

The Only Way

A Fascinating Romance by Alan Adair...

CHAPTER III.

Richard Dempster had never entirely trusted Hutchinson. Although he had been a member of his firm for years...

Alan Mackenzie, who, as he told Veronica, wanted no one to do his dirty work, was present, and unfolded document after document of incriminating matter.

Alan would not have cared if it had not been for Veronica. After all, the man was Veronica's father, although the girl had never rightly understood why she had never been acknowledged.

Dempster's adieux to Hutchinson were short. "You would have betrayed me," he said to the man who had been in his employ for years...

When it came to saying goodbye to Alan it was another affair. The elder man had taken a great liking to Alan; he had full confidence in him.

"Look here, my lad," he said, "I shan't leave you at Santa Rosa—I'm not sure it will be worth your powder and shot; but go there now, and I will move you on to San Iago in a little while."

Alan thanked him and went. His head was full of Veronica. The girl was about to show her confidence in him in the fullest way a woman can.

He had made all arrangements for the girl. She was to leave Rio at once and go and wait for him at Santa Rosa. He had sent her money, and had found a lady who would look after her until he came to claim her for himself.

Alan Mackenzie was not a man who makes plans that come to naught. Before another three months were over he was established at Santa Rosa, married to Veronica. She had a surprise in store for him.

She had stood up for him, and then he had done into a violent rage and had abused her, telling her that she was not his child, and that she had no claim upon him.

And now there began some months of quiet, uneventful, pleasurable life. Veronica was sweet, gentle, loving, and very beautiful.

"I must not become selfish," he said to himself. "A wife like Veronica, so loving and yielding, makes a man selfish; but I will not be that."

And then at last the day for her departure came. He had booked her berth for her in one of the best of the little coasting steamers—the best was bad, as we reckon steamers—and then he waited for his wife.

Jonathan Edwards' Memorial. The First Church of Northampton, Mass., will, on June 22, place a tablet upon the walls of its sanctuary in memory of Jonathan Edwards, who was pastor of this church from 1729 to 1734.

there. Now Richard Dempster wished him to go further down the coast, to the growing town of San Iago, to establish a branch of his business there.

The news of this separation was like a blow to Veronica. She clung so to Alan that it seemed to him that she led no life apart from him.

"Not for a week longer than I can help, darling," he said fervently. He, too, would feel the separation; he loved her as one does an affectionate child who idolizes one.

"Mind it!" she said, her voice vibrating with passion. "Mind it? You don't know what it is to me! It is like tearing soul from body!"

"Will it?" She smiled, as if pleased that she could make him feel miserable. "You will understand when I say that I am pleased, won't you, Alan?"

"My dear child, it is only a matter of weeks! I don't suppose that I shall have been there a fortnight before I shall have found something suitable for you. And then, you know, I have arranged for this house to be taken off your hands, so that you may not have any trouble."

"It is a dear little house!" she said, with half a sigh. "I shall always be grateful to it. It is the only place I have ever been happy in."

"Only that you must be inside it," she laughed, with rather a pitiful attempt to be merry. "Alan, you must write the instant you arrive, and you must not mind if my letters are short. I write such bad letters."

She laughed again and then she stopped. "How many days before you get there, Alan, four or five? And you will be on that horrid black water at night! Oh, I hate the thought of it!"

Wichita correspondence Chicago Inter-Ocean: Fred Grabby, aged 64, died at Strand, Kan., last week. Grabby made himself famous by scalping 12 Indians in one bunch 14 years ago.

China and its dependencies have a total area of 4,218,401 square miles and a population of 402,680,000. In area it includes nearly one-twelfth of the total area of the globe.

His more or less royal ex-highness, the Prince Kalamianok, of Hawaii, who is now in New York, went alone to see a vaudeville show there to determine if it was a proper place to take his wife.

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early on the fourth morning, and was still more uneasy at hearing that there was no news of the steamer. He haunted the quay all the next day, rather to the detriment of his work, and at night he could not sleep.

Thoughts of Veronica's fears and sufferings obtruded themselves. He blamed himself for leaving her, for not having returned to fetch her, although he could not well have left. She had always hated the water and feared it, and he had loved it.

And so ended this brief little episode. Alan had been very happy with his gentle wife, and South America was loathsome to him now. He began to long, with a longing that had been stifled during his brief married life by the drawing out of other parts of his nature, for England and things English.

In a short time his South American experiences almost faded out of his mind. Veronica became a sweet memory to him, which moonlight nights freshened. He was very successful in his work, and in four years time had gained a good position for himself.

Now and then one hears of society ladies being offered large sums—and accepting them—for presenting an ambitious woman at a drawing room; but money will not always secure of the lord chamberlain's cards of admission.

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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SPEAKS ON GLORIOUS HERITAGE OF GOD'S CHILDREN.

