The GLOW of the RUBIES

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CHAPTER I.

A Present from China.

It was the first thing I saw that night as I swung into my chambers. Fact is, for the moment, it was the only thing I saw. Somehow, its splash of yellow there under the shaded lamp seemed to catch my eye and hold it.

I screwed my glass tight and examined the thing with interest. Nothing remarkable; just a tiny, oblong package, bearing curious foreign markings, its wrapper plainly addressed to me, but—

"By Jove!" From China!" I ejaculated.

Somebody in far-off China sending me a present, with duties and charges prepaid evidently.

"Anybody I know in China, Jenkins?" I asked. And to help him out, I added: "Fact is, some chap is sent me a package, you know."

"Name on box, sir, perhaps." Said it offhand, just like that—no trouble of thinking, dash it all—never even blinked. Just instinct, by Jove!

And there it was, nicely printed in the corner with a pen:

Roland Mastermann, Government House, Hong Kong, China.

I read it aloud—can't read anything, you know, unless I read it aloud—and looked at Jenkins inquiringly. But he came right up to the scratch; just seemed to get it from somewhere right out of the wall over my head:

"Beg pardon, sir; but think it's that London gentleman—entertained you at the Carlton when you were over the other side."

Mastermann! By Jove, so it was—I began to remember him now, because I remembered his dinner, several of them, in fact, during the three years I had lived over there, acquiring the English accent—manner, you know—and all that sort of thing.

Mastermann—oh, yes; I had him, now! Jolly rum old boy, but entertaining and clever—long hair, pink wart on jaw! And, by Jove, I had promised him—promised him—what the deuce was it I had promised him? Let me see: he was something or other in the foreign office, yes; I had that—and tremendously interested in mummies and psychical investigation and rum sort of things like that, and—

"By Jove!" I ejaculated, as it came to me. "And for that reason he wanted them to send him—not to China."

"Beg pardon, sir," put in Jenkins, "but think you had a letter with a Chinese postmark last week."

He looked around at my little writing-desk and coughed slightly behind his hand.

"Was just a-wondering, sir, if it might not be among those you haven't opened—there are several piles. If I might look, sir—"

I nodded. Fact is, I allow Jenkins much privilege, owing to long service. "Then, you know—oh, dash it, he's so original—so refreshing and that sort of thing—so surprising. Just as in this case, he thinks of so many devilishly ingenious, out-of-the-way sort of things!

It was Jenkins' idea that I find out what was in the box by just opening the dashed thing while he looked for the letter.

Clever that, eh? Well, rather!

So I unsheathed my little pocket manicure knife, cut the strings and removed the wrapper. Inside was just a little, straw-covered box with a telescope cover and inside the box, wrapped in tissue, was a tight roll of bright red silk.

That was all—not another thing but this silk roll. It was a wad as thick as three fingers and perhaps twice as long, tied with a bit of common string, ending in a loose bow-knot.

I pinched the roll gloomily.

"If it's a red silk muffler, Jenkins, catch me wearing it. That's all!" I burst out indignantly. "Rotted bad form, if you ask me. I'd look like an out-and-out bounder!"

Then I had a horrible thought:

"Or—or the Salvation Army, dash it!"

Here Jenkins thrust a letter at me. "Perhaps this may explain it, sir," he suggested.

Sure enough, it was from Hong Kong, and from that chap, Mastermann. Got there on special mission for his government, he said. I don't know what it was—never did know, in fact, for I skipped down to this paragraph, which I read aloud:

"Every puff of those rare cigars you sent me has but reminded me that my debt to you is still unpaid."

I read thus far; then I read it again. But I could make nothing of it.

"Cigars—cigars?" I exclaimed, puzzled.

Then I forgot the letter as I stared at Jenkins.

"And what's the matter with you?" I demanded.

For I had caught him with his hand over his mouth, obviously trying to suppress a chuckle. He sobered instantly, but seemed embarrassed for a reply.

"Oh, I say, you know!" I urged him.

He started to speak, then pulled up. His breath went out in a sort of sigh. "And he just stood there looking at me, and looking kind of scared.

