

ELECTRIC.

TWENTY-NINTH YEAR.

BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY JANUARY 18, 1907.

NO. 38.

WHOLE NO. 1500

GOOD WAR STORY

A Few Sidelights on the Life of a Soldier Are Given in the Following True Story of War Times.

In the winter of 1832-3 the old production lines to the Capitol extended from the Potomac and along the Occoquan, Ball Run and back to the upper Potomac, a few miles above Washington, near Ball's Bluff. Thence our lines to the west extended on the north bank of the Potomac and so on to the mouth of the Shenandoah at Harper's Ferry.

That winter J. E. B. Stuart entered our lines with a large command of cavalry just below Public church, made a raid on our supplies at Fairfax Station, then on towards Frying Pan and made their exit some where in Loudoun county. They took no more than the most clabby conveniently, mounted at that time. And here let me say that 5,000 men can manage to make off with quite a lot of commissary stores. Five thousand men each taking 100 pounds would make a total of 100,000 pounds or 50 tons. It made quite a hole in our little dept of supplies.

After that was quiet until some time in March when things seemed to be taking on a little more activity. Occasionally a few hundred cavalry on a scout in what was called neutral territory, or territory between the two opposing lines.

About the middle of March, 1863, the First Michigan Cavalry, known as the Broadhead Division, was stationed at Union Mills and the regiment was ordered to take its turn at scouting in the Potomac to river. It was outfitted by General Massey and the First William Black Horse Cavalry Rebolts some what renowned and a little feared, who had it appears, an independent command and probably were residents in "neutral space."

However, it came to the First Michigan Cavalry to take their turn accordingly. We made our exit from our lines after dark, slipped out of camp, and in about an hour we halted at a piece of woods on the left bank of the above Blackburn's Ford. It was some what renowned as being the first place of contest with the Confederate at.

Near the stream just by the piece of woods or grove of chestnut trees, above mentioned is where Gen. Fremont's Sherman placed his battery of six guns in 1861. Many of the First Cavalry knew of the grove mentioned and the old Blackburn's Ford. Well, we went quietly into the grove a bit before night. It will never be forgotten for it began to rain just about sunset before we left camp and kept it up steadily until daybreak the next morning. Oh, what a dry night it was. I will not relate some of the incidents of that night's bivouac? The orders went out from headquarters to light no fires and to do no loud talking, and when a soldier can not open his mouth it is dull and monotonous in the extreme. We secured our stables and prepared for the night. The writer had a large hospital rubber about seven feet square and it was agreed that five of us should lie down together. As the biting winds of a rain March behaved us to conserve all the warmth we could, we turned a large rubber camp very handy to spread on the wet ground, and then our wool blankets spread on top made a fairly good soldier's bed for five. One of our comrades, by name Warner Pierson, son of the long since deceased Ben Pierson, of Flint, Mich., weighing 125 pounds, was 6 feet, 2 inches tall, raw-boned, and withal was a soldier par excellence. The writer was rather on the diminutive order and liked to take shelter under the wing of the great-hearted Pierson, who always protected the weak against the strong. I therefore chose the center berth of our bed to which we soon repaired and was off to dreamland in a jiffy, promoted to the extreme silence, save the music of the horses' stamp and occasionally a snore's rattle, which lulled us to our happy slumbers.

Along towards morning we awoke, feeling very uncomfortable with water trickling over our bodies and feeling as if we were no more on terra firma but rather non terra firma, for we could feel the sensation of earth sinking away from our bodies. The above mentioned Warner Pierson kept crouching in on my small body. Soon after awakening I discovered that my knee was being pinched and was held fast in a vice. I sawed my comrade Pierson, his grunting and rolled over, thus releasing my knee, which had been under the weight of Pierson's heavy body, and I was thus made somewhat lame for the rest of my life.

When I formed Pierson as to what he had done, he blurted out that he thought that it was a chestnut that he had been lying on all night, it being a chestnut grove that we were in.

We next got our coffee and hard tack and were soon out on scout. A scout and were soon connected with our uncomfortable night was that we had been lying on a trench where six soldiers, killed in the first battle of Bull Run, had been buried in defiance of the notorious Blackburn's Ford. We had no idea of their whereabouts in the dark and had inconspicuously spread our blankets over their graves,

and that accounted for the settling in and sinking down of our beds. We concluded that we would nevermore double up to exceed three in a bed.

