

# The Only Way

A Fascinating Romance by Alan Adair...

## CHAPTER II.

Jabez Hutchinson received our hero with a face as dark as a thundercloud, but it seemed that, when he heard Alan's news, he considered it important enough to warrant his intrusion on his privacy. It appeared to Alan that, of whatever importance it was to the firm, it was of still greater to Hutchinson, which confirmed him in his suspicions that he had private dealings which had nothing to do with the firm.

Alan talked the matter over, and Hutchinson was impressed with his clear-headedness and the concise way he had of stating things. Little by little he looked upon Alan with a more favorable eye, and in the end invited him to stay and dine. Although Alan did not want to prolong his interview with the brute, he accepted the invitation, thinking that he would then see the girl who had taken his fancy before. Herein he was mistaken. To all intents and purposes it was a bachelor establishment, and the Spaniard who came in to smoke a cigar with Hutchinson after dinner evidently came without expecting to see any ladies.

Alan rode home. It was a perfect moonlight night, and the road was as clear as if it had been day. Hutchinson had told him before he left that he should be glad to see him again, and the young man was revolving in his mind how he could accept the invitation, and yet not play the part of traitor to his host. He felt sure that Hutchinson was not acting square by the firm; he also felt sure that he would try and gain him over to his side. Instinct told him to beware of the man; but, on the other hand, there was the girl, who had touched the young man's heart by her loneliness and her unhappiness and by her beauty. If he did not go back to La Paz all chance of seeing the girl again was at an end, and she had made such an impression upon his rather susceptible heart that he was willing to chance many things, but not the risk of never seeing her again.

He was riding along in the moonlight; he was young, and adventurous blood was in his veins. The brilliant beauty of the night, the strong scent of the flowers, all intoxicated him. Suddenly a white figure flitted before him. He reined in his horse sharply, feeling sure that this was the girl he was thinking of, and so it proved.

In the clear, cold moonlight her face looked white, and the shadows round her eyes deep. She had a soft, cooling voice. Alan thought she was more beautiful than he had even at first imagined her to be.

"I have watched for you," she said softly. There was not a trace of coquetry in her voice and she was simply stating a fact. "You were so long that I grew anxious."

He could see that she wanted to say something, and yet was half afraid. She looked round nervously. "No one is about," he said, reassuringly.

"No," she said hesitatingly and still looked around her. "Mr. Mackenzie," she said at last desperately, "do not think ill of me. I do not want to say what I am going to say, and I know a child ought to reverence her father, but—" She gave a long, shuddering sigh.

"I understand," he said, quickly. "No, you do not!" she answered quickly. "It is not because he has struck me—he did it before, and I never minded it until today. You see, he still thinks I am a child, but I am afraid for you. Oh, I must warn you! Do not come here again!"

"Why not?" she asked. "I am not a child to be told to do a thing without a reason."

"There was a young English clerk who used to come out here to see my father," she said, very slowly, "and after six months he had embezzled some money or something, and in the end he could not face the inquiry; he—"

She stopped; he could see the horror in her face.

"What did he do?" asked Alan, in his quiet, manly voice.

"He committed suicide," said the girl.

"But I am not of that sort," said Alan. "I have my eyes open, and never do anything without a reason." "There have been men—young men—coming backwards and forwards to the house, and there always has been one end to it all, and I cannot bear it. My father ruins them sooner or later. As soon as they know too much something happens."

"What do you want me to do then?" asked Alan.

"Don't come back here," she begged. "I cannot promise that," he said quietly. And in the moonlight he looked into her dark eyes.

"Why not?" she asked, but she lowered her lids.

"Because," he said boldly, "it will be my only chance of seeing you again."

There was a little silence and then the girl spoke. "But if it should prove dangerous to you I should never forgive myself!"

Then Alan laughed a good, frank laugh. "The one thing that will be dangerous to me is you," he said, "and I am going to court that danger."

She laughed, too. Alan looked so

brave and bonny that any woman would have loved to have been courted by him. "Very well," she said, "Mr. Mackenzie, you have been warned, and so have I."

"Tell me your name," he said.

"My name? It is a common enough one here—it is Veronica."

"It is a very beautiful one," he said. And then he took off his cap and bade her good night; and his dreams that night were full of moonlight and a dark-eyed, slim girl, and all the sort of thing that a young man dreams about when for the first time he enters upon the realms of romance.

He remembered the financial crisis only the next morning, when he saw Hutchinson again. He told Dempster of his interview; but here he found himself in a difficulty. It was difficult to talk to his chief of the man he mistrusted, and yet to know that he was valuable to the firm and knew many of its secrets. He could not tell Dempster that what he suspected was that Hutchinson had secret dealings with the government, and that he mostly knew of events before they became public property, and so could buy and sell to greater advantage, using the capital of the firm for his own purpose, for that was what Alan suspected.

Richard Dempster saw that the young man was keeping something back, although of course he could not guess what it was.

"Look here, Mackenzie," he said. "I don't want to force your confidence. I can see you have something on your mind; but I can trust your father's son sufficiently to know that if it ought to be brought to my notice you would not hesitate to do so."

"The fact is, sir," said Alan, "that I have as yet nothing tangible to lay before you; but that, not having any proof at all, it is rather difficult to come to you and to say, 'Do you trust this man or that man?'"

"Quite right," said Dempster. And then they began talking of something else, and had a good long consultation on the present state of affairs. It was only when he was leaving that his chief said to him: "By the way, did you have any difficulty in finding Hutchinson's little cottage. He tells me that it is some way out; he prefers the country."

Alan looked at Dempster to see if he were speaking jestingly; but no, his words were evidently uttered in perfect good faith. He believed in Hutchinson's cottage. "I had no difficulty, sir," he replied. "Any one could tell you it is not a cottage, but a fine, large place."

"Oh," said Dempster, laughing. "Then that is Hutchinson's modesty, is it? I must chaff him about it!"

"I hope you won't, sir!" said Alan quickly. "Please say nothing about it!"

Dempster looked at the young man curiously. "I will say nothing if you do not wish it; but I own that your manner makes me strangely uneasy."

"I want it to do that," said Alan, and left him.

Matters, however, grew very disturbed, and Dempster had reason to believe that the government was very unstable. Alan Mackenzie was sent backwards and forwards to La Paz. It began to be very exciting, for every day he seemed to see more clearly that Hutchinson was playing a double game. He had Dempster's confidence. Alan knew that, among other things the firm was importing, there were firearms, and he felt almost sure that Hutchinson was in league with some malcontents, and that these arms were meant for them. Life grew very interesting, and every day seemed big with chances; and every evening that he made his way to La Paz he found Veronica awaiting him.

First of all she came to warn him, then she came because she feared him, and lastly she came because she loved him. And he—she felt that he loved her, too. It was not the same tender, all-enduring affection that he would have given to an English girl, not the love that desires nothing except to be loved in the same absorbing way; but it was more the tender, protective love that a man gives to one weaker than himself. Veronica was not his equal in mental power he knew.

She had had very little education, and could hardly do more than read and write. She sang in a sweet, full voice without any art, and she played a guitar by ear; but she had no accomplishments nor any learning.

She was a pure, innocent, beautiful child, who wanted to be loved and cherished. Her father had been cruel to her, and she feared him. Alan had been good to her, and she loved him passionately, and would have gone through fire and water to serve him.

And so weeks went by, and at last there came a day when the proofs of Hutchinson's double dealing were in Alan's hands. He must go with them to Dempster or the ruin of the firm might ensue. If by any chance the existing government learned that the respected English firm was providing the insurgents with firearms there would be an end to the house that Richard Dempster had built up with so much care.

But then there was Veronica. Alan knew that she must participate in her

father's ruin. The thought of the poor, gentle girl, made to suffer by her father, without a soul to help her, was too much for the young man. He loved her quite sufficiently to want to shield her from any harm. There was only one thing to do: He must tell Dempster of Hutchinson's treachery, and he must persuade Veronica to become his wife secretly. It must be secretly, for no one knew either of Veronica or of anything else. And so, went to his chief.

