

(CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE)

admitted Steinmetz, with a grim humor which was sometimes his. "Come, let us drag him beneath that pine tree and ride on to Tver. We shall do no good, my dear Alexis, wasting our time over the possible antecedents of a gentleman who for reasons of his own is silent on the subject."

Paul rose from the ground. His movements were those of a strong and supple man, one whose muscles had never had time to grow stiff. He was an active man, who never hurried. Standing thus upright he was very tall, nearly a giant. Only in St. Petersburg, of all the cities of the world, could he expect to pass unnoticed, the city of tall men and plain women. He rubbed his two hands together in a singularly professional manner which sat amiss on him.

"What do you propose doing?" he asked. "You know the laws of this country better than I do."

Steinmetz scratched his forehead with his forefinger.

"Our theatrical friends, the police," he said, "are going to enjoy this. Suppose we prop him up sitting against that tree—no one will run away with him—and lead his horse into Tver. I will give notice to the police, but I will not do so until you are in the St. Petersburg train. I will, of course, give them to understand that your princely mind could not be bothered by such details as this; that you have proceeded on your journey."

"I do not like leaving the poor beggar alone all night," said Paul. "There may be wolves—the crows in the early morning."

"Bah! That is because you are so soft hearted. My dear fellow, what business is it of ours if the universal laws of nature are illustrated upon this unpleasant object? We all live on each other. The wolves and the crows have the last word. Come, let us carry him to that tree."

The two living men carried the nameless, unrecognizable dead to a resting place beneath a stunted pine a few paces removed from the road. They laid him decently at full length, crossing his soiled begrimed hands over his breast, tying the handkerchief down over his face.

Then they turned and left him alone in that luminous night—a wail that had fallen by the great highway without a word, without a sign; a half run race, a story cut off in the middle, for he was a young man still. His hair, all dusty, dragged and blood stained, had no streak of gray; his hands were smooth and youthful. There was a vague suspicion of sensual softness about his body, as if this might have been a man who loved comfort and ease, who had always chosen the primrose path, had never learned the salutary lesson of self denial. The incipient stoniness of limb contrasted strangely with the drawn meagerness of his body, which was contracted by want of food. Paul Alexis was right. This man had died of starvation within ten miles of the great Volga, within nine miles of the outskirts of Tver, a city second to Moscow and once her rival. Therefore it could only be that he had purposely avoided the dwellings of men, that he was a fugitive of some sort or another. Paul's theory that this was an Englishman had not been received with enthusiasm by Steinmetz, but that philosopher had stooped to inspect the narrow, telltale fingers. Steinmetz, be it noted, had an infinite capacity for holding his tongue.

They mounted their horses and rode away without looking back, but they did not speak, as if each were deep in his own thoughts. Material had indeed been afforded them, for who could tell who this featureless man might be? They were left in a state of hopeless curiosity, as who having picked up a page with "Finis" written upon it falls to wondering what the story may have been.

Steinmetz had thrown the bridle of the straying horse over his arm, and the animal trotted obediently by the side of the fidgety little Cossacks. "That was bad luck," exclaimed the elder man at length; "bad luck. In this country the less you find the less you see; the less you understand the simpler is your existence. Those nihilists, with their mysterious ways and their reprehensible love of explosives, have made honest men's lives a burden to them."

"Their motives were originally good," put in Paul. "That is possible, but a good motive is no excuse for a bad means. They wanted to get along too quickly. They are pigheaded, excited, unpractical to a man. I do not mention the women, because when women meddle in politics they make fools of themselves, even in England. These nihilists would have been all very well if they had been content to sow for posterity. But they wanted to see the fruits of their labors in one generation. Education does not grow like that. It requires a couple of generations to germinate. It has to be manured by the brains of fools before it is of any use. In England it has reached this stage. Here in Russia the sowing has only begun. Now, we were doing some good. The Charity league was the thing. It began by training their starved bodies to be ready for the education when it came. And very little of it would have come in our time. If you educate a hungry man you set a devil loose upon the world. Fill their stomachs before you feed their brains or you will give them mental indigestion."

