

Men's Suits

A Ten-Dollar Special.

About one thousand Men's Fine Suits, in all staple and fancy colors, blue serges, black clays, fancy worsteds, etc., \$12.50 and \$15.00 values included—

\$10

JUST ONE HUNDRED to sell—
One Hundred Men's Suits—were \$7.50 and worth even more—all sizes.

\$5.00

Boys' Suits **Boys' Suits**
Short pants suits, ages 6 to 17 years in new goods, new styles, for school wear
Long Pants—ages 16 to 19 years in black, blue or fancy mixtures, military cuts, new colorings

\$2.50, \$3.50 **\$7.50 and \$15**

THE J. L. HUDSON CO.,
"The Big Store"
DETROIT, MICH.

The Reunion at Howell

Howell, Mich., Sept. 27.—(Special.) "The reunion of the veterans of the 221st Michigan Infantry," which has just taken place here, was a splendid affair. The veterans, who were all over seventy years of age, they extended the field to the meeting grounds of a beautiful home. It was very interesting to those who participated in the pleasures of the day, and of course to all who were interested in the history of the 221st Michigan.

The reunion was held at the home of Mrs. Thomas J. Howell, 416 and 418 When first called they were all in the right of their minds. The reunion their hearts. The reunion of the 221st Michigan was a splendid affair. It was a reunion of the old comrades who had spent their lives in the service of their country. They met in a beautiful home, and it was a reunion of the old comrades who had spent their lives in the service of their country.

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BILLY BOEWS HIS BELLY.

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The Holy City

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A Shocking Calamity

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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.

INSOMUCH

The child who is holding the baby grows pallid and faint with the heat. He sits on the edge of the narrow street. He looks at the sky, and thinks of the stars. He looks at the water, and thinks of the waves. He looks at the people, and thinks of their faces. He looks at the world, and thinks of its end.

When near an old man, all around them. The health giving breeze flows from the side of the old man. The old man looks at the sky, and thinks of the stars. He looks at the water, and thinks of the waves. He looks at the people, and thinks of their faces. He looks at the world, and thinks of its end.

To brighten the darkness was the light. The light came from the sky, and the light came from the water. The light came from the people, and the light came from the world. The light came from the stars, and the light came from the waves. The light came from the faces, and the light came from the end.

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How that was the best of it. "How that was the best of it," he said. "How that was the best of it," he said. "How that was the best of it," he said. "How that was the best of it," he said.

The man was about to blink past when Ross tapped him on the shoulder and suddenly asked: "What's the shift, Bruk?"

The old trainman straightened up in an instant, his eyes flashed and looking up and down the line he swung an astonished, chert and called loudly and clearly:

"Tull the pin on 5055 and get out o' here, speck! Right on us, right on us!"

"What's the matter with you?" he said. "What's the matter with you?" he said. "What's the matter with you?" he said. "What's the matter with you?" he said.

"I'm just a simple fellow," he said. "I'm just a simple fellow," he said. "I'm just a simple fellow," he said. "I'm just a simple fellow," he said.

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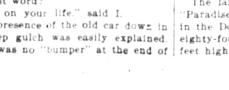
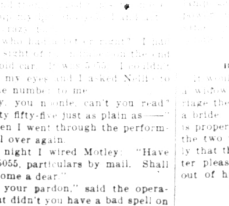
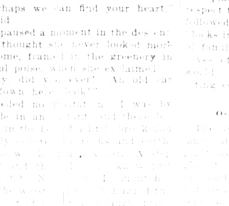
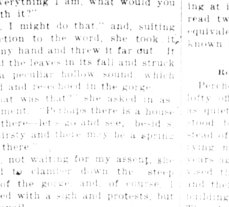
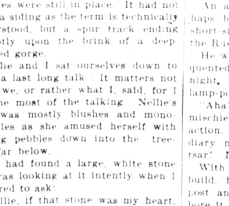
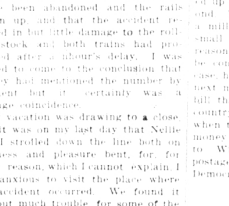
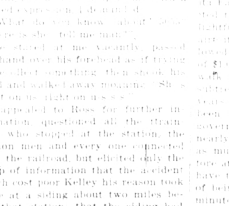
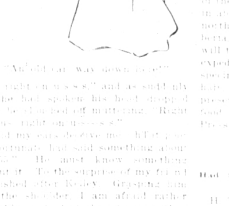
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