

Royal Oak

Latest From Our Sister Village

Louis Erb spent Sunday at home.
Jacob Stumpf, Sr., is very sick at this writing.
Lee Halsey and family are moving to Pontiac.
Richard Rose's new house is fast nearing completion.
James Clinton, of Detroit, was a caller in town Sunday.
Mrs. A. D. Kidder spent Sunday with friends in Detroit.
Mrs. A. C. Campbell is visiting her sister at Grass Lake.
C. F. Quick, of Detroit, was a business caller here Monday.
Carl Hilzing is the new delivery man for A. D. Kidder.
Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Reibel recently spent the day in Detroit.
Mrs. Mary Granger visited friends in Detroit the past week.
Mrs. E. A. Rogers, of Saginaw called on friends here recently.
John Duane, of Detroit, was a business caller here one day last week.
Isaac Brace, of County Line, called on relatives here one day the past week.
There will be an art exhibit at the school house next week. Don't fail to attend.
The Misses Caroline and Laura Linn, of Cass Lake, were the guests of relatives here the past week.
Phillip Dennen has gone to Detroit to make his home with his daughter for an indefinite period.
J. J. McQuaid, district manager, visited the telephone office recently.
Miss Lula Hough, of Fenton, called on Mrs. Quick and daughter last week.
Teachers' examinations at Pontiac this week Thursday, Friday and Saturday.
The Ladies' Aid society of the M. E. church met last week with Mrs. Alex Lewless.
Mrs. Arthur Campbell, of Toledo, Ohio, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Todd.
Mrs. R. A. Russell was a delegate to Kalamazoo representing the ladies of Modern Macabees.
Several Masons from here attended the funeral of Miles Dewey in Troy Sunday afternoon.
Rev. Mathews and wife and Mrs. Ford attended the Detroit Baptist association at Mt. Clemens last week.
Mrs. A. D. Kidder accompanied by Mrs. James Cobb, of Birmingham, visited friends in Detroit the first of the week.
Fred Mickels has accepted a position in Chicago and left for that city Monday. Mr. Mickels handles photograph supplies.
Mrs. Smith, of Lexington, and her daughter from Detroit took dinner with Mrs. Smith's cousin, Alex Lewless, Thursday last week.
Miss Emma McClure has been engaged to teach the school in district No. 5 for the coming year. This will be Miss McClure's third year in that district.

Royal Oak is to celebrate the Fourth. St. Mary's church will give a picnic in the grove on the corner of Woodward and Lafayette avenues. For particulars see hand bills.
John Baker, a farmer 47 years of age, hung himself in a shed near his barn Friday morning. He fastened the rope around his neck and attached it to a beam overhead and jumped off a hay rake, he had been dead some time when found. Domestic trouble is supposed to have been the cause of this rash act.
One of the finest concerts that it has been our privilege of hearing, was given at the town hall Tuesday evening, June 7, under the auspices of St. Mary's church and those who failed to attend certainly missed a rare treat. The concert was by Detroit talent, all of whom rendered their parts in an exceptionally fine manner and responded to encors.

Mr. and Mrs. Kind, of Sarnia, Ont., were guests of Adam Gibbs the past week.
Mrs. Iva Buzard and Isaac Voorheis, of Clarkston, visited at the home of Walter and Doris Tiffany on Saturday.
The high school team was disappointed by the non-appearance of the Clarkston high school team. Rain was the cause. A good game was expected as both teams were in good condition for the game.

BIRMINGHAM BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES
Sermon themes, Sunday morning, "Coming Again." The first of a series of two sermons on the "Second Coming of Christ." Sunday evening, "Character is Greatness." A Baccalaureate sermon to be preached in the M. E. church.
B. Y. E. U. prayer meeting at 6 p. m. Topic, "The Yoke of Christ." Leader, Miss Bassett.
Mrs. C. W. Crawford, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. McClellan and C. A. Salyer attended the Detroit Baptist Association held at Mt. Clemens last week and most interesting meeting.
The Ladies' Aid society meets on Friday of this week at the home of Mrs. Hamm in Troy.
The attendance at the Children's day exercises was large. The program rendered was fine and did credit to those who took part in it and to those who had its preparation in charge.

