KEITH of the BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

by RANDALL PARRISH

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY OF THE SOUTH," "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING," ETC., ETC.

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 raiding 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 letters, one 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.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"I have been a perfect brute," he acknowledge frankly, "with no thought except for myself. Hunger was my master, and I ask your forgiveness, Miss Maclaire."

Her eyes smiled.

"I am so very glad to have any one here—any one—for when I feel even a little confidence—that nothing else greatly matters. Can you both eat, and listen?"

Keith nodded, his eyes full of interest, searching her face.

"Whoever I may be, Mr. Keith, and really that seems very of small importance, I came to Fort Larned seeking some trace of my only brother, whom we last heard from there, where he had fallen into evil companionship. On the stage trip I was fortunate enough to form an acquaintance with a man who told me he knew where I could meet Fred, but that the boy was hiding because of some trouble he had lately gotten into, and that I should have to proceed very carefully so as not to lead the officers to discover his whereabouts. This gentleman was engaged in some business at Carson City, but he employed a man to bring me to this place, and promised to get Fred, and meet me here the following day. There must have been some failure in the plans, for I have been here entirely alone now for three days. It has been very lonesome, and—and I've been a little frightened. Perhaps I ought not to have come, and I am not certain what kind of a place this is. I was so afraid when you came, but I am not afraid now."

"You have no need to be," he said soberly, impressed by the innocent candor of the girl, and feeling thankful that he was present to aid her. "I could not wrong one of the South."

"My father always told me I could trust a Southern gentleman under any circumstances. Mr. Hawley was from my own State, and knew many of our old friends. That was why I felt such unusual confidence in him, although he was but a traveling acquaintance."

"Mr. Hawley?"

"The gentleman whom I met on the stage."

"Oh, yes; you said he was in business in Carson City, but I don't seem to remember any one of that name."

"He was not there permanently; only to complete some business deal."

"And your brother? I may possibly have known him."

She hesitated an instant, her eyes dropping, until completely shaded by the long lashes.

"He—he was rather a wild boy, and ran away from home to enlist in the army. But he got into a bad set, and—and deserted. That was part of the trouble which caused him to hide. He enlisted under the name of Fred, Willoughby. Mr. Hawley told me this much, but I am afraid he did not tell me all."

"And he said you would meet him here?"

Keith gazed about the bare surroundings wonderingly. What was this place, hidden away in the midst of the desert, isolated in a spot where not even Indians roamed? Could it be a secret rendezvous of crime, the headquarters of desperadoes, of cattle rustlers, of the highwaymen of the Santa Fe Trail—a point to which they could ride when hard pressed, certain of hiding there in safety? He began to suspect this, but, if so, why then was this Hawley, and with what object had he sent this girl here? Every way he turned was to confront mystery, to face a new puzzle. Whatever she might be—even the innocent hall singer he believed—she had been inveigled here innocently enough.

"Yes," she replied, "he said that this was one of the stations of a big ranch on which Fred was employed, and that he would certainly be here within a day or two."

"You met Hawley on the stage coach? How did you become acquainted?"

"We were alone for nearly fifty miles," her voice faltering slightly, "and—and he called me what you did."

"Christie Maclaire?"

"Yes; he—he seemed to think he knew me, and I needed help so much that I let him believe so. I thought it could do no harm, and then, when I found he actually knew Fred, I didn't think of anything else, only how fortunate I was to thus meet him. Surely something serious must have happened, or he would have been here before this. Do you—do you suppose there is anything wrong?"

Keith did not unlike her change posture. The more he delved into the matter, the more serious he felt the situation to be. He knew all those ranches lying south on the Canadian, and was aware that this was no outstation. No cattle ever came across that sandy desert unless driven by rustlers, and no honest purpose could account for this isolated hut. There had been frequent robberies along the trail, and he had overheard tales of mysterious disappearances in both Larned and Carson City. Could it be that he had now, accidentally, stumbled upon the rendezvous of the gang? He was not a man easily startled, but this thought sent his heart beating. He knew enough to realize what such a gang would naturally consist of—deserters, outlaws, rustlers; both Indians and whites, no doubt, combined under some desperate leadership. Gazing into the girl's questioning eyes he could scarcely refrain from blurting out all he suspected. Yet what should he? What good could it do? He could not hope to bear her south to the "Bar X" Ranch, for the ponies were already too thoroughly exhausted for such a journey; he dared not turn north with her, for that would mean his own arrest, leaving her in worse condition than ever. If he only knew who this man Hawley was, his purpose, and plans! Yet what protection could he and Neb prove, alone here, and without arms? All this flashed through his mind in an instant, leaving him confused and uncertain.

