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THE STROLLERS By FREDERIC S. ISHAM. Author of "Under the Rose"

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"Pardou Dis apparent curelissaess, "unt Pia nember an actress of the same to in London, many years ago," is "Her mother, undoubtedly," repli-

the manager proudly. "She was married, was she not, to" "A scoundrel who took her for h wife in one church and repudlated th ties through another denomination." "Ab. a French-English marriage

said the marquis blandly. "An old de vice! But what was this lover "An old de name? "This husband's, my lord!"

"Lover or busband. I fancy it is all the same to her now," sneered the caller. "She has passed the point where reputation matters." "Her reputation is my concern, M. le

Marquis "You knew her?" asked the nobleman, as though the conversation wearied him. "And she was faithful to his memory? No scandals; none of those little affairs women of her class are prone to? There"-as Barnes start-ed up indignantly-"spare me your repronches! I'm too feeble to quarrel. Besides, what is it to me? I was only curious about her; that is all! But she never spoke the name of her hus-

"Not even to her own child!"

"She does not know her father's ame?" repeated the marquis. "But I thank you. Mile. Constance is so barming I must needs call to ask if she were related to the London actress! Good day, monsieur! You are severe on the lover. Was it not the fashion of the day for the actresses to take lovers or for the fops to have an opera girl or a comedienne? Did your most popular performers disdain such diversions?" he sneered. "Pardie, the world has suddenly become moral! gentleman can no longer, it would eem, indulge in gentlemanly follies." Mumbling about the decadence of fashion, the marquis departed, his manner so strange the manager gazed after him in surprise

With no thought of direction, his lips noving, talking to himself in adynamic fashion, the nobleman walked mechan-ically on until be reached the great cathedral. The organ was rolling, and ces arose sweet as those of sera-im. He hesitated at the portal and in hughed to himself. "Well has hen laughed to himself. "Well has foltaire said: 'Pleasure has its time; so, too, has wisdom. Make love in thy youth and in old age attend to thy sal-votion." He repeated the latter words: but, although he paused at the threshold and listened, he did not en-

As he stood there, uncertain and reabling, a figure replete with youth and vigor approached, and, glaucing at her, an exclamation escaped him that

caused her to pause and turn. "You are not well," she said solic-itously. "Can I help you?" "It is nothing, nothing," answered the marquis, ashy pale at the sight of her and the proximity of that face which regarded him with womanly sympathy. "Go away."

"At least let me assist you. You were going to the cathedral? Come." His hand rested upon her strong young arm. He felt himself too weak t, so together, father and daugh

old man's heart as the bitterness or une situation overwhelmed him. She was a daughter in whom a prince might have found pride, but he remained there mute, not daring to speak, gx periencing all the tortures of remotes and retribution, and was only recalled to himself as his glance once more rest-

ed upon the young girl. He became dimly conscious that peo-ple were moving past them, and he suddenly longed to cry out, "My child." but he fought down the impulse. Some-thing within held him from speaking to her-perhaps his own inherent sense of the consistency of things, his appreciation of the legitimate finale to a niserable order of circumstances. Even pride forbade departure from long established habit. But while this train of thought passed through his mind he realized she was regarding him with clear, compassionate eyes, and he heard

"Shall we go now? The services are

He obeyed without question. "Over!"

He leaned heavily upon her arm and his steps were faltering. Out into the warm sunshine they passed, the light revealing more plainly the ravages of time in his face.

"You must take a carriage," she said to the old man.

"Thank you, thank you," he replied. "Leave me here on the bench. I shall soon be myself. I am only a little weak. You are good to an old man. May I not"-asking solely for the pleasure of hearing her speak-"may I not know the name of one who is kind to an old man?"

"My name is Constance Carew." He shook as with the palsy. "A good name, a good name!" he repeated. *I remember years ago another of that name an actress in London. A very beautiful woman, and good! But even she had her detractors, and none more bitter than the man who wronged ber. You-you resemble her! But there, don't let me detain you. I shall do

very well here. You are busy, I dare 88J.

"Yes. I should be at rebearsal," she

"At rehearsal" he repeated. "Yes-yes. But the stage is no place for you!" he added soddenly. "You should leave it-leave It!" She looked at him wonderingly. "Is

there nothing more I can do for you?" "Nothing! Nothing! Except - Ao, nothing!" "You were about to ask something?"

she observed with more sympathy. "If you would not think me presuming-if you would not deem it an of-

fense-you remind me of one I loved and lost-it is so long ago since I felt her kiss for the last time-I am so near

With tears in her eyes she bent her head and her fresh young lips just touched his withered brow. "Goodby," she said. "I am so sorry

for you!" And she was gone, leaving him sitting there motionless as though life had departed.

