The Only Way

A Fascinating Romance by Alan Adair....

CHAPTER VI.

Another room in an obscure part of London; but this room was, though poor, scrupulously neat and tidy. It was even adorned with a few flowers, and some colored prints hung upon the walls. A woman and a child were sitting together in the one large chair that the room possessed. The woman, slight, still young, and astonishingly beautiful; the child, one of those brown, curly-haired children, with blue eyes, who have sprung from parents of different nations. The woman's face we have seen before. Now the only alteration in it, and one it was that did not affect her beauty, was a great sadness, except when she spoke to the child, and then her whole face changed.

"It is such a great city," she was saying—"such a great city. I did not know it would be so difficult to find any one. I thought that when once I got to England it would all be well, and now I have been in England more than a year, and I have not seen him. And yet I am so longing to see him once again, and to show him our boy. Oh, how happy he will be! How happy we both shall be! These weary years will be as naught, and I shall forget everything once I feel his arms round me again!"

There was a step on the stairs. Veronica listened. She had grown more womanly in these last four years, and she looked more thoughtful. Sorrow, the great master, had taught her many things. [illegible]

[illegible]

"Good afternoon," [illegible] showed no pleasure at the sight of him. [illegible]

[illegible]

the hatred that Hutchinson [illegible] him, and even now [illegible] what to say. [illegible] she asked at last. [illegible]

"He told me [illegible]" man, watching [illegible] Veronica [illegible] have known [illegible]

"When did he tell you?" [illegible] her lips [illegible] sound.

"About two months ago."

Veronica sprang up. [illegible] in London. Two months ago! [illegible] take me to him! Let me see him at once! Why did you not tell me before?"

"How could I?" the man said dryly. "I tell you you should have had more confidence. I did not know you were his wife."

"How was he looking?" cried Veronica. "Oh, my darling, my darling! Did he speak of me two months ago? I think we shall die of happiness when we come together again!"

"No doubt," said Hutchinson. "Does he know of the boy?"

"No. The boy was born five months after the shipwreck. I have told you I was so ill after the wreck that I lost my reason for a time."

"Pity," said Hutchinson, [illegible]ly, "that when you told me so much you did not tell me all."

Veronica did not answer. Something in the man's tone awakened her suspicions. "Are you sure," she [illegible] after a little silence, "that you do not want to hurt him?"

"Why should I?" asked Hutchinson. "No, what I want to do is to make money out of him. He will not be able to deny me anything when I restore him his wife and child."

That sounded possible. Veronica smiled, and let herself be happy in the thought that what she had so longed for and worked for for years was about to come to pass.

"My darling, my darling!" she murmured. Hutchinson looked at her curiously.

"You seem fond of him," he said. She gave a glance of contempt at the way he expressed himself. She caught the child up in her arms.

"My darling," she said, "my little Alan, you are going to your father at last!"

Hutchinson was thinking. He had a difficult task before him. He had allowed Alan to get married, and had given him some weeks of happiness before he began his work of destruction; now he had to make sure of Veronica. He would have infinitely have preferred a woman who would have blustered, and have sworn that she would have her rights; but Veronica was the sort of woman who would shrink away and be lost to the world rather than hurt the man she loved. He had shrewdness enough to see that the girl would say that it was the only way to act, and that she would sacrifice both the child and herself; therefore it was imperatively necessary that she should know nothing of Alan's marriage, of his love for another woman. That must come to her as a surprise. She must be led to expect that Alan was longing for her, and would be overjoyed to see her again; then would be his, Hutchinson's, opportunity. He knew men so well that he fancied they must be all alike. Alan would not give up Joyce—he felt sure of that; then he must be made to pay for his silence. He must feel that he, Hutchinson, could hold the sword over his head, that he could let it fall at any moment. He had rubbed his hands at the publicity of the marriage. Alan Mackenzie would never give up his beautiful wife. Veronica would have to be paid off. Joyce would not be Alan's lawful wife. It was going to be a life of misery for the young man, and at the end there would be Hutchinson's dagger for his heart. But the whole thing needed careful handling, and Hutchinson felt that he was the man undoubtedly who could handle it carefully. Even if at the end Veronica refused, as was possible, to come forward and make Alan unhappy, nevertheless he would have to pay for his silence.

"He lives in a nice little house in the country," Hutchinson said [illegible] "I will give you the address. You had better go by train. Have you any money?"

"Yes," said Veronica. "I was paid for my lessons yesterday. [illegible]"

[illegible]

and Alan stood before her.

She tottered to her feet, holding the child. He looked at her wildly and gave a great cry, as if body and soul were being rent asunder. "Veronica! O God! O God!"

He fell backwards against the [illegible] covering his face with his hands as if to shut out the sight of [illegible] She stood trembling before him [illegible]

[illegible]

arms.

"Alan," she cried, "[illegible] are you not glad to see me?"

There was still no doubt in her mind. She thought that the joy of seeing her had been too great and that he was trying to recover from the shock. She had no doubt, poor soul, at all. He loved her, then her coming to him must be inexpressible joy.

Then Alan uncovered his haggard face. "Glad? No! It has ruined my life!" he [illegible] moment he could think of nothing but Joyce, his Joyce, with whom [illegible] begun so [illegible] must now break as his own heart was broken. "I wish I were dead," he said, with a sob.

"Alan!" The anguish in her voice matched his. "Is that what you have to say to me, your wife, the mother of your child, who has undergone all hardships, and who has just lived on because you were in the world? Oh, Alan, if you do not want me, I had better go."

She turned, walking unsteadily, holding her child's hand tightly. And then a great temptation assailed Alan Mackenzie. The temptation to let her go, to let her be lost to him, to say nothing to Joyce; but to go on as if the day's work had never been. And then he saw in a flash what his life would be. How every moment of happiness with Joyce would have its corresponding moment of bitterness when he was alone; how he must live a double life, always on the brink of detection. Not worse, perhaps, that the life parted from Joyce; but then he would be an honest man, and not a traitor. He put his temptation away from him, thanking God that he could do so, knowing that Joyce would not love a man who was dishonorable. So before Veronica had staggeerd a dozen steps away he called to her hoarsely to come back. She turned at once, obedient as always, and for a moment he hated himself for his brutality to so gentle a woman. Her tears were falling down the beautiful face. She looked up at him with the old look of faithful love, still pushing the child towards him.

"Yes," she said, questioning him, "what is it, Alan?"

"I am married," he said, crudely and hoarsely, thinking it best to tell her at once. "I thought you were dead. I heard nothing from you since I left you; it is four years ago. They told me all on board were drowned, and I could hear nothing of you. What wonder then I thought you were dead? And so I married. Veronica, I am married now."

And then for a long time there was silence between them.

(To be continued.)

BAPTISMAL VAGARIES.

Names from South Africa Are Given to Unfortunate Youngsters.

[illegible] Robert Buller Thompson was [illegible] a few days ago, and Dundee, Glencoe and Elandslaagte have all been given. At the Cape, among the many curiosities are Ladysmith Elandslaagte Smith, Belmontina [illegible]

[illegible]

Delicate Surgical Operation.

[illegible]

He Claim Was Justified.

[illegible]

—New York Tribune.

Truth's Characterization of Lamsdorf.

According to London Truth Count Lamsdorf, who is spoken of as successor to Count Mouravieff of Russia, never goes into society, and hardly has any friends. He lives in apartments at the Russian Foreign office.

The red-headed bus driver dug a long tin horn out from under his seat and blew three blasts.

"The ferry'll be over in a minute," he said. "I got to get back to ketch the 6:40 from Chicago. Fifty cents, please, and a quarter for them trunks."

The knock-kneed white horses shambled away through the deep dust, kicking up a cloud which put a fresh layer on the brown leaves of the hazel "bresh" on either side of the road. In two minutes the thick woods hid them from sight.

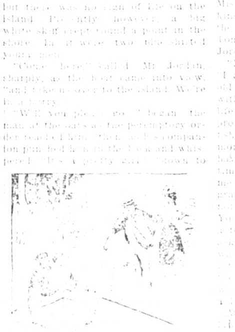
On the high bank of Lake Mary in northern Wisconsin were left four trunks, Miss Elizabeth Jordan, and the Hon. Jabez Jordan. The articles left behind by the bus driver are here stated in order of their importance. The trunks containing an elaborate summer wardrobe. Miss Jordan was a pretty girl, and the Hon. Jabez was merely a father and incidentally a trust magnate, the president and chief stockholder in the International Air Engine company.

"Well, father," said Miss Bess, with a smile which would have brought any other man to his knees, "it looks as though we'd come to the right place for pastoral quiet, don't it?"

But the Hon. Jabez simply pulled the corners of his thin upper lip further down over his mouth.

"It looks to me as though we were going to be cast away on a desert island," he said.

[illegible]



[illegible]

morning as usual to take her out on the water. He looked at her quickly and fancied he saw the ghost of a smile in her eyes. He had been furious at himself half a dozen times for ever starting the deception, for Bess Jordan was not a girl a man could row out with day after day for weeks without feeling the charm which made her a belle at home. Perhaps if he had been properly presented and had appeared under his right name and in his proper role there might have been some chance, but now—

He was complaining to Elliot about it one night.

"I'm in love with her," he said. "But here I am, known only as 'Tom' Tompkins, an oarsman, who has been accepting $2 a day for rowing around the lake for the last two weeks. Our joke is getting to be a mighty serious affair so far as I am concerned. I can't confess, because if I did she'd never speak to me again, and I swear I can't keep on rowing her out on the lake every morning without making love to her. She's one of the noblest girls in the world, I tell you, Elliot. You ought to see the way she treats me—me, nobody but Tom Tompkins, oarsman—and the way she looks at me sometimes."

"I tell you what, Edwards," said the sympathetic Elliot, "if I were you I'd go ahead and make love to her anyway in your character as Tom Tompkins. If she'll have you in that role [illegible]

[illegible]

"You remember the day you pointed out the chimneys of the house where Thomas Tompkins, being your own august self, lived? I went over there and found the place occupied by a family of Norwegian farmers who had never heard of a man by the name of Tompkins Thomas. You didn't deceive me for a minute. Three weeks and I knew your name and all about you."

[illegible]

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[illegible]

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Boston special to New York Journal: A decision handed down today by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the case of Charles A. Whitney against the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad company, holds that a person traveling on a pass on a railroad may recover damages for an injury sustained in spite of the stipulation on the pass by which he assumes all risks through the neglect of agents of the road or otherwise. The court says public policy will not permit it to enforce the stipulation.

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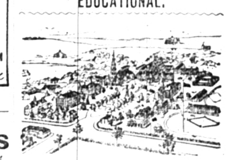

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