

REDFORD REALTY MY HOBBY

Having bought and sold more real estate in Redford than any and all other concerns combined I feel confident that I can better supply the wants of investors than any one else. My home is in Redford and my whole interest is centered in the town. Being the only real estate man thus situated it naturally follows that I am better posted than an agent or a salesman who only uses Redford property as a side line or a "pick-up."

As Redford agent for the valuable subdivision property owned by L. F. Knowles of Detroit including the beautiful Oak Grove plat on the south side of Grand River, the Redford Improvement Co. and the Hart Bros. subdivisions, known as the old fair ground, and the plat in the eastern part of the village, opposite the little three-cornered grove, known as the Willmarth Place subdivision, I am authorized by the owner to sell these lots to Redford people at the lowest price possible and to make the terms of payment just as easy as the buyers ask for. Anyone can buy a lot of me and make some money on the advance. I will personally guarantee that no contract for a lot purchased through me will be declared void for non-payment in case of sickness or other misfortune. Consider these advantages and deal with the man who is here to protect your interests.

I also have a number of other pieces of property, including some houses, that are, in my opinion, genuine bargains. My office is now in the telephone building. Call and see me.

C. E. RAMSEY

REDFORD

FARMINGTON

SAID NEW YORK WAS TOUGH

Joaquin Miller's Opinion of the Metropolis When He Arrived There in 1870.

When Joaquin Miller went to New York in 1870 he wrote: "New York at last! And oh! but this is a tough town! And the time I had in landing on this island! I have fought many battles with Indians, I have seen rough men in the mines, but such ruffians as assaulted me on landing from the Jersey ferry I have never encountered before. Two of these literally hauled me into a coach, I cried out; they shouted to the crowd and police that I was drunk; and another 'tough' who said he was my friend, helped them hustle me in, and held the door until they dashed away. By and by they stopped and one got down, and holding the door meekly, asked me to tell him again what hotel I wanted to go to. At the door of the hotel—the Astor house—the only name I could think of, or was familiar with, they demanded \$5! But what made me mad—mad at myself as well as them—they gave me a Confederate \$5 bill in change. How could they tell that I came from a land where they use only gold, and we can't tell one kind of greasy-green paper from another? Ah, I see; this Confederate is white. Well, I am going to cut off my hair—the first thing and get me a new hat." The next day he wrote in his journal: "Shaved and shorn! Now let them come after me!"

BROWN FOUND THE SNEEZE

Story of the Anxious Father, the Three Daughters and the Old Lady Guest.

The overanxious father of three charming daughters, after his family had sought seclusion for the night, caught somewhere in the distance the echo of a sneeze. At once, in dressing gown and slippers, he padded down the hall and knocked at the nearest door. "Jane, my dear, did you sneeze?" "No, papa." Tap-tap at the adjoining door. "Mary, my love, was that you sneezing?" "No, indeed, papa dear." Pad-pad to the door at the end of the corridor.

"Margaret, my pet, I heard a sneeze; was it you?" "Oh, no, papa dearest." Just then the guest room door, half way down the corridor, opened a hand's breadth, and the mild voice of an old lady guest, who had retired early, issued forth: "I am extremely sorry, Mr. Brown; it was I who sneezed."—New York Evening Sun.

AWAY HE WENT.

It was out in Elizabeth township. The tramp sidled up the walk after looking around carefully. He knocked and the lady of the house came out and looked him over. "Madam, I'm traveling around the world." "Um." "I have to make good time or I'll lose my bet." The lady relaxed the grimness of her face just a trifle. "Well," said she. "I don't mind letting my bulldog pace you for a couple of miles. Here, Tiger!" When last seen the man and the dog were making very good time.

THE STORY, NOT THE CHIP.

Briggs—My wife found a white poker chip in my pocket this morning, and I told her it was a dyspepsia tablet. Griggs—And did she swallow it?—Boston Transcript.

TO BE FIGURED IN.

"So our auto's been smashed up in an accident. What did the machine cost you?" "I'll tell you; better when the surgeon's bill comes in."

VERY.

"Is your wife amiable?" "Is she? Say, I could almost take you home to dinner with me without getting my hair pulled."

RETRIBUTION.

"Why do you want your gas meter taken out, madam?" "Because I am sure it is taking us in."

HE DIDN'T.

Tramp—Say, lady, gimme a bite. Lady—I can't, but if you wait a minute, our dog Towser will.

PEOPLE TIME HAS SKIPPED

Fifty Miles From New York City Lives a Primitive Race of Mountaineers.

A journey in search of a primitive race of mountaineers living within fifty miles of New York city might seem to be an impossible quest, remarks the New York Evening Post. Yet it is true that less than fifty miles away there exists a people and a civilization—among the several hundreds who compose it—as backward in all conditions of life as the mountaineers, the "Govites" and poor "white trash" of the most inaccessible regions in Virginia and the Carolinas and in Tennessee. These people, for the most part in the Ramapo mountains are in nearly every respect precisely like the mountaineers in the South, except for the most remarkable fact that they dwell within an hour's journey of New York.

Twice in the last month attention has been called to the Ramapo mountaineers. Recently it was announced that Mrs. Edward H. Harriman, whose estate is situated at Arden in the Ramapos, had given \$1,000 for the employment of a social worker who should go among these people in Orange, Rockland and Passaic counties and work to teach them the simpler elements of hygiene, in order to awaken in them some understanding of the things which their lives did not possess.

