Teachers' Examinations.

For the purpose of examining all persons who may offer themselves as teachers, for the public schools of Alpena county, there will be held, during the year 1897, public examinations as follows: Two regular examinations, commencing on the

First Thursday in March and August.

Two special examinations, commencing on the

Last Friday in April and September.

To persons of suitable age and good moral character, certificates are granted on the following conditions: Certificates of the third grade, to those who attain an average of 70 per cent. on all studies, and at least 40 per cent. on each; certificates of the second grade, only to those who attain an average of 85 per cent. on all studies, and at least 60 per cent. on each; certificates of the first grade, to those who attain an average of 95 per cent. on all studies, and at least 75 per cent. on each. One per cent. is allowed the candidate for each full days' attendance at any Teachers' institute, held during the year preceding each examination.

All examinations will be held at the Court House, in the city of Alpena, commencing at 9 o'clock, forenoon, of each day.

Members of the Board are,
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PROF. L. S. NORTON, "
JAMES A. CASE, Alpena.
County Commissioner.

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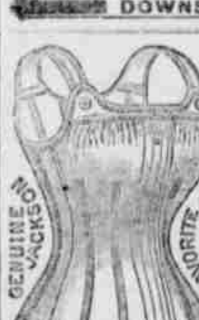

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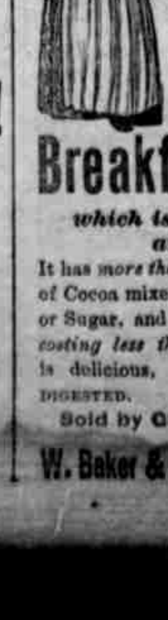

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ALPENA WEEKLY ARGUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SWEETEST THINGS OF EARTH.

What are the sweetest things of earth?
Lips that can praise a rival's worth;
A fragrant rose that hides no thorn;
Riches of gold untouched by scorn.

A happy little child asleep;
Eyes that can smile though they may weep.
A brother's cheer, a father's praise;
The minstrelsy of summer days.

A heart where anger never burns;
A gift that looks for no returns.
Wrong's overthrow; pain's swift release;
Dark footsteps guided into peace.

The light of love in lover's eyes;
Age that is young as well as wise,
A mother's kiss, a baby's mirth—
These are the sweetest things of earth.

ROSE JAFFREY'S LOVER.

Was there a madder little bit of beauty in all the town than Rose Jaffreys was? Mad in her love of dancing, of music, of dress, of lovers, of life! Not that she loved the lovers, nor one of them. She let them love her and hover around her for want of better. But the one she might, she could, she would have loved only looked on while she danced.

"Why shouldn't I dance," she said to her demure cousin Margaret, "because Gordon Penmore looks daggers at the dancers? You should see his (Gordon's) eyes as he watches me lying in Haydon Roth's arms in that new figure, and floating, floating, floating—And I'm not really lying in his arms at all, but taking care of myself like a piece of cut steel. I don't know why Gordon Penmore should make it his affair at all. Oh, how I should hate to be obedient to his whims—to any man's whims."

And before she had well ceased speaking the little sprite's face was buried among the sofa cushions, and she was shaking with a gust of sobs. "The idea" she cried, springing to her feet the next moment.

"Crying for all I am worth because Gordon Penmore is—is in existence! What should I care for the great arrow pointed eyes? I will let him see to-night!"

And she did, as she danced at Mrs. Baddon's ball— danced as the waves dance, as lightly, as gayly, as tirelessly. She stopped suddenly—stopped just where he stood, at the conservatory door.

"It makes one almost giddy," she said, smiling faintly.

"Quite," said he gravely.

"Thanks, Mr. Roth. Now I am going to remember my promise for the rest of the waltz in favor of my cousin Margaret. If you want to do me a favor you will take her out. And I will stay beside Mr. Penmore till you bring her here."

"You don't approve of all this, do you?" she said, looking up at Gordon.

"Don't approve," he repeated.

"No, you don't approve of it. And I wonder what you are here for. You know you are just as—as wicked in countenancing the wrong by looking on as I am in doing it. Oh, what a lovely air! How can you keep your feet still?"

"You can't," he said, smiling.

"Oh, if you only knew anything about dancing," she exclaimed, "you couldn't either. It is like having wings. Ah! that air is simply delicious."

"Well, let us try it," said Gordon Penmore, "I can waltz on occasion. Let me see if dancing is all you say it is—that is," remembering himself, "if you will do me the honor."

"Oh, honor!" said Rose, laughing like a mischeyious sprite. "You know you don't regard it so at all. You look at it almost as a degradation. All the same, you are dancing! And I will show you that you have never danced before." And then Gordon Penmore, with Rose in his arms, her soft cheek flushing under his eye, her sweet breath warm on his bending face, her heart beating so that he could feel its throbs, was whirling in the maddest waltz of the night. But waking from the dream they were just beside the conservatory door once more, and, neither exactly knowing how, they had wandered down one of the dewy alleys, and had paused as if to breathe the bewildering odors in the shadow of a group of lemon trees. Neither of them spoke, till slowly, as if drawn by an unwilling fate, their eyes met in a long deep gaze, and his head bent, his arms were around her, and their lips met in the strong sweet kiss of a passion that belonged to the eternities.

When next morning Gordon Penmore came, Rose crept into the drawing room like a guilty child.

"I thought—oh, I thought," she whispered, after he had reassured her, "that you—you despised me."

"I shall never even despise dancing again, now that it has given me you," he exclaimed. "How could I dream you loyed me?" he said.

When he left her that day he left on her hand a ring of a strange and fragile setting, that held an old mine stone of rare brilliance. "It is the most sacred thing I have," he said. "It was my mother's bethrothal ring; it shall be yours."

"Oh," she cried, "I am not good enough for you. You should have chosen Cousin Margaret, who is a saint, instead of a frivolous butterfly like me, whose feet are her wings."

"You have wings," he said, "but they are angels' wings. Oh, never spread them to leave my arms."

And how he loved her, or seemed to love her! He would have lavished the world upon her; jewels and all costly things, but her cousin Margaret would let her have none of them, and so instead he filled the house every day with flowers. But her dancing days were over. "After that night," said he, "I can never dance again. You cannot repeat heaven." For could he ever see her thus in the arms of another.

Ignorant of the crown that Rose had bestowed on his rival, Haydon Roth still devoted himself to her with the ardor that comes from love and hope. And Gordon was jealous of the wind that touched her, became uneasy and sometimes spoke scornfully of him. Sometimes he spoke stormingly, and once he went out having forbidden Rose to recognize the persistent fellow when next she met him.

But Rose did not mind. "Of course he did not mean it," she said, when up in her room with Margaret, as she combed out her long lovely hair—hair like spun gold. "He couldn't mean anything so unkind as that. Don't you see how he is reforming me, Cousin Margaret? I shall some day be as much of a saint as you are. He says I am an angel now! Oh, no, he will come in next time very likely arm in arm with Haydon Roth."

"He is coming to take us to the opera to-night, Cousin Margaret," she said, coming into the drawing room after luncheon. "Oh, how happy I am! I am so happy that I feel as if something were going to happen! But I suppose," she added, "that it is only because I don't deserve him! He is so great and good and fine and noble and"— And then with her hands clapsed above her head, she was off all alone by herself, swimming down the room in a waltz to the tune of her own caroling. And suddenly a strong arm had stolen around her, a hand had grasped one of hers, and Haydon Roth, who had been shown in by the butler, was waltzing down the room with her.

Then all at once she sprang after something that rolled away, and cried in a piercing voice: "Oh, Margaret! my ring! my ring! It is broken—it has come off—the stone is gone! Oh, what am I to do? Oh, it was his mother's!" she cried, forgetting all about Haydon's presence. "He said it was sacred. I musn't tell him; he will think I took no care of it. And I was dancing!" And she was moving everything, looking everywhere, searching in vain for the stone and the broken fragment of the fragile setting with it.

"It is of no use," thought Margaret. "I won't have the child suffer so for the few hundred dollars another stone would cost." And she came down and handed the broken ring to Hydon Roth, asking him to leave it at the jeweler's and have it repaired, and the stone replaced at any price before the next noon.

