

# For Breakfast Luncheon or Tea

A few small biscuits easily made with Royal Baking Powder. Make them small—as small round as a napkin ring. Mix and bake just before the meal. Serve hot.

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You must use Royal Baking Powder to get them right.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

## Commissioners' Proceedings.

McCook, Neb., September 19, 1905.

The board of county commissioners met pursuant to adjournment. Present: D. A. Waterman, Samuel Premer and C. B. Gray, county commissioners, C. E. Eldred, county attorney, and E. J. Wilcox, county clerk.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved.

On motion the resignation of C. B. Gray as constable for Willow Grove precinct was accepted.

On motion road No. 300 petitioned for by Alex. Ellis et al. was laid over until next meeting for investigation.

In the matter of the application of C. B. & Q. R. R. Co., praying for an order canceling of record the taxes and tax sale for the years 1901 and 1902, upon the following described property to-wit: Lots six and seven in block twenty-seven, in the original town of McCook, Red Willow county, Nebraska, for the reason that the property was erroneously assessed by the county assessor, the same having been assessed by the state board.

It appearing to the board that said property was for the years 1901 and 1902, assessed by the state board, and the taxes levied under said assessment paid thereon. It was therefore ordered by the board that the taxes and tax sale, made under and by virtue of the assessment made by the county assessor for the years, 1901 and 1902, be and they are declared erroneous, illegal and void, and ordered cancelled of record, and that the purchaser of said lots under said tax sales, be held harmless as provided by law, and that the county treasurer refund to said purchaser, the amount of said tax sale and interest, upon presentation of the certificates of sale issued to him therefor.

The following claims were audited and allowed and clerk was instructed to draw warrants on the county general fund in payment thereof as follows:

C. L. Falnestock, medical services, 3rd quarter..... \$ 25 00  
M. J. Campbell, board of prisoners..... 25 00  
G. A. Foiden, painting..... 2 25  
Andrew Phillips, salary as janitor for August..... 25 00  
McCook Electric Light Co., lights for August..... 1 70  
L. W. McConnell, supplies..... 6 35  
The Republican, printing..... 2 95  
W. C. Bullard, coal for paupers..... 7 75  
E. G. Caine & Co. same..... 8 00  
A. Gray, mds. for paupers..... 22 50  
J. A. Wilcox, same..... 58 10  
Vance McManigal, appraising road No. 380..... 4 50  
Chas. Weintz, same..... 4 50  
H. P. Waite & Co., nails, etc..... 4 50  
Margaret Heinlein, care of pauper..... 3 00  
H. P. Waite & Co., nails, etc..... 8 51  
Mabel E. Wilcox, correcting assessors' books as ordered by board..... 18 00  
George Elbert, painting court house tower..... 43 90  
Barnett Lumber Co., lumber for court house tower..... 58 80  
Strine & Mieson, labor on court house tower..... 18 00  
Ed. Walters, same..... 9 00  
C. W. Rindel, same..... 9 00  
C. W. Wimer, same..... 17 40  
R. W. Devore, preparing index court record..... 36 24  
R. W. Devore, office expense..... 1 75  
J. H. Bennett, commissioner services..... 27 40

And on the county bridge fund levy of 1905 as follows:

Barnett Lumber Co., lumber..... 135 60  
E. G. Caine & Co., lumber..... 32 70  
W. C. Bullard, lumber..... 145 60  
Moore & Overstake, nails..... 3 50  
H. N. French, nails..... 2 55  
Crawmer & Grimes, rope and nails..... 3 08  
G. W. Jones, hardware..... 4 88  
H. H. Jones, bridge work..... 5 00  
C. F. Waterman, same..... 55 50  
W. F. Bethel, same..... 7 50  
John Bernhardt, same..... 63 00  
C. E. Cox, same..... 2 00  
C. H. Angell, same..... 14 50  
Ed. Cousen, same..... 10 00  
M. A. Richard, same..... 1 50  
Barnett Lumber Co., lumber..... 17 25  
W. H. Brown, bridge work..... 1 00  
C. A. Burgess, same..... 32 00  
J. L. Bodenhamer, same..... 7 00  
Geo. Younger, same..... 15 50  
John Miner, same..... 7 15  
J. L. Poole, same..... 12 00

And on the county road fund levy of 1905 as follows:

A. D. Johnston, road work..... 6 00  
M. Fossen, same..... 4 50  
James Doyle, same..... 6 00  
Frank Cain, same..... 61 00  
Ted Cain, same..... 27 00  
M. H. Feekin, same..... 6 00  
Martin Kennedy, same..... 3 00  
C. E. Widener, same..... 8 00

On motion the board adjourned to meet September 20th, 1905.

