

Spring Medicine

Blood Purifier a Necessity Now

Sarsaparilla Unequaled for Making Rich, Red Blood.

Necessity for taking a good Spring medicine to purify the blood and build up the system is based upon natural and scientific causes. In cold weather there is less perspiration and impurities are passed out of the system as they should. Food has consisted largely of heavy substances, and there has been opportunity for outdoor exercise. In the spring the blood is loaded with impurities and these must be promptly expelled or health will be endangered. Sarsaparilla is the best Spring medicine because it is the best blood purifier and tonic. It thoroughly purifies the blood and gives vigor and vitality.

Wood's Sarsaparilla

Wood's Greatest Medicine \$1.00 six for \$5.00

Wood's Pills are the favorite cathartic. All druggists.

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DON'T DELAY TAKE

KEMP'S BALSAM

THE BEST COUGH CURE

For Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarse Voice, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. Kemp's Balsam is a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once and you will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

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We wish to gain 100,000 new customers, and hence offer...

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- 1 Pkg. Earliest Red Beet, 10c
- 1 Pkg. Broomstick Cucumber, 10c
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Worth \$1.00, for 14 cents. Above 10 pgs. worth \$1.00, we will mail you free, together with our great Pigeon and Seed Catalogue upon receipt of this notice and 10c postage. We invite your trade and know when you once try Salzer's seedlings you will never get along with out them. Potatoes at \$1.50 a bushel. Catalogue alone \$1.00. No. 1 1/2. SALZER SEED CO. 24 BROADWAY, N. Y. C. Sold by Druggists.

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Always plays the best attractions. April 15 to 19, the North-Western will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets with favorable time limits, to numerous cities in the West and South at exceptionally low rates. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western Railway.

WOMEN.

Who Have Been Helped From Pain.

Women is a ceaseless treadmill of work. It is the wheel some derangement of the system and



Woman's Remedy for Women's Pains

ing, was very weak, womb was also had trouble with my head, and cannot say enough in its

EASTER FLOWERS.



HE roses were the first to hear— The roses trembled to the tomb; Bring roses—hide the marks of spear, And cruel nails that sealed His doom. The lilies were the first to see— The lilies on that Easter morn; Bring lilies—crowned with blossoms by the head so lately crowned with thorn.

The roses were the first to hear— Ere yet the dawn had reached of dawn, The faintest rustle reached their ear; They heard the napkin downward drawn; They listened to His breathing low; His feet upon the threshold fall. Bring roses—sweetest buds that blow, His love the perfume of them all.

The lilies were the first to see: They, watching in the morning gray, Saw angels come so silently, And roll the mighty stone away; They saw Him pass the portal's gloom; He brushed their leaves—oh, happy dower! Bring lilies—purest buds that bloom, His face reflected in each flower.

The roses were the first to hear, The lilies were the first to see; Bring fragrant flowers from far and near To match the Easter melody; "Rabbin't" be on every tongue, And every heart the rapture share Of Mary, as she kneels among The roses and the lilies fair!—Clarence Urry, in Century.

Her EASTER Gift.



ABEL ESTABROOK sat surrounded in her elegantly appointed morning room by all that money combined with artistic taste could give to make her happy, and yet on this blessed Easter eve her heart was sad and her eyes tearful, for it was the anniversary of the death of her darling and only child, a beautiful daughter of six short years. One whole year since she had been alone, and Helena had been singing with the angels.

She said that she was not rebellious, that she did not mourn as those without hope, but yet that life never could again wear the joyous aspect that the past had worn.

Even when she endowed a ward in the Children's hospital and had given to it that precious name, "The Helena," she could not adopt her pastor's wise suggestion, and present her dear one's playthings to the invalid waifs who were to occupy it. She furnished the ward tastefully and bought new toys for it, but her heart rebelliously clung to the sad pleasure of keeping the nursery just as it had been left, when God called its guest home.

