KEITH OF THE BOOT

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 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 riders 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. They come upon a cabin and find its lone occupant to be a young girl, whom Keith recognizes as a singer he saw at Carson City. The girl explains that she came there in search of a brother who had deserted from the army. A Mr. Hawley induced her to come to the cabin while he sought to locate her brother. Hawley appears.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"A murder! Did you imagine he came this way?"

"Not very likely; fact of it is, the sand storm yesterday destroyed all traces, and, as a result, we've lost him. So I headed a few of the boys over in this direction, as I wanted to relieve you of anxiety."

She was silent an instant, and the man crossed to the fireplace, where Keith could gain a glimpse of him. Already suspicious from the familiar sound of his voice, he was not surprised to recognize "Black Bart." The plainsman's fingers gripped the negro's arm, his eyes burning. So this gambler and blackleg was the gentlemanly Mr. Hawley, was he; well, what could be his little game? Why had he inveigled the girl into this lonely spot? And what did he now propose doing with her? As he crouched there, peering through that convenient crack in the door, Keith completely forgot his own peril, intent only upon this new discovery. She came slowly around the end of the table, and stood leaning against it, her face clearly revealed in the light of the lamp. For the first time Keith really perceived its beauty, its fresh charm. Could such as she be singer and dancer in a frontier concert hall? And if so, what strange conditions ever drove her into that sort of life?

"Is—is Fred with you?" she questioned, doubtfully.

"No; he's with another party riding farther west," the man's eyes surveying her with manifest approval. "You are certainly looking fine tonight, my girl. It's difficult to understand how I ever managed to keep away from you so long."

She flushed to the hair, her lips trembling at the open boldness of his tone.

"I—I prefer you would not speak like that," she protested.

"And why not?" with a light laugh. "Come, Christie, such fine airs are a trifle out of place. If I didn't know you were a concert hall artist, I might be more deeply impressed. As it is, I reckon you've fared love words before, now."

"Mr. Hawley, I have trusted you as a gentleman. I never came here except on your promise to bring me to my brother," and she stood erect before him. "You have no right to even assume that I am Christie Maclaire."

"Sure not; I don't assume. I have seen that lady too often to be mistaken. Don't try on that sort of thing with me—I don't take to it kindly. Perhaps a kiss might put you in better humor."

He took a step forward, as though proposing to carry out his threat, but the girl stopped him, her eyes burning with indignation.

"How dare you!" she exclaimed passionately, all fear leaving her in sudden resentment. "You think me alone here and helpless; that you can insult me at your pleasure. Don't go too far, Mr. Hawley. I know what you are now, and it makes no difference what you may think of me, or call me; you'll find me perfectly able to defend myself."

"Oh, indeed!" sneeringly, "you are melodramatic; you should have been an actress instead of a singer. But you waste your talent out here on me. Do you imagine I fear either you, or your precious brother? Why, I could have him hung to-morrow."

She was staring at him with wide open eyes, her face white.

"What—what do you mean? What has he done?"

He was cold and sarcastic.

"That makes no difference; it is what I could induce men to swear he had done. It's easy enough to convict in this country, if you only know how. I simply tell you this, so you won't press me too hard. Frontiersmen is out of place west of the Missouri, especially among ladies of your profession. Oh, come, now, Christie, don't try to put such airs on with me. I know who you are, all right, and can guess why you are hunting after Fred Willoughby. I pumped the boy, and got most of the truth out of him."

"You—you have seen him, then, since you left me," she faltered, bewildered, "and didn't bring him here with you?"

"Why should I?" and the man stepped forward, his eyes on her, his hands twitching with a desire to clasp her to him, yet restrained by some undefinable power. "While I believed your brother story, I could have played the good Samaritan most beautifully, but after I talked with Willoughby I prefer him at a distance."

"My brother story! Do you mean to insinuate you doubt his being my brother? He told you that!"

"He gave up the whole trick. You can't trust a kid like that, Christie. A couple of drinks will loosen his tongue, and put you in wrong. Come, now, I know it all; be reasonable!"

Apparently the girl had lost her power of speech, staring blindly at the face of the man before her, as a bird meets the slow approach of a snake. Keith could see her lips move, but making no sound. Hawley evidently interpreted her silence as hesitation, doubt as to his real meaning.

