Ladies' Warm Shoes and Slippers ∴ ∴

Beaver Shoes, lace or congress, $1.00.
Beaver Shoes, leather foxed, $1.00 and $1.50.
Beaver Shoes, foxed, kid tip, lace or button, $1.75.
Fine Vici Kid, lace or button, $2.50.
Felt Nullifiers, fur trimmed, black, red or brown, 75c, $1, $1.50.
Felt Opera Slippers, 25c and $1.00.
Felt Slippers, felt soles, 45c to 60c.
Ladies' Overgaiters, 15c to 75c pair.
Ladies' Leggings, 90c to 90c pair.

H. B. MERRITT,
PONTIAC, - - - MICHIGAN.

Over-Work Weakens Your Kidneys.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

All the blood in your body passes through your kidneys once every three minutes.

The kidneys are your blood purifiers, they filter out the waste or impurities from the blood.

If they are sick or out of order, they fail to do their work.

Pain in the back and rheumatism come from excess of uric acid in the blood, due to neglected kidney trouble.

Kidney trouble causes quick or unsteady heart beats, and makes one feel as though they had heart trouble, because the heart is over-working, pumping thick, kidney-poisoned blood to the different organs of the body.

Other symptoms of kidney trouble are obliged to pass your water frequently during the day, and to get up many times during the night; a pale face often indicates kidney trouble; another is a formation like a sediment or settling in the urine after standing twenty-four hours; a thick, cloudy appearance of the urine is also evidence that the kidneys are diseased.

What you need is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, which stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything, but if you have kidney or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in hospital practice, in private practice, and has proved its wonderful curative powers in the most distressing cases, and it is generally recommended by physicians to their patients who require a kidney remedy.

You may have a sample bottle by mail. Home of Swamp-Root, free, also pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

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Come and see our Fall Stock of SHOES.

Losee Bros. & CO.,
20 N. Saginaw St., Pontiac.

How About That Suit and Overcoat?

Haven't you been promising yourself one for the Winter? We can sell you the best Suit or Overcoat for $10 that you ever saw and if you want to raise the price to $12 or $15, why we will give you such value and style as you have never seen anywhere. Just give us the opportunity to furnish you a Suit or Overcoat and we will save you a snug sum.

Children's $3.50 and $5 Suits and Reefers a Specialty.

Yours for Bargains,

J. W. Bird, One-Price Clothier,
PONTIAC, - MICH.

New Stock of Gloves and Mittens... AT Whitehead & Mitchell's.

Best Canvas Gloves, 10c pair
Outwear any Goat or Muleskin.

Mittens at 10c per pair.
Mittens (Muleskin) at 25c per pair.
Canvas Gloves, faced, 25c per pair.

No Old Stock. Call and See Our Line.

Whitehead & Mitchell.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Kermott's Chocolates

Laxative Quinine.

THE ONE DAY COLD CURE.

25c.

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COBB & COBB,
WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL.

DETROIT UNITED RAILWAY

Opera'es all Detroit City Lines.

Time Table—Pontiac Division.

In Effect, November 19th, 1901.

Subject to Change Without Notice.

Cars leave Birmingham for Detroit at 6:00 a. m. and every half hour thereafter until 11:00 p. m.

Cars leave Birmingham for Pontiac at 6:00 a. m. and every half hour thereafter until 8:00 p. m., and hourly until 12 o'clock midnight.

First car leaves Detroit for Birmingham at 6:00 a. m., 7:00 a. m. and every half hour thereafter until 7:00 p. m. and hourly until 11:00 p. m. Last car waits for the theatres.

On Sundays first car leaves one hour later than time given above.

GRAND ∴ TRUNK ∴ RAILWAY ∴ SYSTEM

Time Table in Effect
November 4, 1901.

D. G. R. & M. DIVISION.

WESTBOUND—FROM BIRMINGHAM.

No. 4 Mail and Express for Saginaw, Bay City and Mackinaw ... 7:00 a. m.
No. 6 Mail and Chicago Express for Detroit, Jackson and Chicago ... 12:01 p. m.
No. 8 Atlantic Express for Detroit and Intermediate Stations ... 6:00 p. m.
No. 10 Mail and Accommodation for Detroit and Intermediate Stations ... 11:00 p. m.