She said she was "getting resigned," and she busied herself working among the poor and "giving in Helena's name," and passed her leisure amid the surroundings that kept her thoughts too much on the earthly part of her sorrow. Here, she daily sighed over the white-canopied, short-length bed; and tenderly touched the toy tea table and the armchair to match it, in which Helena always sat when she played at "five o'clock tea." She lingered tearfully over the china tea set, that would never hold again the play sippers and sorrowfully looked at the twin dolls lying asleep in their tiny white crib. No, she never could give them up, even to "The Helena."

In vain her life-experienced mother protested that all this was not good for her, that it was not that cheerful acceptance of discipline that God desired.

"I cannot give them up; it is all that I have left of her!"

"But, darling, all you have a right to now is a chastened memory, a memory that should daily grow not less dear, but less a bleeding wound. These earthly reminders prevent the wound from healing."

It was useless. She could give up her money and her time, but not these, "oh, not these."

"A woman wishes to see you, madam—Miss Henderson, she calls herself." And the maid servant spoke with an air that betrayed her thoughts: "A woman who gives no card must be nobody, sure."

Mrs. Estabrook recognized the name at once; Miss Henderson was a regular worker among the needy; one of those whose business it is to investigate "cases" and report to those with means to relieve.

"Bring Miss Henderson up here, Maggie," and she laid down the photograph of Helena that she had been

mournfully contemplating. "Angel child," she whispered, softly.

"You look all tired out, Miss Henderson. Take this easy chair," and she smiled upon her caller winningly, for she was really a lovely and Christian woman; and having been "born to the purple," had the easiest of manners with all persons, whatever their social position might be.

"Indeed, I am tired and heart-sick, too. I have come direct from one of the saddest 'cases' that I have ever encountered, and that is saying a great deal, and I have come to see if you feel that you can do anything for them; I know that you are doing a great deal all the time, but I did not know who else to go to this time. It is hard to always go begging, even if it is in behalf of others," and Miss Henderson paused, as if, perhaps, she had at last brought to notice the one case too many, for even the rich and charitable sometimes reach a limit where they feel justified in saying: "I can do no more, just at present."

"Yes, I know Miss Henderson," responded Mrs. Estabrook, pleasantly, in an encouraging tone, "but this time my charity fund is not quite exhausted. What is it, please, that has affected you so?"

"Oh, you are always so kind! I want you to go with me and see what I have seen. A laborer dying of a lingering disease and poverty, with a wife and three children, half-fed and half-warmed. The oldest girl is about 11, the youngest only three. When the husband is awake the wife's time is spent trying to ease his suffering, which is constant; but by sewing during his daytime naps and nights, she has kept starvation away—not much more. Too proud to beg, they have sold almost everything that could be spared, and that was not much. The doctor came and asked me to 'investigate' some of the ladies—I knew. I found no food, no money, scarcely a bit of fuel, and the half-crazed dying man, scolding because he was cold, and finding fault that the chicken broth he longed for had not been brought to him. Poor man, he is too far gone to know the reason why, and blames his wife; says she is tired of waiting upon him. I went to a kind market man and he has sent up a basket full of provisions, so that they will have supper and breakfast at least. But they need fuel, clothes, medicine—everything. A more complete case of destitution I never saw, where there was not drunkenness to cause it, and the poor woman so brave through it all, and proudly hushing the children when

Mr. Crandall had been talking for many months, and now the doctor had said that it was but a question of days when he would be out of his misery.

Their few savings, for they had been a thrifty family, had soon melted away for his medicines and their daily food. The doctor expected no pay for his time and advice, but the druggist had demanded cash for each prescription filled. Mrs. Crandall pitifully told how she had managed at first, by the help of the two older girls about the house before and after school daily, to find odd moments to sew by daylight, but her needlework had been chiefly done at night, when her husband's naps were longest. Yet she had only delayed the hour which was now to be met, when there was nothing for druggist or grocer.

Customers naturally had carried their work elsewhere, as so often her work was not finished at the time promised, the husband requiring unexpected care from her. Then she had had recourse to the selling of the cradle, no longer needed; then her own little sewing-chair, the birthday gift from a brother; but the few extras brought small sums from her almost as poor neighbors, who purchased them. It was the old, old story; and now she could not find time to sew if she had the strength, and she was nearly exhausted with overwork, watching and weeping.

The tale, brief as it was, had to be told with frequent pauses, as the invalid in the next room coughed or tinkled a bell for her to come to change his position and attempt to ease the discomfort for which there was but one real cause, and that was hourly approaching.

While the mother was away on these duties, the visitor talked with the children, drawing them out as to their studies and pleasures.

The elder two evidently were "good scholars," and the youngest was a bright, quiet little thing, prematurely aged by continuous want and the presence of suffering in the house.

"And don't you love dolls or playthings? I do not see any around, nor any books; surely you ought to have picture books to amuse you. Do you not go to Sunday-school?" for she saw none of the usual evidences; the lesson books; the Sunday-school papers, the library books usually seen where there are children, were all wanting here.

The eldest daughter quietly said: "We have not been lately," like many older people, answering the last question first. "We never had many books, and they had to go; we haven't any now," and the baby girl chimed in:

her turn now to help; but I had to be almost harsh with her, for she would not say she was willing. Then I went and offered the doll to the woman if she would take all my things over there and do them for me, and she said she would, and the neighbors are talking about 'a poor woman she must be and hire her washing done!' And here's Minnie has told everybody that has come into the house that I have given her doll away, and I told her not to do it again and now I will have to whip her—"

"No, no! Promise me, Mrs. Crandall, that you will not punish that mere baby! It was all my fault—"

"No, it was my doll, and it was all I had, and now I ain't got nothin', oh, oh, oh," and she sobbed aloud again.

What wonder that Mrs. Estabrook took the weeping child in her arms and "loved her" till she ceased crying? Was not the child's wail very similar in word and spirit to the wail she had given voice to when Helena was taken from her? What was she, herself, but an older babe?

"Do not worry, Mrs. Crandall, about getting sewing to do; I will see that all your present needs are provided for, and by the by will be time enough to plan for your future."

Each knew that "by the by" meant when "all was over."

Mrs. Estabrook went back to her carriage and was driven to her home, a wiser if not a sadder woman than she had been for many a day. To think that she had been selfishly bemoaning Helena's transition to a higher life, when there was such real, living trouble at her door, needing the comfort that she could so easily give!

She had said that she could not give up Helena's dolls, and little Minnie Crandall had had to give her only doll to the washwoman, to ease a suffering father.

"Dear Helena, how glad she will be to-morrow, to know that her toys have gone to glad Eastertide for one of God's little ones!"

Her heart as last was stirred to its most generous depths, and early Easter morning, on her way to church, she drove to the door of the Crandalls' poor home, for this time the carriage held that which made it needful to drive into the narrow court.

The faithful John had had to make several trips to and from the carriage, for there was a basket of dainty dishes for the invalid; and the doll's bedstead with its sleeping twins, that would open their eyes when Minnie should take them up; the tiny tea table and armchair; the china tea set and boxes full of other toys. There were Helena's gowns and other clothes for Minnie, and plain gowns of her own for the other girls. (At home she had left in a box, ready to be sent when needed, her own plainest suit of black for Mrs. Crandall.) There was a box of books, many of them juveniles from her own girlhood's library, and there was not only a Bible, suitable for use on that "last occasion," now so close at hand, but there were Testaments for Bella and Carrie, to replace those that had been sold for food and medicine.

"I could not sleep last night. My mind was so full of the sadness of seeing that poor little Minnie sitting up in that armchair so primly, with 'nothing at all' to play with, as she so quaintly said; and there were dear Helena's treasures doing no one any good, and I am quite sure now, though I have long refused to see it so, that they were doing me great harm, by keeping my loss ever before me and helping to make my heart hard and selfish."

When it was all over, Mrs. Crandall was helped to move into a brighter and healthier locality and the tenement, though small, was made tidy and comfortable by gifts from several who became "interested in her case," and fine sewing in plenty was given her to do by Mrs. Estabrook and others, who required fine, plain sewing and were willing to pay for having it done.

Indeed, the Easter gift of Helena's toys was the harbinger of good to Mrs. Estabrook in full as great a degree as to the family she assisted out of a temporary slough of distress. She kept a protecting eye over the family ever after, and rejoiced equally with the mother when, a couple of years later, the eldest graduated from the public school with a fair business education, and at once became a wage-earner. A girl at 13 and fresh from a grammar school, who could earn three dollars a week, looked to one of the leisure class like a prodigy.

Life was brightening for the Crandalls. Two years later the second daughter did as well. There were three wage-earners now, and they were a self-supporting family, all owing to the timely help given.

In remembrance of her own gain, each Easter sees its package marked for "Mrs. Crandall and family."

She feels that God sent her to them for her own good, fully as much as for theirs, and that then, for the first time, her eyes were opened to the real truth of those words that she had often repeated, but never believed (so she now thinks), that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."—Keziah Skelton, in Ladies' World.



EXHAUSTED WITH OVERWORK, WATCHING AND WEEPING.

they said to me that they were hungry and cold!"

"I will go there to-night alone, and here is \$10 for you to buy and send up at once to them what they most need for over Sunday."

Mrs. Estabrook wrote down the address and called her carriage. Quickly donning a street suit, she was soon alighting at the entrance of a narrow street, and instructed her coachman to wait there for her, as she did not like to intrude her private carriage and servants where it would create a stir and sensation, as such an equipage is apt to do in a tenement district.

It was indeed a sorrowful scene that met her eyes. The children gazed upon the beautiful woman in black who entered their poverty-stricken home like a creature from, to them, an unknown world. They gazed with the widely opened eyes of children accustomed to patiently enduring deprivation.

They sat in silence, as if abashed by the presence of coming death and the poverty about them, as well as by the presence of a beautiful stranger. Had she not been in black they would have thought her a fairy, but they had never read of fairies clothed in mourning. They were "doing nothing," as the very poor often are found, because they had nothing to "do" with!

Mrs. Crandall was as neat as her poverty would permit her to be. There were neither rags nor unkempt heads of hair, but patches were plainly in evidence, and the lack of comforts everywhere.

"Love dolls? Guess I do!—I had one last—Christmas—a real pretty one all dressed—but mamma give it—to—the washwoman, and I ain't got nothin' now," and she broke into loud sobs.

"Minnie!" cried her mother, reprovingly, hearing the child's words as she came back into the room.

"Do not blame her; it is my fault. But what does she mean?"

Mrs. Crandall colored deeply. It was so hard to be poor, and harder still to be forced to expose her poverty in all its bareness, to strangers:

"Why, it is this way: I have no place but this room to wash in, and the steam goes right in there and chokes him, and he fretted so and coughed every time I washed, that it seemed as if I never could get through another wash-day. I never had a washing done for me before in my life, except when the babies came." Here she lowered her voice, though the door was partly closed. "And so I thought we could get along without any more washing till it was all over, thinking every week would be the last. But, poor man, he's lasted along till we'd got to have some things; and his cough worse than ever, and I couldn't have the steam here nohow, and I had no money and had sold everything except the doll. All dressed as 'twas, it was worth a dollar. And I have a neighbor who takes in washing and she has a little girl. The other girls had given up their Testaments and all the books that they have had Christmas and birthdays, and I took Minnie and told her that it was

ILLINOIS STATE NEWS.

Tragedy Near Forreston.

Charles Link, a young man 21 years old, the son of John H. Link, a wealthy farmer living near Forreston, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. He was found dead in the barn by his sister, with a heavy revolver, of which two chambers had been discharged, clutched in his hand. When the news reached his sweetheart, Miss Billig, living in the same neighborhood, she was stricken with heart trouble and was in a precarious condition.

