CLOTHING--Entire Third Floor.

Men's New Suits at $5.00

There's no profit attached to this sale. This week we offer several hundred

MEN'S Fine New SUMMER SUITS

in Light and Medium Colors, in Tweeds, Cheviots, Cassimeres, etc., all sizes, all worth $7.50, a great many worth $10, all go, choice

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Men's Blue Serge and Black Clay Suits..... From the Eastern makers' hands the ideal suit for summer wear every correct style is represented all sizes, regular, stout & long all made to retail at consider more here at $10

TRY OUR MAIL ORDER DEPT.

THE J. L. HUDSON CO.,

"The Big Store"

DETROIT, MICH.

ALL-DAY FIGHT IN BOER WAR

Crabbe's Command Attacked by Kritzinger Near Cradock.

HORSES ARE STAMPEDED.

Train from Cape Town with Supplies Held Up and Burned Near Scheepers—Three Killed and 18 Wounded—Boer Prisoners Escaping.

London, July 25. The British war office has received the following dispatch from Lord Kitchener, dated Pretoria, July 23: "French reports that Crabbe, with 300 men, was attacked in the mountains near Cradock, by Kritzinger at dawn July 21. The horses stampeded. An all-day fight followed. Crabbe fell back on Mortimer. Our loss was slight. A train from Cape Town, with 113 men and stores, was held up, captured and burned at Scheepers, eight miles north of Beaufort West, on the morning of July 21. Our casualties were three killed and eighteen wounded. An inquiry is proceeding."

The freedom of the city of London was conferred on Lord Milner of Cape Town, governor of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, at the Guildhall today. Lord Milner made a speech in which he deprecated the granting of any concessions that would possibly be compromising in the future or the risk of popularizing the rebellion by treating what he called "crime-stained treason" as a venial offense.

Boer Prisoners Try to Escape.

Hamilton, Bermuda, July 25. The Boer prisoners of war confined on Darrell's island make almost nightly attempts to avoid the patroling gunboats Medina and Medway, and gain the mainland by swimming. The water between Darrell's island and the beach is calm, and all night long the gunboats sweep it with their searchlights. Sharks abound, and the British guard will shoot on suspicion, yet several of the Boers have escaped from their detention camp.

New Ministry Is Completed.

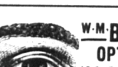
Copenhagen, July 25. The new liberal cabinet, organized by Dr. Deuntzer to succeed the De Schested cabinet, which resigned July 17, is composed as follows: Premier and minister of foreign affairs, Dr. Deuntzer; minister of finance, Alfred Hage; minister of war, Colonel Madson; minister of marine, Admiral Joencke; minister of public instruction, Christensen Standll; minister of justice, Alberti; minister of agriculture, Ole Hansen; minister of public works, Soerup; minister of the interior, Enevold Goerensen.

QUESTION ANSWERED.

Yes, August Flower still has the largest sale of any medicine in the civilized world. Your mothers' and grandmothers' never thought of using anything else for Indigestion or Biliousness. Doctors were scarce, and they seldom heard of Appendicitis, Nervous Prostration or Heart Failure, etc. They used August Flower to clean out the system and stop fermentation of undigested food, regulate the action of the liver, stimulate the nervous and organic action of the system and that is all they took when feeling dull and bad with headaches and other aches. You only need a few doses of Green's August Flower, in liquid form, to make you satisfied there is nothing serious the matter with you. Sample bottles at Whitehead & Mitchell's.

It Dazzles the World.

No Discovery in medicine has ever created one quarter of the excitement that has been caused by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It's severest tests have been on hopeless victims of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhage, Pleurisy and Bronchitis, thousands of whom it has restored to perfect health. For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Hay Fever, Hoarseness and Whooping Cough it is the quickest, surest cure in the world. It is sold by Whitehead & Mitchell who guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Large bottles 50c and $1.