Fact! Perfectly irreproachable service for five years; and now here, dash it, showing emotion and that sort of thing, just like—well, like people, by Jove! Gad, I don't mind saying I was devilish put out! I screwed my glass rather severely and he made another go:

"I hope, Mr. Lightnut, sir, you'll try to pardon me, sir, but I— Well, indeed, sir, the mistake wasn't mine; it was the dealer's fault, you know, sir."

"Oh!"

Jenkins cleared his throat with an effort, his eyes rolling at me apologetically. When he spoke there was a tremble in his utterance, and it was rather husky:

"Why, sir," he began in a low tone, "you told me to have your dealer ship this gentleman, this Mr. Mastermann, a dozen boxes of Paloma perfectos—your favorite brand, you know, sir—ninety dollars the hundred."

He paused, his fingers resting trembligly on the edge of the table.

"An error, sir, of the shipping clerk. He—"

With a murmured apology, Jenkins paused to wipe his forehead. I saw that the perspiration had gathered in great drops. Then he seemed to gather himself for a resolute effort, his eyes fixing themselves upon me with the most extraordinary expression—kind of half-frightened, half-desperate glare—that sort of thing, don't you know. I began to feel devilish uncomfortable and edged away.

And he made another plunge: "They sent him—"

And, dash me, if he didn't stick again! It just looked like he couldn't get out. But I encouraged him—just like you have to do a horse, you know—and this time he got over:

"They sent him a dozen boxes of 'Hickey's Pride,' sir, instead!"

He spoke in a low, choking voice and looked me full in the eye—the kind of look you get when a chap's boxing with you, you know—that sort of thing.

CHAPTER II.

An Ominous Discovery.

I was puzzled.

"'Hickey's Pride?'" I repeated thoughtfully. "I don't seem to recall that one. Do I smoke it often?"

Jenkins seemed to gasp.

"You? Certainly not, sir! Never!"

And, by Jove, he turned pale! Anyhow, he looked devilish queer as he put his hands down on the table and bent to whisper:

"Mr. Lightnut, sir—" And the way he uttered his voice and turned his head to peer around into the corners was just creepy! That's what, creepy!

Never Saw a Man So Moved.

This, with the glow from the green lampshade on his pale face as he leaned across the table—oh, it was something ghastly—awful, you know! It got on my nerves, and I could feel the hair slowly rising on each side of my part. He bent close, whispering behind his hand, and I knew he had been eating radishes for dinner:

"It's what's known in the trade, sir, as a 'twofer.'"

"A 'twofer!'" I repeated, puzzled.

"Two for five, sir." Jenkins spoke faintly. "I'm sure I'm ashamed to mention to a perfect gen—"

"By Jove, I know!" I lifted my finger suddenly. "I know now the kind you mean—big, fat, greasy-looking ones—the sort Vanderdecker and Colonel Boynton smoke over at the club." I shook my head. "Too jolly thick and heavy for me. So they're two for a 'V'—eh? Oh, I see—'twofers!' By Jove!"

A brand new one, this—a ripper! I made up my mind to spring it on the fellows first chance—that is, if I could remember the jolly thing. I just looked at Jenkins' solemn face and laughed.

"Oh, I say, Jenkins—hang the expense, you know!" I remonstrated in some disgust. For this London chap had given me no end of a good time, you know; and it's such devilish bad form—rotten, I say—haggling about expense when you want to make a come-back and do the handsome. I was jolly glad the mistake had happened.

Just here I remembered the letter and went at it again, for I was keen to find out, if possible, if it was a muffler under the string. So I fixed my glass and read on:

"Realizing what these cigars are, I have given them, from time to time, to friends of mine—and others. Really, I don't think I ever had such unselfish, unalloyed pleasure from anything in my life. Gave one to a bus driver out Earl's Court way—chap who had never been known to speak to man, woman or child in years, and, after he lighted it—well, my word! He opened up and grew so fairly loquacious I had to get off.

