

The following is a partial list of Farms, City and Villa Lots generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we earnestly wish as if they do not see what they want in this list.

- 201 Five two-story residence on Maple... 202 Forty-acre just outside of the corporate limits of Birmingham... 203 House and two lots... 204 A classic among the farms... 205 Forty-two acre farm... 206 Eighty-five acre farm... 207 Ideal little place for a country home... 208 One of the best equipped and loveliest little farms... 209 A fine farm of two hundred and twenty acres... 210 One of the best of Bloomfield farms... 211 New house on Merrill St... 212 Beautiful location on Pine Lake... 213 House and two lots on Whittie street... 214 Listen Here! Five acres not more than forty feet deep... 215 Half a block from the electric... 216 Sixty acres of rich loamy land... 217 Forty-five acre farm in the township of... 218 Twenty-five acres, 1 1/2 miles from Rochester... 219 Five desirable lots in Woodward Ave... 220

TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL DARRISH Author of 'My Lady of the South' 'When Wilderness was King' Etc. etc. Copyright, A. C. McGraw & Co., 1913

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is riding along on the edge of the prairie. He is a man of average physique, with a beard and a mustache, and his eyes are set in a face that has seen many a hard day's work.

CHAPTER XI—(Continued)

"The action has only really begun," he assured her, still retaining his hold upon her hand. "This was merely a preliminary skirmish, and you must prepare to bear your part in what follows. We have settled Mr. Hawley for the present, and now must deal with the terrible thing that is to come."

"Oh, what would I have done if you had not been here?" "Let us not think about that; we were here and here we are, and before us we get away safely. Give me the rope first. Good! Here, now, you must know how to use this—no, no, not now, but when you are in the arms; take the knife out of its belt. Now for the cloth, Miss Macneir."

"Please do not call me that!" "But you said it didn't make any difference what I called you." "I thought it didn't, but it does now." "Oh, I see; we are already on a new footing. Yet I must call you something. She hesitated just long enough for him to notice it. Either she had no substitute ready at hand, or else doubted the advisability of confiding her real name under present circumstances to any one so nearly a stranger."

"You may call me Hope." "A name certainly of good omen," he remarked, "from a point of view I shall forgive Christie Macneir, and remember only Miss Hope." "All right, now turn over a chair, and sit down with me. I will not see you as the easier in that position until my gang arrives."

"He thrust his head out of the door, and looked cautiously forth into the night and listening. A single horse, probably the one that Hawley had been riding, was tied to a dwarf cottonwood near the corner of the cabin. Nothing else was visible."

"I am going to round up our horses, and learn the condition of Hawley's outfit," he announced in a low voice. "I may be gone for fifteen or twenty minutes, and, meanwhile, Miss Hope, get ready for a long ride. Now, stand close beside the door, and when you see one of our men, give him a nod. I'll rap three times when I return."

TRAINING IN GOOD MANNERS

Begin When Boy Is Young, and Politeness is Bound to Become Second Nature.

Long before I had any sons of my own I made up my mind that, if I ever had the training of a boy, I should begin, as soon as he could understand anything, to teach him the small things that constitute good manners. The many boys I have known, and men, too, who at heart are good and kind, and who are refined, yet lack so large a part of the little courtesies that it is hard to believe they have been well brought up. In most cases it is the fault of the mother. She feels that it is much more important for the character of a little boy that his manners can wait till he is older. The result is that one sees many boys who are really well brought up outside of their homes, and yet seem to think it unnecessary to treat their own mother in the same way.

"I can remember when I first mounted a horse, in earliest childhood, surely, although I have not ridden since that time. This one is like a rocking chair."

"He belonged to your friend, Mr. Hawley." "She drew a quick breath, her face again turned forward. "Who—who is that man? Do you know?"

TURKEY HAD AN EVILEYE

Men Inist They Killed Bird In Self-Defense, But Law Says They Must Prove It.

John O'Hallinan, twenty-five years old, and William Johnson, thirty-four years old, were held in \$200 bail each on a charge of petit larceny in the Federal police court. They were taken out to the Prospect Park zoo the other day and climbed over the enclosure where the deer are. After that they made a personal call upon the peacocks. Passing from Inclosure to Inclosure on a series of friendly calls on the peacocks, they were pointing a fine bronze turkey gobble. "That bird there," O'Hallinan said, "is a pet turkey gobble."

Very Taking Platform. Governor Dix, at a dinner in the Metropolitan in New York, said of politics: "Sheering at politics, the Goncourts once said that no party could ever lose office if it gave the people fireworks every night and free vaudeville every day. "It's best of a candidate in the south who went the Goncourts one better. "Follow citizens," he shouted from the stump, "my platform is to give you fireworks every night and free vaudeville every day. "Washington, Mr. We must expect to suffer pain in the same degree that we inflict it on others," said the man who believes in retribution. "Maybe so," answered the suffering friend. "But I am convinced that my dentist has found a way of beating the game." O'Hallinan is a hold man. So he faced the infuriated turkey. After a desperate battle he flung his coat over its head. With his eyes covered, just as he had expected, the power was broken. He clutched it tightly by the neck and looked it over to the park to finish it. When Detention of the park squad arrested the man, a pet turkey charge the creature was already dead.



The Easy Manner in Which She Rode Relieved Him of Anxiety.

CHAPTER XII.

Through the Night Shadow. Keith had very little to guide him, as he could not determine whether this mysterious cabin on the Salt Fork lay to east or west of the usual cattle trail leading down to the Canadian. Yet he felt reasonably assured that the general trend of the country lying beyond the smaller stream and the river was toward the west. He was startled to find that there was already acquainted. It was merely a wild stretch of sandy prairie, across which their horses would have scarcely any trail, and even that little would be quickly obliterated by the first puff of wind. He certainly could not slide away silently into the gloom of the night.

desperate battle he flung his coat over its head. With his eyes covered, just as he had expected, the power was broken. He clutched it tightly by the neck and looked it over to the park to finish it. When Detention of the park squad arrested the man, a pet turkey charge the creature was already dead. John O'Brien of the zoo force is going to pickle the turkey so it will last for a long time. The police say that O'Hallinan and Johnson were drunk when they had their battle with the bird. Brooklyn Eagle. Very Taking Platform. Governor Dix, at a dinner in the Metropolitan in New York, said of politics: "Sheering at politics, the Goncourts once said that no party could ever lose office if it gave the people fireworks every night and free vaudeville every day. "It's best of a candidate in the south who went the Goncourts one better. "Follow citizens," he shouted from the stump, "my platform is to give you fireworks every night and free vaudeville every day. "Washington, Mr. We must expect to suffer pain in the same degree that we inflict it on others," said the man who believes in retribution. "Maybe so," answered the suffering friend. "But I am convinced that my dentist has found a way of beating the game." O'Hallinan is a hold man. So he faced the infuriated turkey. After a

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, who was then secretary of state. Glancing at my card, he turned and readily extended his hand with a warm and hearty greeting. He asked me what my name was, and I told him. "You are a magician, an office seeker," he said. "I am only one, Sir, I assure you, all others I should refuse without regard to their emoluments." "What do you mean by that?" questioned the great statesman, in his deep and powerful voice. "Counting the treasury notes, Mr. Webster, the treasury notes?" "Yes, Sir. You might give me 100,000 to count and watch me closely, but you could find only \$200 when I returned them." "Signor," he exclaimed, with heavy emphasis, "there is no one more than 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."