

(CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE)

distinguish between impertinence and flattery. And indeed they are so closely allied that the distinction is subtle.

Steinmetz, on the left hand of the marquise, addressed one or two remarks to that lady, who replied with her mouth full. He soon discovered that that which was before her interested her more than anything around, and during the banquet he contented himself by uttering an exclamation of delight at a particular flavor which the lady was kind enough to point out to him with an eloquent and emphatic fork from time to time.

Vassili noted this with some disgust. He would have preferred that Karl Steinmetz were greedy or more conversational.

"But," the host added aloud, "ladies are so good. Perhaps you are interested in the peasants?"

Etta looked at Steinmetz, who gave an imperceptible nod.

"Yes," she answered, "I am."

Vassili followed her glance and found Steinmetz eating with grave appreciation of the fare provided.

"Ah," he said in an expectant tone, "then you will no doubt pass much of your time in endeavoring to alleviate their troubles, their self-inflicted troubles, with all deference to monsieur le prince."

"Why with deference to me?" asked Paul, looking up quietly, with something in his steady gaze that made Maggie glance anxiously at Steinmetz.

"Well, I understand that you hold different opinions," said the Russian.

"Not at all," answered Paul. "I admit that the peasants have themselves to blame—just as a dog has himself to blame when he is caught in a trap."

"Is the case analogous? Let me recommend those olives—I have them from Barcelona by a courier."

"Quite," answered Paul; "and it is the obvious duty of those who know better to teach the dog to avoid the places where the traps are set. Thanks, the olives are excellent."

"Ah," said Vassili, turning courteously to Maggie, "I sometimes thank my star that I am not a landholder—only a poor bureaucrat. It is so difficult to comprehend these questions, mademoiselle. But of all men in or out of Russia it is possible our dear prince knows best of what he is talking."

"Oh, no!" disclaimed Paul, with that gravity at which some were ready to laugh. "I only judge in a small way from a small experience."

In such wise the conversation went on during the dinner, which was a long one. Continually, repeatedly, Vassili approached the subject of Osterno and the daily life in that sequestered country. But those who knew were silent, and it was obvious that Etta and Maggie were ignorant of the life to which they were going.

It was only after dinner, in the drawing-room, while musicians discoursed ennobled and Rossini from behind a screen of fern and flower, that Vassili found an opportunity of addressing himself directly to Etta. In part she desired this opportunity, with a breathless apprehension behind her bright society smile. Without her assistance he never would have had it.

"It is most kind of you," he said in French, which language had been spoken all the evening in courtesy to the marquise, who was now asleep—"It is most kind of you to condescend to visit my poor house, princess. Believe me, I feel the honor deeply. When you first came into the room—you may have observed it—I was quite taken aback. I—I have read in books of beauty capable of taking away a man's breath. You must excuse me—I am a plain spoken man. I never met it until this evening."

Etta excused him readily enough. She could forgive plenty of plain speaking of this description.

"I only hope that you will honor Paris on your way home to England," went on Vassili, who had a wonderful knack of judging men and women, especially shallow ones. "Now, when may that be? When may we hope to see you again? How long will you be in Russia, and?"

"This Vassili is the best English scholar I know," broke in Steinmetz, who had approached somewhat quietly. "But he will not talk, princess—he is so shy."

Paul was approaching also. It was 11 o'clock, he said, and travelers who had to make an early start would do well to get home to bed.

When the tall doors had been closed behind the departing guests, Vassili walked slowly to the fireplace.

He stood biting at his thumb nail, looking at the door through which Etta Alexis had just passed in all the glory of her beauty, wealth and position.

"The woman," he said slowly, "who sold me the Charity league papers, and she thinks I do not recognize her?"

CHAPTER XVII.

KARL STEINMETZ had apparently been transacting business on the Vassili Ostrov, which the traveled reader doubtless knows as the northern bank of the Neva, a part of St. Petersburg.

He was recrossing the river, not by the bridge, which requires a doffed hat by reason of its shrine, but by one of the numerous roads cut across the ice from bank to bank. He duly reached the southern shore, ascending to the Admiralty gardens by a flight of sandaled steps.

