The Yellow Letter

by William Johnston

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Illustrations by Yl. Barnes

SYNOPSIS.

Harding Kent calls on Louise Farrish to propose marriage and finds the house in great excitement over the attempted suicide of her sister Katharine. Kent starts an investigation and finds that Hugh Crandall, suitor for Katharine, who had been forbidden the house by General Farrish, had talked with Katharine over telephone just before she shot herself. A torn piece of yellow paper is found. At sight of which General Farrish is stricken with paralysis.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

I stopped in the hall to examine the telephone book, hoping it might give his home address, but it contained not the office of his firm. However, I had no difficulty in finding in the library the volume I sought—the club directory—and turning to his name I saw that he was a member of both the University and the Harvard.

As I was a member of the University myself I had no difficulty in getting Crandall's address over the telephone. Loath as I was to leave Louise alone, I felt that prompt action was demanded, so I took my departure at once.

"If I find Crandall I will bring him back with me so that you may hear all he has to say. Whether or not I succeed, I will return within an hour. My friend, the post office inspector, lives somewhere out in Jersey, but I will see him the first thing in the morning."

The grateful look Louise gave me as I left imbued me with a new and wholly delightful sense of responsibility. The ten minutes it took me to reach Crandall's rooms were filled with that incoherent bliss that comes to every man who realizes for the first time what it means to have a woman's confidence entirely his.

Crandall lived in one of those remodeled mansions so common in that part of Fifth avenue from which the families have fled before the advance of trade. The basement and first floor were given over to shops and the upper floors to bachelor apartments. I had no difficulty in finding among the door-plates the name I sought, but repeated ringing brought no response. Determined not to leave until I had learned his whereabouts I gave the janitor's bell a vigorous pull.

"Where can I find Mr. Crandall?" I asked as soon as he appeared.

His manner made it evident that he considered my question an impertinence, but I had met Fifth avenue janitors before.

"I am a lawyer," I persisted. "I must see Mr. Crandall tonight on an important matter."

"You won't," he replied, almost gleefully it seemed to me.

"Why not?" I demanded sharply.

"What do you mean?"

My manner was not without its effect.

"He's gone away," the man explained a little more respectfully.

"Gone!" I exclaimed. Here was a new mystery, or perhaps the explanation of the first one. It may have been his departure that had depressed Katharine so.

"Where has he gone? When did he go? How long will he be away?" I volleyed.

Exasperatingly he delayed his reply. At last it seemed to occur to him that I was not making these inquiries purely for his amusement. Somewhat more politely than at first, he answered: "Only an hour or two ago—about three o'clock it was—he came rushing down into my room with his keys in his hand, 'Mike,' says he, 'I'm going away tonight. I may be gone a week and I may be gone a month, so don't know how long.' Here are my keys and don't let nobody into my rooms while I'm away, on any pretext whatever.' And wid that he was into a taxicab and off before I could be saying my thanks for the bill he left in my hand."

Crandall suddenly gone, Katharine dying by her own hand, General Farrish stricken, all within two hours. I knew now there must be some connection between these events. More than ever I was anxious to find Crandall, yet I felt that the janitor had told me all he knew. I could see in the young broker's departure guilty knowledge of the shadow descending on the Farrish home. Surely his flight was confession.

There was nothing to be gained by further questioning of the janitor. From the manner of Crandall's departure it would be useless to look for him at either of the clubs to which he belonged. I might try to trace him through the taxicab, which he had probably called from the University Club near by, but that could wait until later. Just now I felt it my duty to hasten back to Louise and tell her of this new development.

As I turned from the door a newsboy with an armful of evening "extras" thrust one at me. Impatiently I waved him away.

"All about the suicide," he bawled as he darted off after another passerby.

Quickly I pursued him and fairly snatched one of his papers from him. Had the reporters, after all, learned of the tragedy in the Farrish home? Doctor Wilcox and I had discussed the matter of notifying the police and the coroner. We both felt that it would be wiser not to communicate with them, for such a course would inevitably bring publicity.