EASTBOUND—FROM BIRMINGHAM.

No. 3 Mail and Accommodation for Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo, Detroit and Intermediate Stations ... 7:30 a. m.
No. 5 Chicago Express for Detroit and Intermediate Stations ... 12:30 p. m.
No. 7 Mail and Express for Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo, Detroit and Intermediate Stations ... 5:30 p. m.
No. 9 Detroit Express for Detroit and Intermediate Stations ... 10:30 p. m.

G. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.
ALEX. H. SMITH, General Passenger Agent, Detroit.

Picturesque Pan-American Route to Buffalo.

PONTIAC, OXFORD & NORTHERN R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Trains run on Central Standard Time.

GOING NORTH.	STATIONS.	GOING SOUTH.
7:45 a.m. Pass. Mixed	PONTIAC	8:30 a.m. Pass. Mixed
12:45 p.m. Pass. Mixed	Oxford	12:00 m. Pass. Mixed
6:30 p.m. Pass. Mixed	Lake Orion	5:15 p.m. Pass. Mixed

Schedule of Trains between
PONTIAC AND OXFORD,
In Effect July 23, 1900.

Stations.	No. 1 Mixed.	No. 3 Mixed.	No. 5 Mixed.	No. 7 Mixed.
	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Pontiac	7:45	10:30	2:45	6:30
Auburn	7:55	10:40	2:55	6:40
Lake Orion	8:05	10:50	3:05	6:50
Oxford	8:30	11:15	3:30	7:15
	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
	No. 2 Mixed.	No. 4 Mixed.	No. 6 Mixed.	No. 8 Mixed.
Stations.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Oxford	9:40	12:25	4:40	8:25
Lake	9:50	12:35	4:50	8:35
Auburn	10:00	12:45	5:00	8:45
Pontiac	10:30	1:15	5:30	9:15
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.

CONNECTIONS: Pontiac with Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee Ry., and Michigan Air Line Division of Grand Trunk Ry. Oxford with Bay City Division Michigan Central Ry. Imlay City with Chicago & Grand Trunk Ry. Clifford with Flint & Pere Marquette Ry. Pigeon with Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron Ry.

W. C. SANFORD, Gen. Supt.

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CINCINNATI LOUISVILLE and all Southern Points

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Passenger Traffic Mgr., Cincinnati, O.

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The Combatant

He was the only son of a rich coffee planter, and had never known a wish ungratified. To be foiled in the supreme desire of his life was more than he could bear. To tear the girl from her lover was now his one thought, and it possessed his soul like a devil.

The bearer of evil tidings was gone. He stood upon the shore alone. A little boat rocked idly on the waves. He untied it, jumped in, and seized the oars. A few minutes brought him to a vantage point, whence he might survey the American's villa. It was an old trick of his. With the aid of a small glass, he angled them out in the little group upon the veranda. The tea-drinking over, he saw the young couple wander away, through the trim garden out into the screening foliage of the woods. With clenched teeth and muttered curses, he turned the boat toward shore, conscious of the keen stiletto by his side as of a living presence.

He had nearly gained the shore. A few more strokes and he would be within reach of vengeance. What was the matter with his arms? Strive and strain as he might, he could not advance one inch. His muscles stood out like knotted iron, but their strength was useless now. Slowly, resistlessly, the boat was dragged backward as by an unseen cable. A great hissing roar became audible, and looking up at last he saw a long line of tide rising from the very bosom of the sea and extending even to Krakatoa itself. The ocean was pouring its whole volume into the abysmal fires that yet were not extinguished, and on the crest of that awful and majestic cataract his little boat whirled on to doom. The cowering wretch sank down and hid his face. The tremendous roar of the waters drowned out his frenzied prayers and curses. He strove to make the sign of the cross in the cold sweat on his brow.

In that infinite of waters his now senseless body was drowned and crushed, beaten and burned, into its elemental atoms.

* * * * *

From the commanding height above supporting the fainting girl in his arms, Conrad Dhuloy watched with fascinated horror the scene below. He saw the fishing boats drawn one by one into the fiery whirlpool, and knew not that in one of them a scorpion lay crushed.

