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The Mitchell Wagon

is without doubt the best farm wagon sold in this market today. The users of wagons have learned this, hence the unprecedented demand. But we are prepared to supply all, despite unusually large sales.

Furnaces and Stoves

We have a good line of furnaces and heating stoves. If you are intending to put in a furnace this fall be sure to inspect our stock and get estimates.

Farm Machinery

We are prepared to meet your needs in Press Drills, 5-Disc Drills, 5-Hoe Drills, Gang Plows, Sulky Plows, Disc Harrows, Pipe Frame Harrows, Corn Shellers, etc. Call on us when in need of anything in this line

Ranges

We have in stock the Maleable, the Jewel and the Round Oak Steel Ranges, besides a large stock of Cast Ranges and Cooks.

Wire, Nails

We always carry a large stock of Barb Wire and Nails. We can also supply your needs in all kinds of Builder's Hardware and Tools.

Oils

We have always on hand Axle Grease, Hard Oil, Machine Oil, Cylinder Oil and Belt Dressing. We also carry Linseed Oil and Paint.

The Pioneer Hardware Store

A \$1,000 LOAN

with the McCook Co-operative Building & Savings Association can be paid off in **\$12.50** monthly payments of

If you are paying more, you pay too much. We can mature your loan on smaller monthly payments and less money in the aggregate than any competing association. Call on the secretary, who will explain our system. Office in First National Bank.

McCook Building & Savings Association



Auction!

I will cry your farm sale for \$10 and guarantee satisfaction. 200 large sized sale bills furnished without extra charge. Do you want a successful sale conducted along modern lines, by an auctioneer thoroughly posted as to prevailing prices and stock character? Write, phone or wire me for sale date at my expense. Sale catalogues of pure bred Cattle and Hogs compiled and printed. Sales of Registered

stock a specialty. The use of my list of Nebraska breeders of pure bred stock free to my patrons. With McCook Republican. E. J. MITCHELL.

The McCook Tribune

Only One Dollar the year.

FREE TO STOCKMEN

Beautiful six-leaf calendar will be sent by us ABSOLUTELY FREE TO EVERY STOCKMAN who may ship his cattle, hogs or sheep to market and who will write us answering the following questions:

- (1) How many head of stock have you?
- (2) What kind of stock have you, not including horses?
- (3) When do you expect to market your stock?
- (4) To what market will you likely ship?
- (5) In what paper did you see this advertisement?

This calendar will be ready for distribution in January. It is an exceptionally beautiful, artistic and costly production, printed in several colors, representing fox hunting scenes. It was made especially for us, cannot be obtained elsewhere, and is worthy a place in the finest home. Write us TODAY giving this information and insure getting this calendar. Address **CLAY ROBINSON & CO.**, Live Stock Commission Merchants, Stock Yards Sta., Kansas City, Kans. We also have our own offices at Chicago, South Omaha, St. Joseph, Denver, Sioux City, So., St. Paul, East Buffalo.

The SOWERS

By Henry Seton Merriman

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(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

"It was so with the Charity league," went on the countess volubly. She paused and looked around with her feeble eyes.

"We are all friends," she went on; "so it is safe to mention the Charity league, is it not?"

"No," answered Steinmetz from the fireplace; "no madame. There is only one friend to whom you may safely mention that."

"Ah! Bad example!" exclaimed the countess playfully. "You are there! I did not see you enter. And who is that friend?"

"The fair lady who looks at you from your mirror," replied Steinmetz, with a face of stone.

The countess laughed and shook her cap to one side.

"Well," she said, "I can do no harm in talking of such things, as I know nothing of them. My poor husband—my poor mistaken Stepan—placed no confidence in his wife. And now he is in Siberia. I believe he works in a bootmaker's shop. I pity the people who wear the boots, but perhaps he only puts in the laces. You hear, Paul? He placed no confidence in his wife, and now he is in Siberia. Let that be a warning to you—eh, princess? I hope he tells you everything."

"My dear countess, silence!" interrupted Steinmetz at this moment, breaking into the conversation in his masterful way and enabling Etta to get away. Catrina, at the other end of the room, was listening, hard eyed, breathless. It was the sight of Catrina's face that made Steinmetz go forward. He had not been looking at Catrina, but at Etta, who was perfect in her composure and steady self control.

"Do you want to enter the boot trade also?" asked Steinmetz cheerfully, in a lowered voice.

"Heaven forbid!" cried the countess. "Then let us talk of safer things."