There was enough agony in the Farrish home without having this sorrowful secret blazoned to a curious world in three-inch type, without having a horde of reporters and cameras menconstantly surrounding the house. Besides, if Katharine recovered, sooner or later she would be sure to learn what the papers had said. The knowledge that her foolish crime against herself had been thus sensationally proclaimed would be a blow from which the sensitive girl—hitherto jealously shielded—would never recover. If she should not recover—Doctor Wilcox and I were trusting to chance to find a way of explaining her death. The servants—all of them trustworthy and long in service—had been cautioned not to talk to anyone about the afternoon's events. The doctor's aides and nurses, of course, had been silent. This is part of their business. How, then, had the papers obtained the news so quickly? I could think of but one possible way. More than likely some telephone girl who had heard Louise calling Doctor Wilcox had given it to the press. Even in the half-darkness of the middle of the block where I stood I could read the word "SUICIDE" stretched across the page in letters of red. I hastened to the corner where the double globes shed down a brilliant glow, anxious yet dreading to read what the paper said. At the first glance I breathed a sigh of relief. The article was not about Katharine Farrish. I had not thought of the possibility of there having been another suicide that day, but there it was:

Mystery in Self-Murder of Aged Lawyer.

Ordinarily I pay little attention to stories of crime. But the afternoon had given me a new and bitter appreciation of the meaning of suicide. Standing there under the light of a Fifth avenue corner I read the hastily written article word by word.

Andrew Elser, the article explained, had lived for many years in a West Twenty-third street boarding-house. Little was known about him there except that he was a lawyer. Several years ago he had given up his downtown office. Most of his income was derived from his fees as custodian of an orphan boy's estate. About four o'clock in the afternoon the landlady had heard a noise in his room like that of a body falling. On entering she had found him lifeless on the floor. She had called a policeman, who sent for an ambulance. The ambulance doctor found that Mr. Elser had taken poison.

"It struck me as a peculiar coincidence that two persons so far apart in the social scale as Katharine Farrish and Andrew Elser should have chosen the same hour of the same day to seek death. Was there something in astrology after all? Had the stars decreed that both should die? Had some conjunction of the planets, some evil aspect in the Zodiac driven both of them—the young heiress, in the bloom of joyous youth, and the aged lawyer, in his decrepit poverty—relentlessly, helplessly, to self-destruction?

So deep was the impression made on me by the coincidence that I took the paper with me and read the account of Elser's suicide to Louise. Even as I read it aloud, this inexplicable thought came to me with startling force:

Suppose that these two suicides at the same hour were more than a mere coincidence. Was it possible that the same shadow had fallen on both these lives? Had the same mystery driven them to a death-pact?

It seemed absurd. It was unlikely that Katharine Farrish had ever heard of Andrew Elser. If the family had known him Louise would have mentioned it. And yet—why had these two persons sought to die on the same hour of the same day? The question would not let me sleep that night.

CHAPTER III.

The Second Clue.

"I can't do it, Harding. You are asking an impossibility."

I was sitting in Inspector Davis' room in the post-office building. The first thing in the morning I had gone there to enlist his aid in clearing up the mystery that hung over the Farrish home. With the confidence based on a friendship that had its beginnings in boyhood association I felt sure he would do all he could to help me. I wanted, if possible, to learn through him whence had come the yellow letter.

Miller Davis, though only a year older than I, already had become one of the government's most trusted secret agents. His rise in the service had been phenomenally rapid. The robbery of the post-office where he was employed had given him his start. A little later, with the merest thread to follow, he had run to earth a skilful band of stamp counterfeiters, and three of its members were now serving long terms. Only a year ago, when all the other inspectors had failed to find the thief in the registry service that permitted a red-striped sack with two hundred thousand dollars' worth of registered mail to disappear, Davis, putting his keen, analytical mind on the case, within a week had discovered the flaw in the system and only a few days later had arrested the ex-convict who had profited by it.

