ing is the Time

Impurities in the Blood Should Be Expelled

a's Createst Medicine is the Best Spring Medicine.

nter months the perspiration, so in summer, almost ceases. This back into the system the impurities ould have been expelled through es of the skin. This and other makes the blood impure in spring. mples, humors and eruptions then or some more serious disease may start. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the for impure blood in all its forms. d by its marvelous cures of blood It is therefore the medicine for take in the spring. It expells all and puts the whole system in good n for warmer weather.

d's Sarsaparilla

ca's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all \$1; six for \$5. Get only Hood's.

's Pills are the only pills to take

Ulcerine Salve is the only sure cure in Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, White Fever Sorss, and all Old Sores. It S. Draws out all poison. Saves expense and Cures permanent. Best salve for Boils, les. Piles, Salt Rheum, Eurns. Cuts esh Wounds. By mail, small, 23c; large, free. J. P. ALLEN MEDICINE Paul. Minn. Sold by Druggists.

e Court Sustains the Foot-

Ease Trade-mark. Laughlin, in Supreme Court, Bufjust ordered a permanent injunen costs, and a full accounting of O issue against Paul B. Hudson, the urer of the foot powder called "Dr. oot Powder," and also against a rer of Brooklyn, restraining them king or selling the Dr. Clark's Foot ort, an imitation and infringement Ease," the powder to shake into s, now so largely advertised and ver the country. Allen S. Olmsted. out-Ease," and he is the first indino eyer advertised a foot powder y over the country. He will send a ee, to anyone who writes him for and renders all parties liable dulently attempt to profit by the "Foot-Ease" advertising, in placthe market a spurious and similar preparation, labeled and put up es and boxes like Foot-Ease. Simwill be brought against others who nfringing on the Foot-Ease tradecommon law rights.

man becomes thoroughly contentoutlived his usefulness .- Chicago

no better recommendation in the n a woman's satisfaction; that is e reasons why the calicees and fine William Simpson & Sons are in ersal favor.

gest blaze is not a sign of the most straw-pile will give a brighter a ton of coal .- Ram's Horn.

Cure a Cold in One Day ative Bromd Quinine Tablets. All refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

"Are you in favor of a single tax?" go farther than that. I would at all." - Boston Transcript.

in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Horehound and Tar for Coughs. low, can you guess my age, ma-

llant Major-"No, I can't; but look it."-Tit-Bits. ak Piso's Cure for Consumption is

medicine for Coughs. - Jennie Springfield, Ill., Oct. 1, 1894.

QUERED.

Compound-Strong Statembard.

nam's Vegetable Compound is Tumor. ently their presence is not sus-



Compound right away and

dvice free of all charge if you seen by women only, and you

ale, Mass., says:

ow if it had not been for Lydia a fibroid tumor in my womb. ot cure me at the hospital. I ealth, but had worked quite very badly. The doctor gave w must be stopped if possible, examination he found there eatment without any benefit and recommended Lydia E. ter life to it. I said I would natural and regular. I still Then the doctor made an ex-The tumor had passed away,

SQUAN CREEK FOLKS

len Jones Tells About the Yellow Fever Scare That Almost Ruined the Town.

By M. QUAD.

Everybody in Squan Creek was lyin' of the Methodist church to spite the and braggin' as usual, and bizness in preacher. the fish and oyster line was never bet- Simpson Smith, who had made affi ter, when the schooner "Mary Ann davy only a month before about seein Jones" put in one day to land a man a lobster crawl up on the beach and who had bin taken sick. We felt sorry carry off a yearlin' calf in his claws, fur the sailor, and when he had bin owned up that he had perjured hisself. taken up to Jim Westover's house most He also acknowledged that he stole everybody in town called to see him. I four bags o' taters and a smoked ham don't remember what sort o' sickness from Dan Hopkins' wood-shed, and the doctors called it, but he kept grow- stood calmly by while a tramp was in' wass and wuss and finally died. On sent to jail for six months as the the day he was buried three or four of guilty party. our people was taken sick, and in a day | Sum 30 different men sent fur or two more it was known that we had Uncle Silas and made confessions and the yellow fever among us. When this signed 'em, and all was ready to die news came out purty nigh every man and go to Heaven, when the doctors in Squan Creek took to his bed. Some found out it wasn't yaller fever at all, had the fever and some was only scart, but sum sort o' blood pizenin' from but it operated just the same. The bad water or sunthin'. It wasn't a preacher was away on his vacation, and | week before all the sick was walkin' Uncle Silas Jackson was the only man about agin and most of 'em was also to be sent fur. It was Abner Jones who lyin' about how near death they had

got him fust and who said: "Uncle Silas, I'm thinkin' this is a that they had confessed to Uncle Silas, judgment on Squan Creek for its bad- and that he had the documents to ness. Do ye think I might escape death show. The crowd got together and by confessin' my meanness?"

