KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

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Illustrations by Dearborn Melvill.

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SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is looking for roaming a party of savages. He sees a wagon team 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. Keith is arrested at Carson City, charged with the murder, his accuser being a ruffian named Hillis Bart. A negro companion in his cell named Neb tells him that he knew the Keiths in Virginia. Neb says one of the murdered men was John Shirley, the other Silas Wills. Wills formerly a Confederate officer. The plainsman and Neb escape, and later the fugitives come upon a cabin and find its occupant to be a young girl, whom Keith thinks he saw at Carson City. The girl explains that she is in search of a brother, who had deserted from the army, and that a Mr. Hawley induced her to come to the cabin while he sought her brother. Hawley appears, and Keith in hiding recognizes him as Black Bart. There is a terrific battle in the darkened room in which Keith is victor. Horses are appropriated, and the girl who says that her name is Hope, joins in the escape. Keith explains his situation and the fugitives make for Fort Larned, where the girl is left with the hotel landlady. Miss Hope tells that she is the daughter of General Waite. Keith and Neb drift into Sheridan, where Keith meets an old friend, Jim Farley. Keith meets the brother of Hope Waite, Fred Waite, assumed name of Fred Willoughby, and becomes convinced that Black Bart has some plot involving the two. Hope learns that Fred Waite, who was thought murdered, is at Sheridan, and goes there, where she is mistaken for Christie Macklaire, the Carson City singer. Keith meets the real Christie Macklaire and finds that Black Bart has convinced her that there is a mystery about Hope which he is going to turn to her advantage. The plainsman tells Hope Waite of her resemblance to Christie Macklaire. They decide that Fred Willoughby must hold the key to the situation. Keith finds Willoughby shot dead. Hope is told of the death of her brother. Keith fails to learn that representations have been or has made to Christie Macklaire. Hope suggests that in order to help her friend she must briefly impersonate the stage singer.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

"Certainly not. At first it struck me as altogether wrong, but the more I think of it the stronger it appeals to me. It may reveal to us the whole conspiracy, and I cannot believe Hawley would venture upon any gross familiarity likely to cost him the good opinion of his wife, for there is too much at stake. Wait here, Hope, and I will be back the very moment I learn all that is necessary."

Once at the office clock convinced Keith that, in all probability, Miss Macklaire had not, as yet, departed for the scene of her evening triumph. Still, it could not be long before she would, and he lit a cigar, sitting down in a corner partially concealed by the clerk's desk to wait developments. The time lingered longer than anticipated, and fearing lest he might have missed the departure entirely, he was about to question the busy Thomas, when he beheld Hawley enter hurriedly from the street and run up the stairs. He, then, had been the laggard. All the better, as he would now have no opportunity to unfold his tale to the lady, as it would be necessary for them to hurry to the theater. Whatever the nature of the revelation it would have to wait until the walk home. The excitement of the adventure was already creeping into Keith's blood, his pulse quickening.

The two returned almost immediately, conclusively proving that Miss Macklaire, fully dressed for the street, had been awaiting the arrival of her gallant with some impatience. Hawley was busily explaining his delay as they came down the stairs, and paid little attention to the seemingly deserted office. Indeed, Miss Christie monopolized all his thoughts. With quick scrutiny the watcher noted the more conspicuous articles of apparel constituting her costume—the white mantilla thrown over her head, the neatly fitting blue dress, the light cape covering the shoulders—surely it would not be difficult to duplicate these, so as to pass muster under the dim light of the streets. Far enough in their rear to feel safe from observation he followed, noting with increased pleasure the rapidity with which they covered the required distance. Clearly Miss Christie was already nervous lest she have not sufficient time remaining in which to properly dress for her act, and it would be no exchange of confidences on the outward journey. Hawley left her, as Keith anticipated, at the stage entrance, the lady hastening within. Her escort remained leisurely back to the front of the house, and finally, purchasing a ticket, entered, the performance already having begun.