Thoughts Suggested by His Contact With the Imperial Splendors of European Capitals—Christians Members of the Royal House of Jesus.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage, who during his journey homeward has seen much of royal and imperial splendors in passing through the capitals of Europe, shows that there is no higher dignity nor more illustrious station than those which the Christian has as a child of God.

Zebah and Zalmunna had been off to battle, and when they came back they were asked what kind of people they had seen. They answered that the people had a royal appearance.

But more rich and more extensive—the royal house of Jesus, of whom the whole family in heaven and on earth is named. We are blood relations by the relationship of the cross; all of us are the children of the King.

When we see a descendant of some one greatly celebrated in the last century, we look at him with profound interest. To have had conquerors, kings or princes in the ancestral line gives lustre to the family name.

Our family name takes lustre from the star that heralded him and the spear that pierced him and the crown that was given him. It gathers fragrance from the frankincense brought to his cradle and the lilies that flung their sweetness into his sermons.

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made. In the third walk go around the eternal city. As we come near it, hark to the rush of its chariots and the wedding peal of its great towers.

What think you of the family property? It is considered an honor to marry into a family where there is great wealth. The Lord, the bridegroom of earth and heaven, offers you his heart and his hand, saying in the words of the Canticles, "Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away."

Almost every family looks back to a homestead—some country place where you grew up. You sat on the doorstep, you heard the footsteps of the rain on the garret roof. You swung on the gate. You ransacked the barn. You waded into the brook.

It took a Paxton to build for Chatsworth a covering for the wonderful flower, Victoria Regia, five feet in diameter. But our Lily of the Valley shall need no shelter from the blast and in the open gardens of God shall put forth its full bloom.

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ed feet over the desert way. My eyes fall for their weeping. I faint from listening for feet that will not come and the sound of voices that will not speak. Speed on, oh day of reunion!

I was at Mount Vernon and went into the dining room in which our first president entertained the prominent men of this and other lands. It was a very interesting spot. But oh, the banqueting hall of the family mansion of which I speak! Spread the table, spread it wide, for a great multitude are to sit at it.

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FAMOUS BRIGAND

Of Italy Killed by a Peasant Whom He Threatened.

Rome correspondent New York Times: News has come to Rome of the death of the famous brigand, Fioravanti, who for so many years has eluded every attempt on the part of the Italian authorities to capture him.

For a long space of time he was the companion of the terrible Tiburzi, who was shot by the gendarmes, near Sapalio, in the Merema mountains, some three or four years ago.

Since the death of his friend and companion in arms Fioravanti had led a comparatively quiet life in the Cimino Forest and the neighborhood of Viterbo, eluding every effort made by the police and guards to capture him.

Later he seemed to have returned to his old haunts, nearer Grassetto, where in an unguarded moment he met his end at last. For some years a reward of 4,000 francs had been hanging above his head for his capture or death.

The news of his shooting has caused a deep sensation throughout the country, and the South Tuscan Maremma and the country between Lake Bolsena and Rome is now virtually free of all really desperate disturbers of the public peace.

SANDGLASSES

Still Used to Measure Varying Periods of Time.

Strange to say, the sandglass is still used to measure varying periods of time. The size depends upon the purposes to which they are to be put. The hour glass is still in use in the sick room and in the music room.

Half-hour glasses are used in schools, and fifteen-minute glasses are used for medical purposes, and the sandglass also goes into the kitchen as an aid to exact cooking. There are also ten-minute glasses, five-minute and three-minute glasses, the two latter being used to time the boiling period of eggs.

The three-minute sandglass is called an "egg boiler." Sand-glasses are also used for scientific purposes and on shipboard. The sand is carefully prepared by a thorough cleaning, including boiling. It is then baked dry, and then ground into the requisite fineness and uniformity, as sharp sand would be likely to become wedged in the opening between the two sections of the glass.

The sand is then introduced into the glass through an opening left for that purpose in the end of one bulb, the opening then being sealed, the right quantity in each sand glass is gauged by actually timing the flow from one part of the glass to the other, and every glass is individually treated like a good thermometer. The glasses are usually mounted in cylindrical frames or holders, so that the twin bulbs can be seen at all times.

Why We Are Like the Crow. Aside from the special question of profit and loss, we have a warm side toward the crow, he is so much like ourselves, said the late Henry Ward Beecher. He is lazy, and that is human; he is cunning, and that is human.

He thinks his own color is best, and loves to hear his own voice, which are eminent traits of humanity. He will never work when he can get another to work for him—a genuine human trait. He eats whatever he can get his claws upon, and is less mischievous with a belly full than when hungry, and this is like man. Take off their wings and put them in breeches, and crows would make fair average men.

Give men wings and reduce their smartness a little, and many of them would be almost good enough to be crows. If a man is industrious and frugal, he can acquire a good deal of money without knowing much else.