Richard Dempster looked very grave indeed at the news. The two men sat up all night in consultation. Hutchinson was to be dismissed at once; there was nothing else for it. And then Alan made a request. "Will you send me to Santa Rosa at once?" he said. "I don't care to stop on here after I have been the means of getting rid of Hutchinson; I don't want to benefit by his fall."

"I shall miss you, my lad," said Dempster. "I had hoped you would have settled among us; but I suppose you have other plans."

He looked at Alan, who reddened. The young man had known for some time that even his chief's daughter would not have denied him; but then he thought of his lovely, dark-haired Veronica, who had no one but himself. No, he had ruined her father, she must be his care—and a very sweet care, too! Perhaps not the ideal, the perfect marriage he had dreamed of in other days, when soul goes out to soul, and man and woman have but one idea, one thought; but a marriage born of love and respect, a protective, not a passionate love, although Veronica was beautiful enough to cause many a man's heart to beat quickly.

The very evening he had his talk with his chief he rode out to La Paz, but this time not to see Hutchinson. Veronica would be in the avenue, and Veronica must be wooed to give her consent; the two had but a short time. "You will trust me, Veronica?" he asked.

"To the death," said the girl; "but Alan, I am afraid if he hears of your part in his ruin he will kill you sooner or later."

"He will hear of it," said Alan gravely. "I am not the man to let another do my dirty work. And will you wait for me at Santa Rosa, my darling? I will make all necessary arrangements, and will be married the day I come."

And so matters were arranged, and Veronica promised; and this was the end of Alan Mackenzie's life in Rio.

(To be continued.)

### Parlor Magic.

A feat which any one can perform with little or no practice is that of placing fourteen matches upon a table and lifting them all up upon one of the matches. This is how it is done: Pick out one match—the one that has the flattest surface—and then place six of the other matches about one-fourth each across the first one, each of the six being parallel to each other and the thickness of a match distant from each other. Next place six other matches one-fourth each across the first match, but from the other side, all parallel and in the spaces left by the arrangement of the first six matches. Now take the fourteenth match, lay it over the twelve matches where they intersect, and by carefully lifting match No. 1 and holding match No. 14 in place you will accomplish with difficulty the feat.—Adelaide Herrmann in the June Woman's Home Companion.

### Fabulous Price for Letter.

One thousand pounds was the sum paid by the late Bernard Quaritch for an autograph letter, of Columbus, which he afterwards exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago. A wealthy collector of autographs in Chicago in 1898 offered through the American Press to pay \$100,000 for a genuine autograph letter of Shakespeare. Only seven are known to be in existence, and as to three doubts have been expressed as to their genuineness. Two letters of Mary Queen of Scots, written just before her execution, are said to have cost an English collector \$20,000. The one letter existing in Titian's handwriting was sold for \$600, and a letter of Raphael's for \$300. The one letter written by Corneille which was ever sold was purchased by Alfred Morrison for \$800.

### Travelers' Annoyances.

A clever observer says of her experiences in a drawing-room car: "There sit directly behind you those who wash their family linen for the benefit of the traveling public, he accusing her of all sorts of irregularities with other men, whom he judges by himself, and she defying him to name just one man, and finally going into hysterics. Then there is the woman in front of you all scented up with white rose, and beside her is the man who pares and cleans his nails with a pocked knife and uses the same blade to pick his teeth. Then there is the sweet little child who snaps the window catch or thumps the window pane, which seems to be music to the fond mother's ears."—New York Press.

### Ireland Loses Population.

The population of Ireland still appears to be on the decline. The quarterly return of the registrar-general up to the last day of March shows a decrease of 10,135, of whom 5,302 was debited to emigration. The estimated population of Ireland is now 4,504,000, or little more than half what it was in 1841, when it stood at 8,175,000.

