Still Talking.

Owosso Interested—Mrs. Fred Townsend, of 919 S. Shiawassee Street, Adds Her Testimony.

Our representative investigated another case, and it adds another link to the long chain of evidence that has set Owosso talking. Mrs. Fred Townsend is the lady who speaks here. Our representative found her at her place of residence, No. 919 S. Shiawassee Street, and she said:

"Doan's Kidney Pills have taken all the pain out of an aching back for me. I was greatly troubled with a pain and distress across and low down in my back. It was weak and ached constantly, any exertion or work rendering it worse. I would be forced to lie down, and then could find ease only in one position. I had read about Doan's Kidney Pills, and got a box at Johnson & Henderson's drug store. They worked exactly as I had been told they would. I have not suffered from a lame back since, and have recently done things I could not do before without bringing on severe trouble. I can now take long walks without any bad effect to my back. I know what to take now if backache should return at any time. You are welcome to use my statement in any way you wish."

In these times when backs are lame, when almost every other one we meet has now and then or all the time a back that aches or pains—"a weak back," "a bad back," a back that makes their life a misery to bear—and still they go on day by day in pain and suffering. Now, 'tis the easiest thing in the world to give this played-out back "a blow" that will settle it and put in its place a new one equal to any. It's just like this: Hit at the cause; most backaches come from kidney disorders. Reach the kidneys, start their clogged-up fibers in operation; when this is done you can say good-bye to backache. There are many grateful people in Owosso who can tell you how simple a trick it is. Read the newspapers.

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers—price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N.Y., sole agents for the U.S. Remember the name, *Doan's*, and take no other

Announcements for School Year 1896-7.

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

DATES OF EXAMINATIONS

Regular, Corunna, August 20th and 21st, 1896.
Special, Owosso, October 15th and 16th, 1896.
Regular, Corunna, March 25th and 26th, 1897.
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 half day; arithmetic, penmanship and history the third half day and civil government and orthography the fourth half day. Applicants for first and 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 fourth half day. Applicants for first grades will write upon geometry, general history and botany on Saturday.

The above schedule will be strictly followed.

REQUIREMENTS.

For third grades an average of seventy is required, with not less than sixty-five in any branch; for second grade an average of seventy-five is required, with not less than seventy in any branch; for first grade an agerage of eighty-five is required with not less than eighty in any 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 re-write 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. BRISTOL, Commissioner.
J. N. CODY, Examiner.
J. A. THOMPSON, Examiner.

Corunna, Aug. 7, 1896.

F. EDWARDS & CO.
General Real Estate and Insurance Agent

Will sell your Property.
Will rent your House or Farm.
Will look after your Tenants.
Will find Loans for your Money.
Will Insure your Buildings.

Charges very reasonable. Office with S. F. Smith.

H. B. PETERSON,
DENTIST
VITALIZED AIR.

OFFICE—Over Dimmick's store, Washington Street. RESIDENCE—Washington St., opposite Congregational church.

WILLIAM M. KILPATRICK,
LAWYER.
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY
—AND—
General Insurance Agent.
Office in the Williams Block, Washington street Owosso Mich

J. B. Dowdigan,
DENTIST.
Office over KALAMAZOO STORE
OWOSSO, MICH
Hours 8 to 12 a. m.
1:30 to 5:30 p. m.

DR. ARTHUR S. SCOTT
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
RESIDENCE, 409 SAGINAW ST.,
Office, 211 N. Washington St.
OVER PARKILL & SON'S DRUG STORE,

DR. L. E. PHELPS,
OFFICE: 114 N. Washington St. OFFICE HOURS: 8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
RESIDENCE: 656 N. Washington St.
Special Attention given to Chronic Diseases.

Hamblin & Crawford,
REAL ESTATE.
Business Chances, Conveyancing, Fire Insurance, Money to Loan, Notaries Public.
OFFICE UP STAIRS 106 West Exchange St.
OWOSSO, MICH.

DR. ANNIE S. H. GOODING, Homœopathic Physician and Surgeon. Residence and office, Williams St., (Comstock Block), Owosso, Mich. Office hours—2 to 4 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m. Calls promptly responded to. Special attention given to Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

HINDERCORNS.
The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Makes walking easy. 15cts. at Druggists.

ROB M'GREGOR.

By MARTHA M'CULLOCH WILLIAMS.

[Copyright, 1896, by the Author.]

CHAPTER VII.

