The Only Way

A Fascinating Romance by Alan Adair...

CHAPTER I

"It's the only thing to do," said Alan, thrusting his hands into his pockets and looking straight before him. "Here there is nothing for me, and, as you say, there is nothing to keep me here. It was her wish, father, and yet—I hate leaving it."

"I am well understand it, lad. I was the same. It is just in Scotland now, this look of the land. And I had too, to leave mine own, and so I left it all and made a new start in a new land. But not stayed off the sea, later, for mals more to tell her."

"I am not sure that I shall," said Alan. "I have a particular grudge against him."

This surmise on Alan's part was well founded, for, as a matter of fact, when Dempster found him so intelligent he had thought it might be well to retain him to Hutchinson's place.

"There was a time," continued Hutchinson, "when I should have been glad to have you, whether Alan would or not. But now I have business with your father. I wish I may see you again."

She hesitated. "You will not tell father you have seen me?" she said. He looks rather as he does not like it to know that I have a daughter except when I am with Sheila and Mrs. Angus."

"I will say nothing," said Alan, "but I am not ashamed."

He looked at her, and thought how beautiful she was.

"Then I will tell him," she said, "that you are not ashamed. Good-by."

She held out her hand, and he took it in his own.

"Good-by," he said, "and thank you for your kindness to me."

She smiled, and, withdrawing her hand, turned away.

Alan watched her as she walked down the path, and then, with a sigh, turned and walked toward the house.

An Absurd Idea.

Dempster was sitting in the library when Alan entered. He looked up from his writing and nodded.

"Sit down, Alan," he said. "I shall be with you in a few minutes."

Alan sat down and waited. He had not long to wait.

"Now, Alan," said Dempster, turning in his chair, "I have been thinking over what you said to me this morning, and I have come to the conclusion that you are not suited for the position I have in my mind. You are not a business man, and you have no liking for business. Is that so?"

"I am afraid it is, sir," said Alan.

"Then," said Dempster, "I have a proposition to make to you. I am willing to take you into partnership, and to give you a share in the business. What do you say to that?"

Alan looked embarrassed. "I shall not like to refuse," he said, "but I am afraid I must. I have no liking for business, and I am sure I should not be successful in it."

"You must wish something," said the girl, and she colored. "You must forget that you saw me weep. I am proud, and it troubles me."

"I wish I had no cause," he answered. "But