Keith knew perfectly the arrangement of the theater—the seats in front, tables still through the center; a gallery filled with negroes; a noisy orchestra beneath the stage; a crowded audience of men, with only here and there a scattered representative of the gentler sex; busy waiters dodging to and out among the tables, and down the aisles, filling orders for liquids from the nearby saloon. The air would be pungent with the odor of drink, thick with the fumes of tobacco, and noisy with voices, except as some special favorite on the stage won temporary attention. The Trocadero possessed, but one redeeming feature—no doorway connected stage and auditorium, and the management brooked no interference with his artists. It had required some nerve, to originally enforce this rule, together with a smart fight or two, but at this period it was acknowledged and respected. No sooner had Hawley vanished than Keith found occasion to enter into casual conversation with the door-keeper, asking a number of questions, and leaving impressed upon the mind of that astute individual the idea that he was dealing with a "gent" enamored of one of the stage beauties. A coin slipped quietly into the man's hand served to deepen this impression, and unlocked discreet, this otherwise sworn to secrecy. Out of much general information a little of real value was thus extracted—

"Yes, You Can Get Up. I Reckon You're Beginning to See Clear, Ain't You?"

by the eyes of a man who had no reason to suspect deceit. The girl was in a flutter of nervous excitement as she hastened about the room, donning her few requirements of masquerade, yet Keith noted with appreciation that she became perceptibly cooler as the moment of departure approached. With cheeks aflame and eyes sparkling, yet speaking with a voice revealing no falter, she pressed his arm and declared herself prepared for the ordeal. The face under the shadow of the mantilla was so arch and piquant, Keith could not disguise his admiration.

"Am I Christie Maclaire?" she asked laughingly.

"Sufficiently so to fool our friend," he returned, "but I am ready to swear that lady never looked so charming."

"A compliment, and spoken as though you really meant it."

"Have I not been honest enough with you in the past to be credited with honesty now?" he protested, a little hurt by the bantering tone.

"Of course you have; I merely talk lightly to keep my courage up. You can have no idea how afraid I am."

"Then you are truly an actress, for you appear the picture of enjoyment. But we must go, or Hawley will be there before us, and thus spoil all our plans."

They passed out through the office together, seeing no one familiar to either, Hope keeping her face partially concealed. The east side of the street was less frequented than the other, having fewer saloons along its way, and they chose its darkness. As they advanced, the long habit of frontier life caused Keith to glance behind before they had progressed a block, and he was thus made aware that they were being followed. Conversing lightly, and without a word to alarm the girl, he managed to observe every movement of the dimly outlined figure which advanced with them, timing every motion to theirs. Long before they crossed the street to the Trocadero he was convinced there was no mistake—the fellow, whoever he might be, was trailing them. Keith smiled grimly to himself, resolving that as soon as he had left the lady he would teach the spy a lesson not soon to be forgotten.

They barely entered the outer circle of the Trocadero lights, noting a group of men thronging about the doors, and hearing the sound of the band within, and then turned swiftly down the narrow dark alleyway leading toward the stage entrance. Keith, having been there before, advanced confidently, but Hope, her heart beating wildly, clung to his arm, scarcely venturing a word in reply to his whispered assurances. Fortunately they encountered no one, and Keith, feeling cautiously in the dark, easily succeeded in locating the opening to the vestibule. Listening intently he became convinced that no one occupied the little shed. He had intended to remain with the girl until the time came for her to emerge, but the remembrance of that figure dogging them all the way from the hotel now caused a change of plan. He held her hand closely clasped in his.

"Now, Hope, I am going to leave you," he whispered, "and your own wit will have to carry you through. I know you will play your part all right, and it will be mine to wait for Christie, and give her some explanation of why Hawley failed to meet her as he promised. It will never do for her to suspect, until you have time to learn all possible. You are not afraid?"

Yes, I am," clinging to him, "but—but I am going through it just the same."

"The truest kind of courage, my girl. Now slip inside, but hold the door ajar. Hawley will certainly be here within ten minutes, and you must join him at once, or else the other might appear. You can judge as to its being dim even in this darkness. Good-bye."

The longing to clasp her in his arms, to speak the language of his heart, was almost overwhelming, yet the memory of that figure slinking along behind them, and the brief time before Hawley's probable appearance, for he would leave the theater at the conclusion of Miss Maclaire's act, restrained all demonstration. This was a moment for action, not for words of love; no delay should hazard the success of their undertaking. He heard the slight creak of the door as the girl slipped within the concealment of the vestibule, and then he glided away through the darkness with the stealthy silence of an Indian. There was no one in the alley-way, which was narrow and easily explored, but the glow from the front windows plainly revealed the shadow of a man near the entrance, and Keith slipped up toward him, hugging the side of the building for concealment, prepared to resort to harsh measures. As he reached out, gripping the astonished loiterer by the collar, they stared at one another in surprise, and the gripping hand as instantly released its hold.

"You, Fairbain! What the devil does this mean? What are you spying on us for?"

Clearly taken aback, yet not greatly disturbed, his eyes showing pugnacious and his jaw set, the Doctor rubbed his throat where Keith's knuckles had left a red mark.