"You see where you are at now, Christie," he went on swiftly. "But you don't need to be afraid. I'm going to be a friend to you, and you can be mighty glad you got rid of Willoughby so easily. Why, I can buy you diamonds where he couldn't give you a calico dress. Come on, let's stop this foolishness. I took a liking to you back there in the stage, and the more I've thought about you since—the crazier I've got. When I succeeded in pumping Willoughby dry, and discovered you wasn't his sister at all, why that settled the matter. I came down here after you. I love you, do you understand that? And, what's more, I intend to have you!"

He reached out, and actually grasped her, but, in some manner, she tore loose, and sprang back around the end of the table, her cheeks flushed, her eyes burning.

"Don't touch me! don't dare touch me!" she panted. "You lie; Fred Willoughby never told you that. If you come one step nearer, I'll scream; I'll call your men here; I'll tell them the kind of a cur you are."

He laughed, leaning over toward her, yet hesitating, his eyes full of admiration. Her very fierceness appealed to him, urged him on.

"Oh, I Wouldn't! In the first place they probably wouldn't hear, for they are camped down in the corral. I suspected you might be something of a tigress, and preferred to fight it out with you alone. Then, even if they did hear, there would be no interference—I've got those fellows trained too well for that. Come on, Christie, you're helpless here."

"Am I?"

"Yes, you are."

He took a step toward her, his hands flung out. With one quick movement she sprang aside and extinguished the lamp, plunging the room into instant darkness. A few red coals glowed dully in the fireplace, but all else was dense blackness. Keith heard the movements of Hawley as he felt his way uncertainly along the table, swearing as he failed to find the girl. Then, like a shadow, he glided through the partly open door into the room.

They Were Fighting for Life Silently, Desperately.

CHAPTER XI.

The Fight in the Dark.

Had the room been filled with men Keith could have restrained himself no longer. Whatever her past might be, this woman appealed to him strangely; he could not believe evil of her; he would have died if need be in her defense. But as it was, the ugly boast of Hawley gave confidence in the final outcome of this struggle in the dark, even a possibility of escape for them all. The gambler, assured of being confronted merely by a frail and not overscrupulous woman, had ventured there alone; had stationed his men beyond sound; had doubtless instructed them to ignore any noise of struggle which they might overhear within. It was these very arrangements for evil which now afforded opportunity, and Keith crept forward, alert and ready, his teeth clenched, his hands bare for contest. Even although he surprised his antagonist, it was going to be a fight for life; he knew "Black Bart," broad-shouldered, quick as a cat, accustomed to every form of physical exercise, desperate and tricky, using either knife or gun recklessly. Yet it was now or never for all of them, and the plainsman felt no mercy, experienced no reluctance. He reached the table, and straightened up, silent, expectant. For an instant there was no further sound; no evidence of movement in the room. Hawley, puzzled by the silence, was listening intently in an endeavor to thus locate the girl through some rustling, some slight motion. A knife, knocked from the table, perhaps, as she slipped softly past, fell clattering to the floor, and the gambler leaped instantly forward. Keith's grip closed like iron on his groping arm, while he shot one fist out toward where the man's head should be. The blow glanced, yet drove the fellow backward, stumbling against the table, and Keith closed in, grappling for the throat. The other, startled by the unexpected attack, and scarcely realizing even yet the nature of his antagonist, struggled blindly to escape the fingers clawing at him, and flung one hand down to the knife in his belt. Warned by the movement, the assailant drove his head into the gambler's chest, sending him crashing to the floor, falling himself heavily upon the prostrate body. Hawley gave utterance to one cry, half throttled in his throat, and then the two grappled fiercely, so interlocked together as to make weapons useless. Whoever the assailant might be, the gambler was fully aware by now that he was being crushed in the grasp of a fighting man, and exerted every wrestler's trick, every ounce of strength, to break free. Twice he struggled to his knees, only to be crowded backward by relentless power; once he hurled Keith sideways, but the plainsman's muscles stiffened into steel, and he gradually regained his position. Neither dared release a grip in order to strike a blow; neither had sufficient breath left with which to utter a sound. They were fighting for life, silently, desperately, like wild beasts, with no thought but to injure the other. The gambler's teeth sank into Keith's arm, and the latter in return jammed the man's head back once this punched floor viciously. Perspiration streamed from their bodies, their fingers clutching, their limbs wrapped together, their muscles strained to the utmost. Keith had forgotten the girl, the negro, everything, dominated by the one passion to conquer. He was swept by a storm of hatred, a desire to kill. In their fierce struggle the two had rolled close to the fire place, and in the dull glow of the dying embers, he could perceive a faint outline of the man's face. The sight added flame to his mad passion, yet he could do nothing except to cling to him, jabbing his fingers into the straining throat.

