

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN

By JAMES BARNES

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THIS is not my story; it is Major Dunning's. It was one of the most successful of his few words of explanation. I had met the major at a "low jinks night" at the Bohemian club in San Francisco. I was a stranger to California. Everything was a delight to me—the free-hearted hospitality that distinguished the people, the delightful climate and on this occasion the frankness, the bonhomie and the good fellowship of this "low jinks night."

We had paired off together after some of the festivities, and our laughter had added the comfortable feeling that comes with an easy chair and a long cigar. Good fortune had it that the major sat beside me.

In some way or other the talk turned to the early feverish days of California, when everything was made or lost at a turn of the spade (or a card, for that matter), the days when chance and luck were items in the reckoning of success and when fortunes changed hands on the "easy come, easy go" principle.

I was very proud to sit beside the major. He had charmed me from the first. Tall and soldierly looking, he had the air of reserve about him and at the same time the cordial glance and voice that compel affection and deep interest. I had not been surprised to hear that he was one of the most successful lawyers on the Pacific coast.

During the course of the conversation two names had been mentioned that seemed well known to most of the group about the little table. They were the names of Roach and Fearson, knights of the green cloth, types of men that have almost disappeared in the last decade.

"Very odd occurrence," had remarked the attorney general, who sat directly opposite me. "It was a case celebre that flashed in the pan, so to speak, but I remember them as two cold, calculating gamblers that knew neither fear nor pity, and the strangest mystery pervades the whole affair."

Every one seemed to recall it and there was a universal assent. I was afraid to ask particulars, as it was evidently so old a story that it might be boring to the company, no matter how great my own interest might be.

But later in the evening the major and I walked home together, and I referred to it.

"It's a long tale," said the major, "and if any one is qualified to tell it I am that one."

Before parting I had the major's promise that he would write it out for me, and a few months later (after my return to the east) I received it, and a stranger tale in some ways never was written. The few lines that prefaced the manuscript of the narrative were written on my friend's official paper, dated San Francisco.

"I have at last fulfilled my promise," his note concluded, "and here is the story. It fully explains the statement that I made last winter—to wit, that I know more of the affair of Roach and Fearson than any man alive." Then, without further preamble or preface, he commences:

In the early days I had never once supposed that my acquaintance with these two remarkable men would outlive the weeks we had spent together thrashing the hurrying headwaters of the Merced, and that we should have become the friends we subsequently did in a considerable source of wonder to me now.

I was only a photographer's assistant at work in Yosemite when I struck up an acquaintance with these friends of mine that were to be at their camp (pitched just where the bridge now crosses the stream), and when my employer left the valley I stayed behind and joined them at Fearson's invitation. I did not know then that they were in durance, rusticated, as it were, until an episode (in which Roach had figured prominently) should drop out of the public's mind.

I have a vivid recollection of those days. The painting trout floundering on the bank, the bush of the forest, the sequoias and redwoods, with the breeze in the upper branches so far away that I often felt dizzy as I watched them moving in great folds, with the night, the spot and clatter of the campfire; Roach, a big scrawny man with a face and over one hand, sitting there always playing solitaire with two packs of cards no bigger than two fingers. He smoked great, costly cigars that came wrapped up in foil and tissue paper, and very particular he was about his coffee—I used to do the cooking.

I liked Fearson the better. He had a splendid deep sounding voice. He knew the uttermost parts of the earth, and I am sure that he had been a soldier—he was stamped with it from his heels upward. Probably he was thirty-eight when I first knew him. Roach was older—how much it was hard to say. His age changed with his moods. Fearson and I read Shakespeare together from a volume bound like a Bible with a clasp.

I became more and more attached to them, and I think they grew to like me also. I was an imaginative youth and, with all, as innocent and as friendless as a foundling. Many times afterward I recall those first days under the great trees and the sound of Fearson's voice as he read aloud, and I wondered at our friendship often as I sat below in the little room, half library, half office, and heard the ivory ball humming, spinning and tottering up stairs in the crowded, silent rooms where I had never been.

I suspect that some of my fellow members of the bar would be astonished if they knew that I made my first acquaintance with Blackstone in that little library on the first floor of Roach & Fearson's gambling house. But I am anticipating. This story telling is a new thing to me.

Well, at last came to me from San

Francisco. The episode, not very serious, had been forgotten; the trouble had blown over, and our camp was broken. We parted at Madeira station.

Some months elapsed. It was a day in June. I was walking the streets of San Francisco, unemployed, ill clad and hungry, when I ran upon them at the corner of the square.

Fearson seemed glad to see me, and Roach shook hands, although he appeared eager to be moving. Despite my position, I could not conceal my delight at seeing them. I forgot myself entirely. I did not do that in those days. The result was I dined with them that night. Dressed in my best old suit, I dined with Messrs. Fearson and Roach, two of the proscribed, well known, well feared, well hated (and it is only just for me to say so, well maligned) they were.

That very night I took my first step inside a gambling house. Everybody gambled then. But here let me state that, although for well nigh a year or

more I entered this same place, I have never staked a penny on a game of chance, and I cannot claim my exemption from the general custom of the times on any grounds of personal morality.

It was the evening of the dinner. Fearson was talking to me in the little room down stairs. The layouts—faro, roulette, poker—were on the floor above. "Tommy, my boy," he said, "we're not in this respected occupation for sheer love of it."

I had not yet recovered from the shock of finding out that he was in it at all.

"We're 'out for the dust,' as people say. But now, just a word. I have no right to give advice. Lord knows, but you can stake your life that what I tell you is the truth. If you ever wish for happiness, don't gamble."

He laughed rather bitterly, I think, and then went on:

"We've had some good times together, you and I and the Rajah, and he'd tell you the same thing." (Roach had gone up stairs.) "Now, the good times may come back again. I hope they will. I've watched you," he said, "tipping back my chair as he spoke, 'and, bar accidents, you are all right. You'll grow a decent man and make something of it. I'll back you for it.'"

"I'm sure it's very kind," I began. "I can't tell you."

"No; it is not very kind," he interposed. "At least, I'm not so sure. I have not finished what I was going to say. Perhaps it would have been better if I had just nodded to you today or cut you dead, but I could not have done it, you know," he added, "even if I'd thought."

He paused, and I was about to speak, when again he stopped me.

"Listen!" he said. "You need not talk. Afterward you can do what you please."

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"It will never come," I burst out, half extending my hand, for I was touched.

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Fearson glanced at him and smiled. Then he turned to me again and spoke in that deep, even voice of his.

"What I mean is this," he said. "We will be glad to see you here where we are sitting. It's not a half bad place to come to, but up there," and he jerked his hand toward the stairway, "you do not want to go—here or in any other spot. Promise me."

I looked about the room. It was small, as I have said before, but it was big with books. What tempting things books are to those who love them!

"Let me tell you something," continued Fearson, as I did not answer. He placed his heavy hand on my knee and swung it to and fro. "This is something I would tell any one who asked me. No luck or system can beat big odds against you in the long run. We live off people who think otherwise. Fake my word for it. Don't we, Rajah?"

Roach jingled the crystal pendants of a candelabrum with his fingers and nodded. Then he threw his big cigar viciously into the fireplace and left the room.

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NEW SHORT STORIES

When Fouché Was Taken In.

A poor Parisian poet named Dubois during the reign of Napoleon I. addressed an ode to Princess Pauline, Napoleon's favorite sister. A relative of the poet, being waiting maid to the princess, presented the ode, with the result that Pauline asked for a post for M. Dubois, a man of superior gifts. Minister Fouché, delighted to please the princess, called at the poet's humble attic. The poet put his head out of the window of his garret and, spying a carriage escorted by gendarmes, concluded that the boldness of his remarks with regard to a universal peace had been badly received by the emperor and that they had come to arrest him. Prompted by his fear, Dubois considered it most prudent to hide under his bed. The poet was got out and was sent to Elba as commissary general of police. It was some time ere Fouché and Pauline met, and the princess had difficulty in remembering the request that she had made for Dubois. "Does not your highness recollect a letter sent to me about three months ago, most pressingly recommending a M. Dubois, a man of letters, in whom your highness took the greatest interest?" "One moment," said the princess, and then a smile overspread her beautiful features. "My protégé, M. de Du, was a poor poet, a relative of one of my maids, who sent me an ode. What have you done with him? Have you given him a stool in one of your departments?" The minister, nettled at having been duped in that way, took particular care to suppress the fact of his having made a grand functionary of Dubois. Unfortunately Fouché's friends at court got wind of the thing, and there was an end of the secret. Napoleon himself was vastly amused at it and bantered his minister. Dubois was recalled, but already 300,000 francs had been paid to him.

The Benevolence of Governor Nye.

Back in the sixties Governor Nye of Nevada was an inveterate poker player. One time while at Stillwater he was playing poker in the presence of Capsue, peace chief of the Putes, Capsue asked the governor to play with him, and the request was granted. The play was two bits ante and a dollar limit. The Indian's capital was \$10, and the governor, who cheated outrageously, soon won all the money. Capsue then put up his saddle, which quickly went with his cash. His blanket followed. His pony was staked

Presenting Arms to a Cat.