"That is just what I want to do—fill their stomachs. I don't care about the rest. I'm not responsible for the progress of the world or the good of humanity," said Paul. He rode on in silence, then he burst out again in the curt phraseology of a man whose feeling is stronger than he cares to admit.

"I've got no grand ideas about the human race," he said. "A very little contents me. A little piece of Tver, a few thousand peasants, are good

enough for me. It seems rather hard that a fellow can't give away of his surplus money in charity if he is such a fool as to want to."

Steinmetz was riding stubbornly along. Suddenly he gave a little chuckle—a guttural sound expressive of a somewhat Germanic satisfaction. "I don't see how they can stop us," he said. "The league, of course, is done; it will crumble away in sheer panic. But here in Tver they cannot stop us."

He clapped his great hand on his thigh with more glee than one would have expected him to feel, for this man posed as a cynic, a despoiler of men, a scoffer at charity.

"They'll find it very difficult to stop me," muttered Paul Alexis.

It was now dark—as dark as ever it would be. Steinmetz peered through the gloom toward him with a little laugh, half tolerance, half admiration. Far ahead of them a great white streak bounded the horizon.

"The Volga!" said Steinmetz. "We are almost there. And there, to the right, is the Tversha. It is like a great catapult. Gott, what a wonderful night! Ah, there are the lights of Tver!"

They rode on without speaking through the squalid town—the whilom rival and the victim of brilliant Moscow. They rode straight to the station, where they dined in, by the way, one of the best railway refreshment rooms in the world. At 1 o'clock the night express from Moscow to St. Petersburg, with its huge American locomotive, rumbled into the station. Paul secured a chair in the long saloon car and then returned to the platform. The train waited twenty minutes for refreshments, and he still had much to say to Steinmetz, for one of these men owned a principality and the other governed it. They walked up and down the long platform, smoking endless cigarettes, talking gravely.

Steinmetz stood on the platform and watched the train pass slowly away into the night. Then he went toward a lamp and, taking a pocket handkerchief from his pocket, examined each corner of it in succession. It was a small pocket handkerchief of fine cambric. In one corner were the initials S. S. B., worked neatly in white—such embroidery as is done in St. Petersburg.

"Ach!" exclaimed Steinmetz shortly. "Something told me that that was he." He turned the little piece of cambric over and over, examining it slowly with a heavy Germanic cunning. He had taken this handkerchief from the body of the nameless rider who was now lying alone on the steppe twelve miles away.

Then he went toward the large black stove which stands in the railway restaurant at Tver. He opened the door with the point of his boot. The wood was roaring and crackling within. He threw the handkerchief in and closed the door.

"It is as well, my prince," he muttered, "that I found this, and not you!"

CHAPTER III.

ALL that there is of the most brilliant and laudible truth in Europe," M. Claude de Chauville had said to a lady earlier in the evening apropos of the great gathering at the French embassy, and the mot had gone the round of the room.

In society a little mot will go a long way. M. le Baron de Chauville was, moreover, a manufacturer of mots. By calling he was attache to the French embassy in London; by profession he was an epigrammatist—that is to say, he was a sort of social revolver. He went off if one touched him conversationally, and, like others among us, he frequently missed fire.

Of course he had but little real respect for the truth. If one wishes to be epigrammatic one must relinquish the hope of being either agreeable or venacious. M. de Chauville did not really intend to convey the idea that any of the persons assembled in the great guest chambers of the French embassy that evening were anything but what they seemed.

Now, it is not our business to go round the rooms of the French embassy picking holes in the earthly robes of society's elect. Suffice it to say that every one was there—all those who have had greatness thrust upon them and the others, those who thrust themselves upon the great—those, in a word, who reach such as are above them by doing that which should be beneath them.

