EXTRAORDINARY VALUES IN

Ladies' Cloth and Wash Skirts and Shirt Waists

The ENTIRE stocks of FOUR large skirt manufacturers, bought by us at LESS THAN HALF PRICE—on sale in our GREAT CLOAK DEPT at the same wonderful reductions.

CLOTH DRESS SKIRTS

ONE HUNDRED BLACK CLOTH DRESS SKIRTS, made of Manchester Brocades, well dyed and finished. Sale Price ... $1.00

TWO HUNDRED BLACK CLOTH DRESS SKIRTS—made of fine quality novelty fabrics—tailor-made and finished, worth $2.00 to $3.50. Sale Price ... $1.50

THREE HUNDRED CLOTH DRESS SKIRTS in Cheviots, Venetians and Homespuns, in blacks and all colors. Worth $3.50 to $5.00. Sale Price ... $2.50

TWO HUNDRED HANDSOME CLOTH DRESS SKIRTS in Blacks, Navies, and Browns, full flare, silk trimmed, worth $6.50 and $7.50. Sale Price ... $3.98

ONE HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL CLOTH DRESS SKIRTS in Blacks, Grays, Blues and Browns, worth $8.75 to $12.50. Sale Price ... $5.00

RAINY DAY SKIRTS

ONE HUNDRED EXTRA HEAVY WALKING SKIRTS, worth $2.50 and $3.00. Sale Price ... $1.50

TWO HUNDRED FINE RAINY DAY and WALKING SKIRTS, in Grays, Oxfords, Blues and Browns, worth $3.50 to $6.50. Sale Price ... $2.50

One Hundred Elegant RAINY DAY and WALKING SKIRTS, flare and flounce effects, in Meltons, Homespuns, Pebble Cheviots, worth $6.50 to $10. Price ... $3.50

ONE HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL WALKING SKIRTS, made of best quality double faced materials, worth from $8.75 to $12.50. Sale Price ... $5.00

SHIRT WAISTS

FINE PERCALE and MADRAS SHIRT WAISTS, tucked back and front, many trimmed with embroidery, worth $1, $1.25 and $1.50, for ... 50c

FINE DIMITY and LAWN SHIRT WAISTS, in a beautiful assortment of pastel colorings, stock collars, bishop sleeves, worth $1.50 and $1.75, for ... 75c

FINEST DIMITY, WHITE LAWN and LINEN SHIRT WAISTS, many of them lace trimmed, sailor collars, bishop sleeves, worth $2 and $2.50, for ... $1.00

WASH SKIRTS

TWO HUNDRED LINEN CRASH WASH SKIRTS, well made and finished. Sale Price ... 25c

ONE HUNDRED LINEN CRASH and WHITE DUCK WASH SKIRTS, mostly trimmed, worth $1 and $1.25. Sale Price ... 50c

ONE HUNDRED WHITE PIQUE WASH SKIRTS, tailor made and finished, worth $1.50 to $2.50. Sale Price ... $1.00

Mail Orders Given Prompt and Careful Attention

THE J. L. HUDSON CO.,

"The Big Store"

DETROIT, - - MICH.

OUTDOOR NOTES.

Either by insect or fungus, white birches are failing all over the country.

Don't fail to see the grottoes along the Grand Canal at the Pan American.

The parks at Port Huron are to be improved by O. C. Simonds, of Chicago.

Horse chestnut trees are subject to blight. Spray with Bordeaux mixture.

The American Park and Outdoor Art Association is in session at Milwaukee this week.

Massachusetts and New Hampshire have state lands providing for tree wardens, whose duty it is to take care of street trees.

The Federation of Clubs, Lebanon, Ind., are to erect a stone arch over the entrance to the cemetery to cost $900.

A band of cotton batting tied around the body of the tree will keep off insects and will also keep worms off walnut trees.

Many persons who keep a neat lawn forget the weeds between the walk and the street and that spoils it all.

The scarlet thorn is one of the most beautiful ornamental trees. Dr. Mather [will] tell you just how to grow them from slip.

Keep watch of your elm trees and if you find the leaves are eaten use Kerosene Emulsion or London Purple in moderate quantities.

As soon as your shrubs, such as wegelia, syringa, bridal wreath, etc., are out of blossom, trim out the old wood and let the new growth come out.

The National Biscuit Co., Chicago, has bought a lot near its factory to be turned into a park for its employes. It is being planted with shrubs and vines.

