

The Only Way

A Fascinating Romance
by Alan Adair...

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

Not the strictest purist on the earth could cavil at his writing to her. As he felt—that is, from his heart—so he wrote to her:

My Own Joyce: I am breaking my self-imposed resolution to tell you that I am leaving England for Australia on the Condor, which sails next week. I cannot live this life any longer. Do you know I come out at night just to look at the house that contains you? There is no joy for anything, and I am afraid of breaking down under the strain. I must work, sweetheart; I must do something. Life is too hard. Joyce, I do not wish to see you again. If I saw you again I should never leave you; but I must hear from you to know if you are well, dearest. I ought to say to you that you should try and forget me, and be happy with some other man, but I cannot. It is tremendous selfishness on my part; but it would kill me if you were to look at another man. But it is not for that I am writing, but to tell you I am leaving. Your own ALAN.

When Joyce received this letter she sat quite still for a little time. She felt as if her heart must break when she thought of Alan. She knew what his earnest meant; she knew that if it were possible that he could lay his head against her shoulder, and feel her hand upon his brow, all his troubles would vanish. But this might not be. Never again could they go through the agony of another parting, never again would they look into each other's eyes and see what it was costing them to walk the path of duty—the only way for them. But she—she must look upon his face again. She would go down to Southampton, and then she would try and get a glimpse of his dear face, so that she could see for herself how he looked.

She told no one of her project. It was not a wise thing to do, but it was a thing she must do.

Veronica was reading in her room; the boy was with her. Now she had a nurse for him, and she had a pretty house and all comforts; but she looked more haggard than in the old days, when she eked out a miserable existence by teaching. Then there was something to live for, now she had nothing.

She heard a tap at the door that made her tremble. Hutchinson had been a frequent visitor lately—since she had been prosperous. His visits always left her poorer and sadder. She did not mind the money, having a child's ignorance on the subject, but she did mind the way he spoke of Alan. She prepared herself for battle when she heard his knock. He came in, looking more bloated and excited than ever. Lately he had drunk very heavily. Today he was sober enough, but he looked more angry than he had done of late.

"So that fellow thinks he is going to elude me!" he said, as he came into the room, "but he makes a mistake!"

Veronica turned pale. She knew he was speaking of Alan, and that he was threatening him.

"What do you mean?" she asked boldly.

"Do you mean to say that you don't know that that precious husband of yours means to sail in the Condor on Friday? I dare say he wants to desert you, and to go off with that other woman!"

"Alan would not do that," said Veronica, quickly. "However much he and she suffer, they will do nothing wrong."

"I dare say he is a saint!" sneered Hutchinson. "Well, he will have a chance of going to heaven quickly, for I've sworn to do for him, and this is my last chance!"

Veronica listened. Hutchinson had spoken like this before, and it had come to nothing; still, it was possible that he might be desperate now. He looked it, and if he meant mischief to Alan she must warn him. Not a hair of Alan's dear head should fall by this man's hand. Still, she knew that she must not let Hutchinson suspect that she was on the alert.

"So he sails on Friday," she said quietly. "From Southampton, is it not?"

"It will be a longer good-bye than he knows of," said the man. "Lend me five pounds, Veronica."

Veronica hesitated. He might be asking for money in order to kill her husband; but she had often lent him money before, so she rose slowly and went to the writing table and took it out.

"I suppose he has made a settlement upon you?" he asked, with cunning leer. And poor Veronica, falling into the trap, answered:

"Yes."

"Then it's all right," he said, and went out.

Veronica sprang up from her chair the instant the hall door clanged after him. She knew he meant mischief to Alan. She kissed her boy many, many times before giving him in charge of the nurse. She was always loth to let him out of her sight; but today she almost felt as if she would never look upon him again. At the same time she felt strangely happy, for it seemed as if at last she were able to do something for Alan.

Alan had taken his seat in the train without thinking much of leaving England. It had seemed to be home to him; he thought he might be happier

when he was removed from the temptation of seeing Joyce, and when he might now and again hear from her. And as he sat in the corner of his carriage he thought he saw a familiar figure pass. It was Hutchinson's douch, but he did not think much about it. He pulled his cap over his eyes, and pretended to go to sleep; but although he kept his eyes shut no sleep came to him. Southampton, it seemed to him, was soon reached. He got out of the train and began collecting his belongings. He was turning to go when suddenly he heard the sound of a report and then a woman's cry. In an instant all was commotion. A woman had fallen close beside him—a dark-haired, slight woman. He rushed forward to help her up, quite unconscious then that the shot that had been fired was meant for him, and that the woman had intercepted it. He had a dim idea, too, that he saw Hutchinson slipping away somewhere; but he, as well as every one else, was occupied by the fallen woman.

His were the arms that helped her up, and his were the eyes that recognized Veronica. "My God!" he cried. And when they said "Do you know her?" he answered "Yes, and the shot has killed her was meant for me!"

He carried her to a room near, and when he laid her down she opened her eyes and smiled. "I am so happy," she said, softly. "Alan, I never thought to feel your arms round me again."

"Veronica," he said, remorsefully. "I would gladly have given my life if this had not happened!"

"I know it," she said, "but think of me for one instant, Alan. You see, I love you, darling. I am dying, so that it does not matter, and my life made you unhappy. By dying for you I make you and her happy. It is the only way. Alan—the only way!"

"But, Veronica—" he urged. But she would not let him speak.

"I don't think I have long, dear. Let me die like this in your arms, my head upon your shoulder—so. You think I'm pretty still, don't you? What was I saying? Oh, that it will not matter, except for the boy. But I know you and she will be good to him. I should have liked to have seen him just once again. You know Hutchinson swore he would be revenged on you, and so I followed him; and when he fired at you I threw myself between. I was so happy, Alan, dear. The happiest moment of my life was when I felt that I might die for you."

"Veronica," he said, touched to the heart. "I don't deserve it—indeed I don't!"

"You see," she went on, "I made you so unhappy by living—it is the only way."

And when the doctor came a few moments after Alan could see there was no hope. The bullet had pierced her side, and she was bleeding internally. She fell into a state of semi-consciousness; but towards midnight she opened her eyes suddenly.

"Kiss me, Alan," she said, "and love my boy."

And whilst his lips touched hers her spirit passed away.

Joyce, waiting at the docks for a glimpse of the man she loved, saw the great vessel glide out to sea without him. Something must have happened to delay him, she thought! Full of fear and anxiety, she returned home, wondering what had befallen him; but the next day she had a telegram with these words: "Veronica died last night. I am coming at once." And then she knew that something serious had occurred.

Alan came to her, chastened, grey-haired, but still Alan. And when he told her the simple, touching story of poor Veronica's self-sacrifice and death they wept together. And Joyce resolved then and there to be a good and loving mother to Alan and Veronica's boy, which vow she nobly kept. Indeed, there was nothing stepmotherly about Joyce, and she could say truly that she had had nothing but pity for poor Veronica, even whilst she was keeping Alan and herself apart.

Alan lost no time in marrying Joyce again. "They had suffered so much," he said, "there was no need to prolong their suffering." Now, indeed, their life is the ideal life of married people, whose strong love for each other is not stronger than their love of duty, and who did not scruple to sacrifice everything they loved best for what they knew to be right.

And as for Veronica's boy, he is like Joyce's own. Indeed, if anything, she spoils him more than her own children.

"His mother saved your life, dear," she said once, in after days, when Alan expostulated with her, "and he is a dear boy, and he is yours, so you see I have three of the most excellent reasons for spoiling him."

Hutchinson was never seen again. There was a hue-and-cry after him, but he was never found. Whether he knew that the shot meant for Alan had been received by Veronica no one could tell. He disappeared, and Joyce and Alan were glad that it should be so. They had suffered so much that they wanted a little peace. Most of all, they did not want revenge. It was poor Veronica who had paid the debt, and she had done it gladly, saying that it was "The Only Way."

(The End.)

The most fiery author—Baron

OUR PHILIPINO VISITOR

Senor Sixto Lopez, former confidential secretary and confidant of Gen. Aguinaldo, also representative of his countrymen at Washington up to the time when shots were first exchanged between the natives and the Americans at Manila, is visiting Fiske Warren in Boston. He proposes to write a book on this country. Fiske Warren is the third son of the late Samuel D. Warren, the great paper manufacturer, and is very wealthy. He cares more for tennis, outdoor life and the country than he does for society. He was 80s and has traveled extensively abroad.

Mrs. Warren, who has joined her husband in entertaining the one-time secretary of Aguinaldo, was Gretchen Osgood, the eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton Osgood. She is petite, with a beautiful figure and exquisite complexion and masses of reddish gold hair. She dresses in absolutely good taste, and with any amount of chic. She is a full-fledged society leader, much sought after, clever and interesting.

