

IF REDFORD SUITS YOU

take a chance on an investment in at least one piece of real estate. If the town doesn't suit you find a better one if you can. Property in and about the place is going up at a rapid pace. Are you getting anything out of it? Are you going to profit by the increase in values or let the other fellow have it.

See me and let's talk it over.

C. E. RAMSEY

REDFORD

FARMINGTON

FOUND A PARTNER

Clever Girl Gave Up Work as Sleuth for Profession That Is Much Older.

Miss Gracie Holland was twenty-two years old. Miss Gracie was stenographer and typist for the firm of K. & K., and was so smart that she earned \$14 a week.

She was receiving \$10 when it was discovered that some employee was carrying goods out of the store. The detective from headquarters spent a week and did not get a clue.

"Here is where I got a raise to \$12," said Miss Gracie to herself; and she shoved back from her machine and wandered about for half an hour and then said to K. & K., "Your assistant bookkeeper has just gone out to lunch."

"He goes out every day at this hour," was the calm reply. "Come with me. I know where he feeds at this hour."

She led K. & K. to a quick-lunch room three miles away, and they walked in upon the assistant just as he had ordered his usual spring chicken.

"Has the firm fattened?" he asked as he looked from one to the other. "No, but you have," replied the smart girl with a little giggle of triumph.

"Hand over quietly and you may not get over twenty-five years in the jug."

The young man, who was the sole support of a widowed mother and six fatherless sisters, and who firmly believed that the moving-picture shows were filling the jails to overflowing, smiled a gladsome smile and began to hand over bolts of silk, yards and dozens of real pearl buttons, until he had deposited enough on the table to stock a department store in the Bronx.

When the thief had been tucked away in a nice little cell in prison Miss Gracie was told by the firm: "For your smartness you now get \$12 per."

"Thanks."

"And during your spare time you can watch others."

Miss Gracie Holland stuck to her real duties, but she imbibed the idea that she was a born detective. She began to look at all men as women as suspicious characters. Even when a young man tried to flirt with her on the street her detective intuition was so strong that she almost laid a hand on his shoulder as she hissed at him:

"You are a safe blower, and know it, and you make your hike. I'll run you in."

He was a minister's son and salesman in a large jewelry house and had just organized a Bible club but he made his hike just the same.

When Miss Gracie began her professional career she went to work with Mammy Jones. It was a bare bedroom and a starvation table, but as the salary went up things improved. When it reached \$10 a week Miss Gracie took the best room and became the star boarder. She did not leave when the salary became \$14.

Strangers came and went. It suddenly occurred to the stenographer that she was most favorably situated to continue her detective work and she went right at it. One evening when an old-clothes man called to see if she had any second-hand garments to sell, the word villain stood out so plainly on his forehead that the girl laid a hand on him and said:

"Retribution has overtaken you at last!"

"What ish dot?" was asked. "Your crime has found you out!"

"I lick my wife ten years ago, but she don't go by her police."

Other callers were put through their paces, but none of them was frightened into confessing "murder or bomb explosion." The day must come, however, and it did come. It came three days after a little incident on the street. A bare-headed young man with a pencil behind his ear, and who seemed to be a clerk in a store, accosted Miss Gracie at a corner and asked if she could give him a \$10 bill for five twos.

It was her salary day and she was carrying home her \$14. Why not oblige the clerk? The \$10 was passed over to the two's, and it seemed to the girl that she was beginning to be of some importance as a capitalist.

The cobbler took 50 cents for repairing a pair of shoes; a lunch at a restaurant was 35 cents; a bit of cheap jewelry that happened to please was 75 cents. In each case one of the two-dollar bills was handed out. The other two went into her board money, and Mammy Jones passed them along to the grocer and butcher.

And then there was the arrival of the strange man. He took a back room upstairs without board. He was well dressed, but he had a sly look. In looks and talk he was not the average roomer for that quarter—he was above them. He had plenty of money and paid a week in advance, besides assuring Mammy that he didn't play on a flute or an accordion, and he was given the room.

It was two days before the detectress caught sight of him, and then she said to the landlady:

"Your Mr. Bennett is a crook!"

"My stars!"

"He's a confidence man or a wire-tapper!"

"Then he'll rob and murder us!"

No, he won't!" replied Miss Gracie, in a firm voice. "Am I not here? Isn't it a part of my profession to run down crooks?"

"But the police—"

"Not a word to them—not a hint! When I have got this man in my toils I'll communicate with police headquarters. I'll shadow him and have a line on him within three days. You must not say or do anything to frighten the bird, away."

The stranger seemed to slink out of and in. He asked no questions of anybody, and if he gave any of the people in the house more than a passing glance it was the stenographer. Each evening for three successive evenings she found him in her hall when she came up from her dinner. She had taken the precaution to lock her door and had not doubt that he had tried it.

"Ah, ha, but I'll set a snare for the bird!" she exclaimed to herself. It didn't take two minutes to invent the snare.

When she went down to dinner the next evening she left her door unlocked. When the meal was half over she rose from the table and tipped upstairs. Mr. Bennett wasn't visible, but she passed along and opened her door with a bang. Mr. Bennett was on his knees before her open trunk.

Three yells into the hall of "Help! Murder! Police!" and then she grabbed the crook. The room filled with borders in a moment, but Mr. Bennett didn't seem very much embarrassed about it.

"I caught him going through my trunk!" explained Miss Gracie.

"Yes," he calmly replied. "Then you are a sneak thief, and we'll hold you until the police come!" said one of the valiant actors.

"Not quite a sneak thief," smiled Mr. Bennett. "This badge will show you that I belong to the government secret service."

"He's a crook," I tell you!" shot back Miss Gracie.

"I was in my line of duty looking after counterfeited money or plates."

"Counterfeited money!" gasped all in the room.

"Just so. It's up to you, Miss Holland, to do some explaining."

"Why doesn't somebody telephone?" she demanded.

"Because no one wants to see you locked up," replied Mr. Bennett. "Will you kindly tell me where you got those five \$2 bills you handed out the other day?"

"Why—why—"

"Every one of them was a counterfeit. I came here looking for a plant. I did not want to ask for a warrant for you, Miss Holland, until sure of my case."

The next half-hour was as full of explanations as a chestnut is full of life. The police were not called in on the one hand, and on the other it was tearfully admitted that Mr. Bennett was not a crook.

The next day he had the good luck to capture the man he wanted, and it was only natural that he should come around to the house to make his report. Then he called again to ask Miss Gracie's forgiveness, and again with some other excuse, and finally the cheeky man got into the habit of calling without making any excuse at all. It was during one of these calls that he suggested that Miss Gracie give up the detective business. She promised to, and then he suggested that she give up K. & K. She also promised that, and when Mammy Jones heard of it she exclaimed:

"Who ever heard of the like! Isn't it funny how some girls get husbands?"—Boston Globe.

SHUT OUT DREADFUL SIGHT

Young Bride Fled From Scene Where Loved Husband Wrestled With His Heavy Burden.

She opened the door of his dressing room timidly, for the sounds had startled her. What she saw there froze the blood in all her veins and most of her arteries. They had had a slight quarrel at supper. She had thoughtlessly made the tea in the half-filled coffee pot, but nothing so serious as to drive him to end his life—slowly, and with anguished sounds, he was choking himself!

"Hippocrène!" she shrieked. "Desist! I apologize."

"Go 'way!" he gurgled with rolling eyes. He twisted the inexorable hand tighter, tighter, tighter, tighter.

"Hippocrène, stop. Stop, for my sake!" she pleaded. "We have been married four days and if you commit suicide right away like this the shock may be too much for mother."

Besides, she may blame it on me!"

"Go 'way," he gurgled hoarsely, and tottered, reeled and still his strong fingers were at their work of self-destruction.

"Hippocrène!" she besought once more. "We haven't saved enough money to pay a respectable undertaker's bill."

"You're right!" he gasped. "But, dodgust it all, I got this blamed collar on once before and by Genedick, I'll do it again!"

She put her hand over her eyes and left the room as he recommenced.

ETHEREAL SPACE NOT EMPTY

Flammarion, Noted French Astronomer, Points Out Error in Belief of Scientists.

"It is logical to suppose," writes Astronomer Flammarion, "that interstellar space is a haven for the emanations of the stars. It is into these celestial fields that the atmosphere of the moon has gradually escaped our satellite by reason of its feeble mass not being able to keep it. It is also to these ethereal regions that have fled the lightest gases of our aerial ocean, such as hydrogen and helium, which the earth in its progressive evolutions has not been able to retain and of which a certain quantity still floats today in the upper strata of the atmosphere a

hundred kilometers or so above the ground, where they very probably form the basis of the chemical constitution of the aerial fluid in these elevated regions. This ethereal space which science has so long considered as pre-eminently the type of a vacuum, now presents itself to us as full of unknown substances, which have perhaps an important influence in the evolution of the universe."

HOT WEATHER CLOTHES.

Experimenting on the conductivity of different stuffs, M. Krueger found that doubling satin, cotton and linen diminished the loss of heat only from 3 to 6 per cent., while doubling buckskin, flannel and cloth more or less thick diminished the loss to 10, 20 and even 80 per cent.

These results show clearly that resistance to the passage of heat depends less upon the conductivity of the fibers than upon the thickness, the volume and the texture of the fibers. In further evidence he noted the cooling of the cylinder covered with wadding. When the wadding was strongly compressed the loss of heat was increased to 40 per cent.

For this reason a wadded dressing gown and a vest of thick flannel are warmer at first than after they have been worn awhile. Pressure brings the elements closer together and renders the material more permeable to heat.—Health.

DRESSES INNOCENT.

Gibbs—"Don't you think some of those modern dresses are rather immoral?"

Dubois—"No, but I'll reserve my opinion of their wearers."

INCONSISTENT.

"The man the people need now is the man who does."

"And then it kicks because he does them."

AS QUIET.

"Poor Binks has joined the great silent majority."

"Dead?"

"Married."

BAD FACT.

"Who is back of this show?"

"I don't know, but it is an empty house in front of it."