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that any member of a household could require.
In each copy of the magazine is printed coupon
entitling the subscriber, or purchaser, to a pat-
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number of patterns for four cents each to cover
package and postage. When the value of the
patterns is considered the subscriber actually
gets

Demorest's Magazine Free.

And what a magazine it is! For 1897 it will be
more brilliant than ever before. New manage-
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tains an excellent reproduction in color of some
celebrated picture by a famous artist, worthy
to adorn the walls of the most refined home. It
is affirmed that Demorest's is the only complete
Family Magazine published in the United States,
the most excellent points of its contemporaries,
besides having inimitable features of its own.
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It is a digest of current events and ideas for
every man and woman. A review of a store-
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need to amuse and instruct them, also practical
helps in every department of domestic and so-
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ing of the home, embroidery, bric-a-brac, art-
istic and fancy work of all kinds, etc., and sug-
gestions and advice regarding the well-being and
dressing of their own persons.

The scope of the articles for 1896 and 1897 will
cover the whole country and its varied interests
and the articles will be profusely illustrated
with the finest engravings, and, in addition, it
will publish the best and purest fiction. It
treats at length out-of-door sports, home amuse-
ments and entertainments; it gives a great deal
of attention to the Children's department, and
"Our Girls," and a monthly symposium by cele-
brated people, in which are discussed important
questions of the hour of interest to the older
readers.

Let us have your subscription at once. You
get more value for your money than it is pos-
sible to secure in any other magazine.

One Magazine one year for \$2.00.
Or six months for \$1.00.

(Over 250 different garments are shown each
year, patterns of all of which are obtainable by
subscribers at 4c each.) Sample copy (with
pattern coupon) sent for 10c. Demorest Pub-
lishing Co., 110 Fifth Ave., New York.

A Liberal Offer:
Only \$2.50 for THE TIMES and Demorest's
Family Magazine. Send your subscrip-
tion to this office.

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, Corvua, August 20th and 21st, 1896.

Special, Owosso, October 15th and 16th, 1896.

Regular, Corvua, March 15th and 16th, 1897.

Special, Owosso, June 15th and 16th, 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 read-
ing the second half day; arithmetic, penman-
ship 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, phys-
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arithmetic, history and penmanship the third
half day, and civil government, physics and
orthography the fourth half day. Applicants for
first grades will write upon geometry, general
history and both oratory.

The above schedule will be strictly followed.

REQUIREMENTS.
For third grades an average of seventy is
required, for second grade an average of seventy-
five is required, for first grade an average 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 fail-
ing in two consecutive examinations they must
re-write in all branches. Applicants for third
grades who fail in part of the branches must re-
write in all branches.

CAUTION: Special certificates will be grant-
ed 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.

Corvua, Aug. 7, 1896.

Plate Glass

W. A. REID, LOCAL MANAGER.
PETERBOROUGH PLATE GLASS CO.
200-210 E. 12th St., W. BOSTON, MASS.

For all kinds of plate glass, including auto-
mobile windows, etc., at lowest prices. Write for
a list of prices and names of our agents.

Write to Wm. A. Reid of Boston for prices.

A Slight Accident

Often Causes Severe Kidney Trouble—A
Muskegon Lady's Experience.

How often a sudden accident, a slip or fall,
gives the back a twist and deranges the deli-
cate fibers of the kidneys, which have their
duties to perform and must be in a condition
to perform them. They carry off the poison-
ous acids from the blood, and, if they get out
of order and refuse to do this, the whole system
is affected by the poisonous uric acid carried
to all parts in the blood. So it is that slight
accidents, a strain, a fall, or a little twist in
the back amounting to very little of itself
often results disastrously if neglected. Doan's
Kidney Pills are designed to restore the kid-
neys to healthy action. That they do this is
easily proven by the statements of the public.

A well-known lady of Muskegon is Mrs.
Emily J. Andrus, whose comfortable home is
at 16 E. Diana Street. She spoke of her expe-
rience as follows:

"Some time ago I had a terrible fall and it
affected me in the back and kidneys. Oh, how
it hurt me in through the back! I got so
lame and sore I could hardly stir. I suffered
everything and thought I would surely die;
the pain was so great I could not walk. At
my age it was very hard to suffer so much. I
saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised. I wanted
to try them, as my kidney organs were
troubled by the fall. A box was procured for
me at Brandage's drug store, and before I had
finished taking them all, I felt easier in my
back. I kept on taking them, using in all four
boxes, and the result is that I am now feeling
all right. The pain in my back used to be so
intense I could not sleep, and often had to use
hot applications to get ease. Now I can rest
and sleep well. Doan's Kidney Pills have
been a grand thing for me. When an article
possesses such merit as they do, it should be
recognized, and I am glad to place myself on
record as one who has tried them and found
them to be as represented."

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

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a list of prices and names of our agents.

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THE FITTEST SURVIVES

By J. H. CONNELLY.

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CHAPTER XV.

The pawnbroker looked askance at
the big chunk of silver, scanned suspi-
ciously the inscription it bore, and
after a good deal of deliberation said he
would advance \$25 on it. He admitted
that it was intrinsically worth ten
times that sum and perhaps more, but
that was all he proposed to risk on the
chances of its being reclaimed by the
police.

Chester burned with indignation, but
did not dare to resent the fellow's in-
sults, for it was quite true that he had
no right to dispossess of the property and
—he wanted the money. With the
small sum thus obtained at such a sacri-
fice of honor and self respect, he al-
most ran to Mr. Coffery's gaming table.
Within an hour he saw the dealer's
long, snaky fingers close upon the ivory
disk representing the last dollar of the
twenty-five and with easy, graceful in-
difference slide it upon a pile of its
fellows at his side.

The young man walked slowly out,
down the stairs and away, feeling stum-
bled and moving in a dazed, uncertain
way, like one walking in a dream. The
blow seemed to have induced a sort of
mental torpor, in which some of the
recognition that he was an ungrateful,
destitute, hopelessly dishonored thief,
and yet even that thought could not
sting him into wakefulness and mad-
ness. It slipped away from him.

An electric light a long way before
him fascinated his sight, and he walked
on and on toward it mechanically, with-
out purpose, thinking of nothing. Out
of a saloon door, suddenly opened as he
passed, came a burst of coarse music,
and the strain he caught of it clung in
his dull brain, repeating itself mono-
tonously, making him unconsciously time
his steps to it. It was finally dispelled
by the vehement profanity of a cab
driver in front of whose horse he de-
liberately walked at a crossing. He heard
the man's lurid remarks, but went on
without answering, changing his gait
or looking back like an automaton.

After a time he noticed a bench and
sat down upon it, as if his muscles had
remembered that they were weary. A
man in a gray uniform came out of the
shadow of a clump of evergreens a few
feet away from him and stood in the
middle of the road, regarding him suspi-
ciously. Partially recalled to himself,
he looked about him, recognized that he
was in the Seventh avenue entrance of
Central park, and, rising, went out to
the street again. Slowly he walked
westwardly.

A fine, penetrating, cold rain was
falling, and gradually a sense of phys-
ical discomfort forced itself upon his
consciousness, at the same time waking
a keen mental agony. Since his neces-
sarily frugal breakfast he had eaten
nothing, and now, in addition to being
saturated by the rain, chilled to the
bone and very weary, he was horribly
hungry. Worse than all—he was an
outcast thief.

Where he was he had no idea further
than that he must be somewhere far up
town on the west side, in a residence
section of the city, very lonely and quiet
at this hour, particularly on such a
night as this. If he could find a place
where he might get some food and a cup
of hot coffee, he would not care where
he was. Careful search through his
pockets brought to light but one solitary
nickel. It would be useless to find a
place for refreshment without having
more money than that. He sat down
upon a rock near a street corner, with a
growing, sullen indifference to every-
thing.

The rise of the hill cut off from where

he sat a view of the street avenue ele-
vated railroad to the eastward, but he
could hear the trains moving on it to
and fro. After he had rested a little he
would go over to it, find a station, use
his last nickel to get down town and
ask somebody for means to get some
food. Beg! Yes, he had come to that.
Why not? He was a thief. Could he
sink lower? No. He might as well be a
beggar—or die. Die! Well, yes; that,
too, might be good—but—later.

The figure of a man appeared, com-
ing down the little hill toward him,
from the direction of the railroad. He
would have a chance to try begging
without waiting to get down town. He
stood up, waited until the man came
close, and then said in a trembling,
choking voice:

"Excuse me, sir. Will you spare me
the price of a meal? I really need it or
I would not ask for it."

The sidewalk was narrow, owing to
the piles of broken rock heaped up on
each side from a great excavation just
within the pavement line, so that the
two men faced each other, with only a
couple of yards of space between them.
But the man addressed, after hearing
him through, took a step nearer and ex-
claimed:

"You have a genius for surprises, Mr.
Sewall."

His fur cap and muffler had con-
cealed his identity until he spoke, but
his voice and the jeering affectation of
courtesy in his tone made Chester recog-
nize him at once. It was Mr. Will-
marth.

The horrified young man stood silent,
motionless as a statue.

Dealt the scoffing banker a blow.

"So this," the banker went on mock-
ingly as if enjoying the situation, "is
the profession upon the profits of which
you contemplated matrimony! I had no
idea that the solicitation of eleemosy-
nary pennies was so good a resource.
You must have become very proficient
to make it support so well the social
phase of your career. Evidently there
is much to be said for mendicancy as a
business. Do you think my daughter
would be an apt pupil in it under your
instruction?"

"Mr. Willmarth," replied Chester,
breathing very hard and speaking with
difficulty through jaws that were trying
to clench themselves together, "I have
been terribly unfortunate, but you have
not the right to insult me, and even if
you have, you had better refrain from
it."

"Insult you! My dear sir, how can
you so mistake the expression of my ad-
miration for your genius? You do not
appreciate how you have awakened my
interest in your profession. The next
time you honor my house with a visit I
shall want you to show Irma your ar-
tistic style of work. Your 'price of
meal' act is charmingly realistic, and
with proper accessories, such as a cold
violin basket, would, I should imagine,
be quite irresistible."

It seemed to Chester Sewall as if
that mocking scorn was an insolent ex-
ultation over his accomplished ruin and
despair, as if the man before him was
the personification of all the cruel an-
tagonism with which the world had
met him, as if Richard Willmarth was
personally responsible for all the ill
that had befallen him. In a sudden
access of blind rage he dealt the scoffing
banker a blow so violent that it felled
him as if he had been struck by light-
ning. The next instant the young man
half regretted the act, but only half,
for with what there was of regret blended
a sullen self justification.

"Why didn't he keep a civil tongue
in his head?" he said to himself. "I
gave him fair warning."

The man laid where he had fallen,
very still, and silence as of the grave
was all about. Even the wind had
ceased. An indefinable dread of some-
thing sent a tremor through Chester's
nerves. He stood waiting, he knew not
for what, and held his breath. A por-
tion of the clay bank of the excavation
behind him, softened by the rain, gave
way beneath the weight of rock piled
on it and fell with a loud splash into
the stagnant pool below. The mist thick-
ened into a fog so dense that the street
lamp three yards away looked like a lit-
tle phosphorescent patch upon the vast
white, ghostly obscurity of the night.

Still the man laid motionless. Ches-
ter's dread took definite shape. Quickly
stooping over the prostrate form, he put
a hand beneath its shoulders and raised
it to a sitting posture. It yielded limply,
and the head falling back as he held it
up, he heard the sound of something
falling in a slender stream from the
hair to a dark puddle on the ground.
Simultaneously he felt that the hand
with which he supported the shoulders
was covered with some fluid warm and
slippery. Suddenly conscious of what it
was, he uttered an exclamation of hor-
ror, let the body fall back, and, tearing
open its coats and vest, placed his hand
inside the overcoat. It was still. Richard
Willmarth was dead.

In the very act of making this hideous
discovery his hand came in involuntary
contact with a wallet in an inside pocket
of his victim's vest. Acting upon a
momentary, desperate impulse, he
snatched it out, thrust it into one of
his own pockets and, rising erect, fled
swiftly.

He fancied that something he could
not see nor hear ran noiselessly at his
shoulder with him.

CHAPTER XVI.

At the very time of the perpetration
of that unpremeditated but none the
less unquestionable murder, and hardly
more than a couple of blocks away from
where it was being done, a vigil of eager
expectancy was keeping for the coming
of him who that night ceased to be as
man.

In a meanly furnished front room on
the third floor of a big "cheap flat," bar-
racklike building, at opposite sides of
a bare table, sat two men, one old, the
other middle age. The elder seemed to
have full 70 years to his discredit, and
his age became him not well. His
scanty hair was gray and unkempt. A
pair of thin, leathery, red ears, with
great bunches of bristles in them, stood
out like loosely hinged flaps from the
sides of his long, narrow head. Imbed-
ded among wrinkles, under overhang-
ing, grizzled brows, gleamed small eyes
that despite their age were still keen
and almost fierce with an expression of
selfish cunning and suspicion. His nose
was flattened at the bridge, but its sharp
point stood up so abruptly as to fully
expose his large nostrils, which marked
the outline of a triangle from its tip to
the ends of his wide, thin lipless mouth.

The younger man was a solid look-
ing brute, still in the prime of animal
life and worthy of no special regard. A
listener would readily have gathered
from the conversation between them
that the latter was the old man's son-
in-law, and that his wife, Mary, had
died during her father's long absence in
the far west. A rather good looking
buxom girl, 15 or 16 years old, came
into the room and went out again, from
time to time, in the discharge of her
household duties, apparently paying no
heed to the talk of the men, but look-
ing curiously now and then at the lit-
tle clock on the mantel as if wondering
at the unusual prolongation of their sit-
ting.

"So, Dinna," pursued the old man
argumentatively, "the best for you
will be to take Kitty there an go back
with me as soon as this business is set-
tled."

"I dunno. I don't say I won't if I get
out of a job, but I'd be a fool to go
away now an the new alderman be-
howden to me as he is. Sure, I'm as
good as promised to be an inspector in
the public works."

"To the devil with your alderman,
an your inspector, an your public
works! D'ye want to be all yer life a
bob on the tail of somebody else's kite?
It's a grand start, mind ye, that I'll be
able to give ye an a fine country ye'll
find it for a man to rise up in. Sure
there's nothin to stand in the way of
your goin to congress from out there be-
fore you die, an a girl like Kitty—
well, there's no knowin the wealth of
the man she might marry out there."

"Are you right sure you'll get the
money you're after?"

"Am I sure it'll be warrum next
Fourth of July?"

"M-maybe so. But isn't it time he
was comin'?"

"Aith it is. He knows better nor to
disappoint me, an he's likely to be here
now any minute. We'll be makin ready
for him. Stand that tin kettle here close
by my arm, Kitty, dear, on this side.
Ye, Dinna, go intil the back room an
keep there, without ye hear the kettle
fall on the flure. I'll push it off if he
goes to come round the table to'rds me,
an if you hear it fall come quick for the
love of heaven, for it's meannin me no
good he'll be. Sure it's mighty little
I'd trust him. Ye'll let him in, Kitty,
an put the chair for him there, where
your father is sittin now. Oh, he'll be
comin an bringin the money sure
enough, but he'll be wantin me to give
him up the paper I hoid, an I won't
do that. I'll hoid it while I live, an
I'll l'ave it to you, Kitty, dear, after I'm
dead."

"To the devil with your alderman,"
gone, an it'll be as good as a fortune to
ye. Oh, yes, he'll be wantin it. But
he won't get it, an he'll gimme the
money all the same. He saw the old
woman's advertisement and is scared of
his life for fear I'll be going over to
her. Oh, yes, he'll pay, an he'll be
smooth as butter with me if he has to.
But the Lord knows I wouldn't trust
myself far alone with him."

As the old man spoke he fumbled
nervously at his Adam's apple, which
stood out like a hairy elbow on his
throat.

"Go along now, Dinna," he contin-
ued. "Sure your walk is the walk of a
horse, an I don't want him to hear you
go in when he comes to the door."

Dinna obediently retreated out of
sight. Kitty remained and, covertly
yawning behind her hand, sat herself
down to kill time by curing the gaping
wounds in a man's sock. The old man
sank into silent reverie, with his beady
little eyes fixed unwinkingly on the
flame of the lamp. After a time he
roused himself sufficiently to growl:

"He's half an hour late."

Another long silence ensued. Then
he again marked a point in the flight of
time by a profane affirmation that the
man he expected was "an hour late."

After this he soon began to demon-
strate surprise, which developed into resent-
ment, and that into anger, quickly ex-
maxing in furious rage.

"The fule," he shouted, "thinks he
can defy me! An me knowin to all the
facts an howdin the writin in blue!
An white that they made betwixt them.
Oh, by the mortal gob, as sure as me
name's Michael McCaffrey, I'll make
Dick Willmarth a sorry man for this
night!"