

THE STROLLERS

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM.

Author of "Under the Rose"

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(Continued)

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE reception to General Zachary Taylor on his return from Mexico and the inauguration of the carnival combined to the observance of a dual festival day in the Crescent City. Up the river, past the rice fields, disturbing the ducks and pelicans, flowed the noisy craft bearing Old Rough and Ready to the open port of the merry-making town. When near the barracks the welcoming cannon boomed and the affrighted darkies on the remote plantations shook with dire forebodings of a Mexican invasion.

The boat rounded at the Place d'Armes, where, beneath a triumphal arch, General Taylor received the crown and chaplet of the people, popular applause and a salvo of eloquence from the mayor. With flying colors and flourish of trumpets a procession of civic and military bodies was then formed, the parade finally halting at the St. Charles, where the fatted calf had been killed and the succulent roast, sounding a retreat, the veteran commander fell back upon a private parlor to recuperate his forces in anticipation of the forthcoming banquet.

From this stronghold, where, however, not all of the enemy's friends could be excluded, there escaped an officer, with, "I'll look around town a little, general."

"Look around?" said the commander at the door. "I should think we had looked around. Well, don't fall foul of too many Juleps."

With a laughing response the young man pushed his way through the jam-

ming crowd near the door, traversed the animated corridor and soon found himself out on the busy street. Amid the variegated colors and motley throng he walked not, however, in King Carnival's gay domains, but in a city of recollections. The tavern he had just left was associated with an unforgettable presence. The stores, the windows, the thoroughfares themselves were fraught with retrospective suggestion of the strollers.

Even now, and he came to an abrupt standstill—he was staring at the bill board of the theater where she had played, the familiar entrance bedecked with bunting and festival inscriptions. Before its classic portals appeared the black letter announcement of an act by "Impecunious Jordan, Ethiopian artist, followed by a tableau of General Scott's capture of the City of Mexico." Mechanically he stepped within and approached the box office. From the little cupboard a strange face looked forth. Even the ticket vender of old had been swallowed up by the froth of fate, and instead of the well remembered blond mustache of the erstwhile seller of seats a dark bearded man with sallow complexion inquired: "How many?"

"One," said Saint-Prosper, depositing a Mexican piece on the counter before the cubbyhole.

"We've taken in plenty of this kind of money today," remarked the man, holding up the coin. "I reckon you come to town with old Zach."

"Yes," the soldier was about to turn away when he changed his mind and observed, "You used to give legitimate drama here."

"That was some time ago," said the man in the box reflectively. "The soldiers like vaudeville. Ever hear Impecunious Jordan?"

"I never did."

"Then you've got a treat," continued the vender. "He's the best in his line. Hope you'll enjoy it, sir," he concluded, with the courtesy displayed toward one and all of Old Rough and Ready's men that day. "It's the best seat left in the house. You come a little late, you know." And as the other moved away:

"How different they look before and after! They went to Mexico fresh as daisies and come back—those that do—dead beat, done up!"

Passing through the door, Saint-Prosper was ushered to his seat in a renovated auditorium; new curtain, redecorated stalls, mirrors and gilt in pre-

fusion; the old restfulness gone, replaced by glitter and show. Amid changed conditions, the derangement of fixed external form and outline, the sight of a broad face in the orchestra and the aspect of a colossal form riveted his attention. This person was neither stouter nor thinner than before; he perspired neither more nor less; he was neither older nor younger, seemingly; he played on his instrument neither better nor worse. Youth might fade, honors take wing, the face of nature change, but Hans, Gargantuan Hans, appeared but a figure in an eternal present. Gazing at that substantial landmark, the soldier was carried back in thought over the long period of separation to a forest idyl, a face in the frelight, the song of the katydid, the drumming of the woodpecker. Dreams, vain dreams! They had assailed him before, but seldom so sharply as now in a place consecrated to the past.

"Look out for the dandies!" Hans bawled. "Look out for their blarneyments! Dandies, take care! For they're always ready—remember that!"

song and gesticulated a lady in abbreviated skirts and low cut dress, winking and blinking in ironical sympathy and concluding with a flaunting of her gown, a toe pointed ceilingward and a lively "breakdown." Then she vanished with a hop, skip and a bow, reappeared with a ravishing smile and threw a generous assortment of kisses among the audience and disappeared with another hop, skip and a bow, as Impecunious Jordan burst upon the spectators from the opposite side of the stage.

Even the sight of Hans, a finger post pointing to ways long since traversed, could not reconcile the soldier to his surroundings. The humor of the burlesque cork artist seemed inappropriate to the place, his grotesque dancing inadmissible in that atmosphere once consecrated to the comedy of manners and the stately march of the classic drama. Where Hamlet had moralized a foolish clown now beguiled the time with some tomfoolery, his wit so broad his quips were cannon balls, and his audience, for the most part soldiers from Mexico, open mouthed swallowed the entire bombardment. But Saint-Prosper, finding the performance dull, finally rose and went out.

Fun and frolic were now in full swing on the thoroughfares. Democracy, the relic, had commanded his subjects to drive dull care away, and they obeyed the jovial lord of laughter. Animal spirits ran high. Mischief beguiled the time. Mummy rumped and rioted. Marshaled by disorder, armed with drollery and divers lured banners, they marched to the Castle of Chaos, where the wise are fools, the old are young and topsy turvy is the order of the day. As Saint-Prosper stood watching the varicolored confusion swarm by, a sudden rush of bystanders led him to a golden pedestal, looking more like Cagliostro, propelled a dainty figure against the soldier. Involuntarily he put out his arm, which girded a slender waist. Faith drove slumbering by, the crowd melted like a receding wave, and the lady extricated herself, breathless as one of the maids in Lorenzo de Medici's songs of the carnival.

"How awkward!" she murmured. "How!"

The sentence remained unfinished, and an exclamation, "Mr. Saint-Prosper!" punctuated a gleam of recognition.

"Miss Duran!" he exclaimed, equally surprised, for he had thought the strollers scattered to the four winds. "Mrs. Service, if you please!" demurely, at the same time extending her hand with a falset flush. "Yes, I am really and truly married. But it is so long since we met I believe I literally flew to your arms!"

"That was before you recognized me," he returned in the same tone.

Susan laughed. "But how do you happen to be here? I thought you were dead. No, only wounded? How fortunate! Of course you came with the others. I should hardly know you. I declare you're as thin as a lath and gaunt as a ghost. You look older, too; remorse, I suppose, for killing so many poor Mexicans!"

"And yet"—surveying her face, which had the freshness of morn—"look younger!"

"Of course! Adjusting some fancied disorder of hair or bonnet. 'Marriage is a fountain of youth' for— with a sigh—"old maids. Susan Duran, splutter! Horrible! Do you blame me?"

"For getting married? Not at all. Who is the fortunate man?" asked Saint-Prosper.

"A minister; an orthodox minister; a most orthodox minister!"

"No!" His countenance expressed his sense of the incongruity of the union. Susan one of the elect, the sleek and lowly yokemate of—"How did it happen?" he said.

"In a perverse moment I went to church," answered Susan. "There I met him! I mean I saw him; no, I mean I heard him! It was enough. All the women were in love with him. How could I help it?"

"He must have been very persuasive,"

"Persuasive! He scolded me every minute. Dress and the devil, I—, casting down his eyes," interested him from the first. He married me to reform me."

"Ah," commented the soldier, gazing doubtfully upon Susan's smart gown, which, with elaborate art, followed the contours of her figure.

"But, of course, one must keep up appearances, you know," she continued. "What's the use of being a minister's wife if you aren't popular with the congregation? At least," she added, "with part of them!" And Susan tapped the pavement with a well shod foot and showed her white teeth. "If you weren't popular you couldn't fill the seats—I mean pews," she added evasively. "But you must come and see me—us, I should say."

"Unfortunately I am leaving tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" repeated Susan reflectively. The pupils of her eyes contracted, something they did whenever she was thinking deeply, and her gaze passed quickly over his face, striving to read his impassive features. "So soon? When the carnival is on! That is too bad, to stay only one day and not call on any of your old friends! Consider, I am sure, would be delighted to see you."

Many women would have looked away under the circumstances, but Susan's eyes were innocently fixed upon his. Half the pleasure of the assurance was in the accompanying glance and the friendly smile that went with it.

But a quiet question, "Miss Carew is living here?" was all the satisfaction she received.

"Yes. Have you not heard? She has a lovely home and an embarrassment of riches. Sweet embarrassment! Health and wealth! What more could one ask? Although I forgot, she was taken ill shortly after you left."

"Ill?" he said, starting.

"Quite. But soon recovered." And Susan launched into a narration of the events that had taken place while he was in Mexico, to which he listened with the composure of a man who, having had his share of the vagaries of fate, is not to be taken aback by new surprises, however singular or tragic. Susan expected an expression of regret, by look or word, over the loss of the marquis's fortune, but either he simulated indifference or passed the matter by with philosophical fortitude. "Poor Barnes!" was his sole comment.