"It might draw ye back from the when he found Uncle Silas he sez: grave, though ye've waited a mighty long time," replies Uncle Silas.

Then Abner went at it and confessed | dead before sundown?" "Mebbe I was," calmly replies Uncle to everything fur ten years past. He

Uncle Silas went out and got sum

more fools-cap and writ down Tom's

dyin' statement and had him sign it,

and then he called on Aaron White

and others. Aaron owned up to 360 lies,

and to smashin' the windows of the

Caleb Perkins, who had passed fur

purty decent man, owned up to over

200 lies and to throwin' ink on the doors

bin. All at once it was remembered

sent Abner Jones as a delegate, and

"Mebbe you was in to see me the day

the doctors gin me up and said I'd be

skulehouse.



oars, three lobster-traps and an anchor, and on top o' them he particularized 27 didn't know what I was sayin'. You whoppin' big lies he had told about ain't the sort o' man who'd write down sharks and whales and sea monsters. my dyin' words and hold 'em up agin Uncle Silas suggested that he had bet- me. Can't nobody make me believe you ter hold a few things back and take was as mean as that." chances, but Abner was in a meltin' But you axed me to write 'em down, everything, even to pizenin' a cat. It Silas. was all writ down on paper, and he signed it, and next day he said he felt head.". a heap better. The next man to send for Uncle Silas was Mose Hepworth,

and he rolled his eyes an' said: "Silas Jackson, I can't perish of this bar'l o' salt from in front o' Rigg's gro- the crowd when they held a public cery. Do you remember that story o' | meetin': mine about seein' a sea sarpint?"

"I dew remember," sez Uncle Silas. up over 400 whoppin' big lies I've told hands of Uncle Silas or perish in the in the last two years, and I know I attempt."

Heaven." arter a half day's hard work it was all would quit lyin' fur two hull y'ars. all, the secret which he had flattered

fur a few minits he said:

fur George Washington?" "I dew," sez Uncle Silas-"I dew." Green because he was a better liar than on the street and said to Jabez Andrews: I was and I sunk his boat in the creek. Everybody thought a tramp done it, but night, and so was the ole woman. It was me. I've bin a bad man, Uncle you or anybody else rapped on the Silas-a mighty bad man, and I want to door and wanted to borry camphor or own up to everythin' and see if I can't mustard fur sickness I'm sorry we manage to git pardoned."

"THEY BOUND HIM HAND AND FOOT." "I was outer my head, of course, and

mood and he made a clean breast of and you signed your name," sez Uncle

"But I was a dyin' man and outer my

"Wall, I'll see about it," sez Uncle Silas, as he went out to hoe in his garden, and nobody couldn't git any more satisfaction than that. As folks got yaller fever with all these sins to an- over bein' skeered they naturally wantswer fur. It was me who killed the ed to go to lyin' agin and hev things Widder Scott's black hog with a club. move on as before, but with Uncle Silas It was me who lied about seein' a ghost holdin' them written confessions it was in the marsh. It was me who stole that too risky. As Tom Bushwick said to

"Gentlemen, sunthin' has got to be dun. The fate of Squan Creek is "I told it and made affidavy to it, and a-tremblin' in the balance. If we can't lied all the way through. I've bin an resume our lyin' this town will be a awful Har, Uncle Silas-the awfulest desolate ruin inside of two y'ars. We liar in America. Last night I counted must hev them documents from the

didn't git over half of 'em in at that. I It was agreed to gin him an even sold that lie about the sea sarpint to hundred dollars for the confessions, a New York paper fur \$15, and now I'm but he wasn't to be bribed. He felt a dyin' man and will be shet out o' it his dooty, he said, to change things | flery, but she said it: "Because I know Uncle Silas comforted him by advisin' higher moral standard, and nobody want to hear it." that he own up to all his meanness, and could git them papers unless everybody writ down and signed with his name. That plunged the public into despair, himself he had kept from all the world, Then Tom Bushwick sent fur the old but not fur long. Another meetin' was most of all from the tiny, pink-andman, and was found with his legs all called, and when it broke up a gang white girl whom it most concerned. drawed up and his finger nails turnin' of men rushed into Uncle Silas' cabin Then, all at once, it struck him that blue. Arter he had cried and sobbed and bound him hand and foot and there was a ludicrous side to the situa-"Uncle Silas, I can't die 'till I hey 'em away. That was at 11 o'clock of a roguish smile about the corners of made things right with sartin folks. Do at night, and as the clock struck 12 his fine mouth, as he asked: you remember of losin' a two-dollar bill the bizniss of lyin' was resumed from one Fourth of July as you was yellin' one end of the town to the other, and even the infants of Squan Creek felt that a great calamity had been eswant to gin you four dollars to make ally expected that Uncle Silas would fensive as much as possible, and an- ter, and cook in a slow oven until the even. Three y'ars ago I told a lie about appeal to the law and the grand jury, seein' a devil-fish down the bay. A but he didn't do nuthin' of the kind. Philadelphia paper gin me ten dollars At daylight next mornin', hevin' fur my affidavy, but I wuz lyin' all the thought it all over, and wishin' to do time. Last spring I got mad at ,Dan his best fur Squan Creek, he cum out yet."

"Jabez, I was powerful sleepy last didn't wake up and hand it out!"

OCIETY people might have thought that it was not exactly up to the highest notch of elegance, but since the participants were wholly unconscious of its shortcomings, what did it mate ter? There is more real weight in the expression of ignorance being the of life. The ordinary little girl, who slips into a thin gown and dances all you this: Do you realize that it night with "the boys," whom she has | wouldn't be quite-kind, to give me perknown since childhood, in the simple mission to tell you some day, and then ballroom of a family club finds more | not to make me happy by giving me the unalloyed enjoyment in the entire pro- right answer?" ceedings than does the veriest brocade- Peggy's lips quivered helpicssly, but geous cotillon in the most sparkling I'll-be-kind." ballroom of one of society's real leaders. When the little girl has romped her cheeks red through a gay, easy german, or, more frequently, through a hackneyed waltz, she would open her big, blue eyes in amazement if a frigid debutante in the real thing stared at the little girl doesn't even dream that there is any difference between her dance and the one whose details are so exploited in the society columns, so she is a thousand times happier than is her blue-blooded sister, breathing the atmosphere of wealth and all the gnawing envies, rivalries and disappointments pertaining thereunto.

Peggy was very pink after the last dance. Richard always went into that particular waltz with especial fervor. Afterward he explained to her that it was because his first dance with her had been that particular one and she was tease enough to act as though she wasn't at all conscious of the particular significance of the thing. So to-night, when he reluctantly let her slip from his arms, she hadn't quite the necessary courage to refuse his plea that they "go

somewhere to rest." She knew what that meant. Hadn't he carried her off to that particular. "somewhere" every night since the little club had begun its informal fortnightly dances? Still, she knew that she would better not go to-night -she had known for weeks that it was coming, and this last waltz had convinced her that it was coming very soon. And Peggy didn't want it to come, at least not just now, for this was Peggy's first winter, and it seemed a shame for a girl to tie herself her first season. Then, too, Richard wanted so much that it should come, and there wasn't anything in the world that. Peggy loved so much as to make Mr. Richard wait. It didn't matter whether she delayed him by taking an unusual long time to adjust her veil when he had called to take her some place in the evening, or whether he had to toast his toes before the fire while she dallied over making his cup of tea, or even in telling of his great secret, which poor Richard congratulated himself no one, not even Peggy, knew. To be frank, everybody in the little club had discovered it before he had confessed it to himself. Still Peggy yielded, and was led off to the big chair in the corner of the library, where Richard could perchhimself on the window seat beside her, and where the other young people were good enough never to intrude.

Peggy leaned back and let her white lids flutter in happy content over her deep-blue eyes, whereat Richard felt his last bit of common sense leave him. "Peggy?" he asked, leaning danger-

ously near her. Peggy sat up with a little start, and a half-air of rebellion. Then, all at once, she felt his eyes burning into hers, and her courage fled, leaving a very weak, pliant little girl.

"Peggy," he began again, this time laying his hand over hers as it trembled on the arm of the big chair, "I Richard.

Peggy closed her eyes again and gathered together her fast-failing courage with one mighty effort. "Don't," she pleaded. "Don't, Richard."

asked: "Why not, little girl?"

over in Squan Creek and make a what you are going to say, and I don't you think, little girl, that it is time for Poor Richard! So she knew, after couple of hours ago."

sarched out the documents and took | tion, and Peggy was amazed to see a bit

"How do you know that you know what I was going to say?"

