

# No Other Way

BY GORDON HOLMES.

Author of "A Mysterious Disappearance,"  
"The House of Silence," Etc.

A shadow crossed Waverton's worn face, in which the bronze of open-air life was now merged in the pallor of several weeks of close confinement and inaction.

"If that is the only reason, I wish Mrs. Waverton to remain in ignorance of my intention."

"Suppose she thinks of marrying some other man?" pressed the lawyer, who was persuaded that two lives were being wrecked needlessly.

"We shall deal with that development when it arises."

So there was nothing more to be said; but a good deal remained to be done, and it was the middle of July before Claude Waverton left his house on Sixty-fourth street, and accompanied only by his English valet, took a train for Narragansett Pier.

He glanced casually through recent entries in the hotel register before signing his own name. The hotel did not appear to be crowded, and he found that he could have his choice of several suites.

He selected a sitting-room and bedroom on the first floor at the southeast corner, and there he marked himself as one who could not only discriminate but pay; yet the clerk seemed to hesitate somewhat when he learned his guest's name. Nothing was said, however, and Waverton went out into the sunshine, leaving his man to make the rooms habitable.

Filled with a sudden longing to renew an old love for the clean, cold, steep-gray Atlantic, which differs as greatly from the lazy ocean that laps the Florida sand dunes as the prairie differs from a trim lawn, he made straight for the sea front.

The tide was high, and a strong swell was breaking against the promenade; but there were boats out in plenty, and a few adventurous persons were on the shore, breathing in the clean, pure air. A few rocks that rise out of the sea, which, in a measure, take the place of the pier from which the resort got its name.

He started to walk along the shore, breathing in the clean, pure air. A few rocks that rise out of the sea, which, in a measure, take the place of the pier from which the resort got its name.

On the rocks were two women and a woman, the latter looking in her arms a delightful little maid, who was much interested in watching the manoeuvres of a little skiff that was tacking back and forth in lively fashion.

Something caused one of the women to turn her head at the very instant Waverton was passing. Her face, already highly colored, owing to the splendid breeze, grew crimson, and she uttered a gasp of amazement which brought her companion's eyes quickly around. One of them, it was never known which, moved involuntarily and caught the nurse's arm with her elbow; but all that Waverton saw was the outward look of the child, which fell into the sea.

Now, Claude Waverton might be a wicked man and a sure judgment of one who had dwelt far from cities. Even while the first of the three women were women were ringing in his ears, he sped across the rocks, and with one moment of pause while he noted the whereabouts of the white rock in the depths of the churning water had leaped twenty feet down into the sea.

He was so prompt and fearless in acting that, once in the water, he had no further difficulty. Although practically unarmed, being hampered by bandages, he seized the child's frock in his teeth, thrust his left arm through the neck, and simply kicked out with his feet to keep away from the rocks until the men in a sloop came to the rescue.

It was near the hour when all of Narragansett turns toward the bathing beach. The screams of the women attracted a crowd that seemed to spring from nowhere, and it was easier for excitement. After dragging Waverton and the child on board, the sloop sailed to a nearby landing float. The man slipped ashore, carrying the frightened and screaming but unharmed child in his arms, to be met by a cheering crowd that hurried to the float. So many hands were stretched out to help him that he demurred with rather a frown.

"Where is the child's mother, or nurse?" A woman "boomed" at the child, and a look of her calling, struggled through the throng on the beach, and the little who recognized her with a loud cry of "Nana!"

"Oh, Monsieur Claude, what is it that I should say?" she cried, and the woman in French, as she received her dripping charge with a reassuring hug.

Waverton was so taken back by her recognition that he could not answer; but he became aware that the women joined the two women he had seen on the pier, and the trio walked off, though one of them walked so unsteadily that she had to be assisted by her friend.

"Well, did you ever see the likes of that?" said an indignant girl in the crowd.

"With never a word of thanks to the man who saved her child!" cried another. "Such people are not fit to be trusted with a baby."

At last, followed by an enthusiastic escort, Waverton reached the shore, and was glad to gain its sheltering forest.

The manager met him in the hall. "What a wonderful thing," Mr. Waverton said, his eyes kindling with enthusiasm. "No one has done anything wonderful," said Waverton, realizing that the hotel manager had become unaccountably silent.

"Do you know whose child it was that fell into the sea?" he asked.

"Of course I do!" came the surprised answer. "Is the mother staying in this hotel?"

"Yes."

"Oh, the deuce take it! Who is she?" "Her name is given as Mrs. Elstead."

Waverton put his left hand to his head as though in an effort to touch some chord of memory stirred by the name.

Mrs. Waverton chose to be known by that name, she was the man, with the sympathetic voice of one forced by circumstances to be unpleasantly explicit.

"Mrs. Waverton," said that gasp of amazement was convincing.

"Yes, sir. Haven't you realized that you have saved a little girl's life?" "That is why I said it was wonderful. I have never known such a thing

never! You might have been brought here by Providence! Here is your room, sir. Shall I send you anything—a little brandy, or a cigar? You need a stimulant of some kind, Mr. Waverton."

CHAPTER II.  
Showing How the Door Was Closed.

"No, no brandy, thank you," Waverton passed in front of the door of his suite with the air of a man who was collecting his scattered thoughts.

"I suppose that lady who accompanied Mrs. Waverton was her sister, Mrs. Daunt?" he said. Then, noting that the attendant at the door was a young girl, he added, "You don't know, of course, that I did not have a chance to see either of the ladies. I had a vague notion that there were two of them, with a nurse and a baby, when suddenly the youngest fell into the sea. After that there was time for nothing but a rubber stamp."

"It was marvelous, sir, marvelous!" a gentleman sitting on a bench through a telescope, and saw the whole thing. It was he who called me out and said, 'You need a stimulant of some kind, Mr. Waverton.' I ought to mention it, their rooms are on the first floor."

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"I shall not trouble them long by my presence in Narragansett," he said. "If the opportunity serves, you might give them a hint that I shall be off on Monday to some less popular resort. Meanwhile, I want all meals served in my room. Will you kindly have some strong tea sent up now?"

He turned the handle and entered the sitting-room. The place was in a litter of clothes, linen and shoes, for the valet was unpacking his master's belongings, and thought he had a clear hour at his disposal. He was beginning to apologize for the disorder of chairs and tables, when his trained eye travelled over Waverton's costume, and a horrified glance spoke volumes.

"It's all right, Rice. I have only been in the sea. No damage done, though I lost my hat—the same one I wore that night at Palm Beach, eh? I hope I have seen the last of it. I seem to find trouble when I don't that particular chap, who helped the British to win Canada from the enemy in the wars of 1769 to 1790, 1812 and 1813 and 1837. Her forefathers had fought with Chiefs Brant and Tecumseh, and they were personal friends of those great chiefs."

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After the presentation of the portrait the chiefs made Miss Wilkinson a member of the Cayuga Tribe of the Bear Clan. Miss Wilkinson thanked the chiefs for the honor which had been conferred upon her, saying that she felt proud that she was one of the celebrated Six Nations Indians, who helped the British to win Canada from the enemy in the wars of 1769 to 1790, 1812 and 1813 and 1837. Her forefathers had fought with Chiefs Brant and Tecumseh, and they were personal friends of those great chiefs.

"Tell him to take it, with my compliments, and here's a dollar to go with it," said Waverton. "Now, Rice, help me get with these wet clothes, and get me a fresh pig."

"Shall I give you a good rub-down, sir?"

"Yes, please do; but go easy. I am still sore at the base of my neck and about my lumbar region."

Rice was not sure where the lumbar region was; but he had been surprised at his skill as a rubber, and in the meantime, late, because Waverton, in the incident days, kept his limbs supple by simply kicking out with his feet to keep away from the rocks until the men in a sloop came to the rescue.

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"Do you know whose child it was that fell into the sea?" he asked.

"Of course I do!" came the surprised answer. "Is the mother staying in this hotel?"

"Yes."

"Oh, the deuce take it! Who is she?" "Her name is given as Mrs. Elstead."

Waverton put his left hand to his head as though in an effort to touch some chord of memory stirred by the name.

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He turned the handle and entered the sitting-room. The place was in a litter of clothes, linen and shoes, for the valet was unpacking his master's belongings, and thought he had a clear hour at his disposal. He was beginning to apologize for the disorder of chairs and tables, when his trained eye travelled over Waverton's costume, and a horrified glance spoke volumes.



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## WOMAN WRITER ADOPTED INTO SIX NATIONS' TRIBE

Miss Augusta Wilkinson Given an Indian Name at Big Gathering.

[Special to The Advertiser.]  
Brantford, Aug. 6.—Miss Augusta Wilkinson was ceremoniously adopted by the chiefs of the Six Nations Indians yesterday, and was given an Indian name, after presenting to the Six Nations Council an enlarged photograph of her father, who was for many years the superintendent of the Six Nations. Miss Wilkinson's Indian name is "Gohwihshas," meaning one who makes a research, Miss Wilkinson, with Mrs. Brown, author of "The Lady of the Snows," being engaged in compiling a history of the Cayuga Indians.

After the presentation of the portrait the chiefs made Miss Wilkinson a member of the Cayuga Tribe of the Bear Clan. Miss Wilkinson thanked the chiefs for the honor which had been conferred upon her, saying that she felt proud that she was one of the celebrated Six Nations Indians, who helped the British to win Canada from the enemy in the wars of 1769 to 1790, 1812 and 1813 and 1837. Her forefathers had fought with Chiefs Brant and Tecumseh, and they were personal friends of those great chiefs.

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## Chinese Rebels Are Suffering Heavily

Lose Base of Supplies and Important Town of Shayang.

[Canadian Press.]  
Hankow, China, Aug. 6.—An army of Government troops on Aug. 4 captured the town of Tehan, on Poyang Lake, the principal rebel base in the Province of Kiang-Si.

Another defeat was inflicted by the rebels in the Province of Hu-Peh yesterday, when the town of Shayang, on the Han-Kiang, was captured from them.

QUET AT AMOY.  
[Canadian Press.]  
Amoy, Aug. 6.—After the flight of the southern chiefs, Admiral Li Chun, with a squadron of Government vessels, yesterday occupied Fu-Chow, the principal rebel base in the Province of Kiang-Si.

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