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(CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE)

When Paul came into the room a few minutes later Steinmetz was you than he." standing by the fire. He turned and looked gravely at the prince. "I have just kicked De Chauxville

out of the house," he said. The color left Paul's face quite sud-

"Why?" he asked, with hard eyes. He had begun to distrust Etta, and there is nothing so hard to stop as the growth of distrust.

Steinmetz did not answer at once. "Was it not my privilege?" asked Paul, with a grim smile. There are some smiles more terrible than any frown.

"No," answered Steinmetz, "I think not. It is not as bad as that. But it is bad enough, it is bad enough. I horsewhipped him first for myself. How pleasant that was! And then I kicked him out for you."

"Why?" repeated Paul, with a white

"It is a long story," answered Steinmetz without looking at him. "He knows too much."

Paul walked away to the window. He stood looking out, his hands thrust into the side pockets of his jacket, his broad back turned uncompromisingly upon his companion.

"Tell me the story," he said. "You need not hurry over it. You need not trouble to-spare me. Only let it be quite complete-once for all."

Steinmetz winced. He knew the expression of the face that was looking out of the window.

"This man has hated me all his life," he said. "It began, as such things usuungentle touch. They ally do between men, about a woman. It was years ago. I got the better of him, and the good God got the better of me. She died, and De Chauxville forgot her. I-have not forgotten her, but I have tried to do so. It is a slow process, and I have made very little progress, but all that is my affair and beside the question. I merely mention it to show you that De Chauxville had a grudge against me"-

> "This is no time for mistaken charity," interrupted Paul. "Do not try to screen anybody. I shall see through

There was a little pause. Never had that silent room been so noiseless.

Such matters are usually known to two urge. persons only, and imperfectly by them. It would appear that the wound to his vanity was serious. It developed into a thirst for revenge. He looked about for some means to do you harm. He communicated with your enemies and allied himself to such men as Vassili of Paris. He followed us to Petersburg, and then he had a stroke of good fortune. He found out who betrayed the Charity league."

Paul turned slowly round. In his eyes there burned a dull, hungering

"Ah! He knows that!" he said slowly. "Yes, God help us, he knows that!"

"And who was it?" Steinmetz moved uneasily from one foot to the other.

"A woman-you know," said Steinmetz slowly.

"Good God! Catrina?" "No, not Catrina."

"Then who?" cried Paul hoarsely. His hands fell heavily on the table.

"Your wife!" Paul knew before the words were spoken.

He turned again and stood looking out of the window, with his hands thrust into his pockets.

Steinmetz watched Paul's motionless back with a sort of fascination. He moved uneasily, as if to break a spell of silence almost unbearable in its intensity. He went to the table and sat down. From mere habit he took up a quill pen. He looked at the point of it and at the inkstand. But he had nothing to write. There was nothing to say.

He laid the pen aside and sat leaning his broad head upon the palm of his hand, his two elbows on the table. Paul never moved. Steinmetz waited.

At length Paul moved. He turned and, coming toward the table, laid his hand on Steinmetz's broad shoulder.

"Are you sure of it?" he asked in a

vitch-from the princess herself." Then Paul withdrew his hand and No, she wanted nothing more.

walked slowly to the window. "Tell me," he said, "how she did it." Stelnmetz was playing with the quill was coming.

waiting for them. She took them on to soft lace seemed to choke her. Paris and sold them to Vassili. Bam- Then Paul knocked at the door. It borough began his journey eastward, was coming. She opened her lips, but knowing presumably that he could not at first could make no sound. escape by the western frontier, but lost his way on the steppe. You remember | hoarsely. the man whom we picked up between here and Tver with his face all cut to her. She wondered whether she was pleces? He had been dragged by the in love with her husband. She had stirrup. That was Sydney Bamborough. The good God had hit back wondering it when he came in. He

quickly." "How long have you known this?" asked Paul, in a queer voice.

"I saw it suddenly in the princess' face one day in Petersburg-a sort of gone to bed. revelation. I read it there, and she saw me reading. I should have liked to brush and ran toward him with a great keep it from you, for your sake as well rustle of her flowing silks. as for hers. This might have been one

stantly, "and will he come to me here." | 0. them. But De Chauxville found it out, and it is better that I should tell

"Of course," said Paul, after a long pause, "I have been a great fool. I know that. But"-

He turned and looked at Steinmetz with haggard eyes.

"But I would rather go on being a fool than suspect any one of a deception like this."

Paul walked slowly to the chair he usually occupied opposite to Steinmetz at the writing table. He walked and sat down as if he had traveled a long "What is to be done?" asked Stein-

"I do not know. I do not think that it matters much. What do you recom-

"There is so much to be done," answered Steinmetz, "that it is difficult to know what to do first. We must not forget that De Chauxville is furious. He will do all the harm of which he is capable at once. We must not forget that the country is in a state of smoldering revolt and that we have two women, two English ladies, intrusted to our care."

Paul moved uneasily in his chair. His companion had struck the right note. This large man was happiest when he was tiring himself out.

"Yes; but about Etta?" he said, And the sound of his voice made Steinmetz wince. There is nothing so heartrending as the sight of dumb suf-

"You must see her," answered he reflectively. "You must see her, of course. She may be able to explain."

"She cannot explain away Stepan Lanovitch's ruined life. She can hardly explain away a thousand deaths from unnatural causes every winter in this province alone."

This was what Steinmetz dreaded, "Give her the opportunity," he said.

Paul was looking out of the window. His singularly firm mouth was still and quiet, not a mouth for explana-

"I will if you like," he said.

"I do like, Paul. I beg of you to do it. And remember that-she is not a

This, like other appeals of the same "In after life," Steinmetz went on, nature, fell on stony ground. Paul sim-"It was our fate to be at variance sev- ply did not understand it. In all the eral times. Our mutual dislike has years of his work among the peasants had no opportunity of diminishing. It it is possible that some wellspring of seems that before you married, De conventional charity had been dried Chauxville was pleased to consider up, scorched in the glare of burning inhimself in love with Mrs. Sydney Bam- justice. He was not at this moment in Itching, Blind, Bleeding, or Protrud- borough. Whether he had any right to a mood to consider the only excuse

The sun had set long ago. The short twilight lay over the snow covered land with a chill hopelessness. Steinmetz looked at his watch. They had been together an hour, one of those hours that count as years in a lifetime. He had to peer into the face of the watch in order to see the hands. The room was almost dark, and no servant ever came to it unless summoned.

"We must dress for dinner," said Steinmetz. "Afterward-well, afterward we shall see." "Yes," answered Paul. And he did

"I do not want you to think," he said at last, "that it is as bad as it might have been. It might have been worse, much worse, had I not made a mistake in regard to my own feelings when I married her. I will try and do the right thing by her. Only at present there does not seem to be much left

except you." Steinmetz looked up with his quaintly resigned smile.

"Ah, yes," he said, "I am there al-

CHAPTER XXXV.

TTA came down to dinner, smiling and imperturbable. On the threshold of the drawing room she exchanged a glance with Karl Steinmetz, and that was all. At dinner it was Maggie and Paul who were silent. Etta talked to Steinmetz -brightly, gayly, with a certain courage of a very high order, for she was desperate, and she did not show it.

At last the evening came to an end. Maggie had sung two songs. Steinmetz had performed on the plano with a marvelous touch. At last Etta rose to go to bed, with a little sharp sigh of great suspense. It was coming.

She went up to her room, bidding Maggie good night in the passage. In a mechanical way she allowed the deft voice that did not sound like his own handed maid to array her in a dressat all, a hollow voice like that of an ing gown-soft, silken, a dainty triumph in its way. Then, almost impa-"Quite. I have it from Stepan Lano- tiently, she sent the maid away when her hair was only half released. She They remained thus for a moment. would brush it herself. She was tired.

> She sat down by the fire, brush in hand. She could hardly breathe. It

She heard Paul come to his dressing "It was an organized plan between room. She heard his deep, quiet voice husband and wife," he said. "Bambor- reply to some question of his valet. ough turned up at Thors and asked for Then the word "Good night" in the a night's lodging on the strength of a same quiet voice. The valet had gone. very small acquaintance. He stole the There was only the door now between papers from Stepan's study and took her and-what? Her fingers were at them to Tver, where his wife was the throat of her dressing gown. The

"Come in!" she said at length

She wondered whether he would kill begun wondering that lately. She was had changed his dress coat for a silk faced jacket, in which he was in the habit of working with Steinmetz in the quiet room after the household had

She looked up. She dropped the

"Oh, Paul, what is it?" she cried.

She stopped short, not daring to touch him, before his cold, set face. "Have you seen any one?" she whis-

"Only De Chauxville," he answered,

"this afternoon." "Indeed, Paul," she protested hastily, "It was nothing. A message from Catrina Lanovitch. It was only the usual visit of an acquaintance. It would have been very strange if he had not called. Do you think I could care for a man like that?"

"I never did think so until now." returned Paul steadily. "Your excuses accuse you. You may care for him. I do not know; I-do-not-care."

She turned slowly and went back to her chair. Mechanically she took up the brush and shook back her beautiful

"You mean you do not care for me," she said.

"I do not think," said Paul judicially, "that you can have cared very much whether I loved you or not. When you married me you knew that I was the promoter of the Charity league; I almost told you. I told you so much that, with your knowledge, you must have been aware of the fact that I was heavily interested in the undertaking which you betrayed. You married me without certain proof of your husband's death, such was your haste to call yourself a princess. And now I find, on your own confession, that you have a clandestine understanding with a man who tried to murder me only a week ago. Is it not rather absurd to talk of caring?"

He stood looking down at her, cold and terrible in the white heat of his suppressed northern anger.

The little clock on the mantelpiece, in a terrible hurry, ticked with all its might. Time was speeding. Every moment was against her. And she could think of nothing to say, simply because those things that she would have said to others would carry no weight with this man.

"I suppose," she said without looking at him, "that you will not believe me when I tell you that I hate the man. I knew nothing of what you refer to as happening last week-his attempt to murder you, I mean. You are a prince and all powerful in your own province. Can you not throw him into prison and keep him there? Such things are done in Russia. He is more dangerous than you think. Please do it. Please"-

Paul looked at her with hard, unresponsive eyes. Lives depended on his

"I did not come here to discuss Claude de Chauxville," he said, "but

you and our future." Etta drew herself up as one under

the lash and waited with set teeth. "I propose," he said in a final voice which made it no proposition at all, "that you go home to England at once with your cousin. This country is not safe for you. The house in London will be at your disposal. I will make a suitable settlement on you, sufficient to live in accordance with your title and position. I must ask you to remember that the name you bear has hitherto been an unsullied one. We have been proud of our princesses up to now. In case of any trouble reaching you from outside sources connected with this country I should like you to remember that you are under my protection and that of Steinmetz. Either of us will be glad at any time to consider any appeal for assistance that you may think fit to make. You will always be the Princess Howard Alexis."

Etta gave a sudden laugh. "Oh, yes," she said, and her face was strangely red, "I shall still be the Prin-

cess Alexis." "With sufficient money to keep up the position," he went on, with the cruel irony of a slow spoken man. "But there are certain stipulations which I must make in self defense. I must ask you to cease all communication of whatever nature with the Baron de Chauxville. I am not jealous of him-

now. I do not know why." He paused, as if wondering what the meaning of this might be. Etta knew it. The knowledge was part of her punishment.

"But," continued her husband, "I am not going to sacrifice the name my mother bore to the vanity of a French coxcomb. You will be kind enough to avoid all society where it is likely that you should meet him. If you disregard my desires in this matter I shall be compelled to take means to enforce

"What means?"

"I shall reduce your allowance." Their eyes met, and perhaps that was the bitterest moment in Etta's life. Dead things are better put out of sight at once. Etta felt that Paul's dead love would grin at her in every sovereign of the allowance which was to be hers. She would never get away from it. She could never shake off its

"Am I to live alone?" asked Etta, suddenly finding her voice.

"That is as you like," answered Paul, perhaps purposely misunderstanding her. "You are at liberty to have any friend or companion you wish. Perhaps-your cousin."

"Yes," answered Paul. For the first time since he had entered the room his eyes were averted from Etta's face. "She would not live with me," said the princess curtly.

"You need not tell the circumstances which have given rise to this arrange-

Etta shrugged her shoc'ders.

"That," went on Paul, "rests entirely with yourself. You may be sure that I will tell no one. I am not likely to discuss it with any our whomso-

Etta's stony eyes softened for a moment. She seemed to be alternating between hatred of this man and love of him - a dangerous state for any woman. It is possible that if be had held his hand out to her she would

(CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT ISSUE)

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The following real estate filings have been made in the county clerk's office

Lincoln Land Co to C. L. Fahnestock wd to s hf lot 14, blk 15, McCook A. H. Tirrill to T. E. Tirrill qed to und hf interest w hf nw qr and w hf sw qr 27-2-29

Lincoln Land Co. to J. A. Fletcher wd to lots 2 and 3 Central add, to Bartley

sw qr 2 and lots 3 and 4, 29-3-30...... McCook Tribune office at fifty cents per O. H. Ballou to E. G. Ballou wd to und one hf int ne qr 11-4-30..... H. C. Rider to G. F. Gallehon wd to lot 4, blk 24, Riverside..... J. G. Yager to Clara Gathercole wd to

> lots 4 and 5, blk 9, West McCook ... E. G. Ballou to E. L. Means wd to ne qr 11-4-30.

> 4-2-30 Lincoln Land Co. to School district No. 70 wd to lots 3 and 4, blk 6, Central addition to Bartley J. V. Logan to J. W. Daily wd to pt 24-2-

W. H. Moore to J. W. Daily wd to pt s hf 13-14 and 24-2-26..... V. Franklin to Florence Franklin wd to lot 10, blk 18, 1st McCook A. Boofing to Ben King wd to n hf se qr

and e hf sw qr 7-3-28..... . Garrard to J. H. Stephens wd to pt lot 7 and 8, 9 and pt 10, blk 8, McCook 2,500 00 Carrie Parish to L. H. Roach wd to s hf

nw qr and n hf sw qr 12-4-30

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