"Had been trying to get Jorgins, my chief, to send me out here again to China, but he was ever finding some cold, beastly evasion. But when your package came to the office, the first thing I did after I had tried the cigars was to hand the old iceberg a box with my compliments.

"Five minutes after, he came back completely thawed out. Fact is, never saw him so warm toward any one. Asked me if the other boxes were to be given away outside. Said no; that his was the only box I could spare; was going to keep it all there at the office and smoke 'em himself. Never saw a man so moved—so worked up over little thing. Next day he sent me out here to China.

"And so I have been looking about since I have been out here, trying to find something as rare, unique and full of surprises for your friends as your cigars have been for mine. I have found it.

"You know what a curiously upside-down people the Chinese are. Example, they begin dinner with dessert and end with soup; they drink hot, acid beverages in summer instead of iced ones; they write from right to left, vertically, while we write from left to write, horizontally; they mourn in white instead of black, and they are awfully honest and pay their debts.

"But there is one other point of difference still queerer; they wear pajamas all day, while we wear them only at night."

Here I paused. Always hate that heavy, historical, instructive stuff, you know. If you have to hear it, gives you headache, unless you can slip off to sleep first.

So I reached the letter up to Jenkins.

"Just run over the rest of it yourself, and see if he says anything about his present," I said, settling comfortably. Clever idea of mine, don't you think?

And I was just dropping my head to have a snug little nap—just a little forty, you know—when, dash me, it I didn't have another idea! Awfully annoying, time like that.

Mind is so devilish alert, dash it! Always doing things like that; can't seem to get over it, you know. And this ripping idea that bobbed up now and got me all roused up was nothing more or less than to untie the string myself and see what the thing was. See?

"I believe, sir," said Jenkins, looking up, "the gentleman has sent you—him—has sent you—"

"By Jove, a suit of pajamas!" I exclaimed, holding them up.

It was neck and neck, but I beat Jenkins to it, after all!

"Gentleman says, sir," continued Jenkins, studying the letter, "that his present of a pair of pajamas may seem surprising, but you won't know how surprising until you have worn them."

"Oddly likely," I admitted, feeling the silk. By Jove, it was the finest, yet thinnest stuff I ever saw, soft as rose leaves and as filmy light as a spider's web. Not bad, that, for a comparison, eh? Caught the idea from a vase of full-blown roses that were beginning to shed their petals there on the table. And on one of the blossoms was a little brown spider. Catch the idea? Suggested spider's web, you know.

"They're rather red, sir," Jenkins commented dubiously.

Red? Well, I should say! My! How jolly red they were! We spread them under the light, and the red seemed to flow all over the table and fall from the edge. Why, they were as red as—

I tried to think of something they were as red as, but somehow I couldn't fetch the idea. I thought of red ink and blood and fireworks, but they didn't seem to be up to them at all. And a big, velvety petal that dropped from one of the crimson roses just seemed drown beside them.

I was wondering whether the little spider was curious about the jolly red color there below him. And just then Jenkins' hand went out and swept at the little thread that the spider dropped and shot into a fold of the pajamas.

"I say! Look out!" I exclaimed as Jenkins made another clutch. "Don't mash the beast on the silk; you'll ruin it—the silk, I mean!"

"There it goes, sir!" said Jenkins eagerly. "Over by your hand."

"No; by Jove; he's gone into a leg of the pajamas! Here, shake him out—gently now!"

Jenkins lifted the garment gingerly and lightly shook it. But nothing came forth.

"Why don't you look in the leg," I said, "and see if you can see it?"

Jenkins peered down one of the silken tubes and forthwith dropped it with a yell. He jumped back.

"Look out, sir," he cried excitedly; "don't touch 'em! There's a tarantula in there big as a sand crab, and it's alive."

I backed nervously from the crumpled crimson pile on the floor.

Crimson?

Of course, I know it was crimson; it must be the shadow of the table there that made the things so dark—black, in fact. But my mind was on the tarantula; and I was thinking that it must have been wrapped with the pajamas. Yet I could not understand how this could be, considering how tightly the things had been rolled.

Anyhow, it was there; and Jenkins pointed excitedly.