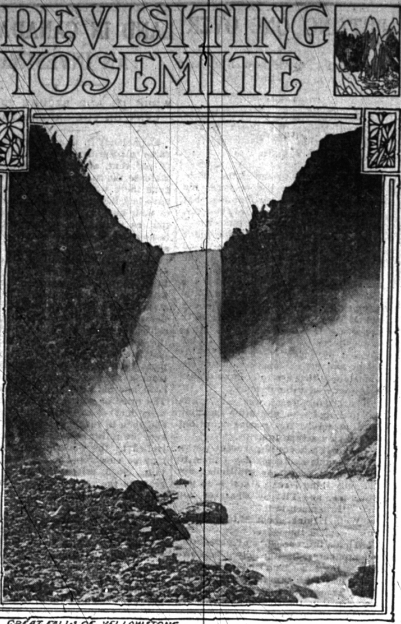
BIRMINGHAM M. E. CHURCH NOTES
Services Sunday morning at 10 a. m. In the evening Rev. Salyer will give the Baccalaureate address.
Epworth League devotional meeting at 6 p. m. Topic, "The Christian Secret." Leader, Miss Marie Keyser.
The services of Children's day were especially good. In the morning several infants were baptized and communion was observed. In the evening the young people and the children took part in a very pleasing program.

CARD OF THANKS.
We wish to thank our many friends for their kind and sympathetic words and acts during the illness and after the death of our father. Especially do we wish to thank the Masons for their kindness.
MRS. M. H. SHAIN, AND FAMILY.

OBITUARY.
MILES A. DEWEY
Died at his home in Troy June 9, 1910, of hardening of the arteries, at the age of 78 years, six months and three days.
Mr. Dewey was born near old Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1831, coming to Michigan when about five years of age, settling in Troy where the greater part of his life was passed.
He was married to Emma C. Sprague Dec. 21, 1855. Two children were born to that union, one of whom survives, Mrs. Fannie M. Shain.
Mrs. Dewey died May 1, 1905. Mr. Dewey may have lived with his daughter at the old home in Troy.
Mr. Dewey was a staunch Mason, having joined the fraternity at the age of 21 years.
He leaves one child, Mrs. M. H. Shain; two brothers, A. G. Albert and Edwin Dewey; two sisters, Mrs. Laura Pearsall and Mrs. Lucy Colby. All residing near Pontiac with the exception of Mrs. Pearsall, who lives in Seattle, Wash.

Wanted For Sale For Rent
WANTED—To engage board for summer on a farm between Pontiac and Birmingham within reasonable distance of suburban car. Address Mrs. J. P. Clemond, 174 Palmer avenue E., Detroit.
Wanted at once, any quantity of foot grout wood for brick burning. See John Keyser, or R. A. Whitehead.
FOR SALE—To close an estate, lots 11 and 12, 112d Addition, Birmingham. Inquire of H. S. Administrator.
Saw dust for sale at my place, north Woodford, F. W. Clawson.
Good dirt for sale at 35 cents per yard. Apply Exchange Bank.

ORDER FOR FURIFICATION—Probate of Will.
In the Michigan, the Probate Court of the County of Oakland, At a session of said court, held at Pontiac, Michigan, on the 13th day of June, 1910, in and to the said county, on the 13th day of June, 1910, in and to the said county, the following order was made: In the matter of estate of MILES A. DEWEY deceased.
It is ordered that the 13th day of July, A. D. 1910, be and the same shall be a public hearing and settlement of the last will and testament of the said deceased, now on file in said court, he admitted to probate, and that the said will be read to the jury at that time.
It is further ordered that the 13th day of July, A. D. 1910, be and the same shall be a public hearing and settlement of the last will and testament of the said deceased, now on file in said court, he admitted to probate, and that the said will be read to the jury at that time.
Witness my hand and the seal of said court, this 13th day of June, 1910.
J. H. ROCKWELL, Probate Judge.
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GREAT FALLS OF YELLOWSTONE

