Keep Your Feet Dry

Wear Good Heavy Shoes.

Try the "Gibraltar" Line — Solid as a Rock.

Milwaukee Oil Grain Congress or Lace
Veal Calf Lace, plain or tip
Kangaroo Calf, very soft

$2.00 per pair.

All have double soles and nailed taps.

Heavy Satin Calf, Lace or Congress, plain or tip $1.75
Real Plow Shoes, all solid $1.00

H. B. Merritt, 17 N. Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.

Plain to be Seen

that our stock of Hardware is the most complete in Birmingham, and

WE DRAW THE CROWD

with our goods and prices. But we don't pretend to sell Hardware below cost price. We sell the best money can buy at a reasonable profit, and of course we expect to make living out of it. Don't come here if you want sheet iron grade of goods. We keep the solid kind only.

J. R. BLAKESLEE.

VERY RICH

And attractive models in every style of HAT can be found in our display of

Spring Millinery

The matter of price is one to be well considered. It is doubtful if equal value and style can be found elsewhere at PRICES like ours.

WE GIVE AMERICAN TRADING STAMPS

MISS E. FLYNN, Pontiac.

You Will Never Know....

How good Clothes DeShon & Co. sell until you visit the new store in Pontiac, near the Court House.

EVERYTHING NEW AND UP-TO-DATE.
PRICES RIGHT

Money refunded on any article you buy of us and are not satisfied with.

No questions asked.

We want to please you and can sell

CLOTHING, HATS, FURNISHING AND SHOES

at very low figures, as we buy for cash and sell for cash.

DeSHON & CO.,

Successors to P. A. Hitchcock.

NEW ERA ASSOCIATION

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

FRATERNAL INSURANCE WITHOUT THE LODGE.

$500 to $3,000. Membership Fee, $5 to $8.

AGE	$500 Mo.	Per Mo.	$1,000 An'l.	AGE	$500 Mo.	Per Mo.	$1,000 An'l.
From 17 to 28	$ .25	$ .40	$ 4.80	At 45	$ .55	$ .65	$ 7.80
" 29 to 33	.35	.45	5.40	" 48	.45	.80	9.60
" 34 to 38	.50	.50	6.00	" 50	.50	.90	10.80
" 39 to 41	.50	.55	6.60	" 53	.55	1.05	12.60
" 42 to 44	.35	.60	7.20	" 55	.65	1.25	15.00

All its Claims paid promptly and in full. 12 Assessments per year. Surplus laid up to prevent extra Assessments. Over $5,000,000 now in force.

PROVIDE YOUR FAMILY WITH

An Estate of $1,000 for 40c a month

IF 28 YEARS OLD OR UNDER

Or a 20 year $1,000 Endowment, by combining a NEW ERA certificate with $3.00 a month Savings Bank deposit at three per cent.

Men and Women on Equal Terms

Represented By..... **Miss R. Terry,** OF DETROIT. Traveling Agent for Wayne and Oakland Counties.

For Circulars and Information call on

WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL, Local Agents,
BIRMINGHAM, - MICH.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know It.

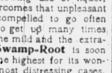
How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys: if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble: too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What to Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of **Swamp-Root** is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and $1. sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.



Home of Swamp-Root.

GRAND ∴ TRUNK ∴ RAILWAY ∴ SYSTEM

Arrival and Departure of Trains at Birmingham.

WEST BOUND FROM BIRMINGHAM.

No. 19—Morning Express to G'd Haven ..... 7.45 a.m.
No. 13—Mail and Chicago Express to Grand Haven ..... 12.10 p.m.
No. 11—Steamboat Express to Saginaw, G'd Rpds and G. R. & I. points ..... 4.41 p.m.
No. 15—Chicago Express for Chicago, with sleeper ..... 10.38 p.m.
Nos. 19, 13 and 11 daily, except Sunday. No. 15 daily. Flag.

EAST BOUND.

No. 16—Chicago Express to Detroit and west ..... 6.20 a.m.
No. 12—Detroit Express to Detroit and east ..... 12.12 p.m.
No. 18—Evening Express to Detroit and east ..... 8.34 p.m.
Nos. 12 and 18 daily, except Sunday. No. 16 daily. Flag.

GEORGE E. ALDRICH, Agent, Birmingham.

PONTIAC, OXFORD & NORTHERN R. R. TIME TABLE.