The short twilight was already brooding over the land. The room, lighted only by small square windows, grew darker and darker until Catrina rang for lamps.

"I hate a dark room," she said shortly to Maggie.

When De Chauville came in a few minutes later Catrina was at the piano. The room was brilliantly lighted, and on the table gleamed and glittered the silver table things. The intermediate meal had been disposed of, but the samovar had been left alight, as is the habit at Russian afternoon teas.

Catrina looked up when the Frenchman entered, but did not cease playing.

"There is no need for introductions, I think," said the countess.

"We all know M. de Chauville," replied Paul quietly, and the two men exchanged a glance.

De Chauville shook hands with the newcomers and while the countess prepared tea for him launched into a long description of the preparations for the bear hunt of the following day.

The Frenchman was really full of information and enthusiasm. There were many details upon which he required Paul's advice, and the two men talked together with less constraint than they had hitherto done. De Chauville had picked up a vast deal of technical matter and handled his little knowledge with a skill which bade fair to deprive it of its proverbial danger. He presently left Steinmetz, and the prince engaged in a controversy with the countess as to a meeting place at the luncheon hour.

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He went on, "upon what assumption I make use of a word which does not often—annoy me."

"I have a good memory, madame. Besides"—he paused, looking round the room—"there are associations within these walls which stimulate the memory."

"What do you mean?" asked Etta, in a hard voice. The hand holding the album suddenly shook like a leaf in the wind.

De Chauville had stood upright, his hand at his mustache, after the manner of a man whose small talk is exhausted. It would appear that he was wondering how he could gracefully get away from the princess to pay his devotions elsewhere.

"I cannot tell you now," he answered. "Catrina is watching us across the piano. You must beware, madame, of those cold blue eyes."

He moved away, going toward the piano, where Maggie was standing behind Catrina's chair.

"I was merely wondering whether we were to count you among our rifles tomorrow, Miss Delafield. One never knows what ladies will do next. Not ladies—I apologize—women. I suppose it is those who are not by birth ladies who aspire to the proud name of women. The modern woman—with a capital W—is not a lady, is she?"

"She does not mind your abuse, monsieur," laughed Maggie. So long as you do not ignore her she is happy. But you may set your mind at rest as regards tomorrow. I have never left off a gun in my life, and I am sensible enough not to begin on bears."

De Chauville made a suitable reply and remained by the piano talking to the two young ladies until Etta rose and came toward them. He then crossed to the other side of the room and engaged Paul in the discussion of further plans for the morrow.

It was soon time to dress for dinner, and Etta was forced to forego the opportunity she sought to exchange a word alone with De Chauville. That astute gentleman carefully avoided allowing her this opportunity. He knew the value of a little suspense.

During dinner and afterward, when at length the gentlemen came to the drawing room, the conversation was of a sporting tendency. Bears, bear hunting and bear stories held supreme sway. More than once De Chauville returned to this subject. Twice he avoided Etta.

In some ways this man was courageous. He delayed giving Etta her opportunity until there was a question of retiring to bed in view of the early start required by the next day's arrangements. It had been finally settled that the three younger ladies should drive over to a woodman's cottage at the far end of the forest, where luncheon was to be served. While this item of the programme was arranged De Chauville looked straight at Etta across the table.

At length she had the chance afforded to her deliberately by De Chauville.

"What did you mean?" she asked at once.

"I have received information which, had I known it three months ago, would have made a difference in your life."

"What difference?"

"I should have been your husband instead of that thick headed giant."

Etta laughed, but her lips were for the moment colorless.

"When am I to see you alone?"

Etta shrugged her shoulders. She had plenty of spirit.

"Please do not be dramatic or mysterious. I am tired. Good night."

She rose and concealed a simulated yawn.

De Chauville looked at her with his sinister smile, and Etta suddenly saw



"I wish to speak to you about the Charity league."

the resemblance which Paul had noted between this man and the grinning mask of the lynx in the smoking room at Osterno.

"When?" repeated he. Etta shrugged her shoulders.

"I wish to speak to you about the Charity league," said De Chauville. Etta's eyes dilated. She made a step or two away from him, but she came back.

"I shall not go to the luncheon tomorrow if you care to leave the hunt early."

De Chauville bowed.

CHAPTER XXV.

At bedtime Catrina went to Maggie's room with her to see that she had all that she could desire. A wood fire was burning brightly in the open French stove. The room was lighted by lamps. It was warm and cheery. A second door led to the little music room which Catrina had made her own, and beyond was her bedroom.

"The princess knows Russian?" said Catrina suddenly.

She was standing near the dressing table, where she had been absently attending to the candles. She wheeled round and looked at Maggie, who was hospitably sitting on a low chair near the fire. She was sorry for the loneliness of this girl's life. She did not want her to go away just yet. There was another chair by the fire, inviting Catrina to indulge in those maiden confidences which attach themselves to slippers and hairbrushings.

Maggie looked up with a smile which slowly ebbed away. Catrina's remark was of the nature of a delance. Her half diffident role of hostess was suddenly laid aside.

"No; she does not," answered the English girl.

"Excuse me. I saw her understand a remark I made to one of the servants. She was not careful. I saw it distinctly."

"I think you must be mistaken," answered Maggie quietly. "She has been in Russia before for a few weeks, but she did not learn the language. She told me so herself. Why should she pretend not to know Russian, if she does?"

Catrina made no answer. She sat heavily down in the vacant chair.

"I did not mean to hate her. I did not want to," she said. "If it had been you I should not have hated you."

"Are you not judging rather hastily?" suggested Maggie in a measured voice which heightened the contrast between the two. "I find it takes some time to discover whether one likes or dislikes new acquaintances."

"Yes, but you English are so cold and deliberate. You do not know what it is to hate—or to care."

"Perhaps we do," said Maggie, "but we say less about it."

Catrina turned and looked at her with a queer smile.

"Less!" she laughed. "Nothing—you say nothing. Paul is the same. I have seen, I know. You have said nothing since you came to Thors. You have talked and laughed, you have given opinions, you have spoken of many things, but you have said nothing. You are the same as Paul—one never knows. I know nothing about you. But I like you. You are her cousin?"

"Yes."

"And I hate her!"

Maggie laughed. She was quite steady and loyal.

"When you get to know her you will change, perhaps," she said.

"That seems hardly likely, considering that I have known her since we were children."

Catrina shrugged her shoulders in an honest if somewhat mannerless refusal to discuss the side issue. She returned to the main question with characteristic stubbornness.

"I shall always hate her," she said. "I am sorry she is your cousin. I shall always regret that, and I shall always hate her. There is something wrong about her—something none of you know except Karl Steinmetz. He knows everything—Herr Steinmetz."

"He knows a great deal," admitted Maggie.

"Yes, and that is why he is sad. Is it not so?"

Catrina sat staring into the fire, her strange, earnest eyes almost fierce in their concentration.

"Did she pretend that she loved him at first?" she asked suddenly.

Receiving no answer, she looked up and fixed her searching gaze on the face of her companion. Maggie was looking straight in front of her in the direction of the fire, but not with eyes focused to see anything so near at hand. She bore the scrutiny without flinching. As soon as Catrina's eyes were averted the masklike stillness of her features relaxed.

"She does not take that trouble now," added the Russian girl, in reply to her own question. "Did you see her to-night when we were at the piano? M. de Chauville was talking to her. They were keeping two conversations going at the same time. I could see by their faces. They said different things when the music was loud. I hate her. She is not true to Paul. M. de Chauville knows something about her. They have something in common which is not known to Paul or to any of us! Why do you not speak? Why do you sit staring into the fire with your lips so close together?"

"Because I do not think that we shall gain anything by discussing Paul and his wife. It is no business of ours."

Catrina laughed—a lamentable, mirthless laugh.

"That is because she is your cousin, and he—he is nothing to you. You do not care whether he is happy or not?"

Catrina had turned upon her companion fiercely. Maggie swung around in her chair to pick up her bracelets, which had slipped from her knees to the floor.

"You exaggerate things," she said quietly. "I see no reason to suppose that Paul is unhappy. It is because you have taken this unreasonable dislike to her."

She took a long time to collect three bracelets. Then she rose and placed them on the dressing table.

"Do you want me to go?" asked Catrina in her blunt way.

"No," answered Maggie civilly enough. But she extracted a couple of hairpins rather obviously.

Catrina heeded the voice and not the action.

"Do you like M. de Chauville?" she asked.

"No."

"Does Paul like him?"

"I don't know."

Catrina looked up for a moment only. Then her eyes returned to the contemplation of the burning pine logs.

"I wonder why you will not talk of Paul," she said in a voice requiring no answer.

Maggie moved rather uneasily. She had her back turned toward Catrina. "I am afraid I am rather a dull per-

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE)