

The Barber County Index.

PAINTER & HERR, Publishers.
MEDICINE LODGE, KANSAS

A DIFFERENCE.

From them who come to grumble when they think the world has used them ill. We long to see nor see again. We wish they might, at least, keep still. The luckless ones who come with moans We long to set upon with stones.

From them who come to boast how much they have or are about to win. We long to see; we wish that such fools might find holes and there crawl in. With empty pride they rouse our hate, Their very smiles exasperate.

Ah, but they please us who appear With hopeful cheering words to say, And, as they say them, let us hear How great they think we are, who lay Sweet stress upon our excellence— We love them for their glad good sense. —R. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Revolt of Jim.

By Helen Frances Huntington.

NEVA Warrington checked her pony's gait slightly as she drove around the curve in the road leading past the quaint old Trescott place, which was a delight to the eye, for it was in the flush of early summer, and the garden was aflame with blossomed sweetness to the four winds. The long, cool walks between the great poplars were rose-bordered and the low white picket fence was burdened with crimson fragrance—old-fashioned cinnamon roses whose damask petals strewed the thick dust of the road.

Voices reached her from the wide veranda, where a merry company sat chatting behind the thin tendrils of a cypress vine.

"Oh, do write and have them come right away," said Minnie Kelly, the second Mrs. Trescott's daughter. "The more the merrier, you know. We can have a perfectly lovely time here all summer, if we have a big enough house party."

"I wonder where Jim comes in on that proposition," said Neva to herself, as she glanced toward the piazza in search of the young host who was not in sight. There were several white-gowned girls, and two smartly dressed young men who sat on the veranda railing smoking and watching the progress of the tea table which Mrs. Trescott was setting.

A second turn in the road brought Neva face to face with Jim Trescott, who sat reading his evening paper in the doorway of an old outbuilding, whose environments showed that it served for a repair shop. A blanketed cot and a chair and table were visible in the dim background of the rook behind Jim.

"So you have moved, have you?" said Neva, with an inscrutable smile, drawing rein beside the blossomed hedge. "How do you like your new quarters?"

"The folks had unexpected company," Jim explained, rising embarrassedly, "and as there wasn't room for us all, I thought I'd bunk out here for a night or two."

"I see." The corners of her beautiful mouth curved scornfully. "So your stepmother crowded you out to accommodate her guests! Do they permit you to sit at their table, or do you take your meals here, too?"

"I'd rather not eat with them," Jim declared in self-defense, "for I should have to dress up for each meal, and I can't very well spare the time now that work is pushing."

"So you are contented to live like a tramp while your stepmother and her friends live on the fat of your lands? Jim Trescott, you haven't got the grit of a jackrabbit!"

Jim's black eyes burned, and a vivid flush underlaid the healthy tan of his face, but being naturally slow of speech and very much in love with Neva Warrington, he was unable to express his brimming thoughts, though his face showed that her taunt stung deep.

"Here you are, the rightful master of the situation, a great, able-bodied, sensible, sane man, without spirit enough to stand up for your rights against a greedy, miserly woman for whom your father made ample and just provision. She not only lives on your bounty unasked, but drives you out of your own house to accommodate a pack of silly guests for whom you will slave all summer without a whimper."

"What am I to do?" Jim asked, miserably conscious of Neva's growing scorn. "She won't leave without being put out, and I can't do that on father's account."

"Oh, of course not. Only a man of grit could do that," Neva retorted scathingly. "If you had one grain of ordinary gumption, Jim Trescott, you'd revolt like a man and send the whole gang about their own business in no time. If nothing else would do, you could sell the house over their heads and let strangers force them to leave."

"Sell the old home!" Jim repeated with a deep-drawn breath of regret. "Why it would seem like selling my own flesh and blood!"

"Four years of strife and imposition must have endeared it to you unspeakably," Neva scoffed. "I should think you would loathe the very sight of it after the way you have been treated in it."

"They would have to move out if I should marry," Jim had the temerity to say.

"On, you'd never have the heart to send your stepmother and her

children for the sake of a mere wife," Neva broke in with a ripple of scornful laughter. "Besides, no woman of spirit would marry a man who can't stand up for his own rights. I am very sure I shouldn't."

With that biting declaration Neva flipped the whip over the pony's ears and drove away with head held high.

She had never actually encouraged his suit, but neither had she ever openly scorned him before. Now he knew that she despised him for a weakling because of his lenience toward his father's second wife and her vain offspring. To Jim it seemed cruelly unjust. Yet he reasoned that she was probably right. Perhaps outsiders viewed his many concessions just as she did and despised him also. She had advised him to revolt, to sell the house that held the tenderest associations of his joyous, care-free youth, when he had been the closest companion of his parents. The rose hedge, now grown to a gnarled, blossomed wall, had been set out by his mother's loving hands with Jim helping her with childish ardor. He distinctly remembered the erection of the vine-covered summer house, where the happy little family spent their leisure moments summer after summer until his mother died.

Several years after his mother's death his father had married an attractive widow with three pert, half-grown children who had made the ensuing year sadly unpleasant for the quiet, peace-loving old man. But release came to him after a short illness, and he died leaving his property equally divided between the widow and Jim. Mrs. Trescott immediately sold her share and invested the proceeds, while she continued to live in the home place which was left unconditionally to Jim. She monopolized the farm income to defray all the expenses of herself and her two airy daughters; besides an incidental outlay in behalf of her son, who made life as unpleasant for Jim as an arrogant, conceited and lazy young idler is capable of doing. After a year or so of heroic tolerance Jim had let his stepmother know that he had thought of marrying.

"You surely don't want this whole big house to yourself!" she exclaimed in grieved surprise.

Jim told her that he thought it unwise for two families to live together. "But we shan't be two families, Jim dear. Your wife will be one of us!" she declared with warmth. "Any nice, pleasant-tempered girl would be only too glad to have such lovely company as the girls. Anyway, we simply couldn't bear the thoughts of leaving the house where we have been so happy. I will never go away unless you put me out, and I am perfectly sure that you will never be guilty of such a cruelty. The very thought of such a thing would have broken your poor, dear father's heart."

That ended the matter for some time. Jim's courtship did not progress very rapidly, owing chiefly to his very low estimate of his own chances against two apparently more favored suitors.

"I might have known it from the start," said Jim, rousing at last, when the rim of the young moon pierced the velvet-black shadows that enveloped the world like a dusky mantle. "I'm only a poor dull stick beside Will Elverson. He's the sort that girls like Neva marry. Well, I don't care much what comes or goes after this, so they can keep the house and run things to suit themselves. I'm going off where there won't be any reminders of what might have been."

After that Jim worked harder than ever to get together enough money for a humble start in the west, where he decided to go in order to get away from associations that had grown inexpressibly dreary to him since he lost hope about Neva. His stepmother continued to entertain lavishly in behalf of her daughters, whose matrimonial prospects depended largely upon Jim's bounty, and as he was too weary of it all to make any objections, no one consulted him. He stayed in his cramped, bare quarters in the repair shop without a murmur, really glad to be away from the unwelcome merriment that filled the house at all hours. One afternoon, however, he was called from his work in the field to find Neva awaiting him on the veranda in company with young Elverson.

He looked gayer and more buoyantly handsome than ever. Jim bravely stifled the pang of jealousy that seemed for one cruel instant to crush out his very life, and put out one brown, toll worn hand into which Neva laid hers with a charming smile.

"I have come to look at the house," she informed him cheerfully. "What is it I am thinking of buying the place?"

"Buying the place," Mrs. Trescott repeated incredulously, forgetting her listening guests. "You have made a big mistake if you imagine it is for sale."

"It is you who are mistaken if you think it isn't," Neva answered unbanely. "Evidently Jim hasn't consulted you—presumably because he knows you don't care to buy. I have always liked this place immensely and for that reason I came over to look over it as soon as I heard Jim wanted to sell. Will you show us around please, Jim?"

"Whoever started that absurd rumor, I'd like to know!" Mrs. Trescott exclaimed indignantly. "There isn't a word of truth in it. Why, I shouldn't sell this house for the world!"

"As the place is Jim's, you can't very well dispose of it, even though you have been living on it and draining its resources for years," said Neva imperiously. "Isn't this a dear old piazza, Will? Look at those great trees, and that lovely rose hedge. I always envied Jim the possession of this quaint, beautiful old place. Now about your price, Jim."

Jim cleared his throat and tried to answer in spite of his pained bewilderment, but Minnie Kelly intercepted him hotly. "Didn't mamma make it perfectly clear to you that we don't intend to sell the place, Miss Warrington?" she asked insultingly. "The place is as good as a homestead to us, and we wouldn't think of parting with it under any circumstances. I suppose you understand the case now, don't you?"

"I understand your version of it, yes," Neva answered sweetly, "but as Jim is the only person concerned in the matter, I don't understand why you should interfere. Come, Jim, name your price, please, for I want it very badly. You would rather old friends should have it than strangers, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," said Jim in a very clear, steady voice, which nevertheless hurt Neva poignantly, for as he spoke he looked at his graceful, handsome rival, and there was that in his good, honest eyes which betrayed his deep secret unerringly. "I had much rather you would have the house than anyone else in the world, because—"

"Because I will take the very best care of it in the world!" Neva finished kindly.

"But, Jim, you don't mean to part with it!" his stepmother cried. "Are you crazy, to think of such a thing? What would your father think if he knew?"

"Shall I tell you he or any honest man would think?" said Neva, suddenly turning to Mrs. Trescott with a flash of rosy scorn. "That Jim has been shamefully imposed upon by you and your children since the hour that his good father died. Perhaps you don't believe that anyone knows the full extent of your rapacity—that you nagged and wheedled Jim into mortgaging the pasture field in order to raise a required amount of money to cover your son's discrepancies, and so worked on Jim's sympathies that you induced him to finally sacrifice his property. I know all about that cute deal—not through Jim, but through my brother, who filed the mortgage. I mean to take pains to let other people know as well as myself. You can hereafter support your children on the money that Jim's father left you, for Jim is going to sell this place to me and keep every dollar of the purchase money. Come, Jim, show us through the house, please."

At last Jim had revolted. In spite of the bitter pain of disappointed love, he felt himself suddenly transformed to a new, dominant manhood which gave him a fine, simple dignity that impressed and awed his old oppressors. Neva's loyal defense of his motives and her denunciation of the usurpers filled him with sober, quiet elation which never could quite fade from his memory of that triumphant hour. After all, it would seem good to know of Neva's joyous presence in the house that had sheltered his own happiest hours.

"You can have the place, Neva," he said with the utmost composure. "I will show you both through at once."

Neva followed him, chatting gaily, with Elverson beside her, smiling and radiant. Now and then he whistled a snatch from Lohengrin, seemingly quite unconscious of Jim's suffering presence, because of the latter's heroic calmness, which never wavered throughout the long, trying ordeal, while the lovers applauded this and that quaint turn or nook of their future home. By and by that was over, and Neva asked Jim to accompany her to her lawyer's office.

"I want the deed signed and everything legally transferred at once, to make sure that it is really mine," she explained briskly, as she ran down the veranda steps between her two companions.

Jim had nothing at all to say during the short drive to the village courtroom. He signed the deed of transfer without a word and handed it to Neva, who drew up a check to the amount of \$3,000. She was a long while doing it, and in the meanwhile Will Elverson had occasion to call the lawyer out on urgent business, which left Neva and Jim alone. As Neva handed him the check, finally, her hand touched his. He started violently and thrust back the crisp bill of paper.

"Neve," he began in a husky voice, "if you didn't know just how it is with me I wouldn't have the courage to ask what I am going to. I want you to keep the money—to take the place as a wedding gift from me. I hope with all my heart that you will be very happy."

"Jim!"

Her voice made him catch his breath in a gasp of surprise. "I'll take your gift on one condition," she stipulated, "and that is that you will accept a wedding present from me."

"A wedding present!" Jim faltered. "You don't understand—"

She interrupted his embarrassment with a sweet impertuness which he had grown to associate with his constant dreams of her. "This is my wedding present to you," laying her hand in his and smiling radiantly into his eyes. "You dear old goose, don't you know that I have always loved you in spite of your soft-heartedness? I tried my best to make you revolt against those vampires, and failed, so I had to do it myself, even at the risk of—"

She paused suddenly because Jim leaned over and kissed her full on the lips. "Even at the risk of making myself out a bold, designing—"

Again Jim interrupted her, and then he found his voice, which had temporarily left him at the moment of supreme elation.

"I am a great deal happier than any plain, ordinary chap has any right to be," said he very unsteadily. Which was a sadly inadequate expression of the rapture that thrilled every fiber of his big, generous being.—Farm and Home.

MORE PERILOUS THAN WAR

Railway Mail Service Has Greater List of Fatalities Than United States Army.

Probably few Americans realize that the man in the United States railway mail service is far more likely to lose his life than the soldier in Uncle Sam's regular army. Cold figures which have appeared in two official reports of the government prove absolutely that he is. Within the year ending June 30 last only 24 of Uncle Sam's soldiers, in all the 65,000 on regular or detached duty, were killed in action. Twenty-one men were killed on duty in the railway mail service during that time. There were only four additional soldiers wounded so severely that they died or were obliged to leave the service on account of these wounds. In the railway mail service 90 men were seriously hurt while on duty, besides the 21 men killed. To make the showing still more surprising, 378 mail clerks were injured more or less severely. If one compares the strength of the corps of a few thousand clerks with the 65,000 men in the regular army we will find that the percentage of fatalities in railway mail service is much higher than that in active army duty. It is probable, too, that disease takes off a greater number of railway clerks in proportion than it does soldiers. This includes the army in the Philippines, where there is always more or less trouble. It does not include the three army officers killed, but they would still not change the fact that mail clerk service is more dangerous than active life as a soldier of Uncle Sam. If "peace hath her victories no less renowned than those of war" she also has her dangers no less numerous. Has any congressman thought of pensioning maimed and disabled mail clerks or the widows and orphans they leave? Prob-

JAPS USE HAND GRENADES

Explosive Weapon Is Said to Be Very Effective by a Swiss Army Officer.

"Explosive grenades have played a great part in the Manchurian war," said Lieut. Louis Rieber, of the Swiss army. "The grenades are filled with dynamite and are thrown by hand. The Japanese have taken many trenches at Port Arthur by the employment of the grenades, which they never could have carried by the bayonet alone. The grenades, about the size of your American baseballs, are thrown by the arm at distances of 50 to 100 feet. The Japanese are issuing them to the soldiers more and more. One experience of the war has taught them that the grenades are one of the new contrivances which are eminently practical. I think myself that grenades will be recognized as much a part of the equipment of the modern infantryman as are rifles, cartridges and bayonets. I have traveled on my own account in the far east, but I intend making a report to my government on the matter of grenades, and will strongly recommend that the Swiss army be equipped with them. Yes, I have been in Manchuria, but I will not tell where. The war promises to be long. Neither side is nearly whipped yet. The Russians from now on will be left to do the attacking, and that is a disadvantage in modern war."

HARES AND RABBITS DIFFER

Former Has Longer Hind Legs, Makes Greater Leaps and Is a Nomad.

The hare is a camper-out. On being alarmed, rabbits scuttle back to their burrows, says the Detroit News-Tribune, and are below ground in a mo-



LASTING RELIEF.
J. W. Walls, Superintendent of Streets of Lebanon, Ky., says: "My nightly rest was broken, owing to irregular action of the kidneys. I was suffering intensely from severe pains in the small of my back and through the kidneys and annoyed by painful passages of abnormal secretions. No amount of doctoring relieved this condition. I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and I experienced quick and lasting relief. Doan's Kidney Pills will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial."
Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., proprietors. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

ALWAYS CALL FOR A CIGAR BY ITS NAME

"CREMO"

MEANS MORE THAN ANY OTHER NAME

BROWN BANDS GOOD FOR PRESENTS

"Largest Seller in the World."

BITS BY THE BABES.

Elmer—Papa, is it always damp where they raise mushrooms?
Papa—Yes, my son.
"Is that why they look like umbrellas?"

Harry—When I grow up I'm going to be a soldier.
Mamma—But soldiers are often killed by the enemy, my dear.
"Oh, then I guess I'll be an enemy."

Teacher—Johnny, what useful article do we get from the whale?
Johnny—Whalebone.
"Right. Now, Tommy, what do we get from the seal?"
"Sealing wax."

"Be all things to all men," read the Sunday-school teacher. "Now, Johnny, can you tell me what that means?"
"Yes, ma'am," answered Johnny. "It means a fellow must be any old thing to anybody."

Teacher—Nellie, I'm afraid you didn't study your lesson. What will you do without an education when you grow up?
Nellie (aged six)—Oh, I'll be a teacher and make other little girls study.

"Now, Minnie," said the Sunday-school teacher, "can you tell me what happened to Lot's wife?"
"Yes, ma'am," answered Minnie. "She was always fussin' with the neighbors, and one day when she got too fresh God came down and put her in a sack of salt."

WEST INDIAN PROVERBS.

Trouble neber blow trumpet.
Spider an' fly no mek good bargain.
What man no know is good for know.
When fowl merry, hawk him catch chicken.
When dog hab too much owner, him sleep without supper.
When berryin' day come at you door, you no pick an' choose gravedigger.

Nothing Taxing.
Mrs. Farmer—I suppose you have worked awful hard trying to find work?
Tramp—Not very—only about as hard as I'd work if I should find work, ma'am.—Puck.

MIGHT HAVE SAVED IT.
A Lot of Trouble from Too Much Starchy Food.

