

Barber County Index

Painter & Herr, Pub.

MEDICINE LODGE, KANS.

One of the signs of the times—straw hats marked down.

May we look forward and upward to a strike of flying-machine operators?

According to the woman's page a little cold cream will be good for the sunburn.

Since it was not able to keep the Wright brothers France is satisfied with Bleriot.

Aeroplane over the English channel is a safer job than soaring above stumpy Virginia farms.

However, the English channel puzzled Julius Caesar a lot and Napoleon never could manage to cross it.

Victims of the week-end habit do not desire to be cured while the grand and lovely weather hangs around.

Judging from the way irrigation projects are being snapped up the people of this country are still land hungry.

With one squint of the prescient eye we foresee people giving their friends sure cures for airsickness within a year.

Only a little bit more and the aeroplane will be useful for blowing up the enemy's fleet or pilfering a hen roost, as you please.

Because a woman refused to get supper for her husband at midnight a couple is in the divorce court. Why could they not have compromised and called it breakfast?

A sad accompaniment to the hot period is the lengthening list of drownings. This is a time when special care against the dangers of the water should be enjoined.

It is strongly suspected that the revolts in Spain have been stirred up by a mob element which has used the anti-war sentiment as an excuse to indulge in looting and crime.

Five feet of books will make some men real scholars. And then, again, there are other men upon whose native ignorance five cords of books wouldn't make an impression.

The czar of Russia is said to look much older than he is. Any man that didn't, holding his job, would be in a position to snap his fingers at all the Czaars on earth, for a hundred years or so.

A woman in New York has obtained a divorce from her husband who has been missing for 15 years. She probably intends to simplify any Enoch Arden reappearance tangle at the start.

At least half a dozen different patterns of flying machines can beat half of the more common birds at distances ranging from 20 miles up to 50, and that is the real thing in the flight line.

The young eloping Pittsburg brides who cried because on their return their fathers were placid and handed them \$5,000 checks will soon realize that the real romance of the affair was in the checks.

Olive drab cotton cloth is to be substituted for khaki, as the tropical uniform for the United States army. In looks, at least it must be an improvement. No uniform could look worse than the dull brown khaki.

A government land scandal has developed in Cuba with alarming promptness for so new a republic. It will not be a pleasant experience for the United States, after all its trouble to have the heads of the European nations wagging with a chorus of "I told you so!"

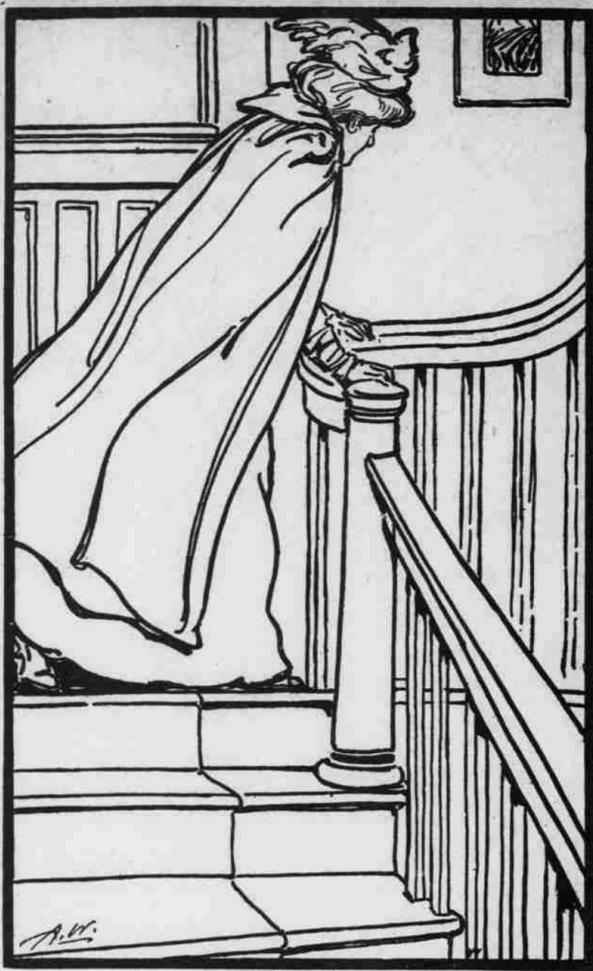
Plans have been prepared for the elimination of grade crossings in Minneapolis at a cost of between \$6,000,000 and \$7,000,000. This is a large sum of money; but the cost of safety in cities is always high, and the returns on investments of this kind warrant the outlay.