Not so very long ago she accompanied her husband in a trip around the world.

These representatives were three in number. Senor Agoncello left for Canada before the clash with the Filipinos on that fatal day, Feb. 4, 1899.

of returning to his family at Batangas, and Senor Lopez accompanied him to care for him on the journey. Lopez is of Spanish descent.

Lopez was a member of the Filipino commission that came here in 1898, to present the case of their country. Although as early as Jan. 9, 1899, it was publicly stated that a member of the senate committee on foreign affairs had advised the arrest of these men, the other members of the deputation, Senor Sixto Lopez and Dr. Losada, remained in Washington until March, and the motive they announced for their leaving was Dr. Losada's illness. He was desirous, it was said,

Quite a chatty person, Senor Lopez, imperial majesty Kaiser Wilhelm. From 1889, when he ascended the throne, to the present day, he has made more than 700 speeches, all of which have been printed in full in the official journal. According to the court stenographer the emperor utters from 275 to 300 syllables a minute, or nearly five a second.

Postmaster Albert Barnes of Kearsarge, N. H., is believed to be the only man now surviving whose father

was original in mechanics, but copies of his original designs are now in the possession of the Smithsonian Institution.

The Chinaman has little of mechanical ingenuity, although he possesses very much alive to the excellence of mechanical devices he never saw before. A year or two ago Henry A. Janvier was sent to China to assist in the erection and operation of printing plants for brass and silver currency. One of the tools which Mr. Janvier took with him was a "micrometer caliper," made by a well-known firm in the United States, and capable of detecting differences of a thousandth of an inch in the thickness of a piece of metal. The superintendent of one of the shops which Mr. Janvier established was named Wai, and he proved a very intelligent fellow. During an interval of about six weeks he borrowed the caliper almost daily, and was rather tardy in returning it. Finally he exhibited to the American a reproduction of the instrument which was perfect except in one respect. Certain tables of figures stamped into the steel by the Yankee makers of the original were omitted from the copy, and in their place were several Chinese characters. The imitation had been made with the rudest of tools, but was a marvel of accuracy. Mr. Wai proposed an exchange to Mr. Janvier, and the latter agreed to the proposition.

Notes from the Paris Exposition.

"The Singer Manufacturing Company, of 149 Broadway, New York, show their usual American enterprise by having a very creditable exhibit, located in Group XIII, Class 79, at the Paris International Exposition, where they show to great advantage the celebrated Singer Sewing-Machine which is used in every country on the globe, both for family use and for manufacturing purposes. The writer was highly pleased with this display and observed with much satisfaction that it was favorably commented upon by visitors generally.

The Grand Prize was awarded by the International Jury to Singer Sewing-Machines for superior excellence in design, construction, efficiency and for remarkable development and adaptation to every stitching process used in either the family or the factory.

Only One Grand Prize for sewing machines was awarded at Paris, and this distinction of absolutely superior merit confirms the previous action of the International Jury at the World's Columbian Exposition, in Chicago, where Singer machines received 54 distinct awards, being more than were received by all other kinds of sewing machines combined.

Should it be possible that any of our readers are unfamiliar with the celebrated Singer Machine, we would respectfully advise that they call at any of the Singer salesrooms which can be found in all cities and most towns in the United States."

Arouse Young Woman's Indignation.

A certain general on the staff of one of Grant's generals was much given to novel reading and went about with his saddlebags stuffed full of thrilling romances. For weeks he had been devouring an English translation of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." One day while passing through a Confederate town he saw a young woman seated on a porch, and stopping his horse, bowed to her with all the grace of a Chesterfield and endeavored to engage her in conversation. Before he had gone far he took occasion to remark: "Have you seen 'Les Miserables'?" anglicizing the pronunciation. Her black eyes snapped with indignation as she tartly replied: "Don't you talk to me that way; they're a good deal better than Grant's miserables, anyhow!"

Extent of Chinese Literature.

Chinese literature is so extensive that a catalogue of the four imperial libraries of the present dynasty classifies and briefly describes no less than 93,000 books and itself fills 200 volumes. Although some western writers have described the collection as a whole as a vast library of oriental conceit and a dreary wilderness of words, the Abbe Remusat, a genuine student of the Chinese language, writes enthusiastically regarding their charm, saying he found in them "eloquence and poetry, enriched by the beauty of a picturesque language preserving to imagination all its colors." The description is a very accurate one, too.

Buried Cities in Central America.

The list of bush-covered ruins in Central America is steadily increasing, and some of the sculptured temples recently unearthed—or, rather, unjungle—in the neighborhood of San Elizario, Honduras, differ from those of Uxmal only in point of size. The elaboration of ornament is the same, the architecture resembles that of the Yucatan forest town in all its characteristics, including the substitution of big stone slabs for keystone arches. The builders may, after all, not have been contemporaries of the Pharaohs, but peace-loving Casiques, who fled at the approach of the Spanish man hunters.

Jeff Davis' Slave a "Mayor."

Isaiah T. Montgomery, who was in his youth a slave of Jefferson Davis, and his elder brother, Joseph Davis, founded a colony of negroes in the Yazoo river valley, in Mississippi after the war, and he is now "mayor" of the village of Mount Bayou, the center of the colony. The negroes own 12,000 acres there.

When the British sparrow-hawk is flying toward its dinner it goes through the air at the rate of 150 miles an hour.

Ohio Town Excited

Community Rent with Quarrel Over McKinley's Birthplace.

The thriving little city of Niles, O., threatens to be rent in twain by a question which has set the good inhabitants on edge, has divided families, turned brothers against brothers,

not flock to see the wonder in any numbers.

The other half of the divided house was bought or leased by a gentleman named Flattery, whose business being thriving called for increased storage room. In short, the other half—and is sure this is the half in which the worthy President first saw the light—has become a factory. And so the controversy rages. In another part of the town a little red school-house is pointed out as the one in which McKinley learned his A. B. C's. This is used as a carpenter shop.

Edward B. Isett, president of the First National bank of Altoona, Pa., has started for British Columbia and the Klondike to search for gold. He is a hearty old man of 75 and is worth \$250,000. He expects to travel 400 miles by stage and pack mules.

George Brown, an old negro janitor at the Annapolis Naval academy, has been in the employ of the academy ever since it was founded in 1845, and has been more or less familiar with all our naval heroes since that date. He is the only person now living who was connected with the institution when it was opened.

Sidney Grundy is one of the most productive of dramatic authors. In one year he has been known to produce five plays. He is 52 years old and began to write at 24.

The oldest Indian woman living is Nancy Jacobs, who lives in Cedar county, near Antlers, in the Choctaw nation. She is 100 years old. Nancy is a big woman. She is very tall and erect. She is one of the original six town Indians, a clan among the Choctaws. She is a medicine woman, and treats the young people of the tribe with the same mysterious concoctions that were used by her husband. She says she is as strong as when she was 28 years old.

Young Mr. Vanderbilt has plenty of money and is removed from the necessity of any kind of work, but he has wisely chosen to learn the business in which so much of his wealth is invested instead of devoting himself to polo, automobiles and golf. In this respect his choice is in sharp contrast with that of young William K. Vanderbilt, who is just now making himself obnoxious in the land of steady habits by his erratic performances with automobiles and frequent violations of state laws. Probably young Alfred does not imagine he is doing anything remarkable in select-

ing business for his occupation as numerous other wealthy men's sons have done before him.

Silas M. Douglass, the new chief justice of the circuit courts of Ohio, is an old neighbor of John Sherman, in Mansfield, O. He did not leave the farm until he was of age and has been at the bar only seventeen years, though in that time he has been mayor of the town, city solicitor and circuit judge. He is 47 years old.

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SENOR LOPEZ AND MRS. FISKE WARREN



(Original House.)



(Flattery's Half.)

and which threatens to upset the whole town. The question is this: "In which side of the house that William McKinley was born in was William McKinley born?" It sounds much like the music of a carrousel. But to Niles the question is no joke. McKinley drew his first breath in a little frame house, which stands, or stood, on the main street of Niles. But this house, like most other houses, has two entrances—at front and at rear.

Not so very long ago the house in question was divided. Carpenters went at the sacred beams and historic clapboards and sawed them asunder without the slightest regard for the feelings of anybody interested in birthrights and birthplaces. One half of the disrupted house was purchased by an amusement man who seemed to think that people would come to the house that McKinley was born in from all parts of the country and pay real money to see it. He had it moved to a recreation park in the outskirts of the village, and planted near the dancing pavilion, so that when picnickers got tired of looking at the house they could trip the light fantastic on their own hooks. The amusement man had placards prepared and signboards painted. They were to inform the eager public when it came that this was the true birthplace of McKinley. But the public did

not flock to see the wonder in any numbers.

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NANCY JACOBS, 100 YEARS OLD.

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