Trains Run on Central Standard Time.

GOING NORTH.	STATIONS.	GOING SOUTH
Exp't Pass. Mx'd No. 5 Nos. 8 No. 1		Mx'd Pass Exp't No. 2 Nos. 4 No. 6
A.M. P.M. A.M. D. G. H. & F. M. A.M. P.M. 4.00 6.55 M. Mich Cent.		9.25 11.50
7.20 2.45 8.15	PONTIAC	8.05 10.40 4.00
10.10 6.00 8.55	Oxford	7.10 10.05 3.50
10.50 6.00	Dp	7.10 10.05 3.00
7.00 2.25 12.35	Caseville	2.45 6.45 5.15
p.m. p.m. p.m.	Ar.	p.m. a.m. a.m.

Schedule of Trains between

PONTIAC AND OXFORD.

In Effect July 23,1900.

GOING NORTH				GOING SOUTH
Stations.	No. 1	No. 3	No. 5	No. 7
Pontiac	7.30	8.15	9.40	4.40
Clarkston	7.45	8.30	9.55	4.55
Ortonville	7.55	8.40	10.05	5.05
Oxford	8.10	8.55	10.20	5.20
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
GOING SOUTH				
Stations.	No. 2	No. 4	No. 6	No. 8
Oxford	8.30	10.10	11.55	6.35
Ortonville	8.45	10.25	12.10	6.50
Clarkston	8.55	10.35	12.15	6.55
Pontiac	9.10	10.50	12.30	7.05
	p.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. Caseville with Flint & Pere Marquette Ry. Pigeon with Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron Ry.

W. C. SANFORD, Gen. Supt.

DETROIT UNITED RAILWAY

(Operates all Detroit City Lines.)

Time Table—Pontiac Division.

In Effect April 2, 1902.

Subject to Change Without Notice.

Cars leave Birmingham for Detroit 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.

Cars leave Birmingham for Pontiac at 6:30 a. m., and every half hour thereafter until 9:00 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 theaters

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

FAST ELECTRIC EXPRESS
Operated Over Detroit United Railway.

Giving quick express service between Birmingham and Detroit, also reaching all points on Detroit United and Rapid Railway System.
THOS. E. COBB,
Local Express Agent.
'Phone 35

W. M. BARNES
Optician
207 Oakland Avenue, PONTIAC
Fitting your Glasses at your Home a specialty.
Consultation and Examination Free
Phone Bell or Oakland Co.

Mrs.
Carrie Brown
at her home in Birmingham will receive a few pupils in
VOICE CULTURE
AT
25 cents per lesson
of one-half hour each.

Mrs. Brown has been a most successful student under Marshall Pease of Detroit—has a fine voice and the art of imparting her knowledge to others.

For appointments please call at her home, 24 house north of National Hotel.

Discontinuance of Through Florida Service.

The special through sleeping car service which was inaugurated last January by the C. H. & D. Ry and connecting lines from Chicago and Detroit to St. Augustine Fla., will be discontinued April 10th, '02. This service has enjoyed a very successful season. The tourist business to Florida has been exceptionally heavy, which indicates the appreciation of the continuance of this special service.

THE ONLY SON OF HIS MOTHER

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

She was a feeble, shabby old woman, the very poverty and pathos of her appearance making her conspicuous in the crowd of hurrying, well-dressed shoppers. She was attired—if that is not too dignified a word to describe the manner in which her sordid rags were worn—all in rusty black, with a dingy crepe veil wound about her worn-out bonnet. Her shoes had long since ceased to furnish protection for her tired feet, so out at heels they were, and the wrinkled work-worn hands were colorless; but on her aged face was a look of firm and unshakable determination. As she tottered weakly on, the thread-bare cape flapped open, and revealed at her neck a bow of vivid crimson calico. The small flash of scarlet, so out of place amid the somber poverty of her garments, appeared a veritable "Red Badge of Courage" worn with an air of proud defiance for some noble purpose. Several small boys followed her jeeringly.

This famous pit was first dug by Don Pedro Valdas in 1602. It is 110 feet square and 20 feet deep and an 8-foot wall encloses it.

A man dies, is buried in a rented grave, is forgotten in a short time and the rent is unpaid for one year. Then his bones are dug up and thrown among his ancestors' and others' ancestors in the mass of dead humanity. The grave being open, is held to receive the next body.

