

# The Only Way

A Fascinating Romance  
by  
Alan Adair...

## CHAPTER III.

Richard Dempster had never entirely trusted Hutchinson. Although he had been member of his firm for years he had never made him a partner, and the utmost he had done was to allow him a very liberal salary, and a commission on what he had made. Therefore it was not a difficult matter to get rid of him; but the interview between the three men was one which neither forgot.

Alan Mackenzie, who, as he told Veronica, wanted no one to do his dirty work, was present, and unfolded document after document of incriminating matter. If he had not made the discovery it would have come to it that the Brazilian government would have arraigned the firm of Dempster on the charge of selling firearms to the insurgents. Richard Dempster knew that the confidence in them would be shaken unless he behaved firmly. He dismissed Hutchinson, offering him no consolation; the man must consider himself disgraced. His imprecations against Mackenzie were deep and terrible.

Alan would not have cared if it had not been for Veronica. After all, the man was Veronica's father, although the girl had never rightly understood why she had never been acknowledged. There was a mystery which Hutchinson alone knew, but he was a quiet and reserved man, steeped to the brim in plots, and he could be dangerous, as quiet people alone can.

Dempster's adieux to Hutchinson were short. "You would have betrayed me," he said to the man who had been in his employ for years, more years than he cared to think, "if it had not been for Mackenzie! My word has always been well thought of until now, my firm an honorable one; but you would have dragged me down!"

Hutchinson said nothing, but glared at Mackenzie. "That young cur!" he said; "but I will be even with him yet!"

When it came to saying goodbye to Alan it was another affair. The elder man had taken a great liking to Alan; he had full confidence in him.

"Look here, my lad," he said, "I sha'n't leave you at Santa Rosa—I'm not sure it will be worth your powder and shot; but go there now, and I will move you on to San Iago in a little while."

Alan thanked him and went. His head was full of Veronica. The girl was about to show her confidence in him in the fullest way a woman can. True she was leaving nothing but unkindness and tyranny; but Veronica was young and very beautiful, and many men would have rejoiced to have secured her for life.

He had made all arrangements for the girl. She was to leave Rio at once and go and wait for him at Santa Rosa. He had sent her money, and had found a lady who would look after her until he came to claim her for himself. They would be married at once, and he would begin his life there a married man. He was looking forward to this new life. He wanted a companion—a woman. Sometimes he felt that, if it had been possible, he would have preferred a woman who would demand more of him, for as long as he was simply joined to Veronica she was perfectly happy. Poor child! she had had so much unkindness in her short life, for she was but seventeen!

Alan Mackenzie was not a man who makes plans that come to naught. Before another three months were over he was established at Santa Rosa, married to Veronica. She had a surprise in store for him. She told him that Hutchinson had come home from the momentous interview vehemently abusing Alan.

She had stood up for him, and then he had flown into a violent rage and had abused her, telling her that she was not his child, and that she had no claim upon him. In some strange way this rather pleased Alan. He had very definite ideas as to duty, and it had vexed him that it was his fate to unmask the father of the girl he was to marry. Therefore, Hutchinson's words that she was not his child rather relieved him.

And now there began some months of quiet, uneventful, pleasurable life. Veronica was sweet, gentle, loving, and very beautiful. It was impossible not to become fond of her; and though Alan knew that there were possibilities of love within him which she never drew out, yet he never regretted his chivalry. She was not very useful, but she made a home. She always looked charming and made the rooms pretty with flowers and ornaments. She was always there, too, to talk to him when he wanted to talk, to ride with him when he wanted to ride. She seemed to live simply to give him pleasure. True, he never discussed any serious topic with her, and there was a part of his nature that was a sealed book to her; but that did not prevent its being a happy, easy life. But it only lasted four months. Alan and his chief corresponded two or three times a week, but only on business affairs. If Richard Dempster heard a rumor of Alan's living at Santa Rosa as a married man he did not attach much importance to it. Alan was doing such good work that he was almost wasted at such a small center as Santa Rosa. He knew it himself, but he had been grateful for the opportunity of establishing himself

there. Now Richard Dempster wished him to go further down the coast, to the growing town of San Iago, to establish a branch of his business there. It was four days' journey by steamer, and Alan thought that the best plan would be to leave Veronica in her own comfortable little house, with her own servants, until he could find a suitable place for her in the new town.

The news of this separation was like a blow to Veronica. She clung so to Alan that it seemed to him that she led no life apart from him. But she made no demur; everything that he said was law to her. She only lifted a pale face, down which tears were streaming, to her husband, and said: "But not for long, Alan—not for long!"

"Not for a week longer than I can help, darling," he said fervently. He, too, would feel the separation; he loved her as one does an affectionate child who idolizes one. She never pretended to be on equality with him, and she was quite content to be just loved by him and petted; but she loved him with all the force of her nature. She saw that if she made any difficulties it would only worry him, and so she made none; but Alan could not but notice that she grew thinner day by day. "Do you mind my going so much, dear little one?" he asked her, on the eve before his departure. They were sitting on the verandah together, one of those moonlight nights which always reminded Alan of the first time he had seen Veronica. He, too, was feeling sad. His poetical nature was easily touched, and his wife's quiet, dignified grief made it more difficult to leave than any noisy demonstration of woe.

"Mind it?" she said, her voice vibrating with passion. "Mind it? You don't know what it is to me! It is like tearing soul from body!" He had not thought she had real depth within her. "If you feel it like that you will make me miserable," he said.

"Will I?" she smiled, as if pleased that she could make him feel miserable. "You will understand when I say that I am pleased, won't you, Alan?"

"My dear child, it is only a matter of weeks! I don't suppose that I shall have been there a fortnight before I shall have found something suitable for you. And then, you know, I have arranged for this house to be taken off your hands, so that you may not have any trouble."

"It is a dear little house!" she said, with half a sign. "I shall always be grateful to it. It is the only place I have ever been happy in."

He pinched her cheek. Men do not always understand why a woman likes one house and not another. "I shall remember that you like a verandah with flowers round it," he said. "Have you any other likings about a house, Veronica?"

"Only that you must be inside it," she laughed, with rather a pitiful attempt to be merry. "Alan, you must write the instant you arrive, and you must not mind if my letters are short; I write such bad letters."

"But mine must be long—is that it, little one?"

She laughed again and then she stopped. "How many days before you get there, Alan, four or five? And you will be on that horrid black water at night! Oh, I hate the thought of it!"

He laughed outright at this. "And I a sea captain's son! Why, I love the water, Veronica! I could willingly spend my life on it!"

The very next day he left. Veronica had exercised all her strength and courage, and she nerve herself to wish him goodbye; but she had dreamed of the man who she had known as father, and that always alarmed her. Still, though she was nervous, she was no coward, so she kept her fears to herself, only she prayed earnestly that no harm might come to her beloved, and she showed him a bright face before she left. Alan accomplished his four days' voyage in safety, and wrote home to his wife constantly. As he had predicted, there was no great difficulty in finding a home which would suit Veronica. He only placed the necessities of life in it, knowing that it would please her to make it pretty. He got servants, and saw that the place was full of flowers; and though his work engrossed him to the utmost, yet he began to look forward to the pleasant home life he had enjoyed in Santa Rosa.

"I must not become selfish," he said to himself. "A wife like Veronica, so loving and yielding, makes a man selfish; but I will not be that." He thought how he could make her life fuller, by encouraging her to read and to know more of the outside world. "Just now I fill up her life," he thought. "I may not always be enough for her."

And then at last the day for her departure came. He had booked her berth for her in one of the best of the little coasting steamers—the best was bad, as we reckon steamers—and then he waited for his wife. The weather was stormy, and he was rather uneasy. Veronica would surely be a bad sailor, and she was not very strong just then. He was so little used to think of weather and winds that he was rather astonished to think how nervous he had become. He put it down to his love for Veronica.

Anyhow, he was down at the quay

early on the fourth morning, and was still more uneasy at hearing that there was no news of the steamer. He haunted the quay all the next day, rather to the detriment of his work, and at night he could not sleep. Thoughts of Veronica's fears and sufferings obtruded themselves. He blamed himself for leaving her, for not having returned to fetch her, although he could not well have left. She had always hated the water and feared it, and he had loved it. The next day he was down at the quay again, trying to get some information about the steamer. In a little while not he alone, but the owners of the boat, began to get frightened. They could get no news. No other boat would have seen anything of her. By and by there were stories of some of the wreckage of a steamer being washed ashore, and at the end of a fortnight the haggard man who spent his days at the quay looking out for the boat which would never return to the town had to give up all hope. The steamer had assuredly gone down, and all hands with it; and Veronica, his wife, was lost with the others!

And so ended this brief little episode. Alan had been very happy with his gentle wife, and South America was loathsome to him now. He began to long, with a longing that had been stifled during his brief married life by the drawing out of other parts of his nature, for England and things English.

The white, clear moonlight, the scent of the tropical flowers, the soft, dark eyes and liquid accents of the Spanish women, the songs they sang, the very guitars they played, reminded him of his poor Veronica, now lying fathoms deep under the restless sea.

But as she had never stirred the passionate depth of his nature, so her death never drew out passionate grief. He felt lonely, that was all; and the glowing land, where everything was so beautiful and yet seemed so ephemeral, became distasteful to him, so he gladly accepted Richard Dempster's offer to manage the export part of his business in London, and to return to English shores.

In a short time his South American experiences almost faded out of his mind. Veronica became a sweet memory to him, which moonlight nights refreshed. He was very successful in his work, and in four years time had gained a good position for himself. He was ambitious, too, and began reading for the bar, which he found he could do together with his work for the firm. And four years after he left South America saw him respected and much made of as any young man of twenty-six might be who is beginning to be known as a man who may become important.

(To be continued.)

### Debarred from Royal Presence.

Now and then one hears of society ladies being offered large sums—and accepting them—for presenting an ambitious woman at a drawing room; but money will not always secure of the lord chamberlain's cards of admission. For example, the wife or daughter of a retail tradesman, however large his business and however wealthy he may be, is never allowed to enter the royal presence, and two or three other classes are rigorously barred. There is also an objection to the wives of company promoters. Indeed, when there is a drawing room announced the clerks in the lord chamberlain's office have quite an exciting time in inquiring into the position of those desiring to attend—London Chronicle.

### Scalped Thirteen Indians.

Wichita correspondence Chicago Inter Ocean: Fred Graby, aged 64, died at Strand, Kan., last week. Graby made himself famous by scalping 13 Indians in one bunch 14 years ago. He was traveling through Oklahoma with his family. Thirteen young Indians came upon him and demanded his scalp. He fled to the wagon and obtained a lasso. This he threw around five Indians and bound them together while his wife held the others at bay with a rifle. After he had killed and scalped the five he killed the other eight. Such afeat was never before or since heard of. To commemorate the deed Graby settled on the spot where he killed the Indians.

### Immensity of China.

China and its dependencies have a total area of 4,218,401 square miles and a population of 402,680,000. In area it includes nearly one-twelfth of the total area of the globe, while its population includes nearly one-third of all the people in the world. As compared with the United States, the latter's island possessions being excluded, China has 800,000 more square miles of territory and more than five times as many inhabitants. The population of China proper per square mile is 292; that of the state of Rhode Island is 254, and that of Texas six.

### Prince Shocked by Vaudeville.

His more or less royal ex-highness, the Prince Kalaminanole, of Hawaii, who is now in New York, went alone to see a vaudeville show there to determine if it was a proper place to take his wife, and though the performance was mild enough from a New York standpoint, he was greatly shocked and decided it would not do for the princess.

### Jonathan Edwards' Memorial.

The First Church of Northampton, Mass., will, on June 22, place a tablet upon the walls of its sanctuary in memory of Jonathan Edwards, who was pastor of this church from 1726 to 1750.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### DRAWS A LESSON FROM A NOBLE WOMAN'S LIFE.

To Those Engaged in Alleviating Human Distress—Self-Sacrificing Work Assured of a Rich Reward Hereafter—Praise for the Needle.

(Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.) Dr. Talmage, who is still traveling in northern Europe, has forwarded the following report of a sermon in which he utters helpful words to all who are engaged in alleviating human distresses and shows how such work will be crowned at the last; text, Acts ix, 39, "And all the widows stood by him weeping and showing him the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them."

Joppa is the most absorbing city of the orient. Into her harbor once floated the rafts of Lebanon cedar from which the temple of Jerusalem were built. Solomon's oxen drawing the logs through the town. Here Napoleon had 500 prisoners massacred. One of the most magnificent charities of the century was started in this seaport by Dorcas, a woman with her needle embroidering her name ineffably into the beneficence of the world. I see her sitting in yonder home. In the doorway and around about the building and in the room where she sits are the pale faces of the poor. She tells them to their plaint, she pities their woe, she makes garments for them, she adjusts the manufactured articles to suit the bent form of this invalid woman and to the cripple that comes crawling on his hands and knees. She gives a coat to this one, she gives sandals to that one. With the gifts she minglest prayers and tears and Christian encouragement. Then she goes out to be greeted on the street corners by those whom she has blessed, and all through the street the cry is heard, "Dorcas is coming!" The sick look up gratefully into her face as she puts her hand on the burning brow, and the lost and the abandoned start up with hope as they hear her gentle voice, as though an angel had addressed them, and as she goes out the lame eyes half put out with sin think they see a halo of light about her brow and a trill of glory in her pathway. That night a half paid shipwright climbs the hill and reaches home and sees his little boy well clad and says, "Where did these clothes come from?" And they tell him, "Dorcas has been here." In another place a woman is trimming a lamp. Dorcas brought the oil. In another place a family that had not been at table for many weeks are gathered now, for Dorcas has brought bread.

But there is a sudden pause in that woman's ministry. They say: "Where is Dorcas? Why we haven't seen her for many a day. Where is Dorcas?" And one of these poor people goes up and knocks at the door and finds the mystery solved. All through the haunts of wretchedness the news comes, "Dorcas is sick!" No bulletin flashing from the palace gate telling the stages of a king's disease is more anxiously waited for than the news from this benefactress. Alas, for Joppa there is wailing, wailing. That voice which has uttered so many cheerful words is hushed; that hand which has made so many garments for the poor is cold and still; the star which had poured light into the midnight of wretchedness is dimmed by the blinding mists that go up from the river of death. In every forsaken place in that town, wherever there is a sick child and no balm, wherever there is hunger and no bread, wherever there is guilt and no commiseration, wherever there is a broken heart and no comfort, there are despairing looks and streaming eyes and frantic gestures as they cry, "Dorcas is dead!"

### The Miracle of Peter.

They send for the apostle Peter, who happens to be in the suburbs of the place, stopping with a tanner of the name of Simon. Peter urges his way through the crowd around the door and stands in the presence of the dead. What a contrast between the practical benevolence of this woman, and a great deal of the charity of this day! This woman did not spend her time idly planning how the poor of the city of Joppa were to be relieved; she took her needle and relieved them. She was not like those persons who sympathize with imaginary sorrows, and go out in the street and laugh at the boy who has upset his basket of cold victuals, or like that charity which makes a rousing speech on the benevolent platform and goes out to kick the beggar from the step, crying, "Hush your miserable howling!"

God and being at peace with him. When the trumpet shall sound, there will be an uproar and a wreck of mountain and continent, and no human arm can help you. Amid the rising of the dead and amid the boiling of yonder sea and amid the live, leaping thunders of the flying heavens calm and placid will be every woman's heart who hath put her trust in Christ—calm notwithstanding all the tumult, as though the fire in the heavens were only the gildings of an autumnal sunset, as though the peal of the trumpet were only the harmony of an orchestra, as though the awful voices of the sky were but a group of friends bursting through a gateway at eventime with laughter and shouting, "Dorcas the disciple!" Would God that every Mary and every Martha would this day sit down at the feet of Jesus!

### Praise of the Needle.

Further, we see Dorcas the benefactress. History has told the story of the crown; epic poem has sung of the sword; the pastoral poet, with his verses full of the redolence of clover tops and a rustic with the silk of the corn, has sung the praises of the plow. I tell you the praises of the needle. From the fig leaf robe prepared in the garden of Eden to the last stitch taken on the garment for the poor the needle has wrought wonders of kindness, generosity, and benefaction. It adorned the girdle of the high priest, it fashioned the curtains in the ancient tabernacle, it cushioned the chariots of King Solomon, it provided the robes of Queen Elizabeth, and in high places and in low places, by the fire of the pioneer's backlog and under the flash of the chandelier, everywhere, it has clothed nakedness, it has preached the gospel, it has overcome hosts of penury and want with the war cry of "Stitch, stitch, stitch!" The operatives have found a livelihood by it, and through it the mansions of the employer are constructed.

Amid the greatest triumphs in all ages and lands, I set down the conquests of the needle. I admit its crimes; I admit its cruelties. It has had more martyrs than the fire; it has punctured the eye; it has pierced the side; it has struck weakness into the lungs; it has sent madness into the brain; it has filled the potter's field; it has pitched whole armies of the suffering into crime and wretchedness and woe. But now that I am talking of Dorcas and her ministries to the poor, I shall speak only of the charities of the needle. This woman was a representative of all those who make garments for the destitute, who knit socks for the barefooted, who prepare bandages for the lacerated, who fix up boxes of clothing for missionaries, who go into the asylums of the suffering and destitute, bearing that gospel which is sight for the blind and hearing for the deaf, and which makes the lame man leap like a hart and brings the dead to life, immortal health bounding in their pulses. What a contrast between the practical benevolence of this woman, and a great deal of the charity of this day! This woman did not spend her time idly planning how the poor of the city of Joppa were to be relieved; she took her needle and relieved them. She was not like those persons who sympathize with imaginary sorrows, and go out in the street and laugh at the boy who has upset his basket of cold victuals, or like that charity which makes a rousing speech on the benevolent platform and goes out to kick the beggar from the step, crying, "Hush your miserable howling!"

### Woman's Benevolence.

I am glad there is not a page of the world's history which is not a record of female benevolence. God says to all lands and people, Come now and hear the widow's mite rattle down into the poor box. The Princess of Conti sold all her jewels that she might help the famine stricken. Queen Blanche, the wife of Louis VIII. of France, hearing that there were some persons unjustly incarcerated in the prisons, went out amid the rabble and took a stick and struck the door as a signal that they might all strike it, and down went the prison door, and out came the prisoners. Queen Maud, the wife of Henry I., went down amid the poor and washed their sores and administered to them cordials. Mrs. Rets, at Matagorda, appeared on the battlefield while the missiles of death were flying around and cared for the wounded. Is there a man or woman who has ever heard of the civil war in America who has not heard of the women of the sanitary and Christian commissions or the fact that before the smoke had gone up from Gettysburg and South Mountain the women of the north met the women of the south on the battlefield, forgetting all their animosities while they bound up the wounded and closed the eyes of the slain? Dorcas, the benefactress.

I come now to speak of Dorcas, the lamented. When death struck down that good woman, oh, how much sorrow there was in the town of Joppa! I suppose there were women there with larger fortunes, women, perhaps, with handsomer faces, but there was no grief at their departure like this at the death of Dorcas. There was not more turmoil and upturning in the Mediterranean sea, dashing against the wharfs at that seaport, than there were surges to and fro of grief because Dorcas was dead. There are a great many who go out of life and are unmissed. There may be a very large funeral, there may be a great many carriages and a plumed hearse, there may be some high sounding eulogiums, the bell may toll at the cemetery gate, there may be very fine marble shaft reared over the resting place, but the whole thing may be a falsehood and a sham. The church of God has lost nothing, the world has lost nothing. It is only a nuisance abated. It is only a grumbler ceasing to find fault. It is only an idler stopped yawning. It is

only a dissipated fashionable party from his wine cellar, while on the other hand no useful Christian leaves this world without being missed.