

The Only Way

A Fascinating Romance
by Alan Adair...

CHAPTER IV.

"Do you mind, my dearest?"
"Yes; I wish I had been the first, Alan."

The two people who were speaking were sitting together on a boulder by the seashore of one of our prettiest watering places. It was early October, and although it had been a late season, yet there was already a touch of coldness in the air, notwithstanding the brilliant sunshine. The sea was as blue as the sky, tossing and little disturbed by the wind, yet only enough to give it color and motion. The little town looked white and clean, smiling in the autumn sunshine. A thoroughly conventional English scene, just as the girl herself was a thoroughly conventional English girl. Her dark blue eyes were brown and of a soft texture; her face a perfect oval, with a little square chin, into which there had been pressed, as by some loving finger, the prettiest dimple in the world. A tall, slight figure, that gave promise of a fuller, ampler womanhood; a clear white skin, flushed rosy; and lashes and eyebrows many shades darker than her hair completed a whole that was very captivating. She was dressed, too, conventionally, although the blue serge dress and jacket fitted her as only a tailor-made gown can fit. A little sailor hat was perched upon her head in just the most effective manner possible.

But at this minute the dark blue eyes looked troubled, the pretty hands were clasped round her knees, and she was looking seawards and away from the man by her side. He, too, looked troubled. It had cost Alan Mackenzie a good deal to record the events of his life, and to speak of the young wife he had lost four years ago. He had wanted the past to be past; and although Veronica's memory was dear and sweet to him, and the girl herself had been loving and tender, yet it seemed to him hard to bring up the dead past. There was such a chasm between that life and this, such a difference between the dark-eyed, half-Spanish girl he had wooed under the brilliant South American skies and this girl whom he was wooing beside the tumbling English sea, that it often seemed to Alan Mackenzie that he must be an entirely different person.

He leaned forward and looked at her. She had her face turned towards the sea, so that he could just see the delicate profile outlined against the blue sky, could just see the pink ear nestling against the coils of her hair. It was not for her beauty alone that he loved Joyce Grenville. He felt that she was his equal in most, his superior in some, things. 'He and she together, he thought, could live the perfect married life. And now there was the shadow of poor Veronica to come and throw a gloom over their wooing, Veronica, whom he had never loved like this girl, Veronica, for whom he had had the tenderest protective pity, but that was all.

And now he looked at Joyce, and felt to the full that if he lost her he lost everything that made life worth living; that life without Joyce would be incomplete, and that all his success in life—and he was by no means disposed to undervalue that—would mean nothing to him without Joyce. She was so desirable, was Joyce, with her high-bred, British air, and with all the qualities that he knew her to possess, and with that fact staring him full in the face that she loved her, and her alone.

His voice trembled as he said: "Do you mind so much, Joyce, that it will be an insuperable bar? Do you mean that you cannot say 'Yes' to me?"

She turned round and faced him, and he could see the trouble in her eyes and the twitching of her lips. "No," she said, in a low voice, "I don't mean that; I cannot give you up, Alan. You have made me love you; I cannot change my love in a day. But it has cast a shadow over me. I cannot rejoice over my love for you as I did now I know this: That life cannot give the unalloyed happiness that I thought possible half an hour ago."

"Because you are not the first, Joyce? In one sense you are the first. I have told it you all quite truthfully—how first I felt nothing but pity for her, and then gradually I wanted to shield her from the hardships of life, and there was no other way. I married her."

"And she—did she not love you?" Alan did not hesitate, nor did he prevaricate. A less truthful man he might have made light of Veronica's devotion, but he could not. The dead girl's passionate eyes, fixed upon him with an expression of undying love in them, rose up before him. "She," he said, in a low voice—"she loved me more than her life."

Joyce gave a little exclamation. It was not altogether pain, but as if she had said that she had known it well. Of course she had loved him! What woman would not have loved Alan Mackenzie?

He said nothing, but she could see his lips quivering. That troubled her. She felt that he would say no more, but that the first words must come from her. He had stated his case; he had pleaded with her. It was for her to say "Yes" or "No." Only he had told her the whole truth. Some men would have said less; but then she

loved him for that very truthfulness, which would hide nothing from her.

"I wish you had not told me," she said. For a moment she thought that this really was so, and that she would rather not have known; it was only momentary, however.

"Would you rather not have known?" he said, and looked at her reproachfully. "Joyce, I hate having to give you this pain; but I have always thought that the very essence of married happiness lay in the fact that husband and wife had no secrets from each other."

"Did you tell her everything?" asked Joyce, woman-like.

"No, dearest. God forbid that I should wish to deprecate the girl who loved me so well; but she was not your equal. She was simply a pure, sweet, loving woman; but she would not have understood. She had pretty ways of making a house homelike and charming; but she had but very little education. I could not have told her everything. Joyce, you know all about our brief married life now. I don't believe that you—I don't believe that you would be jealous of the dead woman. Now tell me straight out if you will make me happy. I don't think you know or can guess what you are to me. How my whole life and soul are bound up in you, how empty my life would be without you. I think if you understood that you would forget all about the story I have told you, and give yourself to me, to hold and to keep as the dearest thing in the world."

The tears were standing in his eyes, he was so much in earnest. It seemed to him as if the making or the marring of his life was in this slender girl's hands; and she was moved, too.

"Of course I mind, dearest," she said. "If I did not mind so much I should not love you so much. Just think how would you like it if some other man had had my first kiss, my first words of love?"

"I should not like it at all; I should hate it, Joyce," he said, frankly. "I knew you would. I should have asked you to marry me a year ago if I had not had this past behind me. I have loved you well enough all the time. It is only now that I have been presumptuous enough to think that you love me a little that I have spoken; and if you do truly love me, Joyce, you will only be sorry for all that I have suffered in the past."

Joyce was not an ungenerous girl, and though there was a certain sting in the fact that Alan had suffered through another woman, yet she could feel in her heart to pity the girl who had only been Alan's wife for four months, and who had died in so tragic a manner. She rose. "Shall we go in to the others, Alan?" she said, softly.

But he caught her hand. "Not before I have had my answer, Joyce. Oh, no! not before I have had my answer! Don't be cruel, darling! Put me out of pain!"

"Dearest," she said, "you know your answer. You know that I love you, and that I would never deny my love. This unhappy story of yours has been a surprise to me, and a little shock; but it does not really make any difference, does it, when two people love each other?"

"Joyce," he cried—there was the purest joy in his tone—"Joyce, you have made me so happy that I have no words to express my happiness. And you will not think of this again? It will not be a bar between us? It only comes to me now and again, when I have thought that you would not like it. And now, Joyce, you are cheating me of my kiss of betrothal. Come behind this rock."

And as Joyce was just a sweet, loving girl, who had promised herself to the man she loved, she made no demur, but gave him his kiss; and they both walked up to the house, trying to forget the thing that had been discussed between them. And, as a matter of fact, they did forget it. They were so happy in each other, and so happy in the prospect of the new life before them, that they actually did forget. Alan told his story to Joyce's father as he had told it to Joyce, and after that he felt he had done all that would be asked of him. He revelled in the thought of Joyce's love, and poor Veronica might never have existed for him at all. There was nothing but talk of preparations for the wedding and settlements, nothing but congratulations and enviousness of his luck, nothing in all this to remind him of the simple preparations for the civil marriage that had been the only one possible in Rio. Joyce had begged for a six months' engagement. Alan had insisted on three; and as there was really nothing to wait for he had his way.

happy time, but one evening Alan got rather a nasty shock. He had been seeing Joyce, and they had spent the usual happy time together. He was immersed in thoughts and dreams of her, and was not looking very much where he was going. Turning a corner sharply he ran up against a man who seemed a little unsteady in his gait.

"I beg your pardon!" Alan said. The man uttered an imprecation. At the first sound of his voice Alan thought that it was familiar to him. He gave a start. "Hutchinson!" he cried. The man looked up. A gleam of recognition lit up his drink-sodden eyes, and with the recognition there came, too, a gleam of hatred.

"It's you!" he cried, and he swore again.

"Yes," said Alan, "and I am sorry to see you like this. Can I do anything for you, Hutchinson?"

"Do anything for me? You? I'll trip you yet!" cried the man, his hatred flashing like a knife. "Do you think I have forgotten how you got me turned out, how you ruined me? No! And I will be even with you yet if I hang for it! And there's that girl of mine, too! I always thought that you had a hand in her disappearance! I will be even with you yet, my fine young man!"

