STILL ANOTHER CUT

In Men's, Boys', Ladies' and Misses' Russet Shoes and Oxfords. Every pair must be sold. Genuine Clearing Sale of Summer Goods.

Your choice of all Ladies' Tan Shoes ..... $2.48 pair
(This includes all $3.50 and special $3.00 lines.)
Ladies' $3.00 Vesting Top Tan Shoes ..... $2.95 pair
Ladies' $2.50 and $2.75 Tan Shoes ..... $1.98 pair
All Men's $4.00 Tan Shoes ..... $2.96 pair
All Men's $3.50 Tan Shoes ..... $2.76 pair
All Men's $3.00 Tan Shoes ..... $2.25 pair

SPECIAL BARGAIN TABLES.

1 Lot $1.48 Pair. || Ladies' Tan Oxfords, narrow widths, regular price $2.25. Ladies' Oxfords, all sizes, regular price $1.75 and $2.50. Boys' and Youths' Tan Shoes.

Boys' and Youths' Tennis Oxfords, 33c pair.

H. B. MERRITT, 17 N. Saginaw Street, Pontiac.

W. R. OWEN

is always threshing at something, and now it is HAMMOCKS, CROQUET, WINDOW POLES, BRASS RODS FOR CURTAINS, GRANITE WARE, and now and then a piece of Crockery. Come and look the stock over and see for yourselves.

Pontiac, - - Mich.

Selling begins with buying. There is not a house in the country that buys cheaper than we do. There is not one that sells cheaper. We save big discounts by paying cash for everything we buy. We save great expense by selling for cash—no book-keeping, collections or bad debts. You pay for all these things at a house that gives credit.

Trade Started With a Bang

In our Boys' and Children's Clothing Dept. last week. If the whole season may be judged from its beginning we are to have the greatest business in our career—and "Shafer's" has always established record for clothing selling. The inducements we present to buyers are manifold: All brand new goods, largest stock, greatest selection, positively the lowest prices. And this—we won't sell an article at any price that is not good. Everything must be reliable and worthy of our guarantee or we won't handle it.

Take the BOYS' SUITS—sizes 8 to 16—at $1.50. They were made especially for our customers who want a good, honest suit at the lowest possible price. There's not a thread of disappointment in one of them. We guarantee that they will give as good return for the money as any suit that can be bought anywhere at any price. The coats are double breasted, the pants have double thick knees and reinforced seats. Gray and brown mixtures and plain blues and blacks.

Two-piece Suits at $2.50, $3.50, $5, $6, $7.50 and $10.
Long Pant Suits from 5 to $15.
All-wool Knee Pants 25c (regular 50c goods) 50c, 75c, $1.
Long Pants from 1.00 to $3.50.
School Caps, cloth, velvet and corduroy, in all the new shapes, at 25 and 50c.
School Shoes, tan and black, 1.00 fo $2.00.

Send your orders by mail if you can't conveniently come in person. We will give them our best attention. Money refunded if we fail to suit you.

C. A. Shafer,

Detroit.

CLAWSON.

Miss Edna Bell is quite ill.

Moses Goodale is able to be out again.

Mrs. Pearsall, of Amy, is visiting here.

H. J. Bowers spent three days of last week in Mt. Clemens.

Frank Blair, of St. Louis, spent Sunday with his parents.

Mrs. H. J. Bowers visited friends at Plaiswell and Kalamazoo recently.

Chas. Buell and daughter Daisy, of Detroit, called upon friends here Sunday.

Jessie Bowers and Lottie Lawson visited Burt Wilson and wife at Warren Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hendrickson and Mrs. Bowers attended the Assembly at Orchard Lake.

Mrs. Evans, of Detroit, and Mrs. Gilbert, of Memphis, visited at Jack Lawson's last week.

Miss Mary Fall, of Detroit, has been spending two weeks with her brother Ed and family.

Mrs. Anna Dean, of Detroit, and Marian Clarkston, of Northville, spent Friday with the Blair families.

