Annual January Clearing Sale

...OF...

Winter Shoes and Slippers

All Winter Goods to be closed out this month. Greatly reduced prices on Boys', Misses' and Children's leggings. See our tables of Bargains in *Shoes at 98c and $1.48 a pair.*

H. B. MERRITT,

Pontiac, - - - Mich.

THIS IS OUR SPACE.

WE SELL SHOES!

Come and see us at.....

20 N. Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.

LOSEE BROS. & CO.

To the Public;

Parks Block

[illegible]

Thos. H. Cobb.

CLOSING OUT SALE

We are going out of business at once!

Come and take away the goods [illegible]

HARNESS, BLANKETS, ROBES, HORSE GOODS,

All goods are advancing in price [illegible]

Terms Cash

JACOBS BROS., Pontiac, Mich.

An Expensive Method For Us== But a Profitable One For You.

[illegible]

C. A. SHAFER.

IN POLLY'S STUDIO.

I had gone around to Polly's studio to ask her to go with me to Horton's freak museum, where, by some mistake of the management, there was on display a really fine collection of Chinese curios that had attracted much attention among the few connoisseurs who had dared enter the place. But the door had hardly closed behind me before we were quarreling about something—I've forgotten what. Five minutes later Polly was dabbing viciously at a canvas and I was glaring into the pages of a magazine six months old.

A knock sounded at the door—a decided tap followed by two or three lighter and hesitating ones. Polly's face wrinkled. "That sounds just like Mr. Peters' knock," she said crossly. "I wonder what that man will want anyhow."

[illegible]

...indifferent: "With whom did you go?"

"A young lady friend of mine," I answered, unconcernedly. I glanced at her covertly and saw that she was not happy. I felt happier.

Since Polly had lost her volubility Peters began to grow uncomfortable. I saw him twist about in his chair and fumble with the band on his hat. Finally he rose.

"I suppose I can call for you tomorrow evening then?" he said.

Polly fingered her chin and looked at the floor as though in deep study. "I spoke hastily when I said I'd go. I'm not so certain now that I think of it. There are some things I really ought to do tomorrow night." She paused, then shook her head slowly. "No, after all, Mr. Peters, I really can't go."

She rose from her chair and started Peters toward the door by starting toward it herself. [illegible]

[illegible]

POLLY LOOKED UP QUICKLY.

...a dozen times. I could not forgive him for trying to hold Polly's hand, not even after the joy I had experienced at cheating him out of his dance with her at the fancy dress ball.

"I'm awfully glad to see you," said Polly, and then glanced slyly at me to see how I was taking it. "Why, I haven't seen you since the night of the ball. I was very sorry I didn't get to dance with you that night. As it was I had to dance that number out with Mr. Minton."

Again Peters smiled—and he had reason to smile. I began considering the propriety of throwing him out. He had no right to smile and be smiled at in such a fashion—of that there was no doubt. I glanced at one of the windows and wondered how a [illegible] fall would affect his constitution. A little later I found myself taking the window preparation for the extreme measure I felt impelled to take. For Polly hadn't looked at me since Peters came in and was now leaning forward talking to him as though there was not another of his kind on earth. I understood perfectly that the object of her disregard for me and her sudden regard for Peters was to make me jealous. But in spite of my understanding she was thoroughly successful.

"I dropped in to ask you if you wouldn't go with me tomorrow night to see the Chinese curios at Horton's," I heard Peters say.

Polly noticed that I was giving attention, and her manner grew even more effusive than ever. "I shall be delighted to go. I've been wanting to ever so much, but I have had no opportunity. I suppose it's perfectly proper for a lady to go there?"

"Perfectly proper—perfectly," Peters reassured her, with an eloquent wave of the right hand.

I saw a chance of playing against Polly the same little game she was playing against me, and I did not pass my opportunity. "It's all right, Polly," I said, carelessly. "You'll enjoy it."

Polly looked up quickly, showing a sudden loss of interest in Peters.

"Why, how do you know?"

"I was with a young lady there. Nothing in the least reprehensible about it. We had a jolly time. You and Mr. Peters will like it, too."

There was a short silence, then Polly spoke in a voice that tried to be...

[illegible]

"Well, [illegible] I don't care to know anyhow."

Stiffly erect, she walked to the window and looked down. She began to whistle, then she thrummed against the window pane with her fingers, then she was silent. Then she moved out of my range of vision and for several minutes I heard her stirring about behind me. Suddenly I felt a hand come down softly on either shoulder and a head nestle close to mine.

"Who is she, Tom? There's a good boy. Now tell me," Polly coaxed. "She is ugly, isn't she, and her hair is red? Of course it is."

