

This Story, Which Began Monday, Will End Saturday.

ONLY ONE LOVE

A ROMANCE OF HEARTS, CONSPIRACY AND A LOST WILL. BY CHARLES GARVICE

BY PERMISSION OF GEORGE MURRO'S SONS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER. Old Ralph Davenant, a rich man, is dead. He made two wills: one in January, when he was angry with Jack Newcombe, a favorite but distant relative, who always called him uncle, and which devised all of his vast estate to Jack's cousin, Stephen Davenant; the other will, made in July, left \$50,000 to Jack and all the remainder of his estate to his only surviving daughter, Una. Stephen Davenant, who is now a young man, is dying and gets possession of the later will. He is dying and gets possession of the later will. He is dying and gets possession of the later will.

CHAPTER III. Where Paths Touch. EVERY detail of her journey to London was strange to Una, but she schooled herself not to appear surprised. Stephen had left her with his mother at the station, and in the train Mrs. Davenant leaned back with closed eyes and seemed asleep. "Why—why do they look at me so?" she asked when they entered the cab. Mrs. Davenant regarded her with a smile and evaded a frank, open eye. Was it possible that the girl was a portrait of Ralph Davenant in his best—and that people in London always stare, my dear Una," she replied, "and they see that you are strange."

"It is my dress," said Una, who had been looking out of the window at some of the fashionably attired ladies. "It is a different to theirs. See—look at that lady! Why does she wear so long a dress? She has to hold it up with one hand." Mrs. Davenant smiled. "It is your dress, no doubt, my dear," she said. "We must alter it a little and get some."

"What is the matter?" she asked. Mrs. Davenant, pale and excited, took up a hand mirror from one of the tables and held it in front of Una. "Look at that!" she said. "That is the portrait of a man I was talking of in the train. That is Ralph—Squire Davenant when he was a young man." Una gazed curiously at the picture. It was a portrait of Ralph Davenant in his best—and that people in London always stare, my dear Una," she replied, "and they see that you are strange."

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tiful creature I have ever seen." "That night at his club Jack heard of another woman who was to be much in his life, though he did not know her—Lady Isabel Entley, the season's beauty, an orphaned heiress of surprising independence and originality. Arkroyd and Dalrymple sang her praises until Jack wearied of the subject, and to drown his troubles he drank champagne.

When he left the club he walked unsteadily, and was not aware of his direction. A very bored lady was returning home from Lady Merivale's grand ball. The brougham was going at a great pace, simply because the coachman very reasonably desired to get home and to bed; and the lady saw the houses flit past as if they had been part of a panorama got up for her special amusement.

But suddenly the brougham swerved and, indeed, nearly upset, and the stiffness of the night was broken by what seemed remarkably like an oath by the coachman. She opened the brougham door, stepped into the road—the light from the lamp flashing on her pearls—and went towards the horse.

Lady Bell went behind the brougham to the rear side. For a moment she could see nothing, but presently, when her eyes had become used to the darkness, she saw a man lying, as it seemed, right under the horse's body. Her impulse was to pull him out. But to pull a man even an inch is a difficult task even for the strongest girl, but suddenly the prostrate man staggered to his feet and leaned against the brougham, as if it had been specially built and brought there for that purpose.

"What has happened?" she said, anxiously. "Were you run over—are you hurt?" "No," he said. "I'm not hurt. Don't blame the man; it was my fault. Not hurt at all. Good-night."

And he felt for his hat, which at that moment was lying under the carriage a sheep-like mass. As she spoke she saw something drop on to his hand, and, looking at it, saw that it was a drop of blood. With a shudder—she could not bear the sight of blood—she said:

"Not hurt! Why, you are bleeding! I couldn't leave you like this. Where do you live?" "Where do I live?" repeated Jack. "Spider Court, Temple. It's no distance from here."

"The Temple! It must be miles away. Come, you will not refuse to obey a lady. I wish you to enter my brougham." Jack inclined his head. "No, I can't refuse to obey a lady," he said. Lady Bell looked at him as he sat in his corner, the thin, red stream trickling down from his forehead, and shuddered—not at him, but at the blood.

"How did you come to be run over?" she asked. "Did you fall?" Jack thought a moment. "Must have done," he said, coolly. "Anyway, I'll swear it wasn't the coachman's fault."

"You had been to your club," said Lady Bell. "How did you know that?" he said. Lady Bell smiled again, and Jack, eyes fixed upon her, though the smile wonderfully fascinating. "A little bird told me," she said.

"The little bird was right," said Jack, shaking his head with pentence and remorse written on every feature. "I have been dining at my club. Perhaps the little bird told you everything else?" "Drunk too much champagne?" Confound those fellows. Wonderful little bird!" murmured Jack.

"Am I so like?" said Una with a smile. "How mysterious! And that is so beautiful a face." "Beautiful eyes, and you are—" said Mrs. Davenant, but stopped in time, warned by Una's frank, questioning gaze. "You like to look at portraits," she said, "there is an 'um there; look over that."

"I'ma took up the album and turned over its pages; suddenly she stopped and the color flew to her face. With uncontrolled nervousness she came toward Mrs. Davenant with the open album in her hand. "Look!" she said; "who is that?" "What!" said Mrs. Davenant, peering at it. "That is—Jack Newcombe," said Una, breathlessly. "You know that?" "Yes," said Mrs. Davenant, with a sigh. "Poor Jack! We the book, my dear."

CHICOT, THE VAUDEVILLE CRITIC

(Who Writes Exclusively for The Evening World), ANALYZES THE CURRENT BILL ON HAMMERSTEIN'S ROOF.



CHICOT.

Roof gardens and the sort devoted to the raising of garden truck have this in common: that too much rain is good for neither. Farmer Hammerstein, who conducts both sorts of garden on top of the Victoria and Belasco Theatres, is doubly oppressed, since his radishes and lettuce are in danger of being washed through the skylight to the stage of the Belasco Theatre, while it is not an easy matter to raise large audiences on the other roof. This is a result entirely dependent upon the weather, for the Hammerstein programme is decidedly smart, and given any sort of inclement in the shape of a warm evening, the roof would be generously crowded. It is a common joke in vaudeville that Mr. Hammerstein begins to arrange his programmes about the middle of the previous summer season, and they are actually at work on it all winter. This results in a well-balanced and really attractive performance.

The most remarkable offering on the current bill is that presented by the Four Nightingales, who for vaudeville purposes are designated as performers of a flying ring specialty. They do not, however, use these rings in the ordinary fashion, but employ them merely as a starting point for a succession of feats of strength not alone novel but really remarkable. The Three Nightingales played the various vaudeville houses here about five years ago and were then considered important. With a fourth member added they are able greatly to increase the scope of their tricks. They work a continental fashion, in white tights against a black background, which increases the effect.

The strongest comedy feature is only occasionally contributed by two of the young women who participate in the finale of "Punch, Judy & Co.," where the various members of the chorus are required to contort themselves into the semblance of the letters forming the words "good-night." The most difficult letter to accomplish is the "N," which is formed by three young women, one of whom rests her head against her companion's feet, while placing her heels on the other's shoulders, forming a standing bar. The young woman has a wonderfully pink under-bodice, and, when in the hurry of forming the letter the skirts of her military coat fall forward, the effort of her companion to keep the coat in position and the letter intact at the same time is screamingly funny. Mr. Hammerstein should make it a regular feature.

"Punch, Judy & Co." is noted principally for some catchy vaudeville numbers, sung by Josephine Sabel, Louise De Rugny and Edith Helena. Miss Helena also offers her specialty apart from the extravaganza. She is a top-note soprano, but, unlike some, has taken pains with her middle register. She patronizes a more expensive modiste each time she orders a costume, and the good result is apparent in an increased attractiveness of appearance. Good dressing is often the better part of a specialty.

Something of a novelty is offered by the Chamberlains, who are handicapped by being compelled to work in less than half the full stage. They are jarrish-throwers, and the man offers a number of sharp signs of which would gain him recognition as a cowboy tourna-ment. The Western art of roping is a stage entertainment is a decided novelty, although the Chamberlains have been seen about these parts for nearly an entire season. Gallies offer new tricks instead of those in which they were seen last summer. This is their first consecutive season with Mr. Hammerstein and they grow in favor. They are much funnier than most of the human comedy, although at present they are suffering from competition with Dan Sherman, of Sherman and De Forrest, whose artificial face is as funny as the simian countenances.

Sherman will be remembered by the old-timers as the senior member of Sherman and Morrissey, who used to risk their accident insurance policies by performing a revived trapeze turn. Now he has revived an older feature than that, in a musical comedy scene, in which three or four hundred children cannon balls are used with deadly effect against Sherman and the audience impartially. In spite of the antiquity of the idea it is really funny.

Riccobona's horses made a decided hit, more especially the intelligent equine which undresses himself, blows out the light and creeps into bed without showing any signs of having been there. He finds the keyhole on his way in. The act has been one of the season's hits and is already engaged by various managers up to the end of February, an excellent record in this country. The Wilton brothers perform some really good feats upon the triple bars, which they use in conjunction with an elastic mat, by which they are enabled to regain the bars after dropping off. The comedy is better than is found in the usual imported acrobatic specialty, for which we should all be thankful.

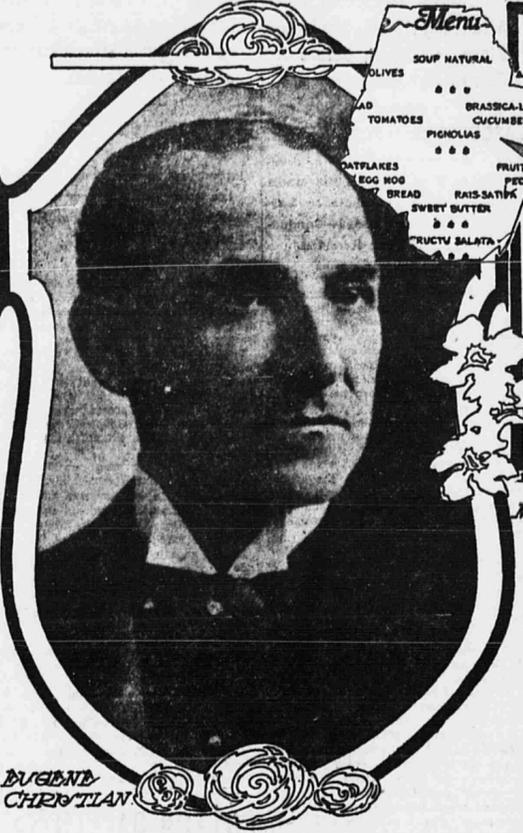
Franco Piper plays tunes upon the banjo while spinning the instrument across the stage, and were the stage long enough he could probably perform an operatic overture. As it is, he plays three airs and still has four inches of stage left over. If he ever grows enthusiastic and accepts an encore he will probably keep on until he falls off the roof. The Hooster Zouaves offer a real Zouave drill, under the command of Capt. P. winding up with a very pretty display of wall scaling. CHICOT.

Wraps of black silk are much in vogue for Spring and summer wear and are eminently comfortable as well as smart. No. 4388 is one of the new box Etons and is shown in black taffeta trimmed with applique of black silk braid, applied in figures and held by lace stitches. The stole collar is both effective and novel. Quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 yards 21, 3-1/2 yards 27 or 1-3/4 yards 44 inches wide. Pattern No. 4388 in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 40 inch bust measure mailed for 10 cents. Send money to "Casher of The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

CONUNDRUMS. What kind of sweetmeats did they have in the ark? Preserved pairs. What is the last thing you take off before going to bed? Your feet off the floor.

Amusements. Manhattan Broadway & 334 St. Eves. 20. Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2. THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET. HURTING & SEAMON'S 125TH ST. Matinee (AVERY & HART, EXPOSITION 4, To-Day.) BOUCE & WILSON, 10 OTHERS ST. NICHOLAS 96th St., Col. Av. Eves. incl. Sunday and Summer Garden. 50c. MATINEE TO-DAY. INNOCENT BEAUTIES. BOSTOCK'S

THE FOOD FAITH OF MR. CHRISTIAN; What He Eats and Why He Eats It Uncooked.



Mrs. EUGENE CHRISTIAN.

Nothing should be mixed in the human stomach that will not mix in the chemist's retort. Improper eating consists not so much in the selection of foods as in the injudicious blending of them. Things that will mix chemically will blend in the human system. But the properties of foods analyzed in the uncooked state—I object to the word raw, for it means unfinished, and when Nature has finished anything, a grain of wheat, for instance, it cannot be improved—are entirely different from those of the same food raised to a temperature of 212 Fahrenheit.

By NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH, Granddaughter of Horace Greeley.

"There is not one article of cooked food on that bill of fare," continued Mr. Christian proudly, "and yet see how varied and appetizing it is!" "What about the soup?" I asked. "Oh, that is a mixture of cream and certain breakfast food. It is served cold." "And the egg-nogg and the fruit punch?" "The punch is, of course, not fermented. The egg-nogg is simply an egg dropped in milk."

"Personally I do not regard eggs as valuable food. The hen is an omnivorous animal and the egg is no better than her source. But to cook an egg is a crime. I don't mean to convey the impression that all uncooked foods are good, though I believe all cooked foods are more or less bad. There is the strawberry for instance. My wife usually preferred raw. I regard the strawberry as rank poison. It is composed entirely of wood, water and a rank acid which when swallowed soon causes a violent colic. Blueberries, raspberries and blackberries when eaten raw are only a shade less poisonous. The tomato on the contrary, which a hundred years ago was not eaten, and which popular superstition associated with cancer, is one of the most wholesome foods possible. My wife makes a most delicious cream of tomato soup absolutely without cooking."

"The bill of fare served at our banquet really contains six perfect meals. Each course is a meal. So much was served merely to show the possibilities of uncooked foods. One of the most delicious desserts possible is the one given on the menu, ice-cream is a canteloupe, which is merely canteloupe cut in half and filled with ice-cream."

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of J. C. F. Stearns.

Amusements. MANHATTAN BEACH TO-DAY. SHANNON'S BAND. TO-NIGHT. PAIN'S POMPEII AND GRAND FIREWORKS. NEXT SATURDAY AT 9. THE SULTAN OF SULU. PARADISE GARDENS.

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MENU. Ripe Olives Soup Natural. Almonds. Salad Bransica-Lettuce (Cabbage and Lettuce Salad). Tomatoes, Cucumbers, Pignolias. Cat Fishes, Fruit Oryza (a mixture of chopped fruit and nuts). Egg Nog, Pecan Bread, Rais-Sativa (a preparation of rice). Sweet Butter. Fruit Salads (fruit salad). Persian Prunes, Dates, Brazil Nuts. Cream-Casues, Crackers-Arena. Ice Cream a la Canteloupe. Fruit Punch.

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Amusements. THE ORIGINAL Johnstown Flood Coney Island. TERRACE GARDEN. KEITH'S. BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS. BRIGHTON. SEASIDE BEACH. MATINEE EVERY DAY. CHILDREN, 1/2c.

Excursions. Intercollegiate Rowing Regatta STEAMER GEN'L SLOCUM FRIDAY, JUNE 26TH. AT POUGHKEEPSIE ROUND \$1.00 TRIP. Trickets at Tyson's, Brantzen's, Miller's, Mrs. Bida's, Astor House, Bulfinch's, Can. Mar. Johnson's, 35 W. 43d; Wolf's, 153 Madison Ave. principal hotels; Chesapeake, Fulton, Can. Mar. 22d St. 10, 30, West 12th St. 11; South 5th St., Brooklyn, 9 A. M.

LAKE HOPATCONG EXCURSION \$1.00 Via New Jersey Central JUNE 28, 1903. Special train from foot of Liberty Street 6:30 A. M.; South Ferry, 8:30 A. M.

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