KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

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

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN 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 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 Black 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 Sibley, the other Gen. Willis Waite, 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, Dr. Fairbain. 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 brother. 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 stage 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, thus deceived, tells Hope that General Waite has suspected his plans and that they must fly. Hope, greatly alarmed, demurs. General Waite appears and says Black Bart has stolen papers from him regarding an inheritance. Keith is informed that Christie Maclaire's real name is Phyllis Gate and that she is the half sister of Hope. The latter has been carried away by Black Bart and his gang.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.)

"I did, Christie; you bet I did," broke in the delighted doctor, every nerve tingling. "I'd 'a' cleaned out that whole gang if you'd only said so, but I reckon now it was better to let them tell all they knew. It was like a thunder storm clearing the atmosphere."

"Oh, it was, indeed! Now I know who I am—who I am! Isn't that simply glorious? Sit down, Doctor Fairbain, there in the big chair where I can see your face. I want to talk, talk, talk; I want to ask questions, a thousand questions; but it wouldn't do any good to ask them of you, would it? You don't know anything about my family, do you?"

"Not very much, I am afraid, only that you have got an almighty pretty half-sister," admitted the man, emphatically, "and old Waite possesses the vilest temper ever given a human being. He's no blood kin to you, though."

"No, but he is awfully good underneath, isn't he?"

"Got a heart of pure gold, old Waite. Why, I've seen him cry like a baby over one of his men that got hurt."

"Have you known him, then, for a long while?"

"Ever since the Spring of '61. I was brigaded with him all through the war, and had to cut a bullet or so out of his hide before it ended. If there was ever a fight, Willis Waite was sure to get his share. He could swear some then, but he's improved since, and I reckon now he could likely claim the championship."

"Did—did you know my mother also?" and Christie leaned forward, her eyes suddenly grown misty. "I haven't even the slightest memory of her."

The doctor's heart was tender, and he was swift to respond, reaching forth and grasping the hand nearest him. He had made love before, yet somehow this was different; he felt half afraid of this woman, and it was a new sensation altogether, and not unpleasant.

"I saw her often enough in those days, but not since. She was frequently in camp, a very sweet-faced woman; you have her eyes and hair, as I remember. Waite ought to have recognized you at first sight. By Heavens! that was what made me so infernally mad, the mulish obstinacy of the old fool. Your mother used to come to the hospital tent, too; one of the best nurses I ever saw. I thought she was a beauty then, but she's some older by this time," he paused regretfully. "You see, I'm no spring chicken, myself."

Her eyes were upon his face, a slight flush showing in either cheek, and she made no effort to withdraw her imprisoned hand.

"You are just a nice age," with firm conviction. "Boys are tiresome, and I think a little gray in the hair is an improvement. Oh, you mustn't imagine I say this just to please you—I have always thought so, since—well, since I grew up. Besides, fleshy men generally look young, because they are so good natured, perhaps. How old are you, Doctor?"

"It isn't the gray hairs I mind, either," he admitted hesitatingly, "but I'm too darned bald-headed. Oh, I ain't so old, for I was only thirty-five when the war broke out. I was so thin then I could hardly cast a shadow. I've changed some since," casting his eyes admiringly downward, "and got quite a figure. I was forty-three last month."

"That isn't old; that's just right."

"I've been afraid you looked on me as being an old fogy!"

"I should say not," indignantly. "Why should you ever think that?"

"Well, there were so many young fellows hanging about."

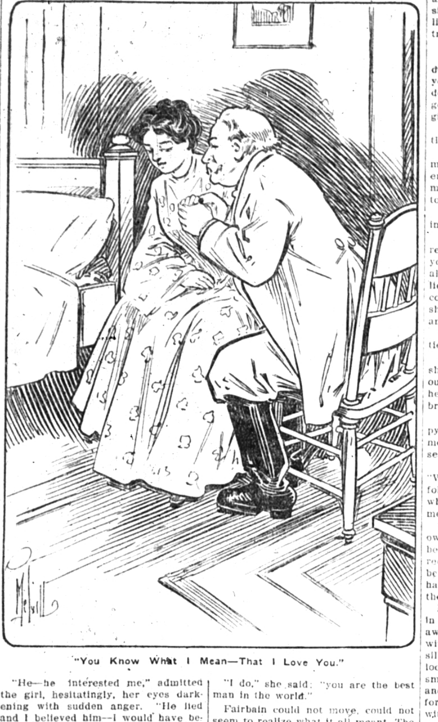
"Who?"

