

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 but stayed 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, "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 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 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-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. 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.)

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-five 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 rail-ways 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 \$600,000.

The Convention's Nominees.

Biographical Notes About McKinley and Roosevelt.



The Republican national convention of 1900 was the shortest on record, when hours of time that it was in session are taken into consideration. It was called to order at 12:31 Tuesday, and at 2:30 p. m. took a recess to Wednesday at noon. At 3 p. m. Wednesday a recess was taken to 10:30 Thursday. At 2:30 on Thursday its work was done and the convention was

adjourned sine die. No national convention ever consumed less time in hours.

Of course the work of the convention "laid before it" so to put it. There was not the slightest doubt on any point except the vice presidency, and as soon as the delegates began to arrive that doubt was dispelled. Roosevelt was the choice of nearly every delegation for second place.

McKinley's Biography.

James McKinley, the president's ancestor, landed in this country about 1743, and settled later in Chancelor Township, York county, Pa., where David McKinley, great-grandfather of the president, was born in May, 1755. The records of the Pension Bureau show that David McKinley was a soldier in the revolution and participated in the capture of Paulus Hook and the engagements of Amboy and Chester Hill. He died in 1840, in Ohio, at the age of eighty-five. A son, James McKinley, moved to Columbiana county, Ohio, in 1809. At that time William, his son, born in Pine Township, Mercer county, Pa., was two years old. James McKinley was an iron manufacturer or furnace man, and his son William followed the same vocation. When William was twenty-two years old he married Nancy Allison of Canton, O., the couple having nine children, of whom William Jr., the president, was the seventh. William McKinley, Sr., died in November, 1892, having lived to witness the rise of his son from a school teacher through posts of national prominence to be governor of Ohio.

The president was born at Niles, Trumbull county, O., on January 29, 1843. He attended the public schools in that town until he was nine years old, at which time his father moved to Poland, Mahoning county, O., where the future president entered Union Seminary, pursuing his studies in that institution until he was seventeen years old. He is said to have excelled in mathematics and languages, and to have bested all his fellow-students in debating the public questions of the day.

In 1860 he was sent to Allegheny college, Meadville, Pa., but gave up his course after a few months on account of poor health. After a period of rest he became a teacher in the public schools of the Kerr district, near Poland, having joined the Methodist Episcopal church in Poland. In the spring of 1861 he was a clerk in the postoffice at Poland, which position he gave up to enlist at Columbus, on June 11 of that year, in Company B of the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

Gov. Roosevelt's Career.

Gov. Roosevelt was born in New York city, Oct. 27, 1858, of Dutch and Scotch-Irish ancestry. His father was Theodore Roosevelt, after whom the governor was named, and his mother, whose given name was Martha, was the daughter of James and Martha Bulloch of Georgia. Young Roosevelt was primarily educated at home under private teachers, after which he entered Harvard, graduating in 1880. Those qualities of aggressiveness which have marked his more recent years of public life were present with him in college and he was a conspicuous figure among his fellows.

It was an interesting period in the history of the party and the nation, and young Roosevelt entered upon the political field with eagerness and en-

ergy. The purification of political and official life had been for some time an ideal with him, and with this came the belief in the efficacy of the application of civil service rules to executive conduct. In 1882 he was nominated for the State Assembly and was elected. He served for three years. In 1886 Mr. Roosevelt was nominated as an independent candidate for mayor of New York, but, although indorsed by the Republicans, was defeated.

In 1884 he was chairman of the New York delegation to the national Republican convention. He had been among those who did not regard Mr. Blaine as the most available candidate of the party, but after the latter's nomination Mr. Roosevelt gave him his hearty support, and in the face of

the remarkable defection in New York at that time. In May, 1889, President Harrison appointed him civil service commissioner, and he served as president of the board until May, 1896.

As president of the civil service commission Roosevelt resigned in May, 1895, to become president of the New York board of police commissioners.

On May 6, 1898, Roosevelt resigned his place in the cabinet, assistant secretary of the navy, to muster in a cavalry regiment for the Spanish war. Life in the west had made this a fitting ambition. As a hunter of big game, used to the saddle and the camp, and an unerring shot with rifle and revolver, the country recognized in him the making of a dashing cavalry leader. He had experienced military duty in the New York National Guard in the '80s. Col. Wood was put in command of the Rough Riders; Roosevelt was lieutenant colonel. On June 15 the regiment sailed to join General Shafter in Cuba.

From the time of landing until the fall of Santiago the Rough Riders were giant figures in the campaign. Their work reached a climax on July 1, when Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt led the regiment in the desperate charge up San Juan hill. He had shared all the hardships of his men, and when he broke the red tape of discipline to complain of General Shafter's camp and its dangers from disease the army was with him and the war department listened to his judgment. On July 11 he was commissioned colonel of volunteers.

Scarcely two months later the new military hero was nominated for governor of New York. In the convention he received 753 votes, against the 218 cast for Governor Frank S. Black.

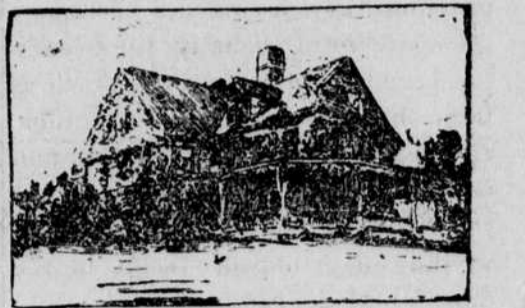
As a writer of outing papers his varied experiences on the trail have served him well. In biography, his life of Thomas H. Benton and of Gouverneur Morris have been praised. Essays and papers dealing with political



LAFE YOUNG.
Nominated Roosevelt.

life have added to his reputation. Of his latest work, "The Rough Riders" has been pointed to as "one of the most thrilling pieces of military history produced in recent years."

Governor Roosevelt has been twice married. His first wife was Alice Lee of Boston, who left a daughter. In 1886 he married Miss Edith Carow of New York. There are six children, two of whom are sons. His domestic life is ideal. Whether ensconced in winter quarters at Albany or New York, or at the famous Roosevelt summer home at Oyster Bay on Long Island, the leader of the Rough Riders is an indulgent father and romps with his children with as much zest as the youngest of them. The youngsters are known as the Roosevelt half dozen, and all reflect in some manner the paternal characteristics. The oldest girl is Alice, tall, dark and serious looking. She rides her father's Cuban campaign horse with fearlessness and grace. The next olive branch is Theodore, Jr., or "young Teddy," the idol of his father's heart and a genuine chip of the old block. Young "Teddy" owns a trusty shotgun and dreams of some day shooting bigger game than his father ever saw. He also rides a pony of his own. Alice, the oldest girl, is nearly 16. She is the only child of the first Mrs. Roosevelt. "Young Teddy," the present Mrs. Roosevelt's old-



ROOSEVELT COTTAGE.
Oyster Bay.

est child, is 13. Then there are Kermit, 11; Ethel, 9; Archibald, 6, and Quentin, of the tender age of 3.

Tramped Over Canal Routes.

There is probably but one member of the house who enjoys the distinction of having tramped on foot over both the Panama and the Nicaragua canal routes. That gentleman is Representative Romeo Hoyt Freer of West Virginia. Not many years ago Judge Freer was American consul to Nicaragua and during his term of office he familiarized himself with the proposed canal routes. Once he traversed the distance between the two oceans with a surveying party, of which Commander Lull of the navy was at the head, and again he went over the route with only one companion, a New York newspaper man.—Washington Post.

THE ROOSEVELT CHILDREN.



Theodore. Ethel. Kermit. Alice. Archibald. Quentin.