"Damn you, I think I'm the one to ask for an explanation," he growled. "She said she was not going with you, and now you are around here together at this hour. I had a right to know whether I was being played with like that."

"But, man, that was not Miss Maclaire I was with; it was Hope Waite. Come back here under the tent flap while I explain."

Fearful of the coming of Hawley he fairly dragged the portly figure of the bewildered Doctor with him, striving, by quickly spoken words, to make him comprehend the situation. Knowing previously something of the issues involved, it was not difficult to make Fairbain grasp the meaning of this present movement, yet his sympathies were at once enlisted upon the side of Miss Christie. He'd be damned if he would have any part in such a scheme—if she had a right to the money he'd help her get it—it was a cowardly trick, and he'd fight if necessary, to keep her from becoming a victim. His voice rose, his arms brandishing violently, his sentences snapping like rifle shots. Keith answered, and fearful of a discovery which would ruin Hope exposed, realized the futility of discussion and turned to physical force. Grasping the gesticulating man with both hands, he flung him backward and dragged him into the empty tent, kneeling on him as he threatened him to the cords.

"Now, Doctor, you listen to me," he said sternly. "I'm through arguing. I hate to treat you like this, for you are my friend, but I'll not stand for interference here. Do you get that, you old fool? Lie still until I get through! I respect your feelings toward Miss Maclaire. She is a good girl, and I hope to heaven you get her if you want her. But you never will if you permit this affair to go on. Yes, I know what I am talking about. In all that Hope and I do we are serving you and Christie—our only fight is with 'Black Bart' Hawley. Stop being a bullet-headed old fool, Fairbain, and understand this thing. Lie still, I tell you, and hear me out! Hawley is a liar, a thief, and a swindler, and he is a swindler in this thing somewhere, and he hopes to pull out a big sum of money from it. He is merely using Christie to pull his own chestnuts out of the fire. She is innocent; we realize that, but this fellow is playing the game with such success we succeed in exposing him. He's not only involving her in his criminal conspiracy, but he's making love to her; he's teaching her to love him. That's part of his scheme, no doubt, for then she will be so much easier handled. I tell you, Fairbain, your only chance to ever win the interest of Christie Maclaire is to help us down this fellow Hawley. Yes, you can sit up; I reckon you're beginning to see clearer, ain't you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He Wrote the Great Play

Friends Praised It, Famous Manager Took It to Read—and Then He Woke Up.

"My friends had always insisted that I could write a great play," said Jordan, "till I would only set my hand to the task. Well, to be frank, I had long cherished the idea myself that I possessed the ability to do something worth while in the way of providing material for the stage. Like so many of my fellow laborers in the journalistic field, however, I found it exceedingly difficult to secure the time which was necessary for the production of a drama. The best I could do was to steal an hour now and then to devote to the great work. This I did faithfully and zealously, but, after two years of study and earnest endeavor my play began to near completion.

"My friends were enthusiastic. I had been fortunate enough to hit upon an entirely new plot, and, if I may say so, I had handled it admirably. Each of the four acts was filled with thrilling situations; the comedy was subtle and insinuating; the pathos was genuine and the interest was splendidly sustained. Having administered the finishing touches, I took my play to a great producing manager. He had an office in a large building on Broadway.

"With my play done up in a neat package I entered the anteroom, where a young man greeted me respectfully and admitted that the great manager was not out of the city. In fact, the young man consented to take my card into his employer. I had waited only a minute or two when the young man returned and graciously conducted me to the manager, who cordially shook hands with me and said that he would be glad to personally read my play and consider it strictly on its merits."

"Yes. What then?"

"I awoke at that moment something fell somewhere, making a loud clattering noise, so I crawled out of bed and put on my clothes."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Old Parliamentary Usages.

Members of the British parliament no longer bowl down each other with imitations from the farmyard and the menagerie. One of these early nineteenth century scenes is thus described: "One honorable member near the bar repeatedly called out 'roar' as the members endeavoring to address the house. At repeated intervals a sort of drone—like humming having the sound of a distant hand organ or bagpipes—issued from the back benches, with coughing, sneezing and ingeniously extended yawning blended with other sounds. A single voice from the ministerial benches imitated very accurately the yelp of a kenneled hound."

Thoughts are things that men will brains work with.