"Well," said Alan, coolly, "I would have helped you if you would have let me; not that I regard your threats. It was your own dishonesty and nothing else that was your ruin. And as for the girl, you are right there. I married her, and she was drowned; but she was no daughter of yours, and you knew it."

Hutchinson's surprise got the better of his caution. "I brought her up," he said, "even if she was not my own. In a way she was mine. And so you married her, did you? And now you say she is dead."

"She is dead, poor soul!" said Alan. "Died in the wreck of the 'Valparaiso' four years ago; and I'm to be married again. I wish you would let me help you, Hutchinson!"

An evil sneer crossed Hutchinson's face. "Married again, are you? Soon? Well, I will wish you joy, you and your bride. You may have an unexpected guest at your wedding, although I am not quite sure. We will see what way things will go. Good-by, my fine gentleman!"

He left Alan with a curious sense that something untoward had happened, although the young man could not say what it had been.

(To be Continued.)

HISTORIC ATMOSPHERE.

Motive Is the Ground Color for Historical Pictures.

Unless an author can maintain, without deviation, from the first to the last pages of his book, the language of the period of which he writes, his work will be better, his pages will be more easily read; and whatever true atmosphere he may be able to create in other ways will be more convincing if he writes in the language of his own times. No books have a stronger flavor of their own period than the D'Arctagnan romances, well translated into modern English. It were as well for an English author to attempt to give German atmosphere to a story of German life by writing it in broken English, as to attempt to give old-time flavor to an old-time tale by writing in a tongue composed of both the old and the new. If I am right in my conclusions, atmosphere may be imparted by facts and language, subject to the conditions above stated. These two methods, although generally attempted, more frequently fail than succeed. Novels wherein old-time phrases and historical facts only are relied upon to give old-time color are accepted without question, perhaps, by those who do not know the period of which the novels treat, or do not care to analyze the question. But to an inquiring mind, knowing the period, such a novel as to its atmosphere is usually as disappointing as wet gunpowder. It is from the setting of the story and from the acts, motives, and methods of thought of the characters that true atmosphere may be imparted. What the characters are made to feel, do, and say give real atmosphere. What they say is the important matter; not how they say it. Motive is the ground color for all historical pictures. There is no period in history of which we have a complete view. At best we can only catch glimpses of the environment of men and women who have preceded us, and who have faded into the dim, hazy light of the past. We have but fragmentary pictures, that come to us in sections, like the picture-blocks of a child, with many parts missing. Those parts which we lack we try to fill in as best we can, guiding our hands, as we draw, by the parts we have.—Charles Major in the June Scribners.

Ingredients of Toilet Soap.

The basis of the better qualities of toilet soap is generally curd or yellow soap, in the making of which special precautions are taken to insure absence of free alkali. This is most important, as otherwise the soap would be altogether unsuitable for toilet purposes, the free alkali being injurious to the skin. This is the reason why so many of the cheaper laundry soaps produce chapped hands and similar results when used for toilet purposes. If, on the other hand, there is an excess of fat, the soap is greasy and does not possess the cleansing properties a good soap should. A laundry soap may be made without much difficulty by an amateur, but it is better to buy whatever toilet soap is required, for the reasons stated, and also because special apparatus is required to make a soap of first class quality.

ENGLISH PEERAGE

Divided into Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts and Barons.