"I hope not," he managed to say in answer to her query. "But it is rather a strange mix-up all around, and I confess I fail to comprehend its full meaning. It is hardly likely your friends will show up to-night, and by morning perhaps we can decide what is best to do. Let me look around outside a moment."

Her eyes followed him as he stepped through the door into the darkness; then her head dropped into the support of her hands. There was silence except for the crackling of the fire, until Neb moved uneasily. At the sound the girl looked up, seeing clearly the good-natured face of the negro.

"Yo' don't neb'er need cry, Missus," he said soberly, "so long as Massa Jack done 'greed to look after yo'."

"Have—have you known him long?"

"Has I knowed him long, honey? Ebber sence befo' de wah. Why I done knowed Massa Jack when he wan't more'n dat high. Lawd, he sho' was a lively youngster, but mighty good hearted to us niggers."

She hesitated to question a servant, and yet felt she must uncover the truth.

"Who is he? Is he all he claims to be—a Virginia gentleman?"

All the loyalty and pride of slavery days was in Neb.

"He sho' am, Missus; dat ain't nuthin' higher 'n ol' Virginia, dat is! Keiths. Dey ain't got much money sence the Yankees come down dar, but dey's quality folks jest de same. I was done born on de ol' Co'nel's plantation, and I reck'n dar wan't no finer man ebber lived. He was done killed in de wah. An' Massa Jack he was a captain; he rode on hossback, ank'Lawdy, but he did look scrumptious when he first got his uniform. He done fought all through de wah, an' dey say Ginral Lee done shook hands wid him, an' said how proud he was ter know him. You kin sutt'nly tie to Massa Jack, Missus."

The negro's voice had scarcely ceased when Keith came in again, closing the door securely behind him.

"All quiet outside," he announced, speaking with new confidence. "I wanted to get an understanding of the surroundings in case of emergency," he explained, as if in answer to the questioning of the brown eyes gravely uplifted to his face. "I see there is quite a corral at the lower end of this island, safely hidden behind the fringe of cottonwoods. And a log stable back of the house. Is the creek fordable both ways?"

"I think so; the man who brought me here rode away south."

"And are you going to trust yourself to my care?"

She came around the table with hands extended. He took them into his grasp, looking down into her eyes.

"Yes," she said softly, "I am going to trust you, Captain Keith."

He laughed.

"Captain, hey? You must have been talking with that black rascal there."

The swift color flooded her face, but her hands remained imprisoned.

"I just done tol' her who de Keiths was down in ol' Virginia, sah," burst in Neb indignantly. "I sho' don't want nobody to think I go trapsin' round wid any low white trash."

The gray eyes and the brown, gazing into one another, smiled with understanding.

"Oh, well," Keith acknowledged, genially, "I cannot say I am sorry you know something of my past glories; if one can't have a future, it is some source of pride to have a past to remember. But now about the present. We're not much protection to any one, the way we're fixed, as we are unarmed."

"There is a big revolver hanging a holster in the corner room," she answered, "and a short, sawed-off gun of some kind; but I don't know about ammunition."

"May we investigate?"

"Most certainly," and she threw open the intervening door. As the two stepped into the other apartment

He Flung Both Coat and Hat Down With the Intention of Remaining.

she held the lamp in aid of their search. "There is the revolver on the wall, and the gun is in the opposite corner. Isn't it strange you should be out in this country without arms?"

"We left Carson in something of a hurry. I'll tell you the story to-morrow."

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Hawley Reveals Himself.

A fragment of candle, stuck tightly into the neck of an empty bottle, appeared on a low shelf, and Keith lighted it, the girl returning the lamp to its former position on the front room table. Investigation revealed a dozen cartridges fitting the revolver, but no ammunition was discovered adapted to the sawed-off gun, which Neb had already appropriated, and was dragging about with him, peering into each black corner in anxious search. The two were still busily employed at this, when to their ears, through the stillness of the night, there came the unexpected noise of splashing in the water without, and then the sound of a horse stumbling as he struck the bank. Quick as a flash Keith closed the intervening door, extinguished the dim flame of the candle, and grasping the startled negro's arm, hushed him into silence.

Crouching close behind the door, through a crack of which the light streamed, yielding slight view of the interior, the plainsman anxiously awaited developments. These arrivals must certainly be some of those connected with the house; there could be little doubt as to that. Nevertheless, they might prove quite loose following them, who had chanced to stumble accidentally on their retreat. In either case they could merely wait, and learn. Some one swore without, and was sharply rebuked by another voice, which added an order gruffly. Then the outer latch clicked, and a single man stepped within, immediately closing the door. Keith could not see the girl through the small aperture, but he heard her quick exclamation.

"Oh, is it you? I am so glad!"

The man laughed lightly.

"It is nice to be welcomed, although, perhaps, after your time of loneliness any arrival would prove a relief. Did you think I was never coming, Christie?"

