

(CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE)

boot when we drive through the village. But they never attempt to do us any harm. They are too much afraid of us."

Paul showed her his simple stores of medicine—the old coat saturated with disinfectants which had become the recognized outward sign of the Moscow doctor.

"And do other people, other noblemen, try to do this sort of thing too?" asked Etta at length.

"Catrina Lanovitch does," replied Paul. She—she found me out, confounded her!"

Etta had risen; she was looking curiously at the cupboard where Paul's infected clothes were hanging. He had forbidden her to go near it. She turned and looked at him.

"Found you out! How?" she asked, with a queer smile.

"Saw through my disguise."

"Yes, she would do that!" said Etta aloud to herself.

"What is this door?" she asked, after a pause.

"It leads to an inner room," replied Paul, "where Steinmetz usually works."

He passed in front of her and opened the door. As he was doing so Etta went on in the train of her thoughts:

"So Catrina knows?"

"Yes."

"And no one else?"

Paul made no answer, for he had passed on into the smaller room, where Steinmetz was seated at a writing table.

"Except, of course, Herr Steinmetz?" Etta went on interrogatively.

"Madame," said the German, looking up with his pleasant smile, "I know everything."

And he went on writing.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE table d'hôte of the Hotel de Moscou at Tver had just begun. A Russian table d'hôte is anything but hilarious in its tendency. A certain number of grave faced gentlemen and a few broad jawed ladies are visibly constrained by the force of circumstance to dine at the same table and hour, and that is all. There is no pretense that any more sociable and neighborly motive has brought them together. Indeed, they each suspect the other of being a German or a nihilist, or worse still, a government servant.

The table d'hôte of the Hotel de Moscou at Tver was no exception to the general rule. In Russia, by the way, there are no exceptions to general rules. The personal habits of the native of Cronstadt differ in no way from those of the czar's subject living in Petropavlovsk, 8,000 miles away.

Around the long table of the host were seated at respectable intervals a dozen or more gentlemen, who gazed stolidly at each other from time to time, while the host himself smiled broadly upon them all.

Of these dozen gentlemen we have only to deal with one—a man of broad, high forehead, of colorless eyes, of a masklike face, who consumed what was put before him with as little noise as possible. Known in Paris as "that Vassill," this traveler.

M. Vassill was evidently desirous of attracting as little attention as circumstances would allow. He was obviously doing his best to look like one who traveled in the interest of braid or buttons. Moreover, when Claude de Chauville entered the table d'hôte room he concealed whatever surprise he may have felt behind a cloud of cigarette smoke. Through the same blue haze he met the Frenchman's eye a moment later without the faintest twinkle of recognition.

These two worthies went through the weird courses provided by a cook professing a knowledge of French cuisine without taking any compromising notice of each other. When the meal was over Vassill inscribed the number of his bedroom in large figures on the label of his bottle of wine, after the manner of wise commercial travelers in continental hotels. He subsequently turned the bottle around so that Claude de Chauville could scarcely fail to read the number, and, with a vague and general bow, he left the room.

Before long a discreet knock at the door of Vassill's room announced the arrival of the expected visitor.

"Entrez!" cried Vassill. And De Chauville stood before him.

"A pleasure," said Vassill behind his wooden face, "that I did not anticipate in Tver."

"And consequently one that carries its own mitigation. An unanticipated pleasure, my friend, is always inopportune. I make no doubt that you were sorry to see me."

"On the contrary. Will you sit?"

"I can hardly believe," went on De Chauville, taking the proffered chair, "that my appearance was opportune—on the principle, ha, ha, that a flower growing out of place is a weed! Gentlemen of the—eh—home office prefer, I know, to travel quietly." He spread out his expressive hands as if smoothing the path of M. Vassill through this stony world. "Incognito," he added guilelessly.

"One does not publish one's name from the house tops," replied the Russian, with a glimmer of pride in his eyes, "especially if it happen to be not quite obscure; but between friends, my dear baron—between friends."

"Yes. Then what are you doing in Tver?" inquired De Chauville, with engaging frankness.

"Ah, that is a long story! But I will tell you—never fear—I will tell you on the usual terms."

"And they are?" inquired the Frenchman, lighting a cigarette.

Vassill accepted the match with a bow and did likewise. He blew a guileless cloud of smoke toward the dingy ceiling.

"Exchange, my dear baron, exchange."

"Oh, certainly!" replied De Chauville, who knew that Vassill was in all probability fully informed as to his movements past and prospective. "I am going to visit some old friends in this government—the Lanovitches, at Thors."

"Ah!"

"You know them?"

Vassill raised his shoulders and made a little gesture with his cigarette as much as to say, "Why ask?"

De Chauville looked at his companion keenly. He was wondering whether this man knew that he (Claude de Chauville) loved Etta Howard Alexis and consequently hated her husband. He was wondering how much or how little this impenetrable individual knew and suspected.

"I have always said," observed Vassill suddenly, "that for unmitigated impertinence give me a diplomatist."

"Ah! And what would you desire that I should for the same commodity give you now?"

"A woman."

There was a short silence in the room while these two birds of a feather reflected.

Suddenly Vassill tapped himself on the chest with his forefinger.

"It was I," he said, "who crushed that very dangerous movement—the Charity league. Now, my dear baron, listen to me." The genial Vassill leaned forward and tapped with one finger on the knee of De Chauville as if knocking at the door of his attention.

"I am all ears, mon bon monsieur," replied the Frenchman rather coldly. He had just been reflecting that, after all, he did not want any favor from Vassill for the moment, and the manner of the latter was verging on the familiar.

"The woman—who—sold—me—the Charity league papers dined at my house in Paris—a fortnight ago," said Vassill, with a staccato tap on his companion's knee by way of emphasis to each word.

"Then, my friend, I cannot—congratulate—you on the society—in—which you move," replied De Chauville, mimicking his manner.

"Bah! She was a princess!"

"A princess?"

"Yes, of your acquaintance, M. le Baron. And she came to my house with her—eh—husband—the Prince Paul Howard Alexis."

This was news indeed. De Chauville leaned back and passed his slim white hand across his brow with a slow pressure as if wiping some writing from a slate—as if his forehead bore the writing of his thoughts and he was wiping it away. And the thoughts he thus concealed—who can count them? The first thought was that if he had known this three months earlier he could have made Etta marry him. With Etta for his wife he might have been a different man.

But the news coming, thus too late, only served an evil purpose, for in that flash of thought Claude de Chauville saw Paul's secrets given to him, Paul's wealth meted out to him, Paul in exile, Paul dead in Siberia, where death comes easily; Paul's widow Claude de Chauville's wife.

"You said her—eh—husband," he observed. "Why? Why did you add that little 'eh,' my friend?"

"Rather more than a year ago," said Vassill, "I received an offer of the papers connected with a great scheme in this country. After certain inquiries had been made I accepted the offer. I paid a fabulous price for the papers. They were brought to me by a lady wearing a thick veil—a lady I had never seen before. I asked no questions and paid her the money. It subsequently transpired that the papers had been stolen, as you perhaps know, from the house of Count Stepan Lanovitch—the house to which you happen to be going—at Thors. Well, that is all ancient history. It is to be supposed that the papers were stolen by Sydney Bamborough, who brought them here—probably to this hotel, where his wife was staying. He handed her the papers, and she conveyed them to me in Paris. But before she reached Petersburg they would have been missed by Stepan Lanovitch, who would naturally suspect the man who had been staying in his house—Bamborough, a man with a doubtful reputation in the diplomatic world, a professed doer of dirty jobs. Foreseeing this and knowing that the league was a big thing, with a few violent members on its books, Sydney Bamborough did not attempt to leave Russia by the western route. He probably decided to go through Nijni, down the Volga, across the Caspian and so on to Persia and India. You follow me?"

"Perfectly," answered De Chauville coldly.

"I have been here a week," went on the Russian spy, "making inquiries. I have worked the whole affair out, link by link, till the evening when the husband and wife parted. She went west with the papers. Where did he go?"

De Chauville did not speak, and after a moment Vassill went on, stating his case with lawyerlike cleverness.

"A body was found on the steppe," he said, "the body of a middle aged man dressed as a small commercial traveler would dress. He had a little money in his pocket, but nothing to identify him. He was buried here in Tver by the police, who received their information by an anonymous post card posted in Tver. The person who had found the body did not want to be implicated in any inquiry. Now, who found the body? Who was the dead man? Mrs. Sydney Bamborough had assumed that the dead man was her husband; on the strength of that assumption she had become a princess. A frail foundation upon which to build up her fortunes, eh?"

"How did she know that the body had been found?" asked De Chauville, perceiving the weak point in his companion's chain of argument.

"It was reported shortly in the local newspapers," replied Vassill, "and repeated in one or two continental journals, as the police were of opinion that the man was a foreigner. Any one watching the newspapers would see it—otherwise the incident might pass unobserved."

"And you think," said De Chauville, suppressing his excitement with an effort, "that the lady has risked everything upon a supposition?"

"Knowing the lady, I do."

De Chauville's dull eyes gleamed for a moment with an unwonted light.

"She may have information of which you are ignorant," he suggested.

"Precisely. It is that particular point which gives me trouble at the present moment. It is that that I wish to discover."

De Chauville looked coolly. He saw his advantage.

"Hence your sudden flow of communicativeness?" he said.

Vassill nodded.

"You cannot find out for yourself, so you seek my help?" went on the Frenchman.

Again the Russian nodded his head.

"And your price?" said De Chauville.

"When you have the information you may name your own price," said the Russian coldly.

There was a long silence. Before speaking De Chauville turned and took a glass of liquor from the table. His hand was not quite steady. He raised the glass quickly and emptied it. Then he rose and looked at his watch. The silence was a compact.

"When the lady dined with you in Paris, did she recognize you?" he asked.

"Yes, but she did not know that I recognized her."

For the moment they both overlooked Steinmetz.

De Chauville stood reflecting.

"And your theory," he said, "respecting Sydney Bamborough—what is it?"

"If he got away to Nijni and the Volga it is probable that he is in eastern Siberia or in Persia at this moment. He has not had time to get right across Asia yet."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A WEEK later Catrina, watching from the window of her own small room, saw Paul lift Etta from the sleigh, and the sight made her clench her hands until the knuckles shone like polished ivory.

She went slowly downstairs to the long, dimly lighted drawing room. As she entered she heard her mother's cackling voice.

"Yes, princess," the countess was saying, "it is a quaint old house—little more than a fortified farm, I know. But my husband's family were always strange. They seem always to have ignored the little comforts and elegancies of life."

"It is most interesting," answered Etta's voice, and Catrina stepped forward into the light.

Formal greetings were exchanged, and Catrina saw Etta look anxiously toward the door through which she had just come. She thought that she was looking for her husband. But it was Claude de Chauville for whose appearance Etta was waiting.

Paul and Steinmetz entered at the same moment by another door, and Catrina, who was talking to Maggie in English, suddenly stopped.

"Ah, Catrina," said Paul, "we have broken new ground for you. There was no track from here to Osterno through the forest. I made one this afternoon, so you have no excuse for remaining away now."

"Thank you," answered Catrina, withdrawing her cold hand hurriedly from his friendly grasp.

"Miss Delafield," went on Paul, "admires our country as much as you do."

"I was just telling mademoiselle," said Maggie, speaking French with an honest English accent.

Paul nodded and left them together.

"Yes," the countess was saying at the other end of the gloomy room, "yes, we are greatly attached to Thors—Catrina perhaps more than I. I have some happy associations and many sorrowful ones. But then—mon Dieu—how isolated we are!"

"It is rather far from—anywhere," acceded Etta, who was not attending, although she appeared to be interested.

"Far! Princess, I often wonder how Paris and Thors can be in the same world! Before our—our troubles we used to live in Paris a portion of the year. At least I did, while my poor husband traveled about. He had a hobby, you know, poor man! Humanity was his hobby. I have always found that men who seek to do good to their fellows are never thanked. There is a little gratitude in the individual, but none in the race."

"None," answered Etta absently.

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, November 8, 1905.

Receipts of cattle thus far this week are 54,900; last week, 48,800; last year, 23,300. Monday's market was generally steady. On Tuesday trade for beef steers was uneven, prices ranging from steady to fifteen cents lower. Cows and heifers were steady to ten cents lower. Stockers and feeders ruled steady to weak. Today's trade for beef steers was slow with prices barely steady. The same conditions apply to cows and heifers. Stockers and feeders showed more life and best offerings held firm; others unchanged. Veals and bulls were steady. The following table gives prices now ruling:

Table with columns for stock types (e.g., Extra prime cornfed steers, Ordinary, Choice cornfed heifers) and their corresponding price ranges.

Receipts of hogs thus far this week are 39,100; last week, 33,300; last year, 17,100. Monday's market was firm; Tuesday five cents lower and today irregular but averaged a shade higher, bulk of sales running from \$4.90 to \$4.95; top \$5.00.

Receipts of sheep thus far this week are 13,500; last week, 15,300; last year, 8,500. Monday's market was steady; Tuesday firm; and today again firm. We quote: Choice lambs, \$7.25 to \$7.50; choice yearlings, \$5.75 to \$6.00; choice wethers, \$5.50 to \$5.75; choice ewes, \$5.00 to \$5.25.

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, 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.

WATCH US GROW... That We Can't Be Undersold Is a Well Known Fact. Our department of Men's, Youths' and Boys' Clothing IS COMPLETE and UP-TO-DATE. NEW STOCK, LOW-EST PRICES. The old story of every thing is advanced in prices, don't hold good with us; when others go up in figures, we reduce our prices. We know how. We have saved customers many dollars by bringing their mail order list and samples to our store. We compete with any mail order house; any mail order outfit will be duplicated by Diamond where you have the privilege of seeing and trying on your goods. Don't have to send any dollars in advance. We have an elegant line of ladies' furs in all styles, men's fur coats. DIAMOND THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND. Opening evenings.

Follow the Crowd to VanDepoel & McFarland's BIG CASH SALE Three Days Only, November 16, 17, 18 We will offer our new and up-to-date line of Street Hats and Trimmed Hats at a SPECIAL DISCOUNT of 25 per cent for cash Dennison Street West of Citizens Bank

WILCOX'S DUROC JERSEY AND POLAND CHINA HOGS at auction TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1905 at his farm 2 1/2 miles southeast of McCook, Nebraska. 45 DUROC JERSEY spring boars and gilts, all sired by the Great Jumbo Red Boar, Jumbo Jun 26313, a son of Murton & Co.'s celebrated Jumbo Red 7873. This boar weighs 800 pounds as a two-year-old, and headed my show herd at the state fair. 25 POLAND CHINA spring boars and gilts, strong in Missouri Black Chief, Tecumseh and Perfection blood. Sale will be held at the farm in comfortable quarters, commencing at 10 a. m., regardless of the weather. Free conveyance from town to the sale. Breeders from a distance will be entertained free at the Commercial Hotel in McCook. Mail bids may be sent to either auctioneer. Send for catalogue. Free lunch at noon. Gerald Wilcox, Owner. L. W. LEONARD and E. J. MITCHELL, Auctioneers.

Barnett Lumber Company SELL THE BEST POSTS, TANKS LUMBER COAL, WOOD GIVE US A TRIAL

The McCook Tribune Only One Dollar the year. A \$350.00 PIANO "FREE." Word contest "HOSPE PIANOS" has been postponed until November 21st. A. HOSPE Co., Omaha, Neb.



This was news indeed.

Consumption There is no specific for consumption. Fresh air, exercise, nourishing food and Scott's Emulsion will come pretty near curing it, if there is anything to build on. Millions of people throughout the world are living and in good health on one lung. From time immemorial the doctors prescribed cod liver oil for consumption. Of course the patient could not take it in its old form, hence it did very little good. They can take SCOTT'S EMULSION and tolerate it for a long time. There is no oil, not excepting butter, so easily digested and absorbed by the system as cod liver oil in the form of Scott's Emulsion, and that is the reason it is so helpful in consumption where its use must be continuous. We will send you a sample free. Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy. Scott & Bowne Chemists 409 Pearl Street New York