There is a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.—Burke.



This is the face of my lady  
Her face with its smile divine  
Her eyes with their grave  
intensity  
And their shy proud look at mine

"No—I can't sit down. Just ran to see you a minute. What are you doing?" Ned Hazard bent to look at the medallion over which his sister's tiny camel's hair brush was suspended. "Jove! what a beauty! A portrait—really? Who is she?"

"Miss Silverton of Evanston. This is to be a gift to her fiancé from one of his friends—a wedding gift. She is in the secret. I worked from a photograph until last week, when she gave me a sitting. She is to be here for another today."

Annie Hazard, a little, slender, elf-locked sprite, enveloped in a big painting apron, with a palette on thumb, looked up to read approval in the eyes of the gigantic young brother who towered over her. He had taken the medallion up in his palm, and was looking down upon it with something brooding in his gaze—a glance of tender prophecy.

"You think it good?" "Stunningly good. I didn't think it was in you, Nan!"

A flash of pleasure irradiated her small, dark face. "I did," she said.

He laughed, putting his left hand caressingly on the way, blue-black head.

"I know dear, we guded you dreadfully about your determination to become a miniature painter—I more than the others. But you're proving your detractors in the wrong. It's quite a triumph to do that—ain't it?"

"A glorious triumph! In fancy, I already see you bespeaking a smile from the foremost miniature artist of the coming century, and bragging of your friendship! Give that back, sir. I must complete that gown before the original comes in."

"Is she really as lovely as this, Nan?" He made no attempt to return the picture in his palm. "What a nobility of brow! And those eyes are serene and pellucid as a mountain lake. Black eyebrows—but the hair is reddish gold. Is—a sudden doubt striking him—"the shade—natural?"

"Natural!" His sister picked up a mahi stick and assumed a belligerent attitude. "Trust a woman," she said, "to recognize bleached hair."

Still he held the miniature, his eyes bent full upon it. The mistress of the studio heaved a ponderous sigh.

"If you don't mind," she suggested, meekly, "I should like that back before the night cometh wherein no man may work, or woman, either."

Young Hazard lifted his head with an awakening gesture, laughed, handed her the oval piece of ivory.

"If you hadn't dashed my hopes at birth, Nan," he said, "I'd have staid to make the acquaintance of the original of the miniature. But as she is to be a bride—"he struck a tragic pose. "Farewell, sweet dreams!" he cried.

"Farewell, dear brother!" returned the artist. "I love to have you come in when Coke and Blackstone—or do lawyers still read those eminently respected authorities?—when they will let you." She picked up a new brush and moistened its tip between her sensitive lips. "Your new spring suit's becoming."

"Thanks, awfully. But I didn't come in to be told that. The Percy boys have a box at the Auditorium tonight. They want us to join them. They're to have a chafing-dish supper at their quarters later. You'll come, won't you?"

"Can't!" The small head swayed in decided negation. "Haven't a decent pair of gloves to my name, nor time to buy them."

"O, if that is all, I'll get them for you. What shade do you wish—what is your number?"

"Shade, light heliotrope. Size, five and a half. Six buttons."

"Explicit, at least." He took up his hat. "Jolly little den you've got here, Nan. Do you mean to say you've done all these things? The comprehensive sweep of his hand included many pictures, from the rapt countenance of Tennyson's St. Agnes to a sketch of one drooping hand holding a perfect rose.

"Not all—though I am responsible for all. My pupils have done some." "Pupils! Phew—we are in earnest. Honestly, Nan, I'm glad I induced dad to let you have your way. We thought it was all a fad, you know."

"Yes, I know." She smiled—a conscious little smile. "We didn't call it a fad when you wished to study for the bar. And see how you've vindicated yourself! I was so proud this morning when I read what the paper said of your speech in the trust case yesterday—"

"Nan—you flatterer!" But he colored with pleasure. "I'll have to make the pair of gloves half a dozen pairs in payment, I suppose!"

The flickering smile deepened around her lips. "You may prove your gratitude in that way if you choose!" she declared demurely. "I've never

seen the day when I had too many pairs of gloves."

"No woman ever did," he rejoined, laughing. And he went out of the studio, out of the building, and strode down State street, a straight, handsome, manly young fellow to whom went sparkling glances of spontaneous admiration.

He did not notice the glances—nor those from whom they came. He saw a face as he swung along. It was unlike all other faces throbbing that populous thoroughfare. It was not only the physical perfection that appealed to him. It was the look of reserve—of distinction. This look told him that back of the courtly kindness with which the world was greeted a sanctuary stood apart—a sanctuary where

Only the high priest entered in!

"Pshaw!" he muttered, and shrugged his great shoulders. "To be disturbed by the memory of a miniature!" He found himself pushing against the swinging doors of a vast dry goods establishment—three of them.

"Gloves?" The deferential floor-walker lent an attentive ear. "Yes, sir. In the annex—yes, straight down this aisle!"

Curious in the midst of surrounding foreign to him, Ned Hazard strode on in the direction indicated. Light poured from the great dome of ground glass overhead. Fair women, alert or languid, passed and repassed him in a steady stream. Gowned in cloth, in fur, in velvet, purchasers passed up and down between the laden shelves, the polished counters. A group ahead there—a congestion of trade! Hazard swerved a little to pass the augmenting crowd. What was the trouble? A lost child—a fainting woman? "She took my purse!" The wail came from a richly dressed woman of conspicuous physical development. "She was nearest me. I laid it down a minute—it's gone!"

Involuntarily Hazard paused—glanced at the accused. And—as he looked—his heart stood still. For there, facing that curious mob, haughty, indignant, white as she would be in her coffin, stood the original of the miniature he had lately held. That fearless poise in the head, those dark eyes under curved black brows, that scornful young mouth, the rippling red-gold hair under the plumed hat—how familiar were these!

"You are mistaken, madam!" The voice thrilled him. It was the voice he knew this one lady must possess. "I saw a woman take up a purse from the counter. She went toward that elevator. I am no thief. You are

mistaken. My name is Eunice Silverton. I shall give you my address."

"I don't want no address!" One fat, ringed hand gesticulating frantically. "I want my purse. I want you searched. You got my purse!"

A man pushed through the throng—a man with a quiet countenance and untranslatable gray eyes.

"If you ladies will come with me," began the house detective. The accused lifted higher her shapely young head.

"I will not go with you. I object to the indignity of being searched."

She paused. Another was speaking. The crowd, grown suddenly silent, were listening.

"This young lady is Miss Silverton of Evanston," Ned Hazard said. "If you," turning to the attentive floor-walker, "will take my card to—be mentioned the name of the head of the firm—there will be no further trouble. He is a personal friend of mine. It is better," he concluded, and the penetrating voice reached those of the outskirts of the press of the people, "not to make a mistake in the matter. Such errors cost a firm dearly sometimes. It is my word against—"

he glanced at the virago who stood with poised umbrella in their midst—against this person's!" he declared. The latter burst into a torrent of vituperation. But the floor-walker had read the card—passed it with lifted brows to the house detective.

"If you will come this way," the detective said, bowing, "the affair will be arranged."

Young Hazard elbowed a passage for the trembling girl. She looked up at him gratefully as she walked by his side to the manager's office. A little man with a Hebrew cast of countenance came hurrying in.

"My dear Hazard! There has been an unfortunate mistake somewhere. I am informed. My men have been telling me that this young lady—a friend of yours—was accused of shoplifting. Obviously, the charge is absurd!"

"She did take it!" yelled the woman of the unglued hand. "She stood next me at the silk counter. I jest set it down when—eh?"

She stopped, her fishlike mouth still open.

The detective was presenting her with her purse.

"We corralled the thief on the third floor. She is an old hand at this game. Burke has taken her to the

station. This is your pocketbook, madam?"

"The big woman grabbed it from him. 'Tis mine—and small thanks to you!' she snapped out. She flounced off. The floor-walker wiped his forehead and the head of the house smiled.

