

Ladies' Warm-Lined Shoes

From \$1.00 to \$2.50 pair.

Ladies' Felt Slippers, Fur Trimmed Nullifiers and Julietts from 50c to \$1.50 pair.

Ladies', Misses', Children's, Boys' and Youths' Leggings—all styles and prices—Corduroy, Heavy Jersey and Leather.

Men's Felt Boots and Sox, Arctics, Rubbers, etc.

Our stock is large and complete.

H. B. MERRITT,

Pontiac, Mich.

GO TO

Cobb's Grocery

FOR YOUR

Christmas Candies, Fruits and Nuts,

All New Goods.

Also make a Specialty of....

Fine Teas and Coffees.

Ask for a Sample.

The Handiest, Brightest, Carefullest, Most Economical Store in Detroit.

A safe place for anybody to trade. Goods and prices are always right. If you think not, after making a purchase, bring it back and get your money. Thousands of stores find business supplying low-priced articles to those who are unthinking enough to consider a low-priced thing necessarily cheap. Trash and things made to sell at "next to nothing" are not really cheap, but are apt to be paying the seller 50 per cent profit or more. You have no more warrant to think you can be smarter than a smart storekeeper than the fellow at the fair has for thinking he can beat the man with the shell game. You can't.

Our business is selling honest, reliable goods, and telling the truth about them. But we do sell cheaper than other stores handling the same class of merchandise, because we buy in largest quantities and make big discounts by paying cash. There are no lower prices than ours, except for goods that a careful shopper would not buy.

We hope you'll be a regular visitor in 1900.

May the new year bring you all you would wish for.

C. A. STIAFER,

DETROIT.

SOUTHFIELD.

Dan Hughes is working for Harry Russell.
Miss Carrie Noble is enjoying a week's vacation.
Mr. and Mrs. McGilivray spent Xmas in Detroit.
Mr. Willoughby is spending the holidays with friends in Canada.
Miss Maggie Young is spending a week with friends in Flushing.

Frank Morelock and wife, of St. Joseph are visiting their sister, Mrs. Wm. Hawthorn.
Architect C. Cowles and wife, of Saginaw, are welcome visitors at Milo Ames's Warren.
Miss Louise Kandt at the County Line school had speaking Friday afternoon. Several visitors from Ulica and a good number of parents were present and all pronounced the exercises a complete success.

AT THE THEATERS.

LYCEUM.
Hoyt's "A Convicted Woman," with beautiful Belle Archer in the leading role, is the attraction at the Lyceum this week. Large audiences have been the rule since the opening night.
Next week, "The Evil Eye," or the many merry misdeeds of Mitz, and the wild, wonderful wanderings of Noll. It requires a supplemental stage to produce this play, a d-d so massive as to make water-tight, circuit rings, ranging from the stage to stage machinery seem trivial. Fourteen persons, pursuers and pursued, are kept continuously in sight while fairly flying through four rooms, and find themselves in the chase are always kept in view. The rooms, with furniture, chandeliers, beds, pianos, wardrobes and all appear and disappear with lightning rapidity. Besides the magic rooms there are many other features of interest. Matinees New Years day, Wednesday and Saturday.

WHITNEY.

"Two Little Vagabonds," the celebrated melodrama, with Maud Holland in her famous impersonation of Tan Tan, is proving a splendid Christmas week attraction at the Whitney Opera House.
Next week Herbert Hall Winslow and Will R. Wilson's romantic American drama, "The Great Northwest," will play with a strong, interesting plot. In nearly every act smiles and tears intermingle and glide from one to the other. Among the comic situations which the play abounds may be mentioned the fireman's race, the arrival of the prairie schooner, complications in which a trio of sailors for a young girl's hand find themselves involved and a reception in the new home of Mrs. Newrich in Boom City. Matinees as usual daily, except Wednesday.

COUNTY LINE.

Mrs. J. B. Cranch is still confined to her bed.
A Babcock spent Christmas with relatives at Saginaw.
Miss Mio Chipchase, of Ann Arbor, Christmased with her relatives at Warren.
C. Osborn's step-father and grandson, of Carpenter Station, are visiting him this week.
Mrs. Alex. McRoberts, of Gratiot county, Christmased with relatives in our vicinity.
The West school at Warren had an exhibition in the K. of P. hall and \$14 was raised.
Mrs. Wm. Martin and daughter, of St. Johns, ate Christmas dinner with her father's people.
The Christmas trees at both the M. E. and German church at Warren were great successes.

THIS IS OUR SPACE.

WE SELL SHOES!

Come and see us at....

20 N. Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich

LOSEE BROS. & CO.

CURIOS FACTS.

One-third of the population of the world speaks the Chinese language. In time of war France can put 370 out of every 1,000 of her population in the field. Germany 310, and Russia 210.

Forty thousand gallons of wine were used to extinguish a fire in California to save a great vineyard from destruction.

There are in circulation in China at the present time coins bearing the names of emperors who lived 2,000 years ago.

The coal mines near Elina, Mo., have been compelled to shut down because the operators could not find men to dig.

The only emerald mine in the world that is being operated is in Colombia. It is controlled by the government but is leased to a French syndicate.

At night the Boers pray, says the London Times correspondent, chant interminable psalms in Dutch, while the lawyers and the shopkeepers of Pretoria sing comic or sentimental English songs.

The czar of Russia probably owns a greater quantity of china than any other person in the world. He has the china belonging to all the Russian rulers as far back as Catherine the Great. It is stored in an immense closet in the winter palace at St. Petersburg.

Men exposed to the rigors of the Alaskan winter wear knee moccasins. They wear full beards to protect the throat and face, but keep the upper lip clean-shaven. The moisture from the breath congeals so quickly that a moustache becomes embedded in a solid cake of ice, and the face is frozen in a short time.

There will be a model American postoffice at the Paris exposition. Arrangements have been made with the French postal authorities whereby mail for Americans in Paris will be sent directly to this office instead of going through the regular channels. The postoffice will be fitted up with all of the modern postal appliances.

WITH THE SAGES.

He will repent that he did not sin yet can.—N. Lee.
Humility is the solid foundation of all the virtues.—Confucius.

Always speak the truth, but do not always tell it.—Ivan Pans.
Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy.—Franklin.

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POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Grown people tire of their toys just like children do.
When a man has a holl he is apt to keep his wife in her water.

Some men are never so happy as when they have had news to tell.
An earthly angel is a woman that other women never gossip about.

"Be the cleaver to the beer!" "Be the beer to the cleaver!" "Be the beer to the beer!" "Be the beer to the beer!"

The woman, grammatically speaking, is not a part of speech; she's simply the thing that is spoken of.

When men have more money than they need they think they need more money, and leave no money at all.

A man of resources is usually one who has ingenious methods of contracting liabilities.

His satirical majesty catches some men by leaving the dignity and by lending them dollars.

Diamonds of the first water are absolutely pure—but when it comes to mix of the first water that's different.

It doesn't matter how honest a gagement ring may be, the diamond never slips around out of sight on a girl's finger.

The man who is always complaining about his hard luck is usually too lazy to stir himself in time to keep trouble from troubling him.—Chicago News.

HOME-MADE PHILOSOPHY.

You will never know how bull-headed progress the world is till you try to love the man who no pizened you dog.

They that praktis religyun neednt coetch religyun. The world is jst az ready to look and see, az too listen and hear.

Sum men live in fear or hell, when they cudnt possibly find a worse place than the life they hev made fur themselves on earth.

The caws or crime iz the lack of opportunity to skin the peep a lettle closer in a legal way, jist the same az a lock of hair iz the caws of a balditoody.

Doorn the drowt the farmer yooze-yoosly select a dry luff to express his feelings, and iz too ekonomickal too let his mouth water at sight or the purtyest girl in the neighborhood.

The lawyerze and pollytishuns hev jst justice under a labyrinthin oy boole-made laws, and charge the poor man sitch a big price fur it that he cant afford too hev any ov the presthus stuf dog out.

AFTERTHOUGHTS.

It has been found that even guarantees of good faith are not always collectible.

We are frequently very much concerned about things that do not concern us.

A man's reputation lies in the difference between what he says and what he does.

Some folks who think they are entertaining world feel hurt if they know they are only amusing.

Imitation great men are so plentiful and cheap nowadays that the real article doesn't seem to be much in demand.

If you would prophesy, predict disaster rather than good fortune, because if your predictions are unfulfilled the world will have forgotten them, and if you guess right you will be a much wanted personage when you say, "I told you so!"

SOLID SHOES.

Motives are greater than methods. The biggest lights are not always the best.

The world without will be what your world is to every body.

Discipline means giving up, getting down and going on.

Science is a word that many use as a wrapper for ignorance.

Stir the boils up so quickly that he who stirs it often gets scalded.

The crosses created by carelessness cannot be credited to God.

Sympathy and sincerity gives the open sea to every heart.

It is poor charity to give the crust that is too hard for your own teeth.

If conversation means only to turn out more and then sit down, there is not much advantage in it.—Ram's Horn.

A WISE OR OTHERWISE.
Every pleasure is a possible cause for subsequent pain.
Some men lose hats on an election and some lose their heads.
The rule of love is usually more effective than the rule of might.

...I've heard they are great. "I've heard they are great," answered. "At no point, I suppose," he answered. "No, Miss Marston, I have graduated from the map—'whenever-you-can' class and have entered the art school—hence I have chosen you for the picture."
"I appreciate that," laughed the girl as she began to answer down toward the cliffs, "but have you considered, Mr. Baxter, the probability of my breaking the plate?"
"What! An answer, too! I still not honor the weakness in your still if you are a summer girl, as your own confusion would indicate."
"Of course. Observe that I advance no statements on the subject myself, I was merely going to say that if you are a summer girl of the approved, newspaper-joke sort, your likeness upon a plate could not fail to produce the effect that I have seen in men's hearts, to wit—complete fracture."
"Grace, I am surprised at you," said Grace, a faint blush hardly perceptible upon her cheek, which she had found no difficulty in acquiring at Granite Head.
H. Parker studied her face in its mock resolution, and watched the dainty girl hang up to save the day for some annoying hair that blew across her eyes. A great wave of admiration for her.

...H. Parker studied her face in its mock resolution, and watched the dainty girl hang up to save the day for some annoying hair that blew across her eyes. A great wave of admiration for her.
"This will never do," she jerked straightening up with a sigh and reaching out to the table for something to read or look at, "I must keep awake a few minutes longer." Chance put a stack of photographs under his hand, and though they were stale enough he began to look them over again—lyrically yielding to the comfort of lying back in the big chair. Some were portraits of his friends at school and college, some were old faded prints that ought to have had romances attached, but which were really very prosaic, even to him. Others bore the brand of the amateur's first attempt—these to be passed by quickly; a few were the products of his own photographic skill at Granite Head last summer—bathers in the surf, the hotel, a clam bake, etc.—all very fair photographs, but "what way" but hold! here was one that might do him good. There is no hurry, it is too late now for the revelers to come. H. Parker shifts to a still more comfortable position and reads the first shiny thing over his shoulder upon as pretty a little picture as you would ask to see.

It is the picture of a dark-haired girl, dressed in a suit of duck. She is standing on a log driftwood with her hands behind her and her handsome, happy face turned squarely to the camera. In the developing of this picture if Parker had considered that more care was required than in ordinary work, he had watched its delicate lines appear with the enthusiasm of a true lover the chemist's art. With any other passion? Possibly, but that was past and gone four months ago.
The young doctor liked that photograph, somehow. He had examined it time and again until he knew its every detail. It did not grow stale like the others. But tonight there seemed to be a new light upon it, a new tone to the unthoughtful background of sand and sea, an undefined change of expression in those brown eyes looking out of the album paper. Our imagination is subject to such unhealthy fluctuations, and the change in the picture, and H. Parker's eyes grew bright when he saw that the heart he won. If his reason sanctioned not.
Frenzied and incredible! The duck skirt began to move slightly as if stirred by a breeze from the sea, and the margins of the picture drew farther and farther apart, until on one side a rot of the house came into view, while on the other the broad blue ocean sparkling in the summer sunlight! More than this, H. Parker saw a light over of salt water in the air, as of seaweed or of bait left by the tide. The distant boom of

...The distant boom of...
"Well, if those fellows are coming around to see the old year out they had better show up pretty soon," yawned H. Parker Baxter as he slammed down the cover of a ponderous and gruesome medical book and turned a pair of sleepy eyes to the clock, which was complacently ticking away for some minutes of '98. No other sounds were to be heard save the occasional settling of the fire in the grate, for the snow lay deep and soot over the cobble and flagstone outside. The old year, after a stormy life, was dying calmly and beautifully.
To our friend Baxter, one of those unimpassioned, dusty men who never "join in," this ancient ceremony of seeing the old year out appeared but a feeble. He used to say of New Years, "an arbitrarily fixed point in time which has become the inaugural date for good resolutions, to the necessary neglect of all other things of some formation," but most of his friends thought this simply a speech that he was gratified to make. He was trying hard to pose as a "rising young philosopher," and was really acting the part to himself, as many an ambitious man will do.
However this may be, as the seconds ticked along, H. Parker grew more and more drowsy. He settled himself back in the chair, stared at the fire, and blinked. Then his eyelids dropped.

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"This will never do," she jerked straightening up with a sigh and reaching out to the table for something to read or look at, "I must keep awake a few minutes longer." Chance put a stack of photographs under his hand, and though they were stale enough he began to look them over again—lyrically yielding to the comfort of lying back in the big chair. Some were portraits of his friends at school and college, some were old faded prints that ought to have had romances attached, but which were really very prosaic, even to him. Others bore the brand of the amateur's first attempt—these to be passed by quickly; a few were the products of his own photographic skill at Granite Head last summer—bathers in the surf, the hotel, a clam bake, etc.—all very fair photographs, but "what way" but hold! here was one that might do him good. There is no hurry, it is too late now for the revelers to come. H. Parker shifts to a still more comfortable position and reads the first shiny thing over his shoulder upon as pretty a little picture as you would ask to see.

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It is the picture of a dark-haired girl, dressed in a suit of duck. She is standing on a log driftwood with her hands behind her and her handsome, happy face turned squarely to the camera. In the developing of this picture if Parker had considered that more care was required than in ordinary work, he had watched its delicate lines appear with the enthusiasm of a true lover the chemist's art. With any other passion? Possibly, but that was past and gone four months ago.
The young doctor liked that photograph, somehow. He had examined it time and again until he knew its every detail. It did not grow stale like the others. But tonight there seemed to be a new light upon it, a new tone to the unthoughtful background of sand and sea, an undefined change of expression in those brown eyes looking out of the album paper. Our imagination is subject to such unhealthy fluctuations, and the change in the picture, and H. Parker's eyes grew bright when he saw that the heart he won. If his reason sanctioned not.
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