W. M. BARNES OPTICIAN, 134 Oakland Ave. Pontiac, Mich.

TELEPHONE:

Bell, 354-2 rings. Oakland Co., 188

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of **John F. Stephans**, deceased. The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Joseph S. Stockwell, Judge of Probate in and for the county of Oakland, state of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims against said estate, and six months from the 10th day of July, A. D. 1901, having been allowed by said Judge of Probate to all persons holding claims against said estate, in which to present them to us for examination and adjustment, notice is hereby given that we will meet on the 10th day of August, 1901, and on the 10th day of January, 1902, at ten o'clock a. m. of each day at the store of Frank Haverman, in the village of Birmingham, in said county, for the purpose of receiving and adjusting said claims.

CALVIN ELLENWOOD, FRANK HAVERMAN, Commissioners.

July 2 A.D.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Oakland, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the county of Oakland, made on the 18th day of June, A. D. 1901, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of **ELLEN McKAY**, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate office, in the city of Pontiac, for examination and allowance, on or before 18th day of December next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Wednesday, the 18th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day.

Dated June 18, A. D. 1901.

JOSEPH S. STOCKWELL, Judge of Probate.

June 21 Aug 2

HAVE YOU LICE?

(Not a personal question)

PRUSSIAN LICE KILLER

makes a clean sweep of Lice and Mites on

Horses, Chickens and all other Stock.

On SATURDAY and until further notice, Whitehead & Mitchell will sell a big 50c can for only **40c.** A big cut-rate bargain. Try it—it's great. It's sure.

Prussian Remedy Co.,

St. Paul, Minn.

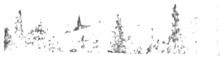
From the window of the chapel softly sounds an organ's note,
Through the peaceful Sabbath gloaming drifting shreds of music float,
And the quiet and the firelight and the sweetly solemn tunes
Bear me dreaming back to boyhood and its Sunday afternoons.

When we gathered in the parlor, in the parlor still and grand,
Where the haircloth chairs and sofas stood arrayed, a gloomy band;
Where each pictured portrait watched us with a countenance of wood,
And the shells upon the whatnot in a dustless splendor stood.

Then the quaint old parlor organ, with the quaver in its tongue,
Seemed to tremble in its fervor as the sacred songs were sung,
As we sang the homely anthems, sang the glad revival hymns
Of the glory of the story and the light no sorrow dims.

While the dusk grew even deeper and the evening settled down
And the lamps at windows twinkled in the drowsy little town
[illegible]

[illegible]



A Jest of Fate.

BY MAUDE E. LEONARD.

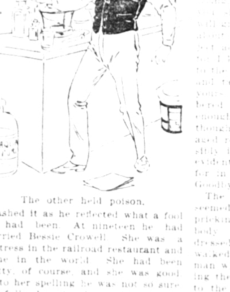
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

The man was in a brown study. Apparently he was engaged in a difficult experiment in his laboratory, for his hands moved automatically among the chemicals. Liquids met, mingled and were separated deftly, but in reality he was entirely ignorant of what his sensitive fingers were doing, for his mind was busily engaged otherwise.

He was a well-built man, and his profile spoke of strength, with its slightly aquiline nose, deepset eye, and closely trimmed beard. That the mouth hidden by this same beard held doubtful curves and a curious droop was a fact naturally unknown to most persons. When Dr. Packard chose to address a meeting of scientists his auditors always were aroused and listened. For he had a brain. Whether he was troubled by a heart was something women liked to speculate about. Those who had solved the question discreetly hid their dearly bought knowledge, for women do not parade their hurts.

In the face of this it is somewhat remarkable to understand that at the moment when he was so aimlessly puttering about in his mechanical work with lackluster introspective eyes Dr. Packard's brain was in reality entirely occupied with a woman. She had come out of the past so far back that the halo of mystery was beginning to adorn her memory, and because he was a son of Adam Dr. Packard found this mystery attractive. She needed some such softening shadow, he reflected, with a touch of sardonic humor, for she must be forty years old. It was over twenty years since he had left that miserable small town in the west when opportunity had stretched out a finger to his restless grasp. The tumultuous and fast following years had cluttered his mind, and it came to him that this was the first time he had ever so seriously and leisurely contemplated his act.

He set down a siphon smartly and



The other held poison.

smashed it as he reflected what a fool he had been. At nineteen he had married Bessie Crowell. She was a waitress in the railroad restaurant and alone in the world. She had been pretty, of course, and she was good. As to her spelling he was not so sure. Carefully he pieced out his boyish recollection of her. He knew precisely what her type would have degenerated into in the time which had passed. With the uncompromisingly accurate knowledge of the mature man he could see her as she undoubtedly was after the lapse of twenty years. She was fat and wore broad, flat shoes with the buttons off. Her gowns were of the dreary, nondescript wools stupid women affect, and her waist went by courtesy. Her hair—it had been brown and roughly curly—was thinning and shiny and screwed into a tight knot. Her complexion was coarse and oily, and she was gross, stolid and entirely repellant to a man of fastidious tastes. Her mind had never risen above the gossip of the store and corners. As this picture grew, so correspondingly faded the idea which as a just man had attacked him, that he had done wrong in running away from her. It was with a sort of pride he recollected in all these years he had never failed to send regular remittances back to her and the child. For there had been one, but it had not appealed to his restless youth and still slumbering emotions of fatherhood. His lawyer relieved him of the delicate task of forwarding the allowance to Bessie, Mrs. Abbott. When he ran away he had changed his name to Packard and she had never traced him, though his invaluable legal man had once carelessly conveyed to him the impression that a vindictive and spasmodic search for her strangely missing husband was now and then made by his client's beneficiary. Mrs. Abbott Packard had thanked his legal man gravely without vouchsafing any information concerning the recalcitrant husband to his expectant legal man, and had gone to his church to offer up thanks that his trail was covered.

Dr. Packard, the scientist, the favored, the admired by the lovely and

[illegible] such a laugh [illegible]

[illegible] With a short sigh Dr. Packard set [illegible] retort he held and reached for the glass of water he had drawn some moments before. The day was warm and he was thirsty. He drank every drop before he emerged from his mental wanderings and stood blinking as one whose sleeping eyes have opened suddenly on a glare of light. Then he stumbled, sat down, and stared stupidly at the empty glass. Two feet away from where it had stood was another glass similar in shape, filled with a colorless liquid. One of those glasses had held water, the other had been filled with a solution he had made of a peculiar, colorless, tasteless poison. And he had drunk one of them.

There was a dampness on his forehead. If it was the poison he had swallowed he was a dead man inside an hour. Then of a sudden he squared his shoulders and laughed harshly with relief. Hastily he reached for the other glass—he could test its contents and the suspense would be over. As he grasped it his trembling hand shifted, the glass slipped into the sink and the contents disappeared down the drain.

The man groaned. It had come on him so suddenly he had awakened to the everyday world so abruptly he had not had time to get his balance. He was not in a normal condition to face such a catastrophe and he sat clutching the table edge with staring eyes and a ghastly face. He did not want to die—he would not! A blind panic [illegible] there was [illegible] With [illegible] he sat [illegible] In a few minutes everything [illegible]

[illegible]

The brutality of the few words seemed to revive him and stop the dull pricking that was stealing over his body. Methodically he sealed, addressed and stamped the envelope, walked out and handed it to the postman who at that moment was unlocking the mailbox. Then he came back to the laboratory and shut the door behind him. There was no longer in his mind any doubt as to which of the glasses he had emptied, for his hands were cold, he trembled as with an ague and numbness stole over his brain. He could not think. He wandered around the room with protesting despairing tread and when his knees gave way beneath him he fell gasping to the floor and the waves swept over him.

* * * * *

Hours later those working over Dr. Packard who had been found on the floor of his laboratory were rewarded by the flicker of his eyelids and presently he spoke. It was the usual inane question of those coming out of the depths.

"You are in your own room," briskly answered the physician at his right, a personal friend. Dr. Packard was trying to think as the waves which had submerged him receded. "I was poisoned," he breathed in a puzzled way.

His friend's face broke into the humoring smile given remarks made by the feeble and incompetent. "Nonsense," he said soothingly, "you've been in the most extensive and all-pervading faint I ever saw but you weren't poisoned, man—what put that idea into your head? You're dreaming! And what do you mean by keeling over in such a reprehensible way? You were working too long without food and rest, that's what ailed you!"

It was some minutes later that Dr. Packard remembered the letter.

He laughed once shortly, abruptly, before he turned his face toward the wall. But the trained nurse at his side jumped. She had never heard quite such a laugh in all her experience. And she never wanted to hear it again.

IN LONLY LABRADOR.

Hunters Who Have Just Heard of Victoria's Death.

Reports are reaching civilization of the operations of the past winter in the interior and upon the coast of Labrador. The season was, generally speaking, a mild one, and the fatalities among the Indians fewer than usual. A good supply of furs was secured, but none of such peculiar value as some of those taken during the preceding winter. The highest price paid for a single skin of last winter's catch was $300, which was for a black silver fox, the king of all the fur bearing animals of Labrador. Exactly double that amount was paid for a skin of the same variety, a very noble specimen, about a year ago. Prices in general are not nearly so good at present as they were the same last year. Marten skins, which have brought as much [illegible] which have [illegible] The hunters from the interior of Labrador had not heard of the death of Queen Victoria until they emerged from the woods a few days ago. No mail matter can reach them during the winter. Even the residents along the coast had only six mails from autumn till spring, and these had to be conveyed over the snow by dogs on sleighs for want of proper roads and other means of conveyance. The oldest living settler upon the coast is Philip G. Touzel, who went there from Jersey nearly fifty years ago, and for more than twenty years was the only settler. He visited civilization the other day, after a long stay in his dreary home. He is a most interesting character, a quaint old-world figure. He is the only Protestant in Sheldrake, where he resides, even his own children being Roman Catholics, but he possesses the confidence of the eighteen families of the place to such an extent that he is their doctor, minister, lawyer and postmaster.—New York Sun.

Davies Too Much for the Boys.

A gray-haired alumnus of Columbia on from a western state for the graduating exercises chatted of the days when he was at Columbia. "There was Prof. Davies," said the old collegian. "We fellows used to like him as well as it was possible for a college boy to like a professor of mathematics. One winter I recollect, the members of my class, myself among the rest, had found considerable amusement and relieved ourselves of class work by burning asafoetida, pepper and other unpleasant things in the various class rooms. We tried the trick with Professor Anthon, who taught Greek, and with Prof. Nairne [illegible] [illegible] Davies [illegible] —New York Times.

Reforms That Were Expensive.

About two-quarters of a railroad's receipts come from the freight department. The passenger department supplies nearly all the rest, the income from mail, express and other privileges being comparatively small. Carrying passengers is a simple matter, or would be if state legislatures did not now and then take a hand in prescribing added specifications for railroad passenger service. In Ohio a law was passed decreeing that the height between the platform and the lowest steps of passenger coaches should not exceed 12 inches. This cost the railroads nearly $100,000, and the reform led to the abolition of a number of flag stops where the passengers had been quite willing to scramble up off the ballast.—Ainslee's Magazine.

Insects Are Born but to Die.

The life of a perfect insect is usually very brief. Of all the myriads of butterflies and moths, bees and wasps, flies and beetles, which make up one of the most marked features of the summer, the vast majority will die before the season is over. A mere handful will survive into next year, while few, indeed, are those that will live to see a second summer. The duration of the larval stage is much longer. The dragon fly nymph, as it is called, lives eleven months in the water. The perfect insect that emerges from it has only a few weeks, at most, of sunshine and the upper air. There are flies which live only for a single day, taking in that time no food, having indeed no mouths by which to take it.

The Weekly Panorama.

Love and Figures.

That love will find a way through all difficulties is illustrated by the recent experiences of Philander Simon and Bertha Karger, both of Paterson, N. J. Philander had been keeping company with Bertha about two years, when for some unexplained reason his love began to cool. Simultaneously Bertha began to fret and pine away. There had been no actual engagement between them, so that a suit could not be brought for breaking the marriage promise, but

Bertha's mother, who is not only a woman of expedients, but a thrifty soul, decided upon a plan for punishing the faithless Philander. She figured that he had eaten sixty hearty dinners at her house, upon the occasions of his Sunday woolngs, which at 25 cents each amounted to $15. Besides this in a rash moment she had lent him $10. She accordingly began suit for $25.

