

No Other Way

By Sir Walter Besant

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.
Mrs. Isabel Weyland, a widow, is threatened with the debtors' prison. Her chief creditor, Mr. Fitzroy, suggests a way out of the difficulty, marriage with an imprisoned debtor, who for a paltry sum, will assume Mrs. Weyland's debts. She proves to be a young lawyer, Macnamara, who, through no fault of his own, has fallen into dire straits. Mrs. Weyland, in pity, pays his small debt, sets him free and agrees to marry a negro condemned to die in three days. She then retires in poverty to country life, but later falls heiress to a large fortune and becomes a social queen in London. Here she meets Macnamara, now a flourishing barrister, who pledges himself to her service.

CHAPTER VI.
After the Morning Service.
He did come again. Of course he came again. Was it possible for him—an Irishman, and young—refuse the invitation of a charming woman? Of course he came again. Beauty drew him; the pleasure of finding himself again in the company of a woman who could talk to him about himself; the attraction of a fine house, with all that belonged to it, and the participation of a secret. Wherever there is a secret

beneath its avenues murmuring words which, if they were heard, would prove how powerless is language, save with a poet, to express the emotions of the heart.
"I am so much out of the fashion," said Isabel, that I still keep my Sundays free from the noise and glitter of the Row and the card room. Time was, I confess, when the hazard table dragged me to its side on Sundays as well as week days. There, with the rest, I tempted Fortune."
"She betrays," said Oliver morosely, "all those who woo her to their own destruction."
"She betrayed me, I remember," said Isabel, with a smile.
"Her name should be Cires, since she corrupts and disfigures all; or she should be called Parthenope, one of the sirens, who drew all to their ruin."
Isabel laughed. "This is the kind of talk which shows that we have just come out of church. But you, Mr. Macnamara—it is an age of gambling. Come! Are you quite free, may I ask? Do you never listen to that Cires or that Par—Par—How do you call the lady?"
"Why, madam," he replied. "How could

ver's position and prospects it was on account of that bond which connected them unknown to the world."
After this Sunday Oliver's visits became frequent. He met Isabel at the play; he took her home after the play; he did not meet her in the park because the summer passed into the autumn when ladies no longer walk out in the evening; and in the morning and afternoon lawyers are never seen when they are not busy with state or on the river, going or returning. In the evening when there were card tables in Isabel's house the young lawyer was not one of the company, being engaged upon his work for the next day. On Sundays, however, he was always in attendance after morning service and went with Isabel to St. James square, where he dined, spent the afternoon in conversation, in reading or in music. It is rare for a sprig of quality to have any single accomplishment, but this young man, who was not a sprig of quality, had a delicate touch on the harpichord and a musical voice; he knew besides a great number of Irish songs, the words of which he had himself composed to the melodies sung by the common people; they were melodies sad, yet strangely sweet.
There is certainly nothing more delightful or more useful for a young man than the intimate friendship of a gentleman, sympathetic, affectionate, kindly, yet with passion. And to most women there is nothing more delightful than the confidence, the unfolding of the hopes and ambitions, the barings of the soul of a young man of promise and of great ambitions. Perhaps the voice of scandal found something to say about those Sundays. Isabel disturbed herself little about the voice of scandal. She neither listened to it nor looked for it. One person alone ventured upon a remonstrance.
"This was the Right Honorable, the earl of Stratherrick. Isabel's brother-in-law. When his monthly stipend was exhausted his lordship honored Isabel by his company at her table. He there met Oliver and after his wont toward persons of lower rank or no rank at all, treated him with

small courtesy. The contempt of one whose vices have ruined him; who is a beggar and a dependent, ought to be received with corresponding contempt by one who can earn his livelihood by an honorable and a noble profession. And so, indeed, Oliver treated it. Isabel, however, resented this behavior. "If," she said, "you honor me with your company, my lord, I must have respect paid to my friends."
"Certainly, Isabel. But an adventurer—a mere Irish adventurer—a common lawyer. One does not expect such company as a common lawyer at the table of a woman in your position—my sister-in-law."
"Nevertheless, he is one of my friends."
"The world is talking, Isabel. I, who know the polite world, can tell you that the world is talking."
"Let the world talk; it will not spoil good company. And, my lord," she added, with a little heightened color, "let me beg of you not to talk, whatever the world may say. Remember, my lord, I entreat you, that this house is mine; should you feel inclined to insult any guest of mine it will be better for you to dine at one of the excellent taverns which, I am told, are to be found at this end of the town."
"As you please, Isabel. You have the command of the purse. At the same time I have the advantage of birth and rank. I know what the world says."
"You hear it at your cockpit?"
"Perhaps. It would be well for you, however, to hear what the world says about your reception of this young lawyer. Your alliance with my house, Isabel, entails certain obligations. This dependent, this ruined gambler, could at times and on occasions assume the dignity of rank."
Isabel laughed. His dignity did not impress her. "There is one consideration," she said, "which ought to move your lordship. There are men who bring bad luck and men who bring good luck. Mr. Macnamara is one of those who bring good luck. If things disagree were to happen to me, I assure you that it is to him I should turn and not to you, or to anyone of rank or fashion—O, not to you at all."
These words, as you shall hear, proved prophetic.



"HE KNEW, BESIDES, A GREAT NUMBER OF IRISH SONGS, THE WORDS OF WHICH HE HAD HIMSELF COMPOSED."

between two people there is a bond of union. If they do not talk about it, they move round it. The thing is always in their minds, drawing them together and driving them apart. In the desert of the temple which is a very Sahara, drawn together and void of green there is a thought of this woman rose up before him as refreshing as the splash of a fountain or the babble of a brook. He knew no other house—not a single house in the whole area covered by the hills of mortality where he would be welcomed as a visitor and invited as a friend.

Many young lawyers there are of whom the same thing may be said. They are come up from the country; they are young gentlemen from Ireland or from Scotland; they may even arrive at good practice, yet may remain, as they came, strangers to any kind of society. The world of fashion knows nothing of those who earn their living; the rule of the bar prohibits social intercourse with the attorneys, proctors, notaries and conveyancers who bring them their briefs; as professional men they have no intercourse or community of interests with the people of the city. Again, the English bar is largely hereditary; the son follows the father; a kind of caste is set which does not welcome newcomers and especially newcomers from Ireland and Scotland. Hence, for these young lawyers the tavern, the theater and the coffee house are the only places of resort, and while the wits are sharpened by a perpetual conflict of tongues, the manners, for want of the society of women, suffer detriment and become somewhat rude and rough. The invitation of Mrs. Weyland therefore offered nothing less than the opening of the gates to the finest of the social world. What young Irishman ever failed to take advantage of such an opening or hesitated to transfer his powers of conversation and amusement from the tavern to the service of the grande dame?

He did come again. On the Sunday morning after the service at St. James, Fitzcaldy, Isabel found him sitting on the porch. She was not expecting him; the flush that mounted to her cheek; her smile of welcome; her ready hand, showed the pleasure with which she received this attention. "Mr. Macnamara," she cried, "I did not expect you. Do you attend the service here?"
"My parish church," he replied, "is the Temple church."
"Then you came to hear the rector. He is accounted truly a great scholar."
"Nay, madam, I came because it is your parish church, and in the hope that I might be so fortunate as to find you here and to be permitted to escort you home."
"It is very good of you, sir. I will dismiss my man."
So they came out into the stream of worshippers into Jermy's street. "The day is fine and the air is warm, madam," said Oliver. "Shall we walk a little in the park?"

He was certainly a very proper and comely man; tall and broad, with a frame of great strength. His face and clear-cut features, with his firm mouth, his excellent outline, his keen eyes, his expression of resolution and his ready smile, caused all the women to turn and look at him; his white silk stockings, gold buckles, black velvet waistcoat, lace ruffles, starched bands and lawyer's wig, with his gown hanging nearly to the ground, proclaimed him as the lawyer in good practice.
"Let us by all means walk in the park," said Isabel. "But not in St. James park, where the crowd on Sundays is so great that one cannot talk."
She led the way into the Green park, where in the week the soldiers drill and exercise under the canopy of the sergeant and on Sundays there is solitude beside its ponds and under the trees and by the meandering stream which trickles through its midst. It is then a place beloved by amorous couples who wander over the lawns and

I afford to tempt fortune? She wants a bait or bribe; she says, 'offer me a trifle and I will reward you with a pile of golden guineas. I have no money for the bribe. Otherwise I do not know what might have happened. Truly, in Ireland some of us are great gamblers. When one's money is doled out in bare sufficiency for fees and food there is no room for the card table. Even now there is no longer the old restraint of poverty—dis alter visum—the fates have ordered otherwise—my whole time and thoughts are demanded by my work. No, madam, I can frankly say that I am not a gambler. Yet I claim no merit for this abstinence. I am virtuous because I can be nothing else."
"For my part also, the fates, as you say, have ordered otherwise. But one can disobey the fates. For I, the daughter of a city merchant, was taught to loathe the gaming table. Indeed my father hated cards much as he abhorred conformity with the Church of England and all other deadly resorts. So that if I requested the hazard table on Sunday, I broke two of the commandments which my father and his sect have added to the other ten. Perhaps I was punished for, as I may confess to you, sir—thus did she disguise and cover up the past which both of them knew so well. "There was a time when I was much straitened by debts and liabilities due to losses at the card table."
"As for me," said Oliver, "I presumed, in my folly, upon success which I thought would come to me the moment I was received at the English bar. I was punished for this overweening vanity by a time which I may describe as a straitened. However, by the blessing of the Lord and the goodness of a person—if you encourage me to speak of that person at any time I shall be pleased to give you the whole of the amazing history." Thus did he interrupt himself to approach dangerously near the secret.

"Was it really amazing?" She put up her face, showing the interest she took in the subject.
"Indeed, most amazing. Perhaps—another time—when, Mr. Macnamara."
"So she kept the secret aside."
"I could be talking always of that person. But it would fatigue you. However, I was assisted, being in straits, and I returned without encumbrance and with a good deal of experience to my chambers."
"And then—was it immediately—you began to succeed in your profession?"
"Madam, it was immediately after my return, and it was by an accident. I was in court, looking on. A case was called which the junior, who had been taken ill, could not attend. His brief was offered to me simply because I was on the spot. By great good fortune I knew the law in the case and could quote precedents. I opened the case briefly, but I was able to show my knowledge and the judge complimented me. Madam, that one accident was the second step in my fortune. The first step, believe me, was the unexpected and the astonishing goodness of that person of whom I have spoken."
"Sir, I would not have you repeat too often your statement about that person. We do not care, I assure you, to hear too much praise of unknown persons. Let it be rather said that your way has been laid down for you by a kind Providence. You have been marked out, selected and trained by the act of Providence for an illustrious career. Your experience, let us suppose,

CHAPTER VII.
Backstairs' Remors.
Lord Stratherrick in the days of his prosperity had a valet. This faithful creature remained with his lordship almost to the end of his fortune; in fact, as long as there was anything to be made out of him. Everybody knows that the position of valet to a nobleman may be one of considerable value on account of the perquisites. There are men who bring bad luck and men who bring good luck. Mr. Macnamara is one of those who bring good luck. If things disagree were to happen to me, I assure you that it is to him I should turn and not to you, or to anyone of rank or fashion—O, not to you at all."
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time and frequent such society as belonged to my late husband's position. And now, Mr. Macnamara, I think I have talked to you enough about my straits. They walked on together, side by side, in silence. But in silence one learns a good deal. There was between these two a secret tie—a bond of humiliation and even of shame. This combination revealed without the necessity of clearer words the reason of the humiliation. The talk lifted the cloud and showed what was beneath; then the cloud fell again, but they were glad that it had been lifted.
Presently their steps took them back to the entrance. "Come with me," said Isabel, "to the house at dinner. Unless, Mr. Macnamara, you will give me the pleasure of your company to dinner, I shall be alone, unless my brother-in-law comes. I dine at 2; after dinner we will sit in the drawing room and look out into the garden. Your chambers in the Temple, I am sure, have no such garden behind them."
"In the tavern where I should take my dinner, for the fragrant air of your garden, there is the breath of tobacco, and for the flowers there is the stale smell of yesterday's wine. And, madam, in place of your company, there is a babel of noisy talk and vehement disputes. Can you doubt, madam, if I accept?"
She could not doubt. His tall-tale face betrayed the satisfaction with which he received the invitation. They turned and walked back to St. James square.

Just before they reached the door her companion touched her hand lightly with his fan.
"Mr. Macnamara," she said, "pray oblige me by telling that person—the amazing person of whom you spoke—that I am most grateful to her for the kindness she once showed you. There is, of course, no credit due to her on account of that kindness. She was but a simple instrument in the hands of Providence, who bestows favors for great things. Still your friends must feel obliged to her. Probably she did not understand that she was thus led and guided by a higher power."
"Madam, she shall know, I promise you, your sentiments, which are those of a pious heart. Meanwhile my friends have heard nothing at all about her, I assure you. Nothing at all. She is one of those rare women who do good in secret, so that the left hand knows not what is done by the right."
"You will understand that all this talk was a mere pretense by which each of them desired to let the other know what had happened both before and after the day of first meeting. It is not usual for people as soon as they make acquaintance with each other to exchange confidences concerning their past history and their families. For the most part people of fashion know the family history of those who belong to their own circles and to their own rank. When a man is received from the outside, whether (as sometimes, but very rarely happens) he is rich, a merchant, or a nabob, or a wealthy West Indian planter, or a lawyer, or a poet, or a divine, the world of fashion cares nothing whatever about his origin, what does it matter where he comes from or what may be the trade or calling of his father? The man is admitted to society because he can amuse—nothing more. His wife, if he has one, is not admitted, nor his daughters. Society admits those who are outside the circle in order that they may be amused. Therefore when Isabel showed this desire to be informed of Oli-

ver's position and prospects it was on account of that bond which connected them unknown to the world."
After this Sunday Oliver's visits became frequent. He met Isabel at the play; he took her home after the play; he did not meet her in the park because the summer passed into the autumn when ladies no longer walk out in the evening; and in the morning and afternoon lawyers are never seen when they are not busy with state or on the river, going or returning. In the evening when there were card tables in Isabel's house the young lawyer was not one of the company, being engaged upon his work for the next day. On Sundays, however, he was always in attendance after morning service and went with Isabel to St. James square, where he dined, spent the afternoon in conversation, in reading or in music. It is rare for a sprig of quality to have any single accomplishment, but this young man, who was not a sprig of quality, had a delicate touch on the harpichord and a musical voice; he knew besides a great number of Irish songs, the words of which he had himself composed to the melodies sung by the common people; they were melodies sad, yet strangely sweet.
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STOMACHS on Stilts

The man who stands on stilts does not increase his stature a particle. He may feel taller while he's on the stilts, but when he's off them he feels shorter than he ever felt. A man can't live on stilts; he must come off them sooner or later, and then he realizes that whatever seeming advantage he gained from his artificial elevation was only temporary.

Stimulants are the stilts of the stomach. They lift a man up for the time being, but the good feeling they give is only temporary. A man can't live on stimulants, and when he leaves them he feels worse than ever. In this age of hurry and worry a large percentage of the population have some form of stomach "trouble," popularly described as "weak stomach." The first impulse of the average man whose stomach is "weak" is to have recourse to stimulants. He feels bloated after eating, has frequent eructations and a general feeling of physical discomfort. He takes a glass of something to "stimulate his stomach" and make him "feel good." He may get the desired result for a time, but he is doing nothing for the disease which is in reality aggravated by stimulants instead of benefited. The need of the "weak" stomach is strength, and it is obvious that stimulants can't strengthen the stomach because there is no true strength in stimulants but only a false strength. The jaded horse is no stronger because he mends his pace when pricked by the spur. His extra effort is a drain upon the reserve of his vitality, which may result in a complete breakdown. The seeming strength of stimulants is the false strength of a body spurred to effort and making a call on the reserve of vitality, which may and does often result in total physical collapse.

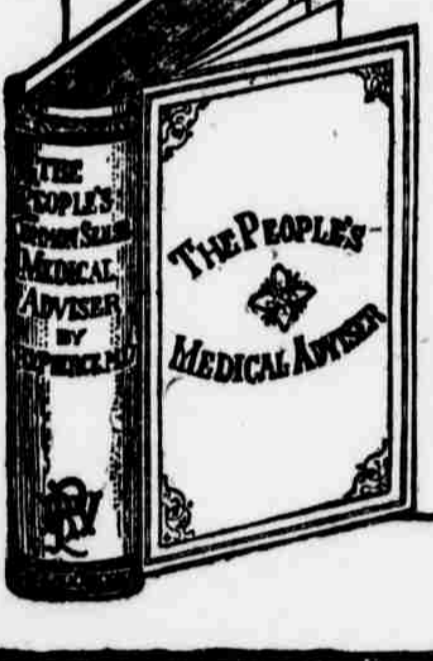
The success of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in re-establishing the health of weak, run-down, dyspeptic men and women is due to the fact that it perfectly and permanently cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It does not brace up but builds up the body. It contains no alcohol and is entirely free from opium, cocaine and other narcotics.

"Last spring, early, I wrote you my feelings and condition," says Mr. A. J. Vanderwater, of 573 West Division Street, Chicago, Ill., "and you advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In all I have taken six bottles of the 'Discovery' and four or five vials of the little 'Pellets.' They have done me worlds of good. All my friends say: 'Vanderwater, how well you are looking. What in the world have you been doing?' I tell them I have been doctoring with Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. 'Why,' they say, 'you haven't been there.' 'No,' I say, 'but I took his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and his little 'Pellets.' These medicines have made the greatest change in me; from a slow mope of a man that could hardly crawl, tired and sick all the time, and who could do no work, to a man who can work, sleep, eat, and feel fine, and that tired feeling all gone away. I am very thankful that I wrote to Dr. Pierce. His 'Golden Medical Discovery' and his little 'Pellets' have almost made a new man of me. I feel as young as I did at thirty years. No other doctor for me."
"It is with pleasure that I tell you what Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pellets' have done for me," writes Mrs. T. M. Palmer of Keokuk, Iowa, "Texas. Two years ago I was taken with stomach and bowel trouble. Everything I ate would put me in distress. I lived two weeks on milk, and even that gave me pain. I felt as though I would starve to death. Three doctors attended me—one said I had dyspepsia, two said catarrh of the stomach and bowels. They attended me (one at a time) for one year. I stopped taking their medicine and tried other patent medicine; got no better, and I grew so weak and nervous my heart would flutter. I could not do any kind of work. Now, since using your medicines, I can do my housework very well; am gaining in flesh and strength, and can eat anything I want."

No man can be stronger than his stomach. When disease fastens on the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, the consequences are felt by the whole body. A "weak" stomach means a weak man, because when the stomach is "weak" the digestive and assimilative powers fail to a greater or less extent, and the nutrition of the body is inadequate to its needs. But if "weak" stomach means weak man, then weak man means "weak" heart, "weak" kidneys, "weak" liver, "weak" lungs, etc., because the physical man is only the sum of his organs and members, and his weakness is the weakness of each and all of the organs of his body.

This fact explains the cures of "weak" heart, kidneys, liver, lungs and other organs, by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery." First the diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are cured, and thus the weak stomach is made strong. Digestion and assimilation are now perfect. The nutrition derived from food is all used, and not partly lost or wasted. The effects are at once shown in physical gain. The body puts on sound flesh and becomes strong, and as the body is composed of its organs and members, its restored strength means strength of heart, liver, lungs, kidneys—every organ receiving strength from the only source from which physical strength is derived, that is from food when properly digested and perfectly assimilated.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse and regulate the liver and bowels. They produce permanent benefit and do not react on the system.



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event; he forgets the amount involved; money is to him merely a means of obviating the winding ways of fortune and of discovering what he never succeeds in doing, how she works, and how he should behave, and outwit her. While he learns, however, Fortune outstrips him. And this and none other is the reason why men are known to lose thousands, tens of thousands, in a single night; in the eager following of the various changes and chances of fortune they do not understand the magnitude of the stakes, or the effect upon their own affairs. It is the man who plays to win and for nothing else who thinks upon the stakes and when he has lost his all goes out and puts a pistol to his mouth.
Lord Stratherrick had a lodging in King street, beside St. James square. The lodging was decent, but not such as one would expect for a nobleman of his rank, consisted of two rooms. The occupant was generally dressed by noon, when he called forth and took the air in the park for an hour or two, taking his dinner at the tavern, beside St. James square. After dinner he repaired to a coffee house, avoiding those frequented by his old friends who no longer courted his society. Who cares for the company of an old friend when he is ruined? At 6 or 7 he rose and made his way to his cockpit, where he enjoyed the fluctuations of fortune after a covered as if he was losing another fortune. Somewhere about midnight he went back to his lodging. It was now a monotonous life, with no friends and no companions, but that was not the part of it which he regretted most. He looked back to a place crowded with gentlemen, some of whom covered their eyes with green shades, some sat with coats inside out, some watched the birds with faces on which no one could discern the least emotion, though their whole fortune hung on the event. He himself had been one of the passionate players. This life it was that he regretted. He played still, but among a company who were proud over the loss of a guinea, and were broken at the loss of 5 guineas; and if they lost more went out upon the roads around London armed with a pair of pistols, mounted on a horse borrowed of a thief taker, and were presently carried along the Oxford road in a cart to Tyburn Tree.

was a man who knew how to excite and stimulate curiosity and had generally some scandal to impart. In appearance he was a white-faced man, somewhat corpulent, who moved silently, as if with deference to his company. A perfectly well-bred servant in his manners, equipped with all the vices of his order; his baseness, his corruptions, its lack of honor and of honesty.
He waited upon his master, removed his napkin, took off the cloth, set his wine on the table before him and behaved with as much care as if he were still in his lordship's service. On the other hand, the former master behaved with more than the ancient haughtiness. Both acted their parts very well.
"My lord," he said, when he had poured out the first glass for him, "there is a hitting, on which, with your permission, I would speak."
"If it is a matter of money, Pinder—"
"It is not a matter of your lordship's money."
"Because, if so, you would have to wait, as you very well know. Pray, then, what is it? If it is anybody else's money, what has it to do with me?"
"It is of some importance. Family importance, my lord. And of great delicacy."
"Bah! Family importance. I have no one to consider except cousins."
"Not cousins, my lord. They have done nothing but harm. The matter concerns a person nearer to your lordship than all your cousins."
"Who the devil is it? Don't heat about the bush, Pinder."
"My lord, there is, as perhaps you may have heard, a kind of club or assembly of gentlemen's servants in my parish downstairs every evening. Some of them are disengaged, some are in places, sometimes the parlor is full, sometimes there are but two or three."
"Pinder, do you imagine that I care what your lackeys do?"
"Last night there were but two or three. Among them one, valet to Lord Ebrington. He comes to the house regularly because his master is now old and goes not forth any more in the evening. Last night he brought with him a man whom I must say, for his rags and his poverty, I should not have admitted to my house, which is always respectable."
"Well, you let in the man of rags. What has his ragbag to do with me?"
(To Be Continued.)