Castro is said to be losing his money, invested in Venezuelan securities. A navigation company in which he had investments steered his holdings away from him, and a cigarette company smoked him out. The dictator business yields a big profit, but has the invariable accompaniment to that advantage of big risks.

In former times debtors were put in prison. That sentiment on the subject has gone from one extreme to another as illustrated by the case of a man in Pittsburg sent to jail for dunning another for a debt. It was the man who borrowed money who used to be punished. Now it is the man who lends it, and maybe it serves the latter right.

An advanced woman theorist wants women on police forces on the ground that the criminal needs mothering. It is the opinion of practical theorists, disgusted with the sentimentality of the age, that what the criminal needs is more lathering.

Germany's wonderful progress in aerial navigation is not to be lost sight of. It is not that that country has a monopoly of brains and science, but simply that its inventors receive more substantial encouragement than other countries care to give.



At the Turn of the Staircase She Paused.



SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield, to get his family jewels. During his way to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anisty. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisty, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission. Maitland overcame him. He met the girl outside the house and they sped on to New York in her auto. He had the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Maitland received a "Mr. Sneath," introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, supposedly lost, was feigned by a blow from "Sneath's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisty himself and he secured the gems, masquerading as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He saved her the gems after falling in love at first sight. They were to meet and divide the loot. Maitland, however, and resented missing his engagement. Anisty, masquerading as Maitland, narrowly avoided capture through mysterious tip. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems, being discovered on return. Maitland, without Maitland, called up his home and heard a woman's voice expostulating. Anisty, disguised as Maitland, told her his real identity and realizing himself tricked tried to wring from her the location of the gems. Then he proposed marriage. A crash was heard at the front door. Maitland started for home. He found Anisty and the girl in his room. Again he overcame the crook, allowing him to escape to shield the young woman. Dan himself narrowly avoided arrest. Janitor O'Hagan wined and dined the officers of the law. Hickey, a detective, duped by Anisty, refused to partake and mused on his ill-fate.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Hat tilted over his eyes, one elbow on the chairback, another on the table, flabby jaws quivering as he mumbled the indispensable cigar, puffy hands clasped across his ample chest, he sat for many minutes by the side of his unheeded drink, pondering, turning over and over in his mind the one idea it was capable of harboring at a time.

"He c'd've wrote that letter to himself. . . . He's wise enough. . . . Yeh can't fool Hickey all the time. . . . I'll get him yet. Got-tuh make good 'r it's the sidewalk's fr' mine. . . . Me, tryin' hard to make an 'onest livin'." "Nd him with all kinds of money!"

The fat mottled fingers sought a waistcoat pocket and, fumbling therein, touched caressingly a little pellet of soft paper. Its possessor did not require to examine it to reassure himself as to its legitimacy as a work of art, nor as to the prominence of the Roman C in its embellishment of engraved arabesques.

"A century," he reflected sullenly; "one lonely little century for mine. 'Nd he had a wad like a ham on him. . . . 'Nd I might 've had it

all for my very own if . . ." His brow clouded blackly.

"Sleuth!" Hickey ground the epithet vindictively between his teeth. And spat. "Sleuth! Ah hell!"

Recalled to himself by the vehemence of his emotion, he turned hastily, drained to his draught the tall glass of lukewarm and vapid beer which had stood at his elbow, placed a nickel on the table, and, rising, waddled hastily out into the night.

It was being borne in upon him with much force that if he wished to save his name and fame somethin' had got to be done about it.

"I hadn't oughtuh left him so long, I guess," he told himself; "but . . . I'll get him all right."

And turning, lumbered gloomily eastward, rapt with vain imaginings, squat, swollen figure blending into the deep, meaner shadows of the Tenderloin; and so on toward Maitland's rooms—morose, misunderstood, malignant, coddling his fictitious wrongs; somehow pathetically typical of the force he represented.

On the corner of Fifth avenue he paused, startled fairly out of his dour mood by the loud echo of a name already become too hatefully familiar to his ears, and by the sight of what, at first glance, he took to be the beginning of a street brawl.

CHAPTER XIII.

Flight.

In the alcove the girl waited, torn in the throes of incipient hysteria; at first too weak from reaction and revulsion of feeling to do anything other than lean heavily against the wall and fight with all her strength and will against this crawling, shuddering, creeping horror of nerves, that threatened alike her self-control, her consciousness, and her reason.

But insensibly the tremor wore itself away, leaving her weary and worn but mistress of her thoughts and actions. And she dropped with gratitude into a chair, bending an ear attentive to the war of words being waged in the room beyond the portieres.

At first, however, she failed to grasp the import of the altercation. And when in time she understood its trend, it was with incredulity, resentment, and a dawning dread lest a worse thing might yet befall her, worse by far than aught that had gone before. But to be deprived of his protection, to feel herself forcibly restrained from the shelter of his generous care—!

A moment gone she had been so sure that all would now be well with her, once Maitland succeeded in ridding himself of the police. He would shut the door and—then she would come forth and tell him, tell him everything, and, withholding naught that damned her in her own esteem, throw herself upon his mercy, bruised with penitence but serene in the assurance that he would prove kind.

And, resting so, was suddenly chilled through and through with fear, sheer

and gentle kindness now. . . . She had divined so clearly the motive that had permitted Anisty's escape in order that she might be saved, not alone from Anisty, not alone from the shame of imprisonment, but from herself as well—from herself as Maitland knew her. The burglar out of the way, by ruse, evasion, or subterfuge she would be secreted from the prying of the police, smuggled out of the house and taken to a place of safety, given a new chance to redeem herself, to clean her hands of the mire of theft, to become worthy of the womanhood that was hers. . . .

But now—she thrust finger-nails cruelly into her soft palms, striving to contain herself and keep her tongue from crying aloud to those three brutal, blind men the truth; that she was guilty of the robbery, she with Anisty; that Maitland was—Maitland; a word synonymous with "man of honor."

In the beginning, indeed, all that restrained her from doing so was her knowledge that Maitland would be more pained by her sacrifice than gladdened or relieved. He was so sure of clearing himself. . . . It was inconceivable to her that there could be men so stupid and crassly unobservant as to be able to confuse the identity of the two men for a single instant. What though they did resemble each other in form and feature? The likeness went no deeper; below the surface, and rising through it with every word and look and gesture, lay a world-wide gulf of difference in every shade of thought, feeling, and instinct.

She herself could never again be deceived—no, never! Not for a second could she mistake the one for the other. . . . What were they saying?

The turmoil of her indignation subsided as she listened, breathlessly, to Maitland's story of his adventures; and the joy that leaped in her for his frank mendacity in suppressing every incident that involved her, was all but overpowering. She could have wept for sheer happiness; and at a later time she would; but not now, when everything depended on her maintaining the very silence of death. . . .

How dared they doubt him? The insolents! The crude brutish insolence of them! Her anger raged high again. . . . and as swiftly was quenched, extinguished in a twinkling by a terror born of her excitement and a bare suggestion thrown out by Hickey.

"I . . . explainin' how a crook like Anisty made three tries in one day to steal some jewels and didn't get 'em. Where were they, all this time?"

Maitland's cool retort was lost upon her. What matter? If they disbelieved him, persisted in calling him Anisty, in natural course they would undertake to search the flat. And if she were found. . . . Oh, she must spare him that! She had given him cause for suffering enough. She must get away, and that instantly, before . . . From a distance, to-morrow morning—to-night, even—by telegraph, she could communicate with him. . . .

At this juncture O'Hagan entered with his parcel. The rustle of the paper as he brushed against the door-jamb was in itself a hint to a mind keyed to the highest pitch of excitement and seeking a way of escape from a position conceived to be perilous. In a trice the girl had turned and sped, lightfooted, to the door opening on the private hall.

Here, halting for a brief reconnaissance, she determined that her plan was feasible, if hazardous. She ran the risk of encountering some one ascending the stairs from the ground floor; but if she were cautious and quick she could turn back in time. On the other hand, the men whom she most feared were thoroughly occupied with their differences, dead to all save that which was happening within the room's four walls. A curtain hung perhaps a third of the way across the study door, tempering the light in the hall; and the broad shoulders of the caddy obstructed the remainder of the opening.

It was a chance. She poised herself on tiptoe, half undecided, and—the rustling of paper as O'Hagan opened the parcel afforded her an opportunity to escape, by drowning the noise of her movements.

For two eternal seconds she was edging stealthily down toward the outer door; then, in no time at all, found herself on the landing and—confronted by a fresh complication, one unforeseen: how to leave the house without being observed, stopped, and perhaps detained until too late? There would be men at the door, beyond doubt; possibly police, stationed there to arrest all persons attempting to leave. . . .

No time for weighing chances. The choice of two alternatives lay before her: either to return to the alcove or to seek safety in the darkness of the upper floors—untenanted, as she had been at pains to determine. The latter seemed by far the better, the less dangerous, course to pursue. And at once she took it.

There was no light on the first-floor landing—it having presumably been extinguished by the janitor early in the evening. Only a feeble twilight obtained there, in part a reflected glow from the entrance hall, partly thin and diffused rays escaping from Maitland's study. So it was that the first few steps upward took the girl into darkness so close and unrelieved as to seem almost palpable.

At the turn of the staircase she paused, holding the rail and resting for an instant, the while she listened, ere ascending at a more sedate pace to a haven of safety more complete in that it would be more remote from the battle-ground below.

And, resting so, was suddenly chilled through and through with fear, sheer

childish dread of the intangible and unknown terrors that lurked in the blackness above her. It was as if, rendered supersensitive by strain and excitement, the quivering filaments of her subconsciousness, like spiritual tentacles feeling ahead of her, had encountered and recoiled from a shape of evil, a specter of horror obscene and malign, crouching, ready to spring, there, in the shadow of night. . . .

And her breath was smothered in her throat and her heart smote so madly against the frail walls of its cage that they seemed like to burst, while she stood transfixed, frozen in inaction, limbs stiffening, roots of her hair stirring, fingers gripping the banister rail until they pained her; and with eyes that stared wide into the black heart of nothingness, until the night seemed pricked with evanescent periods of dim fire, peopled with monstrous and terrible shadows closing about her. . . .

Yet—it was absurd! She must not yield to such puerile superstitions.

There was nothing there. . . . There was something there. . . . something that like an incarnation of hatred was stalking her. . . .

If only she dared scream! If only she dared turn and fly, back to the comfort of light and human company! . . .

There arose a trampling of feet in the hallway; and she heard Maitland's voice like a far echo, as he bade the police good night. And distant and unreachably as he seemed, the sound of his words brought her strength and some reassurance, and she grew slightly more composed. Yet, the instant that he had turned away to talk to the cabman, her fright of that unspeakable and incorporeal menace flooded her consciousness like a great wave, sweeping her—metaphorically—off her feet. And indeed, for the time, she felt as if drowning, overwhelmed in vast waters, sinking, sinking into the black abyss of syncope. . . .

Then, as a drowning person—we're told—clutches at straws, she grasped again at the vibrations of his voice. . . . What was he saying?

"You will wait outside, please, until I come out or send somebody, whom you will take wherever directed. . . ."

Speaking to the cabman, thinking of her, providing for her escape! Considerate and foresighted as always! How she could have thanked him! The warmth of gratitude that enveloped her almost unnerved her; she was put to it to restrain her impulse to rush down the stairs and . . .

But no; she must not risk the chance of rebuff. How could she forget what was in his mind and heart, how probe the depths of his feeling toward her? Perhaps he would receive her protestations in skeptic spirit. Heaven knew he had cause to! Dared she . . . To be repulsed! . . .

But no. He had provided this means for flight; she would advantage herself of it and . . . and thank him by letter. Best so; for he must ever think the worst of her; she could never undeceive him—pride restraining and upholding her.

Better so; she would go, go quickly, before he discovered her absence from the flat. . . .

And incontinently she swung about and flew down the stairs, silently, treading as lightly on the heavily-padded steps as though she had been this-tidedown whirled adrift by the wind, altogether heedless of the creeping terror she had sensed on the upper flight, careless of all save her immediate need to reach that cab before Maitland should discover that she had escaped.

The door was just closing behind the caddy as she reached the bottom step; and she paused, considering that it were best to wait a moment, at least, lest he should be surprised at the quickness with which his employ-er found work for him; paused and on some mysterious impulse half turned, glancing back up the stairs.

Not a thought too soon; another instant's hesitation and she had been caught. Some one—a man—was descending; and rapidly. Maitland? Even in her brief glance she saw the white shield of a shirt bosom gleam dull against the shadows. Maitland was in evening dress. Could it be possible . . . ?

No time now for conjecture, time now only for action. She sprang for the door, had it open in a trice, and before the caddy was really enthroned upon his lofty box, the girl was on the step, fair troubled face upturned to him in wild entreaty.

"Hurry!" she cried, distracted. "Drive off, at once! Please—oh, please!"

Seizing reins and whip, he jerked the startled animal between the shafts out of its abstraction and—

"I say, caddy! One moment!" The cabman turned; the figure on the stoop of the house was undoubtedly Maitland's—Maitland as he had just seen him, with the addition of a hat. As he looked the man was at the wheel, clambering in.

"Changed my mind—I'm coming along, caddy," he said cheerfully. "Drive us to the St. Luke building, please and—hurry!"

"Yessir!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Feminine Logic.

"The feminine mind is a strange arrangement," remarked a friend yesterday. "My wife gave me a letter to mail this morning, with two cents to buy a stamp. I told her the letter was a little over weight and would require an extra stamp. She said it wasn't worth the difference—and how do you think she remedied it? She tore the letter open, scatched out one page of it, put it in a new envelope and handed it back to me! Can you beat that?"

FAIN HEART AND FAIR LADY

Chances Good That the Ancient Adage Once More Proved Wisdom of Man Who Uttered It.

He was afraid to tell her right out and out that he loved her, so he began in a round-about way, hoping she would catch his drift, then betray, by her confusion, her own feelings. He didn't dream but that she loved him, but thought that she, like himself, was afraid to demonstrate it.

"Heart trouble?" she repeated. "Are you sure you've heart trouble, Alfred? You know indigestion is very like it at times."

"Oh, I know I've got heart trouble all right. I—can't you see it yourself?"

"Why, how silly, Alfred; no one can see heart trouble; they have to feel it. Have you taken anything for it?" "No, not yet, but I—I want to, don't you know?"

"Then why don't you?" "I—I would; that is, if I could get it."

"Can't you get it, Alfred?" "I—I don't know."

"Have you tried?" "No, not yet."

(Silence for two provoking minutes.)

"Alfred!" (coldly.) "Y-yes?"

"Let's have a game of checkers."

BABY HORRIBLY BURNED.

By Boiling Grease—Skin All Came Off One Side of Face and Head—Thought Her Disfigured for Life.

Used Cuticura: No Scar Left.

"My baby was sitting beside the fender and we were preparing the breakfast when the frying-pan full of boiling grease was upset and it went all over one side of her face and head. Some one wiped the scald with a towel, pulling the entire skin off. We took her to a doctor. He tended her a week and gave me some stuff to put on. But it all festered and I thought the baby was disfigured for life. I used about three boxes of Cuticura Ointment and it was wonderful how it healed. In about five weeks it was better and there wasn't a mark to tell where the scald had been. Her skin is just like velvet. Mrs. Hare, 1, Henry St., South Shields, Durham, England, March 22, 1908."

Peter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Brooklyn Flag Factory.

One of the biggest official flag factories in the world is in the Brooklyn navy yard. Between eighty and one hundred women work there all the year round making flags for the use of Uncle Sam's fighting ships. They use up 120,000 yards of bunting a year and fashion 418 different kinds of official flags. The flags cost \$90,000 a year.

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her.

William Mc Conn.—"For five years I suffered untold agony from female troubles, causing backache, irregularities, dizziness and nervous prostration. It was impossible for me to walk upstairs without stopping on the way. I tried three different doctors and each told me something different. I received no benefit from any of them, but seemed to suffer more. The last doctor said nothing would restore my health. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to see what it would do, and I am restored to my natural health."—Mrs. ETTA DONOVAN, Box 290, Williamstown, Conn.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Face-Similar Signature. Refuse Substitutes.