

FREE PROOF FORBIDS DOUBT.

GAINES, Fla., August 3, 1920.—I received your sample of Doan's Kidney Pills and since have taken two boxes, and I can truthfully say that they are as good as they are recommended to be. When I began taking them I could not bend my back enough to pick up a shirt of wool—sometimes could not walk or move my feet—had two doctors but did not get relief. I saw your ad, and got a trial box and have taken two boxes, and I am able to do a very hard day's work. Doan's Kidney Pills are a Godsend to humanity.—Mrs. K. A. MATTHEW, Gaines, Fla., Box 18.

The great fame of Doan's Kidney Pills is won by the wondrous power of the free trial to demonstrate its surprising merit.



Aching backs are eased. Hip, back and loin pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs, dizziness, and rheumatic pains vanish. They correct urine with brick dust sediment, bright colored, with a passing of dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills remove calcium and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness, dizziness.

COLUMBUS, Ill., March 3, 1920.—The sample of Doan's Kidney Pills came to hand. Also got one 50-cent box from our druggist, and I am thankful to say the pain across the small of my back disappeared like a snow bank in hot sun. Doan's Pills reach the spot.—ELMER WARPEL.

CANBERRA, Wyo.—I previous to taking the sample of Doan's Kidney Pills I could scarcely hold my urine. Now I can sleep all night and rarely have to get up, and that aching across my back, a little above my hips, is gone.—ISAAC W. STEVENS, Canberran, Wyo.

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WISE WOMEN BROMO-SELTZER TAKE TRIAL BOTTLE 10 CENTS.



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has no terror for the man who wears SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND Slickers. Warranted Water Proof. SAWYER'S Oiled Clothing made for all kinds of work. Get only the genuine that will not crack, peel or get sticky. If your dealer doesn't have them, write for catalogue to H. M. SAWYER & SON, 240 N. Main St., East Cambridge, Mass.

British India buys abroad \$250,000,000 worth a year, of which the United States supplies \$3,773,000, or about one-ninth. The largest item from the United States is \$1,000,000 worth of kerosene oil.

All it costs is 50 cents per box. The surest remedy on earth for all forms of itching troubles. We can't enumerate them. Just whenever you itch, wherever you itch, use it—Hunt's Cure.

The New Jersey Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals is carrying on a crusade against the practice of "docking" horses' tails. Several wealthy owners of horses have been arrested charged with having had their horses' tails docked.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder to shake into your shoes. It rests the feet. Cures Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and shoe stores. 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Admiral Cotton, commanding the American squadron, recently received with high honor by the German Emperor and navy at Kiel, is a native of Milwaukee, in which city he spent his boyhood.

The percentage of loss in ocean transit of live stock in 1920 was 0.13 for cattle, 0.89 for sheep and 0.65 for horses, which was considerably less than for the preceding year.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 50c.

Municipal development of water, gas, electricity, street railways, markets, baths and cemeteries in Nottingham, England, has shown an average annual net profit of \$158,000 for the last four years. The money is applied to the reduction of taxes.

The heat waves and the don't worry clubs are getting into a sort of reciprocal tangle. That is, the heat is getting into the worry and the worry into the don'ts.

One out of every two workmen in England who reach the age of 65, dies a pauper and is buried at the poorhouse.

The sorrows of human existence are clothed within three things—the cradle, the grave and the fair sex.

It will take five years to rebuild the Campanile di Benice. The new tower will probably have an elevator.

For the first time in twenty-five years cane sugar is being exported from Cuba to England.

THE LION'S WHELP

A Story of Cromwell's Time

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

Author of "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," "I, Thou and the Other One," "The Maid of Maiden Lane," Etc.

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CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"And talking of going across seas," she continued, "reminds me of Cluny; neither of you seem to care about him, yet our Jane is fretting herself sick, and you might both of you see it."

"Tell Jane to be patient," said Dr. Verity. "If Cluny is not back by the New Year, I will go myself and bring him back. But remember all in to arrange and rearrange, order and reorder, men to put out of office, and men to put into office. The work before the Protector is stupendous."

This opinion proved to be correct. Day after day passed, and no word concerning Cluny was possible.

One crisp, sunny morning in January Jane suddenly resolved to make some inquiries herself.

"Have you heard anything about Lord Neville, Sir Thomas?" she asked. "I am very, very unhappy at his long delay."

"So am I," answered Sir Thomas. "I sent a trusty man to The Hague, and it seems Lord Neville collected the money due there, six weeks ago. He refused a note on the Leather Merchants' Guild of this city, and insisted on being paid in gold, and was so paid. Now, Jane, a thousand sovereigns are not easily carried—and—"

"Well, sir? Please go on."

"A ship left that night for the Americas for the Virginia Colony."

