

BIRMINGHAM CENTRIC.

Devoted to Our Own Locality--We Labor for Its Interests.

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR.

BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1899.

NO. 39. WHOLE NO. 1081.

—THE PALACE—
CASH MEAT MARKET.

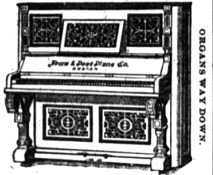
Oysters received daily.

When you buy, buy the best—they are the cheapest in the end. Our 25c bulk oysters are solid oysters. No water.

Choice Meats of all kinds, Beef, Lamb, Pork and Veal.
Poultry and Fish, Sausage and Smoked Meats. Fresh Vegetables.

Prompt Delivery.
Geo. E. Duff,
Proprietor.

PIANOS CHEAP!



SEWING MACHINES LOWER.
Thirty years' experience enables me to buy cheap, sell cheap and guarantee satisfaction.

E. Farmer, Pontiac.

City Bakery and Restaurant
In the New Ford Block.

ALL KINDS OF
Bakers' Supplies, Canned Goods, Confectionery, etc., at city prices.

Boarders by the Day or Week.

Furnished Rooms for Boarders if Wanted.

C. Ellenwood.

HAVE YOU TROUBLE WITH YOUR EYES?

—IF SO—
DR. J. W. CORLEY
WILL REPRESENT
HUGH CONNOLLY,
The Eye Specialist of Detroit, corner State and Griswold Sts., every
Wednesday
in Birmingham.
Headquarters at Postoffice.
Consultation Free.

Clarence L. Cowles,
Architect,
31 and 33 Chase Bldg.
Saginaw, E. S., Mich
Phone 1 (Office 547—R. Home 1000—408.)

Methodist Episcopal Church.
REV. EUGENE C. ALLEN, PASTOR.

Sabbath services at 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Epworth League at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 p. m. All are invited.

SPECIAL SALE LADIES' SHOES!

We have about 200 pairs Ladies' fine Shoes, which sold at \$3 to \$4. They are, many of them, up-to-date in style, all extra quality of Welts and Flexible Soles. We shall put them onto our bargain center at \$2.48. Remember \$2.48 per pair. We have all sizes today so come early.

C. H. GOING,
Take the car at our store.
Corner Saginaw and Lawrence Sts. PONTIAC, MICH.

1898 CLOSING OUT SALE! 1899

OF OUR ENTIRE Shoe Stock FOR SPOT CASH.

3000 pairs Ladies' Button, sizes 2-1/2, 3, 3-1/2 and 4, at \$1.50, was \$2.00 and \$2.50
2000 pairs Ladies' Laced, all sizes, at \$2.00, was \$2.50 and \$3.00
50 pairs Children's, 12 to 2, at 75c
1 lot Misses' Outing Flannel Shirts, to close, at 25c
1 lot Misses' Outing Flannel Shirts, to close, at 39c
1 lot Misses' Knits, at 25c
Best quality and styles of Corsets
Good value in Ladies' Skirts and Bustles at

F. Blakeslee's,
Birmingham, Mich.

A GREAT CLEARING SALE!

Preparatory to Extensive Alterations and Improvements.
During the month of February the building we now occupy is to be remodelled, and in order to make room for the workmen and to open in our Renovated Quarters with a complete stock of new goods we have decided upon a

Great January Clearing Sale!

Large reductions in prices will be made on goods in every department and all classes of Seasonable goods, Broken Lots and Short Lengths will be marked regardless of cost. It will pay buyers of all classes of

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS AND FURNISHINGS

to anticipate their wants during this sale.
Our MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT is at the service of those who can visit the city.

Information and Samples sent on Application.

The Taylor-Woolfenden Co.,
Woodward Ave. and State St., Detroit, Mich.

3 Sweet Things.

Our Honey and Maple Syrup, for Pancakes, Griddle Cakes or Flannel Cakes.
Only 50c per gal. Have you tried it?

Our 25c New Orleans Molasses, worth 40c per gal.

You should try it for gingerbread. Have you?

Our 50c Open-kettle Boiled Molasses, best in town.

Worth 65c. It's good for cookies.

Whitehead & Mitchell.

WHY NOT HAVE SOME FACTORIES?

Sister Villages are Gathering Them in While Birmingham Sleeps.

THERE IS NO BETTER SITE.

Let This Subject be Agitated Until Whistles From Different Factories are Heard in Our Midst.

Is there any good reason why this place should not have several factories in active operation? If there is, will not some one through the columns of this Centric please enlighten the writer as well as many other residents, who are laboring under the impression that there is no good, legitimate reason. Surely the site here for factories is as good as anywhere in the state. The shipping facilities are all right. The water power is ample and if we are not misinformed, the taxes here would be no higher than at other places where there are not near as many factories.

The time of year is close at hand when owing to different causes, owners of factories are looking around to see if a change of location would not be beneficial to them. Why would it not be a good plan to try and secure one or two for this place when this change is made? As to the benefits that would arise if this could be made a factory as well as a residence town, who can say? With 2000 workmen and their families with steady employment, at living wages, the difference in the town would become manifest at once. The workmen, or at least a portion of them, would soon own little homes of their own. The merchants would get a share of their patronage. Carpenters would have all the work they could do and in fact there is no business interest in town that would not be benefited. The value of real estate would increase and taken all in all, there would be an era of prosperity in Birmingham never before heard of.

Other villages are gathering in factories of various kinds, and Birmingham, which by right of location and other reasons should lead them all, steps on unmindful of the great chances that are getting away from it every day. There is one dim consolation, perhaps this sleepers are of the River. King's kirk and Birmingham may some day wake up and get in line with her sister villages. Let a move be made in this direction and see if real benefit to the town will not be as much of, will not arise from it.

THE TRAGEDY.

A Reminiscence of Old Indian Orchard.

The following facts connected with the old Indian Orchard are in a great measure within the memory of the writer, although devoid of romance. It may be of interest to the present generation. Extraneous in unwar territory are, as a general rule, made by the way of rivers and smaller watercourses which afford the explorer an easy method of getting into the interior of an unexplored country. Had one of these pioneers entered the River Rouge in a small boat from Detroit river away back in the year 1830 and followed the windings of the somewhat historic stream up to the southeast corner of what is now section nine, township one north of range ten east, he would find himself in the midst of an Indian village where the Indians had quite a homelike settlement and raised corn and hunted for a living. A number of apple trees dotted their domain which added so little to the beauty of the surrounding scenery. The section above referred to was claimed by two Indian chiefs named Fisher and Riley, who from 50 to 100 followers. They laid claim to the land on account of its being a reserved section and not subject to entry by pioneers, as other government land being set off as part of the nucleus of our present University endowment fund at Ann Arbor. It lies each side of the River Rouge or rather the two branches of that river, whose north branch sources in some of the small lakes south and a little west of Orchard Lake and section 30, town of Avon the northeast branch. These two branches of the Rouge have their confluence in the south south of the Indian reservation, which is about four miles from the northwest corner of the township of section nine and about 1 1/2 miles south of the City Hall of Detroit in a northwest by west direction.

One of the near and early settlers was a person by the name of Hall who lived on the section east of the Indian section on the road north of section 10, and this person has the distinction of being the father of the first male child born in Oakland county, which said child is now an old boy past 70 and now living in Franklin and distinctly remembers seeing from 50 to 100 Indians pass on the trail to and from Birmingham, the trail passing Mr. Hall's log cabin. The old Indian chief Fisher was always considered honest, upright and never depended upon; not so with Riley who was given to drink and therefore not peaceable. After the township had added to her population somewhat, the Indians gradually abandoned the reservation, and less than half a century ago the land of section aish, that was not squatted on, was open to all, and the timber was free plunder to all the surrounding settlers, and when they wanted a nice piece of heavy timber they would go down to what they called the reservation land (an appropriation of reservation) and get it. Finally the state took possession of the land in trust for the University and thus the squatters obtained their title to the land. The terms were \$6 per acre, one-fifth cash, balance as long as desired, never to be ousted as long as they paid the interest. The settler who went on the homestead of the Indian chiefs was a good character for his day. One great attraction the old homestead had was that it was a beautiful plateau of land watered each side by the two branches above named and the many apple trees that grew thereon added a picturesque beauty to the landscape, and in addition, the quality of the land was the best of Michigan afforded, such was the condition of things when William Evans bought a section in town one north as before stated he occupied two eighths in the center of the south tier. Wm. Evans was simply a hard working and sturdy fellow, a raw boned Welshman and his character was in all things decided, in fact he was lord of all his holdings. When he settled upon the above tract of land he had a wife, son and daughter and tilled his soil in a fair way doing the best he was able, but owing to an appetite for strong drink was prevented from doing any thing for a raw boned day, just making enough to pay his interest to state and living in a semi-luxurious way, and all his wealth was, at his death, just what his wife and son had made from the time he entered it at the State Land Office. In a few years his wife died, a good, pious and thrifty housewife, whose death had the effect on him, of giving himself entirely up to drink, his companion wife were men who, too, were like himself, and that class of men he tried to help him out. Finally he had had enough in architecture from an Indian tapers to a log building about 60 feet long and 20 feet wide, and in the center a passageway was laid open so that a team could be driven through to unoad wood and other productions of the farm, and the rooms were large and square with an open fireplace on the wall. When he had had enough to repair to the house and the way they worked things up, which was not seldom, was a terror to the neighborhood. These rages of his were in making the room for the village Franklin and have another good time at one or both of the village taverns and finally wind up by getting a couple jugs filled with whiskey and roll into the woods and start for home.

There no grand, immortal sphere beyond this realm of broken time. To fill the waste that mock us here, And dry the tears from weeping eyes. Where Water melts in endless spring, And June stands near with dew-drops there. Where we may tread the roses one and one. Who loved us in this world of ours? Ask, and let my cheeks are wet. With tears for one I cannot see. Oh, mother! art thou living yet, And dost thou still remember me? I feel thy kisses o'er me thrill, Thine unspoken angel of my life. I hear thy hymn around me trill, An undertone to care and strife. Thy tender eyes around me shine, As from a being glorified, Till I am thine and thou art mine, And I forget that thou hast died. I almost lose each joy I regret In visions of a life to be. But, mother, art thou living yet, And dost thou still remember me? The Spring-time bloom, the Summer's tale, The Whirls that blow along my way, But ever of thy light and shade. Thy memory lingers in my mind, It almost a paradise to live in, and Billy Evans, as he was called, staying in the same old rut, carousing and drinking and doing their own cooking, up to the year of 1861, making little progress. In the spring of that year he hired a man and his wife, and Mr. Evans thought he had landed in paradise for his nice warm breakfast on the table when he had done up his morning chores, and it seemed to remind him of happier days when his dear absent wife was on earth to see to his housekeeping. Thus things went on from day to day for about two months, when the hired man imagined his wife looked more to the comfort of old Billy than she did to himself, in fact the green-eyed monster had possession of his soul and body, and from this time on all the good times in Uncle Billy's domestic had changed, a very sad moment on earth—and the Irishman swore eternal vengeance again Billy and drew was the threats made him. The last days of August had come and with it the vengeance of the Irishman, which had increased to red-hot. One morning the wife had prepared breakfast as usual and called her husband and Billy in the kitchen, but her husband was grinding something on the grindstone and Billy came in and told her that they were going to cut corn that day and that that he was grinding a knife. When Billy and the woman commenced to eat the Irishman came in with his knife and stabbed Uncle Billy in two or three places, then Billy jumped up, grabbed a pitchfork, and struck the Irishman on the head, and gave him another blow or two with the bit of the axe, laying open the skull. The day after the occurrence the writer went to see Uncle Billy and found him lying in bed pretty seriously injured. Later an inquest was held and a verdict of "justifiable homicide" was returned. Billy lived three or four years after the occurrence in the same desipated manner and one day in the dead of winter he went to Franklin, got drunk, went home and slept in the bed and next morning a severe cold and a few days after died of pneumonia. Thus ended the tragedy of Indian Orchard.

To give Uncle Billy his just dues we must say that with all his faults he was a good neighbor and always ready to help in time of need, even at the inconvenience of his own interests.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following is a list of letters remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Birmingham, Mich., for the week ending January 22, 1899.

Ja. Danham, Joseph Hawley, William Ballmoss, Anna Mitchell, T. W. Nelson, Jimmy Carril.

Persons calling for any of the above will please say "advertised."

GEORGE H. MITCHELL, P. M.

Fur Bares Less Than Cost.

We never carry goods over. We have a number of good fur robes that must go, if prices will move them. You can secure a bargain if you act promptly. Also one fur coat and mittens to match. Closing out prices on balance of winter blankets. JACOB BROS., 392 1/2 Pontiac, Mich.

Just making near brought next great value—ones of them.

We have a treat in store for every man who is in the habit of buying good clothing. From our regular stock we have made up an assortment of about 200 SUITS that sold regularly up to \$15. They've been priced \$9 50 for a quick sale. Your choice is from the best, heavy weight, all wool materials, every desirable color and pattern, strictly up-to-date styles—tailored to a nicety and reliable all the way through.