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.; 10 fruit trees; 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 $720.00) on best neighborhood in town. House would cost at least $7,000 to build today. Lot 66x100; plenty of room to build another house if desired, for less and see what they say. You can buy this beautiful home for $5,000, and have your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, fronting on Lake Ave., west side of Woodward Ave.; has eight rooms, hardwood finish; lot 66x100; 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 1906, 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 bargain. Price is right, $2,800, 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 location; price $850; big 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 electric; modern in every way; lot 50 feet front and 120 feet deep. 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 fine wells, pond of nearly an acre of pure spring water furnishing an abundance of pure fresh ice, nine-room house, new silo, barn 74x40, accommodation for head of cattle in cement-floor stable, milk house with flowing well, 15 acres timber, 345 rods new wire fence with cedar posts, 142 acres of black loam land, not a foot of waste land; pretty little creek runs through farm. Nothing finer on our list, less than $100 per acre will buy it, on easy terms. There!

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, 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 Woodward Ave.; 50 feet frontage and 120 feet deep. Cozy 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, gas, electric lights—all modern conveniences; two-story, up-to-date residence, fine rooms, cement walks; finest 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 is in one of the best residence localities in Birmingham, and would not be sold but for the conditions existing. But that's your good fortune and no fault of the owner, and he will take $1,800 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, 1½ acres, five buildings; fine chance for some one with small means, unable to do hard labor, to make a living and something besides. Wealthy farming community, and a good country trade has been done in the same locality. The price is $1,600 and the terms can be made easy for any one who will pay enough to secure loan. Fine 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 huge fence, eight-room stone house, two basement barns, woodshed, ice house, hog house, two tenant houses, tool house; land well supplies best water, never failing; rolling land, not a stone in it, and exceedingly loamy soil; about five acres pretty little grove and hickory. No waste land. Price $100 per acre. Terms easy.

323

If quality in farming lands is what you are looking for, here it is. One mile from Plymouth, on excellent gravel road, 160 acres, well fenced, and seven-room brick house with furnace; two best flowing wells in the country; basement barn 70x80, nearly new; hen house with cement floor; corn crib, wagon shed, tool house. Not a foot of waste land, and sandy loam. Productiveness fully drained by best tile. Farms in the immediate neighborhood (adjoining) have 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, with fine house, five other buildings; two acres apple and peach orchard, all bearing. Want to 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; twelve rooms, two six buildings; twenty acres orchard—apple, peach and plum trees; 60 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 40 feet front and 220 feet deep, on one of the most desirable locations in the village. Fronts on two streets, and can be subdivided into three lots 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.

335

Will exchange for small farm near Birmingham, 180x103 on corner in the best part of Birmingham; twelve rooms, bath, water-closet, hot air furnace, range. Two blocks from the electric. Price $5,000; terms easy. Plenty of fruit. One of the best equipped homes in the village. Hurry up before he plants his garden.

336

Twenty-five acres, 1¼ miles from Rochester electric; fine 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 garden room 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 corporation limits of Birmingham. Rich loaming land, two acres of orchard, nine first-class buildings which could not be built for $5,000. Four-room house, bath, toilet, range—every convenience of city; city water, electric light, gas if you want. Costs nothing to investigate. Let us take you to see it.

348

House and two lots, two blocks from electric in Birmingham; 115 feet front and 188 feet deep. City water, eight-room new two-story house and good barn. Cheap for cash or for almost anything. Let us take you to the owner and you can decide 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 village limits; perfectly 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 country. Will sell at a bargain. 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 ideal country residence; land in the immediate vicinity has sold this season for $300 to $400 per acre, and yet this can be bought for $2,200. That's different, too. But there's a reason. Ask us.

353

Ideal little place for a country house and fine grounds. A mile and a half by the road to the electric; half mile from the village limits. No buildings—they wouldn't suit you if there were any. Well fenced, no waste land, on four corners, in excellent neighborhood. Five 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 eight-room 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 house. Just outside the village limits. Altogether the finest place in the vicinity, about twenty rods from the electric—and it can be bought for less than the buildings cost. 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 barn recently rebuilt, good fences; finest little creek you ever saw running through 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 220 feet deep. House cost $3,500 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, Peninsular furnace, one block from the electric, nice shade, good neighborhood, quiet and clean. 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, two fine pantries, fine front room, hall, city water, fine well, good cellar, beautiful maple trees in front and usual amount of fruit. Twenty-five hundred dollars cash will buy it, and Whitehead & House would not the asking price to build. One of the best bargains on our list.

361

Beautiful location on Pine Lake, with a small lake on the premises before the house. Five acre tract, pretty farm house, with good buildings worth $2,000; five acres fine orchards. Five hundred dollars cash will handle it, and the rest on easy terms and long time. Cheap.

