

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

THE ALLIANCE HERALD

T. J. O'Keefe, Publisher. ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

I think I prefer a knave to a fool; he is apt to be more interesting.

A rigid lower jaw is often more effective than a stiff upper lip.

To the housewife who has not yet become acquainted with the new things of everyday use in the market and who is reasonably satisfied with the old, we would suggest that a trial of Deffance Cold Water Starch be made at once.

A light heart sometimes means a light head.

\$30.00 per M. Lewis' "Single Binder," straight 50 cigar, costs more than other brands, but this price gives the dealer a fair profit—and the smoker a better cigar.

There is reason for everything, but it is often inscrutable.

Flattery is seldom suspected by the eager recipient.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES color Silk, Wool and Cotton at one boiling.

If a man has neither friends nor enemies he has lived in vain.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Lefroy, N. Y.

A man never forgives a woman for being more clever than he things himself.

Sarcasm has many admirers, but no friends.

Platonic love is the dried beef of sentiment.

The Champion Milk Cow.

Utica, N. Y., has recently won distinction through a Holstein-Friesian cow, Sadie by name which perhaps such a cow as Sadie ought to be referred to as "who"—is a resident of that place. Sadie has broken the world's thirty-day record for milk giving and butter producing.

A Cure for Rheumatism.

Alhambra, Ill., March 23d.—Physicians are much puzzled over the case of Mr. F. J. Oswald of this place. Mr. Oswald suffered much with Rheumatism and was treated by doctor after doctor with the result that he got no better whatever.

Mr. Oswald began a treatment of this remedy, which very soon did for him what the doctors had failed to do and they cannot understand it.

This is the same remedy that cured Hon. Fred A. Busse, our State Treasurer, of a very severe case of Rheumatism some years ago and which has since had an unbroken record of success in curing all forms of Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble.

There seems to be no case of these painful diseases that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure promptly and permanently.

The saddest experience of life is the awakening to find our idols—clay.

The widow's curse was the original oil trust.

YOU CAN DO IT TOO. Over 2,000,000 people are now buying goods from us at wholesale prices—saving 15 to 40 percent on everything they use. You can do it too. Why not ask us to send you our 1,000-page catalogue?—It tells the story. Send 10 cents for it today.

Schmoller & Mueller. ELEGANT PIANO FOR ONLY \$168.00. On 55 Monthly Payments. Write for Catalogue, Prices, Etc. SCHMOLLER & MUELLER. Manufacturers, Wholesale and Retail Piano Dealers. 1515 FARNAM STREET, OMAHA.

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 V.—(Continued.)

The man and the time and the place had met and there was no doubting it. His words burned this assurance into the hearts of all who heard him, and when he struck his sword hilt to emphasize them, they answered with the same movement, unconscious and simultaneous.

In some remarkable way this tremendous national crisis had become known in every corner of the land. And the very vagueness and mystery of the conviction intensified its importance, for generally the information came as the wind blows, no one knew whence.

At Swaffham and de Wick this fateful feeling was aggravated by keen personal interests. To Mrs. Swaffham and Jane the coming battle might mean widowhood and orphanage. To de Wick it might mean the extinction of the family, root and branch, the loss to the lonely earl and his daughter of the one love on which their future could build any hope.

On the third afternoon, there came rumors of a great Parliamentary victory, rumors that Charles Stuart had been slain in battle, suppositions and surmises innumerable and contradictory. Jane went as quickly as possible to de Wick, for if indeed there had been a Royalist defeat, Stephen de Wick might have reached home and life was hardly to be borne, unless some certainty relieved the tension cutting like a tight thong the heart and brain.

The neglect and desolation of de Wick Park had in it something unusual; it was that strange air of sorrow, new and unaccepted, which insists on recognition. It hurried Jane's steps; she felt sure she was either

an hour ago, so tired he could scarcely sit his horse. He has had a warm drink and sleeps, but he says no victory was ever like it.

"And my father and brothers? What of them?"

"Your father is well; Tonbert and Will have some slight sword cuts. We must be ready to go with Dr. Verity to London on Tuesday morning. Your father desires it. To-morrow, being Sabbath, we can do nothing towards our journey, but on Monday all must be finished."

