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Uneeda Biscuit
teaches you many truths:
That soda crackers are the best of all food made from flour.
That **Uneeda Biscuit** are by far the best of all soda crackers.
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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Lon Cone & Brother Successful.
After a great deal of effort and correspondence, Lon Cone & Bro., the popular druggist, have succeeded in getting the Dr. Howard Co. to make a special half-price introductory offer on the regular fifty cent size of their celebrated specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia.

This medicine is a recent discovery for the cure of all diseases of the stomach and bowels. It not only gives quick relief, but it makes permanent cures.

Dr. Howard's specific has been so remarkably successful in curing constipation, dyspepsia and all liver troubles, that Lon Cone & Bro. are willing to return the price paid in every case where it does not give relief.

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If you will call or write, it will be a pleasure to advise you about rates, train service, to reserve you a berth, and to try to make your trip a comfortable one.

Geo. S. Scott,
Agent C. B. & Q. Ry.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE OF TAX LIEN
The southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section 29, the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the south half of the northwest quarter of section 32, in town 1, north, range 30, west of the 6th principal meridian, and 23 T14s, will take notice that on the 28th day of August, 1905, Edward B. Cowles, plaintiff, filed his petition in the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a tax purchaser's lien upon the above described land for the taxes for the years 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901 and 1902, that there was due to plaintiff at the time of filing said petition the sum of \$111.00 for the payment of which sum together with costs, accruing interest and attorney's fees, plaintiff prays a decree of foreclosure and a sale of said premises. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 9th day of October, 1905, 9-14ts.
EDWARD B. COWLES, Plaintiff.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE OF TAX LIEN
The north half of the northwest quarter of section 21, in town 1, north, range 30, west of the 6th principal meridian, and Almon E. Davis will take notice that on the 28th day of August, 1905, Edward B. Cowles, plaintiff, filed his petition in the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a tax purchaser's lien upon the land above described for the taxes for the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901 and 1902, that there was due to plaintiff at the time of filing said petition, the sum of \$35.25 for the payment of which sum together with costs, accruing interest and attorney's fees, plaintiff prays a decree of foreclosure and a sale of said land. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 9th day of October, 1905, 9-14ts.
EDWARD B. COWLES, Plaintiff.

If a Cow gave Butter

mankind would have to invent milk. Milk is Nature's emulsion—butter put in shape for digestion. Cod liver oil is extremely nourishing, but it has to be emulsified before we can digest it.

Scott's Emulsion combines the best oil with the valuable hypophosphites so that it is easy to digest and does far more good than the oil alone could. That makes Scott's Emulsion the most strengthening, nourishing food—medicine in the world.

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NOTICE OF SUIT.
James O. Hammond, Josephine M. Hammond, James O. Hammond, as guardian of Josephine M. Hammond, a minor, and Arden H. Purvis, defendants, will take notice that on the 9th day of August, 1905, the plaintiff herein, Milton H. Hammond, J. A. Hammond, and Mary E. Hammond, filed a petition in the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to obtain a judgment confirming the undivided one-sixth interest each of the said plaintiffs and defendants, under the will of Mirelda E. Hammond, deceased, in and to the northwest quarter section thirty-five, township two, north, range thirty, Red Willow county, Nebraska, and for the partition of said real estate according to the respective rights of said parties, or if the same cannot be equitably divided that said premises be sold and the proceeds thereof divided between the parties according to their respective rights. You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, October 23rd, 1905.
Dated this 12th day of September, 1905.
MILTON H. HAMMOND, ADA A. HAMMOND, and MARY E. HAMMOND, Plaintiffs.
By Boyle and Eldred, their attorneys.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE OF TAX LIEN
The north half of the northeast quarter of section 29, in town 1, north, range 30, west of the 6th principal meridian, and Charles T. Douglas will take notice that on the 28th day of August, 1905, Edward B. Cowles, plaintiff, filed his petition in the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a tax purchaser's lien upon the above described land for the taxes for the years 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901 and 1902, that there was due to plaintiff at the time of filing said petition, the sum of \$67.00 for the payment of which sum together with costs, accruing interest and attorney's fees, plaintiff prays a decree of foreclosure of said tax lien and a sale of said premises. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 9th day of October, 1905, 9-14ts.
EDWARD B. COWLES, Plaintiff.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Department of the Interior, land office at Lincoln, Nebraska, August 31, 1905. Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, to wit: Jacob Betz of McCook, Nebraska, for the east half of section 29, township two, north, range 30, west of the 6th principal meridian. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Jacob Betz of McCook, Nebraska; Truman F. West, of McCook, Nebraska; Elijah Beebe, of St. Ann, Nebraska; Casper Kankamp of Osborn, Nebraska.—S. S. MOORE, W. A. GREEN, Register.