Our orders were to go out of our lines at Gaithersville, take the Warrentown Pike, go as far as Gaithersville then to Greenville, from thence to Brentsville on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad where Gen. Banks burned his train, then through Stanton, across Broad Run, on our return route and enter our lines again at Wolf Run Shoals.

But our raid was not to be altogether a peaceful one, for after leaving Brentsville and crossing Broad Run there was quite a hill or ridge running at right angles to our main road through which there was a cutting which left an embankment each side of the road, about eight feet high in its biggest place.

Those clear, biting cold days in March made it necessary for us to unstrap our overcoats towards evening and we put them on over all our arms and buttoned them up tight, covering up pistols, carbines and sabres, a very imprudent act as you will see from what happened at that time. This detail was in command of Capt. Wm. Haezlett who died a few years ago while in business in Detroit.

For many years Capt. Haezlett and the water polo side by side at the head of the column.

When we halted I had gotten nicely into the above cutting and heat of the command and when just "deobuching" from the cutting on rebel saddle, a perfect aviator, with long shanks, which I will never forget, dashed into the head of the column, awing his sabre, and said, "Sarrender, you Yankee sons of b—!" [Do not know whether he had any fire arms or not. We saw none, but he certainly raised a terrible commotion in the column. It seemed as if we were all panic stricken and not a sabre could be gotten at for they were all under our overcoats. Capt. Haezlett looked back and saw the rebel in our midst swinging his sabre, and halled out, "Why in h—l don't someone shoot that German?" for that was his rank, having three chevrons on his arm. Of course it was not long before coats were unbuttoned and arms could be reached when this rebel Sergeant saw that if he made his escape he would have to be about it, so he spurred his horse and galloped off into the woods where he was gotten about 20 yards away three or four shots were fired at him and one or at least must have hit him for he set up a terrible howl.

I should think a very few men laid in ambush on each side of the cutting, concealed by the bushes for they fired several shots into our column and wounded three and killed one of our force, by name Schmalzydes, whom we buried just outside the cutting on the north or left side of the road. We then returned peacefully to our lines. We subsequently learned that our enemy was a detail of Col. Mosby's command. As many of Col. Broadhead's First Michigan Cavalry are yet living in Oakland county, some of whom were in that detail may read with interest the following way back recollections of one of their comrades.

H. S. C.

WAS PROMOTED

Wesley R. Mason, of Detroit. Son-in-Law of A. O. Smith, Gets His Just Dues.

Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Smith, who live in the home purchased from Dr. D. M. Johnston, are a sad-hearted happy couple, and this is the reason:

Wesley R. Mason, district manager American Car & Foundry Co., Detroit branch, has severed his connection with the American concern and has accepted the position of second vice-president and general manager of the Dominion Car & Foundry Co., of Montreal, Quebec.

Mr. Mason is their son-in-law and this great change means a distant separation of mother and daughter, saying nothing of Father Smith who is deeply sorrowful at the coming change although in a money way it means thousands for the good of Mr. and Mrs. Mason.

The Press says—"The announcement came quite suddenly. While President Mr. Mason was in the office of the People's State bank, vice-president of the Dominion Car & Foundry Co., Mr. Mason was in the office of the Peninsular Car Co., 18 years ago when Col. Frank Hecker and Charles L. Freer ran the concern. When the Peninsular merged with the Michigan, making the Michigan-Peninsular Car Co., Mr. Mason was with the new company as cashier and was afterwards paymaster and treasurer. When the Michigan-Peninsular was in turn absorbed by the American Car & Foundry Co., Mr. Mason went with the latter as assistant district manager. When George Hargreaves retired as district manager three years ago, Mr. Mason succeeded him in that position and his since successfully factually held it.

IN SUNNY TEXAS

The Following Letter Is From the Sun-ny South and Contains a Fine Description of Galveston.

LEAGUE CITY, Tex. Jan. 11, '07. G. H. MITCHELL, Birmingham, Mich.

DEAR MR. MITCHELL—While here enjoying the balmy southern breezes, I have many times thought of my northern friends and wished that they might all share with me the pleasure to be found in the sunny South.

