

V. FRANKLIN, PRESIDENT. A. C. EBERT, CASHIER.  
W. B. WOLFE, VICE PRESIDENT

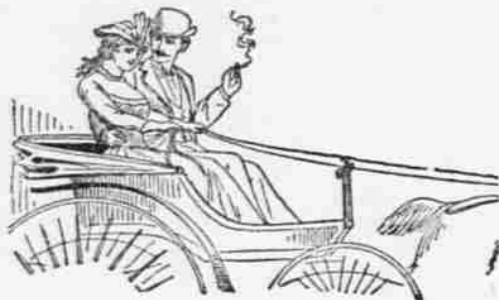
THE  
CITIZENS BANK

OF McCOOK, NEB.

Paid Up Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$4,000

DIRECTORS

V. FRANKLIN, W. B. WOLFE, A. C. EBERT,



It's a  
Pleasure

to be customer of the

New Brick Meat Market

They keep a full assortment of all kinds of meats. They treat you so well and so fairly—deal with you so squarely—that you want to come back. Just try it once.

Phone 95  
Main Avenue

PAUL P. ANTON

A \$1,300  
LOAN

with the McCook Co-operative Building & Savings Association can be paid off in \$12.50 monthly payments of

If you are paying more, you pay too much. We can mature your loan on smaller monthly payments and less money in the aggregate than any competing association. Call on the secretary, who will explain our system. Office in First National Bank.

McCook Building & Savings Association

FREE TO STOCKMEN

Beautiful six-leaf calendar will be sent by us ABSOLUTELY FREE TO EVERY STOCKMAN who may ship his cattle, hogs or sheep to market and who will write us answering the following questions:

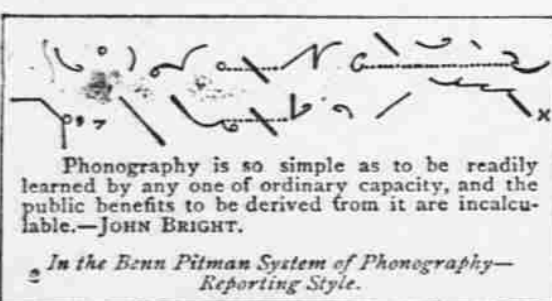
- (1) How many head of stock have you?
- (2) What kind of stock have you, not including horses?
- (3) When do you expect to market your stock?
- (4) To what market will you likely ship?
- (5) In what paper did you see this advertisement?

This calendar will be ready for distribution in January. It is an exceptionally beautiful, artistic and costly production, printed in several colors, representing fox hunting scenes. It was made especially for us, cannot be obtained elsewhere, and is worthy a place in the finest home. Write us TODAY giving this information and insure getting this calendar. Address

CLAY ROBINSON & CO.,  
Live Stock Commission Merchants, Stock Yards Sta., Kansas City, Kans.  
also have our own offices at Chicago, South Omaha, St. Joseph,  
Denver, Sioux City, So., St. Paul, East Buffalo.

The McCook Tribune

Only One Dollar the year.



Phonography is so simple as to be readily learned by any one of ordinary capacity, and the public benefits to be derived from it are incalculable.—JOHN BRIGGS

In the Benn Pitman System of Phonography—Reporting Style.

For particulars write

STAYNER'S  
Shorthand School  
McCook, Neb.

Dr. E. O. Vahue

PHONE 190  
Office over Bee Hive

DENTIST

The SOWERS

By  
Henry Seton Merriman

Copyright, 1895, by HARPER & BROTHERS

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

have been at his feet in a wild, incoherent passion of self hatred and baseness.

"If," he said, "you have any further questions to ask I shall always be at your service. For the next few days I shall be busy. The peasants are in a state of discontent verging on rebellion. We cannot at present arrange for your journey to Tver, but as soon as it is possible I will tell you."

He looked at the clock and made an imperceptible movement toward the door.

Etta glanced up sharply. She did not seem to be breathing.

"Is that all?" she asked, in a dull voice.

There was a long silence.

"I think so," answered Paul at length. "I have tried to be just."

"Then justice is very cruel."

"Not so cruel as the woman who for a few pounds sells the happiness of thousands of human beings. Stein-



"Is it not rather absurd to talk of carrying?"

metz advised me to speak to you. He suggested the possibility of circumstances of which we are ignorant. He said that you might be able to explain."

Silence. Etta sat looking into the fire. The little clock hurried on. At length Etta drew a deep breath.

"You are the sort of man," she said, "who does not understand temptation. You are strong. The devil leaves the strong in peace. You have found virtue easy because you have never wanted money. Your position has always been assured. Your name alone is a passport through the world. Your sort are always hard on women who—

who—What have I done, after all?"

Some instinct bade her rise to her feet and stand before him—tall, beautiful, passionate—a woman in a thousand, a fit mate for such as he.

"What have I done?" she cried, a sec-

ond time. "I have only fought for myself, and if I have won, so much the greater credit. I am your wife. I have done nothing the law can touch. Thousands of women moving in our circle are not half so good as I am."

"Hush!" he said, with upraised hand. "I never doubted that."

"I will do anything you wish," she went on, and in her humility she was very dangerous. "I deceived you, I know. But I sold the Charity league before I knew that you—that you thought of me. When I married you I didn't love you. I admit that. But, Paul—oh, Paul, if you were not so good you would understand."

He was silent, standing before her in his great strength, his marvelous and cruel self restraint.

"You will not forgive me?"

For a moment she leaned forward, peering into his face. He seemed to be reflecting.

"Yes," he said at length. "I forgive you. But if I cared for you forgiveness would be impossible."

He went slowly toward the door and paused, with his hand on the knob.

"And," she said, with fiery cheeks, "does your forgiveness date from tonight?"

"Yes."

He opened the door.

"Good night!" he said and went out.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AT daybreak the next morning Karl Steinmetz was awakened by the familiar cry of the wolf beneath his window. He rose and dressed hastily. The eastern sky was faintly pink; a rosy twilight moved among the pines. He went downstairs and opened the little door at the back of the castle.

It was the starosta, shivering and bleached in the chilly dawn.

"They have watched my cottage, excellency, all night. It was only now that I could get away. There are two strange sleighs outside Domensky's hut. There are marks of many sleighs that have been and gone. Excellency, it is unsafe for any one to venture outside the castle today. You must send to Tver for the soldiers."

"The prince refuses to do that."

"But why, excellency? We shall be killed!"

"You do not know the effect of platoon firing on a closely packed mob, starosta. The prince does," replied Steinmetz, with his grim smile.

They spoke together in hushed voices for half an hour, while the daylight crept up the eastern sky. Then the starosta stole away among the still larches, like the wolf whose cry he imitated so perfectly.

The day passed as such days do. Etta was not the woman to plead a conventional headache and remain hidden. She came down to breakfast and during that meal was boldly conversational.

They were completely shut in. No news from the outer world penetrated to the little party besieged within

their own stone walls. Maggie, fearless and innocent, announced her intention of snowshoeing, but was dissuaded therefrom by Steinmetz with covert warnings.

During the morning each was occupied in individual affairs. At luncheon time they met again. Etta was now almost defiant. She was on her mettle. She was so near to loving Paul that a hatred of him welled up within her breast whenever he repelled her advances with uncompromising reticence.

They did not know—perhaps she hardly knew herself—that the opening of the side door depended upon her humor.

In the afternoon Etta and Maggie sat, as was their wont, in the morning room looking out over the cliff. Of late their intercourse had been slightly strained. They had never had much in common, although circumstances had thrown their lives together.

At dusk Steinmetz went out. He had an appointment with the starosta.

Paul was sitting in his own room, making a pretense of work, about 5 o'clock, when Steinmetz came hurriedly to him.

"A new development," he said shortly. "Come to my room."

Steinmetz's large room was lighted only by a lamp standing on the table. All the light was thrown on the desk by a large green shade, leaving the rest of the room in a semidarkness.

At the far end of the room a man was standing in an expectant attitude. There was something furtive about this intruder, and at the same time familiar to Paul, who peered at him through the gloom.

Then the man came hurriedly forward.

"Ah, Pavlo, Pavlo!" he said in a deep, hollow voice. "I could not expect you to know me."

He threw his arms around him and embraced him after the simple manner of Russia. Then he held him at arm's length.

"Stepan!" said Paul. "No, I did not know you."

Stepan Lanovitch was still holding him at arm's length, examining him with the large faint blue eyes which so often go with an exaggerated philanthropy.

"Old," he muttered, "old! Ah, my poor Pavlo! I heard in Kiev—you know how we outlaws hear such things—that you were in trouble, so I came to you."

Steinmetz in the background raised his patient eyebrows.

"There are two men in the world," went on the voluble Lanovitch, "who can manage the moujiks of Tver—you and I, so I came. I will help you, Pavlo. I will stand by you. Together we can assuredly quell this revolt."

Paul nodded and allowed himself to be embraced a second time. He had long known Stepan Lanovitch of Thors as one of the many who go about the world doing good with their eyes shut. For the moment he had absolutely no use for this well meaning blunderer.

"How did you get here?" asked Paul, who was always businesslike.

"I brought a pack on my back and sold cotton. I made myself known to the starosta, and he communicated with good Karl here."

"Did you learn anything in the village?" asked Paul.

"No, they suspected me. They would not talk. But I understand them, Pavlo, these poor simple fools. A pebble in the stream would turn the current of their convictions. Tell them who is the Moscow doctor. It is your only chance."

Steinmetz grunted acquiescence and walked wearily to the window. This was only an old and futile argument of his own.

"And make it impossible for me to live another day among them," said Paul. "Do you think St. Petersburg would countenance a prince who works among his moujiks?"

Stepan Lanovitch's pale blue eyes looked troubled. Steinmetz shrugged his shoulders.

"They have brought it on themselves," he said.

"As much as a lamb brings the knife upon itself by growing up," replied Paul.

Lanovitch shook his white head with a tolerant little smile. He loved these poor helpless peasants with a love as large as and a thousand times less practical than Paul's.

In the meantime Paul was thinking in his clear, direct way. It was this man's habit in life and in thought to walk straight past the side issues.

"It is like you, Stepan," he said at length. "to come to us at this time. We feel it, and we recognize the generosity of it, for Steinmetz and I know the danger you are running in coming back to this country. But we cannot let you do it. No, do not protest. It is quite out of the question. We might quell the revolt; no doubt we should—the two of us together. But what would happen afterward? You would be sent back to Siberia, and I should probably follow you for harboring an escaped convict."

"Also," went on Paul, with that deliberate grasp of the situation which never failed to astonish the ready-witted Steinmetz—"also you have other calls upon your energy. You have other work to do."

Lanovitch's broad face lightened up; his benevolent brow beamed. His capacity for work had brought him to the shoemaker's last in Tomsk. It is a vice that grows with indulgence.

"It has pleased the authorities," went on Paul, who was shy of religious turns of phrase, "to give us all our own troubles. Mine—such as they are, Stepan—must be managed by myself. Yours can be faced by no one but you. You have come at the right moment. You do not quite realize what your coming means to Catrina."

"Catrina! Ah!"

The weak blue eyes looked into the strong face and read nothing there.

"I doubt," said Paul, "whether it is right for you to continue sacrificing Catrina for the sake of the little good that you are able to do. You are hampered in your good work to such an extent that the result is very small, while the pain you give is very great."

"But is that so, Pavlo? Is my child unhappy?"

"I fear so," replied Paul gravely, with his baffling self restraint. "She has not much in common with her mother, you understand."

Steinmetz remained silent, standing, as it were, in an acquiescent attitude.

"You have fought your fight," said Paul—"a good fight too. You have struck your blow for the country; you have sown your seed, but the harvest is not yet. Now it is time to think of your own safety, of the happiness of your own child."

Stepan Lanovitch turned away and sat heavily down. He leaned his two arms on the table and his chin upon his clinched hands.

"Why not leave the country now—at all events, for a few years?" went on Paul. And when a man who is accustomed to command stoops to persuade it is strong persuasion that he wields.

"You can take Catrina with you. You will be assuring her happiness, which, at all events, is something tangible—a present harvest. I will drive over to Thors now and bring her back. You can leave tonight and go to America."

Stepan Lanovitch raised his head and looked hard into Paul's face.

"You wish it?"

"I think," answered Paul steadily, "that it is for Catrina's happiness."

Then Lanovitch rose up and took Paul's hand in his work stained grip.

"Go, my son! It will be a great happiness to me. I will wait here," he said.

Paul went straight to the door. He was a man with a capacity for prompt action, which seemed to rise to demand. Steinmetz followed him out into the passage and took him by the arm.

"You cannot do it," he said.

"Yes, I can," replied Paul. "I can find my way through the forest. No one will venture to follow me there in the dark."

Steinmetz hesitated, shrugged his shoulders and went back into the room. The ladies at Thors were dressed for dinner—were, indeed, awaiting the announcement of that meal—when Paul broke in upon their solitude. He did not pause to lay aside his furs, but went into the long, low room, withdrawing his seal gloves painfully, for it was freezing.

The countess assailed him with many questions more or less sensible, which he endured patiently until the servant had left the room. Catrina, with flushed cheeks, stood looking at him, but said nothing.

Paul withdrew his gloves and submitted to the countess' futile tugs at his fur coat. Then Catrina spoke.

"The Baron de Chauville has left us," she said, without knowing exactly why.

For the moment Paul had forgotten Claude de Chauville's existence.

"I have news for you," he said, and he gently pushed the chattering countess aside. "Stepan Lanovitch is at Osterno. He arrived tonight."

"Ah, they have set him free! Poor man! Does he wear chains on his ankles? Is his hair long? My poor Stepan! Ah, but what a stupid man!"

The countess collapsed into a soft chair. She chose a soft one obviously.



"Stepan! No, I did not know you."

It has to be recorded here that she did not receive the news with unmitigated joy.

"When he was in Siberia," she gasped, "one knew at all events where he was, and now, mon Dieu, what an anxiety!"

"I have come over to see whether you will join him tonight and go with him to America," said Paul, looking at her.

"To—America—tonight! My dear Paul, are you mad? One cannot do such things as that. America! That is across the sea."

"Yes," answered Paul.

"And I am such a bad sailor. Now, if it had been Paris!"

"But it cannot be," interrupted Paul. "Will you join your father tonight?" he added, turning to Catrina.

The girl was looking at him with something in her eyes that he did not care to meet.

"And go to America?" she asked, in a lifeless voice.

Paul nodded.

Catrina turned suddenly away from him and walked to the fire, where she stood with her back toward him—a small, uncouth figure in black and green, the lamplight gleaming on her wonderful hair. She turned suddenly again and, coming back, stood looking into his face.

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE)