

# The Only Way

A Fascinating Romance  
by  
Alan Adair...

## CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

Alan looked at her and her pretty slowness of which he had been so proud, at the beautiful, refined face, at the eyes through which her beautiful soul seemed to shine, and when he looked at it and realized what he was about to lose a great numbness came over him. He could not speak, he could scarcely think. It seemed as if a huge chasm yawned before them, into which they were both to be flung. And so this awful evening went its way. They hardly spoke. They sat hand in hand in the darkness. Life seemed a blank. They had come to a standstill. It was as if death had caught them with their young blood surging in their pulses.

At last Alan roused himself. "I must go to your father, my darling," he said. "Joyce, you will let me do everything for you? Darling, you are my wife, you know, although four years ago I belonged to another woman. I will go away from you, and never see you again whilst Veronica lives; but you will live in this house, and let me work for you. I must have something in my life, Joyce. Let me think that there is still something I can do for you!"

Joyce was quiet; then she said: "There's Veronica's child, Alan. You should try and be a father to it. Poor little thing, it would comfort you."

"If Veronica were dead," said Alan, "I could care for it and cherish it, and love it; but neither the child will want for anything nor its mother. But I could not take it away from Veronica, and I do not want to come into contact with her. I do not hate her, poor girl; but I might get to hate her when I thought of you, Joyce—my Joyce, and yet not mine."

He rose slowly and painfully. A great terror came over Joyce. "You will see me again, Alan? This is not good-by. I could not bear it—oh, I could not! Tell me you will come to me again and kiss me good-by! Oh, I am your wife, Alan!"

He put his arms round her. She was half fainting, and her white lips could hardly articulate the words. "I will come again," he said; "but to-night I must see your father. Joyce, if you are not brave it will kill me. You must help me, my own sweet wife. We must pray God to give us strength. It is the only way. I will bring your father to you, and then we will try and say good-by. I will write to you tonight; but after that there must be no more letters, sweetheart. If I continue to write to you I shall go mad. Most probably I shall go abroad again when I have got your life into order. Darling, I scarcely think of the talk and the publicity—that cannot hurt us. You have many friends who love you, and who will be good to you, for you are the sweetest woman God ever made. I was right to be afraid of my great happiness. Good-by, darling."

And Alan went.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Joyce gave way altogether after her final interview with Alan. She had a long illness, which almost terminated fatally; but she was young, and had always been strong. In the end her youth triumphed, although she made no efforts to get better. Life was terribly hard. She loved Alan with every fibre of her being. She had known the joy of being his wife, and now he was an outcast from home, miserable, wretched, dragging on a joyless existence; and she had not even the privilege of consoling him. She knew him to be as unhappy as she was, and she was suffering all the rest of their lives, and Joyce had to learn patience from that hardest of taskmasters—sorrow.

Her father took her abroad. Of course her story was a nine days' talk; but she was much beloved, and was generally pitied and consoled with, and Alan and she had been so happy, and had borne themselves so well, and modestly, that there was no one who did not feel for the young couple whose happiness had been so suddenly destroyed.

But poor Veronica, she went back to her lodgings that night broken-hearted. It was not only that she had lost the hope of life with Alan, but she could see that she had given him his death-blow. And he loved another woman! She was intensely human, was poor Veronica, and the knowledge that another woman had all his heart hurt her immeasurably. He did not love her! He had never loved her!

But she had the boy. It was something that she could press his curly head against her aching heart, and drop her tears upon it. Poor little soul! The only bitter resentment she had felt against Alan was that he had failed to notice the boy. But still she had him—he was her own. She waited patiently until she should hear from Alan. She had waited so long that a little more or less waiting did not matter. And he had said he would write—he was certainly a man to be trusted.

And on the third day a letter came. Veronica could not guess what it had cost Alan to write it. He did not want to be harsh and cruel towards the affectionate creature, whose only fault had been that she had not been drowned in the shipwreck, and yet he felt it difficult to be kind to her who had spoiled his life. He wrote that henceforth she and the boy would be his care, that he wished to allow her and her boy enough to live in comfort; but

that he could not bring himself to come and see her. He told her that he was parted from Joyce, who was now hovering between life and death, and that he would not burden her with the sight of his unhappiness. He would always be glad if she wrote to him in any time of trouble or difficulty, to give him advice and help; but that most probably he should leave England. He told her that if she followed his advice she would remain in England, which was a safe place for her to live in. Besides, he would rather that the boy was brought up as an Englishman. There was a lot of tiresome law business to be gone through. His marriage with Joyce had to be annulled, and the old general would not allow him to provide at all for his daughter.

Joyce felt keenly the difficulties of her position, but most of all she felt the separation from Alan.

Alan was seated in his office one day when he heard a heavy step on the stair. It was his old enemy Hutchinson. He was half drunk, but sober enough to want to pick a quarrel. His schemes had been baffled by the idiotic straightforwardness of a man who preferred honor to love. Naturally enough Hutchinson could impose no hush-money on a man who would consent to hush up nothing, but who put away the woman who was dearer to him than life rather than fail in doing what was right. But Hutchinson, baffled at every turn, still had his revenge. He meant in the end to be even with Alan, let it cost him what it might. He came today to gloat over his enemy's misery. Some one had told him that Alan's hair had turned grey, and he wanted to see for himself.

But Alan was just in a fit mood. He remembered as soon as he saw the man that he might have saved Joyce the crowning misery of marriage with one from whom she had been obliged to be separated, that he had deliberately done his best to ruin her, and Alan's wrath burned hot within him. He sprang up from his desk as soon as he saw Hutchinson, and caught hold of him. He gave him a little shake, and, looking him straight in the face, said: "You dog! why did you not tell me that Veronica was alive when I told you I was about to marry another woman? Why did you let me do an innocent girl an injury?"

Hutchinson looked at him. He was going to prevaricate, but his hatred was too much for him. "Because I hated you!" he cried. "Yes, and I hate you now! I shall never be content till I see you dead at my feet, you villain, who deprived me of everything I possessed! And you dream that I should forego my revenge! You fool, to forget that you had me to deal with!"

"Yes," said Alan slowly, "I forgot that I was dealing with a devil, and not a man. A man might have had pity."

"Pity" Hutchinson sneered. "Pity towards a man who ruined me? Not I! But I have not done with you yet, you may be very sure of that!"

Alan sprang at him. "You get out of my office this moment," he exclaimed, "or I will throw you downstairs." He looked so fierce that Hutchinson went at once.

Six months had elapsed since he had said good-by to Joyce—six months of such utter hopelessness that Alan resolved that he would leave England. The firm of Dempster was going to begin operations in Australia. Anything, thought Alan, would be better than this life. He would work hard and live hard. He settled five hundred a year on Veronica and the boy, and made a will leaving all else he had to Joyce. She would not let him do anything else for her whilst he was alive, but she could not refuse a benefit by his death. He knew that the general only had his pension. He had learned that he had brought his daughter back to London. It was too much to be near Joyce and yet not see her. Every time he went out he was letting his eyes stray everywhere, hoping, fearing that he might see the one woman in the world for him. But chance never favored him, and his arrangements were made to go away. After much deliberation he resolved to write to both women who loved him. He wrote to Veronica a letter which, poor soul, hurt her, although he had no intention of being otherwise than kind:

Dear Veronica: I am going to Australia. I do not think I shall see you again, but I have arranged everything for you with Truscott, the lawyer. You will have five hundred a year whether I live or die. I hope you will bring the boy up well.

ALAN MACKENZIE.

Poor Veronica cried bitterly when she received this letter. It seemed to her that Alan thought he had finished all his obligations to her by paying her five hundred a year, and Veronica, who was yearning for a little love, and who had made a pilgrimage across the dark waters to a land where there was but little sun, for love's sweet sake!

Alan had a fight over his letter to Joyce. He had said he would not write to her; but surely he could not leave the country without a word of farewell to the sweet woman whom he had wooed and won openly, who for six perfect weeks had been his wife, and whom he loved more than anything on earth.

(To be continued.)

## PROF. T. H. NORTON.

CONSUL TO THE GARDEN OF EDEN IN ASIA MINOR.