Coroner's Jury Overruled.

Despite the fact that a coroner's jury declared the sudden death of Mrs. Mary Ragan in Shelbyville was due to heart paralysis, it is now believed certain the woman committed suicide. Mrs. Ragan, who was the wife of W. H. Ragan, mayor of the city and county judge of Shelby county, was found dead in bed. A post-mortem was held and the examination showed heavy traces of carbolic acid in the stomach.

Shot by His Brother.

William Kent, aged 24 years, living three miles southwest of Virden, was shot through the neck at the base of the brain by his only brother, Noble, aged 32, and would probably die. The trouble arose over the provisions of their father's will, in which, barring a few minor bequests, Noble was cut off entirely, while the entire estate was divided between William and his widowed mother.

Teachers Select Officers.

At the fourteenth annual meeting in Jacksonville of the Central Illinois Teachers' association the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, David Peimley, Normal; vice president, Hugh Watson, Jacksonville; secretary, Gertrude R. Chapin, Galesburg; railroad secretary, T. M. Jeffers, Winchester; treasurer, J. A. Mercer, Peoria; executive committee, W. R. Hatfield, Pittsfield; B. F. Armistage, Mattoon; H. J. Barton, Champaign.

Wooing Ends in Suicide.

Daniel Armstrong, of Elmore, was found lying dead in the dooryard of Philip Gibbs, a farmer living near Williamsfield, with a bullet through his heart and a revolver in his hand. Armstrong was paying attention to Miss Gibbs and finally threatened suicide in case she would not marry him. She thought that he was trifling and dismissed him.

A Levee Breaks.

The breaking of the big government levee along the Kaskaskia river, 20 miles above Queen's lake, flooded 5,000 acres of fine farming land immediately below the levee. Several thousand acres further down were also flooded. Matt Tyner, who was en route to Chicago, was drowned in the flood at New Athens.

Told in a Few Lines.

Henry V. Brown, a postal clerk, died at his home in Freeport of arsenical poisoning. A Chicago dentist used arsenic to kill the nerve of a tooth, and in some way the poison got into the system of the patient.

Lydia Matteson McGinnis, aged 62, wife of John McGinnis, Jr., of New York, died in Paris. She was a daughter of the late Gov. Joel Matteson, of Illinois.

One week ago D. C. Copeland, aged 87, of Monmouth, married Mrs. Nora Johnson, aged 36, of Peoria. He deduced to his new wife all his property, and now she has fled.

Dr. Thomas Van Welch, a prominent druggist, died at his home in Jacksonville, aged 56 years.

W. F. White, passenger traffic agent of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railway, died at his home in Chicago. He was one of the oldest railway men in the country.

The lifeless body of an unknown man apparently 30 years old was discovered floating in the Ohio river at Metropolis.

The women's clubs of the Fourteenth congressional district have organized a federation with Mrs. Virginia Ballance Bash, of Peoria, as president.

Work is progressing on Carlville's big mill by the St. Louis Milling company. The equipment alone will cost \$60,000.

Illinois populists will hold their state convention in Springfield May 17.

Ex-Vice President Stevenson has accepted an invitation to deliver the commencement oration at Austin college at Effingham on June 16.

The state Master Horsehoers' association held its third annual convention in Aurora and elected S. F. English, of Chicago, as president.

In Chicago on April 23, Stephen A. Douglas's birthday will be celebrated by the Iroquois club and ex-President Cleveland will deliver an address.

Work will begin this season in Chicago by which 25,000 men will be given employment and 20 miles of railroad track will be raised. The cost of the improvements will be about \$8,000,000.

Col. Marcus Kavanagh, of the Seventh regiment, I. N. G., who was removed for parading his regiment on St. Patrick's day, has been restored to his command.

The Dole opera house building at Mattoon was consumed by fire, the loss being \$75,000.

John G. Ives, a pioneer merchant, died at his residence in Springfield, aged 81 years.