The Hanging rock as a point from which to get a thrilling downward look.
A tramp through the woods to the fissures, coming back in time for the sunset from the top of Sentinel dome, is a trip that will repay its labor. Beyond the dome is a forest of fir, tamarack and the "little" sugar pine, with glades of the greenest velvet grass, on which the foot gives forth no sound. Under the trees the thick carpet of pine needles cracks beneath the step; the sunshine falls slantingly through the branches, making flecks and patches of dazzling light on the white rocks and granite soil, which reflect the warmth with hardly diminished force; the odor of the pine, pervasive as light, sweet, pure, free, scents the air; the low, soft murmur of the wind in the trees is like distant surf, now faintly falling, now swelling in crescendo. California, in such sights and sounds and amid the calmness of the scene, and the true sons of the golden west are those who, like the Bohemians, celebrate their mysteries in the depths of the forest, amid the majestic trees that are distinctive of the state.
Entirely new aspects of Yosemite are gathered in an evening walk down the short trail from Glacier point. As the sunlight withdraws, a light blue haze suddenly fills the valley. It looks like thin, diffused smoke; but it springs into existence everywhere at once, and its effect is as if one should look at the landscape through a delicate, colored, smoky glass. As the night falls, the lower parts of the valley, the shadowy woods, the canon mouths, darkened to blackness; the gathering gloom blurs the details of the great cliffs, draws them nearer, magnifies their vastness, until they seem to rise out of bottomless depths and to tower into a mystery of light overhead. The metallic gleam on their western edges, from the copper sky where the sun has set, only augments the reader's sense of the mysterious effect of the deepening obscurity. Awesome, monstrous, titanic, the scene is a Dantean dream, suggestive of the loneliness and the mystery of death, of the solitude of a lost soul wandering amid the frightful abysses of a chaotic universe, in maddening need of sympathetic touch and communion with some kindred being.
Yosemite speaks in its sublimity of the eternal; yet it ranges over a wide range of the human emotions, and a single day's experiences may touch the humorous as well as the serious sentiment. Always there is something new, always something interesting. The mountains, the cliffs, the waterfalls, the animal and vegetable life, the weather, perfect but for the occasional thunder shower, the people possessed by the holiday spirit, thoroughly democratic and thoroughly delightful—all combine to form a vacation environment unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Other places throughout the Sierras have individual features as remarkable, and those of Yosemite; but none has so many and so striking exemplars of nature's beauty and grandeur within the radius of a day's walk, and none can ever compete with the place that "quite comes up to the brag."
JAMES E. HEYWOOD.

AN UNINTENDED WARNING.
Arnold—Have you any idea why Shadler's drummer left Bustere's of us without even showing him any goods?
Warner—Yes; there's a motto hanging above Bustere's desk that reads "Try, try again," and the drummer took it as a warning.
Arnold—A warning of what?
Warner—Why, you know Bustere has talked several times and the drummer was afraid that he might be going to try to fall again.
A Post's Thoughts.
"Don't you sometimes have thoughts that are 'unintentional'?" asked the sweet young thing who was on the verge of graduating.
"Never," replied the poet with the unbarbered hair. "Do seem to have a good many that can't get into print!"
Meant So.
"My sister received shocking treatment at the hospital which was so highly recommended."
"Indeed! How did that happen?"
"She had to have application of an electric battery."

HIS REED.
"I don't see to what else you can apply," I said to the despondent airship champion; "you have flown farther and higher than any of your competitors, and your ship has carried five times as many passengers as theirs. I should think you would be contented with your achievements."
"A look of infinite longing shadowed the man's intellect, and during punctuation, 'Alas!' he sighed. 'My achievements can never be complete and I can never be contented until people can say of me that I am the first man to sail an airship through the completed Panama canal.'"
Of Course Not.
"The certainly talks stilly!"
"How so?"
"He says if the world's longest river could be made to end in a whirlpool, it would come within 500 miles of encircling the earth."
"And what is there stilly about that?"
"Why, you stilly! It couldn't be done."