Some fifty years ago a very high English official died in a fortress at a place that is one of the centers of Brahminic orthodoxy, and at the moment when the news of his death reached the serjeant at the main gate a black cat rushed out of it. The guard presented arms to the cat as a salute to the flying spirit of the powerful Englishman, and the coincidence took so firm a hold of the locality that up to a few years ago neither exhortation or orders could prevent a Hindoo sentry at that gate from presenting arms to any cat that passed out at night.—*Bombay Times.*

Progressive Tipping.

A correspondent of the *Lancet* tells a story in reference to the rapid growth of the habit of tipping which may be developed in unsuspecting subjects. Two elderly ladies, he says, were surprised by a visitor in the act of drinking neat brandy. Upon his expressing some surprise they said that brandy had been recommended to them as a capital preventive against cholera and that they first took it with water, and then they took it without water, and now they took it like water.

Careless Conductor.

"Isn't this awful?" asked the common looking man on the crowded street car. "Isn't this awful? Why, there are already 165 people on this car."

"It is awful," agreed the person addressed, who was a street railway magnate. "It is awful. There ought to be at least twenty more in here. I'll take that conductor's number and have him on the carpet tomorrow."—*Baltimore American.*

Hit It.

An Iowa man being examined in Washington to determine his fitness for a consulship was asked, "How many Hessians did George III. hire to come to this country to fight the Americans during the Revolution?" He thought for a long time. Then he said, "I don't know, but it was a darn sight more than went back."

The Souls He Saved.

The pastor called at a Columbus home the other day, where little Freddie, a bright youngster, is a great pet. Freddie had previously heard his mother say that the pastor was very successful in saving souls.

During a pause in the conversation Freddie, who was sitting on the pastor's knee, asked:

"Do you save souls?"

"Yes, Freddie," replied the man of the cloth.

"Will you tell me," went on Freddie seriously, "how many souls you got saved up?"—*Ohio State Journal.*

A Small Philosopher.

Little George is an embryonic philosopher. He said the other day at table, "Now, when I sit in my chair my feet won't touch the floor, but when I walk around they touch the floor just as well as anybody's."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

A Was Old Acquaintance Have.

"It is too bad," said the visitor from home, "but people who acquire wealth are not the same to their old friends."

"Perhaps there is a reason for that," replied Mrs. Curox reminiscingly. "People who acquire wealth have feelings the same as any one else, and their old friends sometimes have a very superior way of saying: 'Humph! I knew them when they were as poor as Job's turkey.'"—*Washington Star.*

Scientific Fact.

Doctor—Speaking of your trouble with your husband, do you know that it is a scientific fact that meat causes bad temper?

Mrs. De Jarr—Oh, yes; I have noticed it always does, and especially when it's burned.—*New York Weekly.*

The Walk-in-the-Water.

The first steambomb on Lake Erie, made by first trip from Flat Rock to Detroit in August, 1818, leaving on Sunday and arriving on Thursday.

Shelley.

Shelley read with close attention all the works he could find antagonizing Christianity. He thought he was an atheist, but was mistaken, as there is not a more spiritual writer in our language than he. He read the Bible with great care, and some of his finest imagery is borrowed from its pages.—*Lit-erary Life.*

THE GOVERNOR'S FACE WORE A WICKED SMILE.

And lost. The governor's face wore a wicked smile. "Governor," said the Indian, "you got my money, my saddle, my blanket and my pony; now I bet you my squaw." The governor's expression at once became benevolent. "Capsue," he explained, "I cannot take your wife. The paleface does not indulge in double blessings of this variety, but if you will promise never to play poker again I will give you back your money and your property." Capsue was delighted and always after that told the story to illustrate what a great man was Governor Nye.

A Large Increase.

Down in Sullivan county, Ind., is Fairbanks postoffice, named, of course, in honor of the senior senator of that state. When, however, a vacancy in the postmastership occurred some time ago, a curious discovery was made. There was not a Republican in the village. Senator Fairbanks knew, of course, that the community was thoroughly Democratic, but the idea that it did not contain a Republican—well, that state of affairs staggered the senator, and he waited for developments.

In course of time a Republican named Murphy moved into the place from Illinois, and he was appointed postmaster. A few days ago he disappeared, leaving a note to his wife saying that his body would be found in the Wabash river. This necessitated some inquiries as to who could fill the vacancy. Recently Senator Fairbanks was informed that there were now two Republicans in the town.

