

tunity of leaving that young lady's side and placing himself near enough to Paul and Etta to completely frustrate any further attempts at confidential conversation.

CHAPTER VIII. THE season wore on to its perihelion, a period, the scientific books advise us, of the highest clang and crash of speed and whirl, of the greatest brilliancy and deepest glow of a planet's existence.

Amid the whirl of rout and ball and picnic, race meeting, polo match and what not, Paul Howard Alexis stalked misunderstood, distrusted; an object of ridicule to some, of pity to others, of impatience to all; a man, if it please you, with a purpose—a purpose at the latter end of the nineteenth century, when most of us, having decided that there is no future, take it upon ourselves to despise the present.

Paul soon discovered that he was found out, at no time a pleasant condition of things except indeed when callers are about. That which Eton and Cambridge had failed to lay their fingers upon, every match making mother had found out for herself in a week.

But Paul was at once too simple and too clever for matron and maid alike—too simple because he failed to understand the inner meaning of many pleasant things that the guileless fair one said to him, too clever because he met the subtle matron with the only arm she feared, a perfect honesty. And when at last he obtained his answer from the coy and hesitating Etta there was no gossip in London who could put forward a just cause or impediment.

Etta gave him the answer one evening at the house of a mutual friend,



"Yes, I have my answer ready."

where a multitude of guests had assembled ostensibly to hear certain celebrated singers, apparently to whisper recriminations on their entertainer's champagne. It was a dull business—except indeed for Paul Howard Alexis. As for the lady—the only lady his honest, simple world contained—who shall say? Inwardly she may have been in trembling, coy alarm, in breathless, blushing hesitation. Outwardly she was, however, exceedingly composed and self possessed. She had been as careful as ever of her toilet, as hard to please as—dare we say?—snappish with her maids. The beautiful hair had no one of its aureate threads out of place. The pink of her shell-like cheek was steady, unruined, fair to behold.

Her whole demeanor was admirable in its well bred repose. Did she love him? Was it in her power to love any man? Not the humble chronicler, not any man, perhaps, and but few women, can essay an answer. Suffice it that she accepted him. In exchange for the title he could give her, the position he could assure to her, the wealth he was ready to lavish upon her and, lastly, let us mention, in the effete, old-fashioned way, the love he bore her—in exchange for these she gave him her hand.

Thus Etta Sydney Bamborough was enabled to throw down her cards at last and win the game she had played so skillfully. The widow of an obscure little foreign office clerk, she might have been a baroness, but she put the smaller honor aside and aspired to a prince.

"Yes," says Etta, allowing Paul to take her perfectly gloved hand in his great, steady grasp, "yes, I have my answer ready."

They were alone in the plushy solitude of an inner conservatory, between the songs of the great singers. She was half afraid of this strong man, for he had strange ways with him—not uncouth, but unusual and somewhat surprising in a flinching, emotionless generation.

"And what is it?" whispered Paul eagerly. Ah, what fools men are—what fools they always will be!

Etta gave a little nod, looking shamefacedly down at the pattern of her lace fan.

"Is that it?" he asked breathlessly. The nod was repeated, and Paul Howard Alexis was thereby made the

applest man in England. She half expected him to take her in his arms despite the temporary nature of their solitude. Perhaps she half wished it, for behind her businesslike and exceedingly practical appreciation of his wealth there lurked a very feminine curiosity and interest in his feelings, a curiosity somewhat whetted by the manifold differences that existed between him and the society lovers with whom she had hitherto played the pretty game.

But Paul contented himself with raising the gloved fingers to his lips, restrained by a feeling of respect for her which she would not have understood and probably did not merit.

"But," she said, with a sudden smile, "I take no responsibility. I am not very sure that it will be a success. I can only try to make you happy. Goodness knows if I shall succeed."

"You have only to be yourself to do that," he answered with lover-like promptness and a blindness which is the special privilege of those happy fools.

She gave a strange little smile. "But how do I know that our lives will harmonize in the least? I know nothing of your daily existence—where you live, where you want to live."

"I should like to live mostly in Russia," he answered honestly.

Her expression did not change. It merely fixed itself as one sees the face of a watching cat fix itself when the longed for mouse shows a whisker.

"Ah," she said lightly, confident in her own power, "that will arrange itself later."

"I am glad I am rich," said Paul simply, "because I shall be able to give you all you want. There are many little things that add to a woman's comfort. I shall find them out and see that you have them."

"Are you so very rich, Paul?" she asked, with an innocent wonder. "But I don't think it matters. Do you? I do not think that riches have much to do with happiness."

"No," he answered. "Except, of course," she said, "that one may do good with great riches."

She gave a little sigh as if deploring the misfortune that hitherto her own small means had fallen short of the happy point at which one may begin doing good.

"Are you so very rich, Paul?" she repeated as if she was rather afraid of those riches and mistrusted them.

"Oh, I suppose so! Horribly rich!" She had withdrawn her hand. She gave it to him again, with a pretty movement usually understood to indicate bashfulness.

"It can't be helped," she said. "We"—she dwelt upon the word ever so slightly—"we can perhaps do a little good with it."

Then suddenly he blurted out all his wishes on this point—his quixotic aims, the foolish imaginings of a too chivalrous soul. She listened, prettily eager, sweetly compassionate of the sorrows of the peasantry whom he made the object of his simple pity. Her gray eyes contracted with horror when he told her of the misery with which he was too familiar. Her pretty lips quivered when he told her of little children born only to starve because their mothers were starving. She laid her gloved fingers gently on his when he recounted tales of strong men—good fathers in their simple, barbarous way—who were well content that the children should die rather than be saved to pass a miserable existence, without joy, without hope.

She lifted her eyes with admiration to his face when he told her what he hoped to do, what he dreamed of accomplishing. She even made a few eager, heartfelt suggestions, fitly coming from a woman—touched with a woman's tenderness, lightened by a woman's sympathy and knowledge.

It was in its way a tragedy, the picture we are called to look upon—these newly made lovers, not talking of themselves, as is the time honored habit of such. Surrounded by every luxury, both high born, refined and wealthy, both educated, both intelligent. He, simple minded, earnest, quite absorbed in his happiness, because that happiness seemed to fall in so easily with the busier end, as some might say, the nobler side of his ambition; she, failing to understand his aspirations, thinking only of his wealth.

"But," she said at length, "shall you—we—be allowed to do all this? I thought that such schemes were not encouraged in Russia. It is such a pity to pauperize the people."

"You cannot pauperize a man who has absolutely nothing," replied Paul. "Of course we shall have difficulties, but together I think we shall be able to overcome them."

Etta smiled sympathetically, and the smile finished up, as it were, with a gleam very like amusement. She had been vouchsafed for a moment a vision of herself in some squalid Russian village in a hideous Russian made tweed dress dispensing the necessities of life to a people only little raised above the beasts of the field. The vision made her smile, as well it might. In St. Petersburg life might be tolerable for a little in the height of the season, for a few weeks of the brilliant northern winter, but in no other part of Russia could she dream of dwelling.

They sat and talked of their future as lovers will, knowing as little of it as any of us, building up castles in the air, such edifices as we have all constructed, destined no doubt to the same rapid collapse as some of us have quailed under. Paul, with lamentable honesty, talked almost as much of his stupid peasants as of his beautiful companion, which pleased her not too well. Etta, with a strange persistence, brought the conversation ever back and back to the house in London, the house in St. Petersburg, the great grim castle in the government of Tver and the princely rent roll. And once on the subject of Tver, Paul could scarce be brought to leave it.

"I am going back there," he said at length.

"When?" she asked, with a composure which did infinite credit to her modest reserve. Her love was jealously guarded. It lay too deep to be disturbed by the thought that her lover would leave her soon.