Miss Ruth Hastings, of Northville, and Miss Winnie Blair, of Birmingham, visited the Blair families last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hunt visited Chas. Huut, of Windiate Park, and Mr. Coon and family, of Clarkston, last week.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life pills. A trial will convince you of their merit. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of constipation and sick headache. For malaria and liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c per box. Sold by Whitehead & Mitchell, druggists.

HAND WORK.

Machines are all right for making nails, but they are all wrong in a Laundry. OUR work is done by HAND and shows the cunning that comes from long training. Linen laundered by hand looks better and lasts far longer.

CITY LAUNDRY,

First door west of Bank.

S. DAVIS

Dealer in and Manufacturer of

All kinds of Furniture. Mattresses, Cots, etc. Made to order.

Also all kinds of Repairing and Upholstering done promptly.

Goods called for and delivered.

LOCATION---First building east of Water Works,

Birmingham, - Mich.

AGENTS WANTED—FOR "THE LIFE AND Achievements of Admiral Dewey," the world's greatest naval hero. By Murat Halstead, the life-long friend and admirer of the nation's idol. Biggest and best book; over 500 pages, 6x9 inches; nearly 100 pages half-tone illustrations. Only $1.50. Enormous demand. Big commissions. Outfit free. Chance of a lifetime. Write quick. The Dominion Company, 3d Floor, Caxton Bldg., Chicago. Nov11

FRANKLIN.

Maggie Barkley gave birth to a son on Monday.

Mrs. James Calhoun returned to her Ohio home on Wednesday.

Miss Jessie Midgely, of Ann Arbor is here this week visiting old friends.

Rev. B. G. Sutton will continue his pastorate with the people here the coming year, much to the satisfaction of the congregation.

AUGUST FLOWER.

"It is a surprising fact," says Prof. Houton, "that in my travels in all parts of the world, for the last ten years, I have met more people having used Green's August Flower than any other remedy, dyspepsia, deranged liver and stomach, and for constipation. I find for tourists and salesmen, or for persons filling office positions, where headaches and general bad feelings from irregular habits exist, that Green's August Flower is a grand remedy. It does not injure the system by frequent use, and is excellent for sour stomachs and indigestion." Sample bottles free at Whitehead & Michell's.

Sold by dealers in all civilized countries.

WITH THE SAGES.

Talkers are no great doers.—Shakespeare.

Simple duty hath no place for fear.—Whittier.

Superstition is the religion of feeble minds.—Burke.

Self-trust is the first secret of success.—Emerson.

In this world a man must either be anvil or hammer.—Longfellow.

Night brings out stars as sorrow brings out truths.—P. J. Bailey.

Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short.—Shakespeare.

Let death do what it will, there is just one thing it cannot destroy, and that is life.—George Macdonald.

The door of mercy has hinges, and it may be shut and then locked with the adamantine key of justice.—Raleigh.

There is no calamity like ignorance; and not so much by virtue as by understanding is man made formidable and fortunate.—Titian.

No school is more necessary to children than that of patience, because either the will must be broken in childhood or the heart in old age.

It is the bounty of nature that we live, but of philosophy that we live well; which is, in truth, a greater benefit than life itself.—Seneca.

The power which rules the world is just, and no nation ever tramples on the liberties of others without in the end forfeiting its own.—Goldwin Smith.

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts, and warm hand-shakes—these are the secondary means of grace when men are in trouble, and are fighting their unseen battles.—Dr. John Hall.

The humblest man or woman can live splendidly. That is the royal truth we need to believe, you and I, and have no "mission" and no great sphere to more in.—William Gannett.

Affectation in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us be taken notice of, either as wanting sense, or as wanting sincerity.—Locke.

THE FEMININE OBSERVER.

Why does the darkest colored woman always wear the biggest sunbonnet?

The emotionless person never knows the agony of sleepless, tearful nights.

A lawyer's office and a dissecting-room are on a par in their cold-blooded analyses.

An automobile in a quiet street is as much a cause for excitement as a runaway horse.

So many faints are feints that few women get any sympathy for losing consciousness.

Two little words, "Forgive me!" can change the darkest sky to heaven's most cerulean blue.