"Look, sir! You can see it moving under the silk!"

By Jove, so you could! And the thing seemed nearly as big as a rat. It was making for the end of the leg. I climbed upon a chair.

"Get a club," I exclaimed, "and smash the thing as it comes out!"

Jenkins rushed out and returned with a bradawl.

"Careful now," I warned from the chair. "Don't go and hit the dashed thing before it gets out, and make a devil of a mess on the silk! There it is—it's out! No, no—not yet! Wait, until it gets its whole body out! There now; he's drawing out his last beastly leg. Now—now let drive!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Master-Smith of the Day

Produces Steel of Cutting Capacity Surpassing Work of Legendary Swordmaker.

We are all familiar with the old-time legends of the master-smith, who, by his skill at the forge, was able to produce for the hero of the tale a weapon which should cut through the armor of giant or wizard and maintain its temper and edge against all tests.

The modern industrial captain has to cut his way also through metal, and one of the notable achievements of the engineer and metallurgist has been his success in the production of steels of hardness and cutting capacity which, altogether surpass the finest work of the legendary swordmaker.

Not content with the manufacture of tool steel of hardness, high-speed cutting-capacity and exquisite temper, the modern master-smith has now produced a method of converting soft iron or low-grade steel into tool-steel of the highest grade simply by the infusion of the necessary proportion of carbon and other elements by contact and proper heat treatment, so that keen-edged chisels may be made from railroad spikes and machine cutters from soft and inexpensive steel.

Trials of cutting tools made by the infusion process at the ordnance bureau of the United States navy department have given such remarkable results, both as to cutting speed and endurance, that the chief of the bureau says: "From the test of the infusion-treated samples, it appears superior to any hardening process now in use at the naval gun factory," so that the modern master-smith has outstripped the fabled tales of the wizard weapon-maker of mediaeval times.

How It Turned Out.

"I told that dub he was foolish to be courting so many girls."

"How did it turn out?"

"As you might expect. His expenses were so heavy that he got behind with his board and had to marry his landlady."

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 homes; lot is high and dry; cost $200; and best neighborhood in town. House will cost at least $7,000 to build today; ask anyone to build it for less and see what they say. You may buy this beautiful home for $2,000, and have your own way about payments. Ask the man at the desk.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within 200 feet of the west side of Woodward Ave.; eight rooms, hardwood finish; lot 56x160, plenty of fruit; a snap at $4,000. Will build the house for $3,000, and that is all we ask for the premises. Well worth looking at.

247

Good, old-fashioned house and a cozy home at a reasonable price. House cost $2,000 to build in times when labor and materials were cheaper. Has ground about one acre of good garden with a substantial barn two blocks from electric line. House is desirable and we think will sell at a sacrifice. His price is $2,500, or will exchange for vacant lot. $1,500 in spot cash will buy it. Make us the best offer. If it suits you, and we will do our best for the best of it.

282

Lot 4 in Block 7, Campbell's Subdivision, good house insured for $850. Fine location. Will sell cheap. Only little house for some one with ambition to make a small first payment.

296

Nice eight-room house built last year in Village of Royal Oak; one block from both electric railway stations, fine location, lot 50 feet front, 150 feet deep. Cost owner $4,000, but will sell for $3,000.

297

Without exception, the finest farm for stock raising or for dairying in Oakland county. Is one mile from Detroit, two blocks from school of nearly an acre in dance of pure clear, fine, nine-room house, city water, bath, all modern conveniences; also land for sale in small tracts if desired. Has about 100 acres timber, 240 rods new wire fence with cedar posts, 142 acres of black, sandy loam, 40 acres of water land; pretty little creek runs through the farm. Price and terms are right, and is less than $100 per acre will buy it, on easy terms. There!

298

House, barn, wagon shop, blacksmith shop, tool house, 10 acres of good land, fine orchard; buildings in good repair, on a frequented road in village of Franklin, prettiest village in Michigan. Good chance for enterprising blacksmith and wagon-maker to make a good living in a prosperous farming community. Price for everything, land and buildings, $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 front, 150 feet deep. Cost $600. See it, and one of the most desirable building lots in the village. Only the cash asked for it. Terms if desired. Is surely cheap at any one either for building purposes or an investment.

