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The Butcher

Phone 12.

(CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE)

son," she answered. "I have not much to say about anybody."

"And nothing about Paul?" suggested Catrina. "Nothing. We were talking about M.

de Chauxville." "Yes. I do not understand M. de Chauxville. He seems to me to be the incarnation of insincerity. He poseseven to himself. He is always watching for the effect. I wonder what the

effect of himself upon himself may

Maggie laughed.

"That is rather complicated," she said. "It requires working out. I think he is deeply impressed with his own astuteness. If he were simpler, he would be cleverer."

Catrina was afraid of Claude de Chauxville, and because this was so she stared in wonder at the English girl, who dismissed him from the conversation and her thoughts with a few careless words of contempt. Such minds as that of Miss Delafield were quite outside the field of De Chauxville's influence, while that Frenchman had considerable power over highly

strung and imaginative natures. Catrina Lanovitch had begun by tolerating him-had proceeded to make the serious blunder of permitting him to be impertinently familiar and was now exaggerating in her own mind the hold that he had over her. She did not actually dislike him. So few people had taken the trouble or found the expediency of endeavoring to sympathize with her or understand her nature that she was unconsciously drawn toward this man whom she now fear-

In exaggerating the power he exercised over herself she somewhat naturally exaggerated also his importance in the world and in the lives of those around him. She had imagined him all powerful, and the first person to whom she mentioned his name dismissed the subject indifferently. Her own entire sincerity had enabled her to detect the insincerity of her ally. She had purposely made mention of the weak spot which she had discovered in order that her observation might be corroborated. And this Maggie had failed to do.

With the slightest encouragement Catrina would have told her companion all that had passed. The sympathy between women is so strong that there is usually only one man who is safe from discussion. In Catrina's case that one man was not Claude de Chauxville, But Maggie Delafield was of different material from this im-Itching, Blind, Bleeding, or Protrud- pressionable, impulsive Russian girl. you all that I have to tell, you will pacity for steering a straight personal sands of her neighbors' affairs, as also in the firm grip she held upon her own thoughts. She was by no means prepared to open her mind to the first comer, and in her somewhat slow going English estimate of such matters Catrina was as yet little more than the first comer.

> A score of times Catrina approached the subject of Paul, and with imperturbable steadfastness Maggie held to her determination that Paul was not to be discussed by them. She warded, she evaded, she ignored with a skill had a hundred subterfuges-a hundred skillful turns and twists.

At last Catrina rose to go. Maggie rose also. Women are relentless where they fight for their own secrets. Maggle morally turned Catrina out of the room. The two girls stood looking at each other for a moment. They had nothing in common. The language in which they understood each other best was the native tongue of neither. Born in different countries, each of a mixed race, with no one racial strain in common, neither creed nor education nor er." similarity of thought had aught to draw them together. They looked at each other, and God's hand touched them. They both loved the same man. They did not hate each other.

"Have you everything you want?" asked Catrina.

The question was startling. Catrina's speech was ever abrupt. At first Maggie did not understand.

"Yes, thanks," she answered. "I am very tired. I suppose it is the

"Yes," said Catrina mechanically, "it is the snow." She went toward the door, and there

she paused. "Does Paul love her?" she asked ab-

Maggie made no answer, and, as was her habit, Catrina replied to her own question.

"You know he does not-you know he does not!" she said. Then she went out without waiting

for an answer, closing the door behind her. The closed door heard the reply. "It will not matter much," said Maggie, "so long as he never finds it out."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE Countess Lanovitch never quitted her own apartments before midday. She had acquired a Parisian habit of being invisible until luncheon time. The two girls left the castle of Thors in a sleigh with one attendant at 10 o'clock in order to reach the hut selected for luncheon by midday. Etta did not accompany them. She had a slight head-

At 11 o'clock Claude de Chauxville returned alone, on horseback. After the sportsmen had separated, each to gain his prearranged position in the forest, he had tripped over his rifle, seriously injuring the delicate sighting mechanism. He found (he told the rvant who opened the door for him) that he had just time to return for another rifle before the operation of

closing in on the bears was to begin. "If madame the princess," was visible, he went on, would the servant tell her that M. de Chauxville was waiting in the library to assure her that there was absolutely no danger to be antici- not afraid of you."

pated in the day's sport. The princess, it would appear, was absurdly anxious about the welfare of her husband-an experienced hunter and a dead shot.

Claude de Chauxville then went to the library, where he waited, booted, spurred, rifle in hand, for Etta. After a lapse of five minutes or more

the door was opened, and Etta came leisurely into the room. "Well?" she inquired indifferently.

De Chauxville bowed. He walked past her and closed the door, which she happened to have left open.

Then he returned and stood by the window, leaning gracefully on his rifle. His attitude, his hunting suit, his great top boots, made rather a picturesque object of him.

"Well?" repeated Etta, almost in-

"It would have been wiser to have married me," said De Chauxville dark-

Etta shrugged her shoulders. "Because I understand you better; I

know you better than your husband." Etta turned and glanced at the clock. "Have you come back from the bear hunt to tell me this, or to avoid the

bears?" she asked. "I hold you, madame," he said, "I hold you in my hand. You are my



"I hold you in my hand."

slave despite your brave title; my thing, my plaything, despite your servants and your great houses and your husband. When I have finished telling me for being merciful." Etta laughed defiantly.

"You are afraid of Paul!" she cried. "You are afraid of Karl Steinmetz! You will presently be afraid of me!"

"I think not," said De Chauxville coolly. The two names just mentioned were certainly not of pleasant import in his ears, but he was not going to let a woman know that. This man had played dangerous cards before now. He was not at all sure of his ground. He did not know what Etta's position was in regard to Steinmetz. Behind the defiant woman there lurked the broad shadow of the which baffled the simple Russian. She man who never defied, who knew many things, but was ignorant of fear.

"Karl Steinmetz is no friend of yours," he said.

Etta did not answer. She was thinking of the conversation she had had with Steinmetz in Petersburg. She was wondering whether the friendship he had offered-the solid thing, as he called it-was not better than the love of this man.

"I have information now," went on De Chauxville, "which would have made you my wife had I had it soon-

"I think not," said the lady insolently. She had dealt with such men before. Hers was the beauty that appealed to De Chauxville and such as he. It is not the beautiful women who see the best side of human na-

"Even now," went on the Frenchman, "now that I know you, I still love you. You are the only woman I

shall ever love." "Indeed!" murmured the lady, quite

unmoved. "Yes, although in a way I despise you-now that I know you."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Etta. "If you have anything to say, please say it. I have no time to probe your mysteries, to discover your parables. You know me well enough, perhaps, to be aware that I am not to be frightened

by your cheap charlatanism." "I know you well enough," retorted De Chauxville hoarsely, "to be aware that it was you who sold the Charity league papers to Vassili in Paris. I know you well enough, madame, to be aware of your present position in regard to your husband. If I say a word in the right quarter you would never leave Russia alive. I have merely to say to Catrina Lanovitch that it was you who banished her father for your own gain. I have merely to hand your name in to certain of the Charity league party, and even your husband could not save you."

He had gradually approached her and uttered the last words face to face, his eyes close to hers. She held her head up-erect, defiant still.

"So you see, madame," he said, "you belong to me."

She smiled, "Hand and foot," he added. "But I am soft hearted." He shrugged his shoulders and turn-

"What will you?" he said, looking out of the window. "I love you."

"Nonsense!" He turned slowly around.

"What?" "Nonsense!" repeated Etta. "You love power. You are a bully. You love to please your own vanity by thinking that you have me in your power. I am

De Chauxville leaned gracefully egainst the window. He still held his

"Reflect a little," he said, with a cold smile. "It would appear that you do not quite realize the situation. Women rarely realize situations in time. Our friend-your husband-has many of the English idiosyncrasies. He has all the narrow minded notions of honor which obtain in that country. Added to this, I suspect him of possessing a truly Slavonic fire which he keeps under. 'A smoldering fire'- You know, madame, our French proverb."

"What do you want?" interruped Etta. "Money?"

"I am not a needy adventurer." "And I am not such a fool, M. de Chauxville, as to allow myself to be dragged into a vulgar intrigue, borrowed from a French novel, to satisfy your vanity."

De Chauxville's dull eyes suddenly flashed.

"I will trouble you to believe, madame," he said in a low, concentrated voice, "that such a thought never entered my head. A De Chauxville is not a commercial traveler, if you please. No; it may surprise you, but my feeling for you has more good in it than you would seem capable of inspiring. God only knows how it is that a bad woman can inspire a good

"Then what do you want?" she

"In the meantime, implicit obedi-

"What are you going to use me for?" "I have ends," replied Claude de Chauxville, who had regained his usual half mocking composure, "that you will serve. But they will be your ends as well as mine. You will profit by them. I will take very good care that you come to no harm, for you are the ultimate object of all this. At the end of it all I see only-you."