"But Lord Neville did not go to America. Oh, no, sir! That is an impossible thought."

"Why did he insist on the gold? This is the thing that troubles me."

"Who says he insisted on gold?"

"The widow of the man who paid it."

"She may have been mistaken. She may herself be dishonest. The money may never have been paid at all. I do not believe it has been paid. Did your trusty man see Lord Neville's quittance?"

"I have not thought of that, Jane. I will send again to The Hague."

"Yes, sir, and let your messenger ask to see Lord Neville's quittance."

ered this little plan to be a very wise one, and so it proved. Her fear left her as soon as the door closed, and she was alone with her old friend.

"Jane," he said kindly, "Jane, what is the trouble?"

"It is Lord Neville, sir. Nothing has been heard of him."

"When did you hear last from him?"

Jane offered Cromwell Cluny's last letter, and asked him to read it. He read it aloud, letting his voice become sweet and tender as he did so.

"My dearest and most honored mistress, I am just on the moment of leaving Paris; my horse is at the door, but by a messenger that will come more directly than myself I send you a last word from this place. My thoughts outreach all written words. I am with you, my own dear one, in all my best moments, and my unchangeable love salutes you. Graciously remember me in your love and prayers."

"Cluny Neville."

"A good letter, Jane. I do think the man that wrote it is beyond guile, beyond dishonor of any kind. I will not hear a doubt of him. He touched a bell, and when it was answered said, 'Mr. Tasburg to my presence—without delay.' Mr. Tasburg came without delay, and Cromwell turned to him in some passion."

"Mark Tasburg," he said scornfully. "I have not once heard from you in the matter of Lord Neville's delay. The commission for your search is more than a month old; it is, sir, and I like not such delays."

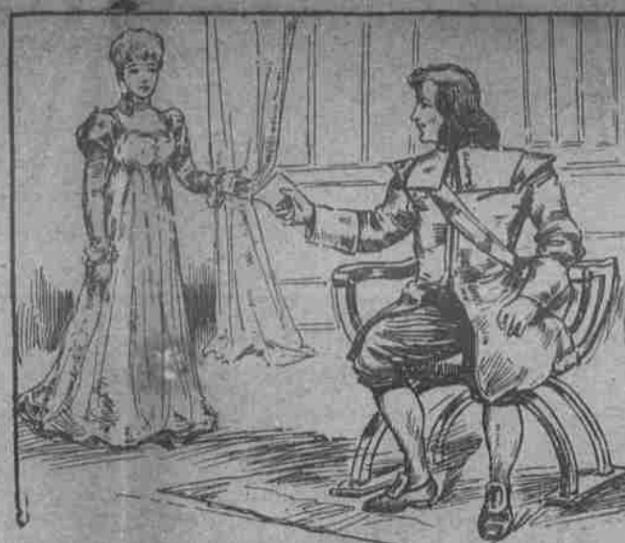
"My Lord Protector, I reported to Mr. Thurloe and Mr. Milton that my search had been of no avail."

"What date does Lord Neville's last letter bear?"

"It was written at Paris on the 11th day of November."

"The same date as your last letter, Mistress Swaffham. Four months ago. This is serious." The turning to Tasburg he said, "Find Col. Ayrton and send him here, to me, without delay."

"During the interval between Tas-



"A good letter, Jane."

"I will send a man to The Hague to-day. Why do you not see the Protector? He was fond of the young man. He believed in him."

She only answered, "Yes, sir," and then adding, "Good-morning, sir," she turned to go. Her whole appearance was so wretched Sir Thomas could not rid himself of her unhappy atmosphere. His walk was spoiled; he went into his private room and smoked a pipe of Virginia, but all his thoughts set themselves to one text: "There are many sorrowful things in life, but the hardest of all is loving."

CHAPTER XII.

Hold Thou My Hands.

This day was followed by a week of wretched weather. Jane could do nothing but wait. She fully resolved when she visited Cromwell to show him the heart of a fearless woman—brave, because she doubted neither God nor man.

It was, however, the month of March before this visit could be made. One exquisite morning in March she heard Gen. Swaffham say that the Cromwell ladies were going to Hampton Court. The Protector would then be alone in Whitehall, and she might see him without having to share her confidences with the family. She prepared a note asking for an interview, and then called on Mr. Milton and induced him to go with her to the palace and deliver it into Cromwell's hand. In her simplicity she consid-

burg's departure and Ayrton's arrival, Cromwell was occupied in writing a letter, and when it was finished, Col. Ayrton entered.

"Colonel," he said, "I think you know Lord Cluny Neville? He has disappeared. I do fear, in some unfortunate way. On the 11th of last November he left Paris, after dispatching the business he was sent on with Cardinal Mazarin. No one has heard of him since. I have written to his Eminence, the Cardinal; here is the letter, and if his reply be not to the point, go next to the lodging of Lord Neville, and from there follow his steps as closely as it may be in your power. The treasurer will honor this order for your expenses. Farewell, and God go with you."