"Oh, Keith, and Hawley, and that bunch of officers from the fort; you never had any time to give me."

She laughed again, her fingers tightening in their clasp on his hand.

"Why, how foolish; Hawley is older than you are, and I was only playing with Keith. Surely you must know that now. And as to the officers, they were just fun. You see, in my profession, one has to be awfully nice to everybody."

"But didn't you really care for Hawley?" he insisted, bluntly probing for facts.



"You Know What I Mean—That I Love You."

"He—he interested me," admitted the girl, hesitatingly, her eyes darkening with sudden anger. "He lied and I believed him—I would have believed any one who came with such a story. Oh, Dr. Fairbain," and she clung to him now eagerly, "you cannot realize how hungry I have been for what he brought me. I wanted so to know the truth of my birth. Oh, I hated this life!" She flung her disengaged hand into the air, with a gesture expressive of disgust. "I was crazy to get away from it. That was what made the man look good to me—he—he promised so much. You will believe me, won't you? Oh, you must; I am going to make you. I am a singer in music halls; I was brought up to that life from a little girl, and of course, I know what you Western men think of us as a class. Hawley showed it in his whole manner toward me, and I resented it; just for that, deep down in my heart, I hated him. I know it now, now that I really understand his purpose; but some way, when I was with him he seemed to fascinate me, to make me do just as he willed. But you have never been that way; you—you have acted as though I was somebody—somebody nice, and not just a music-hall singer. Perhaps it's just your way, and maybe, deep down you don't think I'm any better than the other do, but—but I want you to think I am, and I am going to tell you the truth, and you must believe me—I am a good girl."

"Great God! of course you are," he blurted out. "Don't you suppose I know? That isn't what has been bothering me, lassie. Why, I'd 'a' fought any buck who'd 'a' sneered at you. What I wanted to know was, whether or not you really cared for any of those duffers. Can you tell me that, Christie?"

She lifted her eyes to his face, her lips parted.

"I can answer anything you ask."

"And you do not care for them?"

"No."

He drew his breath sharply, his round face rosy.

"Then you have got to listen to me, for I'm deadly in earnest. I'm an old, rough, bald-headed fool that don't know much about women—I never thought before I'd ever want to—but you can bet on one thing, I'm square. Anybody in this town will tell you I'm square. They'll tell you that whatever I says goes. I've never run around much with women; somehow I never exactly liked the kind I've come up against, and maybe they didn't feel any particular interest in me. I didn't cut much shine as a ladies' man, but, I reckon now, it's only because the right one hadn't happened along. She is here now, though, all right, and I knew it the very first time I set eyes on her. Oh, you roped and tied me all right the first throw. Maybe I did get you and that half-sister mixed up a bit, but just the same you were the one I really wanted. Hope's all right; she's a mighty fine girl, but you are the one for me, Christie. Could you—could you care for such a duffer as I am?"

Her lips were smiling and so were her eyes, but it was a pleading smile.

"I—I don't think it would be so very hard," she admitted, "not if you really wanted me to."

"You know what I mean—that I love you—wish you to be my wife?"

"I supposed that was it—that—that you wanted me."

"Yes, and—and you will love?"

Her head dropped slowly, so slowly he did not realize the significance of the action until her lips touched his hand:

"I do," she said; "you are the best man in the world."

Fairbain could not move, could not seem to realize what it all meant. The outcome had been so sudden, so surprising, that all power of expression deserted him. In bewilderment he lifted her face and looked into her eyes. Perhaps she realized—with the swift intuition of a clever woman—the man's perplexity, for instantly she led his mind to other things.

"But let us not talk of ourselves any more, tonight. There is so much I wish to know; so much that ought to be done." She sprang to her feet. "Why, it is almost shameful for us to stay here, selfishly happy, while others are in such trouble. Have they discovered Hope?"

"No; we scoured the whole town and found no trace. Now they are outside on the prairie, but there can be little chance of their picking up a trail before daylight."

