A MEMORIAL TO GENERAL GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER

MICHIGAN'S MOST BRILLIANT AND DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER.

A Bill Has Been Introduced Into the State Legislature Appropriating $40,000 for a Monument at Monroe, His Former Home.

The unparalelled tragedy of the Little Big Horn, on June 25, 1876, when that brave calvaryman, Gen. George Armstrong Custer, with four of his nearest kinsmen and the entire command of nearly three hundred officers and men were killed in an engagement which lasted but three hours, is still a vivid picture in the minds of all civilized peoples. Nothing can impress the mind more profoundly than these intrepid troopers, with undaunted bravery dashing into the attack upon a force of the most warlike and brutal bands of savages headed by the blood-stained Sioux, outnumbering their own force ten to one. It was an unequal battle. It was an ambush, and into it rode the immortal three hundred, from which not a man escaped.

There was absolutely not a white man left to tell the truth of that awful hour.

The only narratives and descriptions given of this lamentable affair came from the surviving Indians, who participated in it, and from scouts who have attempted to explain the awful massacre and depict its blood-curdling scenes. These are conflicting and often vague, yet the fact remains, that Custer sacrificed his life and the brave men who were with him followed into this sacrifice in the discharge of a soldier's duty.

After the lapse of thirty years, the people of Michigan, recognizing, perhaps tardily, the eminent propriety—yea an obligation—to perpetuate in a fitting, permanent form the memory of her gallant son, a movement is now energetically undertaken to carry out this laudable and patriotic purpose. A bill has been introduced into the state legislature appropriating $40,000 for the erection at Monroe, where General Custer claimed his home, where he married, and where his parents lived a bronze equestrian statue. Every good patriotic citizen of Michigan will say "God speed the good work!"

The First Movement for a Monument.

When the slow news came from the battlefield that practically the whole Custer family had fallen before the rifles and war clubs of the Sioux, the citizens of Monroe, Mich., where Custer made his home, met and conceived the Custer Monument association, of which Gen. Phil. Sheridan was president; Hon. Thos. W. Ferry, vice-president, and J. M. Bulkley, still living in Monroe, secretary. Considerable money was raised by the slow methods of those days, and Gen. Custer's body was exhumed and prepared for burial in the east. It was then learned that before the general started on his ill-fated campaign against the Indians he had expressed the wish that when he died he wanted to be buried at West Point where other commanders he had known and loved in the civil war awaited the reveille of the resurrection.

With the burial at West Point, the monument proposition became national and the Monroe sponsors of the movement yielded to the general demand and consented to the erection at West Point of the monument. The funds collected were turned over to August Belmont, treasurer. This accounted for the movement undertaken in this state having no fruition here.

The fact that Monroe, Mich., was the scene of George A. Custer's early school days, that there he was best known, that here he did his courting and married his wife, and that the home more permanent than any his roving life enabled him to have—was here, makes it peculiarly fitting that in Monroe the state should rear its memorial monument.

The Story of His Last Military Expedition and Its Result.

Lest some have not heard the story of his life and others forgotten it, it is briefly sketched here.

On Monday, June 26, 1876, there were 29 widows in Fort Lincoln, Neb., all bereaved in one massacre, and amongst them was the widow of Gen. Custer—the woman who, as Judge Bacon's charming daughter, married the Custer boy in Monroe.

They did not know, however, the bereavement that had befallen them, for the battle was fought Sunday, June 25, and it was two days afterwards before the bodies of Custer and his officers and 290 men of the Seventh cavalry were found, for news traveled slowly in those days. The newspaper reporter who followed the command was found dead with his pencil and paper beside him, and not one white man was left to tell the tale.

Custer left Fort Lincoln, Neb., May 18, of the same year, to round up and punish the obstreperous Sioux. In a conference with other commanders at the Rosebud Indian agency it was agreed that a junction should be made with Gen. Terry at the mouth of the Rosebud river, June 26. Custer pushed on his way to corral the Indians. Instead of deviating from their trail to keep them from returning, as had been agreed upon, he followed the trail with his troopers hard and fast. Custer was smarting under some harsh treatment from President Grant, and may have decided to strike a sensational blow to restore himself to favor. With him was Col. Reno.

In Sight of Indian Village.

Trotting up a hill one Sunday morning he saw the big Indian village he had been seeking. He estimated their number at 6,000, half of whom were warriors. With him were less than 500 men. He dispatched Col. Reno by a circuitous route to head off their flight, for the Indians were racing whole regiments of ponies and raising a thick cloud of dust to give Custer the impression they were running away.

The Indians first engaged Reno, but finding him so easily handled, they left a handful of warriors and a lot of howling squaws to keep him at bay, while 3,000 of them assailed Chief Long Hair, as the Indians loved to call Custer in token of his golden ringlets and his dashing fighting qualities.

Then followed a massacre and exhibition of bravery that horrified and astounded the world, and raised the name of Custer, Michigan's soldier, above the power of time to mutate.

