

# GET BUSY

The whole Fair Ground side of Grand River at Redford has been sold out and over 20 lots have already been disposed of on the new Oak Grove subdivision. Get in on this now if you want to make something. Over 20 new houses are now under construction in Redford. Forty more will probably be built before fall.

Does this mean anything to you? If so, see me at once.

C. E. RAMSEY

REDFORD

FARMINGTON

## EXPERIENCES AT GETTYSBURG

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around. He saw Pennington's guns mowing death into the oncoming Confederates. He saw Custer gallop up and put himself at the head. He heard the command to trot and then to run. As the lines came close together the big guns stopped. Trooper Smith saw the gray lines waver just a little. He said to himself, "We have got them." Then came the clash, the sharp thrust, the falling of horses and riders, the sporting of blood.

Oscar Smith has been told in these latter days that the recall was sounded when Hampton's men had had enough, but he never knew it for himself. His tenacious mind had been set on a thorough job. His tremendous plunge into the rebel line had sent him clear through and he went on maddly fighting. At first there were other Union men with him. But at last he found himself fighting alone with a Confederate cavalryman. It was a terrible duel with the chance evidently in favor of Trooper Smith. But a knot of dismounted Confederates were standing perhaps ten feet away. Mr. Smith saw one of them pull up his carbine. He knew there could be no missing. There was a flash and Oscar Smith felt a crashing cataclysm in his breast. Just then the opposing saber fell upon his head. He reeled and fell to the ground.

Most visitors to the cavalry field are satisfied with the view of the Union monuments and of the Confederates lines backed by the woods to the west. Oscar Smith, too, was so happy on that day as to be satisfied with anything. But for him, a farm gate swung open and he rode comfortably over the ground where he had charged in a hail of bullets fifty years before. Then he went on just a little farther and stopped at the old Rummell house.

It was against these Rummell farm buildings that the Union lay wounded.

troops hurled themselves in the early fighting. Just a little east of them was the stone and rail fence which halted and confused the fifth Michigan cavalry and over which Union men and Confederates fought hand to hand. The Union men on one side of the fence and the Confederates on the other.

Oscar Smith and his companions went beyond the Rummell buildings to the west and north. Mr. Smith pointed to the location where he fell. Almost in the same spot was a marker to show the location of a Confederate battery. Two or three guns are there now. It was a part of the field from which the Confederates were never driven, but which they left during the night of July 3. The pilgrimage moved on north and went to the old Miller farm. Oscar Smith turned into the lane and viewed the house into which he had been brought after the battle. He received his wound about four o'clock in the afternoon. He was taken from the field at about midnight or one o'clock. The Confederates picked him up and carried him to the Miller farm house, which had become their hospital. He was the only Union man who lay close enough to the rebel line to be taken to this hospital.

At the Miller house Oscar Smith alighted and went to the door. The friend who accompanied him had hardly begun to tell who he was when the young man at the door interrupted and said, "Why you are the soldier who was cared for here. Come in and see the room where you lay." The young man's name was Brame. His wife came to greet the old soldier. They had not been married long. To them Gettysburg was a story emphasized by the shell and shot which the young man plows up occasionally. Just a day or two before Mrs. John Miller had been told to tell them that the old soldier would surely be back for the celebration and that they should let him see the bedroom where he

So they took Oscar Smith into the parlor first and he told how he was laid on the floor in the center of the room. There was no bed for him. The beds were all full of Confederates, some of them dead. Presently a Confederate surgeon came and examined the Michigan trooper. He saw where the bullet had pierced the breast and had gone within an inch of the heart. Then he examined the back and found a lump just under the skin. He made an incision into the skin reached in with a pair of forceps and pulled the bullet out. He handed it to Mr. Smith and said: "You may live. If you do, you will be glad to have this as a souvenir."

The surgeon's doubt about his interest in souvenirs was not encouraging, but Mr. Smith took the bullet and his daughter prizes it as her choicest possession.

During the night the Confederates slipped away. The next morning the Millers, who had hurried away to get out of the fight, returned. They put the young trooper in a bedroom adjoining the parlor. There he lay seven or eight days. On the occasion of this visit fifty years later Oscar Smith found the room empty and unused. From the Miller house the wounded trooper was taken to the home of David Culp in Gettysburg. The Culp's were relatives of the Millers and hurried out to the Miller farm when they saw that a battle was impending at Gettysburg. The Millers and Culp's had gone on further when Stuart's men began to ride over the Miller farm.

As Oscar Smith, shot through, lingered between life and death, his mother, anxious only as a mother can be, had to entrust him to strangers. The young woman who was his sweetheart and afterward his wife could not helplessly await Oscar Smith for the ordeal. He bled little because he had little blood. His stomach was empty. The stern exigencies of war had prepared him as thorough-

ly as a modern surgeon could have done.

In a month or so he was taken to the general hospital at Harrisburg; after four months and a half he was able to move about quite freely. He learned that the national cemetery at Gettysburg was to be dedicated and he insisted upon going. He was entertained again at the Culp house and went to the exercises with Mrs. Culp and Mary Ann Culp. Still weak he leaned upon Mary's arm. They arrived early. They easily found their way to the platform. They were allowed, perhaps because Mr. Smith was wounded at Gettysburg, to mount the platform. Oscar Smith was not more than seven feet from Lincoln as the president delivered the greatest American oration. Probably there is no other man living in Michigan who heard it. The writer has heard of but one other man in the entire country now living who was there.

Oscar Smith rode through the national cemetery in his review of the battlefield, July 3, 1913. He saw the monument marking the spot where Lincoln spoke. He recalled so far as he could his impressions of that occasion. The thing that remains with him chiefly is the sense of unspeakable sadness which possessed all present. Lincoln himself was grave and sorrowful. One writer, telling the story of Lincoln's speech says that there was no applause at all; that they were so overcome as to make applause seem out of place. That is not Oscar Smith's recollection. As he remembers, there was some applause, but it was not loud or prolonged.

Oscar Smith went to war when he was twenty-five years of age with the full understanding of what it might mean, and with his hearstrings reaching all the time to the mother and the wife-to-be at home he was actuated by a deep sense of loyalty and patriotism. When the fighting was over he went back to Michigan, living at Detroit and Redford, and achieved the simple successes of a modest

American citizen. But he at this time and his descendants for all time can look back upon Gettysburg as the opportunity for the supreme display of patriotism. Grasping it he transformed himself from the modest man which he is now and was then, into the full stature of a great, though inconspicuous, hero.

This is what Gettysburg means to Oscar Smith and to the thousands of others who gathered there for their fiftieth anniversary. They, like him, took their lives into their hands and risked all. When you have heard this story you have not heard the greatly exceptional, but the usual story of men who did their duty at the time of their country's need. More than 48,000 men took this chance at Gettysburg, and almost half of them, like Oscar J. Smith, were under Custer. To them Rummell's farm means the reincarnation of youth and their supreme sacrifice.

## PECULIAR ANT DRUM CORPS

Section of Marching Army Told Off to Warn Main Body of the Approach of Possible Danger.

Many observers have noticed the soldierlike qualities of an army of termites, or white ants, when in close array it overwhelms the objects of its attack or travels along in orderly, military file. An account in La Nature, based on the observations of Professor Bugnion of Lausanne, tells of a curious drum corps of these fierce little warriors.

One day Professor Bugnion visited a little island on the Lake Ambovalangoda in Ceylon. While idling about he suddenly became aware of a faint drumming noise. Turning in the direction from which the sound came, he perceived a colony of termites beneath some dry leaves that had fallen from a bread tree. The noise, which lasted for a few seconds, sounded like the very distant roll of a drum. On closer investigation Professor Bugnion discovered that it was caused by a little band of termites beating a lively tattoo with their mandibles against the bottom of the leaves. They had evidently been disturbed by his approach, and were warning the work-

ing battalion of the army.

Another instance of the effectiveness of the drum corps was observed in the interior of a bungalow. Noticing that termites had invaded the wall of one of the rooms, the owner had placed in one corner an iron pot filled with bits of wood; he hoped to attract them into the pot and then burn them. Professor Bugnion went into the room and closed a closet door somewhat sharply. Immediately he noticed a drumming noise coming from the kettle. As soon as the sound died away, he repeated the experiment, with the same result. Each time that a sharp or unusual noise was made, or that some one talked loudly the termites' signal of alarm was drummed in the kettle.

Youth's Companion.

## FAME



First Microbe—What's the new germ looking so stuck up about?

Second Microbe—Why, he had his portrait published in one of the leading scientific monthlies 8,000 times life size.

## TRAIT OF OLD FAMILY.

"They say she comes of a very old family."

"I don't doubt it. One can see the family trait in her very clearly."

"What trait?"

"Age."—Boston Transcript.

## OFFICIAL ACTIVITY.

"What are the principal activities of the official position our friend occupies?"

"Those involved in holding on to it," replied Senator Sorghum.