There were music and the refreshments. It was, in fact, a reception. Gauf's most lively sons bowed before Albion's fairest daughters and displayed that fund of verve and esprit which they rightly pride themselves upon possessing and which, of course, leave mere Englishmen so far behind in the paths of love and chivalry.

It is, however, high time to explain the reason of our own presence, of our own reception by France's courteous representative. We are here to meet Mrs. Sydney Bambrorough and, moreover, to confine our attention to the persons more or less implicated in the present history.

Mrs. Sydney Bambrorough was undoubtedly the belle of the evening. She had only to look in one of the many mirrors to make sure of that fact. And if she wanted further assurance a hundred men in the room would have been ready to swear to it. This lady had recently dawned on London society—a young widow. She rarely mentioned her husband; it was understood to be a painful subject. He had been attached to several embassies, she said; he had a brilliant career before him, and suddenly he had died abroad. And then she gave a little sigh and a bright smile, which, being interpreted, meant "Let us change the subject."

There was never any doubt about Mrs. Sydney Bambrorough. She was aristocratic to the tips of her dainty

white fingers, composed, gentle and quite sure of herself—quite the grand lady. As a matter of fact, Etta Sydney Bambrorough came from excellent ancestry and could claim an uncle here, a cousin there and a number of distant relatives everywhere should it be worth the while.

It was safe to presume that she was rich from the manner in which she dressed, the number of servants and horses she kept, the general air of wealth which pervaded her existence. That she was beautiful any one could see for himself—not in the shop windows, among the presumably self selected types of English beauty, but in the proper place—namely, in her own and other aristocratic drawing rooms.

She was talking to a tall, fair Frenchman in perfect French and was herself nearly as tall as he. Bright brown hair waved prettily back from a white forehead, clever, dark gray eyes and a lovely complexion—one of those complexions which, from a purity of conscience or a steadiness of nerve, never change—cheeks of a faint pink, an expressive, mobile mouth, a neck of dazzling white—such was Mrs. Sydney Bambrorough in the prime of her youth.

"And you maintain that it is five years since we met," she was saying to the tall Frenchman.

"Madame, it is so. Witness these gray hairs. Ah, those were happy days in St. Petersburg!"

Mrs. Sydney Bambrorough smiled, a pleasant society smile, not too pronounced and just sufficient to suggest



"Perhaps you will sit down."

pearly teeth. At the mention of St. Petersburg she glanced round to see that they were not overheard. She gave a little shiver.

"Don't speak of Russia," she pleaded. "I hate to hear it mentioned. I was so happy. It is painful to remember."

Even while she spoke the expression of her face changed to one of gay delight. She nodded and smiled toward a tall man who was evidently looking for her, and took no notice of the Frenchman's apologies.

"Who is that?" asked the young man. "I see him everywhere lately."

"A mere English gentleman, Mr. Paul Howard Alexis," replied the lady.

The Frenchman raised his eyebrows. He knew better. This was no plain English gentleman. He bowed and took his leave. M. de Chauville of the French embassy was watching every movement, every change of expression, from across the room.

In evening dress the man whom we last saw on the platform of the railway station at Tver did not look so unmistakably English. It was more evident that he had inherited certain characteristics from his Russian mother, notably his great height, a physical advantage enjoyed by many aristocratic Russian families. His hair was fair and inclined to curl, and there the foreign suggestion suddenly ceased. His face had the quiet concentration, the unobtrusive self absorption, which one sees more strongly marked in English faces than in any others. His manner of moving through the well dressed crowd somewhat belied the tan of his skin. Here was an out of door, athletic youth who knew how to move in drawing rooms, a big man who did not look much too large for his surroundings. It was evident that he did not know many people and also that he was indifferent to his loss. He had come to see Mrs. Sydney Bambrorough, and that lady was not insensible to the fact.

To prove this she diverged from the path of veracity, as is the way of some women.

"I did not expect to see you here," she said. "You told me you were coming," he answered simply. The inference would have been enough for some women, but not for Etta Sydney Bambrorough.

"Well, is that a reason why you should attend a diplomatic soiree and force yourself to bow and smirk to a number of white handed little dandies whom you despise?"

"The best reason," he answered quietly, with an honesty which somehow touched her as nothing else had touched this beautiful woman since she had become aware of her beauty.

"Then you think it worth the bowing and the smirking?" she asked, looking past him with innocent eyes. She made an imperceptible movement toward him as if she expected him to whisper. She was of that school. But he was not. His was not the sort of mind to conceive any thought that required whispering. Some persons, in fact, went so far as to say that he was hopelessly dull, that he had no subtlety of thought, no brightness, no conversation. These persons were no doubt ladies upon whom he had failed to lavish the exceedingly small change of compliment.

"It is worth that and more," he replied, with his ready smile. "After all,

# DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder

## A PURE, WHOLESOME, RELIABLE CREAM OF TARTAR BAKING POWDER

Its superiority is unquestioned  
Its fame world-wide  
Its use a protection and a guarantee against alum food

Cream of tartar is derived from grapes. It is used in Dr. Price's Baking Powder in the exact form and composition in which it occurs in that luscious, healthful fruit. A pound of rich, ripe grapes contains a quantity of cream of tartar equivalent to that required to make baking powder sufficient to raise a dozen ordinary-sized hot tea biscuit. The healthfulness of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is beyond question.

### Alum Baking Powders are Condemned by Physicians

Fifty-two different brands of alum and alum-phosphate baking powders were recently analyzed by an official chemist. In every one of these fifty-two different brands sulphuric acid was reported in large quantities, frequently greater than twenty-five per cent of the whole weight of the baking powder!

Chemical tests show that a portion of the alum from alum baking powder remains as such and unaltered in the bread.

Alum baking powders are extravagant. They cost but two cents a pound to make, yet they are sold at twenty-five cents a pound, or twenty-five ounces for twenty-five cents.

But, can the housewife afford, no matter at what price, to use a baking powder which puts alum and sulphuric acid in her food?

#### NOTICE OF SUIT.

Frank S. Curry, Mrs. Frank S. Curry, his wife, first name unknown, and John Hegenberger, defendants, will take notice that on the 16th day of September, 1905, E. C. McKay, plaintiff, filed his petition in the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, against them, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a mortgage for \$800.00 given by the defendant, John Hegenberger to said plaintiff upon lot twelve, block thirty-three, in the second addition to the town (now city) of McCook, Red Willow county, Nebraska, that no part of said debt has been paid, except the sum of \$48.75, and there is now due plaintiff, from said defendants, upon said note and mortgage and the interest thereon and for the taxes for the years 1902 and 1904 and first quarter water tax for the year 1905, paid by plaintiff, the sum of \$802.59; for which sum with interest and costs, plaintiff, prays for a decree that defendants be required to pay the same, or that said premises be sold to satisfy the amount found due the plaintiff.

#### NOTICE OF SUIT.

To Ira Chandler, and the Nebraska Loan & Banking Company, defendants. You will take notice that the plaintiff, Lawrence H. Rooney, has filed his petition against you in the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to cancel and discharge of record the cloud cast upon the plaintiff's title to lots numbered five and six in block numbered twenty-five (25) in the first addition to the town now city of McCook, Nebraska, by certain mortgage given May 1, 1890, for the sum of \$800.00 to the Nebraska Loan & Banking company and recorded in book 19, page 471 of the mortgage records of said county and the assignment thereof by said company to Ira C. Chandler on May 5, 1890, which assignment was recorded July 16, 1890, in book 20, page 8 of the mortgage records of said county, plaintiff alleging that said mortgage and the notes secured thereby have been fully paid and satisfied. Plaintiff prays for a decree that said mortgage may be canceled and discharged of record and that the cloud on his title caused thereby be removed. You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 30th day of October, 1905.