* * * * * *

Rose descended dressed for the opera when her lover came that night. There was time only for Gorden to note a singular agitation with a heightened color about her, while she wept and laughed at the music in a half hysterical way, and trembled as he handed her up the steps at last.

"Oh," she said, nestling a moment in his embrace as they parted in the dim dining room, "nothing could ever let you leave off loving me?"

"No power in all the universe," he answered her.

"I shall have to tell him tomorrow," said Rose tearfully after he had gone.

"Oh, to-morrow we may find it," said Cousin Margaret, "and afford to laugh about the whole thing."

A half hour afterward, as her maid was taking down the great coils of hair, something bright as any star was seen to hang fixed in the meshes. It was the diamond that her rapid turn of hand and wrist had torn away from its slight stem of gold after it had caught in her hair.

"Yes," said Cousin Margaret, "we can tell the whole story to-morrow, and I shall have a diamond to spare. You didn't know I had sent the ring to the jeweler's, did you?"

And to-morrow Gordon Penmore met Haydon Roth drawing on his glove over an obstructing ring upon his little finger.

"Where did you come across that ring, may I ask?" he exclaimed, pausing directly in front of the other.

And moved by the spirit of mischief, Haydon answered: "It belongs to a lady with whom I was dancing yesterday afternoon. I do not like to take liberties with names; it is enough that it was given me by a lady."

In another moment he would have explained his poor jest, but Gordor, his face as white as ashes, had merely bowed and passed on.

She had danced with another man and against his wishes, and she had given away his mother's ring. He left that town that night without a word. Rose waited for him—waited one year, waited half a score. If he were dead, her heart was in the grave with him, and whether he were dead or not she could not know.

* * * * * *

It was a wintry night in one of those islands that are the outports of our northern coast, where a person still young, still beautiful, but with a strange still sadness in her beauty, who had chanced upon the place in its summer radiance of smiling seas, had come again to make a home the year round, to teach the children of the fishermen and to live the life of a Sister of Charity among the dwellers in the fishing huts, half driftwood and half primal rock.

She had her dead Cousin Margaret's forfune, and she spent it with her own, on these people, but she gave them more than money, for she gave them all herself, reading to those that could follow, talking to those that would listen, working with them and for them, and finding her only cheer and consolation so.

It was the last night of the year. A group of young girls had come down to Rose's cottage to bring her their gifts of shells and seaweeds and were lingering there, when suddenly in one of the awe stuck silences came the sharp report and rolling echo of a gun.

In a moment men were running to the boats, the women thronging to the shore, the young girls and children, and Rose with them, were building a bonfire on the cliffs. Dimly could be discerned on a distant reef the dark outline of a huge steamship that had struck the reef with tremendous force, had broken in two, and with frightful rapidity was settling to her fate. With ropes about them the fishers waded and swam out; thrown back breathless, once again venturing; at length one awful screaming billow, seeming to soar into midair, and then throw them all together in a mass upon the shore.

It was more than an hour that the auld wives worked on the unconscious being whom the sea had cast up, and whom they had taken to the nearest cottage—the cottrge where Rose dwelt. At length a long shiver ran through his frame, and he opened his clouded eyes and murmured something huskily and fell into a deep sleep.

It was an hour or more afterward that he awoke. The others had all gone, dismissed by her. Rose sat at his feet, distinct against the sapphire vault of the moon lighted sky seen through the uncurtained window, and only a low gleam of fire now and then falling across her.

"Rose is dead, then," he said. "And you are some mocking spirit in her form. Oh; you cannot deceive me, though you comb the curl out of the yellow hair, though you put nun's cloth on that supple shape, for you wear my ring upon your finger, and she never looked so till I broke her heart!"

"You are talking in your sleep," she said, bending forward and taking his burning hands. "This is Rose. Your Rose. All the rest is nothing now."

He gazed at her steadfastly a moment, the cloud clearing from his eyes, the oppression from his brain. "Nothing!" he cried, "nothing!" the words coming in quck gasps. "I was coming back to find you. Out in the desert I had seen my foolishness. I had said: 'She is mine! She always was mine! She loved me! May the thing be accursed that parted us—ring or dance or childish freak or maddened temper. I shall never ask her. She shall never tell me—'"

"Oh, there is nothing to tell!" cried Rose.