The Colonial Dames of Virginia are seeking to buy the old farm, near Yorktown, which was the headquarters for Washington, Rochambeau and Lafayette during the battle of Yorktown.

Pontiac news in Detroit Free Press claims that the only living tulip tree in that vicinity is in Waterford. Birmingham has one which is now a mass of white and orange. It is one of our beautiful trees.

Now is the time to lay down the long shoots of shrubs, so that by rooting new plants may be grown. Snowball, wegelia, hydrangea and many other shrubs may be grown in this way.

The village improvement society of Orange, N. J., have taken up arms against the mosquito. All ditches, water barrels, etc., will be covered with a thin layer of crude oil which will render the eggs harmless.

The women of Milwaukee, through their improvement association, have undertaken the improvement of the river below the dam and expect to transform it into a resemblance to the Venetian canal.

The Detroit Bicentenary.

The spectacle which will close the three days' Bicentenary Celebration at Detroit of the landing of Cadillac, July 24-25-26, will surpass anything of the kind ever given in this country and probably in the world.

There will be floats from 25 feet long upwards to 60 feet long. They represent in the first place the petition of Cadillac before Louis XIV at the court of France, next his landing at Detroit, then the conspiracy of Pontiac, the Battle of Bloody Run, Gen. Cass' anger over the surrender of Gen. Hull, an allegorical float on the marine interests, a representation of the placing of the old stone cross, and so on to the extent of 20 floats, all of which are so rapidly nearing completion that the grandeur of the spectacle is a surprise to those who conceived it.

The last day of the celebration will be one of the most interesting, as on it occurs the floral parade which will occupy the entire morning and rival in beauty those parades for which Newport and Saratoga are famous. The railroads of the state have already agreed on a rate of less than one cent a mile for this day of the celebration. In picturesqueness this day will not surpass the opening day in its great parade but will be interesting along an entirely different line.

Each day possesses some peculiar feature which, to certain minds, makes it the best, while others will select another day as superior. Each day is however complete in itself.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Oakland, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Oakland held at the Probate Office in the city of Pontiac, on the 6th day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.

Present: Joseph S. Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of

Hattie E. Dodge, deceased.

On application of William Williamson, administrator, for the examination and allowance of his final account and settlement of the estate

It is ordered that

Monday, the 8th day of July next,

at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be appointed for hearing said application and the examination and allowance of said final account. And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Oakland.

JOSEPH S. STOCKWELL, Judge of Probate.

Jun14 July5

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 8th 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.

Jun21 July19

Trading Stamps.

The Detroit Trading Stamp Co.

have removed to 21 Wilcox St. (University building) where they now have a fine store and the largest and most complete assortment ever carried by them. A carload of Rocking Chairs just received.

Trade with **Whitehead & Mitchell** and ask for Stamps.

Dealers in Pontiac who give Trading Stamps:

W. A. Linabury, Meat Market.
Church & Linabury, Dry Goods.
W. R. Owen & Son, Bazaar.
Kremer Bros., Bakery.
Madame Mason, Millinery.
Gunkel Bros., Grocers.

When in Detroit be sure to visit the new store—

21 Wilcox St.

AS THE WORLD REVOLVES

Rostand's Sister.

Mme. de Margerie, the brilliant and beautiful sister of Edmond Rostand, the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon," is now on her way to America to take up her residence in Washington. Her husband, M. de Margerie, one of the most promising young diplomats in the service of France, arrived in Washington about a month ago to assume the duties of First Secretary of the French Embassy. During M. Cambon's absence in Europe, M. de Margerie will act as Charge d'Affaires.

Mme. de Margerie, whose mother was a Spaniard, has inherited from her her dark beauty of color and feature, with an expression of indefinable charm. She possesses also the reputation of being one of the brightest and wittiest young women of the diplomatic corps.

Madame De Margerie.

During the summer M. and Mme. de Margerie will occupy a cottage at Manchester by the Sea. In the autumn they will reside in Washington at 1731 N street, the former home of Colonel Tyler, and where later in the season they will entertain M. Rostand, who it is needless to say, will be the social lion of the day.

The Federal Trust Inquiry.

If a secret investigation of trusts by the federal government is actually in progress, as reported, it may at least serve the useful purpose of revealing the inadequacies of the Sherman anti-trust law.

Notwithstanding the popular demand for federal restraint of the combines, the Sherman act represents the only legislation of that character enacted by Congress. To go further than this has been declared impossible without violating the spirit or letter of the Constitution, which guarantees unrestricted commerce between the states.

Any inquiry started by the Attorney General must therefore be made with reference to alleged violations of the Sherman act. That this law is inadequate when it comes to authorizing interference with present industrial combines is plainly manifest to anyone who is at all familiar with the nature of these consolidations. This act prohibits agreements between individuals or corporations where the natural or direct effect of it is to regulate or restrain interstate commerce. In three cases involving the question of agreements to maintain rates and prices the Supreme court sustained the law. Two of these were suits against joint traffic associations, while one was a suit against the Addyston Pipe and Steel Company, which had sought through an agreement to control the market for its commodity in thirty-six states.

Senator Kyle of South Dakota.

James H. Kyle, whose illness was reported last week, is serving his second term as United States senator from South Dakota, having been first elected in 1891 as an independent. During his present term he has generally acted with the republicans. Before going into politics he was a Presbyterian clergyman. He was born at Xenia, O., in 1854.

UNITED STATES SENATOR J. H. KYLE.

Harrison W. Gourley, who was appointed by Abraham Lincoln to a minor clerkship in the New York custom house, has just completed forty years of service in that institution, having risen meantime to the post of special deputy naval officer and controller. Mr. Gourley is a native of Springfield, this state.

A young Italian woman, Dr. Rina Monti, who has published several scientific papers and who gained a university [illegible] medal, has been [illegible] by the University of Pavia [illegible]

[illegible] way.

I've packed my traps and I'm goin' back where the fields are green and broad,
And the colts, with their legs all doubled up, are rollin' on the sod.
They'll smile, I s'pose, when they see me come, and they'll, some of 'em, likely say
They thought I'd forsaken the farm for good the day that I went away.
But let 'em smile. I'm goin' back. I'm sick of the noise and fuss,
Where a couple of dollars count for more than the life of a common cuss;
They'll nobody notice I've went away—if you told 'em they wouldn't care,
But somebody's face'll be full of joy when she greets her boy back there.

I'm goin' back, for I've had my fill. I've saw what there is to see.
The city may still be the place for you, but it's lost its charm for me.
And won't I be lonesome there, you say, with the people so far apart?
Well, mebby they're few and far between, but each of 'em's got a heart.
There ain't no hundreds of thousands there to push you around, I know,
Not carin' a cent where you're comin' from or where you're tryin' to go.
For the one that's jostled day after day with never a friend to greet,
There ain't a lonesomer place on earth than the city's crowded street.

I'm goin' back where the dog's a-leepin on the step by the kitchen door,
With his nose pushed down between his paws. I'm sick of the smoke and roar;
There's money to make where the crowds are thick and they're tryin' to rip things loose.
There's money to get if you've got the grit, but, dang it all! what's the use?
They hustle for dollars all through the day and dream of dollars in bed,
And forgive the gougin' a fellow may do as long as he gets ahead.
They hustle and hustle and coop themselves in dark little holes and fret,
And honor a person accordin' to the money he's managed to get.

I'm goin' back where the poplars stand in tall rows down the lane,
Where the bobsled's settin' beside the barn, defyin' the sun and rain,
Where the birds are singin' away as though they were hired to fill the air
With a sweetness that nobody ever can know who was never a boy out there;
I'm going back where they'll not expect me to sit in the kitchen when
I'm courtin' the girl I love because I'm workin' for other men;
Where the richest among 'em'll shake my hand instead of lettin' me see
That they think the money they've got must make them a blame sight better than me.

I'm goin' back, and you'll stay here and rush in the same old way,
Goin' to work and then goin' home—the same thing day by day.
And you'll think you're havin' a high old time and I'll pity you, lookin' back
(From where I whistle across the fields) at you in the same old track.
I'm goin' back, but the crowds won't know, and they'll still keep rushin' on;
They'll never notice that some one's face is missin' when I am gone.
No, they'll never notice that some one's gone—if they did they wouldn't care—
But every [illegible] be noddin' to me when I turn up the lane back there.

The Band Lied.

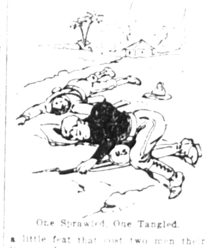
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

To sum it all up the volunteer may be divided into three distinct classes: those who follow the drum from a sense of duty, heroes, those in search of glory, fools, together with a few rascals and unfortunates, who for strictly personal reasons wish to hide. The first two predominate, and while many arguments may be brought forward to show they are not, judging from motives alone, heroes or fools, a hot campaign soon proves the truth of the assertion. A hot sun, an empty stomach and a vivid view of death is enough to convince any man "the third class has nothing to hope for, nothing to regret." The favored few keep fame, all. scan hardship and health, while the life often generous ly provides an unmarked grave for the majority.

Jim Doyle, private, always argued in this fashion, and was rewarded with the title of "grumbler" for his pains, but after his lecture on the ridge that day I have no doubt the men of the Sixteenth thoroughly agreed with him. It was his first serious lecture, a brief one, but convincing, complete. Perhaps it will have more weight if stated it was his last.

After a quick march in the hot sultry morning, when the sun made even the hat upon your head seem heavy, and the rifle weighed pounds upon pounds, we rushed through a ragged line of trees out into the open toward a small ridge, from the top of which little puffs of white flew and dull reports sounded, while the sharp crack of twigs behind us proved bad marksmanship. But once a man fell all sprawled out. When we reached the ridge I remember looking back and he had not moved, still sprawled out, face downward in the dirt, with a second tangled heap near him.

We had driven them off the ridgetop,



One Sprawled, One Tangled.

a little feat that cost two men their lives, only to have them stop obstinately at another some 200 yards the other side of a narrow stream that lay before us. Its thick tropical vegetation, the bank at portions shaded seemed cool and pleasing to the eye, a striking contrast to the sun reflecting rocks. It lay just a hundred yards away and to [illegible] [illegible] night rest [illegible] well have been a [illegible] good [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. It was a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] rocks became [illegible] withered and [illegible] dery. As if to make it worse for us

"Grumbler" Doyle had been hit. "Grumbler" had got it at last as often prophesied. He was shot through the chest in such a way as to make it impossible for him to live. Doyle was a big, blustery man, who would growl whether the officers' backs were turned or not, so in a measure he was a brave man, as you will agree if you ever have soldiered.

We made him as comfortable as possible in the almost imaginary shadow of a large boulder and gave him little by little the few hot drops of water left in the canteens. The wound started to trouble him after the water ran out. It was bad enough for us; the brain seemed dulled, the mouth grew parched and the eyes hurt from the glare. But to be in the sun hour after hour with a hole in the chest must be maddening. It is a bad thing, a hole drilled by a Mauser. It is as clean and complete as you might imagine. And there on that hot ridge we had to stay; the lifting of a hand would bring a shot.

For a while he lay quiet. Nothing was to be heard but an insect's drone, while above us in the blue sky a vulture wheeled in wide circles and waited. Off there, black against a yellow ground, lay two heaps, one sprawled and tangled, picturing our probable fate.

Suddenly the wounded man gave a whining groan and started to babble foolishly. First it was a silly flow of disjointed words and sentences, partially unintelligible, punctuated by the whining moans. Then he talked of friends and a home he once had "back East." Now he recalled old incidents and laughed a painful cackle over a boyhood trick. Then he talked of trouble, pleaded with a woman and quarreled with a man. His life had been a bad one, though some of us never believed all told of him, but now we heard it all from his own lips and pitied him, for in his wandering talk he told of things sacred even to a scoundrel. It was a simple tale of a man's wasted life, the fruits of which had driven him to the army, but there memory followed and made a bad soldier out of great strong material.

Once he started to gamble just as I had often seen him gamble, on the quiet at barracks, hand after hand he dealt and won and lost. Now he was telling a favorite story over the liquor. But he always came back to the bad life and cursed in a horrible strain himself and those who had helped him to it. It made my blood run cold to listen. Then he prayed, a long, rambling, pleading prayer—a prayer for water.

And just one hundred yards away was a stream; we could hear the water ripple among the reeds, and by looking cautiously could see the sunlight's glint upon the surface yet—in the same glance we could see the other ridge and the wheeling vulture.

"My Gawd," ha mercy on me, perhaps," said a man.

He raised his head above the ridge top. There was a puff of white and a furrow in the dry ground by his hand. He was but a man of flesh and blood, so he crawled back again, and though he never went, he was a hero, that fellow.

And as the shadows grew longer and [illegible] the wounded man [illegible]. All out of [illegible] unnatural [illegible] and [illegible].

[illegible] and sixty-one.

[illegible] from—

An' we'll all be gay when Johnnie—

He stared and [illegible] gazing straight before him, an ugly grin on his face, his voice sounding much the same as when on a spree, said:

Why can't they come and fight their own battles. They make speeches fast enough and stir it all up like a boiling pot—round an' round—an' talk of the flag—an' of patriotism—while we come and gets drilled in the chest. They're all crooked—the whole set.

"An' what's it all fer—ye go through a hot campaign with the brownies, fightin' fer the flag while it starves yer—an' if they don't shoot ye dead—the flag brings ye home in a leaky tub—an' there ye goes a-marchin' up the avenue, with the great white roof all yeller in the sun. A hot campaign and a hole in the chest—fer a yell from the crowd, thirteen per and a wave from a lady's white handkerchief. An' the corporal says 'Dress ranks!' and ye march like peacocks, while ahead the band plays.

'An' we'll all be gay when Johnnie comes marching home.
Oh! in eighteen hundred and sixty-one. Hurrah! 'Rah!

"Wot about us fellars wot don't march home, wot about the woman

"They'll Never March Me."

in the crowd, who, after the last rank files by, finds the band has lied?"

His head went back, a yell from the woods told us the boys were coming up. Suddenly, sitting up straight, he bawled out:

"D— 'em; they'll never march me up the avenue!"

* * *

It was summer and the avenue lay all yellow in the warm sunshine, while far ahead the majestic dome of the capitol loomed against the blue.

"Dress ranks," said the corporal. "An' we marched like peacocks," and the crowd on either side cheered and cheered, and the ladies waved their white handkerchiefs to the bronzed and wrinkled lines of men. Then a band played, and as I heard the faint tune, I thought of a man we had left on the rocky ridge, and I looked for a watching woman in the crowd, for it seemed as if I could see again the wheeling vulture and the man sprawled out in the yellow dust, and could hear above the water's ripple among the reeds the strange whining song of the wounded soldier.

"An' we'll all be gay when Johnnie comes marchin' home."

The man on my right must have been thinking the same, for he said, though the corporal growled at him for it:

"D— 'em, if they'll march me up the avenue!"

WOMEN AND THEIR PINS.

Fair Ones Stick Them in All Sorts of Places.

The proneness of women to stick a pin wherever it happens to be convenient at the moment she wishes to dispose of it has proved a serious matter to one steamship company. The line decided some time ago to place the most modern air-filled rubber mattresses in the berths of the best rooms on two of its biggest ships. Recently the stewards were kept busy at the completion of each trip with blowing up with air dozens of mattresses that had collapsed from some unknown cause. It took the officials of the line some hours to discover the cause of the failure of the mattresses to maintain their proper condition. Hat pins, breast pins, safety pins, stick pins, every known kind of pin had done the mischief. "One advantage of these mattresses," said the manufacturer, "was that they were intended as life preservers or small rafts should the emergency arise. Give me a decent-sized hat pin if you want to see me knock the ambition out of the average life preserver that depends upon air. The women tourists simply stabbed these mattresses to death." The steamship company now has this notice attached to the door of every stateroom: "Please do not stick pins in the berth cushions and mattresses. Pins are injurious to them."

Riding Bicycle on Railroad.

A genius has invented an attachment for a bicycle which makes it possible to wheel along a railroad track at a high speed without chance of tumbling off. This invention consists of a small wheel attached to three pieces of steel pipe. The latter can be screwed to the bicycle or detached at will. The small wheel, which has large flanges, rests on the "off" side of the track, and the bicycle glides along gently, the rider leaning slightly toward the center of the rails. This machine has been tried on all kinds of curves and found to work successfully. The rider can lift the machine from the track in a few moments, and with it he can make fifteen miles an hour with ease.

He Promoted Botanical Science.

The English Linnaen society has awarded its gold medal to George King, who has done a vast amount of work for the promotion of botanical science. George is an Aberdonian, and after passing through the local grammar school and university, he joined the Indian Medical Service. Thirty years ago he became director of the Royal Botanic Garden at Calcutta, and while in that position he wrote various important works on the subjects coming within his particular scope.—New York Post.

Freight rates from Manila to Hongkong, a distance of only 700 miles, are as much as from San Francisco to Hongkong, a distance of 8,000 miles.

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CINCINNATI.

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Jan30 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. Jurtema, Pastor. 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. P. 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. P. Eyerson, Rector. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. Evening services each alternate Sunday. All are cordially invited.