

NO OTHER WAY.

By SIR WALTER BESANT.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.
Mrs. Isabel Weyland, a widow, is threatened with the debtor's prison. Her only creditor, Mrs. Brymer, suggests a way out of the difficulty, marriage with an imprisoned debtor, who for a paltry sum, will assume Mrs. Weyland's debts also.

CHAPTER II.

On the Poor Side.

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There is nothing uncommon in the visit of a gentleman to a debtor's prison. Always there are languishing within those walls unfortunate gentlemen, some imprisoned until their friends succeed in making arrangements with their creditors, others lying here for life, either subsisting on such small allowances as unwilling brothers or grudging cousins consent to give, or starving in misery, such misery as we would not inflict on the worst of criminals, on the poor side. It is not, therefore, surprising that a compassionate woman should from time to time be seen in those dingy courts, bringing assistance and consolation to one who had formerly been her friend, her cousin, her playfellow, perhaps her lover.

favorable than if he had money left. We must not offer him too much."
"Is he a gentleman, then? You said he was a lawyer. Is he very old and broken? We must not be hard upon a poor old man."
"He is not old at all. He is quite young. I suppose he is a gentleman, being a lawyer."
"Young and a gentleman! O, Mrs. Brymer, we must not be hard on youth and poverty!"
"You must think of yourself, madam, not of him. In business there is no pity, his friendship and no affection. It is everyone for himself."
"You want young Macnamara," said the turnkey. "Humph! Suppose he won't come?"
"Why not?" Tell him that a lady wishes to see him."
"It's his pride. Some of them are so, at first. After a bit they drop their pride. You see, ladies, he's a gentleman—a very pretty gentleman who cannot get his

as if he had jail fever; I am sure that if we dared to touch him he would be found burning hot with fever. We are in great luck. In six weeks—say, in a few weeks, he will be dead and you will be free. Of us shall make very easy terms with him."
Mr. Macnamara stood before the ladies without a word. But his lip trembled, the only sign that his pride—which was greater than his shame—allowed him to make.
"Sir," said the dressmaker, "you doubtless remember the conversation we had a week ago."
"I remember it, madam, perfectly. It was not a conversation of the kind which a man in my position readily forgets."
"Stop, stop," interposed the lady in the mask. "He is in want of food. I am certain that he is in want of food. Let us first order some refreshment for him. We must not enter upon business with him until he has appeased his hunger."
"As you please, madam," Mrs. Brymer answered, coldly. "I should, however, recommend business first. When our business is complete he can order what he likes."
There was, in fact, nothing at that moment which the prisoner desired more than food. He was faint and sick for want of food. At the mere mention of food he changed color. Pride could not prevent this betrayal. He reeled. He was fain to clutch at the back of a chair.
A debtor's prison, however, is like Leadenhall market in containing a supply of everything that man can desire (except a quickening breath of fresh air), provided there is money to pay for it. Cold bread



"WE CANNOT OFFER A GUINEA A WEEK TO ONE ON THE POOR SIDE. AS WELL BESTOW BURGUNDY AND RHENISH ON A COMMON TRAMP OF THE ROAD."

times as it might please Fortune, the incessant, or Luck, the Uncertain (a more favorite goddess on the Poor Side), and on the master's side the collegians who had money in purse and pocket were considering seriously what their resources would allow, whether the 5 shillings ordinary with the pint of wine after it, or the humble fried sausage and baked potato with a tankard of black beer. At this time the courts of the prison are nearly deserted, for those who belong to the master's side wish it to be understood that they are at the ordinary, and, therefore, if they cannot afford that costly banquet, he snags in their chambers, or repair to the cellar, where the more modest delicacies are to be procured. So that the arrival of two ladies in the court where the prisoners take their exercise was hardly noticed at all. One of them, wrapped in a silk lined cloak or mantle, wore a mask and was evidently unwilling to be recognized. By her step and carriage she appeared to be young; she wore, however, the cap of a widow in the second or third year of her mourning. The other, a middle aged woman, plainly dressed, was evidently of inferior station. She walked upright without any mask or any attempt at concealment; her face was hard and resolute; she seemed intent on some business. Those who saw her felt certain tremors or shakings, the memory of past experience, because she looked like one of that hard-hearted tribe, the unfeeling creditor. Her kind has, at least, done their worst to the prisoners in keeping them locked up, but the memory remained. Therefore, at sight of her hard and resolute face, knees trembled, hands shook, and those within reach of their own staircases hastily retired to places of concealment.

friends to pay his 2-penny debts. And, besides, he has had to sell his clothes and is now in rags. Some of them on the poor side like to show their rags—they move compassion. "Gut! Compassion. And for them as are destitute and friendless. As if they do not deserve all they get. What do they expect? They've got the boards to sleep on and their share of the doles. They're better off inside than out. Some of them are ashamed of their rags. This young fellow—this gentleman who is in for a mere trifles—is ashamed of his. Let him alone and the shame of his rags as well as the cold and the starvation will kill him off in a single winter. I know the sort. He will be dead in six months."
Mrs. Brymer nudged her companion. "We are in luck," she repeated. "Dead in six months! Could anything be better? We shall get him very cheap."
Then she turned to the man of the keys. "Mr. Macnamara will come. Tell him it is the lady with whom he had discourse last week. Take us to some place where we can be private." She placed a shilling in the man's hand.

was immediately attainable with bread and a pint of Lisbon. "Can you eat cold beef, sir?" asked the lady with the mask. The young man sat down and proceeded to show that beef, cold, cut off the silver side, with bread, was at the moment the one dish which he would have chosen before all others. Indeed, for a hungry man, cold beef, slightly underdone, has no equal. All this in spite of noods, winks and admonitory sniffs from Mrs. Brymer, who saw in the perverted and ill-timed charity, the loss of those advantages conferred upon the bargainers by the present necessities. The food restored some color to the young man's cheek and some strength to his limbs. The wine also gave some courage to his heart. He finished his repast and stood up again with a low bow of gratitude.
"Now, Mr. Macnamara," the dressmaker resumed business. "We have wasted time already. You remember, you say, our discourse. You were then, I believe, still in possession of a little money, and I remember alright, shoes and stockings. Your case was desperate, but you concealed from me how desperate it was."
"I told you that I was a prisoner for life. What more was there to conceal?"
"You did not tell me, sir," she added severely, "that you were on the point of becoming quite destitute. A mere pauper and beggar. Your transference to the poor side will certainly make a great difference in our arrangements. We cannot offer a guinea a week to one on the poor side. As well bestow Burgundy or Rhensish on a common tramp of the road."
"Mrs. Brymer," murmured the lady in the mask, "spare him. He is a gentleman."
"As you will, madam. My poverty is such that I must consent to anything."
"You undertake to assume certain liabilities. Let us have no mistake about the business. These liabilities are not large, but they are present quite beyond your means of payment. They would, therefore, by themselves, make your release impossible unless the creditors consent. And this they will not do. But that is no hardship, because you are already in the hands of your own creditors, who are equally hard-hearted. You are beyond any hope of release. You are now on the poor side. You have no rent to pay. You have no fees to pay. Everything is cheap on the poor side. And you have your share in rattling the box. A pretty fall it is for a gentleman." The young man changed color, but said nothing. "I would propose, therefore, as you are doubtless quite unprovided with any comforts, first to find you a mattress and a blanket, and next to give you an allowance of 5 shillings a week. That, I conclude, will make you quite comfortable; even, for the poor side, rich."
The young man bowed. The lady who had charge of the business went on relentlessly: "You will marry the lady at once. I can bring a Fleet man here in half an hour. You will make no attempt, either now or at any future time, to claim her as your wife. She will be as much dead to you after the ceremony as at present. Do you quite understand this?"
"Quite. There is no necessity to repeat the agreement."
"I am the best judge of the necessity. Very well, then. Some persons in your condition have tried threats of various kinds. If you try anything of that nature we shall increase the detainers."
"I understand. Is this not enough?"
"And we shall stop the allowance. Well, I think there is no more to be said. If you behave well and can be trusted, there might, at some time—we make no promise—but there might, I say, at some time, be a question of the Rules."
"The Rules would be no use to me. I could no more make a livelihood in the rules than in this place. You have said quite enough, madam, and more than I thought possible a week ago. He looks

THE WOMAN WHO WAS LOST

TOWELLVILLE

Mrs. Richard Roe had started for Wellville, and had missed the way.



She had been wrongly directed by well-meaning friends. While she was pondering the situation, she saw a fine healthy woman coming toward her, and asked her: "Do you know where Wellville is?" "Of course I do," was the answer, "I live there." The stranger gave Mrs. Roe exact directions as to the way to Wellville and passed on. But Mrs. Roe stood still. "Suppose," she said to herself, "that this woman is deceiving me. Perhaps she doesn't live in Wellville or know the way." And while she was still pondering, another woman came by and Mrs. Roe accosted her. "How can I get to Wellville?" she asked. Again the way was pointed out and the stranger passed on. But Mrs. Roe still stood in the road, wondering whether the directions given her were trustworthy.

One would say that Mrs. Roe must be a very singular woman. She wanted to go to Wellville, could not find the way, and yet doubted the information given her by two of her own sex who had no motive in the world for deceiving her. But Mrs. Roe is not at all singular. There are many like her. They are sick and want to be well. Not two women, but scores and thousands, say, "We know the way to be well. We are well after years of sickness, and we can tell you, as a matter of experience, that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well." But still the Mrs. Roes stand hesitating, wondering whether they are being deceived by the women who point the way to health.

Often there is a natural reason for this doubt and hesitancy. Directions given by friends have been perhaps followed without result. Perhaps the local physician has said there is no way by which you can regain health. But a large number of the women who have been cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have gone through the same experience. Friends advised this or that medicine but it failed to cure. Doctors said: "There is no hope of health for you," and at the last, the use of "Favorite Prescription" healed disease and restored perfect and permanent health.

"You have my heart-felt thanks for the kind advice you sent me," writes Mrs. Florence Archer, of Eason, Macon Co., Tenn. "Words fail to express what I endured for about eight years with female trouble. The awful pain that I had to endure each month, no tongue can express. These bearing-down pains, backache, headache, distress in my stomach, and sores in my breast, cramp in limbs—they have all left me and health has taken place of these distressing troubles. What caused them to leave? It was the best medicine on earth—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the first three or four days after taking the medicine I got worse. Had you not told me that I should be apt to feel worse I never would have taken another dose; but in one week's time I began to feel better. After taking six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and using the local treatment you advised I felt like a new woman."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures womanly diseases. Hundreds of thousands of women testify to that fact. It has cured in cases where every other available means and medicine had utterly failed to give more than temporary relief. "Favorite Prescription" establishes regularity, dries the drains which weaken women, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. For expectant mothers it has no equal. It prevents or cures morning sickness, tranquilizes the nerves, encourages the appetite and induces refreshing sleep. It gives great muscular vigor and elasticity and so makes the baby's advent practically painless. It is the best known tonic for nursing mothers.

"Without solicitation from you I feel it my duty to suffering women, to make known the virtues of your 'Favorite Prescription,' in curing me of a complication of diseases," writes Mrs. Mary J. Weida, of Allenstown, Pa., 391 Oak Street. "I had heart trouble for about three years and was so weak and run-down that I was unable to attend to my household duties. The least excitement would cause my heart to flutter, and during its normal periods it would every now and then seem to lose a beat, which affected me through my whole system, even the raising of my hands above my head, would make me so weak that I had to sit down awhile to recover myself. All these ills have given way to the curative power of your 'Favorite Prescription.' The greatest relief was received prior to the coming of my little one, during the six previous experiences I was afflicted with morning sickness from beginning to end, of each period, but after using your remedy for one week, I was entirely relieved of that distressing affliction. No one can appreciate what a relief that was, save those who have actually experienced it."

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All letters are held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

If you are led to the purchase of "Favorite Prescription," because of its remarkable cures of other women, do not accept a substitute which has none of these cures to its credit.

THE WAY TO WELLVILLE, or, in other words, the way to be pointed out in Dr. Pierce's great work, *The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser*. This book contains over a thousand large pages, and more than 100 illustrations. It is sent entirely FREE to any woman who sends a **10-cent** stamp for the book in paper covers, or 51 stamps for the cloth-bound volume.

Fortune delayed. She would not be hurried. The beginning to which I had looked forward was slow in arriving. Then my creditor—there was but one—began to press me for his money. I had only promised to give him. I could not, in a word, pay his bill—it was only 25 guineas. Madam, I am willing to acknowledge the truth of what that lady, your friend, advised. It is true that there are many people who would not pay their just debts but for the terror of the prison. My example and the example of such as myself are to them a warning. It is the only justification of the debtors' prison. If at any time our legislators could see their way to enforce the payment of debts without imprisonment for life this unjust punishment would cease. As it is, madam, I am imprisoned for life for a debt of 25 guineas which I am forbidden to pay by the fact of my imprisonment. The thing is monstrous, but it is the law."
"Twenty-five guineas? Do you mean that a gentleman, like yourself, can be imprisoned for life—for the whole of his life—for a paltry debt of 25 guineas?"
"The law makes no distinction between gentlemen and the common sort. It imprisons everybody for life if he has but one sentence. Whether the debt is a shilling or 10,000 one must pay or be imprisoned for life."
"But—surely—25 guineas!"
"It is not much. The law again, in order to keep the prisoner from the shame of confessing the small amount for which he is locked up, encourages the attorney to practice the rule of multiplication. My debt is now about 275, I believe. This, you observe, in the eyes of the turnkeys and prisoners themselves is much more creditable."
"But—pardon me, I am inquisitive—have you really no friends who would pay so much for you? It is not much. You could afterward repay it."
"Madam—I have no friends. Cousins I have, but cousins are not fond of relieving the necessities of their relations. Besides, there are religious difficulties. Some of them are Catholics, and my father was a Protestant. Some of them are poor and would resent the mere suggestion of giving help. Friends? Yes, I had friends at Trinity, but they are mostly penniless like myself. When all have to make their way in the world, what compassion or assist-

ance can one who fails expect? He is like a man wounded on the field of battle and left to die."
"Is your father living?"
"The young man shook his head sadly. "He died. He built so many hopes upon me that I thank God he has not lived to see my destitution."
"You are, then, quite friendless?"
"Quite—so far as asking assistance. If I were successful, I should find scores of friends of my old set at Trinity who would rally round me. If I could borrow, I have no security. And beside the costs, in such a case as mine, so on growing of their own accord. The attorney sits at his desk and watches them as they grow. The costs in such a place as this are like the brambles which grow and spread until they cover the whole ground. Still, it is, as you say, a poor thing to represent a lifelong—or a life short—of captivity. At the last day I shall make answer and say, 'I have done no work. My talent was taken from me and buried in a napkin. I have been forbidden to work. My sins are those of discontent and rebellion against the strokes of Fate. And all as you say, for 25 guineas, with attorney's costs. He will not get those costs paid. That is some consolation."
"A poor consolation." The lady's eyes were visible behind her mask; they were soft and limpid eyes and they filled with tears.
"It was really shameful on the Master's side to confess that one was kept here for a debt so trifling. Twenty-five guineas! Nay, they pride themselves on the extent of their debts. A man who is detained for thousands is a leader here by right of his extensive liabilities. Outside wealth commands respect; here it is the amount of a man's debts. On the Poor Side there is no such pride; we are all detained for small amounts—beggarly, as the turnkey said."
"Debt, with costs, no more than 275. Mr. Macnamara, I fear that I should be doing you a grievous injustice if I were to saddle you with my debts."
"Not at all, madam. In the first place, I should rejoice to be of service to a lady so soft-hearted and so full of mercy as yourself. In the next place, your offer assures me a sufficiency of food. Do not think too mainly of me when I confess that for food I would put away from me the last rag of pride and self-respect."

He looked at it and nodded. "Ay," he said. "Now you talk sense. Well, you can have the use of my snugery for half an hour. I shall charge you no more than 5 shillings. If you want to some place where we can be private." She placed a shilling in the man's hand.

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This visitor looked up and down the court, which was, as I have said, nearly empty; a few of the prisoners were walking about, a few were playing draughts against the wall or some were sitting in the sun after their formal meal, some were talking over a jug of the day or the day before yesterday; all were shabby, all were dull; all were listless, careless, down at heel, shabby and hopeless. It is full of fashion to represent the college as full of conviviality and good fellowship; it is full of drink, but it is dull—hopeless, dull and stupid.

The lady did not see the prisoner whom she was seeking. She turned to a turnkey standing aside, dangling and rattling his bunch of keys.

"I want Mr. Oliver Macnamara," she said. "He is in the list of your prisoners on the other side. Can you send for him? He is perhaps at his dinner."
"His dinner! Ho! ho! A fat and plentiful dinner they get on the other side. Well, madam, I will send for him—Macnamara? Macnamara? Is it a lawyer? Is he an Irishman, certainly. And he wears a lawyer's gown."
"Ay—his detainers are beggarly. He went over to the Poor Side a week ago. I bundled him over myself, seeing that he was unable to pay for his bed. This is the place where we score up no chalks."
"I can understand your prescription," said Mrs. Brymer, for it was that dressmaker. "Being in business myself, I have suffered by running up scores. Well, sir, he is on the Poor Side, that I knew. Madam," she whispered to her companion. "This is the prisoner of whom I spoke to you. He is on the Poor Side, but his pride must be broken by this time. Hunger and cold speedily break them up; he will be willing to make a bargain with us on terms more

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