The negro ended the affair in his own way, clawing blindly at the combatants in the darkness, and finally, determining which was the enemy, he struck the gambler with the stock of his gun, laying him out unconscious. Keith, grasping the table, hauled himself to his feet, gasping for breath, certain only that Hawley was no longer struggling. For an instant all was blank, a mist of black vapor; then a realization of their situation came back in sudden flood of remembrance. Even yet he could see nothing, but felt the motionless figure at his feet.

"Quick," he urged, the instant he could make himself speak. "The fellow is only stunned; we must tie and gag him. Is that you, Neb? Where is the girl?"

"I am here, Captain Keith," and he heard the soft rustle of her dress across the room. "What is it I may do?"

"A coil of rope, or some straps, with a piece of cloth; anything you can lay hands on."

She was some moments at it, confused by the darkness, and Hawley moved slightly, his labored breathing growing plainly perceptible. Keith heard her groping toward him, and held out his hands. She started as he thus unexpectedly touched her, yet made no effort to break away.

"You—you frightened me a little," she confessed. "This has all happened so quickly I hardly realize yet just what has occurred."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wanted the Day to Himself.

Nothing makes us quite so weary as these elaborate, gotten-up-ahead-of-time jokes that some people stage and spring with such a dramatic effect. Our Washington correspondent told us of one of them, and the plainsman felt. A man went into the patent office, last week, and said he wanted a copyright. They steered him to the right department, and he opened up like this:

"This is Saturday, is it not? Thank you. I understand that you will not issue a copyright on Sunday?"

"No, sir. That is the rule."

"But you will issue a copyright on any other day of the week?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm so glad. I want to get Friday copyrighted. It's my birthday, and I don't want any other fellows using it. How much will it cost?"

She Scorned to Deceive.

"And then——" said Ermyntrude, pausing.

"Yes. And then?" exclaimed Gwendoline.

"He asked me if I had ever been kissed before." Gwendoline gave a gasp of compassion.

"Oh, you poor darling!" she cried. "How awkward! Of course, you said —er—no?"

"Dear Gwendoline," said Ermyntrude, raising her eyes to those of her companion, "do you not know that the truth is dearer to me than all else?"

"Yes, I know," whispered Gwendoline, pressing her friend's hand. "What did you say?"

"I said," replied Gwendoline, returning the pressure, "'Oh, Clarence, how can you ask?'"—Answers.

Actor's Proper Place.

Mahlon Ivans, Jr., of Merchantville has a reputation as an actor and takes part in nearly all of the local shows. In the last show that was given, Shorty had one of the leading parts. After the show, while he was taking off his makeup, an elderly man made his appearance in the doorway. "Are you Mr. Ivins?" inquired the old man. "Yes," replied Shorty, as he motioned him to be seated. "Well," the old man continued, "I just want to tell you something. I've been watching your acting tonight. You should not be playing in this town; you should be with Mansfield, Booth or Irving, or Joe Jefferson." "Why-why," said Shorty, "those actors are dead." "I know it," said the old man, as he turned on his heel and left.—Philadelphia Times.

When Aunt Cally Gave Up

Worm Turned at Laun of Ironing "Mis' Portly's" Voluminous Skirts.

Aunt Cally belongs distinctly to the type of "born not made" laundresses. She loves her ironing board exactly so wide and just so long. She wants plenty of blanket and sheet on it so the embroidery stands out clear and she carries her own piece of beeswax around in her apron pocket. Maybe the magic is in that piece of wax, for she has carried it always, it seems. The irons work well for her because she selects them at just the right heat and then she administers a little pat which she calls "tasein' 'em," applies a little wax and off they go, making the linens look as if they were polished.

But Aunt Cally, like other artists, has not escaped trials. She likes to see her work grow and has pride in counting the number of pieces she can do in a day.

The trouble is, she has washed a long time for a woman of tremendous proportions and she has become discouraged.

"I done stop washin' fuh Mis' Portly!" she announced the other day.

"Why, how can she get along with out you? About ten years you have done her washing, isn't it?"

"Yas'm. I don't know'm what she gotin' do. But, I jes cain stan' it no longer. Tell de truth, I jes' lief untake a trip 'round de world es fo iron one o' her skirts."

He who knows that secrets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments—is the rich and royal man.—Emerson.

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, 122 feet deep; hot water heater, hot and cold bath, toilet, city gas, city water—every convenience; one of 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; and anyone to build it for less and see what they say. You can buy this beautiful home for $3,000, and have your own terms 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 66x160; plenty of fruit. You could not build the 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 $1,500, 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 $850; 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; fine location; 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 dairying proposition in the county. On the line of the Rochester electric, 18 miles from Detroit; two flowing wells, good of nearly an acre of pure spring water furnishing an abundance of pure clean ice; nine-room house, new silo, barn 74x40, accommodation for 30 head of cattle in cement-floor stable, milk house with flowing well, 15 acres timber, 345 rods new wire fence with cedar posts, 112 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. Tiger.

298

House, barn, wagon shop, blacksmith shop, two lumber sheds, two acres of land, fine orchard; buildings in good repair; 2½ miles from electric in Village of Franklin; pretty little 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 Woodward Ave.; lot 50 feet frontage and 120 feet deep. Corner lot, and one of the most desirable building lots in the city. 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; close to school, furnace, city water, electric lights—all modern conveniences; two-story, up-to-date residence, nine rooms, cement walks, fine location in village. $2,700 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 best residence localities in Birmingham, and would not be sold but for the conditions existing. But that's 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, 1¼ acres, five buildings; fine chance for some one with small means, unable to do hard labor, to make a living and have something besides. Wealthy farming community, and a good country trade has been done in the same locality. The price is $1,400 and the terms can be made easy for any one who will pay enough to secure them. Ice house, barn, wood-shed, seven-room house, good cellar, fine well, good brick cistern. Particulars for the asking.

321

Fine farm of 86 acres in the midst of the Bloomfield Hills, a little over a mile from the electric; nearly all Page fence; eight-room stone house, two basement barns, one cow barn, hog house, two hen houses, tool house; wind mill supplies best water, never failing; piped to house and barns. Fine orchard; silty, loamy soil; about five acres pretty little grove and hickory nut 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 best paying walls in the country; basement barn 40x80, nearly new; sheep house with cement floor, corn crib, horse barn, tool house, hog house, hen house, two hen houses, tool house; wind mill supplies best water, never failing; piped to house and barns. Fine orchard; silty, loamy soil; about five acres pretty little grove and hickory nut land. Price $100 per acre. Terms easy.

324

Ninety-two acres a mile east of the electric in Royal Oak; ten-room house; five-room house; two acres apple and peach orchard; soil sandy loam; fine listen here; $2,500 will buy it, and the balance of the purchase price can run a long time at low rate of interest. Let's look it over.

330

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

331

House, barn, lot 60 feet front and 320 feet deep, on one of the most desirable locations in the village. Trunks on two streets, and can be adapted to the building of two more good 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, hot and cold water, furnace, range. Two blocks from the electric. Price $3,000; 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; 115 feet front and 185 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 tell you a sticker it out. Isn't that honest and square?

350

A classic among the farms. 166 acres half a mile from Birmingham and a few 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; one of the best and most productive land in the country. Will sell in parcels if desired. 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 stream, fine for the River House, with overhanging elms; 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 $2,500. That's different, too. But there's a reason. Ask us.

353

Ideal little place for a country house and grounds. A little more than a half mile the road to the electric; half mile from the village limits. Not much of a farm; wouldn't suit you if there did were any. Well fenced, no waste land, on four corners, in excellent neighborhood. Five and one-half acres, nearly, and can be bought right.

354

One of the best equipped and loveliest little farms on our list. Forty-seven acres, new stone house—ten rooms, furnace, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, forty water, half acre of beautiful grove of native trees, sixteen acres of best kind of fruits just commencing to bear, splendid new barns and carriage houses, just outside the village limits. Altogether the finest place in the vicinity, about twenty rods from the electric—you ever saw finer, and for less than the buildings cost. Let's you and I go and look at it at our expense.

355

A fine farm of two hundred and twenty-five acres only a mile and a half from the corporate limits of Birmingham and one of the very finest locations in this county of fine farms. Six good buildings in very good shape, five acres of fine apple orchard, plenty of good 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 under entirely rebuilt, good fences; finest little creek you ever saw runs through the farm; three acres of fine orchard, plenty of shade, and the price is right. Take you to see it any time at all.