It was a mean thing for him to do. and she afterward told him so. Now,

I don't want to hear it"-then a little a meringue, dotting the top with pink pause, and finally a whispered "just sugar. Serve in squares in individual

Richard sprung to his feet, with enough exultation in the movement to startle her.

"When may I tell you, Peggy mine?" Perhaps he drew her to her feet, per- borders a Mr. Fivecoats and a Mr. Fewhaps she rose, but all at once she found close.

nerself standing before him, with him holding her dangerously close by the two tiny, burning hands.

"Some day," she stammered. Then, noting the happy laughter in his eyes, she cried out: "Oh, Richard, why did you do it? It is almost as bad as if you had really told me, and you've made me say things I had no right to say,

There was a hint of tears in her reproachful, big eyes, and she tugged hard to loose her imprisoned fingers. greatest bliss where social matters are Instantly, all the teasing fled from his concerned than in any other condition | manly face, and he dropped her hands.

"Very well, Peggy; but may I ask

clad, jewel-weighted belle, who glides she finally lifted her eyes to him bravein stately elegance through the gor- ly and answered: "Yes, I realize, and

For a moment she feared that he was going to kiss ber. But after a moment with a wistful, half-contented sigh, he turned away and with one accord they walked toward the door. At the portal he stopped her and asked again: "Don't make me wait long, little girl. And her as decidedly unconventional. But don't let anyone else tell you the same story in the meantime. I'm not afraid to trust you with the other fellows, but -but I shouldn't be happy to know that they had told you that-told you the story even though I knew you wouldn't care for them."

She answered him only by a look, for some one came up with the frantic explanation that he had been looking over the settlement of the Benedict eseverywhere for her, as this was his tate. They met in the alley south of the dance. So she slipped away from the Benedict homestead and both began yearning Richard, who made himself shooting. Six shots were exchanged ridiculous all the rest of the evening by and Littlefield was killed. One shot forgetting that he had left his name on half a dozen programmes before he | seriously hurt. He surrendered himhad carried Peggy off to the library.

at once lost sight of his lady love. He hadn't had a chance to speak to her since the little scene in the big armchair, but he had not for an instant lost sight of the pretty white muslin gown, with its tiny sprigs of pink rosebuds. But in the confusion of the breaking up of the last waltz she mysteriously disappeared, and finally, in sheer desperation, he hunted out her mother, hoping to find the lost mailien under the careful wing of the loving

"Where is Peggy?" called the sweetfaced little mother. "I've lost her, and I hoped you would bring her." Poor Richard's heart sunk, and with some murmured explanation that he "would find her in a minute," he plunged off in the midst of the gay little throng. The search was fruitless. Everybody seemed to have drifted into the supper room, and still Peggy was not among them. He plunged into the most impossible corners and hiding places. He even looked into the depths of the big turn above the landing, he found her \$100,000 to put it in condition. sobbing to herself as though her very heart was broken.

"Peggy!" he cried, kneeling on the step beside her and chafing her cold Eyan, aged 78, brothers and old resihands between his feverish palms, "Peggy, what is the matter?"

Peggy dabbed her wet little ball of a handkerchief into her eyes and swal- perance society in this country. lowed a sob. "It's-it's that big George Waters," she choked out, and then, with a new fit of sobs, she buried her disconsolate little head in her lap and could go no further.

Richard set his teeth and waited. Then, all at once, he understood, for he ly sentenced to life imprisonment, but had been afraid of Waters all winter. There was no further room for delay. Leaning over he caught the sobbing little figure in his arms and there never was any joy in the world so dear as his when he felt her nestle her face on his want to tell you something," added shoulder, while her crying grew less violent and finally subsided into an occasional sigh of growing content.

When she had become quiet he gently turned her face to his and said:

"Never mind, little girl, you needn't | ical treatment. His face grew a trifle paler as he explain. I know that-that-that-impudent cad had presumed to tell you Peggy's white cheeks all at once grew | what you didn't want to hear, and I know it wasn't your fault. But don't me to tell you what I had to say a

> And Peggy actually smiled through her tears while he went off into an elaborate recital of the secret which they congratulated themselves was all their own and had never been so deliciously told by anyone else in the world .- Chicago News.

Prune Dessert.

Prepare some prunes by cooking and rabbing through a colander. Stew until most of the juice is evaporated. Put in a square graniteware dish, placed however, she put herself on the de- inside another dish containing hot wa-"I do know it; no matter how; and when cut with a knife. If desired, add dishes,-Good Health.