Then came a mighty roar, a universal crash as of a world in dissolution. The air grew black around him. He closed his eyes for one instant, and when he looked again, the city of Anjer, with its doomed souls, was gone, and the hungry waves of ocean bellowed at his feet.

Crushing a Scorpion.

BY REBECCA F. FELPS.

It was the first morning after the arrival of the missionary party at the little village of Anjer, on the island of Java. The people, a mixed race of which Dutch and native Javanese were the principal elements, were kind and hospitable to the strangers, and the latter were soon comfortably established in their new home.

Among the missionaries was a young man named Conrad Dhuloy, who had been drawn to the field by the fervent appeals of Ann Hazeltine, a young girl whose acquaintance he had made in his native city. Ann was a beautiful girl, and her face, framed in golden hair, was the first that Conrad looked upon when he awoke on the morning after his arrival. Then followed months of the most delightful companionship, and Conrad found himself more and more attracted toward the fair young girl who was so devoted to the cause which had brought them to the tropics. Ann was a born enthusiast, and her whole heart was in the work. Conrad, on the other hand, was a man of the world, and had given up home and friends and all that he held dear to devote himself to the cause which Ann had espoused. Therefore his motives were not quite so pure, and when the gentle face of the girl passed before the window's rattling flash. It was nothing more than natural. As for Krakatoa, the old mountain would burn itself out, and that's the end of it. There would be an end of all this. The ordinary convulsions of life were premised at noon the fishing boats set sail, at five they anchored in the bay.

On the hillside, a mile or two inland, a number of Europeans had set their beautiful and comfortable villas, this escaping the intense heat and deadly malaria of the lowlands. Here they lived sumptuously in the midst of a cosmopolitan surroundings with all that wealth could furnish to mitigate the pangs of exile. They had known of the restless of the industrial conditions Krakatoa had broken out in May. It was now mid-August, and all that time the warning had not ceased to be heard in the dull rumble of the earthquake.

It was the morning of the 12th of August, a glowing, Sabbath morning. The foreigners were early astir, and on their verandas, gorgeous, bewildering in its lavish profusion of beauty, the tropical landscape lay before them. the dew still glittering on the rich and varied foliage of the undergrowth. Great tropical flowers glowed like many colored lamps in shadowy recesses under giant palms.

A young girl and a young man came strolling leisurely down a little path almost hidden in the dense shrubbery. They were unmistakably of Anglo-Saxon blood. The girl was very beautiful, with that pallid, fragile beauty of one who had long languished under the influence of an enervating climate. There was no healthy color in her lovely, oval face, though sometimes it flushed like a June rose as her companion whispered something for her ear alone. The man was of a different type, his was in the prime of youth. He was perhaps thirty years of age, tall, sunbrowned and sturdily built. He had an air of self reliance and responsibility that sat well upon him. a strong man in every way he seemed.

The girl was the eldest daughter of a rich American merchant, whose palatial villa dominated the height above them. The man was a member of the British Geological Survey, at present stationed in Java in order to investigate the recent seismic disturbances. It was but natural that he should

A young girl and a young man spend much of his spare time at the American's hospitable home. To a man wearied with wandering in many lands, it was like a bit of Eden. It was but natural, too, that he should lose his heart to the loveliest of the lovely daughters of that Eden, although to her it seemed a strange and wonderful thing. It was a short wooing, whose end was from the beginning. The glory of first love lay around the girl; her footsteps trod in an enchanted land. As for him, no one else, he told himself, had ever filled his heart before, no one else had realized the ideal of his dreams. He was infatuated with her beauty and grace as any boy might have been. To find her here in this out of the world place it was like the fairy stories of his almost forgotten childhood. She was like a rare exotic flower that had flourished in this little world of flowers to fascinate his heart. He laughed at himself, he had a fit of laughing when he felt that are to analyze a thought too deeply. He did not want to go into the depths of his own heart, for he knew he would feel his love for her literally and

A long line of fire

he pause to consider the difficulties of his chosen career today here, tomorrow at the other end of the world. What business had he with a wife? Love paused not at such questions. Family pride, interest, ambition, were meaningless words before the deeper reality of this. Love alone was life. Suddenly, across the path, a little reptile darted. The girl sprang back, screaming, "A scorpion!" she cried.

Her lover laughed, and aimed a careless blow with the knotted stick he carried, but before it could descend a great stone, loosened perhaps by an earthquake tremor, went rolling down and crushed the creature to atoms.

It was a trifling incident, unworthy of mention, but the girl was strangely shaken.

"It meant to sting you," she declared with trembling lips.

Even so, Sweetheart," he answered lightly, indulgently. "You see the devil takes care of his own."

"How can you?" she protested the indignant color flashing in her face. "It is a poor subject for a jest. The sting of the scorpion is death."

"I know, I know, but Vivien, Sweetheart, I am too happy to be serious about life or death. Let me laugh, while I can. When I get you over in England away from this beastly malaria, you'll laugh, too. I want to show you to my cousins. You will be like a lily among red roses."

She shivered in the warm air and drew closer to him.

"Let us go back," she said, abruptly. "It is growing hot, and the ground, how it is shaking! Will these awful earthquakes never end?"

Below them the city of Anjer lay in its Sabbath repose. In the bay, the empty fishing boats were anchored. It was all very beautiful and peaceful.

"Look!" cried the geologist.

Far out at sea, thirty miles away, a great tongue of fire darted up from the bosom of Krakatoa!

* * * * *

If heaven was in the heart of Conrad Dunloy, hell burned in the bosom of Antonio Menzada, the dark-browed Spaniard. In vain the girl assured him that she could never love him—he would not be denied. With frenzied jealousy he watched her growing interest in the young officer, and warned her, in note after note, that he would brook no rivalry. She scorned to answer, and bade the servants refuse him admittance. When she told Conrad, he laughed, as he laughed at everything.

That very morning Antonio's worst fears had been confirmed. A malicious servant from the villa told him of Vivien's betrothal to the Englishman, and then fled for life before the demon he had aroused.

There was nothing generous or great in Antonio at any time, and now his whole being was concentrated upon one idea—revenge. Antonio's athletic glittered as he let the sunlight fall upon it.

A POST HELPS A PROPOSAL.

Young Woman's Favorable Answer Received Under Odd Circumstances.

A maiden and a youth were sauntering up and down the platform of the Trinity place station the other evening, engaging the time until the arrival of their train in low and earnest conversation and keeping as close together as a postage stamp and an envelope just before the train arrived the agent wheeled a truck rapidly down the platform and as the engine was coming they stepped to one side, bringing them opposite one of the stanchions that supported the awning. They did not observe it at first, and continued their promenade. Suddenly they came in contact with the obstruction, and when they started to pass it she went on one side and he on the other. It was then discovered that they were hitched together, as a button on the youth's coat had become entangled in the meshes of a piece of lace that fell from the shoulders of the maiden. She was at first inclined to pull the young man to her side of the post, and he attempted to compel her to come his way. They looked at each other for a moment, and saw in the face of each a determination not to yield. Shall we back it up?" he finally asked. "No," was the short, crisp reply. Shall we separate then?" "No," but the tone was softer, and the maiden hung her head. "Come my way," he urged, "and let it be forever." There was a slight hesitation, and the youth triumphed. Just then the moon peeked over the corner of the platform and a golden shaft of light fell upon the maiden's face and revealed an expression of supreme happiness.—Boston Herald.

The Grave of Columbus.

Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America, died at Valladolid, Spain, May 20, 1506, and was buried there, but in 1513 his remains were removed to Seville, whence, in 1536, with those of his son Diego, they were taken to Santo Domingo, in Hispaniola, now commonly known as the Island of Hayti. In 1796 they were, it is stated, transferred to the Cathedral at Havana, but there is some reason to believe that by mistake it was the bones of the son Diego and not those of his father which were removed on that occasion. At present both Havana and Santa Domingo claim his ashes as their treasure.

Reflection Unwelcome.

Clara (well, aunt, have your photographs come from Mr. Snappeschotte's. Miss Maydeval (angrily)—Yes, and they went back, too, with a note expressing my opinion of his impudence. Clara—Gracious! What was it? Miss Maydeval—Why, on the back of every picture were these words: "The original of this is carefully preserved."—Stray Stories.

Death in a Mosquito's Sting.

A mosquito caused the death of Mrs. Anna Lawler of Elizabeth, N. J. A few weeks ago she was stung by the insect on the ankle and blood poisoning followed. On a recent Tuesday she was buried.

Exports and Imports of Gold.

In 1896 we sent abroad $79,000,000 more of gold than we received; in 1899 we received $104,000,000 more than we sent; in 1899, $51,000,000 more; last year the excess of exports was $3,695,575.

An ill-natured person is always sailing on a stormy sea.

Justice needs no wings. Her progress is slower than the snail.

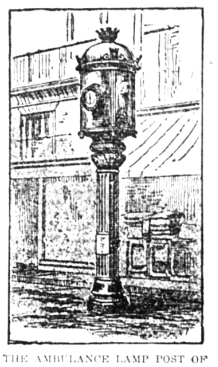
Current News and Views

COMFORT FOR THE AGED.

That many persons live in long-continued dread of landing in the poorhouse is not to be doubted. That this fear is wholesome is believed by some and doubted by others. That it tends to stimulate increased endeavor to provide against destitution is obviously true. A typical case of the way in which life sometimes winds up in the public refuge despite this fear is that of an old truck gardener in the southern outskirts of Chicago, whom the County Agent has been urging to go to the poorhouse. He had seen better days, but old age disabled him, his wife died, the title to his little "spot" slipped into other hands, and, despite his resolute determination never to meet that fate, he has finally yielded, or probably must yield, to the County Agent's solicitation. Some of the most commendable instances of charity, whether public or private, are those devised for the aged poor, and especially sigh as provide for aged couples to live together instead of being separated as they are in the typical British workhouse and in our own poorhouse. Of this sort are the great Krupp works, in Essen, and some of the almshouses maintained by some English towns, and now and then by private charity. There is a sense of fitness in provisions which allow destitute old couples who have performed their work to complete their days in peace together. Such provisions dignify human life, and likewise human labor.

STRETCHER IN A LAMP POST.

An ambulance in a lamp post is the latest idea in street contrivances.



THE AMBULANCE LAMP POST OF PARIS.

Paris has just been endowed with several specimens of what is called a "phare de secours," or first-aid lighthouse. It consists of an ornamental bronze pillar about fifteen feet high, with a round, overhanging top resembling that of a lighthouse, and containing a clock face barometer and three transparent pictorial advertisements, revolved by clockwork and lighted by gas from within. In the base of the pillar is a letter box, and in the shaft is a folding stretcher, with printed directions for affording first aid to the injured. In case of a street accident the stretcher can be immediately obtained by breaking a small glass window just above the letter box, taking out the key, and unlocking the receptacle.

PRINTER BEATS MILLIONAIRE.

It would be difficult to find two men who presented such a marked contrast as the candidates for mayor in the aristocratic city of Yonkers, John E. Andrus, the Republican nominee, is reputed to be worth $30,000,000. Opposed to this man of 60 whose record it would seem, could do naught but establish him firmly in the esteem of the people was Michael J. Walsh, an active, reputable young man of fine character and something of a politician. He is a printer by trade and, though he has a small establishment of his own, has been but moderately successful in business. As a writer for newspapers and as alderman, he has, however, gained great popularity and so well did the people of Yonkers think of him that they elected the printer, his plurality over the multi-millionaire being 650—the largest ever given a candidate for mayor in Yonkers.

Yonkers contains more rich people than any city of its size in the east.

Helping the War Along.

At last Britain is getting something back from South Africa. The Boers are buying guns in England.

President Eliot of Harvard insists that the school teachers spend altogether too much time trying to reach arithmetic to young children. In his Twentieth Century club lecture he told of a naughty boy who was told by his mother that he must either do as she told him or leave the room. The boy thought for a moment and then remarked: "That's fair." "I would give more for that judicial comment for its effect on the boy's later life," said President Eliot, "than for any amount of accurate figuring."

They say out in Kansas that Sheriff Cook of Leavenworth has sent a check to the fund for ransoming Miss Stone, the missionary captured by Turkish or Bulgarian brigands. Mr. Cook, it will be remembered, was captured by the convicts who escaped from the Leavenworth prison, so may be the sending of the check was prompted by a fellow feeling.