362

House and two lots on Willits street, one block from electric, eighty feet front, 103 feet deep; seven room house, city water, fine well, good cellar, beautiful maple trees in front and usual amount of fruit. Twenty-five hundred dollars cash will handle it, and Whitehead & House would not 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., close to the city hall, fifteen cents. Almost ready to build it on, see? 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. Now what do you want anyhow? The price is right, if you don't like it see 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 an adapted small two-story house and barn, city water, electric lights, cellar, excellent drainage, good neighborhood. 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 in the neighborhood of two 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 in trade for Detroit improved, flat preferred.

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, barn cost $1,800, good well and cistern, never-failing stream runs through the farm. Good gravelly loam with clay sub-soil, seven acres of finest orchard, 5½ miles from electric, 1¼ miles from village. Fourteen acres of fine timber, large trees—real old-fashioned timber! Look it over and see for yourself, we haven't told you things just as they are.

372

Here's another Southfield farm. And the price is very low, too. Only sixty-two and one-half dollars per acre, nine-room house, underground stable and good barn, two wells, four acres of timber, three acres of good orchard, within two 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 arrange for 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, one large orchard of best varieties, also three other orchards, all within easy walking distance of the electric, in the delightful Bloomfield 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. One hundred and twenty-seven acres of fine, productive land, about thirteen acres timber, sixteen acres good orchard, eight buildings, worth 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 three farms like this 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. Ten acres, all under fine cultivation, eight acres of timber, good fences, good buildings, everything in good order ready to make a ready farm home. Only a little over a mile from the electric, beautiful 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 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, location for a nice home with plenty of room for garden. One hundred and fifty 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; in new corporation. Size is 60x110 and it can be bought right now for $175 cash.

378

Vacant lots on Southfield Ave., 50 feet front and 125 feet deep. Fine location for nice residence; excellent neighbourhood; $500.

379

Well, now! Look at this. A fine farm of one hundred and twenty acres, with good cement block barn, 32x72, comfortable six-room house, 1,200 peach, apple and plum trees, 15 acres peas and oats, one-half acre potatoes, four acres of timber yet and—listen here—there are two good gravel pits on the farm and it is only 220 rods from the D., U. & I. tracks. Will throw in the cement block machine, 12 sheep, 8 lambs, four head of cows, some implements—and all the other stock and tools on the farm, and the whole thing for 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, fronting on Maple Ave.; 125 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 cost, and you know property hasn't been depreciating in value in Birmingham of late. Not so that you would notice it, look us over, look the place 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, hot and cold water, chicken houses, barn, good drainage, sixty fruit trees just coming into bearing. Price 15 cents to City Hall. There is a mortgage for about one-third of the value of the farm, which we know you can assume is so small, considering everything that it's value in Birmingham of late. Not so that you would notice it, look us over, look the place and the owner about it. Go and look the premises over and—that will probably settle it.

382

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SCANT ALLOWANCE OF SOAP

Captain Didn't Want to Hire Three Rooms to Get Hands and Face Washed.

When Fairmount inn was opened, among its first patrons was Captain Stringer of Marshby. He had long been a friend of Captain Larrabee, the father of the young proprietor of the new inn, and he wished to "see for himself what kind of a tavern Eldy would keep."

He was taken to one of the prettiest rooms, where the proprietor's wife awaited his opinion. He looked silently at all the modern innovations, but when he was at last asked to admire the pretty bathroom adjoining his bedroom, he spoke his word.

"Is that little square cake o' soap all that goes with this fit-out?" he inquired, indicating the cake in its nickel holder.

"Why, yes," said the young woman. "One cake for each room, new for each guest, of course."

"Well, now, see here," said the captain, confidentially. "You and Eldy have got used to city ways, where it's all right to use a cake of soap till you're clear through, but let me tell you one thing, you're liable to have a good many folks from Marshby and all around, that knew the cap'n, and wish his young folks well. Now you furnish up a few rooms with some good floral bars o' soap, such as we're used to.

"It'll cost ye a little more, but 'twill come to more'n it costs on advertising. You wouldn't want your father's old friends to tell that they had to hire three rooms at Fairmount inn to get them a good face-and-hands wash, now would ye?"—Youth's Companion.

In Line.

Suitor—Your daughter, sir—well, er—that—is—she told me to come to you—she says you—

Pater—Quite so—I understand. Let's see, are you Mr. Bronson or Mr. Wibbles?

Suitor—Why, I'm Mr. Hotchkiss—Brooklyn Life.