A careful estimate puts the number of human skeletons in the pit at seven hundred thousand.

HOW DANIEL WEBSTER MARKETED.

Stories Told by the Boys Who Carried the Orator's Basket.

Among the most pleasant reflections that two veterans of the police force, now retired, have to enjoy, is the fact that when boys they frequently accompanied the great Daniel Webster to market and carried the distinguished statesman's basket for him, says the Washington Post. Mr. Webster then lived on D street northwest in the building adjoining what is now the police court. He went to market every day, and it was a quarter of a dollar to the boy who carried the basket. There was no competition between the two, and each took his turn in accompanying the great expounder of the constitution. Speaking of the matter the other day, one of these men said:

"The boy whose turn it was to carry Mr. Webster's basket would take his position on the corner of Sixth and D streets and wait for the former to emerge from his house. Then he would quickly step up and relieve Mr. Webster of the burden. The pair would proceed as far as the National Hotel, when Mr. Webster would command 'Boy, stay here while I go and get a drink.' Then he would disappear in a neighboring saloon, and after remaining there a few minutes would reappear. The walk toward the market would then be resumed, but upon reaching the south side of the avenue, Mr. Webster would repeat the previous injunction to the boy, and again would he retire to a neighboring hostlery. In due course of time the walk would be resumed, and the market finally reached. Upon the return trip to his home Mr. Webster would go through a precisely similar program."

THE SENTIMENT OF THE BOWERY.

It Is All in Favor, Theoretically, of the Domestic Virtues.

Talk with any eloquent "tough" you meet on the Bowery, and you will find that the dear old objects of virtue are the things nearest the heart. In almost any low music hall sentimental songs about self-sacrifice, love, mother and home are almost the rule. In one of these places I heard a song telling of how a young man appealed to the judge to have mercy on an old woman convicted of theft. The chorus of the song went, "The prisoner is the mother of the girl I love."

I heard a dispute, the other day on the Bowery between two representatives of the rank and file of Tammany hall. After one of them had frankly admitted that he would accept a dollar to be "right" on election day, they entered into a dispute as to whether General Lee was morally justified in leaving the United States army to fight with the Confederates. The man who was quite willing to sell his vote maintained that Lee could not have done otherwise in justice to his mother, whom he consulted before he took the step. "Mother," he said, 'where shall I fight—with the North or with the South?' 'Me boy,' she said, 'fyou live in Richmond—fight in Richmond.'" That tale quite overcame the other disputant, for who could defend filial ingratitude.—Harper's Weekly.

THIS GIRL WAS TOO KIND-HEARTED.

Thought to Perform a Kindness to a Gentleman in Church.

There is one young woman in this city whose benevolent disposition received a severe shock last Sunday evening. She was at church and sat directly behind a tall, well-dressed stranger with a raveling hanging in his collar.

Being one of those generous-hearted, whole-souled girls who grow up to be motherly old ladies, a friend to everybody in town, she thought how glad she would be if some kind-hearted girl would do as much for her father were he to go to church with a raveling hanging down his back, so when the audience arose for the first hymn she concluded to pick it off.

Carefully raising her hand, she gave a little twitch, but it was longer than she supposed, and a foot or more appeared. Setting her teeth, she gave a pull and about a yard of that horrible thread hung down his back. This was getting embarrassing, but determined, she gave it another yank, and discovered that she was unraveling his undershirt.

Her discomfiture was so painful that chloroform would not have alleviated her sufferings nor a pint of powder hidden her blushes when the gentleman turned with an inquiring look to see what was tickling his neck.

Sir Arthur Sullivan Honored.

The mural tablet to be placed in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, to the memory of Sir Arthur Sullivan is ornamented with a figure of Orpheus and his lute and beneath the inscription are a few of the opening bars of his popular melody for the hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

Electricity Has Aided Manners.

Electricity has increased the power of sea coast lights to that of 3,000,000 candles. The mineral oil lamp of the "Doty system," which was in almost universal use previous to the introduction of electricity, did not exceed 54,000 candles in the strength of its illumination.

New Story of Grant

How the Great Commander Nullified a Harsh Order That He Had Given

Col. George Inman, a civil engineer, who was an engineer in the Union army with Grant in front of Petersburg in 1864-1865, as colonel of engineers, now engaged on some public work near Richmond, told this story of U. S. Grant to a group of Confederate veterans, ex-officers, there recently.