With the natural interest of an old friend I had followed his career and was familiar with most of his brilliant achievements. Even though the scrap which was puzzling me had no envelope and bore no postmark, so confident was I in his far-reaching powers I would hardly have been amazed if he had told me all about it as soon as I showed it to him. Imagine, then, my disappointment at his absolute refusal to take up the matter at all.

"Don't you see how important it is?" I cried. "This little scrap is the key to the whole mystery."

He was sitting with his back to the light—a trick most business men have these days, so that they can see your face in full light, while you have difficulty in reading theirs—yet from his tone I felt that he was inwardly amused at my anxiety.

"I'm afraid you overrate my detective ability and my powers as a post-office inspector," he said. "While I am inclined to agree with you that this bit of paper may have some bearing on the case, there is nothing to show from what post-office it came, through whose hands it passed, or by whom it was received. It may not have come through the mail at all. More than likely some messenger brought it. Before I could

"All About the Suicide," He Bawled.

"Beg Your Pardon for Disturbing You, Inspector."

steps that would take us far into the light.

First, I was to try at once to find Hugh Crandall. I was to ask him to explain the rupture with Katharine, the attitude of General Farrish toward him, his knowledge of the yellow letter, and why he had called Katharine on the telephone the afternoon before.

Second, failing to find Crandall, I was to make some pretext for visiting his rooms. His sudden departure and his cautioning the janitor to admit no one had a suspicious look. While neither Louise nor I had discussed what might be there to explain the mystery, I was thinking that in all probability I would find a bundle of letters from Katharine, some of which might furnish a clue.

Third, I was to ask Inspector Davis to help me trace the yellow letter.

I had anticipated little difficulty in ascertaining Crandall's whereabouts. A broker of standing does not vanish overnight without informing his business partners. Before coming to the inspector I had telephoned to Crandall's office. Great was my amazement to learn from one of his partners that they were as much puzzled as I over his sudden going away. They had merely received a telegram saying that he had been called out of town unexpectedly and did not know when he would return. The telegram had been sent from an office near his rooms the night before. There was no business affair that would take him away, so they supposed that it was some urgent personal matter.

While I chatted for a moment with Davis over our boyhood days I was thinking what step I should take next. The problems of learning Crandall's whereabouts and gaining access to his rooms did not seem so simple as they had the night before. A clerk entered with a card for Davis, and I rose to go.

"Don't go yet," he said. "It's only a man from police headquarters. His errand will probably take only a minute."

As I resumed my seat Detective Dowd was ushered into the room. He was the typical police sleuth, thick of head and foot, ready to suspect the suspicious and to see the obvious. In appearance, in speech, in manner of thought, he and the inspector were almost exact opposites. One keen-eyed, clear-eyed man of fifty whom even the clumsiest criminal could not have mistaken for anything but what he was; the other, young-looking for even his thirty years, might have been readily mistaken for a college tutor or an alert reporter. It amused me to see with what deference the man from headquarters approached him.

"Beg your pardon for disturbing you Inspector," he said, nervously twisting his hat, "but I've got a little matter here the chief wanted me to put up to you."

He turned toward me with a suspicious glance, but Davis hastened to assure him that he could speak freely before me.

"It's this," he explained, "the old man wants to know about."

As he spoke he drew something from his inner pocket and laid it on the inspector's desk. As my eyes followed his hand I gave a sudden start. With difficulty I restrained an expression of amazement. The object about which he had come to inquire was a torn yellow envelope.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Height of Diplomacy

It was at the British embassy at Washington. A distinguished Englishman was delivering a lecture, and in his audience were many big diplomats and high-society people. Just as the lecturer spread on the ambient atmosphere his most gorgeous verbal picture, a large German tried to sit down quietly in a chair. He did sit down, achieving a transfer from the chair to the floor with a great clatter, which peeved the lecturer and annoyed the guests; who were all anxious to get the talk over and organize a stampede for the punch bowl. Everybody in the room turned around and glared in the direction from which the noise had come. But that German was too smart for them. Having hurled himself against the floor he stayed there, breathing a fine mixture of wax and wool, which had been rubbed in preparatory to the dancing that was to come later.

After the lecture was over, Mr. Bryce, the British ambassador, found and shook hands with the astute German, remarking:

"Your fall and subsequent recumbent position were the most exquisite piece of diplomacy I ever saw in Washington."—Popular Magazine.

How Rome Was Saved.

"How are you on ancient history?" inquired the Wood street man.

"Fine," declared the sage of Smithfield street. "Ask me anything you want to know."

"I was trying to recall the facts about those geese that cackled and thus save Rome."

"I remember the episode. You see, Rome was a very rich city in ancient days, filled with gold and precious stones. Some invaders had gathered in hopes of getting big loot."

"I see."

"But when they heard the geese cackling, they thought they'd better grab the geese and let the gold go. The cost of living was just as high then as it is now."

"I comprehend."

"They made off with the geese and thus Rome was saved."—Pittsburgh Post.

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.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences, within 300 feet of the west side of Woodward Ave.; eight rooms, hardwood finish; lot 56x190; 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.

282

Lot 4 in Block 7, Campbell's Subdivision; good house, cleared 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 the electric line and the interurban; lot 50 feet front and 120 feet deep. Cost owner $2,800, but will sell for $2,100.

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. Most 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 front and deep. Will build to buyer lot, and one of the most desirable building lots in the city. You can be bought for cash at a price that will surely appeal to any one—either for building purposes or as 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. Can be location in village; $2,700 above little mortgage will buy it. Ask us about it.

318

A cozy, convenient home which cost $3,600 to build the foundation alone, and in one of the best residence localities in Birmingham, and would not be sold but for the situations compelling the sale of your good fortune and no fault of the owner, and he will take it up 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; 4 rooms, 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 $1,400 and the terms can be made easy for any one who will pay enough to secure loan. Ice house, barn, wood-shed, store-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. Well and 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 40x80, 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. Farm is in the midst of a 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.

335

Will exchange for small farm near Birmingham, 140x103 on corner in the best part of Birmingham; twelve rooms, bath, hot-air-heated, hot air furnace range. Two blocks from the electric line. $5,000, terms easy. Plenty of fruit. One of the best equipped homes in the village. Hurry up before he plants his garden.

336

Twenty-five acres, 1¼ miles from Rochester electric line; small house, barn, two sheds, excellent land in high state of cultivation; easy terms. Price $2,500.

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. Fine eight-room house, two-story; house and good barn. Will exchange for most 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 line, in 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 $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 fine grounds. A mile and a half by the road to the electric; half mile from the village limits. Is there any one that 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 expens

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 Joustofice and electric; eight rooms, bath, closet, hot and cold water, furnace, hardwood finish, cement walk, fine shade; lot 40x163, 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.

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 build 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.

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 piping 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 $1,400, good well and cistern, never-failing stream runs through the farm. Good gravelly loam with clay sub-soil, one acres of best orchard, 3½ miles from electric, 1¼ miles from thriving village. Fourteen acres of fine timber, large fine 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, go, wash 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 farms 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 2 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, rolling land, well drained and buildings in very pleasant location on slight elevation. Ten 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. $2,500 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; one cement walk. Lot is 60x119 and it can be bought right now for $175 cash.

380

New brick ten-room house, toilet, bath, laundry, cellar, furnace, electric light, fireplace, cement walk. Location in town; lot 125 feet front and 220 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 our property hasn't been depreciating in value in Birmingham of late. Not so that you would notice it. Ask us about it, talk it over with 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 for ten and one-half acres in Troy, near the electric. Ten-room house, toilet, bath, Peninsular furnace, gas and mantels, electric light, flowing well, chicken house, barn, good orchard, small fruit trees just coming into bearing. Fare to the 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.

382

Three lots, 120 ft. frontage by 102 ft. deep; 9-room house, building in first class condition, also new outbuildings suitable for wood house; some fruit; lawn and garden in fine condition.

383

Seven-room house, two bedrooms, hot air furnace, desirable location; lot 50x160; $2,500 cash will buy it. In Birmingham.

384

Ninety-six acre farm, in Southfield township. New eight-room house, finished in southern pine; hip roof barn, 32x52, small barn, 16x24; chicken house, 12x24; all buildings in good repair and newly painted. Stream runs through middle of farm; 2 miles from electric, 150 an acre will buy it, or will exchange for Birmingham Village improved.

385

Lake property, cottage and barn; 25-foot lake front; 150 feet deep; back end of lot, 75 feet wide; $1,500 cash will buy it, or will exchange for Birmingham improved.

386

Seven-room house, good cellar, city water; house practically new; electric lights; lot 70x120; $2,000.

387

200-acre farm, two sets of buildings, brick house, two barns, other outbuildings, waste land, half mile from new State road. Fine orchards. $75 an acre.

388

Ten room house and barn. Lot 50X162, city water, one of the best locations in Birmingham, $3,450. 1-2 cash, balance on mortgage.

389

House and Lot, 75 feet front, good barn $3,500. Enough cash to secure it. Will exchange for smaller place in Birmingham.

390

House and Lot, Oak Hill Pontiac. Will exchange for Birmingham acreage. 8 room house, water, gas, rents for $15.00 per month.

391

Vacant Lot, Buell addition on east side of Ann street. Good location. Price $275.

392

Vacant, Maple Avenue East, 60X160. Fine location. Cash will buy it cheap.

393

This is the cream of the whole list.

Twelve acres right in the fashionable district of Bloomfield Hills—just a few rods from Woodward Ave.; 2 acres of fine orchard, no buildings. Price is high, but when you get the best, you must expect to pay for it.

394

Forty-five acre farm, 2 acres of timber 4 acres orchard 2buildings valued at $2,000. 1 1-2 miles from Flint Line. $6,000 will buy it.

395

Excellent farm, 160 acres on new State Road, 20 acres orchard, 15 acres timber, good buildings, priced for $5,000. Will sell north 80 without buildings, separately, if desired. 3 1-2 miles from Birmingham.

396

Pretty little farm, exceptionally fine grounds, good house, 1-2 acres all kinds of fruit, 1-2 mile from Birmingham. First-class in every respect. Price and terms on application.

397

House and Lot on Maple Avenue. Every modern convenience. Fine location eight room house, beautiful grounds. One of the best appointed residences in Birmingham.

398

The top of the morning always from Birmingham Heights. Finest location for a country home between Bloomfield Hills and Detroit. 69 choice lots in the new sub-division known as "Birmingham Heights." One block from Woodward Ave., right in the fashionable district. Numerous beautiful homes have been built in the immediate vicinity during the past year. Three hundred feet above Detroit River, city water, cement walks, electric light, good drainage and altogether ideal sanitary conditions. Finest public school in the State on the U. of M. list for 25 years. New private school known as the Bloomfield Hills Seminary just incorporated. Only 12 miles from the Detroit City Limits; 15-minute car service. Continuous cement walks to Woodward Avenue. Restricted to residence property. Prices and terms on application. Whitehead and Mitchell, Birmingham, Michigan.

The above is only a partial list of various properties which we have for sale, in Birmingham, and vicinity. Some of our customers object to having their property advertised. A personal interview will give you a complete list.

OUR ADVERTISING COLUMNS

are read by the people because it gives them news of absorbing interest. People no longer go looking about for things they want—they go to their newspaper for information as to where such things may be found. This method saves time and trouble. If you want to bring your wares to the attention of this community, our advertising columns

Should Contain Your Ad

THE VALUE of well-printed neat-appearing stationery as a means of getting and holding desirable business has been amply demonstrated. Consult us before going elsewhere