A little boy of eight years whose parents did not feed him on the right kind of food, was always nervous and suffered from a weak condition of the stomach and bowels. Finally he was taken down with appendicitis and after the operation the doctor, knowing that his intestinal digestion was very weak, put him on Grape-Nuts twice a day.

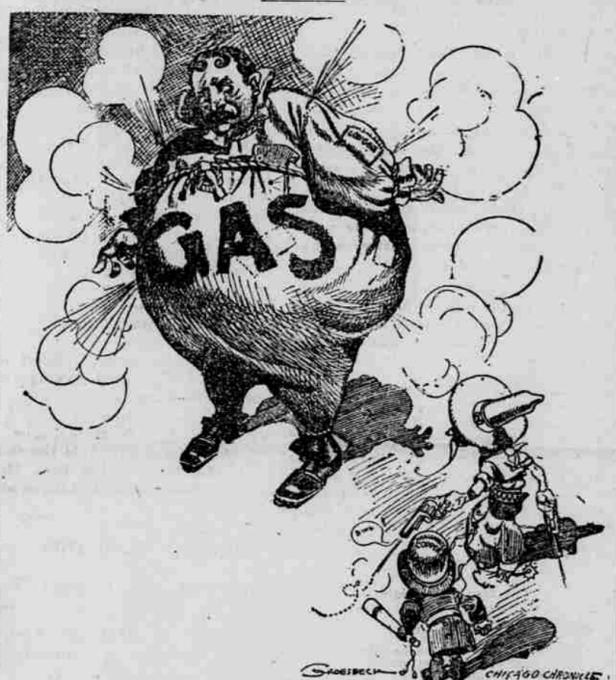
He rapidly recovered and about two months thereafter, his father states, "He has grown to be strong, muscular, and sleeps soundly, weighs 62 pounds, and his whole system is in a fine condition of health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

It is plain that if he had been put on Grape-Nuts at an earlier period in his life, and kept from the use of foods that he could not digest, he never would have had appendicitis. That disease is caused by undigested food decaying in the stomach and bowels, causing irritation and making for the growth of all kinds of microbes, setting up a diseased condition which is the active cause of appendicitis, and this is more marked with people who do not properly digest white bread.

Grape-Nuts is made of the selected parts of wheat and barley and by the peculiar processes of the cooking at the factory, all of the starch is turned into sugar ready for immediate digestion and the more perfect nourishment of all parts of the body, particularly the brain and nerve centers.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," found in each pkg.

ILLUSTRATED STOCK MARKET REPORT.



There Was Great Activity Yesterday in Bay State Gas.—Daily Financial News.

ably he has, but if we remember rightly it has not been done.

Singular Instance of Tenacity.

A singular instance of tenacity in the digestion of fish is reported from Sheffield, England. The fish, a ling four feet long, had what appeared to be an abnormally hard liver. But the cutting-up process revealed something far stranger. The supposed hard liver turned out to be a piece of stout netting over two yards long and 14 inches wide, which had been pressed into the form of a football. How this mass came to be swallowed is a mystery. It was suggested that the fish, caught in the toils of a fisherman's net, had tried to escape by devouring his prison walls.

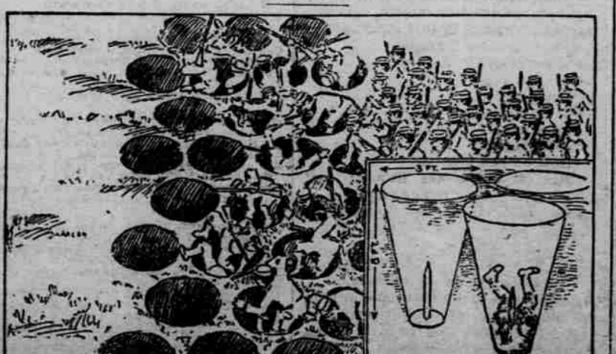
He Didn't Want Much.

A recent number of the Cape Mercury contained this advertisement: "Wanted, for German West Africa, a man to look after one horse, two cows and three pigs. One who can impart the rudiments of French, singing and the piano to children preferred."

Big Striped Bass.

A striped bass three feet six inches in length and weighing 25½ pounds, was caught in Russian river, California, recently. It took several hours to land him.

RUSSIAN DEATH-FALLS FOR THE JAPS.



Hundreds of Japanese soldiers have met death in these treacherous snares during the siege operations before Port Arthur. The forts surrounding the Russian stronghold are practically all protected in this way.