

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN

By JAMES BARNES

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I saw him many times in the next two years; but his life and mine were wide apart, and he seemed to have forgotten my existence.

Three years sailed past in the fog. Before the next would come and go I would be a member of the bar of California. I was of age and had fallen in love. This, with a certain self reliance some small success had brought me, must have changed me somewhat. Yet when I saw Pearson's face looking out of the window of a passing cab I forgot my dignity, and with my green rag over my shoulder, I ran after the rattling over wheels and, catching it, looked at the dog handle and almost plunged into Pearson's arms.

He was never exactly demonstrative, but he was overjoyed to see me and shook me by the shoulders until my head ached.

But he was sadly changed. His neatness in his dress was gone, and then he smelled of liquor. His face was pale and rather worn, and his eyes were not so clear and bright as they used to be, despite his sleepless nights. I saw he had been ill.

Almost his first inquiry was for Roach. Had I seen him? "No, not for months." I felt pained that he did not ask me about myself. It seemed unkind.

"Don't leave me, Tommy, my boy," he said. "Drive with me. We must find the Rajah."

The cab rumbled on again. I looked at Pearson closely. I felt as if it were not he at all. He placed his hand on my knee in the old way, and at last he broke the silence. He told me that he had just arrived in town. "Back from hades and nowhere," he said. But one thing—he must find Roach at once.

I grew frightened at this persistence, and tried to tell him about my own position and future, almost in desperation.

It was no use. He paid no attention to me, looking out of the windows from side to side, and bolting out of the carriage into the places where he thought he might find Roach, with a "Wait here, I'll be back" and a slam of the door.

Two or three times I was tempted to clear out and leave him in the lurch, but for some reason I did not do so.

From the last place he entered he shot out on a run. "He's been there," he shouted. "Back to the hotel. Drive, drive! You lazy devil!" he screamed to the man on the box. "Drive quickly!"

On the way he apologized for his abstraction. He spoke in high, excited notes. I could just hear what he said above the roar of our fast driving.

"I don't exactly understand," I said. "Well, the situation is this, son," said Pearson, speaking slowly and pulling at his long mustache. "Do you remember the pictures of the 'Dance of Death' in the library?"

I recalled at once the drawings of Rolandson—the skeleton armed with a dart about to attack some unsuspecting person in the midst of happiness or contentment.

"Yet I do not exactly understand," I said. "Speak plainer."

Pearson appeared to look over my head, but he answered slowly and distinctly:

"There's some one looking for Roach, and death is with him," he said. "Something will happen here. I take it, in the next few minutes!"— Suddenly he bent forward and walked slowly into the hotel lobby. He was breathing loudly and trying hard to swallow, like a man whose throat is parched with thirst. Standing close to the elevator were a man and woman. The man I knew by sight. He was dressed in a long black coat, his hair was gray, and his eyes, small and narrow, glittered evilly like a hawk's. His name was Terris. I remember having heard it said that in the old days the vigilantes had overlooked him. The woman never took her eyes off his face. The paint on her lips, drawn tight across her teeth, was blotched, and her mouth had a blurred appearance. Her frightened hands rubbed against the side of her skirt. I saw all this from following Pearson's eyes. The elevator slid down and stopped softly. The man grasped the woman by the arm and went inside. But before the boy could close the door Roach stepped quietly around the shaft, coming from some side entrance.

Pearson and I were close behind him, and we all three entered the narrow box together.

What happened then came so quickly and was such a shock to me that I feel almost a faint now when I remember it. Roach turned and saw Pearson, but before he could say a word something came from Pearson's lips—a sound short and horrid like the breaking of a bone.

And he struck Roach full in the face and closed with him.

Down they went on the floor—Roach with a hoarse, cursing cry. God, what a sound it was! The woman gave a scream and threw herself helplessly upon the gray man's shoulder, shrieking incoherently words. He half supported her. His coat was open, and one hand was behind his back. Mechanically I pushed the struggling, thrusting tangle of great limbs and bodies with my foot, to keep them from the open doorway as the car ascended. Roach had stopped his cursing and groaned in hasty, straining groans. I saw Pearson, who was on top, lean over and bring his face close to Roach's. He was saying something at him like a fighting dog; his teeth snapped together, and he caught his own lips between them, and the blood reddened over his chin.