D. A. WATERMAN, Chairman.  
Attest: E. J. WILCOX, County Clerk.

McCook, Nebraska, Sept. 20, 1905.

The board of county commissioners met pursuant to adjournment. Present: D. A. Waterman, Samuel Premer, and C. B. Gray, county commissioners, C. E. Eldred, county attorney, and E. J. Wilcox, county clerk.

The minutes of previous meeting were read and approved.

Pursuant to law in such cases made and provided, the board on motion, selected the following named persons from which to draw a jury for the November term of the district court:

Alliance precinct, O. V. Ault, Adolphus Heat-Beaver, Tom Boyd, Henry Kittering, Clayton Burgess and Alex. Strain.  
Bondville, Charles Ebert, Joseph Downs, Box Elder, Martin Kennedy, Wm. F. Satchell, Coleman, M. H. Cole.  
Danbury, W. V. Miller and J. C. Ashton.  
Driftwood, George Plimleish.  
East Valley, E. J. DeArmand, Henry J. Hall, Frank Hodgkin and Hiram Walton.  
Fritch, James Barber and Joseph McKiver.  
Gerver, Don L. Thompson.  
Grant, August Wesch.  
Indianola, John Beck, Harry Whitmore, F. M. Emerich, A. J. Rober.  
Lebanon, W. R. Morgan, J. W. Adkins, Lon Weir, J. B. Cummings.  
Missouri Ridge, Harve Springer.  
North Valley, Perry Gintler.  
Perry, Marion Plummer, Ed. Flitercraft.  
Red Willow, James M. Brush, Jacob Randel, Tyrone, E. E. Feichter.  
Valley Grange, R. D. Rodgers, E. J. Baker.  
Willow Grove, E. F. Couse, D. G. Divine, Walter Hickling, Julius Kurnert, James L. Lee, M. S. Modrell, Otto Pate, Tom J. Ruggles, Paul Anton, E. M. Biegelow, C. W. Britt, D. C. Marsh, Geo. Cooley, W. P. Bross, Ed. Jeffries, E. C. McKay, W. B. Mills, Ed. Polk, W. O. Russell, T. A. Wilburn.

The following claims were audited and allowed and on motion clerk was instructed to draw warrants on the county general fund, levy of 1905, in payment thereof as follows:

J. M. Brown, medical services for paupers, 2nd quarter..... \$ 18 75  
R. B. Campbell, same..... 18 75  
C. L. DeGroff & Co., mds. paupers..... 64 24  
E. J. Wilcox, office expense..... 25 60  
D. A. Waterman, commissioner services..... 41 80  
Samuel Premer, same..... 15 40  
C. B. Gray, same..... 15 70

And on the bridge fund levy of 1905 as follows:

Chas. Masters, bridge work..... 2 00  
Thomas Masters, same..... 4 00  
Standard Bridge Co., bridge across Republican river at Perry, claimed \$100.80 allowed at..... 148 80

And on the road fund levy of 1905 as follows:

J. H. Heeson, road work..... 18 00  
Geo. W. Dillon, same..... 10 00

On motion board adjourned sine die.  
D. A. WATERMAN, Chairman.  
Attest: E. J. WILCOX, County Clerk.

## Throat Coughs

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**A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.**  
Itching, Blind, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. Druggists refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure any case, no matter of how long standing, in 6 to 14 days. First application gives ease and rest. 50c. If your druggist hasn't it send 50c in stamps and it will be forwarded postpaid by Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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# The SOWERS

By  
Henry Seton Merriman

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(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

Paul and smiling come very easily. One soon gets accustomed to it." "One has to," she replied, with a little sigh. "Especially if one is a woman, which little mishap comes to some of us, you know. I wonder if you could find me a chair."

She was standing with her back to a small sofa capable of holding three, but calculated to accommodate two. She did not, of course, see it. In fact, she looked everywhere but toward it, raising her perfectly gloved fingers tentatively for his arm.

"I am tired of standing," she added. He turned and indicated the sofa, toward which she immediately advanced. As she sat down he noted vaguely that she was exquisitely dressed, certainly one of the best dressed women in the room.

Mrs. Sydney Bamforth looked up at him with a certain admiration. This man was like a mountain breeze to one who has breathed nothing but the faded air of drawing rooms.

She drew in her train with a pretty curve of her gloved wrist.

"You look as if you did not know what it is to be tired, but perhaps you will sit down. I can make room."

He accepted with alacrity.

"And now," she said, "let me hear where you have been. I have only had time to shake hands with you the last two times that we have met! You said you had been away."

"Yes; I have been to Russia."

Her face was steadily beautiful, composed and ready.

"Ah, how interesting! I have been in Petersburg. I love Russia." While she spoke she was actually looking across the room toward the tall Frenchman, her late companion.

"Do you?" answered Paul eagerly. His face lighted up after the manner of those countenances that belong to men of one idea. "I am very much interested in Russia."

"Do you know Petersburg?" she asked rather hurriedly. "I mean—society there?"

"No. I know one or two people in Moscow."

She nodded, suppressing a quick little sigh which might have been one of relief had her face been less pleasant and smiling.

"Who?" she asked indifferently.

He mentioned several well known Muscovite names, and she broke into a sudden laugh.

"How terrible they sound," she said gayly, "even to me, and I have been to Petersburg. But you speak Russian, Mr. Alexis?"

"Yes," he answered. "And you?"

She shook her head and gave a little sigh.

"I? Oh, no. I am not at all clever, I am afraid."

## CHAPTER IV.

PAUL had been five months in England when he met Mrs. Sydney Bamforth. Since his hurried departure from Tver a win-

ter had come and gone, leaving its mark, as winters do. It was a faint winter. From the snow ridden plains that lie to the north of Moscow Karl Steinmetz had written piteous descriptions of an existence which seemed hardly worth the living. But each letter had terminated with a prayer, remarkably near to a command, that he, Paul Howard Alexis, should remain in England. So Paul stayed in London, where he indulged to the full a sadly mistaken hobby. This man had, as we have seen, that which is called a crank or a loose screw, according to the fancy of the speaker. He had conceived the absurd idea of benefiting his fellow beings and of turning into that mistaken channel the surplus wealth that was his.

But Paul Howard Alexis had the good fortune to be rich out of England, and that roaring lion of modern days, organized charity, passed him by. The only organized charity of which he was cognizant was the great Russian Charity league, betrayed six months earlier to a government which has ever turned its face against education and enlightenment. In this he had taken no active part, but he had given largely of his great wealth. That his name had figured on the list of families sold for a vast sum of money to the authorities of the ministry of the interior seemed all too sure. But he had had no intimation that he was looked upon with small favor. The more active members of the league had been less fortunate, and more than one nobleman had been banished to his estates.

Although the sum actually paid for the papers of the Charity league was known, the recipient of the blood money had never been discovered. It was a large sum, for the government had been quick to recognize the necessity of nipping this movement in the bud. Education is a dangerous matter to deal with, for on the heels of education socialism ever treads. When at last education makes a foothold in Russia that foothold will be on the very step of the autocratic throne. The Charity league had, as Steinmetz put it, the primary object of preparing the peasant for education and thereafter placing education within his reach. Such proceedings were naturally held by those in high places to be only second to nihilism.

All this and more which shall transpire in the course of this narration was known to Paul. In face of the fact that his name was prominently before the Russian ministry of the interior he proceeded all through the winter to ship roadmaking tools, agricultural implements, seeds and food.

Paul had met Mrs. Sydney Bamforth on one or two occasions and had been interested in her. From the first he had come under the influence of her beauty. But she was then a married woman. He met her again toward the end of the terrible winter to which reference has been made and found that a mere acquaintanceship had in the

meantime developed into friendship. He could not have told when and where the great social barrier had been surmounted and left behind. He only knew in an indefinite way that some such change had taken place, as all such changes do, not in intercourse, but in the intervals of absence.

