KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

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SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is looking for roaming war parties of savages. He sees a wagon team at full gallop pursued by men on ponies. When Keith reaches the wagon the raiders have massacred the 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 Black Bart. A negro companion in hiding named Neb tells him that he knew the Keiths in Virginia. Neb says one of the murdered men was John Sibley, the other Gen. Willis Maclaire, 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. Keith and Mr. Hawley induced her to come to the cabin while he sounds 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 approprlated, 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 Hide-a-Go-Go, where Keith meets an old friend, Dr. Fairbain. Keith meets the brother of Hope Waite, under the assumed name of Fred Willoughby, and becomes convinced that Black Bart has some secret plot involving the two. Hope learns that Gen. Waite, who was thought murdered, is at Sheridan, and goes there, where she is mistaken for Christie Maclaire, the Carson City singer. Keith meets the real Christie Maclaire and finds that Black Bart has convinced her that there is no warrant in her life which he is going to turn to her advantage. The plainsman tells Hope Waite of her resemblance to Christie Maclaire. They decide that Fred Willoughby may hold the key to the situation. Keith finds Willoughby shot dead. Hope is told of the death of her brother. She fails to learn what representations Black Bart has made to Christie Maclaire.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Miss Hope Suggests.

No sooner had Miss Maclaire vanished than Keith's thoughts turned toward Hope Waite. She would need someone in her loneliness to take her mind from off her brother's death, and, besides, much had occurred of interest since the dance, which he desired to talk over with her. Beyond even these considerations he was becoming aware of a pleasure in the girl's company altogether foreign to this mystery which they were endeavoring together to solve. He yearned to be with her, to look into her face, to mark how clearly the differing soul changed her from Christie Maclaire. He could not help but like the latter, yet somehow was conscious of certain differences in her surroundings the two. With one he could be flippant, careless, even deceitful, but the other aroused only the best that was in him, her own sincerity making him sincere.

Yet there was reluctance in his steps as he approached the door of "Is," a laggardness he could not explain, but which vanished swiftly enough at Hope's greeting, and the sudden smile with which she recognized him.

"I was sure you would come," she declared frankly, "and I took an early lunch so as to be certain and be here. It has seemed a long time since."

"And you might have even thought I had forgotten," he answered, releasing her hand reluctantly, "if you could have looked into the dining-room since, instead of staring out of these windows."

"Why? How forgotten?" her eyes opening wide in surprise.

"I had the pleasure of taking supper with Miss Maclaire."

"Oh!" the exclamation decidedly expressive.

"Yes, I come at once to you with the confession. However, our meeting was purely accidental, and so I hope for pardon."

"Pardon from me? Why, what difference can it possibly make to me?"

"Would you have me consort with the enemy?" he asked, scarcely daring to press his deeper meaning.

"Oh, no, of course not. What did you talk about? Do you mind telling?"

"Not in the least; our conversation was entirely impersonal. She was telling me about Hawley; what a wonderfully good man he is. I have been on to suspect that she has fascinated the poor girl—he is a good looking devil, possessed of a tongue dripping with honey."

"Surely you do not mean she has fallen in love with him," and Hope shuddered at the thought. "Why—why that would be impossible for—for a good woman."

"Standards of morality are not always the same," he defended gravely. "Miss Maclaire's environment has been vastly different from yours, Hope. She is a variety hall singer probably, from her own account, a waif since childhood; and Hawley has come to her in the character of a friend appealing both to her interest and sympathy. I do not know she is in love with him, I merely suspect she may be; certainly she is ready to do battle on his behalf at the slightest opportunity. She believes in him, defends him, and resents the slightest insinuation directed against him. He even escorts her back and forth from her work."

"You know this?"

"I certainly do," and he laughed at the recollection. "Fairbain met us coming out of the dining-room—you know what a delightful, blunt, blundering fellow he is! Well, Miss Christie must have made an impression even on his bachelor heart, for he actually requested the privilege of escorting her to the Trocadero, and back to the hotel after the performance to-night—hinted at a lunch, the gay old dog, and pranced about like a stage-door Johnnie. It was a treat to watch her face when he blurted it all out, snapping his sentences as if he swung a whip-lash. She excused herself on the score of a previous engagement."

"But that was not necessarily with Hawley."

