

The Only Way

A Fascinating Romance by Alan Adair...

CHAPTER VI.

Another room in an obscure part of London; but this room was, though small, scrupulously neat and tidy. It was even adorned with a few flowers, and some colored prints hung upon the walls. A woman and a child were sitting together in the one large chair that the room possessed. The woman, slight, still young, and astonishingly beautiful; the child, one of those brown, curly-haired children, with blue eyes, who have sprung from parents of different nations. The woman's face we have seen before. Now the only alteration in it, and one it was that did not affect her beauty, was a great sadness, except when she spoke to the child, and then her whole face changed.

"It is such a great city," she was saying—"such a great city. I did not know it would be so difficult to find any one. I thought that when once I got to England it would all be well, and now I have been in England more than a year, and I have not seen him. And yet I am so longing to see him again, and to show him our boy. Oh, how happy he will be! How happy we both shall be! These weary years will be as naught, and I shall forget everything once I feel his arms round me again!"

There was a step on the stairs. Veronica listened. She had grown more womanly in these last four years, and she looked more thoughtful. Sorrow, the great master, had taught her many things. Now she did not look unhappy, but eager and anxious. She evidently recognized the footsteps on the stairs, and it did not bring her any pleasure. She was shrinking together in the chair with the child when the door opened to her call. "Come in!" and Hutchinson entered. "Good afternoon," she said, but showed no pleasure at the sight of him. "How did you find me out?"

"How? It is always easy to find any one when you have a mind to, and when you have any sense in your head!" He scanned Veronica's face as he spoke, and noticed that she flushed slightly. "I saw you go into a music shop, and I followed you home the other day, and I made a note of the road and the number, and here I am."

"What do you want of me?" asked Veronica, rather hopelessly. "My dear girl!"—Hutchinson spoke softly—"my dear girl, why could you not have confided in your father? It would have saved you a great deal of trouble."

"You are not my father," said Veronica quietly, "you told me so yourself."

"Why quarrel about an expression? I am the man who brought you up, Veronica, why did you not tell me that you had married Alan Mackenzie and that this is his child?"

Veronica gave a great start. She knew why she had not mentioned Alan's name to him. She knew of the hatred that Hutchinson had for him, and even now she did not know what to say. "How do you know?" she asked at last. "Who told you?"

"He told me himself," said the man, watching the agitation that Veronica betrayed. "I should not have known unless."

"When did he tell you?" she asked, her lips almost refusing to utter a sound.

"About two months ago."

Veronica sprang up. "He is here, in London. Two months ago! Oh, take me to him! Let me see him at once! Why did you not tell me before?"

"How could I?" the man said dryly. "I tell you you should have had more confidence. I did not know you were his wife."

"How was he looking?" cried Veronica. "Oh, my darling, my darling! Did he speak of me two months ago? I think we shall die of happiness when we come together again!"

"No doubt," said Hutchinson. "Does he know of the boy?"

"No. The boy was born five months after the shipwreck. I have told you I was so ill after the wreck that I lost my reason for a time."

"Fifty," said Hutchinson, reflectively, "that when you told me so much you did not tell me all."

Veronica did not answer. Something in the man's tone awakened her suspicions. "Are you sure," she asked, after a little silence, "that you do not want to hurt him?"

before he began his work of destruction; now he had to make sure of Veronica. He would have infinitely preferred a woman who would have blustered, and have sworn that she would have her rights; but Veronica was the sort of woman who would shrink away and be lost to the world rather than hurt the man she loved. He had shrewdness enough to see that the girl would say that it was the only way to act, and that she would sacrifice both the child and herself; therefore it was imperatively necessary that she should know nothing of Alan's marriage, of his love for another woman. That must come to her as a surprise. She must be led to expect that Alan was longing for her, and would be overjoyed to see her again; then would be his, Hutchinson's, opportunity. He knew men so well that he fancied they must be all alike. Alan would not give up Joyce—he felt sure of that; then he must be made to pay for his silence. He must feel that he, Hutchinson, could hold the sword over his head, that he could let it fall at any moment. He had rubbed his hands at the publicity of the marriage. Alan Mackenzie would never give up his beautiful wife. Veronica would have to be paid off. Joyce would not be Alan's lawful wife. It was going to be a life of misery for the young man, and at the end there would be Hutchinson's dagger for his heart. But the whole thing needed careful handling, and Hutchinson felt that he was the man undoubtedly who could handle it carefully. Even if at the end Veronica refused, as was possible, to come forward and make Alan unhappy, nevertheless he would have to pay for his silence.

"He lives in a nice little house in the country," Hutchinson said at last. "I will give you the address. You had better go by train. Have you any money?"