316

New brick house, two blocks from electric; bath, closet, furnace, city water, electric lights and modern conveniences; two-story, splendid residence; nine rooms, cement walks, finest location in village. $2,500 takes it; little mortgage will buy it. Ask us about it.

318

A cozy, convenient home which cost $2,000 to build; in the village of Birmingham and would not be sold but for the condition of the owner's health. Is your good fortune and to 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, for sale or one will rent means; unable to do hard labor, to make a living and something besides. Wealthy farming community, and a good, reliable trade is now doing in the same locality. The price is $1,600 and terms can be made easy. Any one who will pay enough to secure a home, and a little more, should not miss this chance. Ice business, wood and coal yard in connection. House, good cellar, fine well, good brick cistern. Particulars for the asking.

321

Fine farm of 84 acres in the midst of Birmingham Hills, a little over a mile from the electric; nearly all Page fence, practically new; good dwelling, two barns, woodshed, ice house, hog house, two tool houses, wind mill, supplies water at all times; never failing; piped to house and barns. Rich, gravelly loam, about one acre of timber, 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, an excellent 10-acre tract, well fenced, and with good-room brick house with furnace, two fruit wells and cistern, barn, hog house, good hard coal shed, chicken house and other buildings. Fifty rods to school, and a good, solid, fashionable neighborhood. Land is all under cultivation, and is of the best quality. Price is $1,600 per acre, and will be sold on easy terms. Can be had for one hundred dollars per acre. If you consider that farms not as good as this are selling in the immediate neighborhood for three times that amount.

324

Ninety-two acres a mile east of the electric in Royal Oak; two-room house, two barns, outbuildings, two acres bearing peach orchard; soil sandy loam. And here's a snap for some one; price is $2,000 with one-third of the purchase price can run on long time at low rate of interest. Let's look it over.

330

Fine farm of 320 acres, three miles from Birmingham; eleven-room house, slate roof, hot and cold water, bath, etc.; apple, pear and peach trees in bearing; timber, part of it hardwood; loam and very productive. Price considered low at $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 houses on the same lot without crowding. At $2,500 you can't lose any money in offering, with real estate going up all the time.

335

Will exchange for small farm near Birmingham, 160x162 rods, or will sell best part of Birmingham; two-room house, bath, hot and cold water, good range. Two blocks from the electric. Price $5,000, terms easy. A snap and a fruit. One of the best equipped homes in the village. Hurry up before he plants his garden.

336

Twenty-five acres, 14 miles from Rochester electric line; small house, barn, two wells, soil rich loam; 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, bath, hot and cold water, 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 loamy 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; 125 feet front and 198 feet deep. City water, eight-room house, two-story, stone and good barn. Would exchange for almost anything of value. Come to the office 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 from the electric, just on the edge of the Bloomfield Hills district. Pretty much all under cultivation and plenty of shade. Fine stone and cement house and barns, well fenced and the most productive land in the country. Will sell in parcels if necessary. The price is right, and we'll make you to see it you will say the place is right. Ask us.

352

Forty-two acres farm about half a mile from the electric; beautiful location in Pretty little branch of the River Rouge, with never-failing stream. Land under 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 for $500 per acre, and we have no doubt that we can get $300.00 to $1,000 per acre; and yet this can be bought for less than that. Different, too. But there's a reason. Ask us.

353

Ideal little place for a country house and four grounds. A mile and a half by the electric; beautiful location in one of the village limits. No buildings—they were burned down last winter. 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, fine eight-room house, two barns, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, city water, half acre of beautiful grove of maple trees, three acres of best kind of fruits just coming into bearing, splendid new hard surface highway 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. Look it 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 Oakland. Six good buildings in very good shape, five acres of timber, two-thirds of which is fine sugar bush, well watered, and no waste land. Farms not to be had for sale in the immediate neighborhood for fifty per cent more than we ask for this. Still description hardly does it justice, and if you prefer we will take you to see the farm over and let you make your own bargain.