Jane worked rapidly. Her little box was soon packed, her room put in order, when there was a sharp, impatient knock at the door. Before she could in any way answer it, Matilda de Wick entered and threw herself on her knees at Jane's side.

"You said you would help me," she cried; "you said you would, with heart and hands! Now, Jane, keep your word!"

"What is it, Matilda? What is it you wish?"

"It is Stephen; it is his friend Hugh Belward. They are searching de Wick for them now. I have brought them to you. Jane, for God's sake save them; not for my sake, not for pity's sake, but for God's sake save them! They are now outside this door. Jane, Jane! Why don't you let them in? Oh, for God's dear sake!"

"How can I do what you ask me, Matilda? Think of what you ask—"

"I know; I ask life for two poor souls ready to perish. Jane, there is no time to talk. Let them through the door."

"I will call mother," she said; "let them in until I bring her here." Then she opened the door, and Matilda brought the wayworn, bloodstained,



"Jane, Jane! Why don't you let them in?"

going to meet trouble or that trouble was following after her. She entered the hall and saw a man in his stockinged feet softly descending the stairs. She knew his name and his occupation and her heart stood still with fear.

"Is that you, Jane Swaffham?" cried Matilda, running down stairs. "Come here, come here, come here!" and seizing her by the arm, she compelled Jane to ascend at her side. Jane made no resistance to such impetuous, imperative passion, and she was hurried up the steps and along the corridor until Matilda suddenly stopped and threw open the door of a darkened room.

"Go in, Mistress Swaffham," she cried, "and look your last on one of Cromwell's victims." And Jane shook herself free, and stood a moment regarding the placid face of the dead priest.

"Oh, God be merciful!" said Jane, and Matilda answered, "Yes, for men know nothing of mercy. Come, there is more yet."

Then she opened the door next to the death chamber, and Jane saw lying on a great canopied bed the dying earl. His last breaths were coming in painful sobs, but he opened his eyes and looked mournfully at Jane for a few moments. Then the physician sitting by his side motioned authoritatively to the two girls to leave the room.

"He is dying. You see that. He may live till morning—no longer," said Matilda; "he is only waiting to see Stephen, and Stephen will never come."

"What can I do for you, dear? Oh, what can I do?"

"I will have nothing from you, not even pity. I never wish to see your face again. And how poor Stephen loved you! And you—have not a tear for his fate. I thank God I am not of your profession. I can weep for the death of those who loved me."

With these words Matilda turned sobbing away, and Jane, slowly at first and then hastily, took the road to Swaffham. For she remembered that the news which had reached de Wick was probably at Swaffham. So she made all possible haste, and as soon as she reached home she was aware of a change. Her mother came quickly towards her. Her look was hurried, but not unhappy, as she cried, "Have you the news, Jane? 'Tis the greatest victory that hath ever been in England. Dr. Verity came

fainting fugitives within the sanctuary.

Mrs. Swaffham was not long in answering Matilda's petition. "Surely, surely, my poor lady," she said pitifully, "I will find hiding for you."

"God Himself thank you, madame," sobbed Matilda. "Father said you would."

"Yes, dearie, and Will shall saddle a horse and take you home."

"No, no, no! It would then be known I had come here in the dark. No one must know. I can find my way—and I must now go."

"Tell your father that they who would hurt the young men must hurt me first."

"It will be the greatest, the last comfort he can have in this world." Then she kissed her brother, and with a glance of farewell pity at his companion, went quickly and quietly away.

"Go downstairs, Jane," said Mrs. Swaffham, "and if Dr. Verity is waiting, order supper to be served. I will bestow our friends in the oak room, on the west side of the house."

To this room she took them, and then brought water and wine and bread and meat, and some of her son's clothing, showing them, also, that the wide chimney had been prepared for such emergencies by having stout, firm, iron stirrups placed right and left at very short intervals. "By these you can easily reach the roof," she said. She kissed them both and poured out wine and made them drink, and then left them to eat and rest.

In the parlor she found Dr. Verity eating a beefsteak pudding and talking to Jane, who sat with a white and anxious face trying to smile and answer him.

"Come and rest a little, Martha," he said. "And what think you? Here come a half-a-dozen riders awhile ago, seeking young de Wick. They said also that it was thought Charles Stuart might be with him, and they would have searched Swaffham—high and low—if I had not been here. I think we will begin our journey to London on Monday morning, Martha."

"I cannot, if I had as many hands as fingers, I could not. You may keep watch and ward to-morrow and Monday, and it may be well to do so; for, to tell the truth, I trust neither men nor maids in the kitchen. For a Parliament half-crown they would hide the devil. When was this great battle of Worcester fought?"

"Last Wednesday, on the third day of this month."

"Mother, remember how sad we were all that day. You said to me, 'Jane, there is death in the air'; and the men could not work, and they vowed the beasts trembled and were not to guide or to hold."

"The third of September!" said Mrs. Swaffham, "that was Dunbar day. A great victory was Dunbar!"

"Yes; and now there is peace."

"Peace comes too late for many a family. There are the de Wicks."

"I am sorry for them, and I could be sorer if they had suffered for the right instead of the wrong. What will the young lady Matilda do after her father's death?"

"Her aunt, Lady Jeverly, has been written for, more than a week ago. She may be at de Wick even now. I think Matilda will make her home with the Jeverys."

"Then she goes to London. I know their great house near Drury Lane. It has very fine gardens indeed. And now, Jane, dear, little Jane, listen to me. You are going to the great city, to Whitehall palace, to Hampton court, to the splendor and state of a great nation. You will be surrounded by military pomp and civil glory and social pride and vanity. Dear little girl, keep yourself unspotted from the world!"

"May God help me, sir."

"And let not the tale of love beguile you. Go often to the assembling of the saints and catch the morning dew and celestial rain of their prayers and praise."

Jane smiled gratefully, and her eyes were dim with tears as she laid her hands in Doctor Verity's to clasp her promise. Yet when she reached her room and sat quiet in its solitude, no one will blame her because many thoughts of love and hope blended themselves with the piteous ones she sent to de Wick, and to the two weary fugitives under Swaffham roof.

CHAPTER VI.

On the Tide Top.

The great day of triumph was over. Cromwell had entered London at the head of his victorious army, and the city was safe and jubilant. Standing at her mother's side, Jane had witnessed from a window in the crowded Strand the glorious pageant of Liberty.

And in the midst of this joyful turbulence she had caught sight of her father and brothers and lover; her father's face sternly glad, like the face of a man who had fought a good fight to assured victory; his sons imitating his bearing, as well as youth could copy age; and the young lord not far from them, proud and radiant and carrying aloft the colors of the Commonwealth.

As yet they had not met, nor had Cluny any certain knowledge of the Swaffham location. Mrs. Swaffham had learned that Cluny Neville was personally objectionable to her husband and sons, and as she could not see clearly what road to take, she very wisely stood still, waiting for some light and guidance. And it seemed unnecessary to trouble Jane's heart until there was a positive reason for doing so; yet her depression and evident disappointment fretted her mother.

"What is the matter with you, Jane?" she asked irritably one morning; "you look as if you had lost everything in the world instead of being as your father thinks, right on the road to many a good day. I wouldn't throw such a damp over things if I were you."

"You seem to have forgotten Cluny, mother."

"He seems to have forgotten us; he might have called, I think."

"Does he know where we are?"

"He could have found out. And, Jane, it is not maidenly to take any young man so seriously as you take Lord Neville until your father and brothers are satisfied."

(To be continued.)

THE MODERN MAIDEN'S TROPHIES.

Spoils of Victory Carried by Society's Sweet Pets.

We saw a damsel on the train—a damsel fair to see; her bonnie eyes were glad and bright, her smile was one of glee.

Her bonnet was the proper shape, her dress the latest mode—but, ah, the buttons, pins and things her natty costume showed!

Six army buttons on her cuff lent it a semblance gay. (They were no imitations, for they shouted, "U. S. A.!")

Adown the bodice was a row that glowed with polish great—ten buttons from the soldier blouse that's furnished by the state.

Four yachting pins, a jeweled badge some hero's deed had won; a golden trophy given to some expert with a gun.

A Harvard pin, a Princeton pin, Northwestern pins as well; U. C., U. I., U. M.—She must have been a college belle!