In the winter of 1864 a Capt. Hamilton of the Confederate army was captured within the Federal lines, and there were found on his person papers which clearly indicated that he had penetrated the lines for the purpose of gaining information for Gen. Lee. He was court-martialed and was at once condemned to be hanged at sunrise the next day. Col. Hamilton, who was in command of a cavalry regiment under Gen. Grant, was charged with the duty of furnishing the detail which was to execute the sentence of the court.

The night of the day on which the court pronounced the sentence on Capt. Hamilton Col. Inman went to Gen. Grant's tent to see him on a matter connected with the operations against the Confederates. He had been in the tent for some time when the orderly announced, "Col. Hamilton." A soldierly appearing officer entered and saluted. Before Gen. Grant had time to speak the colonel said in hard tones: "General, I cannot obey the order to execute that spy to-morrow morning."

Gen. Grant started as if shot.

"Why not?" he said in sharp tones.

The colonel was silent. He stood with bared head dropped on his bosom. Gen. Grant again asked him why he refused to obey his order, and this time there was a sharpness in his tone which was not there before. Col. Hamilton raised his head and looked the commander-in-chief full in the face.

"General, that man is my only son."

Gen. Grant looked his officer in the face for a moment. Then he turned his back. The colonel remained standing and silent, uncovered and his head bowed. Then Gen. Grant wheeled around and said in a harsh voice:

"Col. Hamilton, you will obey your orders."

The colonel saluted and left the tent.

Col. Inman remembered that the next morning the detail charged with the duty of hanging the spy went to the tent, and when the sentry entered it was found that there was nobody inside.

About ten years afterward Col. Inman was in San Francisco on business connected with his profession. While there he chanced to meet a Mr. Hamilton, with whom he became well acquainted. Hamilton one day mentioned that he was in the Confederate army and the relation of war experiences began. It came out that the Mr. Hamilton was the Capt. Hamilton whom Col. Hamilton had been ordered to hang. There were questions from Col. Inman, of course, and the story of the escape of the young soldier was brought out.

On the night before the day on which he was to be executed, he said, after midnight, he was lying on the blanket in his tent, half asleep, for the circumstances did not warrant heavy sleep. He was aroused by the entrance of some one into the tent. A candle was burning dimly and he saw before him a heavily built man with short stubby whiskers, wearing a blue uniform without any insignia of rank on his shoulders a black slouch hat pulled down over his eyes. He recognized Gen. Grant.

The story does not go into details as to the conversation which ensued. The result was that the condemned spy, after there has been exacted a promise that he would never again assume the part which had so nearly cost him his life, was given the countersign which would enable him to pass the sentries. Then the man in the slouch hat went away.

And the man who was to have hanged him at sunrise did the same thing, and before the sun was set was within the Confederate lines.—New York Journal.

The Vanity of Negroes

Colored Woman Willing to Suffer Pain for the Sake of Possessing a Gold Tooth

"Negroes are fooling about gold teeth," said a citizen who lives in the old French Quarter, "and recently I have had this fact rather forcibly impressed on my mind. Some time ago I had a negro woman working for me, and one day she was telling me about a negro who had a gold tooth, and remarked that she had tried to get him to give it to her. It sounded so ridiculous that I laughed. 'Why, boss,' she said, 'that nigger's teeth is better'n mine. He has had his gold slipped on the outside, for he done took it off and showed it to me.' And it was a fact, too. It was just a thin and shiny covering for the outer part of one of his front teeth, and he used it because he believed it added to the sweetness of his smile.

"We have a new servant at our house, a negro woman, and she is afflicted with the same mad idea that there is nothing to equal a gold tooth when it comes to winning favors among the members of her race. A few days ago she brought a handbill home which she had picked up somewhere in the street. It had been scattered broadcast by a local dentist, who advertised the fact that he was giving to every patient who called at his office one gold tooth. This caught Lucindy's eye.

"I happened to be passing the kitchen window and I saw Lucindy before a mirror, with her mouth wide open, and she was making a close inspection of every tooth in her head. My wife had said something about the pretty, even teeth the negro had, but I thought probably she had the toothache. 'Toothache, Lucindy?' I asked. 'No, boss,' she replied, 'never has had toothache. Jes tryin' to see which one o' dese teeth I'm gwinter have pulled, so I can git one of dese gold teeth,' and she showed me the circular which she had picked up in the street. I told her she ought not to do it, and she seemed to be very much put out about it."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The hand of officialdom cannot save the world.

Crow Indians Wealthy

Tribe in Montana Owns Three Million Acres of Land and an Irrigation System

"The Crow Indians," said J. E. Edwards, who is government agent for that tribe, in talking with a Washington Times reporter at the Ebbitt, "have a magnificent reservation of over 3,000,000 acres of land in Montana. I think it is about the best reservation in the United States. They want to sell 1,150,000 acres, and there is a prospect of such legislation being enacted by the present congress.

"There are about 2,000 of the Crows. They came nearer maintaining the purity of their Indian blood than any other tribe. At the same time their numbers are decreasing. Consumption has done its fell work among them, and its ravages continue. It seems strange that they should be such easy victims to this disease, considering the robust original stock and their active outdoor life. But it is true that there is no community, nor race, in the world where the mortality is so great from tuberculosis as among these full-blood Crows. It is largely due, many think, to their imprudence in personal exposure and neglect of simple rules of health.

"They have about $700,000 invested in irrigation facilities, and are about the most industrious Indians in the country, raising large crops of wheat and hay. The older ones retain many of the primitive ways of the aborigines, but the rising generation is copying the civilization of the whites."

LENT IS GOOD FOR RESTAURANTS.

Perfidious Husbands Increase the Demand for Sirloin Steaks.

"This is the best season of the year for my business," said the prosperous proprietor of a busy restaurant. "If I had charge of the religious institutions of this country I'd have two instead of one season of Lent."

"Why, how is that?" asked the inquisitive customer, as he pocketed a handful of matches.

"Well," said the landlord, "the way I explain it is this: Most of the women are religious, and great sticklers for everything that the church rules or decrees. Consequently when Lent comes on, they insist upon observing it to the letter. This is not the case with the men, who take a more worldly view of all such things, and who see no good reason why they should go hungry for forty days every time spring rolls around. Their wives generally start them in all right, and, for about a week, they manage to stand the racket, without getting weak in the knees, but you may rest assured of one thing—the best of them do not last any longer than that time.

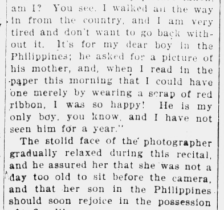
"Along toward the end of the first the tired business man starts home after a day of worry and vexation, and, reaching the end of the block, he remembers that it is Lent, and that his wife is running the domestic machine on a religious plan. Then he strikes a bee line for the nearest cafe. He comes in rather sheepish, but after we have filled him up on sirloin steak and other good things he comes up smiling and wondering why he never thought of such a thing before. Then he goes home and fools his wife into believing that he is a better Christian than St. Peter himself. We never fail to do a rushing business during Lent, and dozens of my Lenten customers are feeling their trusting little wives into thinking that they wouldn't eat meat during the forty days for a fortune."

Marriages of Convicts.

Marriages between convicts continue to be permitted in the Andaman Islands. Last year the superintendent received sixty-eight applications for such unions. Of these, four free and thirty-two convicts were sanctioned and the balance (thirty-two) were refused.

It was the brotherhood of man rather than the sisterhood of the saints that Christ revealed.

It is better to grow into a place of power than to be blown into one of popularity.



She fell in a heap to the ground.

from the shop, the lines of age and fatigue more than ever visible on her wrinkled face, but smiling and satisfied as she gently untied the red string from her neck.

Unconscious of the interest and attention she had attracted, ignoring her aching limbs and throbbing temples, and forgetful of all the weary miles she must walk before reaching home, her one thought was "How pleased Harry will be!"

She stopped for a moment to allow a car to pass, and glancing up at the bulletin board opposite, she strained her aged eyes to read one item that burned into her brain. "Killed on the 15th of March in a skirmish with the Filipinos—Private Harry Smith."

One dazed look at the dancing letters, then a long, sobbing sigh, as she fell in a heap to the ground, and when they tenderly picked her up they saw that she, with her cherished soldier son, was "at home with God."

Havana's "Boneyard."

The "boneyard" of Colone cemetery, Havana, is one of the odd and gruesome sights of the Cuban capital.