"An increase of 200 per cent in the Republican vote of Fairbanks," commented the senator as he glanced over the letter. "Wouldn't it be fine if the same ratio of increase could be maintained all over the state?"

How He Managed It.

"This is the first time I was ever able to pass a circus parade without its scaring my horses," said Senator Elkins to Senator McMillan.

"How did you manage it?" asked Senator McMillan, with great interest. "I was not so lucky. My team was badly frightened."

"Oh, I came up in my automobile," was the reply of Senator Elkins.

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Courtship in Spain.

In Spain the courtship begins with gifts of flowers, and the wedding ends with a shower of blossoms on the couple, who pass into a floral bower on the roof of the new house. The suitor begins his courtship by asking for a gourd of water at the home where the object of his affections lives. If this request is granted, he may persist in his attentions, but if it is denied the matter ends there. Later the man calls again, accompanied by musicians and torchbearers, and while the man doliu players strum their instruments the lover's companion makes his address. Any time during the courtship the suitor may be rejected by the gift of a pumpkin. Three times he must make formal suit for a wife, as his request cannot be granted at first. But if her father refuses the third time he may consult a magistrate, who demands that the daughter be produced or that her father give his consent to the marriage, provided he is an honorable man. He can then carry off his bride. But this emergency does not often arise.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

Poetic Salutations.

In our salutations we are poetical and pious without realizing it. "Good-by," which falls so flippantly from lips, is really "God be with you," and "Good day" means "I wish you a good day—a happy, prosperous day." The Philonians on meeting used to ask, "What occupies you?" Another of their everyday phrases meant to express joy and pleasure was, "Flesh, rejoice!"

Every day on our streets we hear the pet phrase of the Germans, "Wie geht's?" (How goes it?) or "Auf Wiedersehen" (Till we meet again). And the Italian fruit dealer at the corner calls to his comrade in his native tongue, "God give you a good morrow."

The ancient Jewish mother upon entering a house says in her own language, "The blessings of God be on this house."

"Peace be with you" is the Hebrew benediction, and the answer is equally beautiful, "With you be peace."

Interesting For the Husband.

A titled lady warned her new gardener that her husband had an irritating habit of disparaging everything he saw in the greenhouse and of ordering in a reckless manner new plants to be bought.

"But on no account humor him," she said. "Whatever he says, throw cold water on him, or he will ruin us with his extravagance."

At this point the new gardener turned on her a white and startled face.

"Ma'am," he said, "if he orders me to pitch every plant in the place on the rubbish heap, I shan't ever have the pluck to doze him in cold water. 'Won't it do as well if I get a drain of warm water out of the boiler and let it trickle gently down his neck?'—*London Tit-Bits.*

Presenting Arms to a Cat.

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"Perhaps there is a reason for that," replied Mrs. Curox reminiscingly. "People who acquire wealth have feelings the same as any one else, and their old friends sometimes have a very superior way of saying: 'Humph! I knew them when they were as poor as Job's turkey.'"—*Washington Star.*

WOMAN AND FASHION

Cloth Summer Gown.

The gown shown is of thin, supple white cloth, trimmed with cluny lace, over which are narrow strappings of glace silk. The bolero is finished off round the shoulders and at the elbows



CLOTH AND CLUNY LACE. with flounces of embroidered cloth and caught across the front with black velvet and large enamel buttons. The skirt has a plaited tunic, enriched with lace and glass strappings.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Millinery Mustings.

There is a great deal of bright yellow to be seen in summer hats. Yellow and burnt straws have trimmings of yellow flowers. Bright yellow wings are used on black rice straws. The large lacy white straws for children are trimmed with yellow satin or velvet ribbons. Wreaths of buttercups are always pretty for the little folks' hats.

The "tailored toques" are smart in straw with trimmings of straw.

Large, flat hats for children are prettily trimmed with wreaths of poppies in pale green or light blue or scarlet, with the moss now fashionable in millinery very small flowers are used. A wreath of tiny pink rosesbud with foliage broken by groups of forget-me-nots is considered modish on this soft vernal bed.

A black straw toque with brim made of cockades in white and black straw is designed for a Pittsburg woman to wear with a white serge gown trimmed severely with bands of black taffeta silk.

For a Thin Waist.

No prettier design for a dotted swiss, fine mull or even a handsome silky gingham could be found than one consisting of a bodice with pointed yoke closing either at the left shoulder or in front, the neck high or in Dutch round style and with a fancy bertha that may be omitted and the sleeves in elbow or full length and a five eored flare skirt having one or two slightly graduated gathered flounces and an inverted box plait or gathers at the back, says the <