Even the wisest woman will let herself be persuaded, when she is in trouble, to consult a fortune-teller.

Why is it we always think that every messenger boy that appears on our street has a communication for us?

The trouble with many skeletons is that they acquire flesh so rapidly that they have to push the closet door open.

It is the woman who rarely shows spirit who is the most determined when she finally realizes that she has stood more than is necessary.

How many women would be willing to admit that they eat from the refrigerator on the maid's day out, yet how many do it just the same?

NO USE TRYING

I can't take plain cod-liver oil. Doctor says, try it. He might as well tell me to melt lard or butter and try to take them. It is too rich and will upset the stomach. But you can take milk or cream, so you can take

Scott's Emulsion

It is like cream; but will feed and nourish when cream will not. Babies and children will thrive and grow fat on it when their ordinary food does not nourish them.

Persons have been known to gain a pound a day when taking an ounce of Scott's Emulsion. It gets the digestive machinery in working order so that the ordinary food is properly digested and assimilated.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

SAD FATES OF FAMOUS HORSES.

The famous racer Banquet, known throughout the United States on and off the turf a few years ago as one of the most reliable winners to be seen in a season's running on the tracks, is eking out a meagre existence in London today pulling a hansom and illustrating the irons of life perfectly. A few years ago he brought thousands of dollars a year to his owners and would any day have sold at auction at a fancy price. Today he is earning scarcely a hundred dollars clear profit for his cabby and would hardly sell at one-fourth that amount. He has experienced the vicissitudes of misfortune as certainly as any human being could. He was taken to England some time ago to try the English tracks. The climate perhaps did not suit him. At any rate he made successive failures. His owners sold him and after one and another trial he passed from hand to hand till he became the property of his present owner. And there is no one to rescue him from his fate. But like human drift wood he is not alone in his misfortunes. Many horses of world-wide fame have fared as pitifully in their later years. In the stables attached to the Pasteur institute, Paris, might have been seen not long ago two horses of European repute. One was the favorite charger of Marshal Canrobert, which in happier days had been the idol of its master and had followed him to his last resting-place; the other was Baron Flint's St. Claude, the winner of the Grand Steeplechase at Auteuil in 1890. These once-famous horses were used for the production of serum, and ended their days as martyrs to science.

POOR OLD BANQUET AS HE IS TO-DAY.

A still worse fate was the lot of George Frederick, the winner of the Derby of 1874. Winning the Derby was at once the crown and end of his racing career, and after many vicissitudes he found himself some years later in the shafts of a cab. The ultimate fate of this "blue-ribbon winner" was in the knacker's yard, where he was converted into cat's meat. Another horse which descended from the proudest pinnacle a horse ever occupied to the shafts of a cab was Gen. Boulanger's black Arab, which, with its arched neck and proud curveting, so impressed the "brave general's worshipers." Within a few years of his owner's death he was "plying for hire" in the very streets that had witnessed his triumphs. Horses, too, like men, have their tragedies, and more than one famous racer has come to an untimely end. Blue Gown, a Derby winner of thirty years ago, was on his way to America to a new owner, who had bought him for $20,000, when he died on the voyage. Klarikoff, a Derby favorite, was burned to death while traveling by rail to his headquarters. Kingcraft's career ended with winning the Derby, in 1870. Fourteen years later he was sold for a small sum to an American sportsman, and, like Blue Gown, did not survive the voyage. Fitzroy was shot, a fate which also overtook Silvio, winner of the Derby and the St. Leger in 1877, whose brilliant racing career was ended by a broken leg. The fates of famous war horses are happier than those of their brethren of the turf, and many of them have ended their days in peace and luxury and have left lasting memorials behind them. One of the most famous of the world's horses was Copenhagen, the little Danish chestnut thoroughbred which carried the Duke of Wellington through the Spanish war and bore him to his crowning victory at Waterloo. When his war days were over Copenhagen was sent to Strathfeldsaye, where he was fed and petted to his heart's content. The attentions of his admirers became at last so trying, and so much of his hair was purloined from mane and tail, that he was put in a cage to insure a little peace. When he died a magnificent tombstone was erected to his memory.

Marengo, Napoleon's famous white charger, spent his last days under equally happy conditions in England, and his skeleton is preserved in the Royal United Service institution. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's favorite mare, Nellie Gray, was killed in the thick of the battle of Winchester. It was on the back of his beloved horse Sorrel that Stonewall Jackson received his death-wound. Sorrel survived his master twenty years, lovingly cared for, and his body, skilfully mounted, may be seen in the library of the soldiers' home, Virginia. Many Derby winners are fortunate enough to escape an ignominious or a tragic end, and live to an honored and happy old age. Hermit lived twenty-three years after he won the Derby, in 1867, and his skeleton, treasured in the Royal Veterinary college, helps to preserve his memory. Amato, the winner of the 1838 Derby, found honorable burial on Lord Rosebery's estate at Epsom. Blair Athol survived peacefully until 1892, when his value had dwindled from $60,000 to less than $10,000. Kisber survived his Derby fame for twenty-two years, and Lord Lyon died honored and petted, at the ripe old age of twenty-four.

The Sweep in Switzerland.

In Switzerland the chimney sweep is an official personage. He is the employe of the commune, receiving a fixed salary. He is also, as many tourists have noticed, one of the few sons of the Helvetian republic who on Sundays and week days sport a tall silk hat. On his official tour he takes it off blandly, and informs the householder that he is "empowered by the state to inspect his flues." In the canton of Grisons recently the post and title of "communal chimney sweep" was opened to competition. The salary was $160 a year, and the candidates were numerous, says a correspondent of the Boston Traveler. But the strange thing was that they were mostly schoolmasters from Italy a painful sign of the times in that unrestful land.

How Labouchere Helped a Friend.

Labouchere tells an amusing story of how he did a good turn for a legal friend, who, although accustomed to address juries and judges, was afraid of the house of commons. "One day, walking home with him," says Labouchere, "I told him that he should get over this curious dread. A matter was coming under discussion which involved a good deal of law. I said to him: 'If you like, I will get up and speak against the government view. You must jeer at me. I will complain of this, and suggest that as you are an eminent lawyer you should express your objections accurately, then you—having prepared your speech—must get up and crush me.' This was arranged. When I laid down the law, he laughed. I looked indignant. I went on; he uttered sarcastic 'hear, hears.' On this I protested sat down, and invited him to reply to me. He got up and made an excellent speech."—The Argonaut.

TOO SLEEPY.

To Get Up in Time, and His Valet Sailed for Europe Alone.

New York World: Col. Charles Borbur of Philadelphia and his valet are on their travels. That is, the valet is traveling. He is on a Hamburg-American liner, bound for Germany. He has no money. The colonel is at Mayer's hotel, in Hoboken. "I should think," said the colonel, 'that if Lorch went through all his clothes carefully he might amass as much as eight cents. But that may be an over-estimate. He is a bright fellow and a good accountant. I hardly think he will throw himself overboard. It happened in this way. The colonel came over from Philadelphia to sail on the Hamburg-American steamer Pennsylvania. She was advertised to leave her Hoboken dock at 10 a. m. Saturday. Col. Borbur, while at Mayer's, formed the acquaintance of Fred Lorch, who attended to the hotel cigar stand. He wanted $20 a month and all expenses paid to go with him to Berlin, thence to the Paris exposition, and thence around the world. Lorch agreed, and Col. Borbur engaged two berths on the Hamburg boat. Lorch was early on board Saturday morning; not so the colonel. The colonel was sleepy that morning; besides, he did not feel well. He turned over in bed when he woke on Saturday morning and said, "Hang the steamer; there are others." And so he went to sleep again. When he woke up he remembered Lorch. So the colonel resigned himself to wait for the Bismarck this week. In the meantime he cabled a consolatory message to be handed to Loren on his arrival, and also he arranged with the steamship people on the other side to take care of Lorch until the Bismarck and the colonel arrive.

TENNYSON.

A Friendly Estimate of His Quality.