Next day was Saturday, and Jack Talbot got up firmly resolved before night came to take his mother into his confidence, then go straight to Rob, for he found himself unreasonably in love, many fathoms beyond judgment or prudence. Life without her was not worth living, worth having. He must woo her manfully and win her even in spite of herself.

Fate had other uses for his day—fate that took the guise of his lady mother. Before he was half through breakfast she said, with a calm and smiling reasonableness that put contradiction out of the question:

"Jack, dear, will you please call for Alice Winfold on your way to town today. I know you are going. You always do when the hands have holiday. And so I promised Alice that she should go with you. She wants a few things for the big meeting tomorrow."

"But, mammy," Jack protested, "I had planned to have a holiday myself. Going to town is not much fun, not even with Miss Alice for company."

"Jack, I am ashamed of you. Such a dear girl, the very nicest in the neighborhood, and so dependent!" Mrs. Talbot said in a grieved voice. "Poor child! You know she has no brother."

"Umph! But the poor child's mother has, and he is in town half the time now," Jack said ungraciously. Mrs. Talbot's mouth hardened as she said:

"I do not forget Mr. Topmark. But, Jack, you must admit it can hardly be pleasant to a delicate girl like Alice to go about with him now that—that he is making himself so foolishly, so intolerably, conspicuous by his infatuation for that poor, flighty girl. If he marries her—they say he will—heaven help poor Mrs. Winfold to bear it."

"He won't marry her—be sure of that!" Jack said furiously, getting to his feet. "I'll give the Winfolds that much comfort. And, further, if he goes philandering after Rob McGregor again, I'll wring his neck, d—n him, the blear eyed old brute!"

"Jack, my son! O-oo! To think you can speak so to your own poor mother!" Mrs. Talbot moaned, dropping her face in her hands. "Oh, my heart is broken. I did not think you ever"—

"Mammy, mammy, do forgive me! I was a scoundrel, a villain of the deepest dye, to wound you so!" Jack cried, kneeling and slipping his arms penitently about her. She let her head drop on his shoulder. There were tears on her cheek. Sight of them swept away Jack's last figment of resistance. He laid his head on her knee as he had done back in the dark days when first they had struggled together to save their maintenance, saying very low: "Precious mammy, you must not cry! Don't, please! Smile at me once, and I'll go to the north pole if you say I must."

"There is no 'must' about it, Jack," she said, still brokenly. "Son, I forget sometimes that you are a man now, with f-friends and plans that are not mine."

Jack might possibly have withstood his mother's opposition. Her resignation was too much for him. As he got up and lifted her in his arms he said:

"I want a kiss of peace, mammy, to prove that I deserve it. When I come back from town, you shall hear if Miss

"I'll wring his neck, d—n him!"

Alice will let herself be seen at church tomorrow with such an ill looking fellow as I am."

"I do not believe she thinks you the least bit ill looking," Mrs. Talbot said and straightway in her heart reproached herself for saying it. It sounded like an indelicate betrayal of maiden preference. She was very tender in her thought of the girl upon whom her heart was set. Though she had little doubt that Alice adored her son, nothing would have induced her to admit as much to anybody. She looked upon Alice as Jack's predestined savior from his own misleading inclination, but not for her right hand, soft and kindly and useful as it was, would she have betrayed to him the thing of which Mrs. Winfold's water eyed confidences left her no manner of doubt.

Much depends upon one's viewpoint. While the dear lady thus took herself to task, her protegee was saying fretfully:

"I don't more than half believe Jack is comin. Like as not that fool mother of his told him he must, an he ain't the sort to be driven. If he don't come, my cake is all dough. He's sure to be over at Roscoe, talkin with Rob McGregor"—

"Why, you told ma you had fixed it so Rob wouldn't never talk ter him no more. I listened at the door an heard you. Was that jest a lie ter pacify her erbout your leavin us all the work ter do?" Nina asked from the door where she stood watching the road from Luray. Alice made a dart at her and pinched her sharply, crying out:

"Will you shut up, madam? Oh, I have the greatest mind to make mommer send you to Aunt Pink Graham's an make you stay there till after the big meetin. You are jest so impudent an frisky there's no livin with you."

"You mean, no livin with you," Nina snarled back, sticking a pin in her sister's plump arm. As that model young person set up a howl Mrs. Winfold interposed, but Nina sprang away, planted her back against the door and said defiantly: "You all better lemme 'lone. Ef you don't, I'll go ter Aunt Pink's my own self an tell her how mommer made me join the Baptis'es when I professed, 'cause Aunt Pink's a Baptis', an mommer thought mayby ef I was, too, I'd git more money when she died. I'll tell her, too, how it was Al wasn't let go ter the mo'ners' bench that time she was under sech hard conviction. 'Twas 'cause ef she had religion an couldn't dance mommer was right shore she couldn't never cut Rob McGregor out with Jack Talbot. I believe Rob'll git him in spite of all your lyin. I've a great mind ter go there right now an tell her no matter what you said it wa'n't so."

"Nina! Oh, you little wretch!" Miss Winfold and her mother screeched in concert. But Nina only laughed more tauntingly than ever. "You wouldn't cry ef you could see yourself, Al," she said, nodding judicially. "Lord, your nose looks like a bumblybee had stung it on both sides. Do stop! I ain't really anxious ter stop you from marryin Jack. The Lord knows I wish you'd marry most anybody so I could have a chance at things. But why ain't you like Uncle Ben? Sence he fell in love he's all smiles an candy. I git all I can eat whenever I see him."

"Do stop cryin, Alice," Mrs. Winfold said fretfully. "Don't spoil your fortune like I did. Ef I hadn't got so mad I cried myself right ugly, you needn't of had Winfold fer your father. Dan'el Trisket was waitin on me then. He was comin that day, an he never come afterwards. I've told brother often he owed me a heap. 'Twas him set me off bawlin, tellin me how tired he was er seein me ground an sayin fer God's sake not ter let Trisket find out what a temper I had, as ef I er anybody could help the tempers they was born with. But anyway I lost Trisket. He jest couldn't abide ugly women"—

"Then I don't see how he ever came near you," Miss Winfold said, biting her lips. "But I've heard all that 5,000 times before. I wish you would shut up. I'm glad you didn't get Trisket, even if he was rich an had sense enough to die an let his children enjoy the money. Money ain't everything, not quite. Somebody said once before Colonel Talbot: 'Jack had better court Mame Trisket. She had such a lot of money.' And the colonel said: 'Yes, she was a very nice girl, but he would not want any money in his family that had the taint of Murrell's gang back of it.' An, though he said he didn't know it for truth, that Mame Trisket's grandfather was a poor white an got rich so all at once folks couldn't help but think he was in with the old robber."

"I've heard all that, too," Mrs. Winfold said stiffly. "Nina, do you reckon we can live at home ef Jack should happen not ter come?"

"Well, hardly," Nina said, with an accent of aggravating conviction. "But there he is. Put on your thick blue veil, Al, an do behave your prettiest. But, la, ef you do rope Jack in, I cain't help but be sorry fer him."

"Ef you ain't the very best boy in the world!" Mrs. Winfold said a little later, shaking Jack's hand. "I do hope this ain't no trouble. My poor child has been most cryin. So afraid it might be. But I said you was too much like your dear, good mother ter mind doin little things fer us, that haven't got nobody rightly ter call on."

Jack muttered something hardly articulate and sat down, nervously twirling his straw hat. Miss Winfold trotted in, demure in a thick veil, whose meshes, however, could not hide her beaming smile as she asked after "dear Mrs. Talbot."

"I most jealous of your mother, Jack. I believe Alice loves her more'n she does me," Mrs. Winfold chirped.

Nina smothered a giggle and gasped out, "Well, that ain't surprisin."

"Oh, pshaw! What have I said?" Mrs. Winfold exclaimed in affected confusion.

"Nothing out of taste, I am sure," Jack returned. "Come, Miss Alice. Had we not better be going?"

"Yes, I have got to buy a new hat, an that does take so long," Miss Winfold began.

Nina burst in angrily, "You know mommer said I should have the next hat that wasn't out of the store."

"Poor Ninesy! I forgot she was not to know. I have bungled dreadfully. We meant to surprise the girl," Miss Winfold said. Jack was too eager to be off for thought of anything else, but if he had been looking he would have seen Nina's tongue thrust significantly into her cheek.

It is a psycho-physical fact that a gallant young fellow very deeply in love with one woman cannot steel his heart utterly against another who is reasonably attractive. Before Timothy and Clover had covered two miles of the ten before them Jack was chatting gayly with his convoy and not by any means displeased with the estate wherein he found himself. There was this excuse for him—Miss Winfold talked well after a chirpy, gossipy fashion, wholly free of malice. Then, too, she had warm words of praise for Rob, the bravest, proudest little thing! If only she might, she would so gladly help and comfort her. "But you know it isn't easy," she confided to Jack. The McGregors are such high, proud people. Mommer does not like Rob. But I—oh, I think there is nobody like her. She is so nice to me always I know she cannot mean any harm by the things she says that sound so rude an"—

"Truthful," Jack supplemented as the other paused. "You are right. She does mean no harm. She has grown up at her father's elbow. She has his ideas in everything, especially in honor. It is pitiful to see what weight she carries. There must be a change soon, and—and when it comes can I count on your standing her friend, no matter what it may be?"

"Of course you can," Miss Winfold echoed, then shifted the talk so brightly and skillfully that in a little while Jack had taken the further plunge of asking if he might hope to take her to church upon the morrow.

"How I wish I could say 'yes' right off," Miss Winfold returned airily. "But, oh, I daren't, not without askin mommer. She's let us fix to go, but we won't know until night whether or no there is preachin at her church. If there is, I may have to go there. You know what a Baptist she is an how strict they are. Maybe you'll be glad if I do have to go. I half believe you have asked me just because you were sorry, not that you really want me"—

"What nonsense!" Jack said. "Of course I am sorry for myself, to think I have so few chances of taking you about and making you behave for a whole day."

As he said it he leaned a thought toward her, a lazy laugh in his eyes. Miss Winfold answered it with a smile that showed all her pretty teeth. She had hardly ever looked so well as at that precise minute. As Jack's face came yet closer she gave him a dainty fillip across the cheek, saying lightly: "Ah, ha, Mr. Impertinence! You are the one that needs to be kept in order."

"Think so?" Jack retorted, kissing her outright. She drew away with a feint of pouting, but to the most casual eye it was plain she was not displeased and that he, albeit far from a shy youth, was far and away the more embarrassed of the two. He sent the horses along at a mad rate, keeping silence till the town spires came in sight. Then he said humbly: "Miss Alice, I—I—oh, hang it all, I'm a cad, an idiot, but—but please forgive me. I'm not quite myself today."

"Why, Jack, what can you be talkin about?" Miss Winfold returned, her eyes full of large, innocent wonder.

Though Jack had a wretched day of it, cooling his heels about town while he waited Miss Winfold's pleasure, there was no trace of it in his face when he sat at the Winfold supper table, chatting with the family. He was a just, clean minded fellow, chivalric almost to the degree of quixotry. The Winfolds, he had reflected, were blameless in the derangement of his plans. They had known nothing of them. They could not suspect under what duress he was held. Besides it was part of the amends owed the dear mammy to do her bidding joyously, as though it was no task. It made his heart sink to know he could not possibly see Rob alone for another whole day. All the same, when he got up to leave, he reminded Miss Winfold that she had not told him about the morrow.

"Mommer must tell you," Miss Winfold said, blushing, but too faintly to be unbecoming.

Jack shook his head. "I hate to say it," he protested, "but I believe you are trying to get rid of me so you can go with some other fellow."

"Jest listen at him!" Mrs. Winfold said, with a smile that showed all her yellow teeth. "It makes me laugh, Jack. The idear! As ef I wouldn't an Alice wouldn't be jest too glad ter have her go with you wherever she goes at all. Though thar's preachin at our church, she may go with you ter the Methodis' meetin an thanky inter the bargain. Not that I don't believe the Baptis' doctring jest as strong as ever, but other sec's have got religion—yes, real religion. Your mother, now, is Methodis', an thar ain't no better woman nowhere"—

"Thank you, ma'am, there is not," Jack said, with a bow. "So I may call it settled that you go with me, Miss Alice. Be sure you don't play me false. And now good night all."

A very little later he was driving home, not furiously, but with slack reins, his head bare to the soft, cool night. Somehow it reminded him of Rob's hand—so light, so vital, so full of thrilling rest. He loved her—ah, how he loved her! If Alice Winfold would but stand friend to them, he might hope to bring his mother around. That meant very much. Rob, he knew well, would never enter his family, any man's family, that did not give her cordial welcome. It was that most likely that had lain back of her repulse of him. It was hard, but some way—so blind is young love—her obstinate pride seemed to him the finest heroism. It was love or nothing with her. No buffeting of fate would ever be hard enough to make her take a rich husband or one in any way not to her mind.

Topmark! The thought of him was ridiculous profanation. At the most he could only faintly annoy and harass Rob before Jack could put himself in the place which would authorize him to protect her. The man might as well think to mate with a star in heaven. And Jack grew hot under the collar thinking that any lip could link his love's name with that of the bald, greedy eyed storekeeper.

As the road turned the corner of Roscoe bounds Jack started and sat suddenly upright. Rapid hoofs, a shadowy figure, dashed by him in the flickering moonshine. That was not wonderful. What astonished him was that the rider was mounted upon Bonnybel and led her lusty colt, haltered and trotting beside.

CHAPTER VIII.

Betwixt love, rebellion and wonder Jack had little sleep that night. He got up so pale and hollow eyed even Miss Winfold solicitously remarked his ill looks. Maybe they had better not go to church, after all, she said. No; she would not mind—that is, not very much—though Ninesy—little angel—had just insisted that sister must wear the new hat first. Still, if Jack was too ill to enjoy the day, she could not think of dragging him through the heat—

Jack cut short her protestations. "I am well enough," he said. "A little overstrained maybe—this is the anxious time about the crop, you know—but staying at home is the last thing I care to do. I must be at something all the time so I shall not have leisure to worry."

"Whoever thought of your bein nervous an fidgety like that?" Miss Winfold returned. "Mommer is, I know, an Uncle Ben—he's just the dearest old grumble all the time! By the way, I wonder— Isn't it just too ridiculous the way he's makin a show of himself, an poor Aunt Louizy not two months in her grave?"

"It is natural, perhaps," Jack said, breathing hard. "Most men, I hear it said, bury their wits with their wives."

"Yes, they seem to," Miss Winfold said, clambering heavily into the buggy. Some way the sight recalled to him Rob's light lift from the impulse of his hand, her dainty way of settling herself in exactly the right place beside him, her eager, coaxing eyes, as she held out her hands for the reins, saying, with soft mischief:

"Jack, do be a good fellow. Let me show you how these horses ought to be driven. Of course I know ever so much better than you. People always do, you see, about things that they have no concern with. When I set up for a philosopher—I shall one of these days—I mean to give my whole mind to discovering what it is that makes the wisdom of inexperience so very, very wise."

Then, of course, he had let her drive her fill, delighting no less than herself in her knowledge of all the finer nice points. She knew and loved horses as well as himself. Up to three years back she had had the best mount in the county. Nothing there could give dust to Lightlady, the Lightfoot mare out of Bonnybel, that Rob had broken and trained herself into a pattern of equine virtues. A thief had come in the night and stolen her from the pasture where she ran at grass. Rob had got white and breathless a minute when the certainty of loss came to her, then broken into a laugh, saying as her color came back:

"The fellow should be ashamed of himself. No artistic horse thief would ever have demeaned himself to take anything so ridiculously easy, but if he had good taste in horseflesh Lightlady was a temptation. Nothing in the state had better blood or action. If he was in a strait, he chose well. No doubt it's awfully unprincipled to say it, but if he was in danger I forgive him and hope he got away."

"Never mind, daughter. You shall have a better than Lightlady as soon as ever Jack can find it for you," Mr. McGregor had said, and Rob had flung up her hands, saying, with a mischievous laugh: "Daddy, do you mean that? Oh, you can't! Surely you'll let me choose my own saddle horse. Remember, I may one day have to choose a"—

"Husband," Jack had broken in, laughing over the face she made, though she ran on as though he had not spoken.

—"person to inherit my vast estate. What will you do then if you cannot trust me now? You know, people always show the best side of themselves, and, like my daddy, I never look under the surface."

"Yet you would venture upon a horse trade," Jack had said, lifting his eyes commiseratingly, "when you know that even my father, the honestest man alive, admits that trading horses is a mighty strain on such qualities. In fact, sometimes—say when he comes home with a beast worth about twice the one he rode away—I have my doubts if the strain is not a little too much even for him."

"Shut up!" Rob had cried. "I will not listen to treason, not against Colonel Talbot. If it was his son now—but I won't be personal. You see, I have taken the colonel's judgment, and he says Bonnybel's new little colt is finer than silk and going to be handsomer than Lightlady. So I shall train it up in the way it should go and ride Bonnybel until her baby is bridlewise."

There the matter had rested. All the talk came back to young Talbot as he gathered up his reins and sent the sorrels away at a slapping pace. Even if she had asked it he was far too wise to risk Miss Winfold's heavy hand over them. Intelligently docile, the creatures were full of subtle and sympathetic fire. They knew an alien touch and resented it mightily. But for Rob they did their best, moving with a smooth, skimming stride, free of darts or pointing and as evenly as though there were one spirit in twin bodies. Today they felt their master's mood and were so skittish and restive Miss Winfold began to scream, not aloud, but in faint spits and spurts. "They are, ain't they, runnin away?" she asked, clinging to his arm.