One of the Best Informed Men of the Day on the Problems That Have arisen in That Foreign Land—Professor of Languages in University of Cincinnati.

Consul to the Garden of Eden—that is the remarkable appointment that President McKinley recently made. Officially the appointment did not read just that way, but Harput, Turkey, is considered by learned men and students of ancient history to be identical with the spot where Eve first suggested to Adam that apples were good to eat, says Leslie's Weekly. And to Harput, the Garden of Eden, Prof. Thomas H. Norton, of the University of Cincinnati, is to go, to represent the United States of America. Prof.



PROF. THOMAS H. NORTON.

Norton's mission in the little Turkish town, midway between the Tigris and the Euphrates, will be to establish the farthest inland consulate representing this nation. The work he will have to do will be largely diplomatic, as Harput has now no commercial interests in America, and up till now there has never been a consul of the United States there. Prof. Norton was nominated by the president to establish this consulate in the center of Armenia chiefly on account of his familiarity with the Turkish people and their language, and his ability to handle the various diplomatic questions arising from the destruction of American property at Harput during the religious troubles of 1895, when about \$100,000 worth of American property was destroyed. The new consul uses French (the official language of the Ottoman empire), and is also familiar with Arabic, modern Greek and Russian. Five years ago, when Turkey requested the United States government to recommend a scientist competent to found and build up a school of science at Constantinople, the late Secretary Graham sent to the Porte the name of Dr. Norton. The Armenian atrocities came soon after this, and the Turkish plan was given up for the time being. Prof. Norton for seven years lived in Great Britain and Canada, for four in Germany, and for six in France; where he had charge of a large chemical factory. He was the first to travel through Greece and Syria on foot and alone, and has walked, through Asia and Europe, a distance of over 12,000 miles. He was born in Rushford, N. Y., on June 30, 1851, and now lives in Cincinnati's aristocratic suburb, Clifton. For 17 years he has been professor of chemistry at the

University of Cincinnati, and for three years its librarian. He will take charge of his new post of duty early in the fall.

## Wire Nail Caused Appendicitis.

A 9-year-old boy named Isaac Lipson, who lives in Chelsea, Mass., was operated on for appendicitis a few days since with a rather unusual result. Hospital physicians found the appendix in bad condition and on making an incision in it, there was encountered a wire nail, one inch in length. It was successfully removed. From a medical standpoint the operation was an interesting one. Since the discovery of appendicitis there have been many foreign substances found in the diseased organ, but this is the first time in the history of medical science that such a thing as a nail has been found. The nail was badly rusted.

## Death Caused by Grief.

Grief over the demise of her neighbor and friend, Mrs. Goldberg, was responsible for the death one day this week of Mrs. Sarah Tilles of Philadelphia. Mrs. Goldberg died suddenly and Mrs. Tilles went to the house to assist in making preparations for the funeral. She had hardly caught a glimpse of the dead woman's face when she became hysterical and fainted. Attacks of this nature rapidly followed each other and the unfortunate woman eventually became so weakened that death ensued in three days.

## One Out of Every Five Divorced.

The close of the court year in Cleveland, O., and the totaling up of the number of divorce cases filed discloses the startling fact that one out of every five Cleveland marriages seems to be a failure. In other words, for every five marriages one divorce is asked. For the fiscal year ended June 30, the figures for which have just been made up, 2,235 licenses to marry were issued in that county. During the same 12 months 646 divorce petitions were filed.

## Ghastly Dream Which Came True.

After having his rest disturbed by troubling dreams his thought being that his wife was dead, Edward M. Powell of Camden, N. J., awakened the other morning to find her hanging by the neck from the bedpost in the room and cold in death. The dream seemed so vivid that Powell, gazing at the corpse, hardly knew whether he was awake or still dreaming and it was necessary for him to touch the body to dispel his doubts.

## A Monopoly of Volcanoes.

From Naples it is announced that the Italian government has given to one of the great international tourist companies a monopoly of Mount Vesuvius. Now if the company could only obtain similar concessions from the rest of the volcanoes of the world, incorporate them in a volcano trust and limit production, there would be a distinct service involved.

## Cheap and Unique Hat Adornment.

Mrs. Cash of Athol, Mass., was at Brookside park lately when a big buff butterfly alighted on her hat, took a fancy to it, and decided it would make a nice spot for a butterfly home. The insect took possession and began laying eggs, and has remained there ever since. Mrs. Cash wears the hat on the street and other public places and the butterfly with its nest attracts everyone's attention.

## HON. W. W. ROCKHILL.

WHO HAS GONE TO CHINA ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION.

He Is Well Qualified for the Task, Having Passed Many Years in the Land of Boxers—Served Once as Assistant Secretary of State.

William Woodville Rockhill, appointed by the president to go to China to advise the government here of the condition of things in the celestial empire, is probably better qualified for that task than any other man in America.

Mr. Rockhill has spent many years as a student, explorer and traveler in the far east, especially in the Chinese empire, and has won world-wide fame by his work on China and the Chinese.

Although he is as yet in the meridian of his life, Mr. Rockhill has accomplished vast results in his specialty of orientalism. He is the son of Thomas Cadwalader Rockhill, a lawyer of Philadelphia, and he was educated in France. He entered, as a lad of 11, the Lycee Bonaparte in Paris, and for several years he was a student of the Chinese, Sanskrit and Tibetan languages and of comparative philology in the College of France. In this science the French are most excellent masters. In 1871 he was enrolled as a student at the Ecole Militaire of St. Cyr. When he was graduated in 1873 he was given a commission as a lieutenant of the French army in Algeria, and served in that country until 1876, when he resigned and returned to America.



WILLIAM W. ROCKHILL.

After a short stay at home Mr. Rockhill returned to Paris to resume his oriental studies. In 1884 he was well prepared for the post of second secretary to the American legation at Peking, to which he was appointed by President Arthur. One year later President Cleveland raised him to the post of secretary of legation, in which capacity he served until 1888. It was in the last named year that Mr. Rockhill began the work which was to make him famous. Resigning his diplomatic post, he started out upon a journey through mysterious Mongolia and Tibet. For this he had prepared himself by a thorough study of the spoken languages of China and Tibet. He reached the eastern region of the latter country and surveyed more than 1,700 miles of these unknown lands. On his return he published the results of his investigations under the title of Land of the Lamas, which book is now an authority in this line.

The volume was yet in the review stage when the daring and accomplished author set out for a second journey over the same territory. He was gone one year, traveled 30,000 miles and published his observations in his book, Diary of a Journey in Mongolia and Tibet. He was rewarded with the Victoria gold medal of the Royal Geographical society and was elected honorary member of several learned institutions and societies in America and abroad. In 1893 Mr. Rockhill was appointed head clerk of the department of state, in 1894 third assistant secretary of state, and in 1896 assistant secretary of state. More recently he was assigned to his present position of director of the bureau of American republics. His translations from the Chinese sacred books rank with the products of the best oriental scholars in Europe, and he is without a superior as an expert in sinology.

himself with enough money to live on during the remainder of his life. It

## PROTECTING THE GAME.

League Recently Organized to Do the Work.

Lovers of the woods and of wild animals know that there has been an alarming decrease in all kinds of North American game, and that some of the noblest species are in imminent danger of extinction. The matter is attracting the attention of state legislatures and public-spirited persons, and has led to the organization of the League of American Sportsmen, the aim of which is to create a standing army of game protectors, with representatives in every state and territory of the Union. There are now nearly 3,000 members, including such men as Governor Roosevelt of New York, Governor Richards of Wyoming, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, chief of the United States Biological Survey, Mr. W. T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological park, President Jordan of Leland Stanford Junior university, President Gilman of Johns Hopkins university and Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson, the artist-naturalist. An illustration of the good which the league is doing comes from California. Long before the first white man entered the Golden Gate a vast herd of seals and sea-lions played about the entrance to San Francisco bay. Part of the herd still remains—perhaps thirty or forty thousand—an object of interest, even of affection, to the people of the state. Yet a few months ago the California fish commission decided to have all these creatures killed. Expert hunters and riflemen had already been engaged; but the league took the matter in hand, and interested the authorities at Washington so effectively that the herd was saved. The protection of song and insectivorous birds; war against the "game hogs" who disfigure the papers with pictures of themselves posing beside piles of game or before clotheslines full of fish; above all, the creation of a love of wild animals and a gentlemanly and exalted standard of sportsmanship—these are the interests of the league. At present it is working to save the antelope of our western plains from going the melancholy way of the buffalo.

## How a Soldier Feels in Battle.

The worst time the soldier passes through, says a veteran, is not when he is under fire—no matter how thick the bullets fly—but about half an hour before the battle begins. Whether a man is a novice or an old campaigner, he is pretty sure to feel solemn then. His thoughts turn toward his home and friends; he speculates on the possibility that he may be spending his last hours on earth. In fact, nothing makes so great an impression on the soldier's mind as the time he spends just before the battle. It sobers the most daring and reckless men. But the mood soon passes. Within five or ten minutes after the firing has commenced all the depression has disappeared and is succeeded by a feeling of keen excitement, amounting in some cases to a regular frenzy. The soldier sees his comrades falling around him, but the only impression, as a rule, is one of regret, with possibly an idea that their death must be avenged.

## Characteristic of Ginseng.

Ginseng is parsnip-shaped, and when freshly dug is of a white, creamy color. The root is bitter to the taste, but not unpleasant, and is highly valued in China for its supposed medicinal properties in combating fatigue and old age. In that country it can only be gathered by permission of the ruler.

## Aged Scotch Golfer.

Mr. Tom Morris, the well-known Scotch golfer, attained his 79th year the other day, and, as usual on his birthday, played a round of the St. Andrews links. The veteran golfer, notwithstanding his advanced age, is hale and hearty, and almost daily enjoys his round of the links.

## Password to the Tower.

The Lord Mayor is the only person, besides the Queen and the Chief Constable who knows the password to the Tower of London. The password is sent to the Mansion House quarterly, signed by Her Majesty.

Bicycles are now largely used in place of horses on cattle ranches.

## TAUGHT POKER TO PRINCE.

Up among the orange groves of Pomona county, in southern California, lives a man who in his day was counted the most skillful poker player who ever "cashed in a chip." It was he who taught the principles of poker to the Prince of Wales, and in 1870, when Gen. Phil. Sheridan was in Paris, he was asked to show no less an aspirant than the Emperor Napoleon III. the mysteries of the great American game.

Sixty-three years ago George Albro was born in Philadelphia. When a boy he went to Washington as a page in the United States senate. At the national capital he saw the high rollers of congress gathered about the card tables and there he picked up his first knowledge of the game. Afterwards he developed into a professional gambler, and for years he was known in all the large cities of the country as a man for whom "the only limit was the ceiling." Fortunately for himself Albro had a devoted sister who from time to time persuaded him to invest a portion of his winnings in real estate, and, therefore, he now finds

himself with enough money to live on during the remainder of his life. It



GEORGE ALBRO.

has been several years since he has gambled, and at present he refuses to play even a game of whist. The slight of a card, he declares, is repulsive to him.

## THE CHINESE LEGATION



Anything concerning the Chinese is of interest in these days and a word as to the Chinese legation in Washington, the home of the affable Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister, will not be out of place.

The Chinese headquarters in the national capital is a beautiful building of white sandstone, conveniently located. It was formerly the old Snyder house, and it is said that a son who went astray caused it to become an object of curiosity to such an extent that the family found it absolutely impossible to endure it, and it stood idle for quite a while. The legation building was formerly situated in a more remote part of the town. When Li Huang Chang paid this country a visit

a few years ago he did not like the location of the structure, believing it too far away from the other legation buildings. The quarters were for this reason removed to the Snyder house.

The Chinese minister when he took up his residence in the new legation received his first experience as an entertainer. Wishing to show his hospitality like cabinet officers and others, he threw open his doors to the public. The crowd swooped down upon him like an avalanche regardless of invitations, took away his bric-a-brac and everything else they could carry, and made a wreck generally out of the poor Celestial's home and premises. After that the minister fell back on his dignity and exclusion. American social customs were too much for him.