

# The Only Way

A Fascinating Romance by Alan Adair...

## CHAPTER I.

"It's the only thing to do," said Alan, thrusting his hands into his pockets and looking straight before him. "Here there is nothing for me, and, as you say, there is nothing to keep me here. It was her wish besides; and yet—yet I hate leaving it."

"I can well understand it, lad. I was the same. It is just in us Scotchmen, this love of the land. And I had Joana, too, to keep me here; and so I've just stuck on and made a precarious living, and I've but staved off the evil days, for now my boys will have to go. We can't make a living in the old country, and there's no Joana, is there?" asked the old man, kindly.

"No. No woman has ever been anything to me except my mother," said the lad.

"Well, well, time enough; there's sure to be," said Masperson. "A fine lad like you!" As a matter of fact, the old man said, "Weel, weel," but that did not take away from the kindness of his speech. You've always got a friend in me. I wish I could help you substantially; but that isn't easy. Still, if you need it, I can make a push as well as my neighbors."

"Thank you kindly," said Alan Mackenzie, "but there will be no need of it. The sale of my poor little sticks will pay my passage money and get me a good place waiting for me when I get out, so that there will be no need for me to go borrowing. I wish I felt a little more enthusiasm about making money. It's said to be in Scots' blood, but it isn't in me. I would fain stop here and watch the clouds settling round the hills all the rest of my life than go to South America, and make my fortune. Yet because my mother wished it, and because she was so overjoyed when the offer came to me, I feel it is just my duty to do it, neither more nor less."

It did not take long for Alan Mackenzie to sell his few possessions, and to turn his back upon the little Scotch town. He was going as far as Glasgow, to take a steamer to South America. His story was simply this: A lad to whom his father had once given a free passage to South America had done so well at Rio that he was now one of the foremost merchants there. He had remembered his benefactor, and when he heard of the captain's death, had written and offered a good place in his counting house to Alan Mackenzie. Mrs. Mackenzie was dying of a painful disease, and she saw in this offer a future for her son who she so tenderly loved, and she was keen that he should accept it. So that when she died there seemed nothing for the lad to do but to go.

He was a good looking lad, standing about six feet in his stockings. He had passed his twenty-first birthday, but he was younger than lads generally are at 21, having no experience in the world, and none of men and women. He had worked at school always, having been fond of his books, and he had played outdoor games, so that he had very little knowledge of either the usual amusements or the perplexities of life.

When he had finally said good-bye to his native place his spirits began to rise within him. The world and adventure were before him. He had said good-bye to the old life, but the new was there. He had never been so far as Glasgow before, and the big town, with its lighted streets and the ships in the river, attracted him. After all, there was something pleasing in big things. Large enterprises and wealth attracted and had charms after all. So that it was with a lighter heart that Alan Mackenzie embarked finally.

He loved the voyage. Heredity counts for something and his father had loved the sea. He felt it was his own element. When he reached Rio it was with high hopes and resolves to make his mark. He had a kind reception from Richard Dempster, and here again Alan felt the charm of riches and power. Dempster's house was one of the best in Rio, his clerks were well paid, and his wife and daughters occupied a place second to none in society. Dempster wanted Alan to become accustomed to the work, and then to found another branch of the house in a mining town some hundred miles away.

Dempster had two daughters, fine, fresh, handsome girls, but no sons. The obvious thing would have been for Alan Mackenzie to have fallen in love with one of the girls, to have settled down comfortably and prosperously in Rio; but there was one thing against it. There was a little vein of romance in Alan's nature, and he disliked the obvious. Besides, he had the independent man's dislike to being beholden to his wife for his advancement. So that although he was on terms of perfect friendship with Ina and Eleanor Dempster, yet he neither sought nor wished for any stronger feeling.

The girls looked with favor on the handsome young Scotsman, who worked so hard, of whom their father had such a high opinion, and who was, moreover, always perfectly willing to be at their beck and call.

Alan soon found friends in Rio. Dempster's position was almost unique and when it became known that he looked with favor on the young Scots-

man, every one joined in making fun of him.

Most of the employes in the firm were married, and they constituted a little circle to themselves. Alan had the run of their houses, and soon began to feel at home; however, amongst them there was one man to whom he never took. An Englishman, Hutchinson by name, a surly, red-haired brute, with a magnificent head for figures. He was the one man whom Mackenzie did not like, although he had never quarreled with him; but he fancied that it seemed as if Hutchinson had a particular grudge against him.

This surmise on Alan's part was well founded, for, as a matter of fact, when Dempster found him so intelligent, he had thought it might be well to raise him to Hutchinson's place.

There was some mystery about Hutchinson. He lived in a house some little way out of town, and no one knew exactly whether he was married or not. Some affirmed that he had a daughter, who has almost reached woman's estate; others said that he never made any mention of any one. But, as a matter of fact, Hutchinson never mentioned his private affairs at all, so it was not wonderful that the rest of the firm knew nothing about them.

But one day there came some rather important tidings to the firm. Richard Dempster consulted Alan, and he offered to talk over the matter with Hutchinson. It was after business hours, and the young man offered to find the Englishman. He had not the least idea of spying upon him, because he had so many friends that he had no need to seek any, and he was actuated solely by the wish to be useful to his employer in what might become advantageous.

South American affairs have not the stability of ours. A day's delay, even a few hours, might mean the loss of many thousands. So Alan obtained Hutchinson's address from Dempster, and, in all good faith, went to find his colleague. It took him some little time to find the house. It was quite out of Rio, and was more of a country house than a town house.

When he found it he was amazed at the beauty of his surroundings. It seemed to him that Hutchinson lived even in greater style than did Dempster, and that probably he did not wish this to be known. There was no reason why Hutchinson should not live as a rich man. He drew a large salary from Dempster, and there were many ways in which he could enlarge his means.

Alan rode, on through avenues of trees, fresh bowers of fruit and flowers, gorgeous in their tropical wealth of color, and suddenly as he rode it seemed to him that he heard the sound of a woman sobbing. He reined in his horse so as to make sure; he still heard the sound. The spirit of adventure burned hot within him; the crying was so piteous, and Alan could not bear to hear it. It was like that of some girl in pain.

He fastened his horse to a tree, forgetting all about the financial crisis and his errand. All the chivalry in his nature was stirred. He pulled aside the boughs of the trees and came to an open glade. A girl dressed in white had thrown herself on the ground; her slight body was shaking with sobs. Alan watched her for a moment and then he spoke. "You seem in trouble," he said in English, for, though the girl's head was dusky, yet she did not look altogether Spanish. "Can I help you?"

The girl, startled by the voice, sprang up, and showed to Alan's gaze a face, disfigured by weeping, it is true, but of a perfect type of beauty. There was Spanish blood in her, as was testified by the liquid, dark eyes, and the perfect oval of her face, and the slim, yet well-shaped limbs. Her mouth, too, quivering with emotion, was ripe and red, and the little white teeth were even and sharp.

She looked up for a moment at the handsome lad, who was watching her with such evident concern, and then she blushed and answered, with an attempt at self-possession that was very creditable, seeing the abandonment of grief in which Alan had found her: "It is nothing, sir. I would not do as my father wished, and he was angry and struck me."

"Struck you? The brute!" cried Alan. "The detestable brute! How dare he strike a woman?"

The girl's eyes were cast down; she seemed ashamed. Perhaps she had not yet realized her womanhood completely; she seemed very young. "He has a violent temper, sir, and perhaps I do not manage him well. I have no mother; she died years ago."

"Fortunately for her," said Alan grimly, "if your father is the sort of man who would strike a woman!"

"You see," said the girl, "it seems that this is important. My father had promised my hand to a man—he is a Mexican Spaniard, and they think nothing of arranging marriages for you; but I could not marry him. I said so, and my father is not used to being thwarted. He was angry at something in business, too, so the moment, perhaps, was hardly chosen well."

"Your father is not Hutchinson, of the firm of Dempster?" said Alan. Somehow it did not seem to him likely that Hutchinson could be the father of such a beautiful girl, and yet it was not unlikely, seeing that he had found her there.

"Yes," she said. "Do you know him?"

"I work in his office," said Mackenzie shortly.

"Ah!" The girl looked up shyly. "Are you Mr. Mackenzie?"

"Yes," said Alan. "Has he spoken of me at all?"

"He does not like you," answered the girl. "He would not like me to be talking to you. He would be more displeased if he thought that you knew he had struck me."

"He should not have done it, then," said Alan shortly. "The coward! I can well believe it of him!"

"You do not know him?" she said, very anxiously. "But do not quarrel with him! It is not good to thwart him!"

"Possibly not," said Alan, "but these considerations do not affect me, you see."

Her lips quivered, but she did not weep again. "They might affect me, though," she said, timidly.

"How?"

"If he knew that I had told you. He does not like me to speak to any one. I have to bear it all alone," said the girl.

Alan looked indignant. "I shall not betray you, Miss Hutchinson," he said, "but I wish—"

"You must wish nothing," said the girl, and she colored. "You must forget that you saw me weep. I am proud, and it troubles me."

"I wish I had no cause," he answered; "but I have business with your father. I hope I may see you again."

She hesitated. "You will not tell father you have seen me?" she said. "He is strange—he does not like it to be known that he has a daughter, except to his Spanish and Mexican friends."

"I will say nothing," said Alan; "but I mean to see you again."

He lifted his hat, found his horse, and rode up to the house.

(To be continued.)

**Ate Shamrock for Waterress.**  
On the eve of St. Patrick's day a Birmingham woman, thinking the supply of shamrock might give out, took the precaution to buy a large quantity. She carefully placed the plant in a small dish, with plenty of water in, and let it remain on the table in the sitting room. Somehow it was late before the husband returned home that night, in fact it was midnight when the latchkey was heard at work. Perhaps it was business worry, but his footsteps sounded somewhat irregular, a trifle unsteady, as it were, but the wife heard him go into the sitting room, where he remained some time. Eventually he silently crawled up to bed. Next morning, what was the wife's surprise to see nothing but the roots of the shamrock left in the dish. Hurrying up to her still sleeping spouse, she aroused him, and asked him what he had done with it. "Shamrock, what shamrock?" he heavily inquired. "Why, that I left in the glass dish downstairs." "That! Was that shamrock? Why, I ate it; I thought it was mustard and cress!" After that fairy tales were useless.—Weekly Telegraph.

**An Imposing Spectacle.**  
A knight of the Garter dressed in the regalia is an imposing sight. He wears a blue velvet mantle, with a star embroidered on the left breast. His trunk-hose, stockings and shoes are white, his hood and surcoat crimson. The garter of dark blue velvet edged with gold, and bearing the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," also in gold, is buckled about the left leg, below the knee. The heavy golden collar consists of twenty-six pieces, each in the form of a garter, bearing the motto, and from it hangs the "George," a badge which represents St. George on horseback, encountering the dragon. The "lesser George" is a smaller badge attached to a blue ribbon, worn over the left shoulder. The star of the order consists of eight points within which is the cross of St. George encircled by the garter.

**Money Value of Shakespeare's Fame.**  
The London Financial News estimates that the fame which attaches to Stratford-on-Avon because of the fact that Shakespeare was born there is worth \$5,000,000 to that town. The charges for admission to the poet's house, to Anne Hathaway's cottage, to the church, to the memorial and to the grammar school net \$150,000 yearly—a sum which is equivalent to an income of three per cent on the \$5,000,000 capital. This calculation does not take into account the income to the railways from the pilgrims to the Warwickshire Mecca, and there is no estimate of the profits of the Stratford tradesmen, who do a good business in photographs, pamphlets, and trinkets relating to the town and the great bard.

**Where Municipal Ownership Pays.**  
Hamilton is giving Ohio cities an object lesson in municipal ownership. The annual report of Supt. John Lorenz, just issued, shows that the gas works earned a net profit, above all expenses and interest, last year, \$6,975.99. The electric light plant cleared \$3,219.14, and the water works, which is under a separate superintendent, as much more. In addition the properties are valued at \$900,000.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE MARRIAGE FEAST," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

The Christian Religion, When Properly Practiced, the Refuge of the Forlorn—The World Invited to a Feast of Holy Joy.

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A remarkable illustration of the ubiquity of English speaking people is furnished by the requests that have reached Dr. Talmage in northern Europe for a sermon in and out of the way places where he did not expect to find a single person who could understand him. There, as here, he presents religion as a festivity and invites all the world to come as guests and join in its holy merriment; text, John 11, 10, "Thou hast kept the good wine until now."

This chapter invites us to a marriage celebration. It is a wedding in common life, two plain people having pledged each other, hand and heart, and their friends having come in for congratulation. The joy is not the less because there is no pretension. In each other they find all the future they want. The daisy in the cup on the table may mean as much as a score of artistic garlands fresh from the boothhouse. When a daughter goes off from home with nothing but a plain father's blessing and a plain mother's love, she is missed as much as though she were a princess. It seems hard after the parents have sheltered her for eighteen years, that in a few short months her affections should have been carried off by another, but mother remembers how it was in her own case when she was young, and so she braces up until the wedding has passed and the banqueters are gone, and she has a cry all alone.

Well, we are today at the wedding in Cana of Galilee. Jesus and his mother have been invited. It is evident that there are more people there than were expected. Either some people have come who were not invited or more invitations have been sent out than it was supposed would be accepted. Of course there is not a sufficient supply of wine. You know that there is nothing more embarrassing to a housekeeper than a scant supply. Jesus sees the embarrassment, and he comes up immediately to relieve it. He sees standing six water pots. He orders the servants to fill them with water, then he waves his hand over the water, and immediately it is wine—real wine. Taste of it and see for yourselves. No logwood in it, no strychnine in it, but first rate wine. I will not now be diverted to the question so often discussed in my own country whether it is right to drink wine. I am describing the scene as it was. When God makes wine he makes the very best wine, and 120 gallons of it standing around in these water pots—wine so good that the ruler of the feast tastes it and says: "Why, this is really better than anything we have had. Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Beautiful miracle! A prize was offered to the person who should write the best essay about the miracle in Cana. Long manuscripts were presented in the competition, but a poet won the prize by just this one line descriptive of the miracle: "The conscious water saw its God and blushed."

**Hides His Own Griefs.**  
Jesus does not shadow the joys of others with his own griefs. He might have sat down in that wedding and said: "I have so much trouble, so much poverty, so much persecution, and the cross is coming. I shall not rejoice, and the gloom of my face and of my sorrows shall be cast over all this group." So said not Jesus. He said to himself: "Here are two persons starting out in married life. Let it be a joyful occasion. I will hide my own griefs. I will kindle their joy." There are many not so wise as that. I know a household where there are many little children, where for two years the musical instrument has been kept shut because there has been trouble in the house. Alas for the folly! Parents saying: "We will have no Christmas tree this coming holiday because there has been trouble in the house. Hush that laughing up stairs! How can there be any joy when there has been so much trouble?" And so they make everything consistently doleful and send their sons and daughters to ruin with the gloom they throw around them.

Oh, my dear friends, do you not know those children who have trouble enough of their own after awhile? Be glad they cannot appreciate all yours. Keep back the cup of bitterness from your daughter's lips. When your head is down in the grass of the tomb, poverty may come to her, betrayal to her, bereavement to her. Keep back the sorrows as long as you can. Do you not know that that son may after awhile have his heart broken? Stand between him and all harm. You may not fight his battles long. Fight them while you may. Throw not the chill of your own despondency over his soul. Rather, be like Jesus, who came to the wedding hiding his own grief and kindling the joys of others. So I have seen the sun on a dark day, struggling amidst clouds, black, ragged and portentous, but after awhile the sun, with golden pry, heaved back the blackness. And the sun laughed to the lake, and the lake laughed to the sun, and from horizon to horizon, under the saffron sky, the water was all turned into wine.

**The Right to Laugh.**  
I think the children of God have more right to laugh than any other people, and to clap their hands as loudly. There is not a single joy denied them that is given to any other people. Christianity does not clip the wings of the soul. Religion does not frost the flowers. What is Christianity? I take it to be simply a proclamation from the throne of God of emancipation for all the enslaved, and if a man accepts the terms of that proclamation and becomes free has he not a right to be merry? Suppose a father has an elegant mansion and large grounds. To whom will he give the first privilege of these grounds? Will he say: "My children, you must not walk through these paths, or sit down under these trees or pluck this fruit. These are for outsiders. They may walk in them." No father would say anything like that. He would say, "The first privileges in all the grounds and all of my house shall be for my own children." And yet men try to make us believe that God's children are on the limits and the chief refreshments and enjoyments of life are for outsiders and not for his own children. It is stark atheism. There is no innocent beverage too rich for God's child to drink, there is no robe too costly for him to wear, there is no hilarity too great for him to indulge in and no house too splendid for him to live in. He has a right to the joys of earth; he shall have a right to the joys of heaven. Though tribulation and trial and hardship may come to him, let him rejoice. "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and again I say rejoice."

I remark again that Christ comes to us in the hour of our extremity. He knew the wine was giving out before there was any embarrassment or mortification. Why did he not perform the miracle sooner? Why wait until it was all gone, and no help could come from any source, and then come in and perform the miracle? This is Christ's way, and when he did come in, at the hour of extremity, he made first rate wine, so that they cried out, "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Jesus in the hour of extremity! He seems to prefer that hour. In a Christian home in Poland great poverty had come, and on the week day the man was obliged to move out of the house with his whole family. That night he knelt with his family and prayed to God. While they were kneeling in prayer there was a tap on the window pane. They opened the window, and there was a raven that the family had fed and trained, and it had in its bill a ring all set, with precious stones, which was found out to be a ring belonging to the royal family. It was taken up to the king's residence, and for the honesty of the man in bringing it back he had a house given to him and a garden and a farm. Who was it that sent the raven tapping on the window? The same God that sent the raven to feed Elijah by the brook Cherith. Christ in the hour of extremity!

**A Grand Wedding.**  
The wedding scene is gone now. The wedding ring has been lost, the tankards have been broken, the house is down, but Jesus invites us to a grander wedding. You know the Bible says that the church is the Lamb's wife, and the Lord will after awhile come to fetch her home. There will be gleaming of torches in the sky, and the trumpets of God will ravish the air with their music, and Jesus will stretch out his hand, and the church, robed in white, will put aside her veil and look up into the face of her Lord, the King and the Bridegroom will say to the bride: "Thou hast been faithful through all these years! The mansion is ready! Come home! Thou art fair, my love." And then he will put upon her brow the crown of dominion, and the table will be spread, and it will reach across the skies, and the mighty ones of heaven will come in, garlanded with beauty and striking their cymbals, and the Bridegroom and bride will stand at the head of the table, and the banqueters, looking up, will wonder and admire and say: "That is Jesus, the Bridegroom! But the scar on his brow is covered with the coronet, and the stab in his side is covered with a robe!" And "That is the bride! The weariness of her earthly we lost in the flush of this wedding triumph!"

There will be wine enough at that wedding; not coming up from the poisoned vats of earth, but the vineyards of God will press their ripest clusters and the cups and the tankards will blush to the brim with the heavenly vintage, and then all the banqueters will drink standing. Esther, having come up from the bacchanalian revelry of Ahasuerus, where a thousand lords feasted, will be there. And the queen of Sheba, from the banquet of Solomon, will be there. And the mother of Jesus, from the wedding in Cana, will be there. And they all will agree that the earthly feasting was poor compared with that. Then, lifting their chalice in that light, they shall cry to the Lord of the feast, "Thou hast kept the good wine until now."

**The Reason She Was Offended.**  
"I shall never speak to him again," she declared. "Why not?" her chum asked. "When we were at that concert the other night I told him if he didn't take me out of the crowd I would faint, and he would have to carry me away." "Yes!" "Well, you'd have thought his life depended on getting me out of there in a hurry!"

**Motor Cycles for Scouting.**  
Several motor cycles are being used in South Africa for patrol and scouting work. Each is capable of going 30 miles an hour, and as the Transvaal veldt is specially suitable for rapid motor traveling, good work is being accomplished with the aid of these machines.

**The Japanese are erecting a splendid monument to the horses killed in the Japan-China war.**

## COAL PRODUCTION.

United States Now the Greatest Producer of This Fuel.

The scarcity of coal in Europe and many inquiries about American coal that this has caused, and the new export trade to some extent that has resulted, emphasizes the fact that this country is now the greatest coal producer in the world. The production for 1899 is estimated by the Engineering and Mining Journal to have been 244,581,875 tons. The statistician of the Geological Survey estimates that it was 258,539,650 short tons, which is an amount far in excess of the production of any previous year, and probably greater than the production of Great Britain. In 1889 the production of bituminous coal in this country was 95,685,683 short tons. Ten years later it had risen to 198,219,255 short tons. In 1889 the anthracite production was 40,714,721 long tons. Ten years later it was 53,857,496 long tons, an increase of about 32 per cent. The value of the production of 1899 is estimated at \$260,000,000, about \$51,000,000 more than that of the production of the preceding year. One of the encouraging features of this increase of production and the increase of trade that it indicates both at home and abroad, is that with the exception of Pennsylvania anthracite, the coal deposits of the country are practically inexhaustible; that the known deposits have scarcely been "scratched on the surface." Pennsylvania is still the leading state not only as the producer of anthracite, of which she has almost a monopoly, but also of bituminous coal. Illinois is next, West Virginia is third and Ohio fourth.—Indianapolis Press.

## "Bread Upon the Waters."

The reward of a generous deed seldom comes more opportunely than it did in an instance reported by the Cleveland Leader. It appears that a prominent Cleveland named Cole, who has recently died, was forced to leave Cornell university, at the close of his sophomore year, for lack of funds. He went to New York, and began a canvass of mercantile houses and offices, in search of a position. Among many others, he visited the office of a produce merchant, who seemed greatly taken with his personality. The result of the interview was that the merchant said to Mr. Cole: "Young man, go back and finish your college course, and I will foot the bill." Mr. Cole accepted the offer, completed his course with credit to himself and his strangely found friend, and at once entered upon a business career. It was not long before he prospered in a business venture, and found himself able to repay the sum advanced for his education. He went to New York, sought out the office of his friend, and stepping up to his desk, laid down seven hundred dollars. "Mr. Cole," said the old merchant, "if it were not for this money my credit would have been dishonored today. Maturing obligations would have gone to protest. You have saved me."—Youth's Companion.

## The Crafty Ants Build a Road.

Something new and interesting about ants was learned by a Mount Airy florist. For a week or so he had been bothered by ants that got into boxes of seeds which rested on a shelf. To get rid of the ants he put into execution an old plan, which was to place a meaty bone close by, which the ants soon covered, deserting the box of seeds. As soon as the bone became thickly inhabited by the little creepers the florist tossed it into a tub of water. The ants having been washed off, the bone was again put in use as a trap. The florist bethought himself that he would save trouble by placing the bone in a center of a sheet of fly paper, believing that the ants would get caught on the sticky fly paper while trying to reach the food. But the florist was surprised to find that the ants, upon discovering the nature of the paper trap, formed a working force and built a path on the paper clear to the bone. The material for the walk was sand, secured from a little pile near by. For hours the ants worked, and when the path was completed they made their way over its dry surface in couples, as in a march, to the bone.—Philadelphia Record.

## Packing Was Valuable.

"Here's my bonnet, just come home," said the publisher's wife. He watched her open the box, and remove layer after layer of tissue paper. "Gee whizz!" he exclaimed, "now I understand why it cost so much." He had had some experience with the paper trust himself.—Philadelphia Press.

## A Millionaire Teacher.

By a decree of the supreme court of Mexico the claim of Mrs. Mary D. Grace, principal of the Tompkins school, Syracuse, N. Y., to the Vacas and Bismarck mines in Durango, worth \$7,000,000, is affirmed. The decision puts Mrs. Grace in full possession of the mines, said to be the richest in Mexico.

## Golden Eagle Shot.

Another golden eagle has been shot by a gamekeeper on the Hill of Rottal, Glen Cove, and sent to Kilmuir to be stuffed. It is stated that there are only two or three more of these birds left in Scotland now.

## The Biggest Sturgeon.

The largest sturgeon on record was caught in the North sea. It weighed 325 pounds, but the delight of the fishermen was tempered by the fact that it did \$750 worth of damage to the nets before it was killed.

It isn't the man who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth who makes the most stir.