356

One of the best of Bloomfield farms, sixty-six acres with good buildings, fine young orchard, two acres recently rebuilt, good fences, finest little creek in the state was through the place, fifteen acres of fine original timber for shade and the place is right. Take you to see it any time at all.

358

Fine new cement house on Woodward Ave., just north of Royal Oak; bath, hot and cold water, furnace, porch, screens, barn, carriage house; 120 feet front, 220 feet deep. House cost $2,500 to build, and a very little more would buy the whole business.

359

New house on Merrill St., one block from new line of electric cars; eight rooms, bath, closet, hot and cold water, furnace, hardwood floors, screens, fine shades for 400 lots, and the price is $2,600. Well, look it over, and if you think you can build the house for that, we can contract for all the houses we build—cheaper.

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 $5,000; five acres fine orchards. Five hundred 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, 162 feet deep; seven-room house, city water, fine well, good cellar; beautiful maples trees for shade and usual variety of fruit. Price, five hundred; easy terms will do the business with the right party. Ask about it. Only one of the best bargains on our list.

360

Listen Here! Five acres not more than forty minutes from the corporation line on Woodward Ave. face to the city and the streets all finished ready to buy it ourselves. Ideal suburban residence. Plenty of fruit of all kinds and a nice little house of two stories, seven rooms, toilet, bath, cellar, furnace, hot and cold water, and electric light. Stone stable and two other buildings, right on the electric to Detroit. Say, what do you think of that for a snap? Price is right, if you don't it ask Whitehead at the First National Bank.

367

Half a block from the electric, just outside of the city limits. Two acres of land with plenty of fruit, good two-story house and cellar, with 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 asparagus and clay land, forty acres in timber, fine one hundred dollars per acre. No buildings, and a mile and a half 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 anything of a farming kind, how would you like to buy a ripping good farm for sixty dollars an acre, you would jump 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, 25 acres timber, within 3 miles from thriving village. Fourteen acres of the best locations, 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, only sixty-two and one-half dollars per acre. Nine-room house, underground shake and good barn, two wells, four acres of timber, three acres of good orchard, three miles from electric line, taking distance in the delightful Bloomfield Hills direction. Five acres high and farms hard to get, yet this very desirable farm home can be had for $6,000.

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 kinds of apples, cherries, peaches etc., within a mile and a half distance of the electric, in the delightful Bloomfield Hills section. Five acres 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, fifteen acres good orchard, eight buildings, valued at $7,500, no mire 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 dollars per acre. That is a very reasonable price when you consider that farms not as good as this are 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, high and level land, well drained and buildings in mile from pleasant location on slight elevation. Two wells and never were any 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 corporate limits. Fine location for a nice home with plenty of room for garden. No buildings. $1,500 will buy it. If you prefer to pay down—the rest can run on mortgage.

377

Vacant lot in Campbell Addition. Good location; new cement walk. Lot just a little right. Can be bought right now for $175 cash.

378

Vacant lots on Southfield Ave., 99 feet front and 125 feet deep. Fine location for residence; excellent neighborhood; $500.

379

Well now! Look at this. A fine farm of one hundred and twenty acres, within about seven miles of the city, comfortable six-room house, 1,200 bearing apple trees, 500 trees of cherries, peaches and plums, one-half acre potatoes, three acres of 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. road. Will throw in, and if cement block machine, 12 sheep, 8 lambs, horse and harness, wood rack, and all the other stock and tools on the farm, and the price is only THIRTY-TWO 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 66 feet front and 236 feet deep, good barn, 24x30, and other buildings. Didn't know that it could be bought at any price, but under circumstances after cases, and this place can be had for less than it cost. The ballance, 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 line, fine house, good bath, Peninsular furnace, grates, mantels, electric light, flowing well, chicken houses, barn, good drainage, sixty fruit trees just coming into bearing. Parties in town will call. 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 really is worth, you'll 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-totiveness win buyers in this vicinity—buyers mean money, money brings everything to your door.

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