

Perfection in Footwear....

Shoemakers are progressing towards it with rapid strides. The latest most in use today are the most comfortable since leather shoes were made and that's been a long while.

But we have a shoe which we sell at \$3.00 which is about as near perfect as anything created up to the present time. It is a shoe for Ladies. We call it "The Perfect" It has a shape peculiarly its own and very easy on the feet. The new Orthopedic last—Leathers (chocolate or black vein) are the best and the finish is excellent. Try a pair of "Bupp's" Shoes for Easter.

We have the largest stock of Gents' Shoes in Pontiac.

All the new styles and lasts at popular prices.

H. B. Merritt,

17 N. Saginaw St. Pontiac.

SEE

What you can do at Nixon's for Cash!

His store is packed full with new goods for spring trade and he is anxious to show you whether you purchase or not. Give him a chance and see what he can do for you.

53 pairs Ladies' Shoes, former price \$1.50 to \$3.00, sizes 2 1/2 to 4—they will go at \$1.00 per pair.
50 pairs Misses' and Child's Shoes, sizes 8 to 2 former price \$1.50 to \$2.00, to close out—\$1.00 per pair.
Just received new line of Ladies' Shoes, the same goods competitors ask you \$2.50 to \$3 per pair—we can have them from us at \$1.50 per pair—\$1.50 per pair.
Just half what the "villainous goods" man asks.

My line of Men's tan and victrol shoes, grain and calf from \$1.00 to \$1.50. Bought from the best factory in the land, all the latest styles, every pair guaranteed to be the best value for the money.
My line of Men's Shirts in white and tan, from .25 to \$1.50. Are better value than you can get of any house in town.
My Men's 5c Hose are better than the cheap house of your town. Ask the boys.

In fact I will give you better goods for your money, and no fault found if you do not buy. Yours,

V. NIXON.

WHEN YOU WANT

English Breakfast and Uncolored Japan Teas

GO TO THE

TRIANGLE GROCERY.

Prunes at 5c and rose a pound.

Also Bananas, Oranges, Lemons and Figs.

T. H. COBB.

"Spades Are Trumps"

And W. R. Owen is digging in the best he knows how to make his Crocker Department a success by placing in his counters the finest stock he ever displayed. The prices are right, the goods are up-to-date, and all he wants is that his friends should make themselves happy by carrying away an armful of goods now and then. Yours truly,

W. R. OWEN,

Pontiac, Mich.

TO FARMERS!

We wish to announce to the farmers of this vicinity that the use of a thoroughbred Jersey Bull can be secured at the Knobloch farm in Troy, one mile north and one-half east of this village.

The Jersey Bull, "CANTLEVER EXILE." Weight 1,500 pounds.



The Bull "Cantlever Exile," 42-297, is by Stoke Pogis Cantlever 22-266 and is four years old this spring. He traces through Prospector Ricketts to Mattilda and to Lorne and to Marjoram. Farmers who wish to improve their stock have now the best chance in the world to do so at the wonderful low price of \$1.00.

Yours respectfully,

Potts & Peabody.

Consumption Cure.

Mitchell's White Pine Cough Syrup, the best cough remedy on earth, cures a cold in one day if taken in time; 25 and 50 cents.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to return \$2.00 to any person who has purchased Dr. Cass's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a special medicine to prove satisfactory on any cough.

LOUIS STORER, Royal Oak, Mich.

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver, of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying Electric Bitters, and I had a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks and am now a well man. I know they saved my life and robbed the grave of another victim. No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents a bottle, at Whitehead & Mitchell's Drug Store."

Respectfully,

EDWARD N. WOOD, North Lansing, Mich.

March 22, 1898.

Dr. Cass's Dyspepsia Cure and Nerve Restorer is not propped up by fictitious testimonials, but is demonstrating its curative power every day, in stubborn cases of acute, chronic and nervous dyspepsia. A trial will substantiate all that is claimed for it. For sale by Hegerman, leading druggist of Birmingham.