That friendship had rapidly developed into something else Paul became aware early in the season, and, as we have seen from his conversation, Mrs. Sydney Bamforth, innocent and guileless as she was, might with all modesty have divined the state of his feelings had she been less overshadowed by her widow's weeds.

She apparently had no such suspicion, for she asked Paul in all good faith to call the next day and tell her all about Russia—"dear Russia."

"My cousin Maggie," she added, "is staying with me. She is a dear girl. I am sure you will like her."

Paul accepted with alacrity, but reserved to himself the option of hating Mrs. Sydney Bamforth's cousin Maggie merely because that young lady existed and happened to be staying in upper Brook street.

At 5 o'clock the next afternoon he presented himself at the house of mourning and completely filled up its small entrance hall.

He was shown into the drawing room, where he discovered Miss Margaret Delafield in the act of dragging her hat off in front of the mirror over the mantelpiece. He heard a suppressed exclamation of amused horror and found himself shaking hands with Mrs. Sydney Bamforth.

The lady mentioned Paul's name and her cousin's relationship in that casual manner which constitutes an introduction in these degenerate days. Miss Delafield bowed, laughed and moved toward the door. She left the room, and behind her an impression of breeziness and health, of English girlhood and a certain bright cheerfulness which acts as a filter in social muddy waters.

"It is very good of you to come; I was moping," said Mrs. Sydney Bamforth. She was, as a matter of fact, resting before the work of the evening. This lady thoroughly understood the art of being beautiful.

Paul did not answer at once. He was looking at a large photograph which stood in a frame on the mantelpiece, the photograph of a handsome man of twenty-eight or thirty, small featured, fair and shifty looking.

"Who is that?" he asked abruptly.

"Do you not know? My husband."

Paul muttered an apology, but he did not turn away from the photograph.

"Oh, never mind," said Mrs. Sydney Bamforth in reply to his regret that he had stumbled upon a painful subject. "I never—"

She paused.

"No," she went on, "I won't say that."

But so far as conveying what she meant was concerned, she might just as well have uttered the words.

"I do not want a sympathy which is unmerited," she said gravely.

He turned and looked at her, sitting in a graceful attitude, the incarnation of a most refined misfortune. She raised her eyes to his for a moment, a sort of photographic instantaneous shutter, exposing for the hundredth part of a second the sensitive plate of her heart. Then she suppressed a sigh—badly.

"I was married horribly young," she said, "before I knew what I was doing. But even if I had known I do not suppose I should have had the strength of mind to resist my father and mother."

"They forced you into it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Bamforth. And it is possible that a respectable and harmless pair of corpses turned in their respective coffins.

Paul, standing in front of her, looked down thoughtfully at the beautiful upturned face. His hands were clasped behind him, his firm mouth set sternly beneath the great fair mustache. In Russia the men have good eyes—blue, fierce, intelligent. Such eyes had the son of the Princess Alexis. There was something in Etta Bamforth that stirred up within him a quality which men are slowly losing—namely, chivalry. Steinmetz held that this man was quixotic, and what Steinmetz said was usually worth some small attention.

Paul's instinct was to pity this woman for the past that had been hers. His desire was to help her and protect her, to watch over her and fight her battles for her. It was what is called love. But there is no word in any spoken language that covers so wide a field. Every day and all day we call many things love which are not love. The real thing is as rare as genius, but we usually fail to recognize its rarity.

That which Paul Howard Alexis felt at this time for Etta was merely the chivalrous instinct that teaches men their primary duty toward women—namely, to protect and respect them. But out of this instinct grows the better thing—love.

There are some women whose desire it is to be all things to all men in stead of everything to one. This was the stumbling block in the way of Etta Bamforth. It was her instinct to please all at any price, and her obedience to such instinct was often unconscious. She hardly knew perhaps that she was trading upon a sense of chivalry rare in these days, but had she known she could not have traded with a keener comprehension of the commerce.

"I should like to forget the past altogether," she said. "But it is hard for women to get rid of the past. It is rather terrible to feel that one will be associated all one's life with a person for whom no one had any respect. He was not honorable or—"

She paused, for the intuition of some women is marvelous. A slight change of countenance had told her that charity, especially toward the dead, is a commendable quality.

"The world," she went on rather hurriedly, "never makes allowances, does it? He was easily led, I suppose, and people said things of him that were not true. Did you ever hear of him in Russia—of the things they said of him?"