There was no resisting this new method of attack. The best I could do was to yield in my own way.

"I'm afraid she isn't ugly and her hair isn't red."

"And she isn't even freckled?" Polly's disappointment showed in her voice.

"Not even freckled. In fact, she's very much like you."

"Why, she isn't so bad, after all," Polly admitted.

I nodded my head. "No, not very. It's because she's like you that I admire her."

"Now, how is she like me?"

"She's like you because she is——" I turned my head and looked into the little eager face above my shoulder—"because she is you."

Polly straightened up and quickly moved around in front of me. "What's that? What do you mean?" she cried, in amazement. "She's like me—she is me! Then I'm the girl?"

"You are the girl," I smiled up into her face.

"But I wasn't out with you."

"Tuesday night?" I suggested.

She studied for an instant. "Why, that's the evening we went to the theater after uncle left."

She stared at me in silence and a look of disgust came upon her face. Then she turned about squarely and left me gazing at her back. "Oh, pshaw!" she said.

I bided my time, knowing she would turn around, and this she did, and I saw on her face the beginning of a smile.

"Well, I'm glad it wasn't some other girl," she said.

"So am I," I agreed—and at this the smile increased.

"But the girl you were with at Horton's?" she spoke up suddenly. "You said you were there with one."

"I was in there for just a few minutes, and happened to see Miss Stanton. I was with her for about half a minute."

Again Polly stared at me. "You're a fraud," she commented.

"I know it," I admitted, cheerfully.

"And, what's worse, you caused me to refuse Mr. Peters. See here, you've got to be punished." She was shaking a forefinger at me. "I'll just make you take me up to see the curios. I really want to go."

"Certainly," said I. "I came around for the sole purpose of asking you."

"And you'd like to take me?" Her eyebrows went up.

"Of course."

"Well, we won't go then," said Polly, decidedly. "You've got to be punished somehow."

TEACHING GEOGRAPHY.

An Englishman Objects Strongly to the American Method.

"I am not satisfied with the American method of [illegible]," said an Englishman residing in New York. "In [illegible]

[illegible]

... to superintend the pool and the camps.

Making Him Whole.

"It takes the glorious old west to do business," said the man with the alligator grip, as he boarded the train at St. Paul. "We of the east are not in it a little bit." "Anything to relate?" queried one of the passengers as he woke up. "Just a few words. I traveled from New York to Chicago with a starving looking girl. At Buffalo I was gone on her. At Detroit we were engaged. As we reached Chicago she had set the date. I returned home, wrote her 320 love letters and came out here to get married. She decided that she would marry another. She estimated the value of my time at $500, the worth of my letters at $300 and my broken heart at $200, and drew me a check for $1,000, and here it is. Gave her a receipt in full to date, kissed her good-bye and there you are and here I am. There's but one way to do business and the west knows all about it. Yes, check for a thousand and how many of you gentlemen will smoke a good cigar at my expense?"—Chicago News.

Concerning Ivories.

Silver for toilet table articles will always hold its own, but ivory today is the most distinguished material of which brushes, combs, powder boxes, hand mirrors and the like can be made. It is better for a person who is collecting the furniture for a dressing-table to put money gradually into fine pieces of ivory rather than silver. Ivory of the best quality is steadily increasing in value. Every year the number of elephants decreases. The time is almost here when the ivory-bearing elephants of central Africa will be extinct. Collections of ivory now fetch large prices. It is not surprising, therefore, that ivory toilet articles should be eagerly sought.

The Birth of a Fear.

Hourist—What do you consider the best thing to drink after whisky, colonel? Colonel (anxiously)—Is the whisky supply in danger of being exhausted, sah?—New York World.

The little town of Moorehead, Kan., has a co-operative hotel, laundry, hall, creamery and canning factory and a co-operative dining hall, with several co-operative farms nearby.

COUNTY LINE

Nearly everyone in Warren has secured ice for the coming season.

John Martin's team ran away Saturday upsetting Mr. Halsey's windmill.

Mrs. Frank Reddick has gone to Evanston, Ill., to visit her son, John.

Hotel Keeper Kandt, of Warren, is going to move to Mt. Clemens in the spring.

Bert Hawthorn arrived home Saturday. He has been engineer on a boat the past season.

Mrs. Wm. Hawthorn and daughter, May, have gone to Evanston, Ill., on a visit to relatives.

Rev. Parker, of Detroit, preached for the Congregational people in K. of P. hall last Sunday.

J. Wilson, head sawyer for G. Extine, had a finger taken off while tightening a nut last week Thursday.

Jacob Detloff received a letter Saturday stating his son, Tony, was dead. He was a regular in the U. S. army.

E. Tharrett and wife, of Mt. Clemens, Geo. Burton and wife, of Flint, and Mrs. Procter and daughter, of Wayne, attended the funeral of Mrs. Crarch Monday last.

BEDDOW.

Master Earl Russell is very sick with typhoid pneumonia.

A week of prayer is being observed at the U. P. church.

Mrs. Emma Brooks and sister, Mrs. H. J. Broughton, spent last Thursday with their sister, Mrs. M. D. Sly, of Romeo.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25c per box. For sale by Whitehead & Mitchell.

SOUTHFIELD

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Hughes have a fine baby boy.

Mrs. Randolph has been on the sick list, but is better.

Elvin Prince's children have the whooping cough.

Alex Pardy is preparing to build a new barn this spring.

Mrs. McDonald has been suffering with rheumatism.

J. M. Bellow has improved his store by putting a new floor in it.

Sam Hanna called on friends in Southfield during the holiday vacation.

CLAWSON.

Lucy Poole has bought Emily Haines' home.

Mr. and Mrs. Payson Halsey visited in Detroit over Sunday.

Allen Hendrickson and wife spent the holidays with their parents.

Mrs. Haines and son George and family expect to move to Marlette.

Mr. and Mrs. Sayre, of Gaines, have been visiting old friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Pratt, of Detroit, visited H. J. Bowers Wednesday.

Mrs. Harvey Perkins fell down the cellar stairs severely injuring her.

Frank Larne is spending the winter at his uncle's, Orin Stowell, in Tuscola Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Newman, of Detroit, visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chris Bhrendt, recently.

Geo. Hendrickson and wife attended the annual reunion of the Baptist church in Birmingham last Saturday.

The Clawson Pedro Club was organized at Eli Phillips' last week. The club met at Myron Bailey's Friday night.

Baby's Skin

Can be kept pure and free from all skin troubles by using Dr. Chase's Ointment, a guaranteed cure for all skin eruptions, chafing, itching or burning. Cures piles, eczema and salt rheum. 50c at all druggists or Dr. A. W. Chase Med. Co., Buffalo, N. Y. A sample box will be sent absolutely free to any one sending stamp for postage.

TROY.

Emmet Brown has [illegible]

Mrs. Harry Aspinwall has the grippe.

Grace McCarter spent Sunday in Detroit.

Clara Barrows returned home [illegible] on Monday last.

Bert Clark expects to [illegible] in February.

Mrs. Ella Cutting is taking treatment for her eyes in Detroit.

Mrs. Emily Donaldson is visiting her sister, Mrs. Line Noyes.

Fred Frank and family entertained friends from Detroit Sunday.

Mae Wattles and [illegible] return to the [illegible] this week.

Miss DePue's terms for [illegible] lessons are 24 lessons for $5 and 12 lessons for $3.

Mrs. [illegible] and Mrs. Chester Smith spent Saturday and Sunday at Dan Webster's in Pontiac.

The Arthur Jessup-Wager Memorial Association held their annual meeting, Saturday, Jan. 6, 1900, at the M. E. church. The officers remain the same as last year with the exception of Miss Clara Barrows as treasurer. Mr. Buncher is secretary of the executive committee.

Church Notes.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. N. Norton Clark, Pastor. Sabbath services at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Epworth League at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 p. m. All are invited.

PRESBYTERIAN—Rev. H. S. Jastema, Pastor. Sabbath services at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Everyone invited.

BAPTIST—Sabbath services at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at [illegible] B. Y. P. U. at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. All are welcome.

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN—[illegible] Pastor. Sabbath School at [illegible] worship and sermon at 3 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. each Thursday evening at 7 p. m. All are welcome.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR!

Ask your physician this question, "What is the one great remedy for consumption?" He will answer, "Cod-liver oil." Nine out of ten will answer the same way.

Yet when persons have consumption they loathe all fatty foods, yet fat is necessary for their recovery and they cannot take plain cod-liver oil. The plain oil disturbs the stomach and takes away the appetite. The disagreeable fishy odor and taste make it almost unendurable. What is to be done?

This question was answered when we first made

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. Although that was nearly twenty-five years ago, yet it stands alone today the one great remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs.

The bad taste and odor have been taken away, the oil itself has been partly digested, and the most sensitive stomach objects to it rarely. Not one in ten can take and digest the plain oil. Nine out of ten can take SCOTT'S EMULSION and digest it. That's why it cures so many cases of early consumption. Even in advanced cases it brings comfort and greatly prolongs life.

SCOTT & BOWNE [illegible]