"I asked her directly, after the doctor had disappeared."

"You must have become very familiar," questioning once again in her voice.

"So—Miss Maclaire evidently thought, judging from her manner. However she answered frankly enough, and even defiantly added the information that the gentleman had something to impart to her of the utmost importance, sarcastically asking me if I didn't wish I could be there and overhear. But sit down, Hope, until I tell you all that has occurred."

He went over the various events in detail, watching eagerly the expression upon her face as she listened intently, only occasionally interrupting with some pertinent inquiry. The light fell so that she sat partially in the shadow, where her eyes could not be read, yet he experienced no difficulty in comprehending the various moods with which she met his narrative, the color changing in her cheeks, her supple form bending toward him, or leaning backward in the chair, her fingers clasping or unclasping in nervous attention. He began with Neb's report, repeating, word by word, as nearly as he could recollect, what had passed between Hawley and her father. He paused to inquire if she had ever heard the name Bartlett, but her reply was merely a negative shake of the head. When he described their missing the train, she who, apparently not convinced as to the General's departure upon it, although finally agreeing that, if he really believed the report that the man sought was elsewhere, it would be characteristic of him to accept the first means of getting there, "If he only knew I was here," she exclaimed wearily, "it might be so different, but, oh, we are all of us just groping in the dark." Then Keith turned to his chance meeting with Miss Maclaire, and repeated carefully their conversation, dwelling particularly upon the few admissions which had slipped through her lips. These did not seem important to either, although they treasured them up and talked them over. Then, having exhausted the topic, silence fell between them, Keith asking the privilege of lighting a cigar. Hope, after watching him apply the match, thinking what a fine face he had as the ruddy flame brought it forth with the clearness of a cameo, leaned back, drawing aside the semblance to a lace curtain, and staring forth, without seeing, into the street.

Somehow, it was hard for her to fully realize the situation, and how closely it affected her. The swiftly passing events, the complication arising so suddenly, apparently out of nothing, left her feeling as though she must surely awake from a dream. She could not comprehend what it was all about; the names Bartlett and Phyllis had no clear meaning, they represented nothing but shadows; and this other woman—this music hall singer—what could there be in common between them? Yet there must be something—something of vital importance to her father—something which had already cost her brother's life. That was the one thing which made it seem an actuality—which brought it home to her as a rugged fact. But for that—and Keith—Keith sitting there before her—she would have doubted it all. And yet even Keith had come into her life so suddenly, so unexpectedly, as to leave her dazed and uncertain, that she extended her hand and touched him, as though to make sure of his actual presence.

"What is it, Hope?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing," her voice breaking in a little sob. "It is so silly, but I was just wondering if you were real—everything seems so impossible I cannot bring my mind to grasp the situation."

He did not smile, but only took the groping hand into both of his own.

"I think I understand, little girl," he said gravely. "You are totally unused to such life. Almost without a doubt's warning you have been plunged into a maelstrom of adventure, and are all confused. It is different with me—since the first shot at Sumter my life has been one of action, and adventure has grown to be the stimulus I need, and upon which I thrive. But I assure you," pressing the soft hand warmly, "I am real."

"Of course I know that; it makes me glad to know it. If I could only do something myself, and not just sit here, it would all become real enough to me."

"Don't You Think I Could Do It? Would It Be Unwomanly?"

She rose suddenly to her feet, clasping her hands together, her face changing with new animation.

"Why, couldn't I? I am sure I could. Oh, Mr. Keith, it has just come to me how I can help."

He looked at her questioningly, thinking of her beauty rather than of what she said.

"Do—do I really appear so much like—like that woman?" she asked anxiously.

"Very much, indeed, excepting for the slight difference in age."

"That would never be noticed in the dark, or a poor light. Am I the same height?"

"Practically, yes."

"And my voice?—could you distinguish me from her by my voice?"

"I might; yet probably not, unless my suspicions were aroused. What is it you are thinking about?"

She took a deep breath, standing now directly facing him in the light.

"Of playing Miss Maclaire to-night," she said quickly. "Of taking her place, and learning what it is of so much importance to Hawley has to report. Don't you think it might be done?"