ONE OF THE BEST WITNESSES

DOCTOR GOT THE BEST OF THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.
Made Judge and Jury Sit Up and Take Notice But Refused to Testify as an Expert Witness.
As the result of hostile demonstrations one of the leading citizens of the burg had been taken before the village justice on a charge of assault and battery. He was fat, evidently good natured in ordinary circumstances, and the proprietor of a chicleon, because he did not wish to arouse the political antagonism of the leading citizen. However, one of the witnesses was the village physician, whom the prosecutor loved not and sought to humiliate.
"You are prejudiced in favor of the defendant, are you not, doctor?"
"No, sir."
"You are his family physician, are you not? And you are afraid you will lose his patronage consequently you have wilfully distorted and doctored your evidence here to curry favor."
"No, I have not, but since you question my professional relations with him, I think the jury should be informed that he is suffering from phalacrois."
"From what?"
"Phalacrois," repeated the doctor, and whereupon everybody sat up. He took notice; the attorneys put on a dignified steeled air; the honorable court prickled up his ears; one and all centered their gaze upon the defendant, who proclaimed that at last he had been discovered.
"What is this phalacrois?" asked the prosecutor.
"It is a sort of chronic disease of an inflammatory nature which affects certain cranial tissues."
"Does it affect the mind, cause insanity, or anything like that?"
"Well, I shouldn't wish to answer that question as an expert; but I have known some persons who were suffering from the disease, some having maniacs, others merely foolish, some showed destructive and pugilistic tendencies, while many others have suffered from it for years and never shown any mental abnormalities."
"Well, doctor, just tell the jury all about this sickness."
"I decline to do so. I am not an expert in such diseases and was not summoned here as an expert witness. You will have to call in an expert to answer your question."
And there the matter rested. The prosecutor told the Justice and Jury the case was not of sufficient importance to warrant the calling of expensive experts and that they would have to ignore the doctor's testimony as unsupported and unworthy of credence. But the jury promptly accepted the leading citizen, "because," as the foreman explained, "Doc said there was something the matter with his head; phalacrois he called it."
When the prosecutor got back to his office he sought enlightenment, and in his dictionary found the following:
"Phalacrois—hard headiness."
The doctor also explained, out of court, and the relations between the medical and legal professions in that village are still strained.—The Sunday Magazine.

Romance in a Restaurant.
At one of the many restaurants that cater to the smaller purses, two maidens might have been seen strolling side by side and talking only to have been, but they were. One sat in a radiant ecstasy that transfused her whole face, while the food on her plate was scarcely touched. The other seemed to value the edibles at their true worth.
"You through?" said the first languidly, the waiter, oyster, sandwich? Have all you're to. He says to me, he says: 'You're the only girl I care for,' he says." It was now evident that she was buying a listener with a luncheon.
"You through?" she asked again.
"No? I should say: 'Just tell her,' indicating the waitress. 'If she never see the girl he thought as much of as he thinks of me. Likes me more'n any girl he ever see. Ice cream? Sure. Tell her.'"
Not till the listener had made a good luncheon and "his" sayings had been thoroughly rehearsed did the girls rise, and the one for whom the shone the "light that never was on land or sea" paid the bill.—New York Tribune.

Queen's Paste Gems.
The tower of London is undergoing extensive alterations. The crown jewels, notwithstanding rumors to the contrary, repose in a dungeon under the old foundations of Dukefield tower, the radius of a day's walk, and some leads to the secret chamber where prisoners were left to die in the middle ages. The Bank of England, however, shelters the famous Eullman diamonds, which the queen supposedly wears on great occasions. The fact is the queen has never worn the Jewel. The great diamond which rested on her coronation at the last state opening of parliament was a perfect model of the real stone made in Amsterdam. The queen declines to wear the real one for fear of loosing it.
When the Wakefield tower is again opened to visitors the model of the crown will once more gleam in velvet cushion. The queen's favorite gems are amethyst and pearls.
Scottish Doctor's Record.
Dr. James Morris, who was one of the oldest medical practitioners in Scotland, has just died at Dundee. When he celebrated his jubilee as a doctor some ten years ago he made this statement: "During my 50 years in practice I have attended 500,000 patients, administered chloroform 26,000 times with absolute immunity from fatal results, 5,000 births (1,000 consecutive cases without a death), made about 1,000,000 visits, and traveled about 500,000 miles." Not a bad record for a country medical man.—Westminster Gazette.

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