"Yes," said Veronica. "I was paid for my lessons yesterday. I must write to her when I have seen Alan again. He may not wish me to go on giving lessons." But all the time she spoke her face was transfigured. The feeling that soon her weary time of probation would be over was strong within her. She looked with pride at the beautiful boy, whom she still held in her arms. "Will not his father be proud of him?" she asked, longing for a little human sympathy. "He is handsome, is he not?"

"Oh, yes, he's a good-looking child, although I am no judge," said the man. In his head he was revolving plans. "I would not go straight up to the house if I were you," he said. "The servants might not understand it. You wait for him at the lodge gates."

"Very well," said Veronica, docile as always. She could not guess that Hutchinson's one fear was lest she should meet Joyce and so spoil his whole plan. He had looked into Joyce's face as she was walking with Alan one day, and he could see innocence and purity written upon it. Joyce was not the woman to consent to the paying off of the first wife.

And so it was decided that Veronica should go down to Summerhays and await the coming of Alan. It was a lovely day in early July, when she went down, with that precious possession, her boy, hugged close to her heart. The sun was shining and the sky blue, the corn was waving in the fields; and it was under the shade of a leafy tree that Veronica awaited the coming of the man she loved. Hutchinson had discovered what train he usually came by. It was so important that Veronica should see him alone!

And sat there quietly straining her ears for the sound of his footsteps. It took her back to her girlish days at La Paz, when she had often watched for him as she was doing now. Truly there had been no years of separation from him, and no boy beside her. As the time drew nearer the strain grew almost too intense. She put her hand over her heart so as to stop its wild beating, and the rich color that generally flooded her cheeks left her, and she was pale. And suddenly she heard footsteps in the field that was before her—many footsteps, which she had not heard for four years, but which she knew at once. Then a figure vaulted over the stile and Alan stood before her.

She tottered to her feet, holding out the child. He looked at her wildly and gave a great cry, as if body and soul were being rent asunder. "Veronica! O God! O God!"

He fell backwards against the stile, covering his face with his hands, as if to shut out the sight of a great horror. She stood trembling before him, pushing her child in front of her, as if she wanted to obliterate herself and to obliterate the child; but he stood there, shaking and shivering, moaning at intervals, "Veronica! O God! O God!"

It was she who spoke first; he could not find words, or anything but the piteous moan, and her voice was touching in exquisite joy. "Yes, Alan, it is I, saved from the sea, my dearest. And here—here is our child. Are you not pleased? Tell me you are pleased, for I have longed so to see your dear face again! I have longed so to hear your voice I cannot believe it has come at last!"

She came quite near to him, and

standing at the spoke. It seemed as if she were longing for him to uncover his face, to take her into his arms.

"Alan," she cried, "oh, my darling, are you not glad to see me?" There was still no doubt in her mind. She thought that the joy of seeing her had been too great, and that he was trying to recover from the shock. She had no doubt, poor soul, at all. He loved her, therefore her coming to him must be inexpressible joy.

Then Alan uncovered his haggard face. "Glad? No! It has ruined my life!" he cried brutally. But for the moment he could think of nothing but Joyce—his Joyce, with whom life had begun so joyfully, and whose heart he must now break, as his own had been broken. "I wish I were dead!" he said, with a sob.

"Alan!" The anguish in her voice matched his. "Is that what you have to say to me, your wife, the mother of your child, who has undergone all hardships, and who has just lived on because you were in the world? Oh, Alan, if you do not want me, I had better go."

She turned, walking unsteadily, holding her child's hand tightly. And then a great temptation assailed Alan Mackenzie. The temptation to let her go, to let her be lost to him, to say nothing to Joyce; but to go on as if the day's work had never been. And then he saw in a flash what his life would be. How every moment of happiness with Joyce would have its corresponding moment of bitterness when he was alone; how he must live a double life, always on the brink of detection. Not worse, perhaps, than the life parted from Joyce; but then he would be an honest man, and not a traitor. He put his temptation away from him, thanking God that he could do so, knowing that Joyce would not love a man who was dishonorable. So before Veronica had staggered a dozen steps away he called to her hoarsely to come back. She turned at once, obedient as always, and for a moment he hated himself for his brutality to so gentle a woman. Her tears were falling down the beautiful face. She looked up at him with the old look of faithful love, still pushing the child towards him.

"Yes," she said, questioning him, "what is it, Alan?"

"I am married," he said, crudely and hoarsely, thinking it best to tell her at once. "I thought you were dead. I heard nothing from you since I left you; it is four years ago. They told me all on board were drowned, and I could hear nothing of you. What wonder then I thought you were dead? And so I married, Veronica—I am married now!"

And then for a long time there was silence between them.

(To be continued.)

BAPTISMAL VAGARIES.

Names from South Africa Are Given to Unfortunate Youngsters.