Men's \$15 Suits \$9.50

You know they're right when they come from Traver's. Now then, don't delay; \$15 Suits for \$9.50 is not an every day chance. None charged or sent on approval.

R. H. Traver,
171-173 175 Woodward Ave.

ART THOU LIVING YET?

Is there no grand, immortal sphere beyond this realm of broken time. To fill the waste that mock us here, And dry the tears from weeping eyes. Where Water melts in endless spring, And June stands near with dew-drops there. Where we may tread the roses one and one. Who loved us in this world of ours? Ask, and let my cheeks are wet. With tears for one I cannot see. Oh, mother! art thou living yet, And dost thou still remember me? I feel thy kisses o'er me thrill, Thine unspoken angel of my life. I hear thy hymn around me trill, An undertone to care and strife. Thy tender eyes around me shine, As from a being glorified, Till I am thine and thou art mine, And I forget that thou hast died. I almost lose each joy I regret In visions of a life to be. But, mother, art thou living yet, And dost thou still remember me? The Spring-time bloom, the Summer's tale, The Whirls that blow along my way, But ever of thy light and shade. Thy memory lingers in my mind, It almost a paradise to live in, and Billy Evans, as he was called, staying in the same old rut, carousing and drinking and doing their own cooking, up to the year of 1861, making little progress. In the spring of that year he hired a man and his wife, and Mr. Evans thought he had landed in paradise for his nice warm breakfast on the table when he had done up his morning chores, and it seemed to remind him of happier days when his dear absent wife was on earth to see to his housekeeping. Thus things went on from day to day for about two months, when the hired man imagined his wife looked more to the comfort of old Billy than she did to himself, in fact the green-eyed monster had possession of his soul and body, and from this time on all the good times in Uncle Billy's domestic had changed, a very sad moment on earth—and the Irishman swore eternal vengeance again Billy and drew was the threats made him. The last days of August had come and with it the vengeance of the Irishman, which had increased to red-hot. One morning the wife had prepared breakfast as usual and called her husband and Billy in the kitchen, but her husband was grinding something on the grindstone and Billy came in and told her that they were going to cut corn that day and that that he was grinding a knife. When Billy and the woman commenced to eat the Irishman came in with his knife and stabbed Uncle Billy in two or three places, then Billy jumped up, grabbed a pitchfork, and struck the Irishman on the head, and gave him another blow or two with the bit of the axe, laying open the skull. The day after the occurrence the writer went to see Uncle Billy and found him lying in bed pretty seriously injured. Later an inquest was held and a verdict of "justifiable homicide" was returned. Billy lived three or four years after the occurrence in the same desipated manner and one day in the dead of winter he went to Franklin, got drunk, went home and slept in the bed and next morning a severe cold and a few days after died of pneumonia. Thus ended the tragedy of Indian Orchard.

Consumption Cure.

Mitchell's White Pine Cough Syrup, the best cough remedy on earth, cures a cold in one day if taken in time, and 50c each.

HUDSON'S BIG STORE

Detroit, Mich.

Our wonderful offering of several hundred seasonable Suits, Overcoats and Pantalons at Exactly Half-Price caused such a tremendous sale last week that we put in the sale today

More Overcoats,
More Suits,
More Pantalons,
More Boys' Suits

All at Exactly Half Price!

There's not anything in the city that will begin to compare with these matchless bargains.

\$20 Suits and Overcoats go at \$10
\$15 Suits and Overcoats go at \$7.50
\$10 Suits and Overcoats go at \$5
\$5 Suits and Overcoats go at \$2.50

Some of these lots have already been cut in price. You take them at half the reduced price.

About 250 more pairs Men's Pantalons go at exactly Half Price.
\$4.00 Pantalons go at \$2.00
\$3.00 Pantalons go at \$1.50
\$2.00 Pantalons go at \$1.00
\$1.00 Pantalons go at 50c

Great Offering of Ladies' Jackets
250 all wool, silk lined KERSEY JACKETS, black, brown and all \$10 values, the newest of the new styles, all at \$5.00
And choice of the entire JACKET stock of the H. B. Clifton Co. every garment at half price or less; \$20 and \$25 jackets at \$10.00
FURS ALL ONE-THIRD OFF.

GREAT BARGAINS IN WRAPPERS---
\$1.00 and \$1.25 Wrappers at 75c. 75c and \$1.00 Wrappers at 50c.
HUDSON'S, Detroit.