"What if I refuse?" asked Etta, keenly aware of the fact that this man was handicapped by his love for her.

"Then I will force you to obedience." Etta raised her delicate eyebrows insolently. "Ah!"

"Yes," said De Chauxville, with suppressed anger, "I will force you to obey me."

The princess looked at him with her little mocking smile. "You have a strange way of proving the truth of your own statements."

"What statements?" She gave a little laugh. Her attitude, her glance, the cunning display of a perfect figure, the laugh, the whole woman, was the incarnation of practiced coquetry. She did not admit even to herself that she was afraid of De Chauxville, but she was playing her best cards in her best manner.

She had never known them fail. Claude de Chauxville was a little white about the lips. His eyelids flickered, but by an effort he controlled himself, and she did not see the light in his eyes for which she looked.

"If you mean," he said coldly, "the statement that I made to you before sia on that basis. you were married-namely, that I love you-I am quite content to leave the proof till the future. I know what I am about, madame."

He took his watch from his pocket and consulted it.

"I must go in five minutes," he said. "I have a few instructions to give you, to which I must beg your careful at-

He looked up, meeting Etta's somewhat sullen gaze with a smile of triumph.

"It is essential," he went on, "that I be invited to Osterno. I do not want to stay there long-indeed, I do not care to. But I must see the place. I dare say you can compass the invitation, madame?"

"It will be difficult." "And therefore worthy of your endeavor. I have the greatest regard for your diplomatic skill. I leave the matter in your hands, princess."

Etta shrugged her shoulders and looked past him out of the window. De Chauxville was considering her face carefully.

"Another point to be remembered." he went on, "is your husband's daily life at Osterno. The prince is not above suspicion. The authorities are watching him. He is suspected of propagating revolutionary ideas among the peasantry. I should like you to find out as much as you can. Perhaps you know already. Perhaps he has told you, princess. I know that beautiful face. He has told you. Good. Does he take an interest in the peasants?"

Etta did not answer. "Kindly give me your attention madame. Does the prince take an interest in the peasants?"

"Yes." "An active interest?"

"Have you any details?"

"No," answered Etta. "Then you will watch him and pro

cure those details." Etta's face was defiant and pale De Chauxville never took his eye-

"I have undertaken a few small com missions for an old friend of yours. M Vassili, whom you obliged once be fore!" he said, and the deliance fale: from her eyes.

"The authorities cannot in these dis-(whites), falling womb, ovarian trouble, disordered menses, backturbed times afford to tolerate prince ache, headache, etc., and make of an independent turn of mind. Suc. childbirth natural and easy. Try it. men are apt to make the peasant thin' At all dealers in medicines, in himself more important than he is. \$1.00 bottles. dare say, madame, that you are alread; tired of Russia. It might perhaps serve your ends if this country was made a "DUE TO CARDUI little too hot for your husband, eh? is my baby girl, now two weeks see your proud lips quivering, princess' old," writes Mrs. J. Priest, of Webster City, lowa. "She is a fine healthy babe and we are both doing It is well to keep the lips under con trol. We, who deal in diplomacy, know nicely. I am still taking Cardui, where to look for such signs. Yes, I and would not be without it in dare say I can get you out of Russiathe house." forever. But you must be obedient.

(CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT ISSUE)

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Kansas City, Nov. 15, 1905. Receipts of cattle thus far this week are 47,100; last week, 55,300; last year, 47,000. Monday's trade for beef steers was slow and weak, all other classes selling steady to strong. On Tuesday the "One great advantage of this specific," demand for beef steers was again dull he continued, "is its small dose and with prices weak to unevenly lower. Cows were steady to ten cents lower; stockers and feeders dull and weak. Topocket or purse, and every one has more day the inquiry for beef steers was brisk medical power than a big pill or tablet and values averaged strong to ten cents higher. Cows, heifers, stockers, feed-"We are still selling the specific at ers, bulls, and veals were somewhat

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> Receipts of hogs thus far this week are 41,200; last week, 39,200; last year, 38,600. Mondays' market was weak to five cents lower; Tuesday ten cents lower and today steady with bulk of sales from \$4.70 to \$4.80; top \$4.85.

Receipts of sheep thus far this week are 25,100; last week, 13,900; last year, 16,800. Monday's market was weak, Tuesday steady, and today mostly ten cents off. We quote choice lambs, \$7.00 to \$7.10; choice yearlings, \$5.50 to \$5.75; choice wethers, \$5.25 to \$5.50; choice ewes, \$5.10 to \$5.25.

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