"And Hawley?"

"He has vanished also; without doubt they are together. What do you suppose he can want of her? How do you imagine he ever got her to go with him? She isn't that sort of a girl."

She shook her head, shivering a little.

"He must have mistaken her for me—perhaps has not even yet discovered his mistake. But what it all means, or how he gained her consent to go with him, I cannot conceive."

She stood with hands clasped, staring out of the window.

"There is a little light showing already," she exclaimed, pointing. "See, yonder. Oh, I trust they will find her alive, and unhurt. That man, I believe, is capable of any crime. But couldn't you be of some help? Why should you remain here with me? I am in no danger."

"You really wish me to go, Christie?"

"Not that way—not that way," and she turned impulsively, with hands outstretched. "Of course I want you here with me, but I want you to help bring Hope back."

He drew her to him, supremely happy now, every feeling of embarrassment lost in complete certainty of possession.

"And I will," he said solemnly. "Wherever they may have gone I shall follow. I am going now, dear, and when I come back you'll be glad to see me?"

"Shall I?" her eyes uplifted to his own, and swimming in tears. "I will be the happiest girl in all the world, I reckon. Oh, what a night this has been! What a wonderful night! It has given me a name, a mother, and the man I love."

He kissed her, not in passion, but in simple tenderness, and as he turned away she sank upon her knees at the window, with head bowed upon the sill. At the door he paused and looked back, and she turned and smiled at him. Then he went out, and she knelt there silently, gazing forth into the dawn, her eyes blurred with tears—facing a new day, and a new life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Her Rubber Wedding Shoes

Bride Discovered to Her Dismay She Had on Her Mother's Largest Galoshes.

"It was not until after the ceremony had been performed and I was coming down the aisle on my husband's arm," said Mrs. Juno Bride, "that I discovered"—she paused and a tremor passed over her delicate features.

"That you discovered"—prompted hearer.

"There was not a prettier wedding in Rechercheville this spring than mine," she resumed retrospectively. "My gown was a dream and I must admit I looked very well. It rained in torrents on the morning of my wedding day, and when we were about to start for church somebody hustled me into a rain coat and rubbers, so I might not get damp going from my door to the carriage. The sun came out just as we reached the church, but I was too nervous and excited to notice. I only knew that somebody helped me out of the carriage, that somebody else removed my rain coat and that somebody gave my veil a final touch—and next thing I remember with clearness I was coming down the aisle on Jack's arm and then when it was too late, the miserable discovery was made.

"'Dearest,' whispered Jack, 'what under the canopy have you got on your feet?'

"'My feet!' I murmured and, glancing down, perceived that my snow, shimmering wedding gown was not long enough to conceal the dreadful fact that I wore ma's oldest and largest pair of rubbers!"

A True Son of the South.

A statue was unveiled at Sceaux to Clovis Hugues, poet and deputy, says the Paris correspondent of the London Standard. Clovis Hugues was a typical son of the south, and like all Marseillais he believed that the Paris boulevards would be a very fair imitation of the Cannabiere if there were only a bit of sea at the end of the street. One afternoon in Marseilles a Parisian ventured to claim some charm for Paris. "Absurd," said Clovis Hugues, "Paris cannot compare with Marseilles at all. Here, at least, we have the sun." "We have the sun in Paris, too," remarked his friend. "Ah, bah!" said Clovis Hugues; "your sun in Paris is only an old moon which Marseilles has no further use for."

Where Scars Are Prized.

The natives of some of the islands of the Pacific are always glad to see the doctor on his periodical visits. At Kaiser Wilhelm's harbor the German government has stationed Dr. Heisegang as medical officer. He is a busy man. Natives by the dozen come to him, not to be treated for illness, but to get the benefit of his professional opinion on how to scar themselves artistically.

The natives are very fond of scars, and nearly all of them are covered with specimens which have resulted from self-inflicted wounds which were kept open by frequent scratching or by the introduction of foreign substances like sand, bamboo, shells and so forth. The excrescence which results from the average vaccination is scratched off at the proper time, and the resulting large scar is very dear to the native.

A young islander whose face and body are a mass of cuts, bruises and scars is considered the catch of the season by the dusky belles.

Successward.

Miss Annie S. Peck, the famous mountaineer, was talking at a garden party in Boston about her contemplated climb in the Andes.

"To what," said a girlhood friend from Providence, "do you attribute, Miss Peck, your success as a mountaineer?"

"Simply to perseverance, to assiduity," the other answered. "That is the secret of all success. A great department store keeper put the idea, though, more neatly than I have done. At a birthday dinner he said: 'I attribute my success to the fact that if a customer doesn't see what she wants I've always made her want what she sees.'"

Growth of Atlantic City.

Atlantic City was incorporated in 1854, the year when the first passenger train was run from the Delaware river to the Atlantic ocean. At that time the village consisted of half a dozen families which had increased to a population of 1,043, in 1870, according to the United States census. Ten years later it had grown to 5,477; in 1890 it was 13,055, and in 1900 there were 27,838 residents.

Easily Detected.

Smart Aleck—Here's Jimmy Jiggers been arrested for uttering a forged note.

Stupid Steve—Then if he uttered it they ought to have known it was forged.

Smart Aleck—How could they know?

Stupid Steve—Because he stutters.

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 (cost $200) 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 $3,000, and have your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within 300 feet of the west side of Woodward Ave.; eight rooms, hardwood finish; 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. Then there is about one acre of good garden with a substantial barn, two blocks from electric. Owner has decided to go west and will sell at a sacrifice. His price is $2,500, 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 house, insured for $850; fine location; price $1,500. Nice cozy little home for some one with enough cash to make a small first payment.

296

Nice eight-room house, built last year in Village of Royal Oak, one block from both electric railways; cellar, cistern; lot 50 feet front and 120 feet deep. Cost owner $2,600, but will sell for $2,100.

297

Without exception, the finest farm for stock raising or high-class farming in the county. On the line of the Rochester electric, 18 miles from Detroit; two flowing wells, pond of nearly an acre of pure spring water furnishing an abundance of pure clean ice; nine-room house, new silo, barn 74x10, accommodation for 30 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 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 on Woodward Ave.; 50 feet frontage and 120 feet deep. Corner lot, and one of the most desirable building lots in the village. Can be bought for cash at a price that will surely appeal to any one—either for building purposes or an investment.

316

New brick house, two blocks from electric; bath, closet, furnace, city water, electric lights—all modern conveniences; two-story, up-to-date residence, nine rooms, cement walks; finest location in village; $2,700 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 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, 1¼ 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. Ice 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 hen houses, tool house; wind mill supplies best water, never failing; piped to house and barns; rich, gravelly, 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 the electric on excellent gravel road, 160 acres, well fenced, and ten-room brick house with furnace; two best flowing wells in the country; basement barn 30x80, nearly new; hen house with cement floor, corn crib, horse barn, hay shed, tool house. Not a foot of waste land, and well known for its productiveness; fully drained by best tile. Farms in the immediate neighborhood (adjoining) 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; five other buildings; two acres apple and peach orchard; soil sandy loam. And listen here! $2,500 will buy it, and the balance of the purchase price can run on long time at low rate of interest. Let's look it over.

330

Fine farm of 330 acres, three miles from Birmingham; eleven-room house, six buildings; twenty acres orchard—apple, pear and peach; fifteen 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 320 feet deep, on 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 lose any money on this offering, with real estate going up all the time.

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

339

Five desirable lots on Woodward Ave., running back to frontage on street one block from Woodward Ave., nine-room house, water-closet, city water, good barn 30x40. 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 $8,000; fourteen-room house, bath, toilet, range—every convenience of city; city water. Just what you want. Costs nothing to investigate. Let us take you to see it.

348

House and two lots, two blocks from electric in Birmingham; 115 feet front and 188 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 barns; 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 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 $300.00 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 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 stone house—ten rooms, furnace, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, city water, half acre of beautiful grove of native trees, sixteen acres of best kind of fruits just coming into bearing, splendid new barns and carriage houses; just outside the village limits. Altogether the finest place in the vicinity, about twenty rods from the electric—and it can be bought for less than the buildings cost. Let's you and I go and look at it at our expense.

355

A fine farm of two hundred and twenty-five acres only a mile and a half from the corporate limits of Birmingham and one of the very finest locations in this county of fine farms. Six good buildings in very good shape, five acres of excellent orchard, twenty acres of timber, two sets of buildings, and the farm can be divided so that each part would be cared for in this respect. Rich loamy soil, well watered, and no waste land. Farms not as good have sold in the immediate neighborhood for fifty per cent more than we ask for this. Full description for the asking, and if you prefer we will take you to see the owner and let you make your own bargain.

356

One of the best of Bloomfield farms. Sixty-six acres, with good buildings, ten-room house, basement barns recently rebuilt, good fences; finest little creek you ever saw runs through the place; three acres of fine orchard, plenty of shade, and the price is right. Take you to see it any time at all.

358

Fine new cement house on Woodward Ave., eight rooms, closet, bath, hot and cold water, furnace, porch, screens, storm house, fine location; lot 230 feet deep. House cost $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, 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 besides. Five acre grove, thirty acres in farm with good buildings worth $3,000; five acres fine orchards. Five thousand dollars will handle it, and the rest on easy terms and long time.

362

House and two lots on Willits street, half block from electric, eighty feet front, 103 feet deep, seven room house, city water, fine well, good cellar, beautiful maple trees for shade and usual amount of fruit. Twenty-five hundred on easy terms will do the business. House would cost the asking price to build. One of the best bargains on our list.

366

Listen Here! Five acres not more than forty rods from the corporation line, on Woodward Ave., fare to the city hall, fifteen cents. Almost ready to buy it ourselves. Ideal suburban residence. Plenty of fruit of all kinds. Wait a minute! Stone house, two-story, ten rooms, toilet, bath, cellar, furnace, hot and cold water, electric light. Stone 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 and barn, city 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 ash and elm timber, forty acres tillable. Price is one hundred dollars per acre. No buildings or orchard; a little over a mile to the electric. 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 orchard, 3½ miles from electric, 1¼ miles from thriving village. Fourteen acres of fine timber, large trees—real old-fashioned timber! Look it over with us and see if we haven't told you things just as they are.

372

Here's another Southfield farm. And the price is very low, too. Only sixty-two and one-half dollars per acre. Nine-room house, underground 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, soil a 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-seven acres of fine productive farm lands, thirteen acres timber, sixteen acres good orchard, eight buildings, valued at $7,500, no marsh or swamp, good fences, a mile from the electric on Woodward Ave., all in a high state of cultivation. Can be had for one hundred and twenty-five dollars per acre. That is a very reasonable price when you consider that farms not as good have been sold in the immediate neighborhood for three times that amount.

375

Just about the right size for a middle aged man who doesn't want to work himself and wife to death on a 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, nice rolling land, well drained and buildings in very pleasant location on 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. Fine location for a nice home with plenty of room for garden. No buildings. $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 60x110 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 neighboorhood; $500.

379

Well, now! Look at this. A fine farm of one hundred and twenty acres, with good cement block barn, 23x33, comfortable six-room house, 1,200 peach, apple and plum trees, ten acres peas and oats, one-half acre potatoes, four acres butter beans and—listen here; there are two good gravel pits on the farm and it is only 220 rods from the D. U. R. tracks. Will throw in new cement block machine, 12 sheep, 8 lambs, horse and wagon, good mare, 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, cellar, furnace, electric light, fireplace, mantels, 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 alter cases, and this place can be bought for much less than it cost, and you know property hasn't been depreciating in value in Birmingham of-late. Not so that you would notice it. Ask us about it, talk to us and the owner about it. Go and look the premises over and—that will probably settle it.

381

Yep! Here's the chicken farm you have been looking after. Seven and one-half acres in Troy, near the electric. Ten-room house, toilet, bath, Peninsular furnace, grates, mantels, electric light, flowing well, chicken houses, barn, good drainage, sixty fruit trees just coming into bearing. Fare 18 cents to City Hall. There is a mortgage for about one-third of the value of the place, which can run. The balance is so small, considering everything, that it needn't worry you. Let's go and look at it. It's worth while.

Catching Mrs Jones

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 dash wildly across the street to tell her, though; she'd 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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Coax the Home folks

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

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