Tennyson was very dear to his friend Jowett, as the following letter addressed to another friend by the Master of Balliol testifies: "I paid my annual visit to Tennyson last week. Shall I tell you about him? This year he has written but a short piece, called 'Boadicea,' in a very wild, peculiar meter, with long lines and innumerable short syllables. It is very fine, but too strange to be popular. He had been ill, and greatly suffering and depressed, I fear. The more I see of him the more I respect his character, notwithstanding a superficial irritability and uneasiness about all things. I have a pleasure in repeating this about him, because I find he is so greatly mistaken by those who don't know him or only know him a little. No one is more honest, truthful, manly, or a warmer friend, but he is as open as the day, and, like a child tells to any chance comer what is passing in his mind. He sometimes talks of going on with 'King Arthur.' For my own part I hope he won't; he has made as much of it as the subject admits. Twenty years ago he formed a scheme for an epic poem on 'King Arthur in ten books.' It is perhaps fortunate for himself that circumstances have prevented the completion of it. He dislikes Byron, but speaks very generously and warmly of Wordsforth."

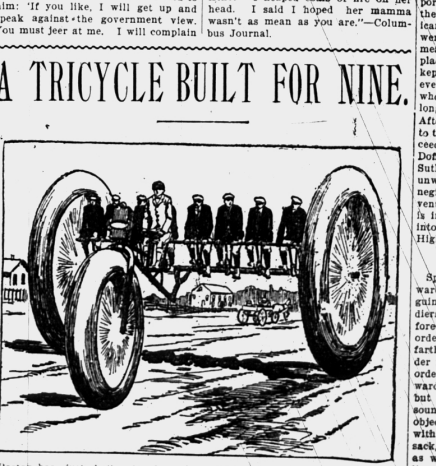
The Real Thing.

Writing from San Fernando, a Kansas boy says: "Had apple dumplings the other night for supper. 'Spect an old soldier would laugh at apple dumplings on the firing line. They were the genuine thing, for I dreamed of Filipinos with long knives."—Kansas City Journal.

Coals of Fire.

"Ethel—'Lottie Totkins said you was too mean to live, 'cause you wouldn't let me play with her.' Fond Mother—'And what did you say, Ethel?' Ethel—'I heaped coals of fire on her head. I said I hoped her mamma wasn't as mean as you are.'"—Columbus Journal.

A TRICYCLE BUILT FOR NINE.



Boston has just built the largest cycling machine in the world. It is a tricycle, weighing nearly a ton and standing fully eleven feet high. It requires nine men to operate it, one to direct its course and eight to propel its pedals. It attains a great speed, too, considering its weight, being capable of over thirty miles an hour.

The machine was built by the Boston Woven Hose company and has been run by the company upon the streets of Boston on several occasions. Its great size has attracted for it much attention. Its driving wheels are each eleven feet in diameter and weigh in the neighborhood of 250 pounds. They are rubber-tired and fitted with ball-bearing to facilitate their smooth running. They are driven by chain gearing, connecting with a double shaft. Four sets of pedals connect with each shaft, the men sitting in a row between the wheels.

The front steering wheel is over seven feet in diameter. It is controlled by a chain and wheel easily handled by one man. He sets in front and guides its course, evading obstacles with little difficulty.

On a level road one man could readily push it along from behind, but at least three would be necessary to move it by the pedals. Eight, however, have no difficulty even in fairly hilly districts.

HER LIFE FOR OTHERS

NOBLE SACRIFICE OF A PRETTY NEW YORK GIRL.

Heiress in Salvation Army—Cora Van Norden Joins Her Sister in the Slums—Believes She Has a Mission and at Once Takes Up Her Cross.

Here is the story of the young woman who believes she has a mission in life beyond social gayety and merry-making of the 400. She is Miss Cora Van Norden, daughter of Warner Van Norden, president of the National Bank of North America. She is following the footsteps of her sister, Miss Emma Van Norden, long a convert enlisted in salvation's ranks. Four years ago, just after Miss Emma Van Norden had "come out," there was a furor in her set. Miss Van Norden had quietly joined the ranks of the Ballington-Booths. She and her family were faithful attendants at Dr. John Hall's church in Fifth avenue, and her friends were amazed at the turn her devotion had taken.