"Yes, it was very lonely for Constance at first," rattled on Susan. "But I fancy she will find a woman's solace for that ailment," she added meaningly.

"Marriage?" he asked soberly.

"Well, the engagement is not yet announced," said Susan hesitatingly. "But you know how things get around! And the count has been so attentive! You remember him surely—the Count de Propriety? But I must be off. I have an appointment with my husband and am already half an hour late."

"Don't let me detain you longer, then, I beg."

"Oh, I don't mind! He's so delightfully jealous when I fail to appear on the stroke of the clock! Always imagines I am in some mischief—but I mustn't tell tales out of school! So glad to have met you! Come and see me—do!"

And Susan, with friendly hand clasp and lingering look, tore herself away, the carnival lightness in her feet and the carnival laughter in her eyes.

"He is in love with her still," she thought, "or he wouldn't have acted so indifferent!" Her mind reverted to the little message she had received from Constance, to think of him was innocent after all!" she continued, mentally reviewing the contents of the letter in which Constance had related the conversation with the lawyer. "I don't believe he'll call on her now, though. After—Well, why shouldn't I have told him what every one is talking about? Why not, indeed?"

A toss of the head dismissed the matter and any doubts pertaining thereto, while her thoughts flew from past to present, as a fortress on a car, its occupants armed with pellets of festival conflict, drove by amid peals of laughter. Absorbed in this scene of merriment, Susan forgot her haste and kept her apostolic half waiting at the rendezvous with the patience of a Jacob tarrying for a Rachel. But when she did finally appear, with hat not perfectly poised, her hair in a pretty disarray, she looked so waywardly charming, she forgave her on the spot, and the lamb led the stern shepherd with a crook from Eve's apple tree.

"As thin as a lath and gaunt as a ghost!" repeated Saint-Prosper, as the fair penitent vanished in a whirl of gaiety. "Susan always was frank."

Smiling somewhat bitterly, he paused long enough to light a cigar, but it went out in his fingers as he strolled mechanically toward the wharfs, through the gardens of a familiar square, where the wheezing of the distant steamers and the echoes of the cathedral clock marked the hours of pleasure or pain today as it had tolled them off yesterday. Beyond the pale of the orange trees with their golden wealth the drays were rumbling in the streets, and there were the same signs of busy traffic for the general had not yet become a legal holiday—that he had observed when the strollers had reached the city and made their way to the St. Charles. He saw her anew, pale and thoughtful, leaning on the rail of the steamer looking toward the city, where events undreamed of were to follow thick and fast. He saw her, a slender figure, earnest, self possessed, enter the city gates unheralded, unknown. He saw her as he had known her in the wilderness—not as fancy might now depict her, the daughter of

a marquis—a strong player, and as such he loved best to think of her.

Arising out of his physical weakness and the period of inaction following the treaty of peace, he experienced a sudden homesickness of his native land, a desire to revisit familiar scenes, to breathe the sweet air of the country where his boyhood had been passed, to listen to the thunder of the boulevards, to watch the endless, sad-jovial processions.

Not far distant from the blossoming, redolent square was the office of the Transatlantic Steamship company, where a clerk, with a spray of jasmine in his coat, bent cordially toward Saint-Prosper as the latter entered and, approaching the desk, inquired:

"The Dolphin is advertised to sail tomorrow for France?"

"Yes, sir; at 12 o'clock noon."

"Book me for a berth. Ernest Saint-Prosper," he added in answer to the other's questioning look.

"Very good, sir. Would you like some labels for your baggage? Where shall we send for it? The St. Charles? Very well, sir. Are you going to the theatre tonight?" he continued, with hospitable interest in one whom he rightly conceived a stranger in the city. "They say it will be the fashionable event. Good day," as the prospective passenger paid for and received his ticket. "A pleasant voyage. The Dolphin is a new ship and should cross in three weeks, barring bad weather. Don't forget the tableaux. Everybody will be there."

The soldier did not reply. His heart had given a sudden throb at the clerk's last words. Automatically he placed his ticket in his pocket and randomly answered the employee's further inquiries for instructions. He was not thinking of the Dolphin or her new engines, the forerunner of the modern quadruple expansion arrangement, but through his brain rang the assurance, "Everybody will be there." And all the way up the street it repeated itself again and again.

(To Be Continued)

WON BY A HAIR.

