a sacred them by his vitality, the wholesome strength of his nature, his infinite superiority. He avoided the terrible mistake of the nihilists by treating them as children to whom education must be given little by little instead of throwing down before them a mass of dangerous knowledge which their minds, unaccustomed to such strong food, are incapable of digesting.

Paul was a simple minded man. He was not afraid of the Russian government. Indeed, he cultivated a fine contempt for that august body. But he was distinctly afraid of being found out, for that discovery could only mean an incontinent cessation of the good work which rendered his life happy.

The fear of being deprived of this Interest in existence should certainly have been lessened, if not quite allayed, by the fact that a greater interest had been brought into his life in the pleasant form of a prospective wife. When he was in London with Etta Sydney Bamborough he did not, however, forget Osterno. He only longed for the time when he could take Etta freely into his confidence and engage her interest in the object of his ambition-namely, to make the leaven which might in time leaven the whole of the empire.

"I think," he said one morning to Steinmetz, "that I will write and tell Mrs. Sydney Bamborough all about this place."

"I should not do that," replied Steinmetz, with a leisurely promptitude. "Why not?" asked Paul.

"On principle. Never tell a woman that which is not interesting enough to magnify into a secret."

Paul turned over his newspaper. He began reading again, then suddenly

he looked up. "We are engaged to be married," he observed pointedly. "But I am not going to leave off. You need not fear that. Only I shall have to tell my wife. Surely a woman could help us in a thousand ways. There is such a

lot that only a woman understands." "Yes," grunted Steinmetz, "and only the right sort of woman."

Paul looked up sharply. "You must leave that to me," he said. "My very dear friend, I leave every-

thing to you." Paul smiled.

"You don't know Etta," he said half shyly. "She is full of sympathy and pity for these people." Steinmetz bowed gravely

"I have no doubt of it."

be told." "Certainly not. A secret is consider- you." ably strained if it be divided between two people. Stretching it to three will probably break it. You can tell her when you are married. Does she con-

sent to live in Osterno?" "Oh, yes. I think so."

Paul took the square envelope and turned it over, displaying as he did so ner, like a stamp. Then he opened the letter and read it.

"A fresh difficulty," said he, throwing the note across to his companion. Steinmetz looked grave while he unfolded the thick stationery and read:

Dear Paul-I hear you are at Osterno and that the Moscow doctor is in your country. We are in great distress at Thors-cholera, I fear. The fame of your doctor has spread to my people, and they are clamoring for him. Can you bring or send him over? You know your room here is always in readiness. Come soon with the great doctor and also Herr Steinmetz. In doing so you will give more than pleasure to your old friend, CATRINA LANOVITCH.

P. S.-Mother is afraid to go out of doors for fear of infection. She thinks she has a little cold.

Steinmetz folded the letter very carefully, pressing the seam of it reflectively with his stout forefinger and thumb.

"I always think of the lie first," he said. "It's my nature or my misfor-We can easily write and say



"We are starving, excellency." that the Moscow doctor has left. But then by doing that we leave these poor devils to die in their-sties. Ca trina cannot manage them. They are

worse than our people." "Whatever is the best lie to tell," burst in Paul, "as we seem to live in an atmosphere of them. I must go to Thors; that is quite certain."

"And Catrina will find you out at "Why?"

Steinmetz drew in his feet. He leaned forward and knocked his pipe on one of the logs that lay ready to light

in the great fireplace. "Because she loves you," he said shortly. "There is no coming the Mos. on the narrow road was distinctly aucow doctor over her."

Paul laughed rather awkwardly. He was one of the few men-dally growing fewer-who hold that a woman's love is not a thing to be tossed lightly about in conversation.

"Then"- he began, speaking rather quickly, as if afraid that Steinmetz was going to say more. "If," he amended, "you think she will find out, she must not see me, that is all."

Steinmetz reflected again. He was unusually grave over this matter. One would scarcely have taken this stout German for a person of any sentiment whatever. Nevertheless he would have liked Paul to marry Catrina Lanovitch in preference to Etta Sydney Bamborough, merely because he thought that the former loved him, while he felt sure that the latter did not. He keenly suspected that she was marrying Paul for his money, for the position he could give her in the world.

"We must be careful," he said. "We must place clearly before ourselves the risks that we are running before we come to any decision. For you the risk is simply that of unofficial banishment. They can hardly send you to Siberia, because you are half an Englishman and that impertinent country has a habit of getting up and shouting when her sons are interfered with. huge Osterno estate into that lump of But they can easily make Russia impossible for you. They can do you more harm than you think. They can do these poor devils of peasants of yours more harm than we can comfortably contemplate. As for me"-he paused and shrugged his great shoulders-"It means Siberia. Already I am a suspect-a persona non grata."

> "I do not see how we can refuse to help Catrina," said Paul in a voice which Steinmetz seemed to know, for he suddenly gave in.

"As you will," he said. He sat up and, drawing a small table

Paul watched him in silence, When the letter was finished Steinmetz read it aloud:

toward him, took up a pen reflectively.

My Dear Catrina-The Moscow doctor and your obedient servant will be in Thors by 7 o'clock tonight. We propose spending about an hour in the village, if you will kindly advise the starosta to be ready for us. As our time is limited and we are much needed in Osterno, we shall have to deprive ourselves of the pleasure of calling at the castle. The prince sends kind remembrances and proposes riding over to Thors to avail himself of your proffered hospitality in a day or two. With salutations to the countess, your old friend,

KARL STEINMETZ. Steinmetz laughed as he folded the letter. He rose and went to the door. "I will send it off," he said. He

paused on the threshold and looked "And yet you say that she must not back gravely. "Do not forget," he added, "that Catrina Lanovitch loves

CHAPTER XI.

ELOW the windows of a long. low stone house, in its architecture remarkably like a fortifled farm-below these deep em-At this moment the door was opened, brasured windows the river Oster and a servant in bright livery, with mumbled softly. One of the windows powdered wig, slik stockings and a was wide open, and with the voice of countenance which might have been the water a wonderful music rolled of wood, brought in a letter on a silver out to mingle and lose itself in the

hum of the pine woods. A girl was alone in the room. The presence of any one would have sia coronet in black and gold on the cor- lenced something that was throbbing at the back of the chords. Quite suddenly she stopped. She knew how to play the quaint last notes. She knew something that no master had ever

taught her. She swung round on the stool and faced the light. It was afternoon-an autumn afternoon in Russia-and the pink light made the very best of a face which was not beautiful at all, never could be beautiful-a face about which even the owner, a woman, could have no possible illusion. It was broad and powerful, with eyes too far apart, forehead too broad and low, jaw too heavy, mouth too determined. The eyes were almond shaped and slightly sloping downward and inward-deep, passionate blue eyes set in a Mongolian head.

The girl was evidently listening. She glanced at a little golden clock on the mantelpiece and then at the open window. She rose-she was short and somewhat broadly built-and went to

the window. "He will be back," she said to her-

self, "in a few minutes now." She raised her hand to her forehead and pressed back her hair with a little movement of impatience, expressive, perhaps, of a great suspense. She stood idly drumming on the window sill for a few moments; then, with a quick, little sigh, she went back to the piano. As she moved she gave a jerk of the head from time to time, as schoolgirls who have too much hair are wont to do. The reason of this nervous movement was a wondrous plait of gold reaching far below her waist. Catrina Lanovitch almost worshiped her own hair. She knew without any doubt that not one woman in ten thousand could rival her in this feminine glory-knew it as indubitably as she knew that she was plain. All her femininity seemed to be concentrated, all her vanity centered, on her hair. It was her one pride, perhaps her one hope. Women have been loved for their voices. Catrina's voice was musical enough, but it was deep and strong. It was passionate, tender if she wished, fascinating, but it was not lovable. If the voice may win love,

why not the hair? Catrina despised all men but one. That one she worshiped. She lived night and day with one great desire, beside which heaven and hell were mere words. Neither the hope of the one nor the fear of the other in any way touched or affected her desire. She wanted to make Paul Alexis love her, and, womanlike, she clung to the one womanly charm that was hers, the

wonderful golden hair. Suddenly she stopped playing and leaped to her feet. She did not go to the window, but stood listening beside the piano. The beat of a horse's hoofs

fible, hollow and sodden as is the sound of a wooden road. It came nearer and nearer, and a certain unsteadi-Less indicated that the horse was tired. "I thought he might have come," she

When the servant came into the room a few minutes later Catrina was

at the plano. "A letter, mademoiselle," said the

"Lay it on the table," answered Catrina without looking round. She was playing the closing bars of a nocturne. She rose slowly, turned and seized the letter as a starving man seizes food. There was something almost

"Steinmetz!" she exclaimed, reading the address. "Steinmetz! Oh, why won't he write to me?"

wolf-like in her eyes.

She tore open the letter, read it and stood holding it in her hand, looking steady. The close was easy. Cows out over the trackless pine woods with absorbed, speculative eyes. The sun had just set. The farthest ridge of pine trees stood out like the teeth of a saw in black relief on the rosy sky. Catrina Lanovitch watched the rosiness fade into pearly gray.

Thors lay groaning under the scourge of cholera, and the Countess Lanovitch shut herself within her stone walls, shivering with fear, begging her daughter to return to St. Petersburg.

It was nearly dark when Karl Steinmetz and the Moscow doctor rode into the little village, to find the starosta, a simple Russian farmer, awaiting them. Steinmetz knew the man and immediately took command of the situation with that unquestioned sense of authority which in Russia places the barin on much the same footing as that taken by the Anglo-Indian in an eastern empire.

"Now, starosta," he said, "we have only an hour to spend in Thors. This is the Moscow doctor. If you listen to what he tells you, you will soon have no sickness in the village. The worst houses first-and quickly. You need not be afraid, but if you do not care to come in you may stay outside."

As they walked down the straggling village street the Moscow doctor told the starosta in no measured terms, as and neglect were at the base of all the

The starosta prudently remained outside the first house to which he introduced the visitors. Paul went fearlessly in, while Steinmetz stood in the doorway, holding open the door.

ed a flickering light approaching him. The light was evidently that of an ordinary hand lantern, and from the swinging motion it was easy to divine that it was being carried by some one who was walking quickly.

"Who is this?" asked Steinmetz. "It is likely to be the Countess Ca-

trina, excellency." "Does she visit the cottages?" asked

Steinmetz sharply. "She does, God be with her! She has no fear. She is an angel. Without her

we should all be dead." "She won't visit this if I can help it," muttered Steinmetz.

The light flickered along the road toward them. In the course of a few toward them. In the course of a few minutes it fell on the stricken cottage. Alcopathy, Homeopathy on the starosta standing in the road. on Steinmetz in the doorway.

"Herr Steinmetz, is that you?" asked a voice deep and musical in the dark-

"At your command," answered Stein-

metz, without moving. Catrina came up to him. She was and wore no gloves. She brought with her a clean aromatic odor of disinfectants. She carried the lantern her self, while behind her walked a manservant in livery, with a large basket in either hand.

"It is good of you," she said, "to come to us in our need, also to persuade the good doctor to come with you. May I go in?"

She looked up at him, expecting him She looked up at him, expecting him diseases of a curable nature. Early consumpto step aside and allow her to pass into the cottage, but Steinmetz stood quite the cottage, but Steinmetz stood quite bowel troubles, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, still, looking down at her with his Bright's disease, kidney, dizziness, nervousness, pleasant smile. He did not move.

Bright's disease, kidney, dizziness, nervousness, indigestion, obesity, interrupted nutrition, slow growth in children, and all wasting diseas-

rosa. He prefers to be alone."

Catrina tried to look into the cottage, but Karl Steinmetz, as we know, was fat and filled up the whole door-

There was a little pause. From the interior of the cottage came the murmured gratitude of the peasants, broken at times by a wail of agony-the wail of a man. It is not a pleasant sound to hear. Catrina heard it, and it twisted her plain, strong face in a sudden spasm of sympathy.

Again she made an impatient little "Let me go in," she urged. "I may

be able to help." At this moment Steinmetz was pushed aside from within, and 2 bulking young man staggered out into the

road, propelled from behind with considerable vigor. After him came shower of clothes and bedding. "Pah!" exclaimed Steinmetz -pluttering. "Himmel! What filth! Be care

ful, Catrina!" But Catrina had slipped past him. In an instant he had caught her by the

"Come back!" he cried. "You must not go in there."

me out," she returned, wriggling in his strong grasp. "I will-I will!" With a twist she wrenched herself

Almost immediately she gave a mocking laugh. "Paul!" she said. For a moment it a was silence in the hovel, broken only by the wall of

Catrina faced each other, she white (CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT ISSUE)

LIVE STOCK MARKETS AT KANSAS CITY

whispered, and she sat down breath- THE WEEK'S TRADE REPORTED BY CLAY, ROBINSON & COMPANY, LIVE STOCK COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

> CFFICES AT CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY, OMAHA SIOUX CITY, ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER

Kansas City, Oct. 11, 1905.

Receipts of cattle Monday were 25,000 and the market quite active with generally steady rates prevailing. Receipts Tuesday were 17,000 and the market active and steady. Receipts today were 18,000. For beef steers the market was uneven but the desirable kinds were strong to 10c higher; medium grades were steady and active; calves steady to strong; bulls unchanged. For best stockers and feeders prices were firm to 10c higher; others steady. The following table gives prices now ruling: Extra prime cornfed steers...... \$5 45 to \$5 85

2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2
Good 5 25 to 5 50
Ordinary 4 25 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 00 to 4 25
Good 3 25 to 3 85
Medium
Canners
Choice stags
Choice fed bulls 3 25 to 3 75
Good 3 00 to 3 25
Bologna bulls 2 00 to 2 50
Veal calves 5 00 to 6 00
Good to choice native or western
stockers 3 50 to 4 00
Fair 3 25 to 3 60
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
Good to choice stock heifers 2 75 to 3 00
Fair
Good to choice stock calves, steers. 4 00 to 4 25
Fair
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
Common
Receipts of hogs Monday were 6,500;

and prices 5 to 10c lower; receipts Tueswas his wont, wherein lay the heart of day were 10,000 and the market opened the sickness. Here, as in Osterno, dirt | 5c lower but closed firmer, receipts today were 9,200 and trading brisk at 5c to 10c advance. Bulk of sales were firm from \$5.10 to 5.20; top 5.221/2.

Receipts of sheep Monday were 7,000 and prices steady to 10c higher. Receipts Tuesday were 12,000 and the mar-As he was standing there he perceiv- ket steady tostrong. Receipts today were 12,600 and the market firm. We quote: J. Menard to J. W. Proctor wd to nw choice lambs, \$6.75 to 7.00; choice yearlings, \$4.85 to 5.10; choice wethers \$4.75 to 5.00: choice ewes \$4.25 to 4.50.

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children and all chronic, nervous and surgical "I think not. This Moscow man is es in adults, deformities, club-feet, curvature eccentric. He likes to do good sub of the spine, diseases of the brain, paralysis, epilepsy, heart disease, dropsy, swelling of the limbs, stricture, open sores, pain in the bones, granular enlargements and all long standing liseases properly treated.



BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES

Pimples, blotches, eruptions, liver spots, fallng of the hair, bad complexion, eczema. throat dicers, bone pains, bladder troubles, weak back, burning urine, passing urine too often. The effects of constitutional sickness or the taking of too much injurious medicine receives search ing treatment, prompt relief and a cure for life Diseases of women, irregular menstruation, falling of the womb, bearing down pains, fe-She was just over the threshold.

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vice, one dollar to those interested. the dying man in the corner. Paul and DR. ORA CALDWELL & CO. Omaha, Nebraska Chicago, Illinois Address all letters to 105 Bee Building, Omaha | morrow."

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Real Estate Filings.

The following real estate filings have to KansasCity, St. Louis, Savannah, Ga., been made in the county clerk's office Ft. Worth, Texas, Bristol, Tenn., Milsince last Thursday evening:

J. K. P. Frye to S. C. Dragoo wd to sw gr20-2-27..... Loretta Betz to G. Howells wd to s hf ne qr 19-4-30..... U. S. to S. J. Stockton pat to sw qr 26-

3-28..... U. S. to H. E. Baker pat to nw qr 35-3-

U.S. to Nancy M. Hall pat to shf ne qr s hf nw qr 26-3-28..... U.S. to E.C. Popejoy pat to s hf ne qre hf se qr 18-4-20... W. J. Tabor to Maggie Redding wd to lot 33, blk 34, 1st South McCook

J. N. Clarke, Rec. to W. Hickling rec.

deed to n hf se qr w hf nw qr 22-3-29 1,000 00

L. L. Co. to C. C. Bodwell wd to lots 1 and 2, blk 4, Lebanon.... T. J. Bowman to M. L. Scarrow wd to w hf sw or se or sw or se or 23-12-26. 1.600 00 M. H. Cole to P. D. Fisher wd to sw

35-4-30.... Bank of Bartley to R. Y. Axteli wd to lots 17 and 18, blk 60, Bartley.....

H. Pool to L. B. McMahon wd to ne qr 10-2-26..... M. A. Northrup to W. H. Pate wd to ne gr 20-4-29..... J. N. Brown to J. L. McCafferty wd to

nw qr 9-4-27..... U. S. to Sarah Nettleton pat to ne gr U. S. to E. Newman pat to whf se qr

e hf sw qr 7-2-28..... U. S. to E. Newman pat to e hf se qr 7 and s hf sw qr 8-2-28..... S. G. Bastian to Agness Fields lot 23,

blk 6 Danbury.... G. B. Smith to B. Spaulding wd to se qr se qr pt sw qr se qr 24-3-28..... J. A. McMains to C. D. Noble wd to lot 9, blk 12 1st McCook J. W. Jones to School District 61 pt sw qr se qr 6-2-30.....

A. H. McElroy to A. Brooks wd to e hf se qr 21-4-26.... U. S. to S. Bovey pat to sw qr nw qr lots 2, 3, and 4, 2-4-26..... U. S. to J. Madson pat to sw qr sw qr 26, s hf nw qr nw qr nw qr 35-4-26..... U. S. to W. F. Brimley, pat and cert

800 00

600 00

400 00

to aw qr 34-1-26... U. S. to J. H. Knutson pat to e hf ne qre hf se qr 21-4-26.... W. L. Irvine to W. J. Irvine wd to se qrs hf ne qr27-3-26..... 3,000 00

Florence Moore to J. V. Logan wd to pt se qr nw sw qr nw qr nw qr ne qr H. C. Shouse to J. J. Sams wd to lots 2 and 3, blk 15, lot 11, blk 6 Indianola

J. F. Cordeal to J. R. Rowland wd to ne qr 5-1-29..... J. W. Clarke to S. T. Williams wd to lots 3 and 4, 1-1-30 ... Louisa P. Ambler Ex. to J.F. Cordeal ex d to ne qr 5-1-29.

Carrie Farlin to J. F. McLaughlin agt to se qr 11-2-26..... S. N. Wilson to Ella N. Brown wd to lot 2, blk 19 McCook R. S. Holcomb to W. H. Thompson agt to whfnw qr5e hf ne qr 6-4-28 S. E. Emery to H. Gaudereault agt to pt 20 and pt 29-3-30.....

9,000:00 United States to A. G. Decker pat to D. J. McKillip to P. E. McKillip wd 2,800 00 to pt 33-34, 4-26 and pt 3-3-26...

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