Robbed the Grave.

A starting incident, of which Mr. John Oliver, of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying Electric Bitters, and I had a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks and am now a well man. I know they saved my life and robbed the grave of another victim. No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents a bottle, at Whitehead & Mitchell's Drug Store."

Respectfully,

EDWARD N. WOOD, North Lansing, Mich.

March 22, 1898.

Dr. Cass's Dyspepsia Cure and Nerve Restorer is not propped up by fictitious testimonials, but is demonstrating its curative power every day, in stubborn cases of acute, chronic and nervous dyspepsia. A trial will substantiate all that is claimed for it. For sale by Hegerman, leading druggist of Birmingham.

Parsnip Complexion.

It does not require an expert to detect the sufferer from kidney trouble. The hollow cheeks, the sunken eyes, the dark purple circles under the eyes, the sallowness, the yellow complexion indicates it.

A physician would ask if you had rheumatism, a dull pain or ache in the back or over the hips, stomach troubles, desire to urinate often, or a burning or scalding in passing if, after passing there is an unpleasant feeling as if it were not completely out, or if the urine has a brick dust deposit or strong odor.

When these symptoms are present, no time should be lost in removing the cause. Delay may lead to gravel, catarrh of the bladder, inflammation, causing stoppage and sometimes requiring the drawing of the urine with instruments, or may run into Bright's disease, the most dangerous stage of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kinner's Swamp-Root, the great discoverer of the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, is a positive remedy for such diseases. Its operation is so simple and it is so easy to get at any drug store no one need suffer any length of time for want of it.

However, if you prefer to first test its wonderful merits, mention the Birmingham Eclectic and write to Dr. Kinner & Company, 100 North Third Street, New York, N. Y., asking them to send you a booklet telling all about it, but sent absolutely free by mail.

TROY.

Mrs. Lucy Cutting is convalescing. Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Jarvis spent Sunday at Mrs. Mable Nichols.

Emma Hutchinson has returned home from Detroit. Everybody went to the Laura Kinyan auction Monday.

Martin Thoman is very sick with lung trouble. Arthur Wright's family are all down with grip.

The Troy Farmers' Club meet with Mrs. Bell Stone April 1, 1898.

Maxwell Cutting and Rex Leonard who have been in the sick list for some time are now out of bed.

Miss Mary Waldron is visiting at C. E. Haskell's for a few weeks, before returning to Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell Smith of Big Beaver, and Grace McCarty, are guests of Mrs. C. H. Hunt Saturday.

Frank Phelps' sale of half interest in saw mill and other property at mill Thursday afternoon passed off very well. Mill property bid in.

A farewell party for Orman Harper, who leaves Monday for Syracuse, N. Y., was a very nice affair. A buffet supper was served; about 45 guests were in attendance.

ROYAL OAK.

J. Watch is still very low.

Joseph Stanch was married Friday evening March 17.

A. C. Campbell is improving and able to be around the house.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Bant is very low.

The Literary Society will meet at the home of J. Starr Friday evening of next week.

The Ladies' Aid met at the home of Mrs. A. C. Campbell Wednesday last.

The spelling school of this evening will be held at the home of Mrs. Bant.

Mrs. M. W. Wilson is spending a few days at her home in Clawson.

Francis Howell will return to his old home in Clawson April 1, 1898.

Mrs. E. A. Kilder is about to move to New Baltimore, and Dr. Wemp and family will occupy the Kilder residence.

Wm. McCracken of Tuscola County, is visiting relatives and friends in this place. He is in charge of the Knobloch farm, where he spent three years in the war of 1812.

MARVELOUS RESULTS.

