

The Only Way

A Fascinating Romance by Alan Adair...

CHAPTER V.

A dirty, untidy lodging in an English slum. An unkempt man, with all the signs of drink and dissipation upon his low face; such was the man and such was the surroundings of a man whom Alan Mackenzie used to visit in his beautiful estate of La Paz. His had never been an honest, attractive face; but now there had come into it a look of such devilish cunning and dissipation had given him such a bloated appearance, that it was evident he would soon reach the lowest depths of degradation.

Alan Mackenzie's denunciation of him had been his ruin. He had tried to retrieve himself, had speculated, and had floundered deeper into the mire. He made even Rio too hot for him, and returned to England. Veronica's disappearance meant nothing to him. He would have got rid of her to the highest matrimonial bidder, that was all. She was not his daughter, as he had told her, only the orphan child of a man he had ruined, and whom he had brought up because her beautiful mother had been the one woman he had really cared for. But for Veronica herself he had not the slightest affection. She was too quiet, too affectionate. Her mother, who had flitted him, had been a coquette, and had thus won Hutchinson's love and admiration.

He was just now sitting at the corner of a very dirty bed, with a glass of some spirits at his elbow. He looked pleased with himself. "So he married her!" he said, and burst out into rude laughter. "He married her and she got drowned! Who would have thought it of them, both so innocent! Now there is only one thing to be considered. Shall I let him marry the other, and bleed him afterwards, or shall I stop it now? Which will hurt him most, I wonder? I think he owes this girl. Shall I separate them?"

He thought a moment. A look of sunning came over his face. "No," he said, "they shall get married. I will give him six weeks, and then he shall either bribe me or be exposed!"

He rubbed his hands with glee and then pulled himself up again. "But he isn't going to cheat me of my revenge!" he cried. "That would be nothing—a man soon forgets a woman. After all, it will be the woman who suffers most; but he—he has beggared me! He has deprived me of my very life! He shall suffer for it. I shall never rest until my knife is driven into his very heart!"

Hutchinson took a draught at his glass. "There's nothing left me but this," he said—"nothing! And I have so much—carriages and horses, and fine living and everything going well. I should have been the richest man in Rio, the most powerful Englishman over there. There is no need for me to prompt my memory lest I forget; the wonder is that I did not come across him before. Let me see, he is such a soft, he will have told this girl all about it before. No, no! My best plan will be to wait until after the marriage—his second marriage! And Veronica?"

"Well, she does not know where to find either him or me. I can drop her for a week or two. She has more cunning in her than I should have thought possible, for she never mentioned Mackenzie's name to me. I had no idea that she knew anything about her. It was the merest guesswork; but what a chance! I haven't had a chance for more than four years. Perhaps the luck has turned, and the man who ruined me is destined to put me on my legs again. But no quarter! Whatever he does I shall still take my revenge!"

Meanwhile, the object of all these plots and plans had gone home a little disturbed. Alan Mackenzie could not look unmoved at the picture of the wreck of a man's life. He knew that he counted for something in Hutchinson's ruin—nay, for a great deal. Hutchinson had never been a good man; but there had been a difference between the man who schemed at La Paz, surrounded by every luxury, and the dirty, drunken scoundrel he had met in the streets of London.

Then, too, the mention of Veronica disturbed him. He had never thought so much about her as he had lately, perhaps because he had never understood before what love meant. Now, in his love for Joyce, he began better to understand the poor dead girl's feelings. He did not regret that he had not loved her better; he rather rejoiced that his best love should go to Joyce. And he knew that he had always been perfectly kind to her, as he was to most women; but he knew now what the separation from him must have meant to Veronica, and how, when she was drowning even, her one regret would be that she should see his face no more!

The preparations for the wedding went on apace. Joyce was very popular among her friends, and quite recognized to be a pearl among womanhood. Old General Grenville, her father, had a large acquaintance, who were all disposed to make much of the beautiful, bright girl. Not a few men were envious of Alan's luck. There was quite a little stir in the circle of which Joyce was the ornament. It only wanted a fortnight to the wedding,

and blood could contain our love? No; we belong to each other for always, and— Here comes our lunch, and you will have to eat it."