Queer Complications of Names According to the Kansas City Journal the Garden of the West has within its

ILLINOIS STATE NEWS.

Arbor Day Proclamation, Gov. Tanner has issued the following

Arbor day proclamation: "The people of the state of Illinois, represented in the general assembly, have manifested great interest in the planting of trees and made provision by law 'That the governor shall annually in the spring designate by official proclamation a day to be designated as Arbor day, to be observed throughout the state as a day for planting trees and vines about the homes and along highways and about public grounds within this state, thus contributing to the wealth, comfort, and attractions of our state."

"It is a great pleasure to note the increased interest in the planting of trees for fruit, timber and ornament in all portions of the state and that the public sentiment has been so manifestly in favor of the more general observance of Arbor day. This generation is enjoying the harvest of fruit, the wealth of the forest, the beautiful landscapes perfected by ornamental tree and shrub wisely planted or preserved by the thoughtful care of the early settlers of this Prairie state.

"The duty we owe to those who comafter us should prompt each citizen having a suitable location to plant a tree and to continue the commendable custom on each succeeding Arbor day, until all avallable space best adapted for this purpose is utilized with living and beautiful memorials of our deep interest in the present and fu-

ture generations. "To give effect to and to carry into execution the act referred to above, the 22d day of April, 1898, is hereby designated as Arbor day for the current year."

Killed by His Uncle.

Richard Littlefield was shot and instantly killed by his uncle, William Benedict, at Marshall. Trouble had exlsted between the two for several days grazed Benedict's head, but he was not self to the authorities and was placed in When supper time came Richard all jail. He claims he shot in self-defense.

Took His Own Life.

With a letter from his wife in his pocket bidding him not to despair Charles H. Hesser, of Canton, despondent because unable to find employment, committed suicide at the Saratoga hotel in Chicago by inhaling illuminating gas. Hesser was formerly employed by the Cable Lumber company of Davenport, Ia., and later was a member of the lumber firm of Atler & Hesser. He was 45 years old.

Gov. Tanner Ready to Fight.

A telegram was sent to Representatives Lorimer and Mann in Washington by Gov. Tanner asking them on his behalf to tender to the war department the service of the entire state guard of Illinois, consisting of about 9,000 men. They were also authorized to tender the services of the governor as commander of these forces.

Levee a Total Wreck.

The bodies of Dora and Mary Galloarmchair in the library, and still there way, daughters of Sheriff Galloway, was no Peggy. At last, when his face and Mrs. Edward Fleck, lost in the was white and his palms were burning flood at Shawneetown, have been found. where his impatient nails had dug into The water is falling rapidly. Inspecthem, he heard a soft, tearful little tion was made of the levee and it was whisper from the stairs, and here, in the found a total wreck. It will require

Aged Brothers Die.

John Ryan, aged 80, and Jeremiah dents, died died at their residence in Elgin. Jeremiah Ryan was the oldest member of the Father Matthew Tem-

Told in a Few Lines.

Mamie Starr, the young woman convicted in Chicago in 1890 of the double murder of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Newland, her employers, was released from the Joliet penitentiary. She was originalthe term was commuted by Gov. Alt-

The supreme court has denied a rehearing to Charles W. Spalding, the defaulting president of the Globe savings bank in Chicago.

Elijah Foster, aged 51, a pioneer of Moweaqua, dropped ead.

Mrs. Mary Turgeon, aged 28, wife of Prof. J. A. Turgeon, of Assumption, died in St. Louis, where she was under med-

Laura Elfring was instantly killed by a Milwaukee train at Bensonville. The supreme court has granted leave to file a petition for a mandamus in the

senatorial apportionment cases. James Kearney, a Chicago gambler, shot and killed his wife in Milwaukee,

Wis., and then killed himself. It is estimated that last year 10,000,-000 pounds of fish were taken from the Illinois river, netting the fishermen \$300,000.

Fifteen hundred names were signed in one day to the petition from Decatur for the pardon of Jack Faunce, who has served almost nine years in the Joliet penitentiary for the McKinley murder.

Langdale, the aged Irishman at the Decatur poor farm, has begun to eat again after a fast of 38 days. He grew weak, but stood the ordeal well.

Olin C. Aleshire, of La Harpe, who carried off the honors of the competitive examination for a West Point cadetship beld at Warsaw last fall, has successfully passed the examination for admission to the academy.

Charles Dole, of Mattoon, formerly assistant clerk of the house of representatives, has been appointed by Gov, Tanner as custodian of the state are senal at Springfield.