"I am always asked a lot of questions about the peerage," said A. L. Jameson, of London, at the Waldorf-Astoria, to a New York Tribune man, "whenever I am in America. One thing that seems especially to bother you people is that while a house of lords exists nevertheless lords, earls and even marquises are to be found among members of the house of commons. This comes about from the so-called courtesy titles borne by eldest sons and heirs. For example, take the case of the Marquis of Lorne, now ninth Duke of Argyll, who married the Princess Louise. He bore the title of marquis during his father's life by courtesy. The peerage is divided into dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts and barons, and the spiritual peerage into archbishops and bishops. The title Duke is very old. Hannibal was called Duke of Carthage. The Doge of Venice was a duke. A duke is addressed as 'His Grace and Most Noble,' and by the crown as 'our right trusty and right entirely beloved cousin.' Marquises were formerly military leaders, who guarded the limits or marches of the kingdom. Hence, they were called Lords of the Marches, or Marquises. They are addressed as 'Most Honorable,' and by the crown as 'our right trusty and entirely beloved cousin.' Viscounts, or vice countesses, were sheriffs in earlier days. They are addressed as 'Right Honorable,' and by the crown as 'our right trusty and well beloved cousin.' Barons, originally by tenure, then by writ and now by letters patent, are bearers or supporters—from the etymology of the word—and are styled 'Right Honorable,' and addressed by the crown as 'our right trusty and well beloved.' The royal addresses sound like a game where you go on losing a word, don't they? The only title by tenure, I think, now existent among us is the Earldom of Arundel, which the Duke of Norfolk holds by his tenure of Arundel Castle, but this was confirmed by a special act of Parliament. Baronets and knights are both addressed as 'Sir,' but while the former is a title that holds with and descends in the family, the latter exists only during the life of the holder. Sir William Van Horne, who built the Canadian Pacific, is a knight."

CALIFORNIA PRUNES.

Variety Said to Be Superior to the French Article.

According to a statement made by United States Consul Joseph I. Brittain, stationed at Nantes, France, the quality of the California prunes is superior to the French, and the duty is not excessive, being but 10 francs per kilogram, or less than one cent per pound. If the prunes are carefully selected and tastefully packed in substantial boxes, and are always represented by the samples, there will soon be a much larger demand from this part of France. It was recently shown samples of California apricots packed in five-pound boxes. The first layer was composed of large yellow fruit, while underneath the fruit was not only small and inferior, but it was very irregular in color. The effect of such methods can be imagined. The French people are not easily deceived, and the California fruit dealers who anticipate orders after sending such samples are making serious mistakes. One of the Nantes importers recently received a consignment of California prunes from New York City. He told me he could buy them cheaper in California, but he wished to have them guaranteed by some one with whom he was acquainted; hence the order was given through the New York house. These prunes were nicely packed, but the dealer says he lost about 20 cases in consequence of the boxes having been made from very thin lumber. I measured one of the covers, and found the lumber to be less than one-fourth of an inch in thickness.

Wane of Chinese Exclusiveness.

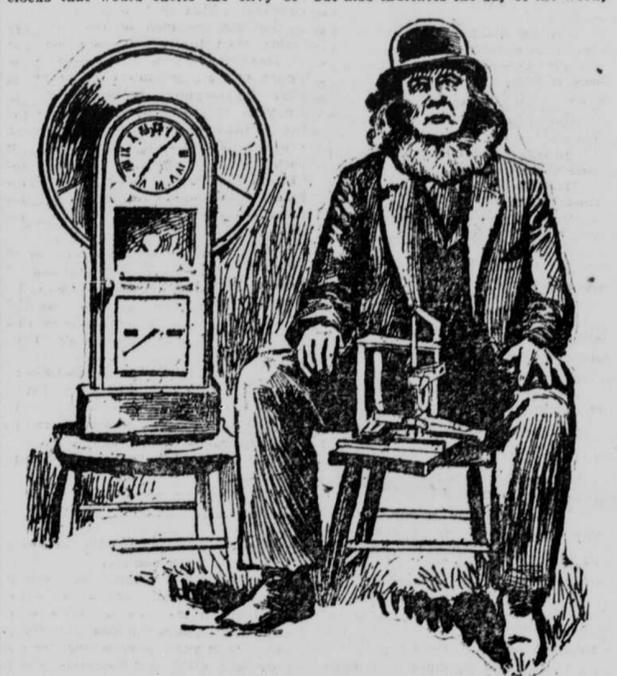
The commencement of the establishment of the so-called "spheres of influence" in China was in 1897, when the Germans seized the Port of Kiau-Chau, on the east coast of Shantung, and during the next month secured from the Chinese a lease for ninety-nine years of the town, harbor, and district. Two months later Russia got possession of Port Arthur and Tallienwan, with their adjacent waters, on a lease for twenty-five years, with the privilege of renewal. Within the boundaries of the leased territory, which are as yet undefined, Russia has supreme control. Port Arthur harbor and the larger portion of the harbor Tallienwan are therefore closed to all except the war vessels of Russia and China. In June, 1898, Great Britain took possession of Wei-Hai-Wei and is to hold the port as long as Russia holds Port Arthur. Finally, the French in April, 1898, secured a "lease" of Kwang-Chau-Wan Bay, on the east coast of the Tien-Chau Peninsula.