Let the story of the battle be told by two chiefs, for no white man save he whose story is given further along, lived to tell the tale. Thus Rain-in-the-Face—a chief who fought in the battle: "Two years before the battle, an Indian maiden dared him to ride 45 miles to Fort Lincoln, kill a white soldier and bring her back his brass buttons for her shawl. In spite of the tremenduous difficulties in the way, he did, and the next winter he was arrested by Capt. Tom Custer, the general's brother.

"I told Little Hair (Capt. Tom Custer) that I would get away, and when I did I would cut his heart out and eat it," is the way Rain-in-the-Face perfaced his story.

(See Richard Roberts' revision of this.)

"Ugh, when we met, their guns wouldn't work, so we saved our bullets and used war clubs. It was just like killing sheep. I had a band of Uncapapas. When the Long Swords came in sight we knew their ponies were tired out. We saw them trotting along, and let them come over the bluff. Then we showed our long line of young men and the Long Swords charged. Our young men had crept behind them and fired. Then I saw the Long Sword chiefs talking and pointing. We heard the Rees scouts singing their death song—they knew we had them.

The Long Swords Dismount.

"All the Long Swords dismounted and every fourth man held the ponies. Then we closed around them. We shot the pony-holders and stampeded the ponies by waving our blankets in their faces. Our squaws caught them for they were tired out. I had sung the war song. I had smelt the powder smoke, my heart was bad. I was like one who had no mind. I took my war club and brained the Long Swords' flagman. His blood and brains splashed in my face. It felt hot and ran in my mouth. I could taste it. I was mad.

"Just then I saw Little Hair. I remembered my vow. I was crazy; I feared nothing. I knew nothing would hurt me, for I had my white weasel charm on. I don't know how many I killed trying to get at Little Hair. He knew me. I laughed at him and yelled at him.

"I saw his mouth move, but the noise did not let me hear him. He was afraid. When I got near enough, I shot him with my revolver. I leaped from my pony and cut out his heart. I bit a piece out of it and spit it in his face. Then I got sick of fighting."

This is only part of the story of Rain-in-the-Face, and he was only one of the 4,000 devils Custer and his handful of men met that blazing Sunday noon.

Sitting Bull was the chief who made the "medicine" for the big fight and who directed the strategy of the battle. The chief opened his discourse with this tribute:

"Long Hair" a Great Chief.

"The Long Hair (Gen. Custer) he was a great chief. He led his warriors.

"What happened? Hell. I mean a thousand devils. The squaws were like flying birds. The bullets were like humming bees. But the Long Hair braves were like trees that tremble. They trembled when they got off their ponies. They were too tired. Some of them staggered under the weight of their guns. They began to fight at once. They fought so bravely I thought we were beaten and ordered the squaws to take down the lodges. But my braves were like devils and began to run around them in circles. Then I saw they were weak and half of them killed.

"No cowards on other side—ugh! All died on foot. Chief Long Hair was not on his pony. He stood like a sheaf of corn with all the ears fallen around him. Only a few stood with him. So many of his braves were dead he could not walk among them. He killed a man when he fell. He was shot in the shoulder, and sat down. He took his pistol in his other hand and shot one of my young men. He was shot again. Then he laughed."

"You mean he cried out?"

"I said he laughed. He could not shoot. He laughed and dropped his pistol. Then he fell over. His hair was not long. He was not scalped. The squaws wanted his long hair, but I forbade. He was a great chief."

All this corresponds to the well known fact that Custer had parted with his long locks some weeks before, and also to the number of wounds his body showed. When he was shot down not more than a dozen men of his command were living. In a few minutes only a heap of slain men and horses remained. Then the howling squaws moved over the gory mound until nightfall, cutting off fingers to get rings, cutting off the legs of cavalry boots to get leather for moccasin soles, and mutilating the dead horribly.

Dead Lay Under Open Sky.

All that night and the next day and until noon the day after the mass of dead men and animals lay under the open sky, until Gen. Terry's command trotted over the same bluff and discovered the horrible scene.

They first found the severed head of a cavalryman. A little farther on they came to some bloody underclothing stamped with the name of Lieut. Sturgis. Then they found the heap of the slain, and the tired frontiersmen covered their eyes.

Under the bodies of the last dozen men who died they found Gen. Custer, with a peaceful smile on his lips. He was buried on the field and afterwards in West Point.

The only white man living who may have been a witness to the massacre has recently came forward to describe it. It was one J. W. Drane, of Petersburg, Tenn., who states that he went west in 1875 to avoid the consequences of a dangerous feud in the mountain districts where he lived, and engaged as hunter for the White Horse Ranch in Arizona. The story of the mountaineer will be read with thrilling interest in the letter written to Mr. J. M. Bulkley, of Monroe, at his request, which is given below:

Mr. Bulkley was a close friend and associate of Gen. Custer and has traced every clue that promised information regarding Custer's last terrible fight. The story of the Tennessee man:

"Dear Mr. Bulkley—Will say I left my shack on the Arkansas river in the early spring of 1876 to hunt cattle in the hills of the Upper Yellowstone river for the White Horse ranch located on the southeast border of Arizona, near the Gila river. In the middle of the afternoon one day with a party of cowboys we ran into a band of Comanches returning from a thieving expedition in the Sioux country with some ponies and a captive. After a lively brush with them in which no one was hurt we scattered the ponies and rescued the captive, who proved to be a young son of Sitting Bull.