Use a Well-known Citizen of Lansing, Mich. who writes: "I have had dyspepsia for 18 years. My troubles were indigestion, sour stomach, acid fermentation, Dyspepsia, chronic constipation, nervousness, sleeplessness and terrible sick-headache, which at times would entirely unfit me for business. I have had special treatment by seven physicians, and at times almost given up, but I have nearly every known or supposed remedy, with some little relief, but would soon relapse to the old condition. I commenced using Drake's Dyspepsia Cure and Nerve Restorer a few weeks ago, and have used about two and one-half bottles, which have done me more good than all the treatment and so-called remedies I have ever taken. I would advise any person afflicted with stomach troubles, dyspepsia, or nerve troubles, to try this treatment."

Respectfully,

EDWARD N. WOOD, North Lansing, Mich.

March 22, 1898.

Dr. Cass's Dyspepsia Cure and Nerve Restorer is not propped up by fictitious testimonials, but is demonstrating its curative power every day, in stubborn cases of acute, chronic and nervous dyspepsia. A trial will substantiate all that is claimed for it. For sale by Hegerman, leading druggist of Birmingham.

Robbed the Grave.

A starting incident, of which Mr. John Oliver, of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying Electric Bitters, and I had a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks and am now a well man. I know they saved my life and robbed the grave of another victim. No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents a bottle, at Whitehead & Mitchell's Drug Store."

Respectfully,

EDWARD N. WOOD, North Lansing, Mich.

March 22, 1898.

Dr. Cass's Dyspepsia Cure and Nerve Restorer is not propped up by fictitious testimonials, but is demonstrating its curative power every day, in stubborn cases of acute, chronic and nervous dyspepsia. A trial will substantiate all that is claimed for it. For sale by Hegerman, leading druggist of Birmingham.

PICKING UP THE PISTOLS.

(Continued from 1st page.)

thinking it might lighten the blow, but no more he got on his feet and was able enough to let the light of the fire shine on his watch dial and discovered that it indicated five minutes of 12 o'clock. His two pistols were gone. He was so sure that they were snoring like two swine. On covering up again and inclining a little to the right of the door he saw a pair of feet lashed, and in about half a minute the report of eight or ten guns in rapid succession resounded on the ear. He was in the extraordinary stillness of the night. It created a sense of awe; the writer woke up his two comrades and they were soon in our saddle. We were out of the camp in a few minutes.

We mounted our horses and found the whole camp ready to go to the place of danger, which we soon discovered to be near our guard post on the river bank. Winchester, the picket at the river bridge was approached, he, the picket, was a young German boy, named Andrew Klose, who was contrary to orders, of his horse and by the side of the river trying to get a little shelter from the snow storm by the side of a cow. He had belonged to a cottage in the town. The officer of the squad of bushwhackers by whom the attack was made came across the bridge, the enemy, who were standing by the side of his horse. In answer to the "halt," from him, the rebel officer was asked by the picket if he had a pistol. He said he had not. He was ordered to dismount and to go to his pocket for the pass and instead he drew his revolver and shot him; the ball went down through his kidney. The next day a detachment of 100 men, which had five or six men escaped on their back track, seeing off in a roundabout way and surrounding the whole camp, they got the rebel officer, who was standing around White Post a little after midnight. The three or four of our men who captured the rebel officer, and he was stripped of his boots and overcoat and let them go, all but one; they drove him along as fast as they could, and he was soon close to the river. After them, this fellow kept his horse close to the fence as possible; he had a bag spring and landed clear over the fence and the whole party was in a moment. Our men were so close to them that they finally recovered his horse. The reason he made such a desperate jump was that something over 200 men were in his pocket or rather in his hand, ready as his last resort to drop in the darkness, as a former hope of saving them. He soon made his way into camp, and he was later the pursuing party brought his horse into camp; they possibly got two or three hundred dollars from our boys. But this was not the only thing that happened. The rebel officer took him into the cottage near by and did the best we could for him; he could not lie down. We regulated his food by placing two pieces of bread and responsible men of the post, one whose name the writer will remember—Sira Hantley, with strict orders not to allow him to be killed without dismounting, only one to advance and give the counterpane in a proper manner. The writer was in charge of the party, and he was ordered to neighbor just over the bridge and to the river a short distance and sent two men for the chair, but could not get them to go over the bridge, so ordered them to go to the attack, so the writer went with them to the door; they obtained the chair and placed the wounded man in it, and did all they could to make the poor fellow comfortable. Of course we lost the stable door after the horse was looted, by placing two responsible pickets at the bridge, the one who was wounded was not killed, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

In the course of half an hour I went out of the cottage and listened, by lying down, my ears to the foot of the bridge, the other name I do not remember.

Louie's First Letter to Grandma.

The following letter is the first one written to Mrs. Zilpha Simmons by her little grandson, Louie Wilde, of Mt. Clemens, aged nine years, and the good age is, naturally, proud of it. The chronology was exceedingly good for such a little fellow:

MR. CLEMENS, Mich., March 3, '98. DEAR GRANDMA—

I am well. I are well. The baby is fat and sure, but pretty to see. The snow is two foot deep. There is sleighing to my mother would not let me go to school. I am in the house with Miss Broome Miss Ivy Miss Brown. They have open the other room. Miss Brown is my teacher now. I'm in the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader.

MR. CLEMENS, Mich., March 3, '98. DEAR GRANDMA—

I am well. I are well. The baby is fat and sure, but pretty to see. The snow is two foot deep. There is sleighing to my mother would not let me go to school. I am in the house with Miss Broome Miss Ivy Miss Brown. They have open the other room. Miss Brown is my teacher now. I'm in the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader.

MR. CLEMENS, Mich., March 3, '98. DEAR GRANDMA—

I am well. I are well. The baby is fat and sure, but pretty to see. The snow is two foot deep. There is sleighing to my mother would not let me go to school. I am in the house with Miss Broome Miss Ivy Miss Brown. They have open the other room. Miss Brown is my teacher now. I'm in the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader.

MR. CLEMENS, Mich., March 3, '98. DEAR GRANDMA—

I am well. I are well. The baby is fat and sure, but pretty to see. The snow is two foot deep. There is sleighing to my mother would not let me go to school. I am in the house with Miss Broome Miss Ivy Miss Brown. They have open the other room. Miss Brown is my teacher now. I'm in the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader.

MR. CLEMENS, Mich., March 3, '98. DEAR GRANDMA—

I am well. I are well. The baby is fat and sure, but pretty to see. The snow is two foot deep. There is sleighing to my mother would not let me go to school. I am in the house with Miss Broome Miss Ivy Miss Brown. They have open the other room. Miss Brown is my teacher now. I'm in the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader.

MR. CLEMENS, Mich., March 3, '98. DEAR GRANDMA—

I am well. I are well. The baby is fat and sure, but pretty to see. The snow is two foot deep. There is sleighing to my mother would not let me go to school. I am in the house with Miss Broome Miss Ivy Miss Brown. They have open the other room. Miss Brown is my teacher now. I'm in the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader.

MR. CLEMENS, Mich., March 3, '98. DEAR GRANDMA—

I am well. I are well. The baby is fat and sure, but pretty to see. The snow is two foot deep. There is sleighing to my mother would not let me go to school. I am in the house with Miss Broome Miss Ivy Miss Brown. They have open the other room. Miss Brown is my teacher now. I'm in the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader.

MR. CLEMENS, Mich., March 3, '98. DEAR GRANDMA—

I am well. I are well. The baby is fat and sure, but pretty to see. The snow is two foot deep. There is sleighing to my mother would not let me go to school. I am in the house with Miss Broome Miss Ivy Miss Brown. They have open the other room. Miss Brown is my teacher now. I'm in the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader.

MR. CLEMENS, Mich., March 3, '98. DEAR GRANDMA—

I am well. I are well. The baby is fat and sure, but pretty to see. The snow is two foot deep. There is sleighing to my mother would not let me go to school. I am in the house with Miss Broome Miss Ivy Miss Brown. They have open the other room. Miss Brown is my teacher now. I'm in the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader.

MR. CLEMENS, Mich., March 3, '98. DEAR GRANDMA—

I am well. I are well. The baby is fat and sure, but pretty to see. The snow is two foot deep. There is sleighing to my mother would not let me go to school. I am in the house with Miss Broome Miss Ivy Miss Brown. They have open the other room. Miss Brown is my teacher now. I'm in the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader.

MR. CLEMENS, Mich., March 3, '98. DEAR GRANDMA—

I am well. I are well. The baby is fat and sure, but pretty to see. The snow is two foot deep. There is sleighing to my mother would not let me go to school. I am in the house with Miss Broome Miss Ivy Miss Brown. They have open the other room. Miss Brown is my teacher now. I'm in the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader.

MR. CLEMENS, Mich., March 3, '98. DEAR GRANDMA—

I am well. I are well. The baby is fat and sure, but pretty to see. The snow is two foot deep. There is sleighing to my mother would not let me go to school. I am in the house with Miss Broome Miss Ivy Miss Brown. They have open the other room. Miss Brown is my teacher now. I'm in the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader.

MR. CLEMENS, Mich., March 3, '98. DEAR GRANDMA—

I am well. I are well. The baby is fat and sure, but pretty to see. The snow is two foot deep. There is sleighing to my mother would not let me go to school. I am in the house with Miss Broome Miss Ivy Miss Brown. They have open the other room. Miss Brown is my teacher now. I'm in the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader.

MR. CLEMENS, Mich., March 3, '98. DEAR GRANDMA—

I am well. I are well. The baby is fat and sure, but pretty to see. The snow is two foot deep. There is sleighing to my mother would not let me go to school. I am in the house with Miss Broome Miss Ivy Miss Brown. They have open the other room. Miss Brown is my teacher now. I'm in the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader.

MR. CLEMENS, Mich., March 3, '98. DEAR GRANDMA—

I am well. I are well. The baby is fat and sure, but pretty to see. The snow is two foot deep. There is sleighing to my mother would not let me go to school. I am in the house with Miss Broome Miss Ivy Miss Brown. They have open the other room. Miss Brown is my teacher now. I'm in the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader.

MR. CLEMENS, Mich., March 3, '98. DEAR GRANDMA—

I am well. I are well. The baby is fat and sure, but pretty to see. The snow is two foot deep. There is sleighing to my mother would not let me go to school. I am in the house with Miss Broome Miss Ivy Miss Brown. They have open the other room. Miss Brown is my teacher now. I'm in the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader. Miss Guley died of the B. C. reader.

MADGE'S WAITING.

It was a cold, rainy day in November when Madge, who had stopped at the little village of Ortonville, to let off one of her passengers. The old station agent peered out at the little, dark Madge, who was waiting for the night train. Madge Keith drew her mackintosh closer as the wind blew a whirl of rain against her. Poor Madge! She had been waiting for the night train for two long weeks, and had not known a mother's care since she was 3 years old, and her father dying, left her all alone in the world.

Madge Keith drew her mackintosh closer as the wind blew a whirl of rain against her. Poor Madge! She had been waiting for the night train for two long weeks, and had not known a mother's care since she was 3 years old, and her father dying, left her all alone in the world. She had not known a mother's care since she was 3 years old, and her father dying, left her all alone in the world. She had not known a mother's care since she was 3 years old, and her father dying, left her all alone in the world.

Madge Keith drew her mackintosh closer as the wind blew a whirl of rain against her. Poor Madge! She had been waiting for the night train for two long weeks, and had not known a mother's care since she was 3 years old, and her father dying, left her all alone in the world.

Madge Keith drew her mackintosh closer as the wind blew a whirl of rain against her. Poor Madge! She had been waiting for the night train for two long weeks, and had not known a mother's care since she was 3 years old, and her father dying, left her all alone in the world.

Madge Keith drew her mackintosh closer as the wind blew a whirl of rain against her. Poor Madge! She had been waiting for the night train for two long weeks, and had not known a mother's care since she was 3 years old, and her father dying, left her all alone in the world.