Meanwhile, Philander, who is also thrifty and a man of expedients, began to do a little figuring on his own side, and promptly came in with a counterclaim for $86.80, which left Mrs. Karger $61.80 in his debt if the claim were pressed. Bertha, as girls go, had not been expensive. In two years she had consumed but one box of chocolates, twelve pounds of candy, thirty ice cream, and 100 sodas, amounting to $9.55. She had only been once to Coney Island, but had had 200 trolley rides, transportation footing up $12.60. Bouquets for two birthdays cost $5 and two books 65 cents, a total investment of $27.80, which shows that Philander had the advantage of $2.80 in actual expenses over Mrs. Karger. This margin Philander increased by putting in a claim for his time, charging 50 cents for each Sunday evening's wooing for two years, or $52. In the course of the preparations for the suits Philander and Bertha were thrown much together, and encouraged by the artful lawyers on both sides, as well as by thrifty Mrs. Karger, who was appalled by the counterclaims, the flame broke out anew and with greater ardor than before. An actual engagement was effected, a day for the marriage fixed, and both suits were dropped, and Philander and Bertha are happy, all owing to Philander's skill in figuring.

Figured in Molineux Case.

Justice White of the New York Supreme court at Buffalo last week

MRS. FLORENCE ROGERS

granted a divorce to Mrs. Florence E. Rogers from Edward F. Rogers, [illegible] confirming the report of the referee. The referee allowed Mrs. Rogers $[illegible] a [illegible] as alimony.

Mrs. Rogers is the daughter of the late Mrs. Kate Adams, and a distant cousin of Harry Cornish. Roland B. Molineux was found guilty of causing the death of Mrs. Adams by poison, which he was accused of sending to Cornish at the Knickerbocker A. C., New York city. Cornish had a room in Mrs. Adams' apartments in West 86th street, New York. Mrs. Rogers lived there, and was there on the morning her mother died after taking the dose of cyanide of mercury.

Mrs. Rogers and her husband have been separated for some time, she living in New York, he in Buffalo. When she brought her suit she applied for alimony. One of her lawyers stated, pathetically, that she had to "live in a New York hash house," while her husband dwelt in luxury at the Iroquois hotel. It was shown, however, that Mr. Rogers paid his wife money for her support, although he lived apart from her.

Plain Talk to Britishers

Mr. Barber, the president of the Diamond Match company, talked with wholesome frankness to the dissenting stockholders of that English match company the control of which has just been secured by his company. He said to these Englishmen, who had spoken of "Yankee trickery" and who had boasted of their intention to fight to the death to retain for English capital the business of making matches for British use, that—

"I may as well talk frankly to you people. Unless you come to terms we will whip you out of your boots. We know that we are able to beat the world in the manufacture of matches, and we intend to keep our advantage. How long do you think you can compete with us with machinery that America discarded sixteen years ago?"

The salary of the young king of Spain is £150,000 a year.

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Queen & Crescent

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White Cross Eczema and Dandruff cure is backed by the testimonials of hundreds who have found it an unfailing remedy. So great is our confidence in it that we make this proposition:— We will pay $100 to anyone using it according to directions and not being permanently cured. Another test of our confidence in it is that with each bottle sold we send a bank draft for $1.00. If the remedy fails you present the draft to your own bank and have your money refunded.

We sell White Cross direct to you express prepaid on receipt of $1.00. Write for our booklet which can be had for the asking.

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Jun30 LOUISVILLE, KY.

Church Notes.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. M. H. Bartram, Pastor. Sabbath services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. All are invited.

PRESBYTERIAN—Rev. H. S. Justema, Pator. Sabbath services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Everyone invited.

BAPTIST—Warren L. Rogers, Pastor. Sabbath services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. B. Y. P. U. at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. All are welcome.

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN M. B. Maxwell, Pastor. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. Public worship and sermon at 3 p. m. O. Y. P. C. U. each Thursday evening at 7:30. All invited.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL—Rev. H. Eyerson, Rector. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. Evening services each alternate Sunday. All are cordially invited.