KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "My Lady of the South," "When Wilderness Was King," etc.

Illustrations By Dearborn Melvill

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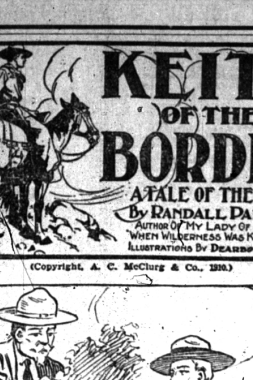


SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is looking for roaming war parties of savages. He sees a wagon train 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 Black Bart, a negro companion in his evil work named Nub (also his name is Nub) and a third man, who says he is Hope Waite. Keith meets the brother of Hope Waite, under the assumed name of Fred Willoughby, and becomes convinced that Black Bart has some 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 a mystery 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 father. Keith fails to learn what representations Black Bart has made to Christie Maclaire. Hope suggests that in order to learn the secret she must briefly impersonate the actress singer. Dr. Fairbain is in love with Christie Maclaire and Keith induces him to detain her from the stage while Hope goes to the theater where she meets Black Bart, who, thinking she is Christie, tells Hope that General Waite has suspected his plans and that they must act quickly. Hope greatly alarmed, demurs. General Waite appears and says Black Bart has stolen papers from him regarding an inheritance.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)

"I have told you my name—Jack Keith," he replied, quietly. "Doctor Fairbain knows something of me, but for your further information I will add that when we met before I was Captain Keith, Third Virginia Cavalry, and bearing dispatches from Long street to Stonewall Jackson."

The gruff old soldier, half-crazed by the news of his daughter's peril, the gleam of his eyes still revealing uncontrolled temper, stared at the younger face fronting him; then slowly he held out his hand.

"Keith—Keith," he repeated, as though bringing back the name with an effort. "By God, that's the—old Jefferson Keith's boy—killed at Antietam. And you know Hope?"

"Yes, General."

He looked about as though dazed, and the sheriff broke in not unkindly.

"Well, Waite, if we are going to search for your daughter we better be at it. Come on, all of you. Miss Maclaire will be safe enough here alone."

He took hold of Keith's arm, questioning him briefly as they passed down the hall. On the stairs the latter took his turn, still confused by what he had just heard.

"Who is Miss Maclaire?" he asked.

"Phyllis Gale."

"Of course, but who is Phyllis Gale? What has she to do with General Waite? His daughter has told me she never heard of any one by that name."

"Well, Keith, the old man has never told me very much; he's pretty close-mouthed, except for swearing, but I've read his papers, and picked up a point or two. I reckon the daughter, Miss Hope, maybe never heard a word about it, but the boy—the one that was shot—must have stumbled onto the story and repeated it to Hawley. That's what set that fellow going. It seems Mrs. Waite's maiden name was Pierpont, and when she was seventeen years old she was married to the son of a rich North Carolina planter. The fellow was a drunken, dissolute, good-for-nothing. They had a daughter born—this Phyllis—and when the child was three years old the sheriff, in a fit of drunken rage, ran away, and to spite his wife took the little girl with him. All efforts to trace them failed, and the mother finally secured a divorce and, two years later, married Willis Waite. Waite, of course, knew these facts, but probably they were never told the children. When the father of Mrs. Waite's first husband died, he left all his large property to the grandchild, providing she could be found and identified within a certain time, failing which the property was to be distributed among certain designated charities. Waite was named sole administrator. Well, the old man took as much interest in it as though it was his own girl, but made mighty little progress. He did discover that the father had taken the child to St. Louis and left here there with a woman named Raymond, but after the woman died the girl completely disappeared."

"Then Miss Maclaire is Hope Waite's half-sister?"

"That's the way it looks now."

"And Hawley merely happened to stumble on to the right party?"

"Sure; it's clear enough how that came about. The boy told him about the lost heiress his father was searching after, and showed him his sister's picture. 'Black Bart' instantly recognized her resemblance to Christie Maclaire, and thought he saw a good chance for some easy money. He needed the papers, however, to ascertain exactly the terms of the will, and what would be necessary for the identification. He never intended to go into court, but hoped to either get Waite out of the way, or else convince him that Christie was the girl, relying on her gratitude for his profits. When Waite played into his hands by com-

"Here, Sheriff! This Is One of Hawley's Men!"

ing to Carson City the chance was too good to be lost. I'm not sure he meant to kill him, but he did mean to have those papers at any cost. Probably you know the rest—the girl was easy, because she was so ignorant of her parentage, and nothing prevented Hawley from winning except that Waite got mad and decided to fight. That knocked over the whole thing."

