Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN. | 88
GOUSTY OF SHIAWASSEE. | 88
At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Shiawassee, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Corunna, on Wednesday, the 6th day of January in the year one thousand eight hondred and ninety seven.

Present, Mathew Bush, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of Alice L. Stewart McDonsid, deceased
On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Edward McDonaid praying, amongst other things, for the probate of the in-trument now filed in this Court, purporting to be the last will and ite timent of said deceased.

Thereupon it is ordered, That Monday the first day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forencon be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other person interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden in the Probate Office in the City of Corunna, and show cause, if any th re be, why the prayer of the petitioner give rotice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Times, a newspaper printed and circulated in said control of the persons in the probate.

Probate Order,

Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, SE

At a session of the Probate Court for said county, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Corunna, on Tuesday, the 5th day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and

in the year one thousand eight animoty-seven.

Present, Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate,
In the matter of the estate of Morris Holmes,
deceased, on reading and filing the petition of
Hugh A. Holmes, et al. praying that administration of said estate may be granted to said
Hugh A. Holmes or some other suitable person.
It is ordered, that the first day of February
next, at ten o'clock in the forencon, at said
provate office, be assigned for hearing said

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in THE TIMES, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Shiawassec.

MATTHEW BUSH, Judge of Probate.

Probate Notice

STATE OF MICHIGAN, 88

At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Shinawassee, holden at the Probate Office in the city of Corunna, on Wednesday, the 15th day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six.

Present, Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of Eva V. Warner, a minor.

In the matter of the estate of Eva V. Warner, a minor.
On reading and filing the petition duly verified of William C. Stiff, guardian of said minor, praying for license to seil the real estate of said minor, for the purpose of investment as in the petition set forth.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 6th day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden in the Probate Office in the city of Gorunna, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give actice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Times, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county of Shiawassee, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

MATTHEW BUSH,
Judge of Probate.

By KATHERINE E. KELSEY,
Probate Register,

BY KATHERINE E. KELSEY, Probate Register,

Announcements for School Year 1896-7.

Amnouncements for School Year 1896-7.

Teachers should carefully note the contents of this circular and preserve at for future use.

DATES OF EXAMINATIONS.

Regular. Orunna, August 20th and 21st, 1896.
Special, Owosso, October 15th and 21st, 1896.
Special, Owosso, June 17th and 17th, 1897.
All examinations will begin at 8:30 a, m., standard time

Applicants for third grades will write upon geography, theory and art and school law the first half day; grammar, physiology and reading the second calf day; arithmetic, penmanship and bistory the third half day and civil government and orthography theory and art and school law the first bull day; grammar, physiology, algebra and reading the second grades will write upon geography, theory and art and school law the first half day; grammar, physiology, algebra and reading the second half day; arithmetic history and penmanship the third half day, and civil government, physics and ortography the fourthhalf day. Applicants for first grades will write upon geomotry, general history and botany on Sauarday.

The above schedule will be strictly followed.

REQUIREMENTS.

For third grades an average of seventy five is required, with not less than skyr-five in any branch; for second grade an average of seventy-five is required with not less than eighty in any branch; for first grade an agerage of seventy-five is required with not less than eighty in any branch:

branch.
Applicants shall use legal cap paper and write with pen and ink.
Applicants for first and second grades who pass in part of the branches may re-write at the next examination in the remainder. After failing in two consecutive examinations they must re-write in all brancees. Applicants for third grades who fail in part of the branches must rewrite in all branches.

CAUTION: Special certificates will be granted only when legally qualified teachers cannot be secured Persons who wish to teach must attend an examination.

O. L. Briston, Commissioner.

O. L. BRISTOL, Commissioner, J. N. CODY. Examiner. J. A. THOMPSON, Examiner. Corunus, Aug. 7, 1896.

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ELE'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure pply into the nestrils. It is quickly absorbed. 5



THE SWAN AND THE CRANE.

Mr. Moody Employs a Striking Fable to Illustrate His Teachings on Sin.

'The Ladies' Home Journal presents a pa-per of Dwight L. Moody, in "Mr. Moody's Bible Class" series, in which the famous evangelist treats of the redemption from sin and employs the legend of the swan and the crape to emphasize his teaching: "It seems that a beautiful swan alighted by the banks of the water in which a crane was wading about seeking snails. For a few moments the crane viewed the swan in stopid wonder and then inquired, 'Where do you come from?' 'I come from heaven,' replied the swan. 'And where is heaven,' asked the crane. 'Heaven,' said the swan, 'heaven! Have you never heard of heaven?' And the beautiful bird went on to describe the grandeur of the eternal city. She told of streets of gold, and the gates and walls made of precious stones, of the river of life, pure as crystal, and upon whose banks are the trees whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations. In eloquent terms the swan sought to describe the hosts who live in the other world, but without arousing the slightest interest on the part of the crane. Finally the crane the part of the crane. Finally the crane asked, 'Are there any snalls there?' 'Snalls!' repeated the swan. 'No! Of course there are not.' 'Then,' said the crane as it continued its search along the slimy banks of the pool, 'you can have your heaven. I will search for snalls.'

"This fable is but a mirror. How many a young person to whom God has granted the advantages of a Christian home has

the advantages of a Christian home has turned his back upon it and searched for smalls. How many a man will sacrifice his home, his wife, his family, his all, for the snalls of siz. How many a girl has de-liberately turned from the love of parents and home to learn too late that beaven has

After 20 Years.

J. M. Vinkle, a Furniture Dealer, of Owosso, Strikes the Right Thing.

The circumstances surrounding the case of Mr. J. M. Vinkle are of deep interest to our readers, and our representative found him at his furniture store, No. 1115 W. Main Street, where he cheerfully gave the

"I have never," said Mr. Vinkle, "been without a pain in my back for the last twenty years. I do not know what caused it unless it was hard, constant work, which may have overtaxed me. At times I was worse than at others; for instance, in changeable weather I would suffer more keenly. If I lifted anything heavy or did any stooping work, I would go around like one with a broken back. During all this time I have been continually taking medicine of some kind. I have used all kinds of plasters and taken great quantities of Buchu, but nothing helped me. I do not believe that one thou and dollars would cover the expense which medicine and treatment has cost me. Some months ago I read about Doan's Kidney Pills, and although my faith in medicine was greatly shaken, I determined to try hem, and procured a box at the drug store of Johnson & Henderson. I began taking them and felt better right away. I had a feeling of relief from my back that I had not known in many years, and I have suf-fered everything from it during that time. I have had a wide experience in taking medicine, and when I say that Doan's Kid-ney Pills is the best remedy known to me, I mean it. Think of it—through years of suffering, life had become a misery, and when I would sit down I could hardly get ip. Doan's Kidney Pills have put me in a condition all my efforts and the other mediines I have taken failed to do. Have I not

every reason to praise them?"

For sale by all dealers—price 50 cents per box. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no

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DENTIST. Office over KALAMAZOO STORE



THE FITTEST SURVIVES

By J. H. CONNELLY.

[Copyright, 1896, by the Author.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

When the inspector came back and turned up the gas before Sewall's cell. he uttered an exclamation of alarmed surprise. His prisoner had escaped him.

He feared it in the instant when his quick eye caught the little dark red stream that had sluggishly crept out un-der the grated door and half across the corridor floor. He knew it when he reached the form upon the bench and found it inanimate clay.

Such had been the desperation inspiring the young man to cast off the burden of life, that he had torn, with the sharp edged bits of glass, great ragged open-ings in his arteries, both at the ankles and the wrists, and death seemed to have come to him while he was still digging in his neck another vent for life. All the space between his body and the wall was a pool of blood, and it had run down at the end of the bench to the floor and thence to the door, as if the instinct of escape had been in it.

A more unqualified confession of guilt would have been impossible, and yet it was far from being such a one as the inspector had desired and expected. Indeed he was sorely disappointed and an-noyed, since he could not help reproaching himself for letting a prisoner get away from him, even through the dark gate Chester Sewall had che .m.

Without that confession, however, the evidence before the coroner's jury on the Willmarth inquest would still have been sufficient to warrant them in the verdict they rendered—that the murder was done for the purpose of robbery by Chester Sewall. How this hideous revelation of her lover's guilt affected Irma no person but herself was privileged to know. She was a young person of more than ordinary power of self control, and not even Mr. Cyrus Pratt, who, with delicate but pervasive assiduity, assumed the position of chief consoler to her, could have seen that she demonstrated more than a conventionally proper amount of grief, all of which

was exclusively on her father's account.
The two inquests, upon the murderer and his victim, were held on the same day. Publication of their results told last obtainable news in the Willmarth affair and put an end to the "sensation" so far as the newspapers were concerned. So it was quickly forgotten by the public. A few months later there was a little revival of interest in it on the occasion of the wedding of "the charming daughter of the eminent financier, the late Richard Willmarth," with "the able political leader, Mr. Cyrus Pratt," when the old story was retold.

But not even at that late date had an mkling leaked out concerning what would have been, as a piece of truly sensational news, hardly second to the murder itself-viz, the making of atonement for the long bygone wrong done to Abner G. Hall by Irma's father. The production of the original agreement between those men and its corroboration by the confession of Michael Mc-Caffrey readily satisfied Irma Willmarth of the justice and validity of Mrs. Hall's claim to restitution of her husband's estate. Being so convinced, deed, to make amends for her father's bad conduct, which she said was "just like pa, he was so sharp about money matters," if it could be done without publicity. And Mr. Fratt, who even before he became her husband had much to do with the management of her affairs, was very clearly in favor of a antisfactory and quiet settlement of the claim. He saw the desirability of silencing at once what might otherwise become an ugly scandal, containing unknown potentialities of social damage. The original sum and added interest claimed by Mrs. Hall was only a little

A MOTHER'S DUTY.

Your daughters are the most precious legacy possible in this life. The responsibility for them, and

their future, is largely with you. The mysterious change that develops the thoughtful woman from the thoughtless girl, should find you on

the watch day and night. As you care for their physical wellbeing, so will the woman be, and so will her children be also. Lydia E. Pinkham's "Vegetable



Compound" is the sure reliance in this hour of trial. Thousands have found it the never-failing power to correct all irregularities and start the woman on the sen of life with that physical

health all should have. Womb difficulties, displacements and the horrors cannot exist in company with Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound.

WANTED!

500 cords of good

Spoke Timber. Will pay Cash for same. WM. H MASON & SON, 1016 West Main St., Owosso, Mich.

over \$166,000, a trivial amount-or at least not at all a serious one-in comparison with the great estate left by the late banker to his only child. But the one essential condition to a settlement, which was insisted upon strenuously, was that it must be made privately, without the knowledge of any other persons than those interested in the transaction.

Fortunately Addie's happiness in her love and a distinct appreciation of John Latham's merit seemed to have had a mollifying influence upon the widow's vindictive spirit. The time was, not long since, when she was willing to abandon the claim for financial repara-



to the heart.

vion if by so doing she could vindicate her husbana s go d name and destroy Richard Willmard, & But Willmarth was dead, which made an enormous deal of difference to her, and she very philes phically concluded that she had no just ground for quarrel with his child. So she eventually gave her consent to making the settlement a private affair, and it was thereupon effected premptly, gracefully and permanently.

The only person not a party thereto who even suspected it was the shrewd old knave, Michael McCaffrey, who, seeing napublic use made of the important document he had given up, quite correctly surmised what had taken place. And he could not bear to be "left out in the cold." The happy thought occurred to him when he b rd of the marriage of Miss Willmarth to Mr. Pratt that he might "shake a stake out of them," and he discussed with his sonin-law the feasibility of so doing.

"It's the boss himself you'd have to be dalin wid," said Dennis astutely, "if you wor to try that on, an if he was the kind of a man you'd shake dollars out of as you'd shake nuts off a tree sure he wouldn't be boss. You'd better paint yourself red an go playin wid a bull nor try games wid him. The best you'd do'd be to get me fired out of the public works an yourself locked up maybe for all your life."

Such possibilities were naturally devoid of temptation to Mr. McCaffrey. The alternative then presenting itself to his mind was an appeal to Mr. Latham, as the representative of the Hall interests, for "something handsome as a reward for long and faithful service in carefully keeping for so many years that invaluable paper." He actually had the audacity to make such a claim and avowed himself cut to the heart by the ingratitude which inspired its contemptuous rejection. After that he declared he wanted no more to do with such people, and so completely has he ever since withdrawn from them the favor of his she was quite willing, even auxious in- acquaintance that they have no idea what has become of him

When Addie Hall married John Latham-along about the time the lilacs were in bloom—the Harlem cottage was found much too small for the family. The parlor was the only room large enough for him to move about in, and even there he had to be careful how he stretched himself. Furthermore, Mrs. Hall suddenly developed a taste for what might be characterized as modest ostentation.

"I have lived in a birdeage long enough," she said, "and now that I can afford it propose to end my days in a real human habitation."

They did not realize until about to say tarewell to it that the little cottage had become so dear to them. Love had lived in it with them and hallowed it. But love was not left behind when they moved away to a more commodious dwelling farther down town. He simply went along and settled in congenial permanent quarters. Mrs. Hall proved to be one of those model mothers-in-law with whom he has no natural antagonism. In her eyes, as in her daughter's, John Latham is as perfect an adopted son and husband as man may be, and, indeed, that happy man has never yet done aught to forfeit such regard.

THE END. How to Make Sweet Tomato Pickle.

A peck of green tomatoes, 10 small onions, whole spices, pepper, bay leaves, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, vinegar and salt. Peel tomatoes like an apple, leaving them whole, and sprinkle with two-thirds of a cupful of salt. After standing 6 hours hang them in a

bag to drain all night. Break up cinnamon and cloves and put into a thin muslin bag. Peel and chop the onions, sprinkling them with salt. When tomatoes and onions are well drained, pack in layers in a jar, putting bits of bay leaf and small peppers on each layer. Cover with good vinegar, put in the spice bag and let stand 9 days, having them well covered and pressed down by a cloth, plate and weight. When the time has passed, boil the mixture as it is, adding the sugar. Scal in glass jars after laying horse radish slices and

black mustard seed on top of the pickle. How to Set Color.

To set the color in colored cotton dresses that are to be washed, dissolve 3 gills of salt in 4 quarts of hot water, put the material in while the water is bot and let it remain until cold. In this way the colors are rendered permanent and will not fade in washing.

The Evening News,

"THE GREAT DAILY OF MICHIGAN."

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AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN IN MICHIGAN.

The Evening News, Detroit.



CHAPTER L

When Fisherman Petersand was drowned in the great storm, all the village agreed with itself that his wife Marty would have a hard time filling the mouths of her five children, Sturdy, hearty little beggars they were-all too young to work-and Marty herself was but a poor wisp of a thing without strength or management sufficient for the head of the house. Then, too, she had been a lone orphan when Petersand married her-one outside the village at that—so she had not a soul she might what need or use had fishwives for look to upon her own account. And the stitches so fine you could but just see other Petersands had been so sore over them? And, though she was the best her incoming it was unlikely they nurse in the village, none would pay would do more than give her advice which she could not possibly follow.

About that part the village was right. Grandfather Petersand, shaking his head dolefully, told poor Marty all he could possibly do for her was to say that if she let him have Ted, the oldest of her flock, he would see that the rouge did not go hungry or naked, providing the lad were regularly indentured till he should come one and twenty. The other Petersands-grandfather's sonsagreed among themselves that there was no room in any of their homes for the little ones-the mother had best put them in the Fisherman's orphanage and herself seek service in the world out-



Ned gave a joyous shout.

side leaving baby Trixy, who was yet in arms and too small for the institution, with some old crone, who might be paid for her keep until she grew big enough to live on charity.

Some way, though, none of them cared to say so outright to Marty. "It is your place to tell her-you are eldest now," Mark said to Carl, and Carl, shuffling his feet, repeated to Griefel: "No, it is your place-you are youngest. I, the twin to him that is lost, have not the heart to so grieve his widow. '

"Yet it is best-it is what must be," said the three in chorus. Then they sighed the least bit, thinking of Ansel, the tall brother, who would come back no more. But there was no relenting in the sigh. It meant only that they had hearts not wholly stony. Marty must be told, for all she was so slight, with eyes that looked at you like those of a hurt child.

They lost that look, flamed and grew black indeed, when at last Griefel, placking up courage, let her know the lamily with Let a full fullate she was silent, then said low and clear: "Go away, please, but take with you this word-my dear Ansel left me this home and our children. I shall keep both, with your leave or without it. How I shall do it is my own concern.

Griefel went away dumb and staring. but found voice by the time he came to the rest. Then all of them fell into fine rages, raying: "That willful woman counts upon our pride. She thinks we will not dare let children starve so long as she keeps them in face of all the village." Grandfather Petersand was angriest of all. He was a near man and griping. He had reckoned that in three years at most young Ned should be earning for him a share in the fishing. After that, till the lad was free, it would

be like having his own youth over again. "That wicked, scheming Marty!" they all said over and over. "Of course she will be coming to us within the week for meal and herrings and money to buy knickknacks. Ansel-rest his soul!- pampered her beyond reason. That is why she is so willful now, despising good counsel."

"She shall not have a dust," said Griefel.

"Not a fish," said Carl. "Not a penny," said Mark.
"Nothing! Nothing whatever!"

[Copyright, 1896, by the Author.] roared grandfather, adding to himself: 'She must be made to hear reason. It is an outrage that I, in my age, am thus flouted of a chance to earn money which heaven itself has decreed me,"

Marty was full of surprises. She asked them for nothing, but soon there came a day when her children looked to her for bread, and she had none to give them. She had tried hard to find work. But what could a woman do there, where there were men ready to mend nets, even? Besides all the village looked askance at her as, in a sort, an outlander. She could sew like a queen's tirewoman. But her to tend their sick. For one thing they held it extravagance, and, for another, they said there was something uncanny about her-who knew what

witch broth she might not brew for

those in her care? A farmer's wife living just beyond the village had given her a pumprih for a day's work, and Granny Bress, the blind woman, had come hobbling upon her stick to fetch the half loaf of rye bread she had saved from her week's supply. The children had eaten the bread. The pumpkin was still untouched, because poor Marty had no fire over which to cook it. But no thought of turning to her husband's brothers came into her mind. "A way will be open-ed," she said to herself as she looked at her little flock, eager and hungry, but full of trust in her. Then she drew them about her, knelt and prayed, holding baby Trixy close against her heart. Somehow it grew strangely warm and light as she knelt, and when she had risen she walked in full faith to the empty cupboard, opened and looked

within. It was still almost empty, but at the farther edge she saw a little loaf, hard and dry. As she took it up and kissed it it swelled in her hand, became soft and fresh and gave out an agreeable fragrance.

Ned said, licking his lips. "It is good," chorused Nelis, Gretch-

en and Alida, who had each got a slice and were munching it for life. "Dood! Dood!" said Trixy in her baby speech, holding out her hand. Marty laid a soft morsel within it and cut a bigger bit for young Ned. Then she saw with unfeigned delight that the losf was bigger than when she began. Before she herself tasted it she gave

each of her children another piece. "Oh, mother, look! See!" Ned cried,

holding up his second slice. "What is it?" asked Marty, her heart beating fast. She knew this must be a fairy loaf, for back in her girlish days her grandmother had made her wise in the ways of the good people. Now that they had come to her help she meant to

do all she might to deserve it. "Here's a hook in my bread-a silver hook. Hurrah! That means I'm to be a fisherman, like our father, and take care of you and the rest," Ned cried, flinging his arms about his mother's neck. Marty took what Ned had found and looked it carefully over. It was a sharp book and strong, with a keen barb, so curved no fish could possibly wriggle off it. She turned it from side to side, admiring it, her heart thrilling with joy, when suddenly it faded out of sight. There was nothing within her

"Oh, what have I done? Oh, what shall we do?" she cried in great distress. Gretchen plucked her gown, while the others joined in the wailing. "I want another piece, please," the little girl said.

'You shall be fed before we starve. dear," Marty said, giving her a generous slice. Gretchen broke it, and there was the fairy book safe in the middle of it. Then be sure the wailing changed to laughing, and they all embraced one another in the joy of its recovery. But by and by they were startled to find it vanish again. Of course they instantly cut more slices from the fairy loaf, but found no trace of it. Marty was almost in despair when Ned gave a joyous

"I have found-here by the door-and pointing out—that means I am to go and fish with it at once."

"I think so," said Marty, smiling again. Even as she looked the hook melted out of sight, then suddenly grew visible again.

"Hurrah! I know what that means. I shall not need bait for it," young Ned shouted, snatching it and hiding it in his coat as he ran away. Marty sent a prayer after him, then turned to her