"Against the protest of my companions, I took the young Indian and set out to restore him to his tribe. Just before sundown of the third day we rode into the upper village of the Sioux in the Big Horn valley. When we reached the center of the village, the war cry rang out and I was quickly surrounded by yelling Indians. I wished then I had heeded the advice of my companions, but the boy kept making signs and jabbering to the warriors and they calmed down. I was still quaking from my experience, when a tall, feathered Indian walked up and took the boy in his arms, asking him questions and pointing to me. Then he turned to me and said:

"How, how, white brother."

I learned then he was Sitting Bull.

"On June 25, I was with those Indians when they killed Custer and his men. I saw the entire battle. Reno had made a detour to attack the upper villages of the Sioux and drive them down the valley towards Custer, but he was repulsed by Black Dog, and driven far back among the hills. The Indians by some means knew of the nature of the attack to be made on them, and Black Dog called off all his warriors, except enough to keep Reno on the move, and took them down the valley to help Crazy Horse against Custer at the lower village.

"They feared Custer with three companies more than Reno with seven. Just below the lower village in a cedar thicket near the trail over 1,000 warriors went into ambush to await Custer. The last Indian had hardly crawled into the thicket when Custer appeared trotting down the trail. When they arrived opposite the ambush, the Indians fired on them, emptying many saddles and killing a number of horses.

Battle Was Very Short.

"The whole command war thrown into confusion, but Custer quickly rallied and re-formed them, and carrying their wounded, he dashed off to a small hill nearby, where he dismounted his soldiers and formed them for battle. The Indians followed and surrounded the troops and in less than an hour the battle was all over."

The letter corroborates the statement of Indian scouts that there was a white man amongst the Indians.

The movement for a monument ought to attract support from the great number who are familiar with Custer's exploits and who are not willing that his name should die out of Michigan. Monroe, as his early home and the place where he spent his infrequent leisure, is a fitting place for the monument that shall be raised.

Mrs. Custer is still living and is at present in Europe. Custer was not rich in this world's goods; indeed, far otherwise. The Monroe home belonged to his wife, although Custer's parents lived in it for years. It was over the gate of this house, still standing, that his wife—then a little girl—used to look with wonder on the antics of the Custer boy.

Her father, Judge Bacon, left her a little property, Gen. Custer carried a life insurance policy of $25,000, her literary works have netted her something, and some charmingly kind friends she has made see to it that a widow of a brave general does not lack.

In the battle of the Little Big Horn Gen. Custer's sister lost a husband, three brothers and a nephew and the way the news was received in Monroe is remembered to this day.

Mr. Richard Roberts, a correspondent for the New York Sun, accompanied the expedition of Gen. Custer, had a most miraculous escape from sharing the horrible fate which overtook the command. His story as told the writer when he returned to Monroe in 1876 is intersting in this connection.

Mr. Roberts' Narrative.

He was with Custer's command on this expedition until it arrived at the Rosebud river, about seventy miles from the scene of the conflict, at which point his horse gave out, and he was obliged to fall behind, but afterwards joining his brother who was in Col. Reno's command. His information as to facts concerning the battle is substantially the same as has already been given, gathered as it was from the scouts who first brought the news of the massacre. He, however, corrects the erroneous statements that Rain-in-the-face was the one who killed Gen. Custer; it was in reality Red-hand, as asserted by the scouts. It was Rain-in-the-face who took out the heart of Col. Tom Custer and had a war dance around it. He was a bloody-handed fiend and his name was well bestowed, who had threatened to take out Col. Tom's heart and dance on it, in revenge for an arrest made by him in 1873. The warrant was issued for a murder committed by this savage, and two companies of cavalry were sent to aid in the arrest. Tom, who commanded the troops, made the arrest personally, going among the Indians, who were ugly, and taking Red-hand by the arm, dragged him out. This Indian was taken to Fort Lincoln, but afterwards escaped from the guard house.

The Burial of the Dead Soldiers.

Mr. Roberts stated that Gen. Custer, his officers and men, were buried just where they fell. Reno's command had but two or three spades and shovels, and while these were used to dig the graves, the men filled them by using such utensils as they had, tin plates, cups, pans, knives; others used their hands in performing these last sad rites for the unfortunate fellow soldiers. The graves were carefully marked by driving at each head a hollow stake containing a roll of paper with the name and company, then tightly plugged up; a number was then burned into the stake and driven out of sight. Corresponding numbers and memoranda were prepared and placed in the keeping of Capt. Nolan, of Custer's regiment. Mr. Roberts states that the number killed corresponded with the roll, showing that not a man escaped, nor was one missing.

The Association formed at Monroe for the purpose of carrying forward the project as announced have selected the following committee:

Hon. J. C. Burrows	Kalamazoo
Hon. Wm. Alden Smith	Grand Rapids
Hon. Russel A. Alger	Detroit
Hon. Chas. E. Townsend	Jackson
Hon. James B. Angel	Ann Arbor
Hon. Flagget Trabbic	Erie
Gen. C. W. Harrah	Detroit
Gen. Wm. G. McGurrin	Grand Rapids
Rt. Rev. John S. Foley, D. D.	Detroit
Hon. James V. Barry	Lansing
Hon. H. A. Conent	Monroe
Hon. Burton Parker	Monroe
John M. Bulkley (historian)	Monroe
F. A. Nims	Monroe
Capt. Irving Harrington	Monroe
Mayor Geo. F. Heath	Monroe
A. B. Bragdon, Sr.	Monroe
Chas. E. Greening, secretary	Monroe

THE SWEETEST MEAT.

When Uncle Silas sat down to supper that evening, his wife Chloe had a nice dish of savory fried chicken for him. The old man's eyes sparkled and his mouth watered as he gazed fondly at the tempting viands and he could scarcely wait to invoke the divine blessing. After an eager mouthful or two he looked over at his wife.

"Wha' you' done git dis yer fowl, Chloe?" he asked, suspiciously.

"I done buyed hit outen a wagon," she replied with honest satisfaction.

He smacked his lips several times as if to be assured of the taste.

"Um, um!" he said, critically. "I wuz a t'inkin' hit didn't somehow tas'e ez sweet ez dem yar pullets Emph'um done fotch in tudder mawnin'."

It is hardly necessary to state that Ephraim hadn't bought his.—Judge.

Might Hold Wealth of World.

A New York bank has a safe 40 feet long by 20 feet wide.

AND IT WAS THE TRUTH.

A worthy squire had a cow that always kicked and reared when milked. He decided to get rid of it, and, calling one of the farm hands, told him to take the animal to market.

"Sell the brute," he said, "but mind you, tell no lies. I've been unlucky in my purchase, but that's no reason why I should deceive others."

Two hours later the man returned from market with a larger sum than the squire had expected.

"I'm sure you lied about the cow," he said.

"Not a bit of it," replied the man. "Every time I was asked if she was a good milker, I simply said: 'You'll get dead tired of milking before you've got all her milk.' They asked me no more questions so that I didn't volunteer any more answers."

Time Gone Forever.

Time misspent is not lived, but lost.—Fuller.

REALLY COULDN'T STOP.

An old citizen of the middle west was well known to his townfolk for his peculiarity of slowness. One morning while at breakfast he discovered the roof of his house on fire, and while the flames were making considerable headway he rose from the table and, putting on his hat, went over to one of his neighbors to borrow a ladder. The neighbor answered the knock himself.

"Good mo-o-o-rnin'," said the neighbor.

"Good morning!"

"Pretty cold this mornin', hey?"

"Yes, 'tis rather frosty. Won't you take a chair?"

"Wa'al, I can't stop long. I cum to see if you would loan me your ladder a little while. My house is on fire and I hain't got no way of gettin' on to the roof."

Succeeded.

Bacon—You say Grafton is a successful man?

Egbert—He certainly is.

Bacon—But I understand his business methods are questionable; why then call him a successful man?

Egbert—Because he's kept out of jail so far.

A True Optimist.

"I've a great deal to be thankful for," said an old man in the almshouse. "I've two teeth left, and they're opposite each other."—Life.

An Epic on the Sofa.

The only article of furniture that has had an epic all to itself is the sofa though, considering the many hours of sweet repose which must have been spent upon it by tired humanity it deserves to have had many. Cowper's placid poem upon it was inspired by his friend, Lady Austen, who suggested the sofa as a subject for his muse, and out of this beginning grew the whole structure of "The Task." In "The Sofa" Cowper opens with a "historical deduction of seats from the stool to the sofa."

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.

5.

Elegant house and lot 66 feet front and 310 feet deep on Maple Ave. East. (half an acre). Fine barn and every modern convenience. Furnace, bath, closet, etc. Can be bought for what the buildings cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

42

Brick house, good barn, and seven acres of land suitable for platting, on south side of East Maple Avenue, Birmingham, opposite the Poppleton Sub-division. Price $4,000, and it is worth every cent of it. If you don't believe it, ask us about it and we will prove it.

55

Village lots on Woodward avenue, bounded north by land of Mollie G. Smith, east by D., G. H. & M. R'y, south by Bower street, west by Woodward avenue, 108 feet front on Woodward avenue, 178 feet deep on north side and 148 feet on south side; all in the Village of Birmingham, Mich. One of the finest building sites in the village.

58

Lots 48 and 49 Randall's Addition, price $135.00 for the two lots (which is very cheap). Will exchange for small house and lot in Birmingham.

77

One lot on Saginaw street, just south of land owned by John German, 50 feet frontage. Any one wishing to purchase will find this a bargain. For particulars inquire of Mollie G. Smith or at the Exchange Bank.

87

House and three lots on the corner of Townsend and Henrietta Streets, Birmingham; 120 feet front and 103 feet deep, fronting on Townsend. Practically new 10-room house, closets, cellar, well, wood shed and summer kitchen. A little over a block from the electric railway, in one of the best locations in the village. Price $2,500, or without westerly lot $2,400.

96

Yep! Here's your chance at last. Will exchange for Detroit city property. Farm of 160 acres in Southfield township, very productive soil, in a high state of cultivation, not a foot of waste land on the place, flowing wells, excellent buildings, best wire fences, farm thoroughly drained, 75 grape vines, 25 apple trees, 50 raspberries, two barns, fine dwelling, one swine house (capacity 100), icehouse and milk house combined, everything ready to do the finest and most profitable dairy business in the country but failing health makes it advisable to dispose of this desirable property.

Farm of 77½ acres [illegible] twelve mile road, ½ miles east of the Electric Railway on Woodward avenue, two-story house, good barn and buildings which are insured for $1,400. Dark loamy soil [illegible] for truck gardening, plenty of fruit of [illegible] Price $6,500.

10[illegible]

Farm of 31 acres in sections 22 and 15, Southfield; 2 acres best grafted fruit, 5 buildings insured for $2,100; all plow land, well drained and under a high state of cultivation. Price $3,000.

103

Eighty-acre farm in White Lake township, w ½ of s e ¼ of section 32; 30 acres cleared, 10 acres timber and huckleberry swamp. (Don't laugh; this swamp netted the owner over $150.00 last summer.) Three acres of good orchard, house of 7 rooms, good neighborhood; 4½ miles from Milford, 3 miles from Commerce; proposed electric road comes within a mile of the house. Price, $2,000.

112

Nice little farm of 19 acres in the Township of Troy, 1½ miles from the electric railway; good for chicken raising; plenty of timber for firewood. Log house and small frame barn and other building. Price $1,400.

114

Fine farm in the Township of Southfield; 80 acres, of which 75 are cleared and the balance in good maple timber. Two acres of orchard; buildings worth $3,000, and this exceptionally fine place can be bought for $5,000. Nuf ced.

116

Farm in Southfield. Really you will begin to think we have the whole Town of Southfield for sale. Well, we have a lot of it, and there is no better farming land in the world. Only they have been asking too much for it. Now they are just getting down to reason, and some are very cheap. For instance, 65 acres at $60 per acre; 4 buildings; nice spring of ever-flowing water; all good plow land, except 1½ acres of scattering timber. No marsh land on the place. There!

120

Farm formerly belonging to Edward Coats and located on the east shore of Pine Lake, in the townships of Bloomfield and West Bloomfield; one of the loveliest locations in all the lake region of Oakland county; 120 acres with two-story frame dwelling and seven rooms, in a very beautiful oak and hickory grove. Farm touches Long Lake in the eastern portion and Pine Lake on the west. The price is less than sixty dollars per acre and the portion bordering on the Pine Lake part is laid out in lots which are well worth five times the whole amount asked for the farm. 3½ miles from the city of Pontiac and at the opposite end of Pine Lake from the steam and electric railway stations at Orchard Lake. Worth investigating and we are here to answer all your questions, either by mail or in a personal interview—which we would greatly prefer.

122

Nice little 40-acre farm near Big Beaver, (S ½ of N. ½ of S. E. ¼ Sec. 22 Troy.) Barn 32x46 and 2-story house with 11 rooms. An acre of good orchard and 5 acres of timber; a little over a mile from the Rochester Electric Railway. Less than $60 per acre will buy it, and the terms are so easy that any man who means business can pay for it.

126

Vacant lots 16, 17, 18 of Willson's Sub-division Royal Oak village, $110 each. Price $100 each. Terms easy, with small payment down.

127

House and lot on Fremont street in Birmingham, Mich., 60x103 feet. House nearly new, 9 rooms and closets, well and cistern. Price, $1,500.

129

One of the finest residences on Woodward Avenue, Birmingham; 12 to 15 rooms, closets, furnace; bath—hot and cold water; every convenience which you would have or expect to have in the city; without exception the finest location in our village; brick house, 2 stories, practically new; cost $6,000 to build it; lot about 125 feet front on Woodward Avenue, and about 200 feet deep. And the price is so low that we wouldn't feel justified in mentioning it in this public manner. Really, if you want the best house and lot in our town at a cost far less than it cost to put it in its present condition, you surely would do yourself an injustice if you don't call on us and let us take you to see it. That's right!

135

Large 10-room frame house on Woodward avenue, basement under all, good furnace, bath, handsome oak mantels with grates, large attic, fine large barn, hen house, flowing well, all kinds of small fruit, nice lawn, with magnificent elms for shade. Will sell buildings and some of the land for $4,500, or the whole place for $6,500. It is right on the car line, and there is about two acres of land and the most sightly and picturesque view of the village. Come and see what it is, and you will never be sorry for having made the investigation.

140

House and lot in the Campbell sub-division, on north side of Forest Avenue; 10 rooms, furnace, cellar under the whole house, open stairway, hardwood finish in natural woods; all kinds of fruit; a bargain at $2,000. Say, the house cost more than that to build it.

144

Farm in Southfield of 130 acres; 10 buildings; rolling, sandy, loamy land with some clay; well drained; 30 acres oak timber; fruit in plenty, (5 acres orchard). Buildings alone are valued at $5,000. Can be bought for a very little over $40 per acre, say, $5,500. Stream of living water; buildings nearly new; stables for 30 head of stock; half a mile from Franklin village. Good neighborhood; R. F. D. daily. Say! What do you want anyhow? Come and let us show it to you.

146

Farm, 47½ acres, good buildings; 4 acres timber, 7 acres orchard; one mile east of the Electric R'y, in Royal Oak township; in w ½ of s w ½ sec 22; loam and clay soil. If you come with the good hard cash in your hand, you can buy it for $1,300. But if we are properly approached we might consider half cash, rest on easy terms.

147

Nice little home for someone of small means; 1½ acres in n w ¼ of n e ¼ of sec 14, township of Troy; house 7 rooms; barn in good shape; wells at both barn and house, never dry; ¾ mile east of Rochester Electric; fare to Detroit 15c; R. F. D. All cash and no grumbling will buy it at $750. Hurry up!

157

The celebrated Cooper stock farm, situated one-half mile north of Birmingham on the D. U. & electric line, and right among the summer homes of some of the most prominent of Detroit's wealthy citizens. Three hundred and forty-five acres of excellent farming land, with 12 buildings, well adapted to the requirements of a first class stock farm. Forty acres of timber, and for the matter of fruit there are forty pear trees and five hundred plum trees, and six acres of bearing apple orchards. One of the finest half mile race tracks in the state is situated on the farm. There is an artesian well 280 feet deep supplying an unlimited amount of mineral water which, if properly developed and advertised would be worth more than the price of the farm. From $25 to $50 a month is even now realized from the sale of this water, which is acknowledged by the first medical specialists of the present day to be the best known modern remedy for Diabetes and the various other kidney diseases. A chemical analysis of this water will be furnished on request. The principal dwelling on the place cost over $5,000 and it's worth the money. It has a modern hot air furnace and all the other conveniences which are almost considered necessities now-a-days. A good brick tenant house—in fact twelve good buildings in all.

No. 160

Best 80 in Township of Troy; buildings would cost $2,500 to build half as good; silo, flowing well; fences and buildings in excellent repair; one mile from electric railway. $7,000, or a little less perhaps, would buy it. Take you to see it any day.

No. 162

Seventy-acre farm in Waterford township. Price $2,700; $1,400 cash, balance on easy terms and long time; buildings alone worth $2,500; cranberry marsh produces 75 to 100 bushels per year without cultivation; Clarkston 2½ miles, Waterford four miles.

No. 163

South ½ of northeast ¼ of Sec. 34, Southfield; 79 acres for $2,800; terms easy. Buildings fair, well, cistern, etc.; 3½ miles from Sand Hill, on Farmington electric. Must be sold before April next.

No. 165

Eighty-acre farm in Township of Wells, Tuscola county, Mich.; 36 acres cleared, two acres orchard, balance in second-growth timber; black sandy loam. An even $1,600 cash will buy it.

No. 166

Seventy acres just north of the base line in Royal Oak township—50 acres cleared, 15 acres second-growth, and five acres orchard: no buildings: soil sandy. Price $80 per acre. But wait a minute: It's only a short distance from the new State Fair Ground, and within 15 minutes of the City Hall.

No. 167

Wants to trade for 50 or 60 acres on or near electric. Ninety-four acres on east ½ of southwest ¼ Sec. 11, Troy township; three buildings valued at $2,000 (insured for $1,700); flowing well piped to barn: farm well adapted for stock or dairy; 1½ miles from electric at Troy Corners, where there are good schools and churches. Fare 17c to Detroit; $60 per acre.

No. 171

Finest building site between Birmingham and Pontiac, on electric railway, just north of Birmingham, among the country homes of such men as Booth, Barbour, Endicott, Brady, Shaw, Conklin, and others; 43 acres, nearly half of which is timber, and pretty little branch of River Rouge (never dry) runs through the place with giant elms and oaks overhanging. No buildings, good drainage, fine orchard of 2 acres. Price is high, but if you have the cream you must expect to pay for it.

174

Farm of 160 acres, ½ mile from Highland Station; 20 acres fine oak timber, 5 acres orchard, 10 buildings insured for $1,000, good water fine neighborhood. Wil trade for Detroit or Birmingham improved real estate. Price is so low we are ashamed to tell it, for fear you'd think the farm was no good. Just ask us about the circumstances.

176

Farm of 225 acres on the town line between Troy and Bloomfield. Seven buildings valued at $4,000, 18 acres oak and hickory timber, 5 acres best bearing apple and peach orchard; pretty little branch of the River Rouge runs through east end; 4 good wells, 3 miles new wire fence; adjoins the celebrated Joy Stock Farm; well drained; 1½ miles from the Detroit & Pontiac electric. Nice little drive for a pleasant afternoon; come on and we'll show you the prettiest place in Oakland county.

178

Seven-room cottage on west side of Bates street, 42 feet front, 120 feet deep. You couldn't build the house for $1,200, and that's all we ask for it. City water, wood shed, cellar, all ordinary conveniences. One of the best bargains we have. Show it to you any time.

179

Farm in Springfield township for sale or exchange for property in Royal Oak, Birmingham or Pontiac. 120 acres; 108 cleared, 12 of oak timber; 5 acres good apple orchard. Two buildings valued at $400; property unincumbered, buildings insured. Price $2,700, enough down to secure.

180

Farm in Avon township; 55 acres of good clay loam, all cleared; small orchard, no buildings; small amount down. For sale or exchange for small farm.

181

Farm for sale in Town of Southfield; 80 acres, all cleared; four acres good orchard; gravel and clay loam; three buildings worth $3,000, insured. Will sell for $3,200, enough cash down to secure.

183

Two lots in Royal Oak, Block A. Splendid location.

185

House and two lots in Birmingham; buildings in good repair, insured. For very low cash price.

185

Corner lot, 100 feet front on Maple avenue 18[illegible] feet deep; one good building, insured; plenty of small fruit. A bargain for $3,000, one-half cash down.

187

House and lot, in Campbell Subdivision, Birmingham; buildings insured. Come in and ask the price, and let us surprise you.

188

One of the best-arranged and finest-equipped residences in the village, and in absolutely the best location—East Maple Avenue, two blocks from electric road; bath, toilet, hot and cold water, city gas, 10 rooms, 2 stories, rebuilt last year, better than new; 3 buildings, fine orchard; 112 feet on Maple, 320 feet deep; plenty of room for chickens and garden; good barn, fine workshop—— Say! What else do you want, anyhow? Will sell house and 52 feet front by 150 feet deep for $2,800. One of our best bargains.

190

Seven-room cottage on Ann Street, just finished; one block from electric road, cellar, cistern, lot 50 x120 feet. Two buildings, insured for $1,800; fine location in growing part of village. Price $1,800.

191

Vacant lots Nos. 54 and 55, Block B, Willson's sub-division, Royal Oak Village; most desirable part of this growing village. Price $350 cash—no trade.

192

Twelve and one-half acres on section 19, Royal Oak; 4 buildings, insured for $700; 1½ acres maple timber, and 1 acre good orchard; 2¼ miles west of Royal Oak village. Nice little farm for chicken raising and garden truck. Price $1,500.

193

Thirty-five-acre fruit farm, 1¼ miles north of Birmingham, on the town line; 6 buildings, insured for $1,300. All kinds of soil—clay, gravel, sand and dark loam. Last year this farm produced 123 bushels raspberries, 20 bushels blackberries, 111 bushels strawberries, 10 tons hay, etc. A gravel ridge 60 rods in length, with an almost inexhaustible supply of gravel, is worth almost the price of the farm alone. No waste land and under a high state of cultivation. Worth looking at anyhow. Price $5,000; terms easy.

194

Fifty acres in Township of Troy, adjoining the Joy Stock Farm; 5 buildings, good house, basement barn, plenty of small fruit, orchard of excellent fruit; 2½ miles from Flint Division D. U. R.; 2 wells and fine spring. Price $4,000.

195

Fifteen acres in Township of Royal Oak; no buildings; small grove of maples is a pretty feature; new land, well drained, clay bottom, black top soil; corner of the 9½-mile road and Campbell road, ¼ mile east of electric road; adjoins J. L. Hudson and Duffield tracts, which are held at $500.00 per acre; 1½ miles north of State Fair grounds. Price $300 per acre; will exchange for Detroit property.

196.

Six acres, part of s w ¼ of n e ¼ of section 14, Troy township; new barn, fair house, soil clay loam, fine flowing well; 2 miles east of Flint electric road, 2½ miles from Big Beaver; good farm for somebody. Price $685.

198

Ten acres 1 mile east of Royal Oak village; excellent land, 40 fine apple trees, no buildings. Price $1,200. The place is well fenced, and the price will enable you to build the kind of house you may require.

199

One hundred and six acres, ½ mile east of Northwood station on the Woodward Avenue electric and ½ mile west of the Flint line D. U. R. Good buildings, new wind mills, two good houses, farm well fenced and tiled. Excellent buildings, insured for $5,500; 1½ miles from Royal Oak village; 5 acres excellent orchard; 6 acres oak and white ash timber; everything in splendid condition. Will exchange for improved Detroit city property. Price $125 per rent.

200

One hundred and twenty-six acres near Birmingham; good buildings, well fenced, fine orchard, flowing well; pretty little River Rouge runs through the farm; ½ mile from Birmingham. Worth looking at. Take you to see it any day. Oh, yes; the price is $10,000, and the terms easy. Farms not as good as this have sold within the past year, in the immediate vicinity, for $150.00 per acre. Let us take you to see it. It will please you, and if you don't buy we won't grumble.

201

Fine 2-story residence on Maple Avenue, corner of High Street; 50 feet front, 125 feet deep; hot-water heater, hot and cold bath, toilet, city gas, city water; every convenience found in the best class of city residences. Cement walk (cost $200), and best neighborhood in town. House would cost at least $3,000 to build today; ask any one to build it for less and see what they say. You can buy this beautiful home for $2,800, and have your own way about payments. Ask the man at the bank.

202

This is such a good bargain for somebody that we can't help making a special notice of it. Just listen! 7½ acres in the pretty little Village of Southfield (the property formerly owned by Dr. Holcomb); 3 buildings valued at $2,500; house finished in natural woods, 13 rooms, 3 verandas, cement walks around buildings which are insured for $2,000.00. And all this can be had for $2,500 cash, or will trade for good improved property in Detroit or Birmingham. We said cash, but if parties wish to make small payment down, enough to secure, we have no doubt but the matter could be arranged suitably. It will be good business for you to address the Exchange Bank if you want to take advantage of the best bargain on the list.

203

Forty acres on the line of the Flint electric, at Harris Corners, in Troy Township. Excellent soil, clay loam, no waste; one of the pleasantest locations for building a nice country residence. The place is held for more money, but make us an offer of $2,600 cash, and we will see what we can do for you.

204

The VanEvery Farm of 160 acres. To those acquainted with the place, this description would be sufficient. However, it is one of the finest. Beautiful location on the banks of Wing lake, 10 acres of timber, 20 acres of excellent orchard; 9 buildings valued at $6,000, recently rebuilt; 700 rods new Page fence; over $2,000 repairs put upon the place last spring; fine, bold lake shore; delightful boating, fishing and bathing; half mile to good school; 2 miles to Village of Franklin and 4½ miles from Birmingham; good neighborhood. Ask the man at the bank.

205

Part of lot on the north side of Townsend Street, Castle's Plat; plenty of good fruit, good barn; all you have to do is to build a house and you are fixed for life. If you don't want the barn, will sell the lot for $300. Postal card will get full particulars.

206

One hundred and forty feet front and 140 feet deep on Woodward Avenue; small fruit, apples, peaches; nice house with 10 rooms—2 story and wing; hot air furnace, city gas, toilet and bath rooms, hot and cold soft water for bath, water motor, good cellar with cement floor, wood and coal sheds—in fact, one of the best locations and finest-equipped residences in the Village of Birmingham; and the price is right. Don't take our word for it, but ask the man at the bank, and see if you don't think it is a bargain.

A Good Conundrum.

"I have a conundrum for you. What kind of a dog is the dog star?"

"I give it up."

"A Skye terrier, of course."—Royal Magazine.

Telegraph Line Through Desert.

For the projected telegraph line from Algeria to the Niger river the telegraph posts in the Sahara will be metallic and placed at distances of 50 yards, the wires being high enough to allow the passage of a man on camelback. At intervals along the 600 miles of the Algerian section six small garrisoned stations will be established. At a central redoubt, surrounded by outer fences, provisions will be stored for three months round a cistern.

Zanzibar as a Storehouse.

The island of Zanzibar has been under British protection since November 4, 1890. It is the great storehouse and distributing center for trade of the whole east African coast although with the development of the resources of the mainland and increased shipping facilities of the several mainland ports its relative commercial importance is not so great as in former years.

No Unoccupied Land.

Certain people always talk as if there was a vast amount of unoccupied land ready to be turned into wheat fields. As a matter of fact, nothing of the sort is the case. The land of the countrty is, roughly speaking, fully occupied, and if the farmer is to produce more wheat he must produce less of something else.—London Baker and Confectioner.

Art Treasures in South America.

Many pictures by Velasquez may still be resting unrecognized in South America, according to an art critic. The rough people, says he, who furnished the silver ingots, would yearn for presentments of the old country life and so early essays at its portrayal by Velasquez may still be slumbering in remote haciendas under the shadow of the Andes.

Children's Head Coverings.

In the orient the children, who are permitted to grow up nearly nude, have their heads swathed in bandages which serve as a protection from the ardent sun. On the same principle in some hot countries babies' caps are heavily embroidered, or trimmed with fur, or, as in Japan, incrusted with flowers, leaves and tinsel.

The Benighted Heathen.

William Jennings Bryan, in an address at Lincoln, said: "Then we came to Madagascar. The Madagascar dealers who give short weight or sell impure articles go to prison for a year. But in more enlightened countries they would go to Palm beach or to Ormond."