And he did eat it, cheered by the sunshine of her eyes and the music of her voice. And after lunch they sat up in one of the balconies and watched the boats go down the grimy but sunlit bosom of Mother Thames, for the hotel looked out upon the river. And Alan smoked, and they made plans for the future. Where they would go, and what they would do, and what they would see, together, together, together always. And they talked of the folly of married men and women who go their separate ways, not recognizing the divinely blessed link between husband and wife. And when they rose to go they knew that they were nearer to each other than they had ever been before. It had been a golden afternoon, although now the sun had gone from the river, and the mist was rising a little. Still, as Joyce said, "No mist can blot the sun out forever." She meant it as an allegory, and as an allegory Alan understood it.

And then they drove home again together, and that evening Alan spent quietly, doing a little work which was necessary, seeing that he had spent a good many hours doing nothing but making love to Joyce. And on the morrow he had forgotten the strange turn that the woman had given him. Nothing happened during the next fortnight, which went all too slowly for him, until his wedding day. On the contrary, each day his heart became lighter, and he looked forward each day to that which would see the consummation of his dearest desires.

And so the wedding day came, and Alan forgot everything but that the sweetest woman in the world was going to belong to him from that day forward forevermore. His responses rang out clear and fluent, as did hers. He forgot Hutchinson and Hutchinson's enigmatic prophecy—that there might be a strange wedding guest—though he could not have known that Hutchinson had changed his mind, and that there would be no strange wedding guest that day.

He forgot everything, save that the time was coming nearer and nearer when the carriage door would be closed behind him and Joyce, and he would whisk her off, his own dear bride. And it is no exaggeration to say that the sun had never shone on two happier people than Alan and Joyce Mackenzie.

(To be continued.)

Could Not Be Fooled.
Miss Elizabeth Alden Curtis, the talented niece of United States Attorney General Griggs, and one of the latest versifiers of the Rubaiyat, has a penchant for scientific pursuits, and takes great pleasure in mountain climbing, forest searching and geologizing, says the Philadelphia Post. Last summer, while rusticiating at Lake George, she went walking with a party of friends, chiefly college men and women, and came across some of the beautiful minerals which abound in that district. They picked out a number of specimens which they carried back to the hotel. Here they exhibited their treasure-trove to the other guests, more especially a piece of rose quartz, in which were many flakes of plumbago. Miss Curtis, after explaining, left the veranda, leaving the quartz to a benevolent looking, spectacled old lady. She had scarcely departed when the latter, who had been scratching the specimen with her scissors, broke out: "That girl is either fooling us or else she is crazy. Plumbago, indeed! It is nothing but an old stone with some black pencil lead in it!"

Born Among the Bullrushes.
There is a variety of grebe (colymbus minor) which hatches its young on a regular raft. Its nest is a mass of strong stems of aquatic plants closely fastened together. These plants contain a considerable quantity of air in their cells and set free gases in the process of decaying. The air and the gases imprisoned in the plant make the nest lighter than water. The bird usually sits quietly on its eggs, but if any intruder approaches or any danger is feared the mother plunges one foot in the water, and, using it as a paddle, transports her floating nest to a distance, often dragging along with it a sheet of water plants. A naturalist who frequently watched this remarkable removal said: "The whole structure looks like a little floating island carried along by the labor of the grebe, which moves in the center of a mass of verdure."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Famous Echoes.
Most people are familiar with the famous "whispering gallery" in St. Paul's, but there are other instances of curious, if less well known, echoes in churches. In a Sussex church there is said to be one of the most remarkable ever known, while in a Hertfordshire church the tick of a watch may be heard from one end of the building to the other. It is also stated that the cathedral of Girgenti, Sicily, the slightest whisper is borne with perfect distinctness from the great western door to the cornice behind the altar, a distance of about 150 feet.

Powerful Roburkoff Coils.
Two of the largest Roburkoff coils ever made have been ordered in the United States for a foreign government, and will give an electric spark forty-five inches in length expending energy amounting to three or four horse power, and having a potential of half a million volts.

HUMBERT IS SLAIN

Italy's King Assassinated While Out Driving.

DEATH WAS ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS

Slayer is Angelo Bressi—Narrowly Escapes Fury of the Populace—The Tragedy Occurs While King is Distributing Prizes.

King Humbert has been assassinated. He was shot at Monza, Italy, Sunday evening by a man named Angelo Bressi of Prato, and he died in a few minutes. The king had been attending a distribution of prizes in connection with a gymnastic competition. He had just entered his carriage, with his aide-de-camp, amid the cheers of the crowd, when he was struck by three revolver shots fired in quick succession. One pierced the heart of his majesty, who fell back and expired in a few minutes. The assassin was immediately arrested and was with some difficulty saved from the fury of the populace. He gave his name as Angelo Bressi, describing himself as of Prato, in Tuscany.

News Received in Rome.
The news of the terrible event did not arrive in Rome until 3 a. m. Monday. Signor Saraceni, the premier, immediately summoned a meeting of the cabinet, and the ministers will start at the earliest possible moment for Monza.

Second Attempt on His Life.
King Humbert I, of Italy was eldest son of Victor Emmanuel, at whose death he succeeded to the throne, January 9, 1878. He accompanied his father during the war of Italian independence and was active in the movement for the unification of Italy after struggles of 1859.

Humbert married his cousin, Princess Margherita of Savoy on April 22, 1868. After the outbreak of the Franco-German war in 1870, France withdrew its garrison from Rome and the Italian troops, taking immediate possession, completed the unification of the kingdom. Within a year after his accession to the throne an attempt was made to assassinate him, while he was in Naples, but he escaped unharm.

The probabilities are King Humbert will be succeeded by his eldest son, the Prince of Naples, who is not yet thirty years old.

ARE TO BE HELD.

Foreigners in China are to be kept as hostages.

A London, July 30, dispatch says: The Shanghai correspondent of the Daily Express telegraphing yesterday, states:

"A new imperial edict promulgated this evening urgently orders all viceroys and provincial governors to endeavor to negotiate peace with the powers, whose ministers are held as hostages pending the result of the overtures for the abandonment of hostilities against China."

"The viceroys are also commanded to guard their territories vigilantly against attack and prevent by all means in their power the advance of the foreign troops, especially along the Yang Tse Kiang. The decree says that the officials will answer with their lives for any failure to execute these orders."

"Commands are also given that not a single foreigner shall be allowed to escape from the interior, where there are still fully 2,000 Europeans connected with the missionary work in isolated situations."

It is said Li Hung Chang was commanded to hasten to Peking to take command of the imperial armies against the foreigners, and that he replied by asking to be allowed to retire on account of age.

There is a growing expectation at the state department that news of the utmost importance may be forthcoming at any moment from Peking. The few cablegrams that have been received referred to minor matters, and did not touch at all upon conditions in the Chinese capital.

Die Same Day.
A. T. Bradley, a real estate agent and highly respected citizen of Ansley, died suddenly of apoplexy. For the last six months Mr. Bradley had been a constant attendant at the bedside of his sick son, who died the same day at noon, from injuries received on the railroad at Deadwood, S. D., mention of which was made in these dispatches. Deceased retired about 10 o'clock and about midnight was heard to groan. He died in a few minutes. He was a healthy man, and appeared well, notwithstanding the strain that had been upon his nervous system since last January.

His Condition Critical.
At the Presbyterian hospital in New York City it has been stated that there was no change in the condition of John Clark Ridpath. His condition is still critical.

Finds Youthful Husband in Lieutenant West.
Lady Randolph Churchill (nee Jerome) was on July 28 married to Lieut. Cornwallis West at St. Paul's church, Knight's Bridge. The church was thronged with handsomely dressed women. There was no restriction upon the number admitted to the church to witness the ceremony, except the capacity of the building, but only relatives and intimate friends were bidden to the subsequent wedding breakfast, and no reception was held.

IS SHOT TO PIECES

Bloody Climax in Race Riots at New Orleans.

CAPTURE OF THE NEGRO, CHARLES

Located, Smoked Out and His Body is Riddled—Game Fight Made for Life—Kills Two Men, a Boy and Fatally Wounds Others.

After a desperate battle, lasting for several hours in which he succeeded in killing Sergeant Gabriel Partens, Andy Van Kuren, keeper of the police jail and Alfred J. B. Bloomfield, a young boy, and fatally wounding Corporal John F. Lally, John Banville, ex-Policeman Frank H. Evans and A. S. Leclere, one of the leading confectioners of the city, and more or less seriously wounding several other persons. The negro desperado, Robert Charles, who killed Captain Day and Patrolman Lamb and badly wounded Officer Mora, was smoked out of his hiding place in the heart of the residence section of New Orleans, and literally shot to pieces.