One of the results of the war in South Africa is an outbreak of curious names. Lackless infants born at or about the time of great events are being christened after the events themselves, as well as after the more prominent individuals concerned. Redvers Buller Thompson was used a few days ago, and Dundee, Glencoe and Elands-laagte have all been given. At the Cape, among the many curiosities are Talana Elands Smith, Beisfontina Grasspana Modderivvo' Brown and Penn Symons White Robinson. A Boer named Troskie, residing in the Cradock district in Cape Colony, had his son baptized Immanuel Kruger Steyn Triomphus. The mania appears to have taken South Wales in a very acute form. A few days ago Modder River Jones, John Redvers Buller Thomas, Harry White Redvers Joseph, Harold Baden Mafeking Powell, and Ezekiel Methuen Macdonald Baden Powell Williams were the names given to helpless infants by patriotic parents in Neath. At Pontypridd there are poor babes called Richard Colenso Scott, Oliver Colenso Williams, Kimberley Clifford, Charles Redvers James, and Baden-Powell Williams; and at Mountain Ash, Victor Colenso Warren, Warren Sandford, Macdonald Claremont, Methuen Phillips, John Stanley Methuen Williams, and Baden-Powell Price. Mr. Shandy, father of the famous Tristram, it will be remembered, believed there was something fateful in a name. The world seems to have been blessed with a sufficient number of individuals of opinions similar to this, else how can one account for such names as Peter the Great Wright and William the Conqueror Wright (twins), King David Haydon, John Bunyan Parsonage, King George Westgate, Martin Luther Upright, General George Washington Jones, Lord Nelson Putman, Empress Eugenie Aldridge, and John Robinson Crusoe Heaton? The parents, no doubt, had a pious hope that the children so named would grow to be worthy of the great persons whose names had been appropriated. The hope has not been realized, for none of these individuals seem ever to have set the Thames on fire. And perhaps it is rather well for humanity that there are no second editions of these "kings of men." But even quiet times have their remarkable names, Lyolph Ydwallo Odin Nestor Ebert Lyonal Toedmag Hug Ercheuwys Saxon Eas Cromwell Grem Nevill Dysart Plas-tagenet is still living in Wales—perhaps because he never attempts to use all his own name.—London Leader.

Barton county is one of the principal wheat growing sections in Kansas. Its crop will probably reach 5,000,000 bushels, and it has a population of only 12,000.

IN THE YANG-TSE VALLEY.

The actual length of the Yang-tse river is not known, but it is estimated to be 3,000 miles. The basis of its drainage area may be taken, according to the best geographical information, as extending from the nineteenth to the one hundred and twenty-second meridian of east longitude and comprising about 650,000 square miles; and a population, one of the most peaceful and industrious on earth, estimated from 170,000,000 to 180,000,000. Geographically there can be no mistake about the limits of the Yang-tse basin. It is the finest and most valuable of the Chinese empire. It is the central division of the empire, separating the supposed Russian "sphere of influence" in Manchuria and the north of China and the German "sphere of influence" in the province of Shan-Tung from the French sphere in south China. This quiet appropriation of the choice bits of the carcass, assuming China to be dead and in process of being carved up by the British lion, must not only have been pleasant reading to the Chinese statesmen, but also to the representatives of the other powers named. It was as if the British lion, never noted for modesty in such matters, had said: "Hem, I take the breast and choice parts of this fowl; the side pieces, the wings and legs I leave to you, the Russian bear,

the German wolf, and the French fox." No wonder that the present extension of the lion's plan in the direction of Shanghai, if to preempt its claim, has elicited a significant premonitory growl from all the other beasts of prey.

In this region, with its wealth of natural resources, there are to be found vast works of engineering skill for purposes of irrigation, magnificent roads and bridges, constructed before the Christian era. The organization of the teeming native population, social and mercantile, is described as a marvel, with its system of trade, trade guilds, trade unions, charities, banking and postal systems and powerful trade combinations whose history dates back to a period when Europe was steeped in the barbarism of the Dark Ages.

It is this region that has excited the cupidity of the eastern nations. An English writer, a woman, administers this caution:

"In much talk," she says, "about 'open doors' and 'spheres of influence' and 'interest,' in much greed for ourselves, not always dexterously clothed and much jealousy and suspicion of our neighbors, and in much interest in the undignified scramble for concessions in which we have been taking our share at Peking there is risk of our coming to think only of markets, ter-

ritory and railroads and of our ignoring the men who for 2,000 years have been making China worth scrambling for. It may be that we go forward with a light heart, along with other European empires, not hesitating for the sake of commercial advantages, to break up, in the case of a fourth of the human race, the most ancient of earth's existing civilization without giving an equivalent. In estimating the position occupied by the inhabitants of the Yang-tse valley, as of the rest of China, it is essential for us to see quite clearly that our western ideas find themselves confronted, not with barbarism or with debased theories of morals, but with an elaborate and antique civilization, which yet is not decayed, and which, though imperfect, has many claims to our respect and even admiration. They meet with a perfectly organized social order, a system of government theoretically admirably suited to the country, combining the extremes of centralization and decentralization, and under which, in spite of its tremendous infamies of practice, the governed enjoy a large measure of peace and prosperity, a noteworthy amount of individual liberty and security for the gains of labor, and under which it is possible for a peasant's son to rise to a high position as in the American republic."