Dated this 20th day of September, A. D. 1905. LAWRENCE H. ROONEY, Plaintiff.

By J. E. Kelley, his attorney.—9-22-05.

#### LIVE STOCK MARKETS AT KANSAS CITY

THE WEEK'S TRADE REPORTED BY CLAY, ROBINSON & COMPANY, LIVE STOCK COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

OFFICES AT CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY, OMAHA SIOUX CITY, ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER

Kansas City, Sept. 20, 1905.

Receipt of cattle thus far this week 32,600; last week, 57,400; last year, 57,400. Monday's market for beefves was slow at steady to weak rates; cows active and firm; stockers and feeders dull. Tuesday's market was active with prices steady to strong for beefves; cows active and firm; stockers and feeders fully steady. Beef steers today sold rather irregularly but generally at steady rates. Cows and heifers were active and steady to 10c higher. Best stockers and feeders were steady; others very dull. Bulls and veals held unchanged. The following table gives prices now ruling:

Extra prime cornfed steers	5.25 to 5.60
Good	5.25 to 5.50
Ordinary	4.50 to 5.25
Choice cornfed heifers	4.75 to 5.45
Good	4.10 to 4.75
Medium	3.50 to 4.10
Choice cornfed cows	4.00 to 4.50
Good	3.25 to 3.85
Medium	2.75 to 3.25
Canners	1.50 to 2.25
Choice stags	4.25 to 4.75
Choice fat bulls	3.10 to 3.75
Good	3.00 to 3.25
Boilings	2.00 to 2.50
Veal calves	5.00 to 6.00
Stockers	3.60 to 4.00
Fair	3.25 to 3.60
Common	2.75 to 3.00
Good to choice stock heifers	2.25 to 2.75
Fair	2.25 to 2.75
Good to choice stock calves, steers	4.00 to 4.50
Fair	3.50 to 4.00
Good to choice stock calves, heifers	3.10 to 3.75
Fair	2.50 to 3.00
Choice wintered grass steers	4.00 to 4.50
Good	3.70 to 4.00
Fair	3.25 to 3.50
Choice grass cows	2.75 to 3.25
Good	2.50 to 2.75
Common	2.00 to 2.50

Receipt of hogs thus far this week are 11,100; last week 24,100; last year, 16,800. Monday's market averaged 5c higher; Tuesday strong to 5c higher and today again 5c higher with bulk of sales from \$5.40 to 5.52½ to 5.57½.

Receipt of sheep so far this week are 8,600; last week, 18,200; last year, 24,100. Monday's market was steady, Tuesday steady and today again unchanged. We quote: choice lambs, \$6.75 to 7.00; choice yearlings, \$5.00 to 5.25; choice weathers, \$4.50 to 4.75; choice ewes, \$4.25 to 4.50.

#### A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case, no matter of how long standing, in 60 days. First application gives ease and rest. 50c. If your druggist hasn't it send 50c in stamps and it will be forwarded postpaid by Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

#### HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets

A Busy Medicine for Busy People. Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor. A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Stomach Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 35 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis.

#### GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE



The best of everything in his line at the most reasonable prices is Marsh's motto. He wants your trade, and hopes by merit to keep it.

## D. C. MARSH

The Butcher  
Phone 12.

## Ayer's Hair Vigor

Sometimes the hair is not properly nourished. It suffers for food, starves. Then it falls out, turns prematurely gray. Ayer's Hair Vigor is a hair food. It feeds, nourishes. The hair stops falling, grows long and heavy, and all dandruff disappears.

My hair was coming out terribly. I was almost afraid to comb it. I used Ayer's Hair Vigor promptly stopped the falling and also restored the natural color.

Mrs. E. G. R. WARD, Landing, N. J.

Get a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor for Poor Hair