Just then the elevator struck the top and nearly threw me off my feet. Terris drew the woman out on the landing, the boy ran shouting down the hall, and I was left alone with all that dreadful struggle on the floor.

Pearson glanced at me sideways and spoke in a hard voice—he was panting loudly:

"I was just in time. Pull that rope and run us down. Hurry!" he said. I obeyed without a word. How slow it seemed to drop, and all the time Pearson was talking to the moaning figure under him, whose wrists he held in the clasp of his strong fingers.

"Don't struggle, Dick. Dash it, man, I had to! Don't you hear me! He was going to shoot you! She told me so! Listen! It's I, old pal, Pearson! I had to do it! Listen! There, stop! I won't hurt you, Dick! Dick, old boy, he'd shot you through his coat! Came all the way from Pinto just to do it! My God, he doesn't hear me!"

Roach was moving his hands, still attempting to free himself. His eyes only showed the whites and he was blowing bloody bubbles through his teeth.

bystander nearest him and staggering away asking for an officer in a husky voice.

The pistol smoke smelled like a noxious gas and nearly overpowered me. They carried Pearson, or dragged him, rather, into the nearest washroom and laid him on the floor, with some dirty towels underneath his head. I knelt beside him and placed my cheek close against his. One of his lungs was filled with blood, but he could whisper.

"Have you a pistol, Tom?" he said in my ear. "Put it in my pocket. It'll go easier with him if they find a pistol—he was crazy—meant to save him—stood between me and a knife, he did, once long ago—cut him to strings." He was hissing thickly. "Met them on train, she managed to tell me. Terris got hold of Roach's letter. They were going to clear out—swore to kill him, Terris did. Fight distracted him—she lost—nervous—blabbed—been going on for years. Oh, Tom, I'm going to die—don't let him know—ride straight! Pray quick—prayers—O God!" I held my breath while he was dying, the doctor fumbling about his chest.

I remember they covered him with a cloth from the billiard table. A man in a blue coat took down my name, and I struggled through the crowd.

I could not think of what had happened and looked stupidly at the heavy seal he had slipped off his finger into my hand but a few minutes before. The crest had been defaced, and I could make out the word "veritas" spelled backward.

Perfunctorily I finished the errand I had started on earlier in the day, the filing of some papers at the courthouse, and still dazed, I heard the newsboys calling "extra" on the street.

There is the sum of the following day, and I have finished. I did not go to bed that night. I thought I should never sleep again, and I made all the arrangements for Pearson's funeral after the inquest with a heavy heart. No one knew anything of his family or his past. I seemed to be his only friend.

One thing I knew—he was a gentleman. The second day I slept, and when I awoke there was a note brought to me from Roach imploring me to call and see him. He was held a prisoner—I was not his first affair.

For some reason I felt no resentment toward Roach. I was still numbbed. I could not analyze my feelings for him. I did not care whether they hanged him or let him go. Pearson was dead.

So I went and found him, not in a cell, but seated in a large cage-like structure in the jail corridor. He appeared quite comfortable and was smoking.

There was a skylight in the roof above, and the place was full of sunshine. The reality and horror of the whole occurrence struck me more forcibly. Up to this time I could hardly realize it.

Not a detail of the place or of the interview escaped me. I do not believe I said a dozen words. One sentence was in my mind, "Cain, you've killed your brother."

As soon as he saw me he arose and began to talk. I would be a witness for him—I saw the assault, how unprompted it was—and then, "before a lady." He "was in the right."

I did not answer. If I had, I would have blurted out the truth.

MOVING IN SCOTLAND

ON MAY 28 OCCURS THE ANNUAL CARNIVAL OF "FLITTING."

One Day In Each Year When Furniture Vans and Chaos Reign Supreme—An Odd System, Built Up on the Caution of the Landlords.

In Scotland May 28 is annually given over to a perfect carnival of "flitting."

