GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN.

By JAMES BARNES.

(Copyright, 1900, by James Barnes.) This is not my story-it is Major Dun-1ble. ning's, and how it came into my possession requires a few words of explanation. I had met the major at a "Low Jinks"

Night" at the Bohemian club in San Fran-I was a stranger to California. Everybody was a delight to me, the freehearted hospitality that distinguished the this occasion, the frankness, the bonhommie and the good fellowship of this "Low Jinks"

We had paired off together after some of the festivities, and our laughter had aided can't tell youthe 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 make or lose, 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 compels aftell you-mark me." fection and deep interest. I had not been surprised to hear that he was one of the most auccessful lawyers on the Pacific

During the course of the conversation two names had been mentioned that seemed appeared in the last decade.

attorney general, who sat directly opposite tening, I could see that plainly. "It was a cause celebre that flashed Fearson glanced at him and emiled: then in the pan, so to speak, but I remember he turned to me again and spoke in that them as two cold, calculating gamblers that deep, even voice of his. knew neither fear nor pity, and the strangest mystery pervades the whole will be glad to see you here, where we are

was a universal assent. I was afraid to toward the stairway, "you do not want to sek particulars, as it was evidently so old go-here or in any other eel put. Promise a story that it might be boring to the company, no matter how great my own inter-

I walked home together, and I referred to those who love them!

"It's a long tale," said the major, "and

that he would write it out for me, and a can beat big odds against you, in the long few months later (after my return to the run. We live off people who think othereast), I received it, and a stranger tale in wise; take my word for it. Don't we some ways never was writ. The few lines Rajah?" that prefaced the MSS 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 occupation had faded to a dull regret. And the affair of Roach and Feerson than any of resentment at the rather patronizing air man alive." Then, without further premise that I thought Fearson had assumed toward or preamble, he commences:

In the early days I had never once supwe had spent together threshing the hurrying headquarters of the Merced, and that watching me. we should have become the friends we sub-

work in Yosemite, when I struck up an advice." acquaintance with these friends-of-minethat-were-to-be at their camp (pitched just where the bridge now crosses the stream), and when my employer left the valley I staved behind, and toined them at Fearson's invitation. 1 did not know then that they were in durance, rusticating, as it were, until an episode (in which Roach had figured prominently) should drop out of the public's

I have a vivid recollection of those days redwoods, with the breeze in the upper read until late or, rather, early in the mornbranches so far away that I often felt dizzy ing, the voyages of Magellan, and Fearson as I watched them moving, the quick descent of night, the spat and clutter of the camp- high spirits. fire; Roach, a big scar down his 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 for everlasting. We people nowadays are line, and yet remain so strong and true, I happen; mark my words." 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 38 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 I was an imaginative youth and, with it all, as innocent and as friendless as a foundling. Many times afterward did 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 friend ship often as I sat below in the little room half library, half office, and heard the ivory ball humming, spinning and tottering upstairs 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 Reach & Fearson's gambling house. But I am anticipating. This story telling is a new thing to me.

Well, at last one bright Sunday afternoon a message 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 Ma-

Some months elapsed. It was a day in himself in a cool June. I was walking the streets of San made me shudder Francisco, unemployed, ill-clad and hungry,

to be moving. Despite my position, I could a boy's love for a man whom he admires not conceal my delight at seeing them. I and who appeals wholly to his better na-forgot myself entirely-I could do that in ture is much like a woman's. with them that night. Dressed in my best stient house that was so dark without at old suit, I dined with Messrs. Fearson and night and so full of light within, I had Roach, two of the proscribed, well-known, secured a position as day bookkeeper and well-feared, well-hated (and it is only just clerk in a small hotel-well known in those for me to say so), well-maligned were they, days, since torn down. Here I suspect the That very night I took my first step in hand of Roach or Fearson, but I aimed side a gambling house. Everybody gambled to do my duty, and perhaps succeeded. I then. But here let me state that although asked no questions.

for well-nigh a year or more I entered this "Gudgeons" were plenty I noticed from same place. I have never staked a penny my post of vantage, for every evening found on a game of chance, and I cannot claim me seated in the corner of the room downmy exemption from the general custom of stairs. the times on any grounds of personal motal-

downstairs. The layouts, faro, roulette, with the desire to read.

I had not yet recovered from the shock bours.

of finding out that he was in it at all. "We're 'cut for the dust,' as people say. But now, just a word. I have no right to he was always kind.

