

The Only Way A Fascinating Romance by Alan Adams

CHAPTER II

Hutchinson received our hero... dark as a thundercloud...

Alan talked the matter over, and Hutchinson was impressed with his... "Little by little he looked upon Alan with a more favorable eye..."

Alan rode home. It was a perfect moonlight night, and the road was as clear as if it had been day.

He was riding along in the moonlight; he was young, and adventurous blood was in his veins.

"I have watched for you," she said softly. There was not a trace of coquetry in her voice...

"Why not?" he asked. "I am not a child to be told to do a thing without a reason."

"There was a young English clerk who used to come out here to see my father," she said, very slowly.

"What did he do?" asked Alan, in his quiet, manly voice.

"That I am not of that sort," said Alan. "I have my eyes open, and never do anything without a reason."

"There have been men—young men—coming backwards and forwards to the house, and there always has been one and to it all, and I cannot bear it."

"What do you want me to do then?" asked Alan.

"Don't come back here," she begged. "I cannot promise that," he said quietly.

"There was a little silence and then the girl spoke. "But if it should prove dangerous to you I should never forgive myself."

brave and bonny that any woman would have loved to have been courted by him.

"Tell me your name," he said. "My name? It is a common enough one here—it is Veronica."

He remembered the financial crisis only the next morning, when he saw Hutchinson again.

Richard Dempster saw that the young man was keeping something back, although of course he could not guess what it was.

"Look here, Mackenzie," he said. "I don't want to force your confidence. I can see you have something on your mind; but I can trust your father's son sufficiently to know that if it ought to be brought to my notice you would not hesitate to do so."

"The fact is, sir," said Alan, "that I have as yet nothing tangible to lay before you; but that, not having any proof at all, it is rather difficult to come to you and to say, 'Do you trust this man or that man?'"

"Quite right," said Dempster. And then they began talking of something else, and had a good long consultation on the present state of affairs.

"Oh," said Dempster, laughing. "Then that is Hutchinson's modesty, is it? I must chaff him about it!"

Dempster looked at the young man curiously. "I will say nothing if you do not wish it; but I own that your manner makes me strangely uneasy."

Matters, however, grew very disturbed, and Dempster had reason to believe that the government was very unstable.

First of all she came to warn him, then she came because she feared him, and lastly she came because she loved him.

She had had very little education, and could hardly do more than read and write.

She was a pure, innocent, beautiful child, who wanted to be loved and cherished.

And so weeks went by, and at last there came a day when the guests of Hutchinson's double dealing were in Alan's hands.

There was a little silence and then the girl spoke. "But if it should prove dangerous to you I should never forgive myself."

But then there was Veronica. Alan knew that she must participate in his father's ruin.

father's ruin. The thought of the poor, gentle girl, made to suffer by her father, without a soul to help her, was too much for the young man.

Richard Dempster looked very grave indeed at the news. The two men sat up all night in consultation.

He looked at Alan, who reddened. The young man had known for some time that even his chief's daughter would not have denied him; but then he thought of his lovely, dark-haired Veronica, who had no one but himself.

The very evening he had his talk with his chief he rode out to La Paz, but this time not to see Hutchinson.

"To the death," said the girl; "but Alan, I am afraid if he hears of your part in his ruin he will kill you sooner or later."

"He will hear of it," said Alan gravely. "I am not the man to let another do my dirty work. And will you wait for me at Santa Rosa, my darling? I will make all necessary arrangements, and will be married the day I come."

And so matters were arranged, and Veronica promised; and this was the end of Alan Mackenzie's life in Rio. (To be continued.)

A feat which any one can perform with little or no practice is that of placing fourteen matches upon a table and lifting them all up upon one of the matches.

One thousand pounds was the sum paid by the late Bernard Quaritch for an autograph letter, of Columbus, which he afterwards exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago.