The sheer audacity of this unexpected proposal left him speechless. He arose to his feet, gripping the back of the chair, almost doubting if he could have heard aright, his eyes searching the girl's face which was glowing with excitement. Of course he could not permit of her exposure to such a risk; the scheme was impracticable, absurd. But was it? Did it not offer a fair chance of success? And was not the possible result worthy the risk assumed? He choked back the earlier words of protest unuttered, puzzled as to what he had best say. Some quick-witted, resourceful woman might accomplish all she proposed.

"It looks so simple," she broke in impulsively, moving nearer him. "Don't you think I could do it? Would it be unwomanly?"

"The result, if accomplished, would abundantly justify the means, Hope," he acknowledged at last. "I was not hesitating on that account, but considering the risk you would incur."

"That would be so small—merely the short walk alone with him from the theater to the hotel," she pleaded. "Once here it could make no difference if he did discover my identity, for there would be plenty of men near at hand to come to my defence. Oh, please say yes."

"If I did then we must make the illusion perfect, and take as few chances of discovery as possible. I must learn exactly how the other dresses, and when she leaves the theater. Fortunately for the success of your plan the Trocadero permits no one but performers to come behind the scenes, so that Hawley will be compelled to wait for the lady outside the stage door. I had better go at once, and see to these details."

"Yes," she said, her eyes sparkling with anticipation, "and I am so glad you are willing. I will be most discreet. You are not sorry I made the proposal?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Going Back to Paganism

Orthodox Priests Claim That In Some Parts of Russia Churches Are Empty.

According to official statistics published by the ministry of the interior, large numbers of the peasantry in the governments of Perm, Ufa and Viatka have fallen into a state of paganism, worshiping the ancient gods, Flor and Lavra. There are now 20,000 idolators in Viatka, 4,000 in Perm and 11,000 in Ufa.

Local officials say that the worship of Flor and Lavra had never totally disappeared from these districts, but assumed alarming proportions after the bad harvests of the past three years. The pagan priests who still lingered in remote districts carried on active propaganda among the peasantry, telling them that Flor and Lavra sent bad harvests as a sign of anger.

The consequence was that many thousands of peasants ceased to attend the churches, took to sacrificing cattle to Lavra and Flor instead and attended services in forest groves consecrated to these gods. The police are trying to put a stop to the movement, but without avail, as the large forest shelter the idolators.

The ministry has sent out Dr. Kuznetcow, of the Moscow Archaeological institute to study the movement. The orthodox priests complain that many of their churches are standing quite empty, while in some cases the peasants force them to hang in their churches the hides of cattle which have been sacrificed to Flor and Lavra.

A Weird Declaration.

"That's a wonderful danger shriek you have on your car," said Mr. Chuggins.

"Yes," replied the motor fiend. "That's the latest improvement. It makes a shriek that paralyzes the pedestrian with fear and makes him much easier to hit."

Old Custom Brings Trouble

Young Men Try to Force Entrance to Young Girl's Home and Are Shot.

Four young men have been shot at Vex (Valais) by an irate father to whose daughter they had come to pay court. They were refused admission to the house and when they tried to force their way in the father took down his gun and fired. Two of them were slightly wounded and the other two seriously. The father was arrested.

The encounter and its almost tragic ending were due to an ancient custom which prevails in the villages of the canton of Valais and in the Alpine hamlets of the German cantons. After a girl has reached the age of eighteen her parents are not surprised to receive the visit of several young men after the day's work to ask to see their daughter and pass a pleasant evening in the family circle. The visit is looked on as a compliment, and as the young men bring with them wines and food they are generally welcomed by the parents. The custom, which is known as the "Veilleé," results in introductions and often in marriages.

The Might of One Man.

The dwellers in Kensington's most charming and Old World square can now sleep o' nights without fear that the too enterprising "flat" builders will encroach on the green turf and greener trees of Edwardes Square and turn it into a wilderness of bricks and mortar. For—and this is where the Edwardes Squareites score—there still exists the old charter, which provides that so long as there is a male resident in the square the property must be left intact. This is a great joy to the dwellers thereon, many of whom have promptly proceeded to become absolute owners of their houses.—Lady's Pictorial.

Real Estate Exchange

Of Whitehead & Mitchell,

Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

The following is a partial list of Farms, City and Village Lots, and Real Estate generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request that parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list.

201.

Fine two-story residence on Maple Ave., corner of High St.; 50 feet front, 125 feet deep; hot water heater, hot and cold bath, toilet, city gas, city water—every convenience found in the best class of city residences. Cement walk front. $2,900; and best neighborhood in town. House would cost at least $3,000 to build today; ask anyone to build it for less and see what they say. You can buy this beautiful home for $2,000, and have your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within 100 feet of the river, side of Woodward Ave.; eight rooms, hardwood finish; lot 56x100; 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. There are about one acre of good garden with a substantial barn, two blocks from electric. Owner has decided to go west and will sell at a sacrifice. His price is $2,500, but a whisper—we really think $1,850 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 7, Campbell's Subdivision, good level lot, in one of the best 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; for 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 miles electric railways; cellar, cistern; pure spring water furnishing an abundance of water clean to; nine-room house, new silo, barn 74x40, accommodation for 20 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, and not a foot of waste land; pretty little creek runs through farm. Nothing finer on our list, and for less than $100 per acre will buy it, on easy terms. Terms.

298

House, barn, wagon shop, blacksmith shop, two lumber sheds, two acres of land; five 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 132 feet deep. Corner lot, and one of the most desirable building lots in the village. Will be bought for cash at a price that will surely appeal to the man looking 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, and the most convenient walking 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 will not be sold long for the conditions existing. But that's your grandmother's fault—not 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, 14x24, two buildings, well painted, and make one with small means, unable to do hard labor, to make a living and assistance 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 location, 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, woodshed, ice house, hog house, two fine young orchards, pear and peach; supplies best water, never failing; piped to house and barns; rich, gravelly, loamy soil; about five acres pretty little grove and hickory; 40 acres 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, 80 acres, well fenced, and ten-room brick house and barn; two best flowing wells in the country; basement barn, nearly new; two horse house with cement floor, corn crib, horse barn, hog 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) 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; ten-room house; two other buildings; forty acres apple and peach orchard; all sandy loam. Don't listen here! $2,500 will buy it, and the balance can be purchased from us 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; 240 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 220 feet deep, on one of the most desirable locations in village, facing 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, 180x182 on corner in the best part of Birmingham; twelve rooms, bath, steam heat, hot water, two ranges. Two blocks from the electric. Price $5,000; terms easy. Plenty of fruit. One of the best equipped homes in the village. Hurry up before he plants his garden.

336

Twenty-five acres, 1½ miles from Rochester electric line; small house, barn, two sheds; excellent land in high state of cultivation; easy terms. Price $2,500.

339

Five desirable lots on Woodward Ave., running back to frontage on street one block from Woodward Ave., nine-room house, two-story, large, modern; barn 16x24. Plenty of room for garden and fruit; one of the best locations and the price is 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 $3,000; fourteen-room house, bath, toilet, range—every convenience of city; city water. Just what you want, that's 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 288 feet deep. City water, eight-room new two-story house and good barn. Would exchange for almost anything. Let us take you to see it, and you can dicker it out. Isn't that honest and square?

350

A classic among the farms. 166 acres half-mile from Birmingham and two 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 substantial barn, well fenced and the most productive land in the country. Will sell in parcels if necessary. The price is right, and when we take you to see it you will say the place is right, too.

352

Forty-two acre farm about half a mile from the electric; beautiful location, pretty little farm; fine soil, good loam, with overhanging elms, no waste land; good, new, comfortable buildings; land under fine state of cultivation. Couldn't imagine any better place for an ideal country residence. Land in the immediate vicinity has sold this season for $500.00 to $1,000.00 per acre, and yet this can be bought for $12,000. That's different, too. But there's a reason. Ask us.

353

Ideal little place for a country house and family trade; just a half mile from the road to the electric, half mile from the village limits. 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 stone house, eight rooms, furnace, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, city water, half acre of beautiful grove of native trees, sixteen acres of best land 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 run and I go and look at it at our expense.

355

A fine farm of two hundred and twenty acres, one 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, pretty 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 as this have sold in the immediate neighborhood for fifty dollars 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 acres, new buildings, eight-room house, basement barns recently rebuilt, good fences; finest little creek ever saw in the hills, and a 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.

358

Fine new cement house on Woodward Ave., eight rooms, closet, bath, hot and cold water, fine cellar, cement floors, storm house, fine location; lot 230 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, two regular furnaces, one block from the electric, nice shade, good neighborhood; yard and walk need fixing, but we will see to that. Come 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, hall, closet, hot and cold water, furnace, hardwood finish, cement walk, fine cellar, lot 40x132, and the price is $2,400. Well, look it over, and if you think you can build the house for that, you can contract for all the houses we build hereafter.

361

Beautiful location on Pine Lake, with a small lake on the premises bearing that name; fifty acres of land in farm with good buildings worth $2,500. Fine acres for orchards. Five thousand dollars will handle it, and the rest on easy terms and long time.

362

House and two lots on Willits street, Birmingham; eight rooms, eighty feet front, 102 feet deep, seven room house, city water, fine cellar, good cellar, beautiful maple trees for shade and usual amount of fruit. Seventy-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 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, just a minute' drive to the electric, ten rooms, toilet, bath, cellar, furnace, hot and cold water, electric light. Stone stable and two other buildings, right on the electric to Detroit. Say, what do you want anyhow? The price is right if you doubt it ask Whitehead at the First National Bank.

367

Half a block from the electric, just north of the dummy line, two acres of land with plenty of fruit, good two-story house, hot and cold 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 sand and clay timber, forty acres tillable. Price is one hundred dollars per acre. No buildings or orchard. Within over a mile to the electric. Prefer to sell for cash, but would entertain a proposition to 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 up and take notice, wouldn't you? Well, here it is. Eighty acres in the township of Southfield, barn cost $1,500, good well and cistern, never-failing stream runs through the farm, good gravelly loams with clay sub-soil, seven acres of finest timber land, 3½ miles from Birmingham, 2½ miles from thriving village. Fourteen acres fine timber, large trees—real old-fashioned timber. Look it over with us and see if we haven't told you a little less than the facts.

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, 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 good fences, with plenty of water, no waste land, well to good loam, fine large orchard of best varieties of apples, cherries, peaches, etc., within easy walking distance of the electric in the delightful Bloomfield Hills country where 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-acres, one hundred and twenty-three acres timber, sixteen acres good orchard, eight buildings, valued at $7,500, no marsh or swamp, good fences, a mile from electric on Woodward Ave., all in a high state of cultivation. Can be had for one hundred and twenty-five dollars per acre. That is a very reasonable price when you consider that farms not as good have been sold in the immediate neighborhood for three times that amount.

375

Just about the right size for a middle aged man who doesn't want to work himself and wife to death on a big farm—five acres, more or less, acres of orchard, eight acres of timber, good house and buildings, everything in good order ready to make a comfortable home. Only a little over a mile from the electric, nice level land, well drained and buildings in very good shape. Within the village election. 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, and a location for a nice home with plenty of room for chickens, cow, horse, etc. $1,500 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 66x110 and it can be bought right now for $175 cash.

378

Vacant lots on Southfield Ave. 90 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 forty acres, with good cement block barn, 25x32, comfortable house, eight rooms, 1,200 peach, apple and plum trees, ten acres peas and oats, one-half acre potatoes, four acres of bitter sweets and—listen here—there are two good gravel pits on the farm and it is only 220 feet from the D. U. R. tracks. Will throw in new cement block, 12' x 16', for a few lambs, horse and wagon, a good cow, and all the other stock and tools on the farm, for the sum of 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 lights, hot and cold water, finest location in town; lot 125 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 force the sale. Couldn't afford to 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, near the electric, electric. Ten-room house, toilet, bath, Peninsular furnace, granite mantels, electric light, flowing well, chicken houses, barn, and amazingly fruitful trees just coming into bearing. Price is cents to City Hall. There is a mortgage for about two-thirds of the value of the place, which can run. The balance you'll be quoting—considering everything, that it needn't worry you. Let's go and look at it. It's worth while.

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 boy who owned the new inn, and he wished to "see for himself what kind of a tavern Eddy 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 that tin-a-stuff?" 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 Eddy have got used to city ways, where it's all style, and save in what don't show; but let me tell you one thing, you're liable to have a good many folks from Marshby and all around, that know the cap'n, and wish his young folks well. Now you furnish up a few rooms with some good liberal bars o' soap, such as we're used to.

"It'll cost ye a little more, but 'twill come to more in the end in 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.

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

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

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