A girl had crossed the river in front of him at a smart pace. She now slackened her speed so much as to allow him to pass her. Karl Steinmetz noticed the action. He noticed most things, this dull German. Presently she passed him again. She dropped her umbrella, and before picking it up described a circle with it—a maneuver remarkably like a signal. Then she turned abruptly and looked into his face, displaying a pleasing little round physiognomy with a smiling mouth and exaggerated grave eyes. It was a face of all too common a type in

these days of cheap education literature—the face of a womanly woman engaged in unwomanly work.

Then she came back. "Your name is Karl Steinmetz," she said gravely.

"That is the name by which I am known to a large staff of creditors," replied he.

"If you will go to No. 4 Passage Kazan, at the back of the cathedral, second floor back room on the left at the top of the stairs, and go straight into the room you will find a friend who wishes to see you," she said as one repeating a lesson by rote.

"And who are you, my dear young lady?"

"I—I am no one. I am only a paid agent."

"Ah!"

"Will you go?" asked the girl.

"Probably. I am curious and not nervous. Did he—or is it a she, my fatal beauty—did it not name an hour?"

"Between now and 7 o'clock."

"Thank you."

"God be with you!" said the girl, suddenly wheeling round and walking away.

Without looking after her Steinmetz walked on, gradually increasing his pace. In a few minutes he reached the large house standing within iron gates at the upper end of the English quay, the house of Prince Pavlo Howard Alexis.

He found Paul alone in his study. In a few words he explained the situation.

"What do you think it means?" asked the prince.

"Heaven only knows!"

"And you will go?"

"Of course," replied Steinmetz. "I love a mystery, especially in St. Petersburg."

"I had better go with you," said Paul.

"Gott! No!" exclaimed Steinmetz. "I must go alone."

"Back in time for dinner?" said Paul.

"I hope so. I have had such mysterious appointments thrust upon me before. It is probably a friend who wants a hundred ruble note until next Monday."

The cathedral clock struck 6 as Karl Steinmetz turned out of the Nevski Prospekt into the large square before the sacred edifice. He soon found the Kazan passage—a very nest of toyshops—and, following the directions given, he mounted a narrow staircase. He knocked at the door on the left hand at the top of the stairs.

"Come in!" said a voice which caused him to start.

He pushed open the door. The room was a small one, brilliantly lighted by a paraffin lamp. At the table sat an old man with broad, benevolent face, high forehead, thin hair and that smile which savors of the milk of human kindness.

"You!" ejaculated Steinmetz. "Stepan!"

"Yes. Come in and close the door."

He laid aside his pen, extended his hand, and, rising, kissed Karl Steinmetz on both cheeks after the manner of Russians.

"Yes, my dear Karl. It seems that the good God has still a little work for Stepan Lanovitch to do. I got away quite easily in the usual way, through a paid evasion agency. I have been forwarded from pillar to post, like a prize fowl, and reached St. Petersburg last night. I have not long to stay. I am going south. I may be able to do some good yet. I hear that Paul is working wonders in Tver."

"What about money?" asked Steinmetz, who was always practical.

"Catrina sent it, the dear child! That is one of the conditions made by the agency—a hard one. I am to see no relations. My wife—well, bon Dieu, it does not matter much. She is occupied in keeping herself warm, no doubt. But Catrina! That is a different matter. Tell me—how is she? That is the first thing I want to know."

"She is well," answered Steinmetz. "I saw her yesterday."

"And happy?" The broad faced man looked into Steinmetz's face with considerable keenness.

"Yes."

It was a moment for mental reservations. One wonders whether such are taken account of in heaven.

"And Paul?" asked the Count Stepan Lanovitch at once. "Tell me about him."

"He is married," answered Steinmetz.

The Count Lanovitch was looking at the lamp. He continued to look at it as if interested in the mechanism of the burner. Then he turned his eyes to the face of his companion.

"I wonder, my friend," he said slowly, "how much you know?"

"Nothing," answered Steinmetz.

The count looked at him inquiringly, heaved a sharp sigh and abandoned the subject.

"Well," he said, "let us get to business. I have much to ask and to tell you. I want you to see Catrina and to tell her that I am safe and well, but she must not attempt to see me or correspond with me for some years yet. Of course you heard no account of my trial. I was convicted, on the evidence of paid witnesses, of inciting to rebellion. It was easy enough, of course. I shall live either in the south or in Austria. It is better for you to be in ignorance."

Steinmetz nodded his head curtly.

"I do not want to know," he said.

"Will you please ask Catrina to send me money through the usual channel—no more than she has been sending? It will suffice for my small wants. Perhaps some day we may meet in Switzerland—or in America. Tell the dear child that. Tell her I pray the good God to allow that meeting. As for Russia, her day has not come yet. It will not come in our time, my dear friend. We are only the sowers. So much for the future. Now about the past. I have not been idle. I know

who stole the papers of the Charity league and sold them. I know who bought them and paid for them."

Steinmetz closed the door. He came back to the table. He was not smiling now—quite the contrary.

"Tell me," he said. "I want to know that badly."

The Count Lanovitch looked up with a peculiar soft smile—acquired in prison. There is no mistaking it.

"Oh, I bear no ill will," he said.

"I do," answered Steinmetz bluntly. "Who stole the papers from Thors?"

"Sydney Bamborough."

Steinmetz passed his broad hand over his forehead as if dazed.

"And who sold them?" he asked.

"His wife."

Steinmetz scratched his forehead with one finger reflectively.

"Vassili bought them," he said. "I can guess that."

"You guess right," returned Lanovitch quietly.

Steinmetz sat down. He looked round as if wondering whether the room was very hot. Then with a large handkerchief he wiped his brow.

"You have surprised me," he admitted. "There are complications. I



"Who stole the papers from Thors?" shall sit up all night with your news, my dear Stepan. Have you details? Wonderful—wonderful! Of course there is a God in heaven. How can people doubt it—eh?"

"Yes," said Stepan Lanovitch quietly, "there is a God in heaven, and at present he is angry with Russia. Yes, I have details. Sydney Bamborough came to stay at Thors. Of course he knew all about the Charity league. You remember that. It appears that his wife was waiting for him and the papers at Tver. He took them from my room, but he did not get them all. Had he got them all you would not be sitting there, my friend. The general scheme he got—the list of committee names, the local agents, the foreign agents. But the complete list of the league he failed to find. He secured the list of subscribers, but learned nothing from it because the sums were identified by a numeral only, the clew to the numbers being the complete list, which I burned when I missed the other papers."

Steinmetz nodded curtly.

"That was wise," he said. "You are a clever man, Stepan, but too good for this world and its rascals. Go on."

"It would appear that Bamborough rode to Tver with the papers, which he handed to his wife. She took them to Paris, while he intended to come back to Thors. He had a certain cheap cunning and unbounded impertinence. But, as you know perhaps, he disappeared."

"Yes," said Steinmetz, scratching his forehead with one finger. "Yes, he disappeared."

Karl Steinmetz had one great factor of success in this world, an infinite capacity for holding his cards.

"One more item," said the count in his businesslike, calm way. "Vassili paid that woman £7,000 for the papers."

"And probably charged his masters ten," added Steinmetz.

"And now you must go."

The two embraced again, and there was nothing funny in the action. It is a singular thing that the sight of two men kissing is conducive either to laughter or to tears. There is no medium emotion.

"My dear friend—my very dear friend," said the count, "God be with you always. We may meet again or we may not."

Steinmetz walked down the Nevski Prospekt, and the sleigh followed him. Presently he got clumsily into his sleigh and drove back at the usual breakneck pace to the palace at the upper end of the English quay.

He sent an ambiguous message to Paul saying that he had returned and was dressing for dinner. This ceremony he went through slowly, as one dazed by a fall or a heavy fatigue.

As Steinmetz went to the drawing room he glanced at his watch. It was twenty minutes past 7. He still had ten minutes to spare before dinner.

He opened the drawing room door. Etta was sitting by the fire alone. She glanced back over her shoulder in a quick, hunted way which had only become apparent to Steinmetz since her arrival at Petersburg.

"Good evening," she said.

"Good evening, madame," he answered.

He closed the door carefully behind him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ETTA did not move when Steinmetz approached, except, indeed, to push one foot farther out toward the warmth of the wood fire. She certainly was very neatly shod. Steinmetz was one of her few failures. She had never got any nearer to the man.

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, ST. LOUIS, ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER

Kansas City, Oct. 25, 1905.

Receipts of cattle thus far this week are 62,300; last week, 64,700; last year, 58,300. Monday's market was generally steady although trade was slow. On Tuesday unchanged rates prevailed for all offerings. Today prime beef steers were scarce and the market for them fully steady; others slow but also steady. Cows were in good demand at steady rates, while stockers and feeders showed no change. Bulls were steady; veals firm. The following table gives prices now ruling:

Extra prime cornfed steers.....	35 45 to 36 00
Good.....	5 00 to 5 50
Ordinary.....	4 00 to 5 00
Choice cornfed heifers.....	4 75 to 5 45
Good.....	4 10 to 4 75
Medium.....	3 50 to 4 10
Choice cornfed cows.....	4 25 to 4 75
Good.....	3 25 to 3 85
Medium.....	2 75 to 3 25
Cows.....	1 50 to 2 25
Choice stage.....	4 00 to 4 50
Choice fed bulls.....	3 25 to 3 75
Good.....	3 00 to 3 25
Bologna bulls.....	3 00 to 3 50
Veal calves.....	5 00 to 6 25
Good to choice native or western.....	3 50 to 4 00
Fair.....	3 25 to 3 50
Common.....	2 75 to 3 25
Good to choice heavy native feeders.....	3 85 to 4 25
Fair.....	3 25 to 3 75
Good to choice heavy branded.....	3 50 to 3 75
horns feeders.....	3 00 to 3 25
Fair.....	2 75 to 3 00
Common.....	2 25 to 2 75
Good to choice stock heifers.....	2 75 to 3 00
Fair.....	2 25 to 2 75
Common.....	1 75 to 2 25
Good to choice calves.....	3 50 to 4 00
Fair.....	3 00 to 3 50
Common.....	2 50 to 3 00
Choice wintered grass steers.....	3 25 to 3 50
Good.....	3 25 to 3 50
Fair.....	3 00 to 3 25
Common.....	2 50 to 2 75
Choice grass cows.....	2 50 to 2 75
Fair.....	2 25 to 2 50
Common.....	2 00 to 2 50

Receipts of hogs thus far this week are 36,300; last week, 35, 200; last year, 22,400. Monday's market averaged steady; Tuesday a shade off, and today broke 5 to 10c. Bulk of sales were from \$5.00 to 5.10; top 5.12½.

Receipts of sheep thus far this week are 91,000; last week, 16,800; last year, 24,000. On not one day has the supply been any ways neat sufficient to meet the demand and strong to 10c higher figured prevailed each day. We quote: choice lambs, \$7.35 to 7.65; choice yearlings, \$5.75 to 6.00; choice wethers, \$5.35 to 5.50; choice ewes, \$5.15 to 5.35.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS OF ESTATE OF SOPHIA E. BURGESS.

State of Nebraska, Red Willow county, ss. In the county court, in the matter of the estate of Sophia E. Burgess, deceased, I, Frank Moore, county judge of said county, in said estate, hereby notify all persons having claims and demands against the estate of Sophia E. Burgess, deceased, that I have set and appointed the following day for the examination, and adjustment of said claims and demands, as provided by law, at the county court, room in McCook, in said county, to-wit: The 9th day of April, 1906, at two o'clock in the afternoon. All persons so interested in said estate, will appear at said time and place, and duly present their said claims and demands in the manner required by law, or show cause for not so doing; and in case any of said claims shall not be presented by the 7th day of April, 1906, the same shall be forever barred.

Given under my hand and the seal of the county court this 7th day of October, 1905. FRANK MOORE, County Judge.

State of Nebraska, Red Willow county, ss. In the county court, in the matter of the estate of Alexander Campbell, deceased, I, Frank Moore, county judge of said county, in said estate, hereby notify all persons having claims and demands against the estate of the said Alexander Campbell, deceased, that I have set and appointed the following day for the examination, and adjustment of said claims and demands, as provided by law, at the county court, room in McCook, in said county, to-wit: At one o'clock, afternoon of the 29th day of March, 1906. All persons so interested in said estate will appear at said time and place, and duly present their said claims and demands in the manner required by law, or show cause for not so doing, and in case any of said claims shall not be presented by the 23rd day of March, 1906, the same shall be forever barred.

Given under my hand and the seal of the county court this 23rd day of September, 1905.—10-6-15 [SEAL] FRANK MOORE, County Judge.

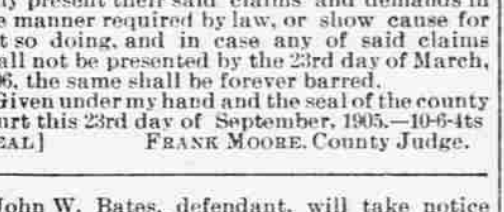
John W. Bates, defendant, will take notice that on the twelfth day of October, 1905, Edith S. Bates, the plaintiff herein, filed her petition in the district court of Red Willow county, State of Nebraska, against the said John W. Bates, the object and prayer thereof being to obtain a divorce from said defendant and to obtain the care and custody of Mervl Bates, the minor child of said plaintiff and defendant, and for such other and further relief as the nature of the case may require. You are required to answer said petition on or before the twentieth day of November, 1905.

Dated this twelfth day of October, 1905. 10-13-05 EDITH S. BATES, By W. S. Morlan, her attorney.

WE GUARANTEE To Prevent Hog Cholera

From appearing on your farm. Be prudent, this year, and prevent a repetition of the losses of previous years.

Call and See Us and Get Written Guarantee



TESTIMONIAL Delmont, S. D., Dec. 17, 1902. I used L. K. for hog cholera and it was all right. It cured my hogs. I had three sick ones and they all got well and done fine. I also used it for chicken lice and mites and it is all you claim for it. It is the only medicine for hog cholera, I think. GORTLEB JERBE.

Harrington, Neb., Dec. 11, 1902. I am using Liquid Kool and am well pleased with it. I am sure I saved my hogs with it last year, and am going to keep it in stock all the time as it is the best I ever had on the place for everything it is intended for. It is good for chicken cholera, lice on stock, insects of all kinds; it will destroy all kinds. F. W. WOMAN.

JAMES CAIN

Manufactured by the National Medical Company, Sheldon, Iowa.

Here is a good opportunity to buy Clothing for Men, Boys and Children

If you have made out a list for clothing to send to some order house bring the list with you we sell you anything in our line for the same money and we will save you the freight, beside you patronize your home and help build up the country in which you live. By buying your goods of us you

Save Money, Time and Labor

Remember us for your Fur Overcoats and Caps, we will sell you the McKibbin Fur Coat for less money than you pay for some Southern Furs elsewhere.

YOURS FOR CLOTHING AND GENT'S FURNISHINGS

DIAMOND

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

Opening evenings.

Try HUBER'S

FOR

GROCERIES

Fresh Fruit, Vegetables

Agent for . . .

GOLD MEDAL, WEDDING BREAKFAST . . . COFFEES . . .

A \$1,000 LOAN

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

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

Barnett Lumber Company

SELL THE BEST POSTS, TANKS LUMBER COAL, WOOD

GIVE US A TRIAL

Stokes' Grocery

PHONE 30 CITIZENS BANK BLOCK M'COOK, NEB.

HALL'S Hair Renewer

VEGETABLE SICILIAN

Makes the hair grow long and heavy, and keeps it soft and glossy. Stops falling hair and cures dandruff. And it always restores color to gray hair. Sold for fifty years.