I have seen the orange trees laden with fruit and picked and ate from the same. Strawberry plants the same. Had them for dinner last evening. They are now shipping several crates daily from here, and in a few weeks expect to be shipping six carloads a day from Dickinson, six miles south of here. I visited there a week ago. The population is largely made up of Italians and Negroes. The principal industries are truck farming, strawberry and rice raising. The rice farms are all around this section, and comprise many hundred acres, titled by Japanese. I saw many acres of strawberry plants, and then a weed to be seen, with now and then a tree here. Here, also, I saw many fine trees with their autumn crops of fruit. The yards of the Italians are a wonder, not a waste place anywhere. Shrubbery and roses everywhere and their houses are like Joseph's coat.

We drove home in the evening and one of the most beautiful evenings I was ever out. The moon was full (not L.) And the air was clear as a bell and Galveston Bay, six miles distant, being plainly visible, was made an ideal night for love's young dream. The country was level as a floor and in many places not a tree to break the distance. There were thousands of acres of wild prairie.

About two miles out we came to a coral where cattle are rounded up once a year and branded. I can't tell how many thousand head. One party made a shipment of 1,200 at \$20 per head. At Dickinson are the Galveston picnic grounds, located on the banks of a bay. The streams have all the crocods and bayous. The bayous being deep and salt water, very deep and from 80 to 100 feet wide, the water rising and lowering with the tide. These streams afford excellent fishing, wild fish and trout, weighing 10 pounds being quite common.

Last Saturday and Sunday were spent in the Seawall City, and we were greatly surprised at the growth of the city since the devastation of 1903, which speaks well for the pluck of the southern people. The only means of ingress is by boat or rail. The railroad bridge connecting Galveston with the mainland is three miles long. Trains run very slowly across the bridge, taking 15 minutes to make the trip.

Before the storm there were four railroad bridges and one wagon bridge, but at present there is only one bridge connecting Galveston with the outside world. This baby one track one of all trains entering Galveston have to cross here.

A stranger would wonder what there is to keep up the place as everything that is shipped in and out, there being little manufacturing.

We watched the big ocean freighters being loaded with cotton, and visited the storage house, where the red nippin, a fish weighing as high as 100 pounds, is prepared for shipment. At the slip where the homes there are many oyster boats unloading their cargo, also other boats filled with vegetables. The market is the same as we have only instead of wagons all comes in by rail.

In the evening we took a trolley ride to the roller skating rink, which is one of the most popular amusements here. Sitting there listening to the band made me sigh for days gone by and wish that time had traveled with me.

There were many pretty skaters. They skate to the two-step and waltz with as much ease and grace as I have no doubt you dance to by this time. Stay morning we started out again and this time rode to the beach where car ride took us through that part of the city that is being made from the sea. Houses had been moved and a deep water canal is where they stood. There was a car to be filled and the houses moved back into their places.

The dredges go out into the gulf about three miles and load with sand. This is pumped into the city through a large pipe. The grade in the highest place being raised 17 feet.

There are temporary stairs to get in and out of the houses which are set up on piles, some much higher than others according to grade.

I can't begin to tell you of the wonder of this work. For some distance on each side of the car the land is underwater. Before reaching the seawall we came to where the work of grading is finished, the sand being similar to the sand of Michigan at Grand Haven.

There are no walks and a portable living out here cannot help but be plenty of sand. We then came to the seawall and one can only realize the wonder of the work by seeing it. This project cost \$2,000,000 and will raise the city three miles long and 17 feet higher than

the city. Here is an electric park, much the same as we have. "Mun-do-cho" and "The Baskins" are two large bathing pavilions. We took them in and also some of the gulf. I send you a card showing where we went wading Jan. 6, 1907. We then took another car ride through the residence district, Broadway Avenue, where some of the most beautiful homes of Galveston are located. This avenue is very wide, the walkway drives being a, the sides and through the center of the green grass, and among beautiful palms and oleanders, in fact, Galveston is called the "Oleander City." Before the storm nearly all the shade trees were oleanders, but the killing in has killed them and the growth of years has been destroyed. The storm did very little damage along this avenue.

We also went up on the roof of the Hotel Freeman and took a bird's-eye view of the city, gulf and beach.

Tomorrow I leave for St. Louis, then a night's trip and back in dear old Michigan and cold feet.

With best wishes and hoping to see you soon.

Your Friend,
CLARA B.

A PROPOSITION

The Ladies' Library Association, of Birmingham, Makes a Most Liberal Offer.

