred and twenty acres, with good buildings, house and barn, a comfortable six-room house, 1,200 peach, apple and plum trees, ten acres peas and oats, one-half acre potatoes, four acres good orchard—and listen here, there are two good gravel pits on the farm and it is only 220 rods from the D. U. R. line. Will throw in the new cement block machine, 12 sheep, 8 stands, bees and fixtures, good mare, and all the other stock and tools on the farm, and the price is only THIRTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS. Now hustle, for this bargain is sure to go in a week.

380

New brick ten-room house, toilet, bath, laundry, cellar, furnace, electric light, fireplace, mantels, finest location in town; lot 125 feet front and 228 feet deep; good barn, 24x30, and other buildings. Didn't know that it could be bought at any price, but circumstances alter cases, and this place can be bought for much less than it cost, and you know property hasn't been depreciated in value in Birmingham of late. Not so that you would notice it. Ask us about it, talk to us and the owner about it, and we'll look the premises over and—that will probably settle it.

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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, electric light, flowing well, 2,200 chicken houses, barn, good drainage, sixty fruit trees just coming into bearing. Fare is only 5 cents. Half the price is a mortgage, for about one-third of the value of the place, which is cheap. The balance is so small, considering everything, that it won't worry you while it's go and look at it. It's worth while.

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 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 there would not be 75,000 left after their counting!"—"Life and Adventures of Signor Blitz."