A rattling cab that clattered noisily past the cabildo and calaboza and swung around the square aroused the swung around the square aroused the marquis. He arose, stopped the driver "diot,' dog' and 'blockhead' nearly all my life! I am somewhat lacking in

beaping more wood upon the fire in the grate. "More fire, you idiot!" cried the marquis peevishly. "Do you not see that

ture my lord always ordered," retorted "Ten degrees! Oh, you wish to remind me that the end is approaching? You do not dare deny it!" The valet shrugged his shoulders.

his head cunningly and began to laugh to himself. His mind apparently ram-bled, for he started to chant a French love song in a voice that had long since lost its capacity for a sustained tone. The words were distinct, although the melody was broken, and the spectacle

approbation and began to mumble about his early love affairs. "Bah, Francois," he said shrilly. "I'll be up tomorrow as gay as ever.

"Merry, indeed, my lord." "It kept you busy, Francois. There

was the little peasant girl on the Rhine. What flaxen hair she had and eyes like the sky! Yet a word of praise, a little flattery". "My lord was irresistible," said the

"Let me see, Francois. What became

"She drowned herself in the river." That is true. I had forgotten. Well, years, and I was the prince of cox-combs. Up at 10 o'clock-no sooner on account of the complexion-then visits from the tradespeople and a drive in the park to look at the ladles. It was

the park was a garden of Eden! What tle the case! Fortunately a marriage in England was not a marriag. in France. I saw her last night, Francois"-with an insane look-"in the flesh and blood.

behind him. And truly there stood a dark shadow, a grewsome presence. His face became distorted, and he laps

The valet gazed at him with indifference. Then he went to an inner room and brought a valise, which he began packing carefully and methodically. After he had completed this operation he approached the dressing table and took up a magnificent jeweled watch, which he examined for a moment before thrusting it into his pocket. A snuffbox set with diamonds and sev eral rings followed. Francois, with the same deliberation, opened a drawer took out a small box, which tried to open and, failing, forced the lid with the poker. At this my lord opened his eyes and in a weak voice,

What are you doing, Francois?" "Robbing you, my lord," was the ow and dignified response. The marguis' eyes gleamed with rage.

trembling and overcome "Thiefi Ingrate" he hissed hoarse-'I beg you not to excite yourself, my lord," said the stately valet. "You are

already very weak, and it will hasten "My lord will not need these things

"Have you no gratitude?" stammered the marquis, whose physical and men-

tal condition was truly pitiable. "Gratitude for having been called

CHAPTER XXVI. HE engagement at the new St. Charles was both memorable and profitable, the Picayune, before the fifties an auda-

THE TOILEB

clous sheet, being especially kind to the players. "This paper," said a writer of the day, "was as full of witti-cisms as one of Thackeray's dreams after a light supper, and, as for its editors, Straws and Phazma, they are poets who eat, talk and think rhyme The Picayune contained a poem addressed to Miss Carew, written by Straws in a cozy nook in the veranda at the Lake End, with his absinth be fore him and the remains of an elab-orate repast about him. It was then quite the fashion to write stanzas to The world was not so pro saic as it is now, and even the president of the United States, John Quin-cy Adams, penned graceful verses to a fair ward of Thalla.

One noon a few days after the opening performance several members of the company were late for rehearsal, and Barnes strode impatiently to and fro. glancing at his watch and frowning darkly. To avenge himself for the remissness of the players be roared at the stage carpenters who were con-structing a balcony and to the supers fares. who were shifting flats to the scenery The light from an open door a the back of the stage dimly illumined the scene. Overhead in the flies was intense darkness, while in front the those picturesque suggestions of the one time Spanish rulers in which the

auditorium vawned like a chasm in poantiquary could detect evidence of rewise suggestive of the brilliant transote oriental infusion, past the silker formation at night. "Ugh!" said Susan, standing in one of the entrances. "It is like playing seductions of shops where ladies swarmed and hummed like bees around the luscious pive, past the idlers' reto ghosts! Fancy performing to an audience of specters! Perhaps the sorts, from whence came the rat-a-tat of clinking billiard balls and the loud er rumble of falling tenpins. phanioms of the past really do assem-

ble in their old places on occasions like In a window of one of these places this. Only you can't hear them applaud a club with a reputation for exclusive or laugh. ness, a young man was seated, news paper in hand, a cup of black coffee on 'Are you looking for admirers among ghosts?" remarked Hawkes ironically "Don't," she returned, with a little a small table before him and the end

of a cigar smoking on the tray whe shiver. he had placed it. With a vawe he had "So, ladies and gentlemen. you are all just thrown aside the paper and was reaching for the thick, dark beverage, here at last!" exclaimed Barnes, inter-rupting this cheerful conversation, his hand thin and nervous, when, glanc-ing without, he caught sight of the ac-"Some of you are late again today. It must not happen again. Go to Victor's, Moreau's or Miguel's as much as you tress in the crowd. Obeying a sudden impulse, he arose, picking up his hat which iay on a chair beside him please. If you have a headache or a heartache in consequence that is your "Yo' order am ready in a moment. Mr. Mauville," said a colored servant. own affair, but I am not to be kept waiting the next day."

"Victor's, indeed." retorted the elashurrying toward the land baron as the latter was leaving. tic old lady. "As If"-"No one supposed, madam, that at "I've changed my mind and don't

want it." replied the other curtly. And, sauntering down the steps of your age"- began the mannger. "At my age! If you think"-"Are you all ready?" interrupted the club with ill concealed impatience.

he turned in the direction the young Barnes hastily, knowing he would be worsted in any argument with this girl had taken, keeping her retreating figure in view, now so near her in the crowded street he could almost touch "Then clear the stage. veteran player. Act first!" And the rehearsal began. ber; then, as they left the devious If the audience were specters, the performers moved, apparently without rhyme or reason, mere shadows on eyes bent upon her. He had almost the dimly lighted stage, enacting some semblance to scenes to mortal life, their jests and gibes unnatural in that ed him, and a press of people separated comparatively empty place, their volces, out of the semidarkness, like those of spirits rehearing acts of long them. Only for a moment, and then be continued the questionable pleasare of

ago. In the evening it would all be-come an amusing, bright colored real-ity, but now the barrenness of the scenes was forcibly apparent.

"That will do for today," said the manager at the conclusion of the last Tomorrow, ladies and gentle act.

men, at the same time, and any one who is late will be fined!" "Changing the piece every few nights is all work and no play," complained

Susan. "It will keep you out of mischief, my dear," replied Barnes, gathering up

turned Miss Susan with a defant toss of the head as she moved toward the dressing room where they had left their wraps. It was a small spart-ment, fairly bright and cheery, with

young giel, who was adjusting her hat before the mirror. "How attentive he is!" coold Susan,

"How attentive he is! coold Susan, her topes floating in a higher register. "Poor man! Enjoy yourself while you may, my dear," she went on. "When youth is gone what is left? Women should sow their wild oats as well as

men. I don't call them wild oats, though, but paradisaical oats. The Elysian fields are strewn with them."

As she spoke her glance swept her companion searchingly, and in that

brief scrutiny Susan observed with in-

ward complacency how pale the other was and how listless her manner. Their

common secret, however, made Susan's outward demeanor sweetly solicitous

and gently sympathetic. Her mind,

passing in rapid review over recent events, dwelt not without event in stis-faction, upon results. True, every night-she was still forced to witness Con-stance's success, which of itself was

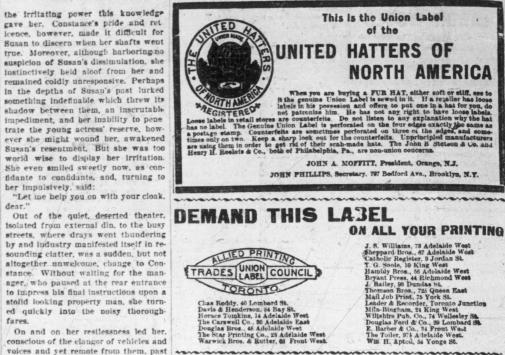
worms ood and gall to Susan, to stand in the wings and listen to the hateful applause, but the conviction that the

sweets of popular favor brought not what they were expected to bring was, in a way, an antidote to Susan's dis-

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AN ENGLISH OPINION OF MUNI-CIPAL ACTIVITIES. of the most unskilled persons precisely

ways, more distant, but ever with his spoken when in the throng he ap-proached within arm's length, but to a tew parts and contextra from the public funas, will probably be astonished to learn the number and character of enterprises which competent English opinion characterizes as bolig within the functions of the municipality. something, he knew not what, restrain-

A little over a month age the town of Chelteniam, England, erected at the cost of some 50,000 pounds a municipal build-ing, which, as the London Times asserts,

ing, which as the Lohoon Thiles asserts, is fitted to answer in every respect to the social requirements of the town. Be-sides containing a hall which will accom-modate an autoience of 2,500 and the floor of which has been specially con-structed on girders and spiral springs for dateing, the building has large smok-ing, card, supper and drawing poons. ng, card, supper and drawing rooms.

Infant Workers

Child Labor in the Factories of

Liew Jersey by John L. Swajze, acting chief factory inspector: Last May the Governor instructed me to take held of the work of the depart-ment of factories and workshops and in-vestigate the conditions that prevail in New Jersey as to child labor. The de-partment has found that the conditions

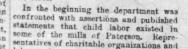
ing, card, supper and drawing rooms. Considering that this institution was erected and is maintained from the pub-the runds as the common resort of all classes in the body politic, many an American who is used to the conservative views which our municipal bodies take of

The American citizen who counts him self lucky if his city council cleans and lights the streets, and perhaps provides for a few parks and boolevards from the public funce, will probably be account to the understanding of the most unskilled persons precisely what rates are being spent and what ad-vantages they have secured."—The Com-mons.



Result of Official Investigation of

New Jersey. The following is taken from an official New Jersey by John L. Swayze, acting



"It is 10 degrees above the tempera-

Francois coolly.

"But I am not gone yet." He wagged

was grewsome enough. As he cluded he looked at the valet as if for

Vive l'amour! Vive la joie! It was a merry life we led, ch. Francois?"

valet, with mild sarcasm.

of her?" life is measured by pleasures, not by

there I used to meet the English ac-tress. 'Twas there, with her, I vowed ene when my barrister tried to set

as lifelike as the night before we took the stage for Brighton!" Suddenly he shrieked, and a look of terror replaced the vain, simpering expression "There, Francols!" glancing with awa

for his strength had nearly deserted him, demanded:

He endeavored to call out, but his voice failed him, and he fell back,

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the end. "Is this the way you repay me?"

soon.

his manuscripts. "Oh, I don't know about that!" re-

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ter, they entered the cathedral. Side by side they kneit, he to keep up the farce, fearing to undeceive her, while yet only mocking words came to the



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and entered the rickety vehicle. "The law office of Marks & Culver," that quality, I fear.' said the marquis.

The man lashed his horse, and the attenuated quadruped flew like a winged Pegasus, soon drawing up before the attorneys' office. Fortunately Cul-ver was in, and, although averse to business on any day-thinking more of his court yard and his fountain than of his law books-this botanist-solicitor made shift to comply with the marquis' instructions and reluctantly earned a modest fee. He even refused to express surprise at my lord's story. One wife in London, another in Paris.

Why, many a southern gentleman had two families-quadroons being plenti-ful. Why not? Culver unobtrusively yawned and, with fine courtesy, bowed the marguls out.

Slowly the latter retraced his steps to his home. His feet were heavy as lead; his smile was forced; he glanced frequently over his shoulder, possessed by a strange fantasy. "I think I will lie down a little," be

said to his valet. "In this easy chair: that will do. I am feeling well; only tired."

He made an effort to smile, which was little more than a grimace "A cigar, François!"

"My lord, are you well?" The marquis flew into a rage and the valet placed an imported weed in his

master's hand. "A light. Francois!" The valet obeyed. He pulled feebly at the cigar. "It is cold here, Francols." The servant consulted the thermom-

"It is 5 degrees warmer than you are ccustomed to, my lord," he replied. "I believe, Francois." stammered the death.

"Ob. my lord"-The servant removed the shoes and speechless, and Francols, taking the sliken stockings from his master's feet value in hand, deferentially left the end propped him up in a chair, throw room. He locked the door behind him The servant removed the shoes and ing a blanket over his shoulders and and thrus: the key into his pocket

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here and there a portrait against the wall. Above the dressing table hung a mirror, diamond scratched with hiero-"Is there no shame in you?" repeated Francois as he givphic scrawls, among which could be proceeded to ransack another drawer. erned a transfixed heart, spittee like a lark on an arrow, and an etching of Lady Gay Spanker with corkcrew curls. Taglioni, in pencil carica-ure, her limbs "divinely slender,"

ture,

now forgotten.



"There, Francois !"

There might have been before I went into your service, my lord. Yes. Once I felt shame for you. It was years ago. in London, when you deserted your beautiful wife. When I saw bow she worshiped you and what a noble woman she was I confess I felt ashamed that I served one of the greatest black-guards in Europe"--"No more, rascal!"

"Rascal yourself, you wornout, driv-eling breath of corruption! It is so "I believe, Francols." stammered the pleasant to exercise a gentleman's priv-marquis, "that the fault lies with me. It is I-I who am growing cold like purse! An revolr, my lord. A pleasant dissolution!"

But by this time the marquis was thing and can sometimes be made an noying. In Susan's case it was a weap on sharpened with honeyed phrase and consolutory bearing, for she was not slow to discover nor to avail herself of

gyrated on her toes in reckless aban-don above this mute record of names "What lovely roses, Constance!" exclaimed Susan as she entered, bending over a large bouquet on one of the chairs. "From the count, I presume?" "Yes," indifferently answered the

To be Continued.

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