If you ever wish for happiness don't gam-

> He laughed rather bitterly, I think, and "We've had some good times together, you and I and the Rajah, and he'd tell you the same thing." (Roach had gone upstairs).

Now the good times may come back again; hope they will, I've watched you," he people, the delightful climate and, on said, tipping back my chair as he spoke, 'and, bar accidents, you are all right. You'll

"I'm sure it's very kind," I began. "I jabed 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 long before. 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 talksfterwards you can do what you please." 'Just now you can't possibly harm yourself by letting me be your friend. When the time comes-the time you cannot do so -you'll find it out, or if you don't I will

"It will never come," I burst out, half extending my hand, for I was touched. "You can't tell," he answered. "I think

it will."

I had not noticed until then that Roach well knewn to most of the group about had entered while we were talking. He the little table. They were the names of stood there, big and silent, cigar in the Roach and Fearson, knights of the green corner of his mouth, his heavy eyebrows cloth, types of men that have almost dis- arched and his forehead wrinkled in great folds, while his eyes had a far-away, 'Very odd occurrence," had remarked the thoughtful expression in them. He was lis-

"What I mean is this," he said. "We sitting; it's not a baif bad place to come Everyone seemed to recall it, and there to, but up there," and he jerked his hand

I looked about the room. It was amail. as I have said before, but it was big with But later in the evening the major and books. What tempting things books are to

"Let me tell you something," continue! Fearson, as I did not answer. He place! if any one is qualified to tell it. I am that his heavy hand on my knee and swung i to and fro. "This is something I would tell any one who asked me. No luck or system

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

My dismay at the avowal of my friend's winter-to-wit-that I know more of yet, strange to say, I confessed to a feeling me, and I remained silent.

Suddenly he arose and took a step or two posed that my acquaintance with these two backward, until he leaned with his broad remarkable men would outlive the weeks shoulders against a bookcase and sprawled his arms along a shelf and stood there

'I am going to thank you for all of your sequently did is a considerable source of past kindness." said I, at last, leaving my chair and walking to him, "and also for I was only a photographer's assistant at the interest you've taken in me, and your

"Come now, don't try to be polite," Fearson broke in, straightening himself as he spoke, "and curses for advice-it's cheap. wish to be your friend if you will let me. I extended him my hand. He grasped it warmly and held it.

"Now sit down and make yourself at looked in at me several times. He was in

"Rum beggars, those old sailor people," he said, "played for high stakes; didn't they, ch? Islands and continents-and only dummies."

And we talked on together for some time -Fearson at his best in the old way I re-Then suddenly he broke off and cursed



ROACH GREW OLD AS HE READ IT.

himself in a cool, deliberate fashion that I went home when the street lamps looked when I ran upon them at the corner of the dull and very useless, and I dreamed that someone had insulted Fearson when he Fearson seemed glad to see me and Roach was not present, and that I had fought in shook hands, although he appeared eager his defense and wept. Truly I think that

The result was that I dined | Within a week after my first visit to that

I had ceased to regard it as an adjunct it was the evening of the dinner. Fear-hour's experience. I are and digested sen was talking to me in the little room printed pages. I would come there tingling

He back in the easy chair and dream for Roach seldom spoke, although he never

give advice Lord knows, but you can stake Many men who are not yet old have I He wanted to hear everything about me, beneath bit at him diseases. Beware of worthless counterfeits

fingers, and the lvory chips clittered mu- an old-time pow-wow.

sically, like castanets. the Golden Gate or lolled in the shade under the trees on the islands. And so the weeks

It was upon one of these excursions that Fearson first suggested to me the idea of idopting a profession and taking up the law. "Vogue lo galere," Fearson had exclaimed when I had rather doubted my ability to succeed, which means, bitch in, come what may, and I know you can do it.

This statement had given me a thrill of intense delight, as might the encouraging confidence of an elder brother. Small things change the current of one's

For the six months following I read law steadily and Fearson coached me in my "No, it is not very kind," he interposed, Latin. He seemed delighted when I asked at least, I'm not so sure. I have not fin- a question, leaning heavily on my shoulders like a proud affectionate tutor. And here an odd thing that I had noticed

> frequenters and casual patrons of the up- quick. But Tom, old chap, my luck's gone stairs apartment. But Roach used to greet Usually so taciturn, he was gracious in his every tone and gesture-the graciousness of reassure. It amused me to watch him. But a cloud was growing-and all this ling house. I was becoming deeply inter- help me. know now that he saw it.

office at a nominal salary and Fearson finger, saying: closed the doors upon me. The day had fuck, dear boy, but just because I want come. I am sure my seeming ingratitude you to. most have burt him badly.