Ornamental Penmanship Going.

"The day for the ornamental penman as far as the departmental service is concerned has gone," says an experienced official. "In some cases, notably the Interior Department, the clerk who was depended upon to do the ornamental penwork was and is a lady. The typewriter has supplanted the ornamental writer and is now used in everything that goes out of the department. In years gone by appointments and commissions were always made out by an ornamental writer, but the ordinary typewriter appointment is regarded as good enough nowadays."—Washington Star.

IS A CLOCK CRANK.

The Story of Silas Fuller, Ashtabula's Strange Hermit.



SILAS FULLER.

the most ardent curio seeker in the land. The visitor, upon entering, is confronted by an array of about a dozen old-fashioned, tall clocks (reminders of one's grandfather), which stand in a row along one side of the front room like silent sentries, but this is only an introduction to the nearly 100 ancient timepieces, worth many hundreds of dollars, that comprise the collection in the several apartments of this hermit-like home. Clocks from Germany, Ireland, England and other countries, of all styles and makes, some of which date back over a century. The gem of the collection, the old man's pride and jealously guarded treasure, is an ordinary cottage clock, on which Mr. Fuller has spent many years of patient work, with the result that it not only tells the time of day, but also indicates the day of the week,

THREADS AND TISSUES.

Exhibition of Fabrics in the Paris World's Fair.

In Paris the exposition building destined to receive within its walls more women than any other is undoubtedly that which on a bold facade between graceful feminine figures bears the inscription, "Threads and Tissues." Do not fancy interminable halls and galleries of wheels "going round," nor countless looms with shuttles flying hither and thither all of a whirl and click. Of course, there are wheels and looms and shuttles, and a goodly number of them, too, but they are the genesis of the affair, as it were, off at one end; at the other end, the main end, where women will linger with delight, are exposed the brilliant results of all this whirring and clicking, together with what the rare fabrics have been turned into by the deft fingers of dressmakers. All countries are here represented and in the great scale of things exposed one finds many which have but a roundabout, if any, connection with the words that give the building its name. For instance, there is case after case of the finest specimens of plumes for millinery and dressmaking; a greater number, if possible, filled with everything that the mind has ever conceived in the way of footwear from the shapely and sensible walking boot to the tiny high-heeled satin slipper, black with wee buckles of strass, bliges with a stiff little bow, held in the middle by a large topaz, white with a buckle of rubies, etc. There is a flowering bower, too, in the French section, into which from both sides open pretty Louis XV. booths, where the scent of every blossom that blows will be exhibited in the most attractive bottles and boxes. There are cases filled with fans, rare and exquisite—gay, gauzy ones from Spain that look like the wings of butterflies and birds, rich ones painted by great artists, with sticks enriched with precious stones; artificial flowers and shrubs, rhododendrons and clematis in full bloom, so real as to prove a source of constant discussion in the rows of people who stand in surprise and admiration before them—in a word, there is here everything that a woman can dream of to set off and heighten her beauty. And what this is only half of what there will be. The large cases bearing the names of the greatest dressmakers are all, as yet, either empty or covered with canvas. They are all ready, but competition and mistrust are such that no one will be the first to display treasures from which any of the others might glean a profitable hint. So there they stand facing each other, sullenly, stubbornly determined to stick it out to the last.



HISTORIC COURT HOUSE AT CHARLOTTE, N. C.

of the Mecklenburg declaration of independence. This famous document preceded by many months the one drawn up at Philadelphia, and in consequence is the first formal expression against England formulated by the colonies. The old log court house in which the band of resolute men met to assert their rights and the rights of their fellow citizens then stood in independence square, and the site is marked by a heavy iron plate recording the fact.

The resolutions were framed May 20, 1775, and, while many historians claim to doubt their existence, the document undoubtedly did exist, and an abridged copy of the original resolution has been secured. The wording of the document was very similar in parts to the Declaration of Independence, which was not given birth until more than a year later. Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.—Dr. Johnson.