"I could not understand," she replied, evidently with much less enthusiasm, and to Keith's thinking, a shade resentful of the familiarity, "but naturally supposed you must be unexpectedly delayed."

"Well, I was," and he apparently flung himself down and hat on a bench, with the intention of remaining. "The marshal arrested a fellow for a murder committed out on the Santa Fe Trail, and required me as a witness. But the man got away before we had any chance to try him, and I have been on his trail ever since."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNCLE CAL GOOD REASONER

Fired Question at Camp Fire Astronomer That Probably Was Hard to Answer.

"The late George Cary Eggleston was in the Confederate army," said a New York editor, "and, as Memorial day approached, he would narrate at the Authors' club many a memory of war times.

"I liked to hear his yarns about the child-like minds of slaves. He once told me, for example, about a grizzled slave named Uncle Cal, body servant to his colonel.

"As Eggleston sat before a camp fire one coolish autumn evening, watching Uncle Cal mend the colonel's coat, the crimson and gold glory of the autumn sunset turned the talk to astronomy, and Eggleston said:

"'You see, Uncle Cal, the world is round, like an apple, and it goes round, too—round and round it goes all the time.'

"'His round an' hit goes round,' said Uncle Cal, skeptically. 'But what I want to know is, what holds it up?'

"'Why, you see, Uncle Cal,' said Eggleston, 'the world goes round the sun, and the sun holds it up—by attraction, you know.'

"Uncle Cal glanced from his coat mending to Eggleston with a patronizing smile.

"'Honey,' he said, 'Ah reckon yo' hain't gone far 'nough in yo' reasonin'. Po', if yo' surmisation was correct, what would keep de world up when the sun went down? Answer me dat, hon!'"

Good Nerves of Gamblers

Necessary Part of the Professional Equipment, Without Which Success Is Impossible.

"It has always been held that steady nerves are about the most valuable qualification a man can have to fit him for playing poker successfully," the gray-haired young looking man in the club smoking room said. "The man who allows himself to get rattled under any circumstances when he is playing is not likely to get the better of the other fellow. But if this is true now in New York it was more conspicuously and preeminently true some twenty or thirty years ago in some other parts of the country. And especially was it true with regard to professional gamblers.

"There is a widespread belief that a professional gambler will not hesitate to cheat at poker if he finds he is not likely to win a square game. And if this is true here and now, as I believe it to be, it has certainly been true at times and places in which public opinion tolerated it if it did not approve killing the man who was caught cheating at cards. That is precisely what public opinion did in many parts of the United States not so many years ago.

"All this being understood, it is easy to realize that the profession of card playing in the west called for the exercise of such nerves as the average man has not. He who adopted it was almost obliged to be skilled in the use of weapons, and as a matter of fact the most of the professionals were so skilled.

Not Noticeable.

"Has anything ever been discovered on Venus?" asked the student of astronomy.

"No," replied the old professor, whose mind had slipped a cog and transported him into mythological fields, "not if the pictures of her are authentic."

Those bidden to our joys are oftenconspicuous by their absence at our sorrows.

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; 50 feet front, 125 feet deep; hot water heater, hot and cold bath, toilet, city gas, city waterworks, every convenience found in the best class of Birmingham residences. Cement walks (cost $200) and best neighborhood in town. House would cost at least $2,000 to build today; and anyone buying it for less and see what they say. You can find a beautiful home for $3,000, and have your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within 300 feet of the west side of Woodward Ave.; eight rooms, hardwood finish; and 54x100; plenty of fruit. You could not build the house for $2,000, and that is 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 to build in the time when lumber 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 $2,550, but—whisper!—we really think $1,500 in spot cash will buy it. Make the offer if it suits you, and we will do our best for the rest of it.

282

Lot 4 in Block 1, 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; 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 county. On the line of the Rochester electric, 18 miles from Detroit; two flowing wells, pond of nearly an acre of pure spring water furnishing an abundance of pure clean ice; nine-room house, new silo, barn 74x40, accommodation for 20 head of cattle on cement floor stable, mile house with flowing well, 3½ miles timber, 240 rods new wire fence with cedar posts, 142 acres of black loam land, and not a foot of waste land; pretty little creek runs through farm. Nothing finer on our list, and less than $100 per acre will buy it, on easy terms. There!

298

House, barn, wagon shop, blacksmith shop, two chicken sheds, two acres of land, fine orchard; buildings in good repair; 2½ 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 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 most desirable 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 above little mortgage will buy 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. Just that's your good fortune and no fault of the owner, and he will take $1,800 and no grumble. Terms easy and long time to the right kind of a purchaser.

320

Excellent business chance in a small village. Store and dwelling, two good live 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, seven-room house, fine drilled 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 40 feet long, hog house, two hen houses, tool house; wind mill supplies best water, new well just dipped to house and barns; rich, gravelly loam soil; about five acres 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 the electric, on excellent gravel road, 160 acres, well fenced, and ten-room brick house with furnace; two best dressed wells in the country; basement barn 30x80, nearly new; hen house with cement floor, corn crib, horse barn, hay shed, tool house. Not a foot of waste land, and well known for its productiveness; fully drained by best tile. Farms in the immediate neighborhood (adjoining) are sold 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 other buildings, two silos and apple and peach orchard; soil sandy loam. And listen here! $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, twenty acres 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 40 feet front and 320 feet deep, on one of the most desirable locations in the village. Fronts on two streets, and can be adapted to 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, 130x103 on corner in the best part of Birmingham; twelve rooms, bath, water-closet, hot air furnace, range. Two blocks from the electric. Price $5,500; 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 34x48. 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, fine loamy land, two acres of orchard, nine fine house 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; lot 75 feet front and 138 feet deep. City water, eight-room house, two-story, hot and cold; barn. Would exchange for almost anything. Let us take you to the owner and you, instead of either of us, tell 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 as a picture, two good orchards, 15 acres in 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 country. Will sell in parcels if necessary. The price is right, and if you will 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; fine location. Pretty little branch of the River Rouge, with overhanging elms; no waste land; good, comfortable house; 10 acres in 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 to $1,000 per acre, and yet this can be bought for $7,400. That's right, and that was what we take you to see it you will say the place is right, too.

353

Ideal little place for a country house and fine grounds. A mile and a half by the road to the electric, and half mile from the village limits. No buildings—they wouldn't suit you if there were any. Well fenced, no waste land, and fine 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, 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 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; finest little creek you ever saw runs through the place; 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 location; lot 230 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, porch screens, city water, electric light, rebuilt, modern; lot 230 feet deep; good barn, 24x30, and other buildings. Didn't know that it could be bought at any price, but circumstances in this case, and this place can be bought for much less than it cost, 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 to us and the owner about it. Go and look the premises over and—that will probably settle it.

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 $2,450. 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 beside. Five acre grove, thirty acres in farm with good buildings worth $3,000; five acres fine orchard; one thousand dollars will handle it, and the rest on easy terms and long time. Look!

362

House and two lots on Willits street, half block from Woodward Ave.; fifty feet front, 103 feet deep, seven room house, city water, fine well, good cellar, beautiful maple trees for shade and a great amount of fruit. Twenty-five hundred on easy terms will do the business. 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., farm 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 barn 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 cistern, 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. Not looking to sell, 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 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 Birmingham 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 ripping 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, half mile from River Rouge, and cistern, never-failing stream runs through the farm. Good gravelly loam with clay sub-soil, seven acres of finest orchard, 1½ miles from electric, 3½ miles from thriving village. Fourteen acres of fine timber, large trees—real old-fashioned timber! Look it over with us and see if we haven't told you things just as they are.

372

Here's another Southfield farm. And the price is very low, too. Only sixty-two and one-half dollars per acre. Nine-room house, underground cellar and good barn, two wells, four acres of timber, three acres of good orchard, three miles from electric; terms easy and we will take you to see the owner of this or any other property we may have for sale and you can make your own terms independent of us. That's fair, eh?

373

Forty-three acres with adequate buildings and fences, with plenty of water, no waste land, good loam, fine large orchard of best varieties of apples, cherries, peaches, all within easy walking distance of the electric. Is a delightful place, and 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. Forty-six hundred and twenty acres of fine productive farm land, thirteen acres timber, sixteen acres good orchard, eight buildings valued at $7,500, 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 large 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 good shape on slight elevation. Two thousand dollars cash will do it, and the balance of the purchase price can be paid on the easiest terms you could ask for. Better investigate—that won't cost you anything.

376

An acre and a quarter just inside the corporation limits. Fine location for a nice home. With plenty of room for garden. No buildings. $1,050 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 125 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, 22x33, comfortable six-room house, 1,200 peach, apple and plum trees, ten acres peas and oats, one-half acre potatoes, four acres better beans and—listen here, there are two good gravel pits on the farm, and it is only 230 rods from the D. U. R. tracks. Will throw in new cement block machine, 12 sheets, 8 lands, hold water, good, good, good, and all the other stock and tools on the farm, and the price is—listen—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 50 feet front and 320 feet deep; good barn, 24x30, and other buildings. Didn't know that it could be bought at any price, but circumstances in this case, and this place can be bought for much less than it cost, 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 to us and 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, electric light, flowing well, chicken houses, barn, good drainage, sixty fruit trees just coming into bearing. Fare 15 cents to City Hall. There is a mortgage for about one-third of the value of the place, which is good for us. The balance is so small, considering everything, that it seems very low. 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 hocus pocus smuggled in 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."