One night I found the law library, from palms were calloused and the inside sur-

the cards whirred softly, shuffled by deft. Tonight he'd tell me everything-we'd have gether, and he caught his own lips between them, and the blood reddened over his

I tried to smile and nodded, as we swung chin Joyous days Fearson and I had together sharp about a corner and pulled up at the when we left the city behind us every Sun- hetel. It was well we stopped, the horses' and nearly threw me off my feet. Terday, and how his spirits used to rise until knees were trembling and their heads pitched risa drew the woman out on the landing. he was a boy sgain. O' the delightful far forward. Fearson glanced at the clock and niente times, when we drifted out toward gave a sigh of relief. He paid the fare in small change, fished up from various pock- gle on the floor. ets and was somewhat short of the amount. It was quite pitiful to see his fingers searching fruitlessly. He blushed like a school girl when I handed it to the driver, but

The reeking horses were slowly driven off and I turned to Fearson.

"How long is it since you have seen Roach?" I asked to relieve the silence. Three years-we split, you know." "But you were making money?" I half

inquired grow a decent man and make something. life. I there determined to become a lawyer, blew it into the place it came from—fast I'll back you for it." My self-interest began to grow at once. as we made it." Fearson answered. "It "It's all back in a hole in the earth. was the gambling desire, I suppose, There is no other excitement, except, perhaps-well, fighting." I looked at him in astenishment

prebably divined thought. "Oh, no; not that," he said quietly "Roach knew. He trusted to my luck. Fearson did not have much to say to the was just a foot. I wanted to get rich, and and worse, too, I fear." He stopped and them in a rather over-mannered way, bit his teeth into his lower lip, which was trembling.

"Look here," he went on nervously, "I've the proprietor anxious to concilinte or to been praying lately-think of that! and d'ye was a crowd gathered there already. know, I'm going away-soon. Back to a little place where most people have forwas soon to end. Business steadily decreased gotten me. There's an old man living there appeared so right that no one offered to and Roach grew sullen. It was now quite whose heart I've broken, and, and, he'd die touch him and he backed slowly out into a year-how quietly it had gone-since I had happy if I knelt down beside him-I'm the hall. first begun to spend my evenings in a gamb- going to do it, lad, God willing and God | Two or three men raised Roach and he

ested in myself and the possibilities that the Could this be the old courageous Fearson? the desire to kill, his head thrust out, as if future held for me. I felt that Fearson was This man whose eyes were filled with tears he peered through smoke, and his bloody jaw scoling towards me, when in fact it was and whose voice broke weakly. I found dropped herridly. They might have known the other way. I was changing to him and myself studying his face attentively. Be- it seems to me, but the movement was so know now that he saw it.

fore I knew what was completely add slipped quick, perhaps they could not have stopped it was at this time that I entered a law the gold ring he were from his middle it. The flash and report came together. I

As I took it I noticed that Fearson's



DOWN THEY WENT ON THE FLOOR.

the little front room, at my lodgings, with- face of the ring was scratched and dented. manner that gave me many a qualm of con- the hotel,

science afterward. deep affection, nay, even love, that I hore to find Roach? Fearson, when he had done everything for me, and why should a nature such as his cannot tell. He was certainly an exception to the universal rule corruptio optimi pes-

To my surprise Roach answered curily books and showed no pleasure at my voluneered information about my prospects. So we parted without even a nod of good feel-

ing and went our different ways. I saw him many times in the next two years, but his life and mine were wide library? apart and he seemed to have forgotten my

Three years sailed past in the fog. Before the next would come and go I would be a midst of happiness or contentment. member of the bar of California. I was of age and had fallen in love. This, with a said. "Speak plainer." certain self-reliance some small success had brought me, must have changed me but he answered slowly and distinctly. somewhat. Yet when I saw Fearson's face

son's arms. by the shoulders until my head ached. less nights. I saw he had been ill.

Almost his first inquiry was for Roach. "No. not for months. Had I seen him?" felt piqued that he did not ask about my-Belf. It seemed unkind. "Don't leave me, Tommy boy," he said. Drive with me, we must find the rajah."

The cab cumbled on again. on my knee in the old way and at hat he shaft, coming from some side entrance. and nowhere," he said. But one thing he gether must find Roach at once.

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 cut on a run.

poker, were on the floor above.

Fearson sometimes met me. If not, i "He's been there," he shouled. Back to "Tommy, my boy," he said, "we're not stole in quietly and found my book with the hotel. Drive! Drive! you lazy devil," quickly." On the way he apologized for his abstrac-

of our fast driving.

home," he laughed. "There are a jolly set out a word to explain its presence, and call- I balanced it in my hand and for the life of of books." He pushed me gently away ing to seek an explanation (even against me I could not think of one word to say, from him and left me alone. There was orders) I found the house where I had spent. I wished to put my arm about him and a domineering magnetism about Fearson so many happy hours closed and descried, comfort him. But, of course, I could not do One thing I knew-he was a gentleman. The panting trout floundering on the bank, that I never could explain. So I sat down Once, after a few weeks, I met Roach on so then, and we stood there silent in the the hush of the forest, the sequoias and in an easy chair, picked out a book, and the street and inquired for his pariner. I lobby, Fearson glancing up and down the did so. I am ashamed to say, in an offhand street and back into the long corridor of

"Don't think me inquisitive, pray don't, Why should I have been ashamed of the I said, at last: "but why are you so anxious He looked at me

"Tommy," he said. "If I don't find him they got their names down on the maps have become so warped and twisted out of before somebody else does, something will "Why "" said L

"It's all on account of a woman," he said, but what under the sun a man like the rajah can see in a creature like that put me that he knew nothing of Fearson's where-abouts, denied all knowledge of the law

"Well, the situation is this, son," said Fearson, speaking slowly and pulling at his long mustache. "Do you remember the mind, "Cain, you've killed your brother. pictures of the 'Dance of Death' in the

I recalled at once the drawings of Rolandn-the skeleton, armed with a dart about to attack some unsuspecting person in the right.' "Yet, I do not exactly understand," I

Fearson appeared to look over my head, "There's some one looking for Roach, and poking out of the window of a passing cab, death is with him," he said. "Something the bars and went away. I saw his face forgot my dignity, and with my green bag will happen here. I take it, in the next few pale. It was in Fearson's handwriting, that over my shoulder I ran after the rattling minutes if—" Suddenly he about faced, note. I knew that piece of paper: Fearson four wheels, and, catching it, jerked at the and walked slowly into the botel lobby. He had scribbled it in the cab the day before door handle and almost plunged into Fear- was breathing loudly and trying hard to and left it at the "Turf Exchange." awallow like a man whose throat is parched He was never exactly demonstrative, but with thirst. Standing close to the elevator never thought he was so old a man. he was overjoyed to see me and shook me were a man and woman. The man I knew noticed many things. His mustache was by sight. He was dressed in a long black dyed, his bair was very thin, his gae-But he was sadly changed. His neatness coat, his hair was gray, and his eyes, small bleached face was full of tiny wrinkles. The in his dress was gone and then he smelt and narrow, glittered evilly like a hawk's. His face was pale and rather His name was Terriss. I remembered hav- fresh burn. The cigar simply dropped out worn and his eyes were not so clear and ing heard it said that, in the old days, the bright as they used to be; despite his sleep- vigilantes had overlooked him. The woman sound as if he were cold or freezing. never took her eyes off his face. The paint pitied him. He finished and spread himself on her lips, drawn tight across her teeth, along the bars for support. He did not say a was blotched, and her mouth had a blurred word. I could not lift my eyes to his and appearance. Her frightened hands rubbed against the side of her skirt. I saw all this from following Fearson's eyes. The olevator slid down and stopped softly. The can grasped the woman by the arm and I looked at Fearson closely. I felt as if went inside. But before the boy could close he were not he at all. He placed his hand the door Roach stepped quietly around the broke the silence. He told me that he had | Fearson and I were close behind him and only just arrived in town. "Back from hell we all three entered the narrow hex to-

What happened then came so quickly I grew frightened at this persistence and and was such a shock to me that I feel altried to tell him about my own position and most faint now when I remember it. Reach turned and saw Februan, but before he could say a word something came from Fearson'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 hearse, cursing cry (God! what a The woman gave a scream and threw herself helplessly upon the gray man's aboulder, shricking incoherent words. He half-supported her; his coat was open and one hand was behind his back. chanically I pushed the struggling, thrustthis respected occupation for sheer love a sense of delightful anticipation. I would be screamed to the man on the box. "Drive my foot, to keep them from the open dooring tangle of great limbs and bodies with, way as the car ascended. Roach had truth. stopped his cursing and groaned in hasty. tion. He spoke in a high, excited voice. I straining greans. I saw Fearson, who was seemed to dislike my presence there and could just hear what he said above the roar on top, lean over, and bring his face close your life that what I tell you is the truth. seen go up the carpeted staircase to where he said. But just now he must find Roach. like a fighting dog, his teeth snapped to- They are dangerous.

the boy ran shouting down the hall, and I was left alone with all that dreadful strug-Fearson glanced at me sideways and spoke in a hard voice-he was panting

Just then the elevator struck the top

"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 Fearson

was talking to the moaning figure under him, whose wrists he held in the clasp of his strong fingers. "Don't struggle, Dick. D-n it. man.

Don't you hear me! He was going to shoot you; she told me so, Listen; It's I, old pal Fearson. I had to do it. Listen! There, stop, I won't hurt you. Dick. Dick, old boy, he'd shot you through his coat. Come all the way from Pinto just to do it. My God! he doesn't hear me. O, d-n the woman's soul!

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. Fearson looked up at me. "What an

going to do? God help me," he asked T've hurt him badly." We reached the bottom at last with creaking blow on the woodwork. There

Fearson let go his hold and got up or his feet. He was so cool and earnest and

stood there swaying, deaf and blind with "Keep it. Tom; not for seemed as if something went off inside my head and breast.

I saw Fearson lurch forward across at easy chair, coughing and strangling. There was a spattering on the white tiled floor Roach drew himself up with the air of frunken man who tries to keep his dignity handing the revolver to the bystander near est him, and staggering away asking for an officer in a husky voice.

The pistol smoke smelt like a noxious gas and nearly overpowered me. They carried Fearson, or dragged him rather, into the nearest washroom and laid him on the floor, with some dirty towels underneath his head. I kneit 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 it my ear. "Put it in my pocket. It'll go casier with him if they find a pistol-he was crazy-meant to eave him-stood between me and a knife, he did, once long ago-cu him to strings." He was lisping thickly 'Mot them on train, she managed to tel me. Terries got hold of Roach's letter; they were going to clear out-swore to kill him-Terriss did. Fight d'stracted him-she los -nerve-blabbed-been going on for years O. 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 dving, 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 elipped off his finger into my hand but a few minutes before. The crest had beer defaced and I could make out the word

"veritas" spelt backward. Perfunctorily I finished the errand I had started on earlier in the day; the flling of dazed, I heard the newsboys calling "extra"

on the street. There is the sum of the following day, and have finished. I did not go to bed that night. I thought I should never sleep again and I made all the arrangements for Fear son's funeral, after the inquest, with a heav heart. No one knew anything of his family or his past. I seemed to be his only friend The second day I slept, and when I awoke there was a note brought to me from Roach. emploring me to call and see him. He was held a prisoner-it was not his first affair. For some reason I felt no resentmen toward Roach. I was still numbed. I could not analyze my feelings for him. I did not

care whether they hanged him or let him go-Fearson was dead. So I went; and found him, not in a cell, but scated in a large, cage-like structure in the jail corridor. He appeared quite com

fortable, 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

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 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

I did not answer; if I had I would have blurted out the truth. Reach went on and called Fearson a "crazy

fool"-Fearson "a crazy fool! Just then some one came down the corridor and handed him a piece of paper through Roach grew old as he read it. I had great scar down his cheek stood out like of his nerveless lips and he made a shivering

turned_away. Then I heard a sound that made a chill run up my back. "Pst! Pst!" the noise that people often

make to attract attention in a crowd. I glanced around and such a sight I caw Reach had one arm stretched at full length through the cage across the narrow passage to the left. There was a stand of Springfield rifles there close against the wall, Have you ever seen a person reach for something on a high shelf, comething they could just touch with the fingers? "Tip it. Tommy" (he never called me by

that name before). "Tip it," he said in a oringing entreaty, "Go bhead; you can do he added with a hideous insinuation. I could not stay there longer, I became so weak. In my mind now as I write I can see a big-knuckled, hairy hand, with a diamond flashing on the middle finger, reaching-reaching.

doors the report came to me. I heard voices inside the building and a reporter rushed past me, his face ablaze with news. The papers were all wrong. They who remember it and read this will learn the

Almost as I went through the awinging

ask for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, well known as a certain cure for piles and skin

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