Mrs. J. Allen Bigelow and Miss Martha Baldwin appeared before the Village Board at its regular monthly meeting and made the following generous offer to the Village of Birmingham:

At the regular annual meeting of the Ladies' Library Association, held Jan. 12, 1907, it was unanimously voted that the following offer be made to the Village of Birmingham with the request that it be submitted to the voters at the next spring election.

The Ladies' Library Society, of the Village of Birmingham, hereby offers to give to said village its library, consisting of 2,400 volumes and 799 pamphlets, the same to become the nucleus of a free public library. It also agrees to give to the Village of Birmingham, its interest in the library building, the same to become a municipal and library building under the following conditions: The village is to vote, at its next regular election, on the annual tax of not less than one-half mill on a dollar of the assessed valuation of said village for the support of said library.

The vacant part of the lot is to be used only for park purposes or a site of a new library building. It shall be the duty of the Library Board to see that the above conditions be strictly carried out in pain of forfeiture. It shall be the duty of the Board to administer the affairs of the library; to keep the library and the building insured; to keep up repairs and to keep the grounds neat and attractive in an ornamental way.

(Signed) MRS. BELLE BIGELOW, President;

MRS. MARY COOPER, Vice-President;

MISS M. BALDWIN, Secretary;

MRS. EMMA BALLEANTY, Treasurer;

MISS V. L. POST, Miss DARY DURKEE, Miss ANNA PARKS, Board of Directors.

Miss Martha Baldwin, of the Village of Birmingham, does hereby agree to give for library and municipal purposes and subject to the above conditions, a certain mortgage of \$2,500 on this library property, said mortgage date: June 24, 1904, provided that the use of the basement rooms on the westside be reserved to me during my lifetime.

(Signed) MISS MARTHA BALDWIN.

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DOO GAST VE. The Farmington Enterprise-Herald says: "All persons owing us \$2 or more on subscriptions will receive no more papers until all arrears are paid in full. It costs money to run this or any other paper."

How to Cure Childbrains: To enjoy freedom from childbrains, writes John Kemp, East Oatfield, Md., apply Buckley's Arnica Salve. Have your brain and nerves rid of their noxious results. Guaranteed to cure fever, colds, indigestion, piles, burns, wounds, frost bites and all ailments. 25c at Whitehead & Mitchell's and Cobb & Cobb's drug stores.

January Clearance Sale

- 1 lot Ladies' Rubbers, per pair..... 50c and 60c
 - 1 lot Men's Rubbers, per pair..... 75c and 85c
 - 1 lot Men's Fleece Overshoes, per pair..... \$1.00
 - 1 lot 10-4 Blanks, per pair..... 35c
 - 1 lot Men's Laundered Shirts, each..... 58c
 - 1 lot Men's Laundered Shirts, each..... 39c
- New line of Muslin Embroideries, Beadings and Insertions, per yard..... 5c to 25c

Our Spring line of Wall Paper Decorations is beginning to arrive direct from manufacturers, and we can furnish new 1907 styles at very low prices.

F. Blakeslee Birmingham For Sale

ONE OF THE BEST FARMS IN THE STATE OF MICHIGAN, 300 ACRES OF GOOD LAND, KNOWN AS THE GRINNELL FARM, JUST WEST OF BIRMINGHAM, AND 1 1/2 MILES FROM ELECTRIC CAR LINE. FARE ONLY 10c TO DETROIT. LARGE BRICK HOUSE WITH FULL BASEMENT. TWO TENANT HOUSES; LARGE BARN; WITH STONE BASEMENT AND UNDERGROUND STABLES; ALSO HORSE-BARN, 20 ACRES GOOD ORCHARD, 25 ACRES TIMBER, FLOWING WELLS, ETC. WILL SELL THIS FARM AT \$45 PER ACRE; ONE-HALF DOWN, BALANCE TO SUIT PURCHASER. DON'T WAIT. I AM GOING TO SELL THIS FARM AND THE ONE WHO BUYS CAN DOUBLE HIS MONEY IN TWO YEARS.

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THREATENED WITH PARALYSIS.

After 25 Summers of Suffering, Mr. J. H. B. was troubled with Nervous Debility, and all other ailments of the face, head, and nerves, and was unable to do his work, and was unable to enjoy life, and was unable to get well. He used our new method treatment, and was cured in a few days. He is now well and happy, and is able to do his work, and to enjoy life.

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