

(CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE)

And if she had said it to him he would have contradicted her flatly and honestly, and in vain.

"Yes," the countess was saying with lazy volubility. "Paul is one of our oldest friends. We are neighbors in the country, you know. He has always been in and out of our house like one of the family. My poor husband was very fond of him."

"Is your husband dead, then?" asked Etta in a low voice, with a strange haste.

"No; he is only in Siberia. You have perhaps heard of his misfortune—Count Stepan Lanovitch."

Etta nodded her head with the deepest sympathy.

"I feel for you, countess," she said. "And yet you are so brave—and made-moiselle," she said, turning to Catrina. "I hope we shall see more of each other in Tver."

Catrina bowed jerkily and made no reply. Etta glanced at her sharply. Perhaps she saw more than Catrina knew.

"I suppose," she said to the countess, with that inclusive manner which spreads the conversation out, "that Paul and Mile. de Lanovitch were playmates?"

The reply lay with either of the ladies, but Catrina turned away.

"Yes," answered the countess, "but Catrina is only twenty-four, ten years younger than Paul."

"Indeed!" with a faint, cutting surprise.

While the party assembled were thus exchanging social amenities a past master in such commerce joined them in the person of Claude de Chauville.

He smiled his mechanical, heartless smile upon them all, but when he bowed over Etta's hand his face was grave. He expressed no surprise at seeing Paul and Etta, though his manner betokened that emotion. There was no sign of this meeting having been a pre-arranged matter, brought about by himself through the easy and innocent instrumentality of the countess.

"And you are going to Tver, no doubt?" he said almost at once to Etta.

"Yes," answered that lady, with a momentary hunted look in her eyes. It is strange how an obscure geographical name may force its way into our lives, never to be forgotten. It seemed to Etta that "Tver" was written large wheresoever she turned.

"The prince," continued De Chauville, turning to Paul, "is a great sportsman, I am told—a mighty hunter."

Paul smiled. "We have a few bears left," he said.

"You are fortunate," protested De Chauville. "I shot one when I was younger. I was immensely afraid, and so was the bear. I have a great desire to try again."

Etta glanced at Paul, who returned De Chauville's bland gaze with all the imperturbability of a prince.

The countess' cackling voice broke in at this juncture, as perhaps De Chauville had intended it to do.

"Then why not come and shoot ours?" she said. "We have quite a number of them in the forests at Thors."

"Ah, Mme. la Comtesse," he answered, with outspread, deprecatory hands, "but that would be taking too great an advantage of your hospitality and your well known kindness."

He turned to Catrina, who received him with a half concealed frown. The countess bridled and looked at her daughter with obvious maternal meaning, as one who was saying, "There—you bungled your prince, but I have procured you a baron."

"The abuse of hospitality is the last refuge of the needy," continued De Chauville oracularly. "But my temptation is strong. Shall I yield to it, mademoiselle?"

Catrina smiled unwillingly.

"I would rather leave it to your own conscience," she said. "But I fail to see the danger you anticipate."

"Then I accept, madame," said De Chauville, with the engaging frankness which ever had a false ring in it. Claude de Chauville had unscrupulously made use of feminine vanity with all the skill that was his. A little glance toward Etta as he accepted the invitation conveyed to her the fact that she was the object of his clever little plot, that it was in order to be near her that he had forced the Countess Lanovitch to invite him to Thors, and Etta, with all her shrewdness, was promptly hoodwinked. De Chauville saw by a little flicker of the eyelids that he had not missed his mark. He had hit Etta where his knowledge of her told him she was unusually vulnerable. He had made one ally. The countess he looked upon with a wise contempt. She was easier game than Etta. Catrina he understood well enough. Her rugged simplicity had betrayed her secret to him before he had been five minutes in the room. Paul he despised as a man lacking finesse and esprit.

Claude de Chauville was one of those men—alas, too many—who owe their success in life almost entirely to some feminine influence or another. Whenever he came into direct opposition to men it was his instinct to retire from the field. Behind Paul's back he despised him; before his face he cringed.

"Then perhaps," he said when the princess was engaged in the usual farewells with the countess and Paul was moving toward the door—"then perhaps, prince, we may meet again before the spring if the countess intends her invitation to be taken seriously."

"Yes," answered Paul; "I often shoot at Thors."

"If you do not happen to come over, perhaps I may be allowed to call and pay my respects. Or is the distance too great?"

"You can do it in an hour and a half with a quick horse if the snow is good," answered Paul.

"Then I may make it au revoir?" in-

quired De Chauville, holding out a frank hand.

"Au revoir," said Paul, "if you wish it."

And he turned to say goodbye to Catrina.

As De Chauville had arrived later than the other visitors, it was quite natural that he should remain after they had left, and it may be safely presumed that he took good care to pin the Countess Lanovitch down to her rash invitation.

"Why is that man coming to Tver?" said Paul rather gruffly when Etta and he were settled beneath the furs of the sleigh. "We do not want him there."

"I expect," replied Etta rather petulantly, "that we shall be so horribly dull that even M. de Chauville will be a welcome alleviation."

CHAPTER XX.

MAGGIE was alone in the great drawing room of the house at the end of the English quay—alone and grave. Whatever this girl's joys or sorrows may have been, she succeeded as well as any in concealing both.

She was alone when Paul came into the room. It was a large room, with more than one fireplace. Maggie was reading, and she did not look round. Paul stopped, warming himself by the fire nearest to the door. He was the sort of man to come into a room without any remark.

Maggie looked up for a moment, glancing at the wood fire. She seemed to know for certain that it was Paul.

"Have you been out?" she asked.

"Yes—calling."

He came toward her, standing beside her with his hands clasped behind his back, looking into the fire.

"Socially," he said, with a quiet humor, "I am not a success."

"Perhaps you do not try," she suggested practically.

"Oh, yes, I do. I try in several languages. I have no small talk."

"You see," she said gravely, "you are a large man."

"Does that make any difference?" he asked simply.

She turned and looked at him as he towered by her side—looked at him with a queer smile.

"Yes," she answered, "I think so."

For some moments they remained thus without speaking—in a peaceful silence.

When she spoke it was with a quiet voice, as one having plenty of time and leisure.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

"To the Lanovitches, where we met the Baron de Chauville."

"Ah!"

"Why, ah?"

"Because I dislike the Baron de Chauville," answered Maggie in her decisive way.

"I am glad that, because I hate him!" said Paul. "Have you any reason for your dislike?"

"He has the same effect upon me as snails," she explained airily.

Then, as if to save her conscience, she gave the reason, but disguised, so that he did not recognize it.

"I have seen more of M. de Chauville than you have," she said gravely. "He is one of those men of whom women do see more. When men are present he loses confidence, like a cur when a thoroughbred terrier is about. He dislikes you. I should take care to give M. de Chauville a wide berth if I were you, Paul."

She had risen, after glancing at the clock. She turned down the page of her book and, looking up suddenly, met his eyes for a moment only.

"We are not likely to drop into a close friendship," said Paul. "But—he is coming to Thors, twenty miles from Osterno."

There was a momentary look of anxiety in the girl's eyes, which she turned away to hide.

"I am sorry for that," she said. "Does Herr Steinmetz know it?"

"Not yet."

Maggie paused for a moment. She was tracing with the tip of her finger a pattern stamped on the binding of the book. It would seem that she had something more to say. Then suddenly she went away without saying it.

In the meantime Claude de Chauville had gently led the Countess Lanovitch to invite him to stay to dinner. He accepted the invitation with becoming reluctance and returned to the Hotel de Berlin, where he was staying, in order to dress. He was fully alive to the expediency of striking while the iron is hot, more especially where women are concerned. Moreover, his knowledge of the countess led him to fear that she would soon tire of his society. This lady had a lamentable facility for getting to the bottom of her friends' powers of entertainment within a few days. It was De Chauville's intention to make secure his invitation to Thors and then to absent himself from the countess.

After dinner the guest asked Mile. Catrina to play. He opened the grand piano in the inner drawing room with such gallantry and effusion that the sanguine countess, postprandially somnolent in her luxurious chair, began rehearsing different modes of mentioning her son-in-law, the baron.

"Yes," she muttered to herself, "and Catrina is plain—terribly plain."

Thereupon she fell asleep.

De Chauville had a good memory and was, moreover, a good and capable liar. So Catrina did not find out that he knew nothing whatever of music. He watched the plain face as the music rose and fell, himself impervious to its transcendent tones. With practiced cunning he waited until Catrina was almost intoxicated with music, an intoxication to which all great musicians are liable.

"Ah," he said, "I envy you your power. With music like that one can almost imagine that life is what one would wish it to be."

She did not answer, but she wandered off into another air, a slumber song.

"The Schlummerlied," said De Chauville softly. "It almost has the power to send a sorrow to sleep."

This time she answered him, possibly because he had not looked at her.

"Such never sleep," she said. "Do you know that, too?" he asked, not in a tone that wanted reply.

She made no answer.

"I am sorry," he went on. "For me it is different. I am a man. I have man's work to do. I can occupy myself with ambition. At all events, I have a man's privilege of nursing revenge."

He saw her eyes light up, her breast heave with a sudden sigh. Something like a smile wavered for a moment beneath his waxed mustache.

Catrina's fingers, supple and strong, struck in great chords the air of a gloomy march from the half forgotten muse of some monastic composer.

"A man's privilege!" he repeated musingly.

"Need it be such?" she asked.

For the first time his eyes met hers.

"Not necessarily," he answered. And her eyes dropped before his narrow gaze.

De Chauville did not speak again for some minutes. He sat back in his chair, leaning his forehead on his hand while he peeped through his slim fingers. He could almost read the girl's thoughts as she put them into music.

"She does not hate him yet," he was reflecting. "But she needs only to see him with Etta a few times, and she will come to it."

Catrina was an easy tool in the hands of such as Claude de Chauville, for he had dealt with women and that which is evil in women all his life, and the only mistakes he ever made were those characteristic errors of omission attaching to a persistent ignorance of the innate good in human nature.

Absorbed as she was in her great grief, Catrina was in no mood to seek for motives, to split a moral straw. She only knew that this man seemed to understand her as no one had ever understood her.

The moment had been propitious, and Claude de Chauville, with true Gallic insight, had seized it. Her heart was sore and lonely, almost breaking, and she was without the worldly wisdom which tells us that such hearts must at all costs be hidden from the world.

In the solitude of her life Catrina Lanovitch had conceived a great love, a passion, such as a few only are capable of attaining, be it for weal or woe. She had seen this love ignored, walked underfoot, by its object with a grave deliberation which took her breath away when she thought of it. It was all in all to her; to him it was nothing. Her philosophy was simple. She could not sit still and endure. At this time it seemed unbearable. She must turn and rend some one, she did not know whom, but some one must suffer. It was in this that Claude de Chauville proposed to assist her.

"It is preposterous that people should make others suffer and go unpunished," he said, intent on his noble purpose.

Catrina's eyelids flickered, but she made no answer.

"The arrogance of those who have all that they desire is insupportable," the Frenchman went on in his favorite, noncommittal, epigrammatic way.

Catrina—a second Eve—glanced at him, and her silence gave him permission to go on.

"I would be pitiless to all such men," said De Chauville. "They deserve no pity, for they have shown none. The man who deceives a woman is worthy of—"

He never finished the sentence. Her deep, passionate eyes met his. Her hands came down with one final crash on the chords. She rose and crossed the room.

"Mother," she said, "shall I ring for tea?"

When the countess awoke, De Chauville was turning over some sheets of music at the piano.

CHAPTER XXI.

A TEARING, howling wind from the north—from the boundless snow clad plains of Russia that lie between the Neva and the Yellow sea; a gray sky washed over as with a huge brush dipped in dirty whitening, and the plains of Tver a spotless, dazzling level of snow.

The snow was falling softly and steadily, falling in little more than fine powder, with a temperature 40 degrees below freezing point.

Across the plain of Tver, before the north wind, a single sleigh was tearing as fast as horse could lay hoof to ground, and the track of it was as a line drawn from point to point across a map.

A striking feature of the winter of northern Russia is the glorious uncertainty of its snowfalls. At Tver the weatherwise had said:

"The snow has not all fallen yet. More is coming. It is yellow in the sky, although March is nearly gone."

The landlord of the hotel (a good enough resting place facing the broad Volga) had urged upon M. le Prince the advisability of waiting, as is the way of landlords all the world over. But Etta had shown a strange restlessness, a petulant desire to hurry forward at all risks. She hated Tver, the hotel was uncomfortable, and there was an unhealthy smell about the place.

The night express from St. Petersburg had deposited them on the platform in the early morning. Steinmetz had preceded them. Closed sleighs from Osterno were awaiting them. A luxurious breakfast was prepared at the hotel. Relays of horses were posted along the road. The journey to Osterno had been carefully planned and arranged by Steinmetz, a king among organizers. The sleigh drive across the steppe was to be accomplished in ten hours.

The snow had begun to fall as they clattered across the floating bridge of

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, Nov. 1, 1905.

Receipts of cattle thus far this week are 46,000; last week, 61,200; last year, 47,400. Monday's trade for beef steers was slow but mostly steady. Cows were strong to 10c higher and stockers and feeders steady to slow. Tuesday's market for beef steers was steady to 10c higher, closing weak. Cows and heifers were generally 10c higher while stockers and feeders sold actively at firm rates. For beef steers trade was slow but prices barely steady. Cows and heifers were unchanged, bulls were slow, veals firm for light weights; others weak. Stockers and feeders did not move as briskly as the day before but values held unchanged. The following table gives prices now ruling:

Extra prime cornfed steers.....	\$5 45 to \$5 75
Good.....	5 00 to 5 50
Ordinary.....	4 00 to 5 00
Choice cornfed heifers.....	4 75 to 5 25
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 75
Medium.....	2 75 to 3 25
Canners.....	1 50 to 2 25
Choice stags.....	4 00 to 4 50
Choice fed bulls.....	3 25 to 3 75
Good.....	3 00 to 3 25
Veal calves.....	2 00 to 2 50
Good to choice native or western stockers.....	3 50 to 3 85
Fair.....	3 25 to 3 50
Common.....	2 75 to 3 25
Good to choice heavy native feeders.....	3 85 to 4 25
Fair.....	3 50 to 3 75
Good to choice heavy leavy branded horned feeders.....	3 25 to 3 00
Fair.....	3 00 to 3 25
Common.....	2 75 to 3 00
Good to choice stock heifers.....	2 75 to 3 00
Fair.....	2 25 to 2 75
Good to choice stock calves.....	4 00 to 4 25
Fair.....	3 50 to 4 00
Good to choice stock heifers.....	3 00 to 3 50
Fair.....	2 50 to 3 00
Choice wintered grass.....	3 50 to 4 25
Good.....	3 25 to 3 50
Fair.....	3 00 to 3 25
Choice grass cows.....	3 75 to 4 00
Good.....	3 50 to 3 75
Common.....	2 00 to 2 50

Receipts of hogs thus far this week, 33,300; last week, 35,300; last year, 33,800. Monday's market was 5c higher, closing dull; Tuesday 5c lower, and today 10c lower with bulk of sales from \$4.85 to \$4.90; top 5.00.

Receipts of sheep thus far this week are 14,400; last week, 6700; last year, 20,000. Monday's market was steady. On Tuesday lambs were steady and sheep strong to 10c higher. Prices today were weak to 10c lower on sheep lambs 10 to 15c lower. We quote: choice lambs, \$7.35 to 7.50; choice yearlings, \$5.75 to 6.00; choice wethers, \$5.50 to 5.75; choice ewes, \$5.00 to 5.25.

Read the TRIBUNE clipping list elsewhere in this issue, and save money.

To Samuel L. Troth: You are hereby notified that the undersigned, on the 28th day of January, 1904, purchased at private tax sale, from the county treasurer of Red Willow county, Nebraska, for the taxes duly levied and assessed thereon for the years 1894 to 1902, inclusive, lot six, in block 12, in West McCook, in Red Willow county, Nebraska; that said lot was assessed for the purpose of taxation for the years 1894 to 1905, inclusive in the name of Samuel L. Troth, and that title to said lot appears of record in the said Samuel L. Troth; that the undersigned will, after the expiration of three months from date of service of this notice, apply to the county treasurer of said county for a deed to said premises.—10-27-31.

WILLIAM KNAPE.

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SCOTT'S EMULSION

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