Miss Florence Smith of the Cold Spring Harbor training school was appointed to the work—mission work, as it is generally called in the south—and has begun her task, but has not yet gone to the remotest districts. What has been found already of the primitive conditions is ample evidence of the need of such an endeavor.

REAL TEST.

Uncle Ezra—Great crackly! You mean to say you don't think Wilson will make good? Uncle Eben—Time'll tell, Ezzy. Taft put that Washington team up in second place. Now let's see if Wilson can give 'em a pennant—Puck.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

THIS TOWN MOURNS SOLDIER

Zaitchev, Servian, Pays Appropriate Honor the Only Man It Had Killed in War.

The Servian town of Zaitchev has been rehabilitated in the eyes of all Serbia through the magnificent funeral of Reservist Corp. Simon Georgievich, town clerk, slain at Monastir.

Although Zaitchev had done its duty in sending two-third of its male population to the war, fate decreed that most of them returned safe and sound and the rest with but slight bullet wounds.

Zaitchev had neither cripple nor corpse as the result of its valor, and this led to invidious comments from the inhabitants of other villages who had suffered severe losses in life and limb.

The death of Corp. Simon, who fell at Monastir, saved the reputation of his native place, and all Zaitchev turned out to do honor to his memory when the body was brought back.

Every man, woman and child wore some black token, public "keening" a custom fallen into disuse, was revived, the church bell was rung as for the death of a bishop and finally a collection was made beside the open grave for the erection of a monument.

SEALSKINS BRING BIG PRICES

Sold at Recent London Auction, the Aggregate Amount Paid for Them Totaled Small Fortune.

A consignment of 3,764 skins of Alaskan seals sent by the United States government to the great annual fur sale in London, were disposed of for an aggregate of \$144,725, being an average of 153 shillings and ninepence a skin, which is 11 shillings a pelt higher than last year.

George M. Bowers, representing the United States fisheries board, explained that the increase was due to the fact that the skins were a little larger than in the previous year.

Buyers at the present sale came from all parts of the world, for London is recognized as the greatest fur market in the world. As evidence of the magnitude of the sale, it need only be mentioned that the auctioneer's commission alone totaled more

than \$100,000.

Mr. Bowers said that the yield of the Alaskan fisheries was smaller than usual because of the law passed by the United States congress prohibiting the killing of male seals under three years old. This, he added, has proved a useless measure, because it means no better yield, and the exemption of the young male seals resulted in a loss of valuable pelts.

CUTTING OUT THE LIVER

What Hungry Race-track Gambler Did When He Found a Ten-Dollar Bill.

Herbert Corey, the champion long-distance anecdote teller of the world, says that where he came from, in Ohio, there was a stranded, hungry race-track gambler who struck town and found the friend of his boyhood running a short-order restaurant, says the Saturday Evening Post. The restaurant man made his old comrade welcome and at first fed him copiously, but after a week or so grew weary of so unprofitable a guest and decided to give the waiter a gentle hint.

So he instructed the waiters to give him only liver to eat—liver being the cheapest thing on the bill of fare. The race-track man had liver for breakfast, dinner and supper—just liver, and nothing but liver. He lived on liver nine days; then, on the morning of the tenth he found a \$10 bill on the street.

He made hotfoot for the most pretentious cafe in the place. The menu was printed in French. He beckoned the waiter to him.

"Have you got liver here?" he asked.

"This is liver," said the waiter, pointing to a line on the card.

The gambler laid a thumb over it firmly.

"Now, then!" he said, "bring me \$10 worth each way from liver!"

SOON ANSWERED.

"Sam, are you the dominating influence in your household?" "I guess, sah, you're bettah ask de missus dat. She am de boss."

THE REASON.

"Why do they have to get angels for plays?" "Because there is the devil to pay if they don't."

CHECK ON HER HUSBAND.

A Lakewood woman has made a wonderful invention and she hasn't protected it by patent or copyright, so it is now available for everybody. Listen to it.

A friend of hers was calling the other day and she said:

"How do you know when your husband forgets to mail the letters you give him in the morning?"

"Oh, that's easy. I always put a card addressed to myself in the bunch. If I don't receive that card on the next day I know that he has been delinquent. And I can prove it on him. And it only costs one cent!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PLAIN FACTS.

"You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

"No; and who wants to? Leather goods are all the go."

GLAMIS HATH MURDERED SLEEP.

"How did you enjoy the play, Gothrock?"

"Oh, I thought Macbeth was good, but who was Glamis?"

DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT.

"I see where a poet claims to make a living out of his verse."

"Yes, and he is being severely criticized for it, too."

CAUGHT THE HABIT.

"That yachting party are telling the biggest falsehood I ever heard."

"Yes, and you can see at a glance that even the yacht is lying to."

NO BEAUTY.

Patience—She's in love with her self.

Patrice—Well, that only goes to prove that love is blind.

NOT HARMONIZING.

She—They say that the new hats will be moderate in size.

He—Then I bet the bills won't match 'em.

GOOD SUBSTITUTE.

"You can't get any wet goods in this town, sir."

"All right; then bring me something extra dry."