She waited for the answer with suppressed eagerness.

"No; I never hear Russian gossip. I know no one in St. Petersburg and few in Moscow."

She gave a little sigh of relief.

"Then perhaps poor Sydney's delinquencies have been forgotten," she said. "In six months everything is forgotten now. He has only been dead six months, you know. He died in Russia."

All the while she was watching his face. She had moved in a circle where everything is known, where men have faces of iron and nerves of steel to conceal what they know. She could hardly believe that Paul Alexis knew so little as he pretended.

"So I heard a month ago," he said.

In a flash of thought Etta remembered that it was only within the last few weeks that this admirer had betrayed his admiration. Could this be that phenomenon, an honorable man? She looked at him with curiosity, without, it is to be feared, much respect.

"And now," she said cheerfully, "let us change the subject. I have inflicted enough of myself and my affairs upon you for one day. Tell me about yourself. Why were you in Russia last summer?"

"I am half a Russian," he answered. "My mother was Russian, and I have estates there."

Her surprise was a triumph of art.

"Oh! You are not Prince Pavlo Alexis?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I am."

It is to be presumed that Mrs. Sydney Bamforth's memory was short, for it was a matter of common knowledge in the diplomatic circles in which she moved that Mr. Paul Howard Alexis of Piccadilly House, London, and Prince Pavlo Alexis of the province of Tver were one and the same man.

Having, however, fully established this fact from the evidence of his own ears, she conversed very pleasantly and innocently upon matters Russian and English until other visitors arrived and Paul withdrew.

## CHAPTER V.

AMONG the visitors whom Paul left behind him in the little drawing room in Brook street was the Baron Claude de Chauville, baron of Chauville and Chauville le Duc, in the province of Seine-et-Marne, France, attache to the French embassy to the court of St. James; before men a rising diplomatist, before God a scoundrel. This gentleman remained when the other visitors had left, and Miss Maggie Delafield, seeing his intention of prolonging a visit of which she had already had sufficient, made an inadequate excuse and left the room.

Miss Delafield, being a healthy minded young English person of that simplicity which is no simplicity at all, but merely simple heartedness, had her own ideas of what a man should be, and M. de Chauville had the misfortune to fall short of those ideas. He was too epigrammatic for her, and beneath the brilliancy of his epigram she felt at times the presence of something dark and nauseous. Her mental attitude toward him was contemptuous and perfectly polite. With the reputation of possessing a dangerous fascination—one of those reputations which can only emanate from the man himself—M. de Chauville never fascinated nor intimidated Miss Delafield. He therefore disliked her intensely. His vanity was colossal, and when a Frenchman is vain he is childishly so.

M. de Chauville watched the door close behind Miss Delafield with a queer smile. Then he turned suddenly on his heels and faced Mrs. Sydney Bamforth.

"Your cousin," he said, "is a typical English woman—she only conceals her love."

"For you?" inquired Mrs. Sydney Bamforth.

The baron shrugged his shoulders.

"Possibly. One can never tell. She conceals it very well if it exists. However, I am indifferent. The virtue of the violet is its own reward perhaps, for the rose always wins."

Etta smiled, almost relenting. She was never quite safe against her own vanity. Happy the woman who is, and rare.

"I suspect that the violet is innocent of any desire to enter into competition," said Etta.

"Knowing," suggested De Chauville, "that, although the rose is not always to the swift, it is usually so. Please do not stand. It suggests that you are waiting for me to go or for some one else to come."

"Neither."

"Then prove it by taking this chair. Thus, near the fire, for it is quite an English spring. A footstool. Is it permitted to admire your slippers—what there is of them? Now you look comfortable."

He attended to her wants, divined them and perhaps created them, with a perfect grace and much too intimate a knowledge. As a carpet knight he was faultless. And Etta thought of Paul, who could do none of these things or would do none of them—Paul, who never made her feel like a doll.

"Will you not sit down?" she said, indicating a chair, which he did not take. He selected one nearer to her.

"I can think of nothing more desirable."

"Than what?" she asked. Her vanity was like a hungry fish. It rose to everything.

"A chair in this room."

"A modest desire," she said. "Is that really all you want in this world?"

"No," he answered, looking at her. She gave a little laugh and moved rather hurriedly.

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE)