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GRANDPA'S STORY

Captain J. Allen Bigelow Tells His Grandchildren a True Story of the Good Old Days.

My dear grand-children,

Mortimer A. and Irwin H. Neff:

This is going to be a story of long ago, way back when this country was mostly woods, and game was plenty, and every boy was a trapper, that is if he lived in the country, and that is where we lived.

The village of Franklin is very romantically situated in a valley, and some deep gorges, or ravines, in which flowed streams, giving a great impetus to the trapping of fur bearing animals.

Several men also who lived there were inclined to hunt and trap more than work. One year, a Mr. William Adams, who had come into quite a fortune (so people said) from his grandfather, began agitating the idea of going up in Northern Michigan to hunt and trap for profit.

Deer were very plentiful then, this was in 1865, and it was hard work to keep good friends all round and take just those he wanted, as he proposed to pay all expenses, and reap all profits or stand the losses if any. He finally selected R. L. Ryan, Duane Babcock, King Babcock, and Isaac (always called Ike) cried and made such a fuss, that he was also added to the list. These Babcock's were all of one family, and had no mother, and all were good housekeepers and cooks.

Duane worked for my father many years, lived with us, and of course Ike and I became great friends and cronies.

When it was finally settled that Ike was to go, then he began coaxing to have me go. Then there were more tears and pleadings, mother and father wanted me to stay in school. In course of time it was settled that I might go, but we were to do all the camp work, such as cooking and getting wood, washing dishes etc, etc.

Duane Babcock and Bryan were sent up north, as it was called, to select a camping place, also to build a log house. They went up on the Au Sable river, and were very fortunate in finding some log buildings that had been built by a lumber company, and finding that they were not to be used this winter, they cleaned them, straightened things around, and one of them came back to help in getting traps and supplies up there for the winters use. There were two wagon loads if I remember, traps, bedding, provisions and bedding for six, all healthy, hearty eaters were what we were. Of course we expected to kill deer and that would furnish meat.

The camp was 17 miles up the Au Sable river, through woods all the way this was a tedious trip, we all walked, though Ike and I were allowed to ride on the load once in a while to rest us.

But everyone was happy, and the night we reached camp was a happy time.

When I say our camp was 17 miles away up the Au Sable river, I relly mean 17 miles from the village of Au Sable, or Oscoda, as one village is called on one side of the river where it empties into Lake Huron, and the river separates the two villages. Look on the map of Michigan and you can then find almost exactly where we camped.

It required about two days in getting settled, and making bunks and beds. There was a dense cedar swamp not far from the camp, and we gathered the fine branches and boughs for our beds, I tell you they were fine, the odor of the spruce was delicious.

Ike and I had to do the cooking, but the men were good to us, as they prepared a great pile of wood, of which there was plenty of old tree tops, as the lumbermen had cut the trees, taken just the body of the tree, and I tell you it made a roaring good fire, and the pitch was plenty, and burned as hot as oil.

After getting everything in good condition for the snow and storms that we knew must soon come, the men began looking out the good places to set their traps, I think it was the third day Duane shot a deer, and I tell you we had splendid living.

The bear traps were so large, that they could only carry two out at a time. There were all sorts of traps, some for mink, some for foxes, coons, beaver, and the bear traps would also hold a wolf. Oh my, but Ike and I were happy, we would talk of the boys back in Franklin and what they were doing, and what our folks were doing, but no one can explain how happy we were.

In the cook house of this lumber camp, we found a large griddle which had been left when they broke up camp the year before. King Babcock went down the river, found a sand bank, brought up a peck or so, and went at that griddle and soon had the rust all scoured off so it was bright and clean.

We had flour, meal, pork, smoked meats, and I guess everything that was wanted, for King and Ike made some of the best pancakes that I ever ate.

These Babcocks, folks used to say were part Indian, as they were just the color of an Indian, and they had long black straight hair, and no beard. The fourth day the men began to bring in pelts of mink and coon. Then came on a heavy snow storm and the men did not go to the traps for that day. We had regular army kettles, made of sheet iron, and Ike made a great kettle of what he called "Bouyaw," it was what we now call a stew, plenty of deer meet, with potatoes and onions etc, and I tell you it was good.

In about a week, the teamster from Au Sable drove into camp, he was just in time for supper, he had brought grain and hay for his horses, and staid all night, as Mr. Adams had arranged with him to come up every few days and see if we were all right.