A clever observer says of her experiences in a drawing-room car: "There sit directly behind you those who wash their family linen for the benefit of the traveling public, he accusing her of all sorts of irregularities with other men, whom he judges by himself, and she denying him to name just one man, and finally going into hysterics."

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FALMAGES SERMON.

COMPARES EARTHLY VALUES WITH HEAVENLY RICHES.

Higher Appreciation of Things Religious Urged—The Inestimable Value of a Human Soul—Christ's Vicarious Sacrifice.

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From Berlin, where he preached in the American church to a great congregation, comprising many of his countrymen who are traveling through Europe, Dr. Falmages sends this discourse, in which, by original methods, he calculates spiritual values and urges higher appreciation of things religious. The text is Mark viii, 36, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

First, I have to say that the world is a very good property. Its flowers are God's thoughts in bloom; its rocks are God's thoughts in stone; its dewdrops are God's thoughts in pearl.

This world is God's child—a wayward child, indeed. It has wandered off through the heavens. But about 1,900 years ago, one Christmas night, God sent out a sister world to call that wanderer back, and it hung over Bethlehem only long enough to get the promise of the wanderer's return, and now that lost world, with soft feet of light, comes treading back through the heavens.

The hills—how beautiful they billow up the edge of the wave white with the foam of crecuses! How beautiful the rainbow, the arched bridge on which heaven and earth come and talk to each other in tears after the storm is over! How nimble the feet of the lamp-lighters that in a few minutes set all the dome of the night ablaze with brackets of fire!

How bright the oar of the saffron cloud that rows across the deep sea of heaven! How beautiful the spring, with bridal blossoms in her hair! I wonder who it is that beats time on a June morning for the bird orchestra? How gently the harebell tolls its fragrance on the air! There may be grander worlds than this, but I think that this is a most exquisite world, a mignonette on the bosom of immensity.

"Oh, that you say," take my soul! Give me that world! I am willing to take it in exchange. I am ready now for the bargain. It is so beautiful a world, so sweet a world, so grand a world!

But let us look more minutely into the value of this world. You will not buy property unless you can get a good title to it. After you have looked at the property and found out that it suits you, you send an attorney to the public office, and he examines the book of deeds and book of mortgages and the book of judgments and the book of liens, and he decides whether the title is good before you will have anything to do with it.

In courts of law, if you want to get a man off a property, you must serve upon him a writ of ejectment, giving him a certain time to vacate the premises, but when death comes to us and serves a writ of ejectment, he does not give us one second of forewarning. He says: "Off of this place! You have no right any longer to the possession." We might cry out, "I gave you a hundred thousand dollars for that property; the plea would be of no avail. We might say, 'We have a warrant deed for that property; the plea would be of no avail. We might say, 'We have a lien on that storehouse; that would do us no good. Death is blind, and he cannot see a seal and cannot read an indenture. So that, first and last, I want to tell you that when you propose that I give up my soul for the world you cannot give me the first item of title.

Having examined the title of a property, your next question is about insurance. You would not be silly enough to buy a large warehouse that could not possibly be insured. You would not have anything to do with such a property. Now, I ask you what assurance can you give me that this world is not going to be burned up? Absolutely none. Geologists tell us that it is already on fire; that the heart of the world is one great living coal; that it is just like a ship on fire at sea, the flames not bursting out because the hatches are kept down, and yet you propose to palm off on me, in return for my soul, a world for which in the first place, you give no title, and in the second place, for which you can give no insurance.

"Oh," you say, "the water of the oceans will wash over all the land and put out the fire." Oh, no. There are inflammable elements in the water, hydrogen and oxygen. Call off the hydrogen, and then the Atlantic and Pacific oceans would blaze like seas of shavings. You

shall be the orchestral harmonies and splendors of the redeemed.

Power of the Soul. You cannot test the full power of the soul for happiness. How much power the soul has to find enjoyment in friendships; how oh, the grander friendships for the soul in the skies! How sweet the flowers here, but how much sweeter they will be there! I do not think that when flowers die on earth they die forever. In the sunny valleys of heaven shall not the marigolds creep? On the hills of heaven will not the amaranth bloom? On the amethystine walls of heaven will not the jessamine climb? "My beloved is come down into his garden to gather lilies." "No flowers in heaven? Where, then, do they get their garlands for the brows of the righteous?"

Christ is glorious to our souls now, but how much grander our appreciation after awhile! A conqueror comes back after the battle. He has been fighting for us. He comes upon the platform. He has one arm in a sling, and the other arm holds a crucifix. As he mounts the platform, oh, the enthusiasm of the audience! They say, "That man fought for us and imperiled his life for us," and how wild the huzzas that follow huzza! When the Lord Jesus Christ shall at last stand out before the multitudes of the redeemed of heaven and we meet him face to face and feel that he was wounded in the head and wounded in the hands and wounded in the feet and wounded in the side for us, methinks we will be overwhelmed. We will sit some time gazing in silence until some leader amid the white-robed choir shall lift the baton of light and give the signal that it is time to wake the song of the jubilee, and all heaven then will break forth into "Hosanna, hosanna! Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"

I calculate further the value of the soul by the price that has been paid for it. In St. Petersburg there is a diamond that the government paid \$200,000 for. "Well," you say, "it must have been very valuable or the government would not have paid \$200,000 for it." I want to see what my soul is worth and what your soul is worth by seeing what has been paid for it. For that immortal soul the richest blood that was ever shed, the dearest groan that was ever uttered, all the griefs of earth compressed into one tear, all the sufferings of earth gathered into one rapier of pain and struck through his holy heart. Does it not imply tremendous value?

God help you rightly to cipher out this sum in gospel arithmetic: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

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MARCH NOT FOR THEM.

But the Newly Married Couple Thought Their Secret Was Out.

Bardsley hated pomp and fuss of every sort connected with the marriage ceremony and his fiancée disliked what he did, and they were well pleased with their plan of eluding the vigilance of their friends by marrying without notice and going off to a little country town where they knew no one and no one knew them, says the New York Press. The day after their arrival being Sunday, they went to church, appearing, they fondly believed, like staid, long-wedded folk. But as soon as the benediction was pronounced they were started by hearing the jubilant strains of the "Wedding March." The owner of the pew in which they sat, noticing their surprise, explained, with what they interpreted as a significant look, that the organist always "played the 'Wedding March' when there was a bridal couple in church, and there is today," he added. Their self-consciousness betrayed the Bardsleys into asking, "But how did he know?" and then it came out that the performance had been not for their benefit, but for that of the son of a pillar of the church and his bride. "At any rate, it's a most absurd custom," growled the bridegroom, who had sought to hide his torch under a bushel and had failed, just as ordinary bridegrooms do.

A voluminous bill. The most voluminous bill ever before congress is undoubtedly that providing a civil government for the territory of Alaska. As filed in the state department, it makes 284 pages of printed parchment. For convenience in handling the sheets were not fastened together in form, as is the custom, but were divided into six parts and each of the six parts was placed in a thin wooden box. Five of these coverings were each fastened with the traditional red tape, while the sixth, which contained the concluding pages of the bill, to which the president affixes his signature, was provided with a sliding top so that its contents could be easily removed.

Carriage Painters' Fate. A hard gully and suitable for carriage painters' use is made as follows: Boil four pounds of brown umber and several pounds of linseed oil for two hours; stir in two ounces of beeswax; take from the fire and mix in five and a half pounds of chalk, and eleven pounds of white lead. The mixture must be done very thoroughly.

Oldest Honorary Degree Holder. The oldest living recipient of an honorary degree from Harvard is former Governor George S. Boutwell of Massachusetts, who received the LL. D. degree in 1851, when it was the custom to so honor the Governor of the state, a custom which stopped with the election of Benjamin F. Butler.

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