They were outside now, and the first touch of the cool night air, the first glance up and down the noisy street, brought Keith to himself, his mind ready to grapple with the problem of Hope's disappearance. It seemed to him he had already looked everywhere, yet there was nothing to do except to continue the search, only more systematically. The sheriff assumed control—clear headed, and accustomed to that sort of thing—calling in Hickock and his deputies to assist, and fairly combing the town from one end to the other. Not a rat could have slipped unobserved through the net he dragged down that long street, or its intersecting alleys—but it was without result; nowhere was there found a trace of either the gambler or his companion.

They dug into saloons, bagnios, dance-halls, searching back rooms and questioning inmates; they routed out every occupant of the hotel, invaded boarding houses, and explored shacks and tents, indifferent to the protests of those disturbed—but without result. They found several who know Hawley, others who had seen the two together passing by the lighted windows of the Trocadero, but beyond that—nothing. Convinced, at last, that the parties sought were not alive in Sheridan, and beginning to fear the worst, the searchers separated, and began spreading forth over the black surrounding prairie, and by the light of lanterns seeking any semblance of trail. There was no lack of volunteers for this work, but it was daylight before the slightest clue presented itself. Keith, with the sheriff and two or three others, had groped their way outward until, with the first flush of dawn, they found themselves at the opening of a small rocky ravine, near the foot of "Boots Hill." Peering down into its still shadowed depths, they discerned what appeared like a body lying there motionless. Keith sprang down beside it, and turned the rigid form over until the dead face was revealed in the wan light—it was that of the red mountaineer, Scott. He staggered back at the recognition, barely able to ejaculate.

"Here, Sheriff! This is one of Hawley's men!"

The sheriff was bending instantly above the corpse, searching for the truth.

"You know the fellow?"

"Yes, his name was Scott."

"Well, he's been dead some hours, at least six I should say; shot just above the eye, and good Heavens! look here, Keith, at the size of this bullet wound; that's no man's gun in this country—no more than a '32' I'd say."

"Miss Waite had a small revolver. She must have shot the fellow. But why did they leave the body here to be discovered?"

The sheriff arose to his feet, prowling about in the brightening glow of the dawn.

"They were in a hurry to get away, and knew he wouldn't be found before morning. A six hours' start means a good deal. They did drag him back out of sight—look here. This was where the struggle took place, and here is where the man fell," tracing it out upon the ground. "The girl put up a stiff fight, too—see where they dragged her up the path. From the footprints there must have been half a dozen in the party. Get back out of the way, Sims, while I follow their trail."

It was plain enough, now they had daylight to assist them, and led around the edge of the hill. A hundred feet away they came to where horses had been standing, the trampled sod evidencing they must have been there for some considerable time. Keith and the sheriff circled out until they finally struck the trail of the party, which led forth southwest across the prairie.

"Seven horses, one belug led light," said the former. "That was Scott's, probably."

"That's the whole story," replied the sheriff, staring off toward the bare horizon, "and the cusses have at least six hours the start with fresh horses." He turned around. "Well, boys, that takes 'em out of my bailiwick, I reckon. Some of the rest of you will have to run that gang down."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Fairbain and Christie.

Dr. Fairbain had originally joined the searching party, fully as eager as Keith himself to run down the renegade Hawley, but after an hour of resultless effort, his entire thought shifted to the woman they had left alone at the hotel. He could not, as yet, fully grasp the situation, but he remained loyal to the one overpowering truth that he loved Christie Maclaire. Fairbain's nature was rough, original, yet loyal to the core. He had lived all his life long in army camps, and upon the frontier, and his code of honor was extremely simple. It never once occurred to him that Christie's profession was not of the highest, or that her life and associations in any way unfitted her for the future. To his mind she was the one and only woman. His last memory of her, as the little party of men filed out of that room, haunted him until he finally dropped out of the search and drifted back toward the hotel.

It was a late hour, yet it was hardly likely the woman had retired. Her excitement, her interest in the pursuit, would surely prevent that; moreover, he was certain he saw a light still burning in her room, as he looked up from the black street below. Nevertheless he hesitated, uncertain of his reception. Bluff, emphatic, never afraid to face a man in his life, his heart now beat fiercely as he endeavored to muster the necessary courage. Just then the dark, quiet scene was shattered by a shot, and sudden fear lest he might be sought after professionally sent the doctor hurriedly within, and up the stairs. He stood, just outside her door, quaking like a child, the perspiration beading his forehead—but a light streamed through the transom, and he could plainly hear movements within. At last, in a sudden spasm of courage, he knocked softly. Even in that noisy spot she heard instantly, opening the door without hesitation, and standing fully dressed within. She was no longer a discouraged, sobbing girl, but an aroused, intent woman, into whose pathetic, lonely life there had come a new hope. She appeared younger, fairer, with the light shining in her hair and her eyes smiling welcome.

"Oh, Doctor," and her hands were thrust out towards him, "I am glad you have come. Somehow, I thought you would, and have wanted so to talk to some one—to you."

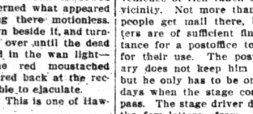
"To me! Do you really mean that, Miss Christie?"

"Yes, I really mean that; you great bear of a man," and the girl laughed lightly, dragging him into the room and closing the door. "Why, who else could I expect to come to-night? You were the only one really good to me. You—you acted as if you believed in me all the time—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Is a Lucky Kid.

Beatrice Singleterry of Miles avenue is a lucky kid, says the Cleveland Leader. Every one of her wishes bears fulfillment. If she finishes up as she began there is no telling what the gods may have in store for her. When the news got about that there was a brand new baby in the family a friend made inquiries and learned that the new arrival was a little boy, named Robert. "Robert?" inquired the friend. "I can't think of anyone in the family after whom the baby is named. I never heard of a Robert on either side of the house." "No," spoke up Beatrice, "I had a little dog that died and I asked papa to name my brother after my doggie. And he did."



Smallest of Postoffices

How the Patrons of the Five-Foot Federal Building at Virginia, Cal., Are Accommodated.

Virginia, Cal., boasts of having the smallest postoffice building in the world. It is situated in a lonely spot on the stage road north of San Diego City, and is maintained for the convenience of rich ranch owners in the vicinity. Not more than six or eight people get mail there, but their letters are of sufficient financial importance for a postoffice to be provided for their use. The postmaster's salary does not keep him in cigarettes, but he only has to be on duty on the days when the stage coach is due to pass. The stage driver drops the mail, the few letters from Virginia are handed up and the postmaster proceeds to distribute the letters, post cards and newspapers. In lock jaws hung on the outside of the postoffice. After the scanty mail is distributed the postmaster locks up the little office and goes away.

When a citizen of Virginia mails a letter he does not buy a stamp, but deposits letter and money through the letter drop in the door. If the letter is a heavy one and likely to require more than one stamp he drops a quarter or a half dollar in with it and finds his change in his letter box next mail day. As the postmaster knows the handwriting of ever man, woman and child in the postal district he never puts the change in the wrong box. About once a year, generally near the holidays, a registered letter or package arrives, and then the accommodating postmaster delivers it. In Virginia registered mail is put in the letter drop, with the fee, and the receipt placed in the proper lock box for the same as the charge for stamps. The little postoffice building is constructed of rough slabs of pine, only five feet square, and about the height of an ordinary man, who can only stand erect inside by taking off his hat.

He Lagged Superfluous.

Pittsfield, in the Berkshire hills, had in the old days, like many another New England town, a number of men and women who were called "characters." One of these was "Bill" Brown, a man unfortunately addicted to drink, and frequently intoxicated for days at a time. On one occasion he went into the shop of the local butter. Mr. Smith, and asked for the best beaver in the store. Mr. Smith produced the desired article, saying as he took the money: "That beaver will last a man a lifetime." Bill went proudly down the main street with his fine beaver on his head, and immediately celebrated the event with a protracted debauch. When he recovered he returned to the shop with a most disreputable hat. "Look here, I thought you said this here beaver would last me a lifetime. "So it would," growled Mr. Smith, "if you had died when you ought to!"—Youth's companion.

The Choice of Vocation.

This year the Harvard summer school will have for the first time a vocational course, which it is intended shall give teachers an idea of the way in which to guide their pupils in the choice of a vocation. The courses of the summer are open to both men and women, and no doubt both will take advantage of the course, as the responsibility of the teacher in this direction is coming to be recognized more and more.

Woman's Age Test.

You can usually guess within a few years of a woman's age by noticing how she takes it when you call her a sylph.—Galveston News.

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—everything complete in up-to-date first-class of city residences. Cement walk all around. One of the best neighborhood in town. House would cost at least $2,000 to build today; ask anyone to build it for less and see what they say. You can buy this beautiful home for $3,000, and have your own say about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within 400 feet of the west side of Woodward Ave., eight rooms, hardwood finish, lot $4x100; plenty of fruit. You could not build the house for $2,000, 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 material were cheap. There is also 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 whisper!—we probably 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 7, Campbell's Subdivision, good house insured for $1,000, fine location; price $1,600. 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 66 feet front and 150 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 this county. On the line of the Detroit electric, 18 miles from Detroit; two miles from Birmingham; 80 acres of pure spring water furnishing an abundance of pure clear ice. Fine nine-room house, new silo 14x30, accommodation for 30 head of cattle in cement-floor barn, mill house with flowing well, 15 acres timber, 345 rods new wire fence with cedar posts, 112 acres of fine sandy loam, and not a foot of waste land; pretty little creek runs through farm. Owning fiber and fuel, at less than $100 per acre will buy it, on easy terms. Price!

298

House, barn, wagon shop, blacksmith shop, two lumber sheds, two acres of land, fine orchard; buildings in good repair. The only shop of the kind in village of Franklin, prettiest village in Michigan. Will sell ready for all surprising blacksmith and wagonmaker to make a good living in a prosperous farming community. Reason for selling, ill health, 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 150 feet deep; fine corner lot, and one of the most desirable building lots in the village. Can be bought for less than $400 and 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 bells—all modern conveniences; two-story, up-to-date residence, nine rooms, cement walks; finest location in Village. $2,700 takes this story-and-a-half home. Ask us about it.

318

A cozy, convenient home which cost $2,000 to build in times when labor was one of the best residence localities in Birmingham, and would not be sold but for the condition of the owner's health. Your good fortune and no mistake if you get this for $1,600 cash. 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, 24x40 feet, 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 can be done in the same locality. The price is $1,600, and the terms can be arranged to suit any one who will pay enough to secure loan. New house, five rooms, bath, modern house, good cellar, fine well, good brick cistern. Particulars for the asking.

321

Fine farm of 84 acres in the midst of the Bloomfield Hills, a little over a mile from the electric, nearly all Page fence, eight-room stone house, fine cellar, two barns, woodshed, ice house, hog house, two hen houses, tool house; wind mill supplying water; never-failing stream piped to house and barns; rich, gravelly, loamy soil, about five acres young 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 of electric road; 50 acres of excellent gravel road, 160 acres, well fenced, and ten-room brick house with furnace; two neat flowing wells on 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. Only $125 per acre. 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 at Royal Oak; ten-room house; five other buildings; two acres orchard, apple, pear and peach; fifteen acres timber, still standing; 70 acres 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 Lot 1, one of the most desirable locations in the village. Fronts 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 loan any money on it—offering, with real estate going up all the time.

335

Will exchange for small farm near Birmingham, 160x161 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, 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, wash-house, cistern, large frame barn 28x40. Plenty of room for garden and chickens; one of the best locations, and the price so low we are ashamed to tell it. Come and see us and make us an offer. Terms easy.

347

Forty acres just outside of the corporate limits of Birmingham. Rich loaming land, two acres of orchard, nine first-class buildings which could not be built for $5,000; fourteen-room house, bath, toilet, range—every convenience of city, city water. Just what you want. Costs nothing to investigate. Let us take you to see it.

348

House and two lots, two blocks from electric in Birmingham. 115 feet front and 148 feet deep. City water, eight-room new two-story house and good barn. Would exchange for almost anything. Let us take you to the owner and you can dicker 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 Bloomfield Hills district. Pretty little stream, no waste land, and plenty of shade. Fine stone and cement house and ample water well stocked and the most productive land in the country. Will split 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 branch of the River Rouge, with overhanging shade; 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 is selling this season for $200.00 to $1,000.00 per acre, and yet this can be bought for $7,500. That's different, too. But there's a reason. Ask us.

353

Ideal little place for a country house and a few chickens. Only one and a half by the road to the electric; half mile from the village limits. No buildings, but they wouldn't amount to much if there were any. Well fenced, no waste land, on four corners; land under excellent cultivation. 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, fine stone house—ten rooms, furnace, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, city water, half acre of beautiful grove of native trees, 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. If you say 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 the county. Six good buildings in very good shape, five acres of fine apple orchard, twenty acres of timber, two sets of buildings, and the farm can be divided so that each part would be complete in this respect. Rich, loamy soil, well watered, and no waste land. Farms not as good as this sold in the immediate neighborhood for fifty per cent more than we ask for this. D. T. Whitehead is the salesman, 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, modern and recently rebuilt, good fences; finest little creek that ever runs through the place; three acres of 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, bath, hot and cold water, furnace, porch, screens, cement walk, fine location; 50 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, Peninsular furnace, one block from electric; 165 feet deep; fine 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 electric; eight rooms, bath, closet, hot and cold water, furnace, hardwood finish, cement walk, fine shade; lot 40x103, 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 beside. Five acre grove, thirty acres in farm with good buildings worth $2,000; five acres fine orchards. Five thousand dollars will handle it, and the rest on easy terms will be made to suit. One of the best bargains on our list.

362

House and two lots on Willits street half block from electric, eighty feet front, 182 feet deep; seven-room house, city water, fine well, good cellar, beautiful maple trees for shade and usual amount of fruit. Five hundred dollars will handle it, and the rest on easy terms will do the business. Cement walk, electric lights. Standard 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., face to the city limits, fifteen minutes' ride; ready to buy it ourselves. Ideal suburban residence. Plenty of fruit of all kinds. Within a minute. Stone and brick two-story ten rooms, toilet, bath, cellar, furnace, hot and cold water, electric lights, fine 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 outside of the dust and noise, two acres of land with plenty of fruit, good two-story house, fine well, good cellar, electric light, fine cellar, excellent drainage, good neighborhood and the price is twenty-five hundred dollars, and the terms are very easy indeed.

368

Sixty acres of rich loamy land in Southfield, twenty acres of ash and elm timber, forty acres tillable. Price is one hundred dollars per acre. No buildings or orchards to speak of, so little 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 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 young timber, fine location, only 4½ miles from thriving village. Fourteen acres of fine timber, large trees—real old-fashioned sugar bush. Come and see 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 stable and good barn, two wells, four acres of timber, three acres of fine 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, two acres of orchard, deep 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-seven 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., and in high state of cultivation. Can be had for one hundred and sixty-five dollars per acre. That is a very reasonable price when you consider that farms not as good have been sold for less than the same neighborhood for three times that amount.

375

Just about the right size for a middle aged man who wants to work himself and wife to death on a big farm. Eighty-five acres, eight acres of orchard, eight acres of timber, good fences and buildings, everything in good order ready to make a cozy farm home. Only a little over a mile from the electric, good rolling land, well drained and buildings in very pleasant location, and the price is right. Two thousand dollars cash will buy it and the balance of the purchase price can be had 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 chickens. No buildings $1,500 will buy it if you have it all to pay down—the rest can run on mortgage.

377

Vacant lot in Campbell Addition. Good location; new cement walk. Lot is 60x110 and will be bought right now for $175 cash.

378

Vacant lots on Southfield Ave., 90 feet front and 125 feet deep. Fine location, no buildings, excellent neighborhood; $500.

379

Well, now! Look at this. A fine farm of one hundred and twenty acres, with good brick barn, 32x42, and comfortable six-room house, $,200 peach, apple and plum trees, fine pears and oats, one-half acre potatoes, four acres beans and—listen here, there are two good gravel pits on the farm and it is only 229 rods from the D. U. R. and a fine residence, excellent cement block machine, 12 sheets, 8 inches wide, 16 inches long, good loam, and all the other stock and tools on the farm, and the price is only THIRTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! Now hustle, for this bargain is sure to go in a week.

380

New brick ten-room house, toilet, bath, laundry, furnace, electric light, fireplace, mantels, finest location in town, 125 feet front and 320 feet deep; good barn, 24x30, and other buildings. Didn't know that it could be bought. Only Hall knows the circumstances alter cases, and this place can be bought for much less than it is worth, and you know property hasn't been depreciating in value in Birmingham of late. Now so that you could buy 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. Forty acres, one-half acres in Troy, near the electric, fine location, good house, toilet, Peninsular furnace, grates, mantels, electric lights, good 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 can be had at a low rate. The balance is so small, considering everything, that it needn't worry you. Let's go and look at it. It's Worth while.

If Mrs. Jones buys her coffee at Smith's each week—

If the coffee in your store is better than Smith's and cheaper—

Why, TELL MRS. JONES

Don't cut wildly across the street to tell her, though; she'll laugh at you. Insert a sane, forceful advertisement in this paper about your coffee.

We'll catch her eye by making your ad. attractive. Then all that is left for you to do is to take in the money for the coffee Mrs. Jones buys.

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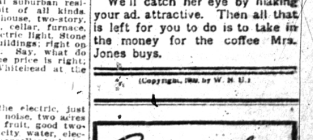

Native town patriotism is the mother of home success. Good things to sell, proper publicity in this paper and stick-to-itiveness win buyers in this vicinity—buyers mean money, money brings every-thing to your door.

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