ADVANCE GUARD OF CHINESE (BOXER) ARMY ON RETREAT FROM PEKIN.

AFTER THE MISSING LINK IN JAVA.

Search for the pithecanthropus, the "missing link" in Darwin's theory of the evolution of man, is now under way with the money of a Vanderbilt behind. David J. Walters, a student of Yale, backed by George Vanderbilt, left New Haven the other day, and expects to take up his still hunt on the island of Java in the latter part of October. Prof. Hagekle of the University of Jena and one of the most noted scientists of Europe, will leave Jena about the 1st of October on the same quest, and the race may be to the swift.

Several of these are said to have been seen in the forests of Java, and every effort of the two men will be bent toward securing a specimen.

Briefly, the Darwinian philosophy holds that all animal life began with a few primitive forms of living organisms. Granting that of all these present forms man is at the top, the question is, How did he get there and from what lower order? Darwin held that man was not necessarily a developed ape; only that far back in the history of world building the man-branch of the ape stock diverged from the normal, and that it continued through ages to develop along the lines of its differentiation.

In a great measure the study of the known apes and monkeys has been disappointing to scientists, who would have made man a direct descendant of the ape group. Four of the best representatives of the group now known are the gorilla, chimpanzee, orang-outang, and gibbon. But no one of these approaches man more clearly than another, and all fall far short.

The question of the missing link twenty-five years ago was more in the public ear than it is now, but today it has not been answered. If the pithecanthropus shall give evidence in support of the Darwinian theory, it promises to be quite as welcome as it is now unpopular.

The public schools of the New York city boroughs are open again, and once more the people of that city are confronted with the problem how to

mand for cheapness has brought it about, or rather the dishonest adulteration enabled a cutting of prices that gradually have fallen lower and lower until the adulterated article has become the standard. If the consumer buys an adulterated article he should know what he is purchasing. Perhaps if the pepper's actual contents were known the consumer would continue to buy it at the lower price if it had been satisfactory in the past. This is the case with oleomargarine, which people buy under its real name as a substitute for butter, but which, were it not for the oleomargarine laws, unscrupulous dealers might sell as butter at excessive prices.

For Dogs and Horses.

Dr. H. H. Kane, president of the New York Road Drivers' association, has issued an appeal for the establishment of dog cemeteries in each of the larger cities of the United States, and he also urges that an institution for the care of old and worn out horses be established. Both of the ideas are practicable. In London and in Paris there are now dog cemeteries each of which is self-sustaining. There valued pets are buried and tombs and monuments are erected telling of the faithful services that they have done their masters. The institutions are supported by the sale of burial lots just as are those where men and women are buried. The idea appeals to lovers of dogs. There are now dog and horse hospitals in the chief cities; Chicago has at least three. So there seems to be no reason why an institution for old horses should not be self-sustaining if it were established, with a slight endowment which might well be made by lovers of animals. The old car and dray horses might still be shot, but sentimental reasons would be strong enough to warrant many people in sending their faithful equine pets to a place where they might pass their declining years in rest and comfort earned by long and faithful service.

Edmund Haviland Burke, a direct lineal descendant of Edmund Burke, is again trying to get into the British parliament. Although still a young man, he is somewhat of an orator himself. He has recently stood for parliament as a Parnellite, but unsuccessfully.

Over 600,000 pounds of tea is consumed in England daily.



PITHECANTHROPUS

Adulteration and Prices: The New York Commercial quotes "a well known dealer in spices" as saying that in the one article of pepper adulteration has gone so far that the consumer can now buy a pound of what purports to be pepper—ground, packed in a tin box and labeled—cheaper than the wholesaler could buy a pound of pure unground pepper if he should purchase the whole stock in the country. Hence he says that there is little encouragement for the wholesaler to be honest in the selling of pepper, for if he sells real pepper his prices must be so much larger than those charged by his competitors that his customers will not buy from him. This is, indeed, one of the chief causes of competition. The consumer's de-

mand for cheapness has brought it about, or rather the dishonest adulteration enabled a cutting of prices that gradually have fallen lower and lower until the adulterated article has become the standard. If the consumer buys an adulterated article he should know what he is purchasing. Perhaps if the pepper's actual contents were known the consumer would continue to buy it at the lower price if it had been satisfactory in the past. This is the case with oleomargarine, which people buy under its real name as a substitute for butter, but which, were it not for the oleomargarine laws, unscrupulous dealers might sell as butter at excessive prices.

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