

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 Joan, too, to keep me here; and so I've just stuck on and made a precarious living, and I've 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 Joan, 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 Matheron. "A fine lad like you!" As a matter of fact, the old man said, "Well, well," 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 there's 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 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-by to his native place his spirits began to rise within him. The world and adventure were before him. He had said good-by 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. Hereditarily 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.)

At Shamrock for Watercress.

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 are \$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 Meon, 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 Sept. John Lorenz, just issued, shows that the gas works earned a net profit, above all expenses and interest, last year, \$6,375.30. The electric light plant cleared \$3,519.14, and the water works, which is under a separate superintendent, as much more. In addition the properties are valued at \$960,000.

RICH INDIAN MAID.

ANNIE DILLON, A LITTLE KIOWA GIRL.

Who Is Heirress to More Than \$1,000,000—Saved a Rich Cattleman's Life and He Fittingly Rewarded Her—Pretty and Intelligent.

Because she proved true to her white friend in his time of need, Annie Trueheart Dillon, a little Kiowa maiden 14 years old, has become the richest Indian girl in all the west. Annie is the daughter of Chief Black Wolf and is heiress to the entire fortune of \$1,000,000 and more left by John Dillon, a rich cattleman who is said to have died at the hands of a half-breed assassin seven years since. Dillon was born and raised in Ireland, and when he came to America he went to Texas and worked on a ranch in that state as laborer and cowboy. By careful management he became rich. From his cattle ranch on the Rio Grande he shipped every year large herds of cattle to the Indian Territory to fatten upon the fine pasture lands of that favored region during the spring and summer. He had been in this business so long that he was pretty well acquainted with all of the Kiowa chiefs and various members of the nation, and from the fact that he always had dealt fairly with his red brothers he was popular. He ceased vast areas of pasture lands every year, and he always was prompt in the payment of



ANNIE TRUEHEART DILLON.

the rents. He was liberal, good hearted and kindly disposed, with one grave fault—he dearly loved a glass of grog, and as he grew older and his constitution began to yield to the hardships incident to his career he drank much. He enjoyed the company of his cowboys and cattlemen, and nothing pleased him better after a successful deal than to surround himself with a crowd of good fellows and make a night of it with plenty of red liquor. Seven years ago a little affair of this kind came near ending his career. He had visited the territory to meet the agent of a big syndicate, with whom he expected to make a deal that would relieve him of several thousand head of steers. The deal was made and

Dillon was in a most felicitous frame of mind. At that time the old Texan had in his employ a half-breed Cherokee, Bill Hawk. This rascal happened to be present when Dillon received a large sum of money in bills, which he saw the old man roll together and put in his pocket. The elated Texan, after taking several more toddies, decided to go out to a pasture about ten miles from Chickasha, where he had a fine herd of cattle that were being looked after by some of his favorite Texan cowboys, and he asked Hawk to hitch up a buggy and go with him. The man was eager to go, but his conduct did not arouse any suspicion at the time. The road to the pasture passed through a small Indian village, where Dillon had many acquaintances. When the old man reached this place several Indians and half-bloods gathered about his buggy and begged him to stay over night to attend a dance. He did so and enjoyed himself to the utmost until finally he succumbed to slumber. Late in the night the old Texan felt something pulling his arm, and when he opened his eyes he found that a little Indian girl was trying to wake him. As soon as the child saw that his eyes were opened she whispered: "Dillon, now you go putty quick. Hawk heap bad man. Putty soon him come. Him got big knife—kill white man—take horse—take heap money. Me hear him talk. Him heap drunk. You go now." The child ran away, and Dillon slipped from under his blankets and rolled them together. After placing his hat at one end of the roll and his boots at the other he crawled away a short distance and lay down under a tree to watch for further developments. He did not wait long before he saw a man cautiously approach the pile of blankets. The drunken assassin was deceived by the hat and boots. He thought that his victim was at his mercy, and he drew a big knife from his belt and drove it into the roll of blankets with all his strength. The next instant Hawk sprang into the air with a wild yell and fell dead across the blankets, with a bullet in his heart. Dillon had killed him.

The old Texan never afterward was the same man. He continued to attend to his business and make money, but it was easy to see that there was a cloud on his mind. He never suspected his friend, Black Wolf, or any of the Indians of the village of having aided or abetted the assassin. He became attached devotedly to the Indian girl who had saved his life, and he finally got the chief's consent to let him educate her and make her his heir. She was to be given to him when she became 14 years old, but he died a short time ago, and now the girl's future and fortune are in the hands of important persons. John Rogers, of Presidio, who was in the millionaire's employ for nearly a quarter of a century, is the executor of his will, and he says that the Indian girl will inherit a fortune of \$1,000,000 in cash that is with a safe deposit company in New York, and besides this, when she is of legal age or when she marries she will come into possession of a fine ranch on the Rio Grande that is well stocked with cattle, and one of the prettiest haciendas in old Mexico.

Was a Leading Preacher



The death in Brooklyn the other day of Rev. Dr. Richard Salter Storrs, pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, has removed one of the leading Congregational divines of the country. He was the third clergyman in his family to bear the distinguished name, and the fourth clergyman in his family in direct line.

Dr. Storrs was born in Braintree, Mass., in 1821, and studied law for a

He was one of the founders of the Independent, and one of the editors from 1848 to 1861. During the civil war he was an ardent supporter of the government to raise the flag over Fort Sumter at the close of the war. His lectures and writings made him well known at home and abroad. Of his works the "Divine Origin of Christianity" is considered the best.

Sentiment Not Appreciated.

The prince of Wales can be cutting as well as courteous, and when he isn't in the mood for feminine pleasantries he will not take them even from society beauties. Recently at a large bazaar the prince, being tired, entered the refreshment room and asked a certain well-known society beauty, who was performing the role of waitress, for a cup of tea. This was soon brought to his royal highness, who, smiling, asked her how much he owed her for it. "The price of the cup of tea, your royal highness, is half a crown ordinarily, but (taking a sip from the tea cup) when I drink from it the price is one guinea." "I see," replied the prince, quietly, placing a guinea on the table. Then, placing half crown beside it, he said: "The guinea liquidates my first debt, and now might I trouble you to bring me an ordinary cup of tea, as I am thirsty?" The social beauty was too crushed to bring his royal highness the second cup.—New York Press.

Purple Ore from Asia.

A Norwegian vessel has just brought to Philadelphia a load of purple ore taken from the site of the ancient city of Teimessus, in Asia Minor. The boat was loaded at Maeri, or Makre, a small port near the site of Teimessus and about fifty miles from Rhodes. The cargo, which will be used in the manufacture of paint, was dug from the great amphitheater of Teimessus, which historians say has a seating capacity of 20,000 persons. A volcanic eruption destroyed the city and it is said that the earth in the vicinity was transformed into a mass of ore, for which there is now a demand from all parts of the world.

Good-by to the oyster!

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 95,685,983 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 strange-ly 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 Vacua 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 Inntal, 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 525 pounds, but the delight of the fishermen was tempered by the fact that it did \$50 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.