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

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Announcements for School Year 1896-7

Announcements for School Year 1896-7.

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

DATES OF EXAMINATIONS.

Regular, Corunna, August 20th and 21st, 1896.
Special, Owosso, October 15th and 15th, 1896.
Regular, Corunna, March 25th and 25th, 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 calf 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 pomanship 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 Saurday.

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 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; for first grade an agerage of seventy-five is required with not less than eighty in any branch.

live 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. Bristou, Commissioner,

J. N. CODY, Examiner.

J. A. THOMPSON, Examiner.

Corunna, Aug. 7, 1896.

A Muskegon Lady's Experience

How often a sudden accident, a slip or fall, gives the back a twist and deranges the delicate fibers of the kidneys, which have their duties to perform and must be in a condition to perform them. They carry off the poisonous 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. Donn's Kidney Pills are designed to restore the kidneys 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 experience as follows:

"Some time ago I had a terrible fall and it iffected me in the back and kidneys. Oh, how t hurt me in through the back! I got se 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 ny age it was very hard to suffer so much. I

my age it was very hard to suffer so much. I be Doan's Kidney Pills advertised. I wanted to them, as my kidney organism was all by the fall. A box was procured for me at Brundage'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 cassesses such merit as they do, it should be ecognized, and I am glad to place myself on record as one who has tried them and found item to be as represented."

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

VAN R. POND, Attorney & Counsellor,

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HERNA MRUPTURE **CAN BE CURED**

Without Knife of Surgical Operation and without detention from your business.

CURE GARANTEED

H.WEBSTER, M.D. BYRON, MICH.

By J. H. CONNELLY.

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CHAPTER XV. The pawnbroker looked askance at the big chunk of silver, scanned suspiciously the inscription it bore, and after a good deal of deliberation said he Fould 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

Chester burned with indignation, but did not dare to resent the fellow's insults, for it was quite true that he had no right to dis, ose of the property and

-he wanted the money. With the small sum thus obtained at such a sacrifice of honor and self respect, he almost ran to Mr. Cofferty's gaming table. Within an hour he saw he dealer's long, snaky fingers close upon the ivory disk representing the last dollar of the twenty-five and with easy, graceful indifference slide it upon a pile of its fellows at his side.

The young man walked slowly out, down the stairs and away, feeling stunned and moving in a dazed, uncertain way, like one walking in a dream. The blow seemed to have induced a sort of mental torpidity, in which somehow he recognized that he was an ungrateful, destitute, hopelessly dishonored thief, and yet even that thought could not sting him into wakefulness and mad-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, without 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 monotonously, 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 deliberately 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 suspiciously. 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 physical discomfort forced itself upon his consciousness, at the same time waking a keen mental agony. Since his necessarily 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-

The rise of the hill cut off from where

ANNA IVOR'S REQUEST.

Personal letters reach Mrs. Pinkham by thousands; some asking advice, and others, like the following, telling of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done and will ever continue to do in eradicating those fearful



female complaints so little understood

by physicians. All womb and ovarian troubles, irregularities, whites, bearing-down pains, displacements, tendency to can-

cer and tumor are cured permanently "I feel as if I owed my life to your Vegetable Compound. After the birth of my babe I was very miserable. I had a drawing pain in the lower part of my bowels, no strength, and a terrible backache. Every day I failed. My husband said if I would try a bottle of your Vegetable Compound, he would get it for me. The change was won-derful. After I had taken the first half bottle I began to have great faith in it. When I had taken three bottles, I was well and growing stout. It is a pleasure for me to write this to you. I only ask women in any way afflicted with female troubles to try it."-MRS. ANNA IVOR, Pittsford Mills, Rutland



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, coming 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 exclaimed:

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

His fur cap and muffler had concealed his identity until he spoke, but his voice and the jeering affectation of courtesy in his tone made Chester recognize him at once. It was Mr. Willmarth.

The horrified young man stood silent,



Dealt the scoffing banker a blow.

"So this," the banker went on mockingly as if enjoying the situation, "is the profession upon the profits of which you contemplated matrimony! I had no idea that the solicitation of eleemosynary 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

tou have, you had better refrain from

"Insult you! My dear sir, how can you so mistake the expression of my admiration 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 artistic style of work. Your 'price of meal' act is charmingly realistic, and victual basket, would, I should imagine,

be quite irresistible." It seemed to Chester Sewall as if that mocking scorn was an insolent exultation over his accomplished rain and despair, as if the man before him was the personification of all the cruel antagonism with which the world had met him, as if Richard Willmarth was personally responsible for all the ill that had betallen 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 lightning. 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.

gave him fair warning." The man laid where he had fallen, very still, and silence as of the grave all about. Even the wind had ceased. An indefinable dread of something sent a tremor through Chester's nerves. He stood waiting, he knew not for what, and held his breath. A portion 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 thickened into a fog so dense that the street lamp three yards away looked like a little phosphorescent patch upon the vast

white, ghostly obscurity of the night.
Still the man laid motionless. Chester'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 horror, let the body fall back, and, tearing open its coats and vest, placed his hand inside there over the heart. 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

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

In a meanly furnished front room on the third floor of a big "cheap flat," barracklike 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. Imbedded among wrinkles, under overhanging, 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 lipped mouth.

The younger man was a stolid looking 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 sonin-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 looking curiously now and then at the lit tle clock on the mantel as if wondering at the unusual prolongation of their sit-

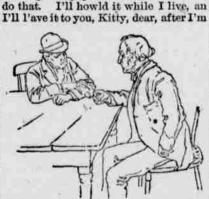
"So, Dinnis," pursued the old man argumentatively, "the best for youse will be to take Kitty there an go back with me as soon as this business is set-

"I dunno. I don't say I won't if I get out of a job, but I'd be a fule to go away now an the new aldherman behowlden 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 aldherman, 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 roise up in. Sure there's nothin to stand in the way of your goin to congress from out there before you die, an a girl like Kittywell, 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 arrum, Kitty, dear, on this side. Ye, Dinnis, 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 meanin me no good he'll be. Sure it's mighty little I'd trust him. Ye'll let him in, Kitty, with proper accessories, such as a cold 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 howld, an I won't



"To the devil with your aldherman." gone, an it'll be as good as a fortune to 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 ould 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, Dinnis," he continued. "Sure your walk is the walk of a horse, an I don't want him to hear you goin when he comes to the dure."

Dennis 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 to flame of the lamp. After a time laroused himself sufficiently to growl:
"He's half an hour late."

Another long silence ensued. The: he again marked a point in the flight o time by a profane affirmation that the man he expected was "an hour late. After this he soon began to demonstrate surprise, which developed into resent ment, and that into anger, quickly el-

maxing in furious rage,
"The fule," he shouted, "thinks he can defy me! An me knowin to all the facts an howldin the writin in blac' an white that they made betwixt them Oh, by the mortial gob, as sure as mename's Michael McCaffrey, I'll make Dick Willmarth a sorry man for this

a Grippe

If you have had the Grippe, you know its aches and pains, the fever, the chills, the cough, the depression—you know them all. The Grippe exhausts the nervous system quickly, lowers the vitality. Two things should be done at once: the body must be strengthened, and force must be given to the nervous system. Codliver Oil will do the first; Hypophosphites the second. These are permanently and pleasantly combined in Scott's Emulsion.

It lifts the despondency and heals the inflamed membranes of the throat and lungs. But you need not have LA

GRIPPE.

You can put your system in condition unfavorable to it. You can have rich, red blood; resistive strength; steady brain and nerves. Scott's Emulsion prevents as well as cures.

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CHAPTER XVII.

There was trouble that evening in the Hall household also. Early in the afternoon, while Addie was out, a telegram arrived for her, and Mrs. Hall, opening it, had the good news to communicate to her daughter, upon her return, that John was coming home. The business that took him away had been happily concluded, and he would reach New York on the morrow, the dispatch hav-

ing been sent while he was en route. The girl's position, in view of that intelligence, suddenly became decidedly embarrassing. While she felt that she 'never, no, never, could forgive John,' she could not bring herself to reveal to her mother the fortuitous discovery of his shameful immorality and utter untrustworthiness which she had made. She would give him up; would banish him forever, and never hear another word from his false lips. That, of course, was settled, but her pride forbade her confessing that the man she had loved so well and of whom she had been so proud was unworthy of her love. But, by a strange perversity of humor seemingly, the old lady appeared to be more favorably disposed toward John than she had ever been before.

"I'm real glad he is coming back. she said, "for I find that I have sort of got into a habit of trusting that you man and liking to see him around. Of course, he will receive your note the minute he gets home, and we may lo to see him up here as soon as he c.

come, tomorrow evening anyway. Addie did not want to tell that s had torn that note into little bits and scattered them to the winds within block of John's lodging, yet she coul not bear that her mother should cherihopes which she knew were destined ! grievous disappointment. So she tri to temporize while cogitating how to meet the difficulties of the situation.

"I don't think he could do any good if he were here, mamma," she said Mrs. Hall deliberately put on her spectacles and stared at her, as if she

found it difficult to believe the report her ears alone. "Since when have you had that idea

about John?" she demanded. "Well, what could be do, mamma?" responded the girl evasively. "The letter affords no clew. The man either will respond to your advertisement or he will not. If he does, no John Lathans will be needed to hunt him up. If he does not, and chooses to continue hiding himself, no John Latham can find him.

"I'm not so sure about that. And moreover, I'm free to admit that it would be some comfort to me as well as to you to see John and talk to him." "It wouldn't be any comfort to me I don't want ever to see him again. I wish I never had.

"Why, Adele Miranda Hall! What on earth are you saying?" "Well, I just don't. So there. And I don't care a bit."

And, doubtless as conclusive evidence that she did not care, she burst into tears. The old lady, meditatively rubbing the side of her nose with a long forefinger, pondered and gave time for the outburst to subside. Then she said gently and with a little trembling in

"You are all that the Lord has seen fit to leave to me, Addie, and it makes me a little afraid sometimes to think that maybe I love you better than I should; that I'm prouder of my noble, pure souled, beautiful girl than I ought to be, and that, without meaning it, I may be putting the creature before the Creator in my affectious and calling down an awful chastening judgment upon myself. If I have sinned, it is through my sin that my punishment will come to me, and may God grant me strength to bow to his will. But do not make me sniler in suspense, my child. Tell me the reason for your sudden change of feeling toward John Latham. What has he done? Why do you say that you never want to see him

"Oh, mamma!" sobbed the girl, laying her tearful face upon her mother's shoulder, "I hoped I would not have to tell you, but I believed him so good,

-and-I was wrong." The old woman's face grew very pale, her lips quivered and the tears filled her eyes. She could not speak, but one arm