"Our system of detection," he said, "is thorough. I, however, humbly apologize to Miss—"

"Silverton," suggested Hazard. To Miss Silverton for the unpleasant experience to which she has been subjected. It was fortunate, Hazard, that you happened along when you did."

Miss Silverton flashed Ned a glance that set him tingling to his finger tips.

"Most fortunate for me!" she murmured.

Then they were out on State street together and Ned was telling her how he had recognized her, about the miniature, his sister—many things.

You are to give Nan a sitting this afternoon," he reminded her.

"Not I!"

"But," he stammered, "she said she expected you! That the miniature must be finished for—"

He choked there. How could he talk to her about her wedding?

"For my sister's wedding—yes. She went directly to the studio from the train."

For an instant State street whirled around like the bits of colored glass in a kaleidoscope. Then things righted themselves, and the young lawyer knew that two eyes alive with laughter were smiling up at him.

"Your sister! But you must be alike. I could have sworn—"

"We are alike. We are twins. You are not the first who has been bewildered by the resemblance. Shall we go on to the studio? Eudora was to wait for me there."

They did go on to the studio. Nannie gave them tea out of old Beleck cups. They ate tinned wafers and talked a lot of delightful nonsense. And Ned Hazard made up his mind for good and all that the original of the miniature was not half as beautiful as the sister whom she so resembled.

"My gloves, Ned?" demanded his sister, as she locked the studio door.

Aghast, he wheeled around. "My dear girl, I forgot all about them. I'll get you a box—a dozen boxes—"

"When?" Their eyes met. "Before the wedding to which we are bidden?"

"Yes, I say, Nan, how does that song of Riley's go—you always remember poetry. It is something like this—and he quoted, his eyes alight: "When my dreams come true, when my dreams come true, I shall—"

The light in the elevator thermometer fell lower.

"Down!" cried Nannie.—Chicago Tribune.

On the Railroad.

Another woman, one who spends half her time traveling on the railroads, says: "What a delightful world this will be when one person in 1,000 learns to respect the rights and feelings of others. Nowhere does one suffer more from the selfishness and disgusting habits of the average human being than in a railway car. First, the lack of ventilation has a depressing effect upon a sensitive temperament and fatigues one quicker than miles of walking in the open air. Next comes the human annoyances. There is the peanut eater sitting opposite. Now, any one who would eat peanuts except in a ten-acre lot or standing on a burning deck where a certain boy in history is said to have devoured them by the peck ought to be flayed alive. What, then, should be done with the creature who devours peanuts by the quart on a railway car where it is impossible to escape their horrible odor? To me there is nothing more offensive than the smell of peanuts, and when that everlasting boy comes through the car calling out 'salted peanuts,' I frequently bankrupt myself by buying up his whole stock. But one cannot keep this sort of thing up. It would cost less to have a bill passed by the legislature forbidding their sale."

Municipal Ownership Is Ancient.

Municipal ownership long ago passed out of the stage of theory and experiment, if, in fact, it ever belonged there. Centuries before America was discovered public ownership of public utilities was highly developed. The city of Rome 2,000 years ago possessed its splendid public baths, its superb aqueducts and other utilities owned and managed by the government.

Wife Slept Too Late.

In a western court the other day a man asked for divorce on the ground that his wife would not get up early enough to get his breakfast. In her counter-petition the wife alleged that her husband snored so loud that in the early part of the night she could not go to sleep. The court granted the divorce on general principles, without prejudice against either side.

The Latest Fad in Eggs.

Dairymen have known for a long while the families that require that the milk served them for their children shall come all from one cow. A grocer heard recently for the first time from one of these families. The head thereof asked the grocer to see that the eggs of the house came daily from one hen.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Found His Way Home.

A hound was bought in Missouri and shipped in a closed express car to a ranch in Kansas. In a day or two it was missing. Investigation proved that it had gone back to its Missouri home, over a distance of 500 miles, on a road entirely unknown to the dog.