In England houses of the higher rents are taken by the year at any quarter day and the lower rented ones by the month or even by the week. The flitting is thus spread over the year, and no confusion arises. The Scottish system is to let houses by the year from May 28. Even the smallest, consisting of only one room, are so let. On the great day in any large town the flights afforded range from the laughable to the pathetic.

As soon as it is daylight the vans previously "trysted" begin their work; the goods are loaded up with more haste than care and to the accompaniment of the good housewife's lamentations as some cherished household god is roughly flung into the van.

Arrived at the destination, further troubles are in store. Perhaps the new house is not yet vacated, and as the van is required for other removals, the goods are dumped down in the street, and there the poor family is left stranded for the time. Occasionally some streets—in Glasgow, for instance—present an appearance of wholesale evictions.

So numerous are the demands that vans cannot always be obtained, and every kind of vehicle, including horseless carriages, popularly known as "hurleys," are pressed into the service, supplemented by father, mother and the children, each carrying pictures, mirrors or other cherished articles too precious to trust to the tender mercies of some ramsack conveyance.

These processions are moving along all day. The representative of law and order, upon this day at least, is very lenient, his gruff "Move on!" is less in evidence, and his ready note-book gets a rest. There are no "cases" of obstruction reported, although often loaded vans have to remain in a street all night.

It may be that the "policeman" grasps the humor of the situation, or perhaps a fellow feeling influences him. No doubt his own flitting is in progress, and he relieves off duty to some strange alibi, there to assist in carrying in his goods, to sup off a crust of bread and cheese and sleep on the floor, as others have to do.

A stranger naturally inquires the cause of this one day given over to chaos. It is to be found in the caution of the Scottish landlord. It is difficult to obtain a house at any other time than the lawful removal day, and the canny house owner has prudently secured his rent a fortnight previously.

"Moonlight" flittings are thus practically unknown, and there is little loss of rent from that cause. The rents being payable half yearly only, the cost of collection is reduced, as is the risk of loss, to a minimum. The system entails great hardship to workingmen compelled to change the scene of their labors. They frequently cannot obtain a house until term day and have consequently to take lodgings and support their family in the interim.

If fortunate enough to obtain a house, the landlord steps in and requires his full year's rent to be paid or deposited in bank before he allows the goods to be removed. The unfortunate head of a household is also responsible for the full year's rates of his "new" house, although he may have paid in full at his vacated house.

The only advantage to the tenant is security of tenure for twelve months and the certainty of being accommodated in the interim in the general scramble. Of course it happens sometimes, through new houses being erected, that some one is able to start the ball rolling a day or two before term, to the comfort of all involved in the particular circuit; but, generally speaking, may term day in Scotland is not an institution to be admired and copied.

Strange to say, Sandy not only takes this day philosophically, but is much more addicted to "flitting" than people south of the Tweed, some families moving regularly every year without any apparent necessity. One would scarcely expect the worry and discomfort of the day and succeeding temporary chaos to be voluntarily undertaken, but the fact is so.

DON'T READ IN BED.

It is a Dangerous Practice While Lying Down, Says an Authority. Reading in bed is seriously advised, so the newspapers say, by a physician as conducive to "repair and resting," "relieving congestion," "emptying the veins overfilled by prolonged eyework," etc.

It is plain that placing the head back in a horizontal position so absolutely meets the whole problem of a relief of congestion by gravity—and it is such a strange thing that people with weak eyes do not habitually practice reading in a recumbent position perfectly comfortable. Such advice, carried out with absolute care as to light and the position of the book, would in the case of a thousand busy people add largely to the number of hours which reading could be indulged in without detriment to the eyes or general health.

Certainly the one who gives this strange and pernicious advice could never have tried the plan. Some years ago was described a patented device for suspending the book over the horizontally placed head of a sick person whereby reading would be possible without holding the book in the hands. Even then one wonders how the light could be made to fall properly on the page. Without a method of the kind not even a well person could hold a book five minutes above the eyes. Reading in bed has ruined thousands of good eyes. Unless one sits up in bed as if in a chair it is impossible to hold the book in such a position that the arms are not quickly tired and so that the light falls on it properly. When reading lying down, there is a traction upon the inferior rectus muscles which is highly injurious. Every patient should be warned never to read in bed except when sitting up as vertically as in a chair.—American Medicine.

STRONG PULSE BEATS.

Cases in Which They Are Perceptible to the Eye.

"It is not such an uncommon thing," said a physician, "to find a person whose pulse beats can be plainly seen, and yet I suppose there are but few outside of the profession who realize the fact. In most persons the beat of the pulse cannot be perceived, but the mere fact that the beating is perceptible does not mean that the pulse is other than normal. I have come across a number of cases where the throbbing of the wrist could be plainly seen, and yet the persons rarely gave evidence of abnormality in temperature. They were rarely feverish and were in good physical condition generally. Pulses of this kind, from this view which is based upon actual observations of cases, do not indicate anything more than an abnormal physical condition in the formation of the wrist vessels."

I have met with one case which was possibly a little extraordinary in that it was plainer and much more distinct than any I had ever seen before. It could almost be heard. The artery would rise to a point almost as large as the ball of the little finger of a child and would change from the white of the skin to a blood purple with each beat of the pulse. I found it easy to count the pulse beats without touching the patient's wrist. I could see plainly enough to levy the record, and in order not to err in my calculation I tested it in several ways and found it was correct and that there was no mistake in my counting with the naked eye.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Origin of the Rattlesnake Flag.

One of the most common devices used on the American flags during the early part of the Revolutionary struggle was an embroidered rattlesnake above or below the legend "Don't tread on me."

The origin of this design has been traced to a remark made by Ben Franklin. At the time the flag was adopted, or immediately before, England was shipping her criminals to America and turning them loose on the defenseless colonists. After several murders had been committed by these unwelcome immigrants Ben Franklin (some say in a joking spirit) suggested that the colonists retaliate by sending a cargo of rattlesnakes to the mother country and turning them out in the gardens of the nobles.

Speaking of Royalty. Damoscles had been invited to dine with the king of Syracuse. Upon taking his seat he instantly saw the sword hanging by a hair above his head. "I suppose," he said to the king, "you call that the hair apparent." Dionysius, pretending to see no humor in the remark, replied, "I don't know about that, my boy, but if it falls upon your head it will make some crown prints."

This shows that the ancients were not averse to joking even under trying circumstances.—New York Times.

Spinach. Spinach derives its name from the Spanish monks, who first used it during fast days. It belongs to the beet family and is generally served as a vegetable, although it makes a delicate and appetizing salad. In the spring, when it is fresh and green, a few leaves added to the spinach will improve the flavor, whether it is served as a vegetable or a salad.

A Mean Reflection. Buggins—See here, porter. This mirror is so dusty I can't see myself in it. Hotel Porter (who has not been tipped by Buggins)—Strikes me you ought to be mighty thankful 'stid of makin' a fuss about it.—London Tit-Bits.

THE GAME OF GAMES.

Blake, Moffitt & Towne. Importers and dealers in Book, News, Writing and Wrapping Papers. CARD STOCK. STRAW AND BINDERS' BOARD. 55-57-59-61 First St. Tel. Main 100. 31 SAN FRANCISCO.

It is true that there is a point of view from which golf may be regarded as an extremely simple game—the very simplest of all the games with a ball and a club, says William G. Brown in the June Atlantic. The player's object is simple and single to the point of simple-mindedness and singularity, one might say—to put a small ball in a small hole with the fewest possible strokes. But so are the objects of the highest ambitions, the guiding stars of careers the most perplexed and devious. It is true, likewise, that all the countless strokes a golfer makes are resolvable into three kinds of stroke—driving, approaching and putting. But Mr. Everard, in a lecture unsurpassed for truth and brilliancy by any in all the extremely clever literature of golf, has declared that to make those three strokes airtight one must have "art, science and inspiration."

From the moment the ball leaves the tee, whether it be topped, pulled or sliced or whether, struck in proper fashion a trifle below the medial line and urged forward with an exquisite force lashing out of the wrists, it takes flight as with wings and seeks its true course as with a mind and purpose of its own until it drops into the cup with a tintinnabulation that no louder clang or pean ever surpassed in its suggestion of victory and consummation, there is no foreseeing what perplexity or temptation to carelessness or overconfidence it will present.

Not twice off the tee ground and the putting green will the possibilities and probabilities of the stroke be quite the same. In the lie, the wind, the distance to be traversed, the obstacles to be carried, there are variations not to be reckoned by any known mathematics.

Then, as the match approaches its dreadfully quiet climax of defeat or victory, the responsibility may grow positively appalling. The very deliberation which, impossible in most games, is so characteristic of this, so far from lessening the strain on one's nerves, undoubtedly heightens it. One has time to estimate the emergency, to realize the crisis.

Not the fiercest rally at tennis, not the longest and timeliest home run at baseball, not the most heroic rush at football, requires a more rigid concentration of thought and energy or a more dauntless courage than the flick of a putter that sends the ball crawling on its last little journey across the putting green when the put is for the hole and the hole means the match. There is not a quality of mind or body—I will not except or qualify at all—not one, that life itself proves excellent which a circuit of the links will not test.

The Declaration. It is a rather curious fact that while facsimiles of the Declaration of Independence were common enough several years ago and were largely used for advertising purposes they are now very scarce—so scarce that a Philadelphia collector recently paid \$10 for one bearing the advertisement of a western railroad. The original document, preserved in glass, is still to be seen in the possession of the department of state in Washington, but it has become so faded as to be nearly illegible, by reason of which a photographic reproduction would be valueless. James D. McBride had plates made and secured a copyright on them in 1874, but these plates were later destroyed by fire, and none are now in existence. Consequently the copies that have been preserved are constantly increasing in value.—Philadelphia Record.

Drury Lane. Drury lane was named after the great family of the Drury's who once lived there, and Clare market after Lord Clare. The fame of Drury lane is worldwide. Who has not heard of the famous pantomimes at Drury Lane theater and of the many famous actors and actresses who have played there? Who has not read of the wild exploits of Nell Gwynn, the flower girl, who obtained such an ascendancy over the Merrie Monarch? Peppys calls her "Pretty Nell" and records how he saw her in Drury lane "standing at her lodging's door in her smock sleeves and bodice, a mighty pretty creature."—Chambers' Journal.

A Good Prophet. Cassidy—Kearney seems to be doing well in his present job. Casey—Ah, but he'll not last long in it! Cassidy—He seems daicent an' sober now. Casey—Aye, but he'll not last a month. O'fve said so iver since he got the job two years ago, an' O'fll bet O'm right.—Philadelphia Press.

When Seen Aft. "Is matrimony an ideal condition?" asked the little one. "In perspective it is," answered her mother, with a quick glance in the direction of the man who was reading a newspaper at the breakfast table.—Chicago Post.

For a Man's Only a Man. Mr. Bixby—There, I've let my cigar go out. Do you know, it spoils a cigar, no matter how good it is, if you allow it to go out? Mrs. Bixby—Yes. A cigar is a good deal like a man in that respect.—Pittsburg Press.

To be tricky and shrewd, that is not culture nor is it joy; but to be square and frank, that is culture, and it is happiness. Schoolmaster.

The Griffin. The first sailing vessel on the great lakes, passed through Detroit river in 1673.

Expensive. "I've quit joking my wife about women carrying their pocket handkerchiefs in their pocketbooks," said Tensont. "I didn't pay." "How was that?" asked Hunker. "She had sh'd carry money in hers if she had it. Handed her out \$10 on the spot."—Detroit Free Press.

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ANOTHER TEST CASE.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

While the Fulton Compounds were under examination, one of the investigators went to one of the best known physicians in San Francisco and asked him to name a certain case of Bright's disease for a test. He named G. H. Alton of El Paso, a former conductor of the S. P. Co., as beyond human aid. Eight physicians had declared the case chronic Bright's disease. It was typical—albumin, casts, dropsy, sleeplessness, night sweats and usual weakness. Patient went on the Compound June 8, 1901. We now copy from the written reports.

June 15—Improvement. Still sluggish. Color better. Albumen decreasing. Patient much encouraged.

June 25—Continued improvement. More ambitions. Albumen diminishing. Night sweats beginning to yield.

July 15—Not so favorable. Went to the country and began to bleed. Returned and feeling better, though not probably quite so well as last report. A favorable indication is the disappearance of the night sweats.

July 25—Tendency again disappearing. Albumen getting less and less.

Aug. 15—Improvement continues.

Aug. 25—Patient claims he is nearly well. Continued improvement, and patient recommended for a test by a prominent surgeon by railroad surgeons in El Paso show as follows:

Spec. Grav. 1.028
Reaction Acid
Sugar None
Albumen None
Exam. for Casts None

At this writing, January 19, 1902, patient is not yet entirely recovered, but is still on the treatment and getting better continually.

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 87 per cent. are positively recovered by the Fulton Compounds. Common forms of kidney complaint and rheumatism offer but short resistance. It is for the Bright's Disease and Diabetes Compound. John J. Fulton, 221 E. 12th St., New York City. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlets mailed free.

The Tramp Ready for Any Job. The gay cat applies for a job where he hears men are wanted, he knows not for what. "Can you drive four?" asks the boss. "It may be the hobo doesn't know whether it is four miles or four tent stakes he is to drive, but he confidently answers: "Sure thing! Had a job driving four last month at —" (any of the 10,000 places he has been to, so he can answer questions if the boss is inclined to put them), and the next morning, finding the "four" he is to drive are horses, he confidently approaches a fellow employee with, "Say, Bud, show me how to put the harness on the plugs, will you?" Asked if he knew how to make watches or dynamite cartridges, he would doubtless say he did. He might fall at either, but he would not weakly deny himself an opportunity to try. This is not true of all, but it is a distinctive trait born of necessity in men that seek employment in many and various fields.—Leslie's Monthly.

Old Wedding Customs. In Switzerland the bride on her wedding day will permit no one, not even her parents, to kiss her upon the lips. In many of the provinces the cook pours hot water over the threshold after the bridal couple have gone in order to keep it warm for another bride. A favorite wedding day in Scotland is Dec. 31, so that the young couple can leave their old life with the old year and begin their married life with the new one, surely a pretty idea. The Italians permit no wedding gifts that are sharp or pointed, from which practice emanates our superstition that the gift of a knife severs friendship. One of the most beautiful of all marriage customs is that of the bride immediately after the ceremony flinging her bouquet among her maiden friends. She who catches it is supposed to be the next bride.

Word Blindness. Some curious instances of the physical defects of "word blindness" are given in the Lancet. The disease is fortunately uncommon. In one case the sufferer, an Englishman, thirty-four years of age, who knew Greek, Latin and French well, suddenly lost all knowledge of English, though he could read and understand Greek perfectly and Latin and French in a rather smaller degree. Another and almost more curious case was that of a man who lost the power of reading at sight. This patient was able to write accurately from dictation, but was completely unable to read what he had written. Word blindness is apparently akin to color blindness, but is certainly attended by much more inconvenient consequences.

One Attraction Missing. "Say," said the young writer who had been engaged by the circus man to write up a prospectus of the show, "I've about exhausted my vocabulary on this thing. Have you a thesaurus?" "No, by thunder," said the circus man. "We've only got a rhinoceros, but I'll cable over and buy one."—New York Times.

The Big Fire. "Yes," said the conductor. "I remember it very well. That was in 1897, the year of the big fire." "What big fire?" asked the other man. "Don't you recollect? Twenty-nine fellows on our line were bounced for knocking down."—Chicago Tribune.

What She Says. "A man can't tell whether a girl means what she says," he remarked thoughtfully. "Of course not," she replied. "If he thinks she does, why she just naturally doesn't the moment she finds it out, and if he thinks she doesn't, why she does."—Chicago Post.

Cruelty. Bill—I hear a man in town was arrested today for cruelty to animals. Jill—Is that so? "Yes; the fellow had a tapeworm, and he refused to feed it."—Yonkers Statesman.

Light mortals, how ye walk your life minut over bottomless abysses, divided from you by a film—Carlyle.