Three golden links, a Mason's charm, an Alpha Beta stud—we wondered then how many youths had found their names were mud!

Her finger bore a graven seal—the size that's made for men, and on her collar we discerned a college pin, again.

About her hat there stretched a band from some grim man of war. We wondered at the ribbon there, and what she wore it for.

And as we gazed, a youth who sat beside this damsel fair gave her a badge from off his vest; she tucked it in her hair!

Lo, the poor Indian, savage, crude, ill tempered, hard to tame—he ties his scalp locks to himself and glazes o'er them the same!



Mrs. F. Wright, of Oelwein, Iowa, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A Young New York Lady Tells of a Wonderful Cure:—

"My trouble was with the ovaries; I am tall, and the doctor said I grew too fast for my strength. I suffered dreadfully from inflammation and doctored continually, but got no help. I suffered from terrible dragging sensations with the most awful pains low down in the side and pains in the back, and the most agonizing headaches. No one knows what I endured. Often I was sick to the stomach, and every little while I would be too sick to go to work, for three or four days; I work in a large store, and I suppose standing on my feet all day made me worse. At the suggestion of a friend of my mother's I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it is simply wonderful. I felt better after the first two or three doses; it seemed as though a weight was taken off my shoulders; I continued its use until now I can truthfully say I am entirely cured. Young girls who are always paying doctor's bills without getting any help as I did, ought to take your medicine. It costs so much less, and it is sure to cure them.—Yours truly, ADELAIDE PEARL, 174 St. Ann's Ave., New York City.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Lillian Russell II.

Lillian Russell's 16-year-old daughter, Lillian Russell Solomon, is now in Paris preparing for a stage career. Lillian II. is said to be even prettier than her mother at the same age. She is possessed of a fine soprano voice and dramatic talent of a high order. She may be seen on the professional stage next season.

ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS

Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

For a job lot of New Year's resolution at cut rates, apply to any of your neighbors.

Strange Facts of Wild Animals.

The birth of a litter of lions at Haslemere park, a private menagerie in England, leads one of the English papers to note a fact that has for long puzzled biologists, and that is notorious among those who interest themselves in the study of wild beasts in captivity, this being that nearly all the lion, tiger and leopard cubs born in that country have a cleft palate, which prevents them from being properly suckled, and usually leads to their premature death. But, beyond this, a more astonishing fact still—and one that also greatly puzzles biologists—is that which determines that of all the wild animals born in England those born in Bristol are regarded as the finest and as the most likely to live. So well known is this to professional showmen and menagerie keepers that "Bristol born" is a recognized brand in the wild animal trade.

Woman Abolitionist's Exploit.

Miss Sarah E. Sanborn, who died at the age of 80 last week in Hampton Falls, N. H., was once the heroine of an exciting abolitionist adventure. Her brother, Franklin B. Sanborn, of Concord, with whom she was then living, was outspoken in his utterances and work in support of the abolitionist cause. An attempt was made to kidnap him. The hack in which he was to be carried away was left standing at the door. Miss Sanborn seized the whip and lashed the horses till they ran away; then she helped her brother to escape. For this exploit citizens of Concord afterward presented her with a pair of pistols.

When it comes to helping the poor, actions speak louder than words.

FOOLED THE HOSPITAL.

Was Pronounced Incurable, but Got Well on Pure Food.

Sometimes in a case of disease resulting from the use of improper food the symptoms are so complex that medical science cannot find the seat of trouble, and even the most careful hospital treatment fails to benefit. A gentleman of Lee, Mass., says: "On April 1st, 1900, I was sent home by one of our Massachusetts hospitals, saying nothing more could be done for me. I have been a great sufferer from nervous diseases and rheumatism and nervous prostration and had previously been treated at Sharon Springs and by a number of doctors without getting much assistance."

"One day I was feeling worse than usual when I read an article about your Grape-Nuts that impressed me so that I sent out for a package. I commenced using it at breakfast the next day."

"For fifteen months I never missed one day. If you ever saw any one grow strong and improve it was I. I gained from 125 pounds to my old weight of 165. I will always be a cripple from rheumatism, but otherwise I am so much improved that I now feel as well as any man in the country." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There is a recipe book in each package of Grape-Nuts that will interest the housekeeper.