The tragedy was one of the most remarkable in the history of the city, and 20,000 people, soldiers, policemen and citizens, were gathered around the square in which Charles was finally put to death. Tremendous excitement reigned in New Orleans as the battle went on between the police and citizens and the negro, who had a rifle. After the tragedy was over and Charles was dragged out from the mud and slush in which he had fallen with the mob howling for the burning of his body, statements were made that the man killed was not really the desperado who had killed Day and Lamb, but papers were found on the person and the fact that he fought so desperately for his life and shot so accurately seems to leave little doubt that the right man was killed.

KILL AND SPARE NOT.

Emperor William of Germany Talks to His Troops.

"So I send you out. May you all prove your German efficiency, devotion and bravery, honor joyfully all discomfort and uphold the honor and glory of our arms. You must set an example of discipline, self-dominance and self-control.

"If you close with the enemy, remember this: Spare nobody. Make no prisoners. Use your weapons so that for a thousand years hence no Chinaman will dare look askance at any German. Open the way for civilization once for all."

Such were the words Emperor William of Germany spoke to his troops at Bremerhaven before they sailed for China.

HAIL SWEEPS FIELDS CLEAR

Cuts Growing Crops to Pieces at Grand Forks, North Dakota.

A Grand Forks, N. D., dispatch says: About 5 o'clock Friday evening a hail storm crossed the valley, doing incalculable damage. The storm was five miles wide and was central at Cummings, Traill county. Large hailstones were driven with terrific force before a furious wind, cutting down vegetation of all kinds and badly damaging buildings. It is reported that Portland and Maryville suffered very heavily. The fields over which the storm passed were swept clean. In the entire territory affected there are over 100 square miles.

ON THEIR WAY TO TIEN TSIN.

Story Emanating From Shanghai Concerning Ministers.

Reports from Shanghai reiterate the allegation that the surviving members of the diplomatic corps have already left Peking on their way to Tien Tsin, and add that the foreigners are being escorted by troops of Jung Lu, commander-in-chief of the Chinese forces.

This move is stated to be the outcome of very stormy interviews between Li Hung Chang and the foreign consuls, and to have been taken in the hope of abating the wrath of the powers and delaying the advance of the allies toward Peking.

Wants \$5,000 Damages.

A \$5,000 damage case has been begun in the district court at Madison, Neb., by Matilda Hans against W. H. Salmon. The plaintiff alleges in her petition that the defendant published a certain false and scandalous story about her in society. Both live at Battle Creek, the plaintiff being the wife of Ernest Hans. Application was made for a saloon license and defendant was one of the remonstrators.

Attempt at Kidnapping.

Parties broke into the house of J. D. Bowlin at Weston, Ore., and tried to kidnap him and his wife. Bowlin is the man over whose extradition Governor Beckham's requisition there were answers of Bowlin and two habeas corpus cases here.

Found Dead in a Mail Car.

James R. Clark, a postal clerk of Louisville, Ky., was found dead on a mail car on the Chesapeake & Ohio train. It is supposed he died from heart disease. He was a nephew of the late United States Senator James B. Beck.

Made Auxiliary Bishop.

Right Rev. John L. Spalding, bishop of the diocese of Peoria, received from Rome a papal bull appointing the Very Rev. P. J. Orley, vicar general of the diocese to be auxiliary bishop.

INSANE MOTHER'S VICTIM

Alice Gadsden of Schuyler Dies in Omaha Hospital.

Alice Gadsden of Schuyler died at the hospital at Omaha, the result of two bullet wounds inflicted by her insane mother Thursday. Complications arose baffling the surgeons.

Couple Fatally Burned.

A fire due to the carelessness of the use of kerosene in starting a fire destroyed the residence of Theodore Hackenberg at Austin, Tex. Hackenberg and his wife were fatally burned. Property loss about \$50,000.

Arapahoes on an Outing.

Three hundred Arapahoe Indians under Chief W. S. Pierce, and the Arapahoe school band, have reached Oklahoma City, where they will participate in aboriginal games and dances.