The Only Way

A Fascinating Romance by Alan Adair....

CHAPTER V.

A dirty, untidy lodging in an English slum. An unkempt man, with all the signs of drink and dissipation upon his low face; such was the man and such was the surroundings of a man whom Alan Mackenzie used to visit in his beautiful estate of La Paz. [illegible]

[illegible]

years. Perhaps the luck has turned, and the man who ruined me is destined to put me on my legs again. But no quarter! Whatever he does I shall still take my revenge!"

Meanwhile, the object of all these plots and plans had gone home a little disturbed. Alan Mackenzie could not look unmoved at the picture of the wreck of a man's life. He knew that he counted for something in Hutchinson's ruin—nay, for a great deal. Hutchinson had never been a good man; but there had been a difference between the man who schemed at La Paz, surrounded by every luxury, and the dirty, drunken scoundrel he had met in the streets of London.

Then, too, the mention of Veronica disturbed him. He had never thought so much about her as he had lately, perhaps because he had never understood before what love meant. Now, in his love for Joyce, he began better to understand the poor dead girl's feelings. He did not regret that he had not loved her better; he rather rejoiced that his best love should go to Joyce. And he knew that he had always been perfectly kind to her, as he was to most women; but he knew now what the separation from him must have meant to Veronica, and how, when she was drowning even, her one regret would be that she should see his face no more.

The preparations for the wedding went on apace. Joyce was very popular among her friends, and quite recognized to be a pearl among womanhood. Old General Grenville, her father, had a large acquaintance, who were all disposed to make much of the beautiful, bright girl. Not a few men were envious of Alan's luck. There was quite a little stir in the circle of which Joyce was the ornament. It only wanted a fortnight to the wedding, and Joyce and her betrothed were driving down Regent street together. It was the beginning of May, and they were to be married on the seventeenth. Both Joyce and Alan were willing to forego the details of the London season. They had taken a charming house in the country, where they intended to spend the summer in honeymooning. If they liked the neighborhood, and it suited them, they thought of buying it, as a little country house where they could live when tired of London. But for this season it was to be their home as soon as they had returned from abroad. They were on their way to [illegible]

[illegible]

"It has made you sad, Alan. You loved her more than you thought."

"No, no!" he said. "It is not that at all, Joyce, but the sight of that strange woman made me realize how necessary you are to me. Darling, it is because I love you so that I cannot bear to think of losing you. If I had to wait another two months instead of two weeks I think I should go mad!"

He pushed his hair from his brow and leaned his head on his hand. Joyce saw that he was unstrung and nervous, and that she must brace him up a little. She gazed with a rush of thankfulness to God that here was a man who loved her as few men love women, and that the poor dead girl could never have had his heart. It was only pity, as he had said. She saw [illegible]

[illegible] for people who love as we. What do you think that flesh and blood could contain our love? No, we belong to each other for always, and .... Here comes our lunch and you will have to eat it."

And he did eat it, cheered by the sunshine of her eyes and the music of her voice. And after lunch they sat up in one of the balconies and watched the boats go down the grimy but sunlit bosom of Mother Thames, for the hotel looked out upon the river. And Alan smoked, and they made plans for the future. Where they would go, and what they would do, and what they would see, together, together, together always. And they talked of the folly of married men and women who go their separate ways, not recognizing the divinely blessed link between husband and wife. And when they rose to go they knew that they were nearer to each other than they had ever been before. It had been a golden afternoon, although now the sun had gone from the river, and the mist was rising a little. Still, as Joyce said, "No mist can blot the sun out forever." She meant it as an allegory, and as an allegory Alan understood it.

And then they drove home again together, and that evening Alan spent quietly, doing a little work which was necessary, seeing that he had spent a good many hours doing nothing but making love to Joyce. And on the morrow he had forgotten the strange turn that the woman had given him. Nothing happened during the next fortnight, which went all too slowly for him, until his wedding day. On the contrary, each day his heart became lighter and he looked forward each day to that which would see the consummation of his dearest desires.

And so the wedding day came, and Alan forgot everything but that the sweetest woman in the world was going to belong to him from that day forward forevermore. His responses rang out clear and fluent, as did hers. He forgot Hutchinson and Hutchinson's enigmatic prophecy that there might be a strange wedding guest. [illegible] he could not have known that Hutchinson had changed his mind, and that there would be no strange wedding guest that day.