358

Fine new cement house on Woodward Ave., eight rooms, closet, bath, hot and cold water, furnace, porch, screens, storm house, fine cellar, cement walk, fine shaded lot 40x193, and the price is $2,400. Well, look it over, and if you think you can build the house for half you can contract for all the houses we build hereafter.

359

Eight-room, two-story house, on Middle St.; bath, closet, hot and cold water, Peninsular furnace, one block from the electric; right in the best residence neighborhood, quiet and clean. Walk over with us and look this place over; some of these fine mornings. Come on!

360

New house on Merrill St., one block from possible and electric, eight rooms, bath, closet, hot and cold water, furnace, hardwood finish, cement walk, fine shaded lot 40x193, and the price is $2,400. Well, look it over, and if you think you can build the house for half you can contract for all the houses we build hereafter.

361

Beautiful location on Pine Lake, with a small farm on the premises adjoining. Five acre grove, thirty acres in farm with good building worth over $3,000; five acres fine orchards. Five thousand dollars will handle it, and the rest on easy terms and long time. Well, look it over.

362

House and two lots on Willits street, half block from electric, eighty feet front, 103 feet deep; six-room house, city water, fine well, good cellar, beautiful maple trees for shade and usual amount of fruit. Price $1,800 and terms on easy terms will do the business. Well, look it over and talk it over with us. Well, look it over.

366

Listen Here! Five acres not more than forty rods from the corporation line, on Woodward Ave., fare to the city hall, fifteen cents. Almost ready to buy it ourselves. Ideal suburban residence. Plenty of fruit of all kinds. Only a minute's walk to the electric; ten rooms, toilet, bath, cellar, furnace, hot and cold water, electric light, fine stable and two other buildings; right on the electric to Detroit. Say, what do you want anyhow? Almost too cheap to be right, if you doubt it ask Whitehead at the First National Bank.

367

Half a block from the electric, just outside of the corporate limits, five 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 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. 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 back 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 for fruit or poultry. $1,800 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 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 $1,800, good well and cistern, never-failing stream runs through the farm. Good gravelly loam with clay subsoil, two acres of finest orchard, 2½ miles from electric, 1½ miles from thriving village. Fourteen acres of fine timber, large tree-and 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 only $60 an acre. Only sixty-two and one-half dollars per acre. Nine-room house, underground stable and good barn, two wells, four acres of finest orchard, 2½ 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, no waste land, soil a good loam, fine for fruit, and the best varieties of apples, cherries, peaches, etc., within easy walking distance of the electric, in the delightful Bloomfield district, where prices are high and farms hard to get, the very very desirable farm home can be had for $6,000.

374

Here's a good one for the lucky purchaser. One hundred and twenty-seven acres, of fine productive farm lands, thirteen acres timber, sixteen acres good orchard, eight buildings, valued at $7,500, in much more than the 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, eight acres of orchard, eight acres of timber, good fences and buildings, everything in good order ready to make a cozy farm home. Only a little over a mile from the electric, nice rolling land, well drained and buildings in very pleasant location on slight elevation. Two thousand 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 where you can have plenty of garden. No buildings. $1,500 will buy it and you have $1,000 to buy down—the rest can run on mortgage.

377

Vacant lot in Campbell Addition. Good location; new cement walk. Lot 50 feet front 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, good house, good cement block barn, 23x32, comfortable six-room house, 1,200 peach, apple and plum trees, ten acres peas and beans, one-half acre 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 U. R. tracks. Will throw in new cement block, 10 x 20, 2 sheep, 4 lambs, horse and wagon, good mare, and all the farming implements, 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 320 feet deep; price $4,500. Two good 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 we know property hasn't been depreciating in value in Birmingham of late. Look at this and would notice it. Ask us about it, talk to us and the owner about it. Go and look the property over and—that will probably settle it.

381

Yep! Here's the chicken farm you have been looking after. Seven and one-half acres, one mile from electric. Ten-room house, toilet, bath, Peninsular furnace, grates, mantels, electric light, flowing well, chicken houses, barn, good drainage, sixty fruit trees just coming into bearing. Place 18 cents to City Hall. There is a mortgage about one-third of the value of the place, which can run. The balance is so small, considering everything, that it needn't worry you. Let'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 honors poorly 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 the counting!"

"Life and Adventures of Signor Blitz."