"Tomorrow," was his answer. She did not speak at once. Should she try the extent of her power over him? Never was lover so chivalrous, so respectful, so sincere. If it proved less powerful than she suspected she would at all events be credited with a very natural aversion to parting from him.

"Paul," she said, "you cannot do that. Not so soon. I cannot let you go."

He flushed up to the eyes suddenly, like a girl. There was a little pause, and the color slowly left his face. Somehow that pause frightened Etta.

"I am afraid I must go," he said gravely at length.

"Must—a prince?"

"It is on that account," he replied.

"Then I am to conclude that you are more devoted to your peasants than to me?"

He assured her to the contrary. She tried once again, but nothing could move him from his decision.

It almost seemed as if the abrupt departure of her lover was in some sense a relief to Etta Sydney Bamborough, for while he, lover-like, was grave and earnest during the small remainder of the evening she continued to be sprightly and gay. The last he saw of her was her smiling face at the window as her carriage drove away.

Arrived at the little house in upper Brook street, Maggie and Etta went in to the drawing room, where biscuits and wine were set out. Their maids came and took their cloaks away, leaving them alone.

"Paul and I are engaged," said Etta suddenly. She was picking the withered flowers from her dress and throwing them carelessly on the table.

Maggie was standing with her back to her, with her two hands on the mantelpiece. She was about to turn round when she caught sight of her own face in the mirror, and that which she saw there made her change her intention.

"I am not surprised," she said in an even voice, standing like a statue. "I congratulate you. I think he is nice."

"You also think he is too good for me," said Etta, with a little laugh. There was something in that laugh—a ring of wounded vanity, the wounded vanity of a bad woman who is in the presence of her superior.

"No!" answered Maggie slowly, tracing the veins of the marble across the mantelpiece. "No, no, not that."

Etta looked up at her. It was rather singular that she did not ask what Maggie did think.

CHAPTER IX.

THE village of Osterno, lying, or rather, scrambling, along the banks of the river Oster, is at no time an exhilarating spot. It is a large village, numbering over 900 souls, as the board affixed to its first house testifies in incomprehensible Russian figures.

A "soul," he it known, is a different object in the land of the czars from that vague protoplasm about which our young persons think such mighty thoughts, our old men write such famous big books. A soul is namely a man—in Russia the women have not yet begun to seek their rights and lose their privileges. A man is therefore a "soul" in Russia and as such enjoys the doubtful privilege of contributing to the land tax and to every other tax.

That the Russian peasant is by nature one of the cheeriest, the noisiest and lightest hearted of men is only another proof of the Creator's power, for this dimly lighted "soul" has nothing to cheer him on his forlorn way but the memory of the last indulgence in strong drink and the hope of more to come. He is harassed by a ruthless tax collector; he is shut off from the world by enormous distances over impracticable roads. When the famine comes, and come it assuredly will, the moujik has no alternative but to stay where he is and starve. Since Alexander II. of philanthropic memory made the Russian serf a free man the blessings of freedom have been found to resolve themselves chiefly into a perfect liberty to die of starvation, of cold or of dire disease. When he was a serf this man was of some small value to some one; now he is of no consequence to any one whatever except himself, and, with considerable intelligence, he sets but small store upon his own existence. Freedom, in fact, came to him before he was ready for it, and, hampered as he has been by petty departmental tyranny, government neglect and a natural stupidity, he has made very small progress toward a mental independence. All that he has learned to do is to hate his tyrants. When famine urges him he goes blindly, helplessly, dumbly, and tries to take by force that which is denied by force.

Some day there will be in Russia a Terror, but not yet. Some day the moujik will erect unto himself a rough sort of a guillotine, but not in our day. Perhaps some of us who are young men now may dimly read in our dotage of a great upheaval beside which the Terror of France will be tame and uneventful. Who can tell? When a country begins to grow its mental development is often startlingly rapid. But we have to do with Russia of today and the village of Osterno, in the government of Tver; not a "famine" government, mind you, for these are the Volga provinces—Samara, Pensa, Voronish, Vintka and a dozen others. No. Tver the civilized, the prosperous, the manufacturing center. The street, bounded on either side by low wooden houses, is, singularly enough, well paved; this, the traveler is told, by the tyrant Prince Pavlo, who made the road because he did not like

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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, Oct. 4, 1905.

Receipts of cattle thus far this week are 58,200; last week, 58,800; last year, 48,800. Monday's market was steady to strong for choice corned steers; all other classes steady. Tuesday's trade was strong and active for corn fed steers; grassers steady; cows and heifers steady to ten cents lower; best stockers and feeders steady, others dull. Today corned steers were firm; all other classes steady. The following table gives prices now ruling:

Extra prime corned steers	85.40 to 85.50
Good	82.25 to 82.50
Ordinary	4.25 to 5.00
Choice corned heifers	4.75 to 5.45
Good	4.10 to 4.75
Medium	3.50 to 4.10
Choice corned cows	4.00 to 4.25
Good	3.25 to 3.85
Medium	2.75 to 3.25
Canners	1.50 to 2.25
Choice steers	4.25 to 4.50
Choice fed bulls	3.25 to 3.75
Good	3.00 to 3.25
Bologna bulls	2.00 to 2.25
Veal calves	5.00 to 6.25
Good to choice native or western stockers	3.50 to 4.00
Fair	3.25 to 3.99
Common	2.75 to 3.25
Good to choice heavy native feeders	3.75 to 4.20
Fair	3.50 to 3.75
Good to choice heavy branded horned feeders	3.25 to 3.50
Fair	3.00 to 3.25
Common	2.75 to 3.00
Good to choice stock heifers	3.75 to 4.00
Fair	3.50 to 3.75
Good to choice stock calves, steers	4.00 to 4.25
Fair	3.50 to 4.00
Good to choice stock calves, heifers	3.00 to 3.50
Fair	2.50 to 3.00
Choice wintered grass steers	3.50 to 3.75
Good	3.25 to 3.50
Fair	3.00 to 3.25
Choice grass cows	2.75 to 3.00
Good	2.50 to 2.75
Common	2.00 to 2.50

Receipts of hogs thus far this week are 29,100; last week, 22,700; last year 23,700. Monday's market averaged steady; Tuesday ten to fifteen cents lower and today weak to five cents lower, with bulk of sales from \$5.10 to \$5.20; top \$5.25.

Receipts of sheep thus far this week are 17,500; last week, 34,300; last year, 30,800. Monday's market was steady to strong. Tuesday strong, and today steady to strong. We quote: Choice lambs, \$6.75 to \$7.00; choice yearlings, \$4.75 to \$5.00; choice wethers, \$4.50 to \$4.75; choice ewes, \$4.25 to \$4.50.

Massachusetts' Single Tax Proposal. At the coming session of the Massachusetts legislature a bill will be offered giving to each city and town the privilege of raising money for municipal purposes by such methods as the town or city may deem best. This is the single tax proposal which was defeated in the last bay state legislature.

Dust on Sea. Great quantities of dust collect on the decks of vessels at sea, no matter if they are swept twice or thrice a day. Most of it too is found on sailing vessels. The inference is that the sails act as dust collectors, arresting the particles which drift in the air.

BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES.

Eczema, Skin-cancer, and all painful itching skin diseases treated by the most certain methods. Moles, Birthmarks and facial blemishes removed by electricity. Blood poison in all stages. All private and genito-urinary diseases. Call or add: DR. A. G. LEE, Specialist Skin, Blood and Genito-Urinary Diseases, 1215 O St. West, Lincoln, Nebraska. PRIVATE HOSPITAL.

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