That night it snowed four or five inches deep, and in the morning Mr. Fletcher, the teamster said he had better be starting back, as no one could tell how deep the snow would soon be, as the snowflakes began falling again.

The men loaded the deer in his wagon and as he was to take them to Au Sable and ship them to Detroit to be sold, as Mr. Adams had made arrangements with some one there to sell them. Ike and I stayed in camp as usual, doing the housework, and having all things ready for the men when they came back from hunting, and looking after the traps.

One day Mr. Bryan came in very early and quite excited, said there was a big animal in one of the bear traps, and he thought it was a lynx, as he had never seen one, and their fur was was valuable, he did not want to shoot it and make a hole in the pelt, as that might spoil the sale. Ike said he could kill the animal and not hurt the skin, so they asked him to do it, as he thought he was so smart. Ike never said a word, but went to work, took out the handle of one of the sharp hatchets, made a long handle and put in, and said "now take me out where your scare crow is and I'll show you." We all went along, found the animal, and as we came near he would snarl and tear around, trying to get away from the trap. Ike with his long handled hatchet was gradually getting nearer, when quick as a flash Ike struck that animal on the head and laid him out pretty good, the second blow finished him, and it was sure enough a black lynx. I think Mr. Adams received $12 for the pelt.

One day Mr. Adams was not feeling well, said he would stay in camp. After the others had all gone to look after the traps as usual, Ike asked Mr. Adams if he could take his gun and go out a little way from camp and see if he could shoot a deer. Mr. Adams was a good natured man, and told him to go ahead, but not to get lost. So off went Ike. It was a warm mild day, the snow soft and about four inches deep, and Ike said he was going over to the cedar swamp, and kill a deer or bear. This is the way Mr. Bryan and Duane, Ikes older brother told the story. They were coming home from their trip after looking after the traps, and hearing a shot over towards the swamp, began carefully and still as possible to go see what the shooting meant. In a few minutes another shot was heard, then they began going a little faster, and going over a small hill they stopped on top, and listening could hear nothing, then going on down the hill, getting near the swamp, they saw Ike, calling out to him what he was doing there, he motioned with his hand to keep back, then he began crouching and creeping along and soon stood up straight, and then shot again, then he calls out, "now come on I've got 'em all" and that boy Ike had killed three bear, one old one, and two about two-thirds grown, they were mother and two cubs. It was a hard job dragging them all to camp, but finally they were skinned, as it happened the next day the teamster came in, and weather being cold the meat would keep all right, it was sent down to Au Sable and sold, as we could not eat all of it. The men all praised Ike very much.

One dark and lowry day the men said they would not go out, but Mr. Adams said he would go out and might find a deer, and Ike coaxed to go with him, which he did.

Now this is the way Mr. Adams told it. They had hunted and tramped all day until it began to be too dark for hunting, and in the thick woods it gets very dark, especially when the sun does not shine, which it did not this day. And as they started for camp, Ike asked Mr. Adams if he was going to camp, of course we are boy, well, that is not the way to camp says Ike, for camp is over this way, pointing in another way from which Mr. Adams had started. Mr. Adams said he scolded Ike quite sharply, but Ike insisted that if they went up on this hill at the right, they could almost see camp. So to show Ike how foolish he was, and that he was lost, he would go with him and as they came out on top of the hill, it all became plain to Mr. Adams that Ike was right, and that he, not Ike was turned around and lost. Now to tell you all will be too long, but sum it up, we had a mighty happy good winter. If I remember, they killed 63 deer, and the pelts and skins, hanging in our shanty to dry, and keep safe, the smell became so strong, that it was very disagreeable. But the time came for us to break camp, and the teamster came in with another team, and took everything out. All were sorry to go, but go home we must. Mr. Adams made over $100, besides paying all expenses. During the time, no one was sick to amount to anything, and we came home happy and hearty.

Goodnight my dear boys, with your grand-daddies love,

JOHN ALLEN BIGELOW.

BOYS AT THE FAIR

The Michigan State Fair Management Are Planning Big Things For the State Fair School.

County Commissioners of Schools throughout the State, are preparing for the annual eighth-grade examinations, to determine the representative of their respective Counties in the Boy's School at the Michigan State Fair, which will be held in Detroit from August 31 to September 9.

Selections will be made from the boys who pass highest in the eighth grade and special agricultural examinations, held for this purpose. The winner must be between the ages of 14 and 18 years on September 1, 1917. A boy who has previously attended the State Fair School, cannot make another trip. A representative can be selected only from a county having twelve or more entrants in the contest.

The fortunate boy is insured an eventful experience at the Michigan State Fair this year. The costs of the trip and of the boy's stay in Detroit, are borne by the State Fair Management. The boys in the State Fair school live on the grounds, and have access to all the buildings and amusements. Trained teachers in cattle raising and farming, give the boys special instructions using the various exhibits as practical examples of the subject.

Night bonfires, corn roasts and fireworks are only a part of the round of entertainment provided for the boys during their stay at the Michigan State Fair.

Don't Let Your Cough Hang On.

A cough that racks and weakens is dangerous; it undermines your health and thrives on neglect. Relieve it at once with Dr. King's New Discovery. This soothing balsam remedy heals the throat, loosens the phlegm; its antiseptic properties kill the germ, and the cold is quickly broken up. Children and grown-ups alike find Dr. King's New Discovery pleasant to take as well as effective. Have a bottle handy in your medicine chest for la grippe, croup and all bronchial affections. At druggists', 50c.—Adv.

NEW BOOKS IN PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Road to Understanding, Porter; Undertow, Norris; Son of His Father, Cullum; Joan, Barr; Mark of Cain, Wells; Jerry, Jack London; Hillman, Oppenheim; Penrod and Sam, Tarkington; Brown Study, Richmond; Wildfire, Lane Grey; Thoroughbred, Webster; Light in the Clearing, Bacheller; The Balance, Bellamy; Mountain Madness, Chapin; Our Next Door Neighbors, Maniates; Secret Trails, Roberts; O, Mary be Careful, Weston; Gods Carnival, Lorimer; British Campaign in France and Flanders, Conan Doye; Pangerman Plot, Andri Cheridame; Mrs. Red Pepper Burns, Richmond; Idle Days in Patagonia, W. H. Hudson; Raymond, or Life and Death, Sir Oliver Lodge; The Japenese Conquest of American Opinions, Flowers; Flying for France, McConnell; Spiritual Ascent of Man, W. Tudor Jones; Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin; The Cycle of Spring, Fagere.

Worms Handicap Your Child.

Worms drain the strength and vitality of children, making them dull and listless. Their power to resist more serious diseases is reduced and energy and interest in play is lacking. Kickapoo Worm Killer is a mildly laxative remedy in candy tablet form that children like to take. It kills and removes the worms and lets your child grow strong and healthy like other children. Don't let your child be dragged down by worms. Full directions on the box. At all druggists', 25c.—Adv.

Had a Very Bad Cough.

This letter should interest every reader: "Last winter I had a very bad cough. I used medicines, but they did me no good. I took one bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar, and it cured me."—V. DeKeuster, Amberg, Wisconsin. No substitute is as good as Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

ST. PAUL'S EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH

FIFTH AND WILLIAMS, ROYAL OAK.

German and English services every Sunday.

German, 10:00 a. m.

English, 11:00 a. m.

English Sunday School, 12:00 m.

German service every Tuesday during Lent at 8 p. m.

Everybody welcome.

This is the time of year when Mitchell would roll his lawn, if the fellow who borrowed his roller last summer will return it, or inform him where it can be found. Mitchell has no objection to going after it if the borrower is too tired to return same.

FOOD CAMPAIGN

The Michigan Agricultural College Will Make Free Bean Tests, If Farmers Send Samples.

Preparedness enthusiasts who are spreading abroad the gospel of "grow more crops," are losing sight, in many instances, of other factors in farming, which are almost as important in their effect on yield as is the number of acres planted, it was pointed out today by plant disease experts of the Michigan Agricultural College. One of these problems is that of plant diseases, and so to minimize the danger from this source, the college, through its department of botany, has offered to make free tests of bean seed to determine whether or not there is infection, for every farmer who will mail a bean sample to M. A. C.

"Many farmers," said J. H. Muncie, bean specilist at the college, "are uncertain whether their bean seed is frosted or blighted." If these men will send a small sample of their beans here, say half a pint, tests will be made free of charge.

Commercial picking of beans does not rid them of blighted seed.

Many farmers are enjoying a false sense of security in regard to their beans, for the reason, that last summer's excessively dry weather prevented unusual losses, but they should in reality be as much on their guard as ever. If care is taken in securing clean seed, however, there is every reason to hope that both anthracnose and blight will be practically cleared up.

Muscle Soreness Relieved.

Unusual work, bending and lifting or strenuous exercise is a strain on the muscles; they become sore and stiff, you are crippled and in pain. Sloan's Liniment brings you quick relief; easy to apply; it penetrates without rubbing and drives out the soreness. A clear liquid, cleaner than mussy plasters or ointments, it does not stain the skin or clog the pores. Always have a bottle handy for the pains and aches of rheumatism, gout, lumbago, la grippe, stiffness, bruises, backache, and all external pain. At your druggist's, 25c.—Adv.

BE A BOOSTER.

Be a booster if you can.
Booster for your fellowman.
Boost your county, boost your state
Boost your town at any rate.
Boost it as a place to live.
Boost it, every boost you give
Makes the town a better town.
Boost it up, don't knock it down.
Be a Booster——for you can.
Boosting is the better plan,
Boosters always win acclaim,
Boost the knockers to their shame
Boost them when they need your help
Make them yell instead of yelp.
Boost them till they have to boost:
Boost them up, or off the roost.

Cut This Out—It Is Worth Money.

Don't miss this. Cut out this slip, inclose 5 cents to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

RED CROSS.

Harper Hospital Base Hospital Unit has had orders to get ready for service. Birmingham may feel justly proud of the assistance given the Detroit Chapter in helping to equip this hospital.

In the past six weeks there has been made by the women of Birmingham, and sent to Newberry House, headquarters of the Chapter, the following: 98 hospital shirts 56 pairs pajamas, large quantity of surgical dressings, which we were told we prepared the best of any sent in. One dozen pairs of woolen socks, the largest number sent in from any place, and 15 trench caps.

Great credit is due the chairman, Mrs. W. H. Harris, and her committees for their unselfish devotion to this patriotic work, and for the very creditable showing Birmingham has made.

Mrs. Frank Gordon and the members of the Finance Committee have been untiring in their efforts to secure funds. Beginning Monday, May 21, there will be on hand a sufficient amount of gauze for surgical dressings, and those who have been making in regard to this are asked to kindly keep it in mind.

All patriotic Americans should read "Under the Red Cross Flag, at Home and Abroad," by Mabel T. Boardman, Chairman National Relief Board American Red Cross. It is a never-to-be-forgotten story of heroism, and also the complete authorized history of the American Red Cross. A copy of this book is in our Library.

SARAH E. SLY,
Chairman of Publicity Committee.

Clear Away the Waste.

Bowel regularity is the secret of good health, bright eyes, clear complexions, and Dr. King's New Life Pills are a mild and gentle laxative that regulates the bowels and relieves the congested intestines by removing the accumulated wastes without griping. Take a pill before retiring and find that heavy head—that dull spring-fever feeling disappears. Get Dr. King's New Life Pills at your druggist's, 25c.—Adv.

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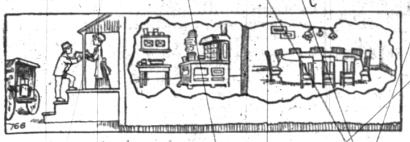

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22-oz. jar Pure Fruit Jam 25c
32-oz. jar " " " 30c
32-oz. Mason jar Sweet or Sour Pickles 35c
32-oz. Mason jar Sweet Mixed Pickles 35c
32-oz. Mason jar Fancy Olives 30c
Large can Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple 25c
" " Fancy Asparagus 35c
" " Asparagus (broken pieces) 25c

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Extra small Lima Beans, per can 15c
String Beans, per can 15c
Beans, per can 15c
Best Head Rice ..... 3 for 25c
Large Pineapples ..... 2 for 25c
Mother's or Quaker Oats 9c
Starch, package 5c
3 lbs. Monarch Coffee 90c
Large package Seedless Raisins 11c
Large package Seeded Raisins 10c
Peas, can 15c
Corn, can 15c
Shelf Paper 5c
Palm Olive Soap 8c
2-1 Polish 8c
Soda 8c
Good Japan Tea, lb 30c
Coffee is advancing. Get a supply. 4 lbs. No. 1 ..... 95c
Walnut Meats, lb 50c
Ginger Ale, Root Beer, Sarsaparilla, 15¼ fluid ounces ..... 15c, 2 for 25c
A. G. J. Tea, the best, lb 50c
Dills ..... 2 for 5c
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