He held out his arms to her.—"We have lost ten years," he murmured. "We will have the rest of the threescore. Nothing shall part us now. Oh, Rose—"

"Nothing shall part us!" she repeated. "The years have burned out my folly and your fury. Hark! A new one is beginning and our new life with it."

"It is our wedding peal," he said. And then her lover's arms were about her as if they would never loosen, and their souls met at their lips, while the cathedral chime of the island clock tolled out over the waters the first hour of the new year.—Harriet Prescott Spofford in Harper's Bazar.

Birds Gathered His Almond Crop.

An almond grower of this locality hit upon a neat device for gathering his crop last fall. His trees bore largely, and this early became known to the yellowhammers, a species of the woodpecker tribe of birds, and they had regularly stored away large quantities of ripe nuts taken from the orchard in the limb of an oak tree near by. The astute orchardist watched operations, and at last hit upon a novel nut and labor saving plan, and he lost no time in putting it into execution.

The limb was sawed from the tree and replaced by a square-shaped funnel long enough to nearly reach the ground; a bucket was then set underneath. A genuine robbing game then went merrily on. The birds gathered the nuts, which they dropped into the funnel and down into the bucket below, and as regularly as night came the almond grower would in his turn empty it of its contents and set it back for a new supply. This was kept up until the entire crop had been gathered, and the yellowhammers had departed broken-hearted at the heartless deception practiced upon them.—Sutles (Cal.) Enterprise.

Ye Story of ye Dogge.

Once in ye very olden tyme a Merchantt sayd too an Eddytor, "I doan't thynke advertizing payes."

"Let me show yov," said ye Eddytor. "I will pvtt 1 line in my papyr and not charge yov a pennie."

"All right," replied ye Merchantt, "and we will see."

So ye Eddytor pvtte ys line in his papyr:

WANTED, A Dogge. John Jones, 253 Old st.

Now yt hapened that 400 Peple eache brovghte a Dogge on ye next daye thereafter, so that Mister Jones (whych was ye Merchantt's nayme) was overrunnr with Dogges.

"Synce there are so manye Dogges," sayd he, "I thynke I myght make some bysiness, and give yov a pennie for eache Dogge."

Ye peple tooke ye pennie eache for his Dogge becaves there were so manye Dogges, and Mister Jones skynned ye 400 Dogges and made bootes and gloves from ye 400 hydes and thvs mayd a big fortune, and thereafter added to yt by advertizing in ye Eddytor's papyr.—American Grocer.

A Fact that Will Not Down.

It is not in the least necessary to squeeze the breath out of one's body in order to look well. If a woman weighs 175 pounds it is the greatest mistake to attempt to dispose of the flesh. Pressed in at one portion of the body it is sure to protrude in another, and as long as it is there, there is very little use to try to disguise it. A 26-inch waist with a 43-inch bust doesn't come within the range of good Dame Nature's idea of proportion. A well-built waist or, what is substituted by many ladies, a corset with a part of the bones removed, may be made a very comfortable affair. It should not be very tight. Indeed, this is exactly where many women make a serious mistake. Don't do it girls. If you are fat, the too solid flesh remains, and you only make yourself absurd trying to lace it out of its natural position.—New York Leader.

Remarkable Curiosity.

In Surrey County, North Carolina, there is a remarkable natural curiosity in the shape of a mountain resembling the famous Sphinx of Egypt in all its details. It lays east of the Blue Ridge Mountains, on the Piedmont Plains, and looks for all the world like a gigantic crouching lion. Its body, stands at right angles to the "Ridge," and its head is reared aloft as if in the act of rising. The whole of this wonder is of rock, and it is several hundred feet high. The shoulders and breast are finely proportioned, and at the distance of a few miles it looks like a thing of life and intelligence. It is said that it can be seen for fifty miles in one direction.

Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough, Cold, or any trouble with Throat, Chest or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottle free at J. E. Field & Co's Drug Store. Large size 50c. and $1.00. 3

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Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by J. E. Field & Co's. Drug store. 3

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