Rev. Wm. Stout, Wiarton, Ont., was completely cured of scrofula after sventeen physicians had failed to give him relief. Burdock Blood Bitters did it.

Fishermen All Reach Home Safely.

Bay City, Mich., March 15.—The last of the missing fishermen who were carried out on the ice returned home yesterday and it is believed all have now safely landed. Some were separated from their shanties by the ice breaking up and went without food for thirty hours.

Rich and poor alike suffer the tortures that come with that terrible plague, Itching Piles; rich and poor alike find instant relief and permanent cure in Doan's Ointment. Your dealer keeps it.

Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

VAN R. POND,
Attorney & Counsellor,
General law and chancery practice in all courts.
Over M. L. Stewart & Co's Bank

DR. EDGERTON T. WILSON
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OFFICE—Room 7 Keeler Block.
RESIDENCE—522 River Street.
OWOSSO, MICH.

DR. C. MCCORMICK
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC.
Special attention given to the treatment of disease by means of Electricity. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica and a number of nervous diseases readily yield to this form of treatment.
Office and Residence No. 220 East Exchange St
OWOSSO, - MICH.

Guardian's Sale of Real Estate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF SHIAWASSEE, ss.

In the matter of the estate of Eva V. Warner, a minor.

Notice is hereby given, That in pursuance and by virtue of an order granted to the undersigned, as guardian of the estate of said minor, by the Hon. Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate in and for said County, on the 8th day of February, A. D 1897, there will be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the postoffice in Burton in said County, on Saturday the 3rd day of April, A. D. 1897, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, all the right, title and interest of said minor in and to the following described lands and premises, situated in the township of Fairfield, County of Shiawassee, State of Michigan, to wit: An undivided one fifth interest in the n e frac ¼ of n w frac ¼ of sec 3, except 9½ rods in n e corner; also the e ½ of s e ¼ of n w fri ¼ sec 3, and the west 19 acres of the n e ¼ of said sec 3, all in town 8, north range 1 east.

WILLIAM C. STIFF,
Guardian of the estate of said minor.
Dated Feb. 8th, A. D. 1897.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL
"The Niagara Falls Route"
SAGINAW DIVISION.

OWOSSO TIME CARD.

TRAINS SOUTH.

Chicago Express leaves 8:07 a. m., arrives in Jackson 10:15 a. m., Chicago 4:30 p. m.
Chicago Express, daily, leaves 8:30, p. m. arrives in Jackson 10:45 p. m., Chicago 6:00 a. m, Through Sleeper (Bay City to Chicago).

TRAINS NORTH

Bay City Express, leaves 9:00 a. m., arrives at Bay City 11:10 a. m. Sleeper, Chicago to Bay City
Marquette Express leaves Owosso 7:15 p. m. arrives at Bay City 9:20 p. m.
Owosso accommodation leaves Jackson 10:50 a. m., arrives Owosso 1:00 p. m.
All trains daily except Sunday
Owosso Accomodation leaves Owosso at 1:45 p. m., arrives in Jackson at 3:50 p. m.

J. B. GLASGOW, Agent, Owosso
W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

The Evening News,

"THE GREAT DAILY OF MICHIGAN."

The Greatest Advertising Medium

in the State is THE DETROIT EVENING NEWS. Why? Because it has by far the largest circulation. Why has it? Because it is the best daily newspaper. If you want the best, TAKE THE EVENING NEWS.

Two cents a copy. Ten cents a week (DELIVERED). $1.25 for 3 months (BY MAIL).

AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN IN MICHIGAN.

The Evening News, Detroit.

Poor Blood

When a horse is poor in flesh, a new harness won't give him strength. If a house is cold new furniture won't warm it. If your strength is easily exhausted; work a burden; nerves weak; digestion poor; muscles soft; if you are pale and worn out, the trouble is with the blood. It is not so much IMPURE blood as POOR blood. Pills won't make this blood rich; nor will bitters, nor iron tonics, any more than a new harness will give strength to the horse, or new furniture will make a house warm. For poor blood you want something that will make rich blood.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites is the best remedy in the world for enriching the blood.

We have prepared a book telling you more about the subject. Sent Free. For sale by all druggists at 50c. & $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.