He forgot everything, save that the time was coming nearer and nearer when the carriage door would be closed behind him and Joyce, and he would whisk her off his own dear bride. And it is no exaggeration to say that there [illegible] than Alan and Joyce Mackenzie.

(To be continued.)

[illegible]

Could Not Be Fooled.

[illegible]

Effects of Earthquake.

[illegible]

Fun Among the Hallorides.

[illegible] The air and the [illegible] in the plant make [illegible] water. The bird usually sits quietly on its eggs, but if any intruder approaches or any danger is feared the mother plunges one foot in the water, and, using it as a paddle, transports her floating nest to a distance, often dragging along with it a sheet of water plants. A naturalist who frequently watched this remarkable removal says: "The whole structure looks like a little floating island carried along by the labor of the grebe, which moves in the center of a mass of verdure."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Bull Fights at Montmorency.

While the question of bull fights is before the French chamber of deputies, a magnificent arena is being constructed at Montmorency at a cost of £16,000. Gala corridas are to be given there during the exhibition, with all the splendor of the Spanish originals. The matador will be the famous Mazzantini, and the spectacle, it is said, will not hurt the susceptibilities of the spectators. The horses will be caparisoned in such a way as to make them proof against the attacks of infuriated bulls. There is nothing, however, to show that spectators will be saved the horror of witnessing mutilated beasts and maimed toreadors.

Famous Echoes.

Most people are familiar with the famous whispering gallery in St. Paul's, but there are other instances of curious, if less well known, echoes in churches. In a Sussex church there is said to be one of the most remarkable ever known, while in a Hertfordshire church the tick of a watch may be heard from one end of the building to the other. It is also stated that the cathedral of Girgenti, Sicily, the slightest whisper is borne with perfect distinctness from the great western door to the cornice behind the altar, a distance of about 150 feet.

Powerful Ruhmkorff Coils.

Two of the largest Ruhmkorff coils ever made have been ordered in the United States for a foreign government, and will give an electric spark forty-five inches in length expending energy amounting to three or four horse power, and having a potential of half a million volts.

A Bachelor's Goddess

Halbert opened his eyes and turned to look at him. He was almost too dumfounded to speak. Allen got up in confusion, and Halbert kept smiling and staring at him in a riot of bewildered ideas, groping as he did in a queer labyrinth of uncertainties, like a man struggling to face some peculiar situation that his mind refused to [illegible]

"All women are divided into two classes, either designing adventuresses or simpering dolts. As for me," quoth Halbert cynically, "give me the former every time. You can trust to such venturesses to have a little gray matter at least in their cranium." He was talking to his secretary, young Allen, a callow youth, almost effeminate, but nevertheless brainy as Halbert [illegible] these sinister observations concerning womankind, and rarely ever offered any comment either to agree or to refute his employer's statements. These two individuals were a study for one another. The boy, in which Allen accepted the position of private secretary, a short time before, they found a pleasant communion of tastes and ideas and a peculiar inexplicable sympathy of feeling that seemed to have puzzled both.

[illegible]

[illegible]

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,

Notre Dame, Indiana.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of St. Mary's Academy which appears in another column of this paper. The 46th year opens September 4th, 1900. We do not need to expatiate upon the scholastic advantages of St. Mary's for the catalogue of the school shows the scope of work included in its curriculum, which is of the same high standard as that of Vassar and Bryn Mawr, and is carried out faithfully in the class rooms. We simply emphasize the spirit of earnest devotion which makes every teacher at St. Mary's loyally strive to develop each young girl attendant there into the truest, noblest, and most intelligent womanhood. Every advantage of equipment in the class rooms, laboratories and study rooms, every care in the matter of food and clothing, and exceptional excellence of climatic conditions, all of these features are found at St. Mary's, in the perfection of development only to be obtained by the consecration of devoted lives to educational Christian work, in a spot favored by the Lord.—The Fine Arts Journal.

Where Brigandage Still Reigns.

Sardinia, although one of the regions [illegible] to the Italian sovereign, is one of the least considered. Poverty, [illegible] and malaria have in one way or another depopulated the island, which has an average of 28 inhabitants to the square kilometer, while in the [illegible] the average is over 104 and in Sicily 113. It is the only part of Italy where it has not yet been possible to suppress brigandage.

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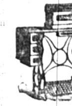

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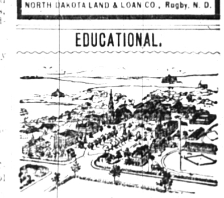

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