He waited until the door closed, and then he said: "I owe you this and more, Jane; and I like the youth—a dear, religious youth, of a manly spirit and a true heart."

"It is four months, sir. 'Tis beyond my hope, and I fear Cluny is now beyond human help."

"Well, then, Jane, we will trust to the miraculous. We do not do that enough, and so when our poor help is not sufficient, we tremble. Where is the hope and trust you sent to me when I lay between life and death in Scotland? Oh, what poor creatures we are, when we trust in ourselves! Nothing then but tears and tears and the grave to end all."

Comforted by his words, Jane forgot her grief, and as she went home-

ward she kept repeating to herself Cromwell's parting advice, "Don't doubt, Jane. God nor man nor nature can do anything for doubters. They cannot." She understood what was included in this advice, and she tried to realize it. The moment Mrs. Swaffham saw her daughter, she took notice of the change in her countenance and speech and manner, and she said to herself, "Jane has been with Oliver Cromwell. No one else could have so influenced her." And very soon Jane told her all that had been done and said, and both women tried to assure themselves that a few more weeks of patience would end the suspense.

At length April came, and the bare, brown garden was glorious with the gold and purple of the crocus flowers and the moonlight beauty of the lilies. Birds were building in the hedges, and the sun shone brightly overhead. The spirit of spring was everywhere; men and boys went whistling along the streets, the watermen were singing in their barges, and a feeling of busy content and security pervaded London.

Suddenly this atmosphere of cheerful labor and abounding hope was filled with terror and with a cry of murder, of possible war. A gigantic plot for the assassination of the Protector was discovered—that is, it was discovered to the people; Cromwell himself had been aware of its first inception, and had watched it grow to its shameful maturity. But to the city of London the arrest of forty conspirators in their midst was a shock that suspended for a time all their business.

Israel Swaffham was the first person called into the Protector's presence. He found him in great sorrow, sorrow mingled with a just indignation. With his clenched hand he pointed out to Israel the personalities of the conspirators. At one name he paused, and with his finger upon it, looked into Israel's face.

"It is a burning shame," Israel said, angrily. "You have pardoned and warned and protected him for years."

"I must even now do what I can; I must, Israel, for his father's sake. A warrant will be issued to-night, and I cannot stay that, and personally I can not warn him of it. What am I to do?"

"My dear lord, do nothing. I can do all you wish. There needs no more words between us. In two hours Abel Dewey—you know Abel—will be on the road. Give him a good horse and he will so manage himself and the beast as to reach his journey's end in twenty-four hours."

Israel then went quietly home. He called Jane and explained to her in a few words what she was to do, and by the time her letter to Matilda was ready, Abel Dewey was at the door waiting for it. Its beginning and ending was in the ordinary strain of girls' letters, but in the center there were some ominous words, rendered remarkable by the large script used, and by the line beneath them—"I must tell you there has been a great plot against the Protector discovered. Charles Stuart and Prince Rupert are the head and front of the same, but there is a report that Stephen de Wick is not behindhand and my father did hear that a warrant was out for Stephen, and hoped he would reach French soil, ere it reached him." She basted to sign her name and close the letter. Abel Dewey was ready for it, and as she watched him ride away her thoughts turned to de Wick, and she wondered in what mood Matilda might be, and how she would receive the information sent her. Would it be a surprise?

"Not it," answered Mrs. Swaffham. "Matilda knows all about the plot; that is most certain; but its discovery may be news to her, and if so, she will not thank you for it, Jane. Why will she burn herself with fire not on her hearthstone?"

"Prince Rupert is her lover. She will do anything he desires her to do."

"If he truly loves her he would not permit her to be put in danger."

Then Mrs. Swaffham went out of the room, and soon afterwards Dr. Verity came in, asking cheerily as he entered, "How is it with you to-day, Jane?"

"I live as best I can, doctor. I watch from the morning to the midnight for a footstep that does not come."

"There is a desire that fulfills itself by its own energy, but this desire is born of unfeeling Hope, and of that unfeeling Faith that can move mountains. Have you got it, Jane?"

"I am so weak, Doctor John. Pray for me."

"Pray for yourself. Why should any one pray for you? Pray for yourself, though it be only to say, with the old Academics, 'Hold Thou my hands!' Go to God, Jane; you are only a little babe in His sight; a little babe trying in the vast void and darkness, and trying to 'catch hold of something to which you may cling. Say to the Father of your spirit, 'Hold my hands!'"

And she rose and kissed him for his sweet counsel, and that night, and many a night afterwards, she fell asleep whispering, "Hold Thou my hands!"

(To be continued.)