The State of Nebraska, Red Willow county. To all persons interested in the estate of A. Campbell, deceased: Whereas Mary Campbell of said county, has filed in my office an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of A. Campbell, late of said county, deceased, and said Mary Campbell has filed her petition herein praying to have the same admitted to probate, and for the issuing of letters testamentary, which will relate to both real and personal estate: I have therefore appointed Saturday, the 23rd day of September, 1905, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the county court room in said county, as the time and place for the hearing of the same, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The McCook Tribune, a newspaper printed and published in said county, for three weeks successively previous to the day set for the hearing. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and official seal this 6th day of September, 1905.—S. S. MOORE, County Judge.

The SOWERS

By
Henry Seton Merriman

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CHAPTER I.
"IN this country charity covers no sins!"

The speaker finished his remark with a short laugh. He was a big, stout man. His name was Karl Steinmetz, and it is a name well known in the government of Tver to this day. He spoke jerkily, as stout men do when they ride, and when he had laughed his good natured, half cynic laugh he closed his lips beneath a huge gray mustache. So far as one could judge from the action of a square and deeply indented chin, his mouth was expressive at that time—and possibly at all times—of a humorous resignation. No reply was vouchsafed to him, and Karl Steinmetz bumped along on his little Cossack horse, which was stretched out at a gallop.

Evening was drawing on. It was late in October, and a cold wind was driving from the northwest across a plain which for sheer dismalness of aspect may give points to Sahara and beat that abode of mental depression without an effort.

Steinmetz looked round over this cheerless prospect with a twinkle of amused resignation in his blue eyes, as if this creation were a little practical joke, which he, Karl Steinmetz, appreciated at its proper worth. The whole scene was suggestive of immense distance, of countless miles in all directions. The land through which these men were riding is the home of great distances—Russia. They rode, moreover, as if they knew it, as if they had ridden for days and were aware of more days in front of them.

The companion of Karl Steinmetz looked like an Englishman. He was young and fair and quiet. He looked like a youthful athlete from Oxford or Cambridge.

This young man's name was Paul Howard Alexis, and fortune had made him a Russian prince. If, however, any one, even Steinmetz, called him prince, he blushed and became confused. This terrible title had brooded over him while at Eton and Cambridge. But no one had found him out. He remained Paul Howard Alexis so far as England and his friends were concerned. In Russia, however, he was known (by name only, for he avoided Slavonic society) as Prince Pavlo Alexis. This plain was his. Half the government of Tver was his. The great Volga rolled through his possessions. Sixty miles behind him a grim stone castle bore his name, and a vast tract of land was peopled by humble minded persons who cringed at the mention of his excellency.

All this because thirty years earlier a certain Princess Natasha Alexis had fallen in love with plain Mr. Howard of the British embassy in St. Petersburg. With Slavonic enthusiasm (for the Russian is the most romantic race on earth) she informed Mr. Howard of the fact and duly married him. Both these persons were now dead, and Paul Howard Alexis owed it to his mother's influence in high regions that the responsibilities of princedom were his, but he entirely failed to recognize the ennobility of his position as he rode across the plains of Tver toward the yellow Volga by the side of Karl Steinmetz.

"This is great nonsense," he said suddenly. "I feel like a nihilist or some theatrical person of that sort. I do not think it can be necessary, Steinmetz."

"Not necessary," answered Steinmetz in thick guttural tones, "but prudent." This man spoke with the soft consonants of a German.

"Prudent, my dear prince."
"Oh, drop that!"
"When we sight the Volga I will drop it with pleasure. Good heavens! I wish I were a prince. I should have it marked on my linen and sit up in bed to read it on my nightshirt."

"No, you wouldn't, Steinmetz," answered Alexis, with a vexed laugh. "You would hate it just as much as I do, especially if it meant running away from the best bear shooting in Europe."

Steinmetz shrugged his shoulders. "Then you should not have been charitable. Charity, I tell you, Alexis, covers no sins in this country."
"Who made me charitable? Besides, no decent minded fellow could be anything else here. Who told me of the League of Charity, I should like to know? Who put me into it? Who aroused my pity for these poor beggars? Who but a stout German cynic called Steinmetz?"
"Stout, yes; cynic, if you will; German, no!"
The words were jerked out of him by the galloping horse.

ger thing than any dream of. It was a power in Russia, the greatest of all—above nihilism, above the emperor himself. Ach Gott! It was a wonderful organization, spreading over this country like sunlight over a field. It would have made men of our poor peasant's. It was God's work, if there is a God, which some young men deny, because God fails to recognize their importance, I imagine. And now it is all done, it is crumbled up by the scurrilous treachery of some miscreant. Ach! I should like to have him out here on the plain. I would choke him. For money, too! The devil—it must have been the devil—to sell that secret to the government!"
"I can't see what the government wanted it for," growled Alexis moodily.

"No, but I can. It is not the emperor. He is a gentleman, although he has the misfortune to wear the purple. No, it is those about him. They want to stop education; they want to crush the peasant. They are afraid of being found out. They live in their grand houses and support their grand names on the money they crush out of the starving peasant."

"So do I, so far as that goes."
"Of course you do! And I am your steward, your crusher. We do not deny it; we boast of it, but we exchange a wink with the angels—eh?"
Alexis rode in silence for a few moments.

"I wish," he said abruptly, "that I had never attempted to do any good. Doing good to mankind doesn't pay. Here I am running away from my own home as if I were afraid of the police! The position is impossible."
Steinmetz shook his shaggy head.
"No. No position is impossible in this country—except the czar's—if one only keeps cool. For men such as you and I any position is quite easy. But these Russians are too romantic; they give way to a morbid love of martyrdom; they think they can do no good to mankind unless they are uncomfortable."

Alexis turned in his saddle and looked keenly into his companion's face.
"Do you know," he said, "I believe you founded the Charity league?"
Steinmetz laughed in his easy, stout way.

"It founded itself," he said. "The angels founded it in heaven. I hope a committee of them will attend to the eternal misery of the dog who betrayed it."
"I trust they will, but in the meantime I stick to my opinion that it is unnecessary for me to leave the country. What have I done? I do not belong to the league. It is composed entirely of Russian nobles. I don't admit that I am a Russian noble."

"But," persisted Steinmetz quietly, "you subscribe to the league. Four hundred thousand rubles—they do not grow at the roadside."
"But the rubles have not my name on them."

"That may be, but we all—they all know where they are likely to come from. My dear Paul, you cannot keep up the farce any longer. You are not



It dragged its dead master along the ground.

An English gentleman who comes across here for sporting purposes. You do not live in the old castle of Osterno three months in the year because you have a taste for mediaeval fortresses. You are a Russian prince, and your estates are the happiest, the most enlightened, in the empire. That alone is suspicious. You collect your rents yourself. You have no German agents—no German vampires about you.

a foreign office passport. Your passport is your patent of nobility, and that is Russian. No, you are better out of it."

"And you—what about you?" asked Paul, with a little laugh—the laugh that one brave man gives when he sees another do a plucky thing.

"Oh, I am all right! I am no-body. I am hated of all the peasants because I am your steward and so hard, so cruel. That is my certificate of harmlessness with those that are about the emperor."

"Then you turn back at Tver?" inquired Paul, at length breaking a long silence.

"Yes; I must not leave Osterno just now. Perhaps later, when the winter has come, I will follow. Russia is quiet during the winter, very quiet. Ha, ha!"

He shrugged his shoulders and shivered. But the shiver was interrupted. He raised himself in his saddle and peered forward into the gathering darkness.

"What is that," he asked sharply, "on the road in front?"

Paul had already seen it.

"It looks like a horse," he answered, "a strayed horse, for it has no rider." They were going west, and what little daylight there was lived on the western horizon. The form of the horse, cut out in black relief against the sky, was weird and ghostlike. It was standing by the side of the road, apparently grazing. As they approached it its outlines became more defined.

"It has a saddle," said Steinmetz at length. "What have we here?"

The beast was evidently famishing, for, as they came near, it never ceased its occupation of dragging the wizened tufts of grass up, root and all.

"What have we here?" repeated Steinmetz.

And the two men clapped spurs to their tired horses.

The solitary walf had a rider, but he was not in the saddle. One foot was caught in the stirrup, and as the horse moved on from tuft to tuft it dragged its dead master along the ground.

CHAPTER II.
"THIS is going to be unpleasant," muttered Steinmetz as he clumsily left the saddle.

"That man is dead—has been dead some days; he's stiff. And the horse has been dragging him face downward. God in heaven, this will be unpleasant."

Paul had leaped to the ground and was already loosening the dead man's foot from the stirrup. He did it with a certain sort of skill, despite the stiffness of the heavy riding boot, as if he had walked a hospital in his time. Very quickly Steinmetz came to his assistance, tenderly lifting the dead man and laying him on his back.

"Ach!" he exclaimed. "We are unfortunate to meet a thing like this."
There was no need of Paul Alexis' medical skill to tell that this man was dead; a child would have known it. Before searching the pockets Steinmetz took out his own handkerchief and laid it over a face which had become unrecognizable.

Paul was unbuttoning the dead man's clothes. He inserted his hand within the rough shirt.

"This man," he said, "was starving. He probably fainted from sheer exhaustion and rolled out of the saddle. It is hunger that killed him."

"With his pocket full of money," added Steinmetz, withdrawing his hand from the dead man's pocket and displaying a bundle of notes and some silver.

There was nothing in any of the other pockets—no paper, no clew of any sort to the man's identity.

The two finders of this silent tragedy stood up and looked around them. It was almost dark. They were ten miles from a habitation.

Steinmetz had pushed his fur cap to the back of his head, which he was scratching pensively. He had a habit of scratching his forehead with one finger, which denoted thought.

"Now, what are we to do?" he muttered. "Can't bury the poor chap and say nothing about it. I wonder where his passport is? We have here a tragedy."

Paul was still examining the dead man with that cautiousness which denotes one who for love or convenience has become a doctor. He was a doctor, an amateur. He was a graduate of an English medical school.

Steinmetz looked down at him with a little laugh. He noticed the tenderness of the touch, the deft fingering which had something of respect in it. Paul Alexis was visibly one of those men who take mankind seriously and have that in their hearts which for want of a better word we call sympathy.

"Mind you do not catch some infectious disease," said Steinmetz gruffly. "I should not care to handle any stray moujik one finds dead about the roadside; unless, of course, you think there is more money about him. It would be a pity to leave that for the police."

Paul did not answer. He was examining the limp, dirty hands of the dead man. The fingers were covered with soil, the nails were broken. He had evidently clutched at the earth and at every tuft of grass after his fall from the saddle.

"Look here at these hands," said Paul suddenly. "This is an Englishman. You never see fingers thin as these in Russia."

Steinmetz stooped down. He held out his own square tipped fingers in comparison. Paul rubbed the dead hand with his sleeve as if it were a piece of statury.

"Look here," he continued, "the dirt rubs off and leaves the hand quite a gentlemanly color. This"—he paused and lifted Steinmetz's handkerchief, dropping it again hurriedly over the mutilated face—"this thing was once a gentleman."
"It certainly has seen better days,"

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE)

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