"I implore you to consider," her sister said.

"No," said Miss Emma Van Norden. "I consider it my duty. You can stick to society; I shall join the army."

So Miss Emma Van Norden sold her ball gowns for charity, but Miss Cora Van Norden still appeared in society. She went the usual round of the season's entertainments.

"I follow my sister?" she laughed. "Oh, dear, no!"

They were sisters, so it was only natural that Miss Cora Van Norden should go down into the slums to see what Miss Emma was doing.

"I don't see how you can stand this," said the girl of society. But the other only smiled. Presently Miss Cora Van Norden began inquiring further about her sister's work. It didn't seem so bad after all.

"Well, I hope you are happy, anyway," she said, and this was her first cheerful view of the situation.

"Yes, I am happy," replied her sister.

Mr. Van Norden was disquieted. He saw the awakening interest of his younger daughter and feared she would follow her sister.

"No, indeed," she laughed. "I am too fond of the gay world."

The Booth-Tuckers met and were charmed with Miss Cora Van Norden. Her sister talked quietly of the work, and all the pleasant features of Salvation army life were laid before her.

"Dear me," she said suddenly, one day, a year ago, "isn't there something I can do to help? I don't want to join the Salvation army. I just want to help."

So she was allowed to help.

There is a new editor today for the Young Soldier, published in the interest of the junior members of the army. The chief editor is away, and the new editor is Miss Cora Van Norden. She has just taken charge. Her father's expectations have come true.

"It is a very delicate matter to talk about," said Col. Lewis yesterday, at the army headquarters. "But it is true. Miss Van Norden is editing the Young Soldier for us."

But Miss Van Norden still clings to the outer world. Not yet can she convince herself she must give up all social gayety. She still wears her stunning tailor-made gowns.

But the truth is out. She has joined the army. Her father has given up his city house and engaged rooms at the New Netherland. Miss Cora Van Norden has come to work with her sister.

"By and by," say the other Salvation Army lassies, "she will be with us in everything."

"I told you so," says her sister calmly.

Curse Hanging Over Skibo.

There is, according to Highland tradition, a curse hanging over Skibo, Scotland, and those who would have it for their own, and there are Highland seers who are shaking their heads and eagerly wondering whether it may not in due time alight on Mr. Carnegie and his descendants. The tale is one of cruel wrong done to the original possessors, the Grays, of Skibo, and the Murrays, of Pulrossie, who, for centuries, owned the lands now incorporated into the one estate that is in the hands of the great Scotch-American. Some 150 years ago the owners were deprived of their lands by foul means, a curse that brought upon the place, and from that day to this it has kept on changing hands with almost every generation. The Douls were they who ousted the Grays, but it was not long that they remained in possession. After one generation they gave place to the Mackays, who, in turn, were succeeded by the Gordons, Dempsters, Doffer-Dempsters, Chirnsides, and Sutherlands. The Sutherlands were unwilling to have Skibo go to Mr. Carnegie, but they were unable to prevent it, and now the Scotch-American is in power and is turning the castle into one of the finest mansions in the Highlands.

A Queer War Incident.

Speaking of these short rushes forward a queer thing happened at Guiguinto, where perhaps half of the soldiers in one regiment found hens. Before there was time to kill the fowl orders came to go forward. A little farther out the regiment lay down under fire for some minutes. Then the order came to charge. Up and forward with a yell rushed the soldiers, but over the cheering rose another sound. Three or four hundred hens, objecting to being carried head down with feet tied to the strap of a haversack, set up a frantic squawking such as was probably never heard along a line of charging military before.—Leslie's Weekly.

A Woman Jockey.

Emma Bagwill, the woman jockey, bears the distinction of being one of a very few women who ride in regular races against jockeys of the opposite sex. She began riding at the age of 12 years, and to the Indians about Carson is still known by her maiden name of Emma Trapp. When she married, about five years ago, and suspected that her husband, who had some running horses, was being defrauded by dishonest jockeys, she determined to help him by doing the riding herself. Mrs. Bagwill weighs but 80 pounds.