John Morrissey's Bet With Oakley Hall and Hubert O. Thompson.

When the offices of the New York corporation counsel were lately moved from the Staats Zeitung building and finally installed in their new quarters which of the ancient furniture which had been in the building since the time of Delafield Smith was sent to the junkshop and replaced with new.

Among these pieces of furniture was an old horsehair sofa which had a history all its own, for on it in both the days of Delafield Smith and William C. Whitney those people who wished to obtain an audience of the corporation counsel were invariably invited to sit.

Among other strange tales which this ancient piece of furniture could tell is of a meeting which took place upon its broad surface of three men, now long passed away, who were in their time inveterate gamblers, though only one of them was professionally engaged in that business. One day John Morrissey, Hubert O. Thompson and Oakley Hall arrived in the office at the same time.

The three men exchanged greetings, and all three sat down on the old sofa. Morrissey was fingering the horsehair cloth when he came across a hair.

"I'll bet either of you gentlemen," he said, "a thousand dollars that I can pull a longer hair out of this sofa than either of you."

Oakley Hall took it up. "I will bet you a thousand," he replied.

Not to be outdone, Hubert O. Thompson said he would take a hand in the game also.

The stakes, \$1,000 each, were produced from bulky pocketbooks and then and there handed over to an employee of Mr. Whitney's department. Each man then took hold of a hair, while the other employees of the office gathered around in breathless excitement to witness the result of the strange bet.

Mr. Powell, the head stenographer of the department, was the man who held the money. He did many years ago. But there are others still alive who remember the short of boyish glee with which Morrissey held up a hair nearly two feet long. He was easily first in the betting, for neither Oakley Hall nor Thompson came within six inches of him.

Just as Morrissey tucked the \$3,000 away in his wallet the bell rang, and John McCann, Mr. Whitney's messenger, came out.

"Mr. Morrissey, will you step inside, please?" he said.

"The luck is John's today," growled Oakley Hall, who was in a hurry. "He'll be there an hour at least."—New York American.

Saved From a Drunkard's Grave. Two farmers were standing on the roadside talking over town copies when Silas said:

"I hear Mrs. Jones saved her husband from a drunkard's grave."

Hiram inquired: "Don't say! Why, how did she do it?"

Silas—She had him cremated.—Judge's Library.

In Training. Eva-I hear that Ethel is learning pole vaulting. I suppose she will soon be quite a jumper.

Edna—Yes, she is preparing to jump at the first young man who has the nerve to propose.—Des Moines Register.

A Serious Case. Brown-I met Swiggs last night. He seemed to have a bad case of the blues.

Green—He did, eh?

Brown—Yes. Two policemen were supporting him.—Chicago News.

INDIAN MASQUERADERS.

Dancing Masks and Blankets Used in the Northwest.

Here are some strange figures from the great Northwest. They represent the dancing masks and blankets used by the Tainsian Indians of British Columbia in their medicine and sun dances.

Many an Indian has fainted from the exertion of wearing the heavy wooden masks and working the wires that hold the jaw. It is impossible to buy one of these masks.

Dealers in Indian curios have smaller ones made for tourists, but they are never like the originals which can only be found among the Indians.



INDIAN MASQUERADERS.

who jealously guard them, or in the Blackfoot Museum, at Sitka. The Chilcat blankets on the images are kept in the secret recesses of the Indian huts and only brought out on state occasions.

Each design on them means a story, and the few people who were fortunate enough to get Chilcat blankets in the early days of British Columbia and Alaska paid from \$200 to \$300 for them.

No Indian blanket is as rare or prized as highly. It is a queer thing that though the Indians live in the driest of huts their blankets and masks always come out fresh when they wish to wear them for some orgy or celebration. The masks in this picture are owned by one family, and this accounts for the similarity in shape and design. The colors on them are dull reds, blues and black.

PRINCE LEADS QUIET LIFE.

Heir to British Throne Has As Peaceable Days As Commoner.

Never in the history of England has there been such a contrast between a King and the heir to his throne as at present. The father, "weighted with the crown," rushes up and down the land in motor cars and special trains, attending christenings, state meetings, receptions, garden parties, semi-state and state functions, morning, noon and night. The son, whose only trouble seems to be the riddle of killing time, sits in his room at Marlborough House pasting stamps into an album or reading a book. He does absolutely nothing and does it with such a mastery of inactivity as to raise one almost to enthusiasm at the idea of how successfully this proud prince manages to while away his golden days.

The prince, the princess and the rest of the family are up betimes, which means about 8 o'clock in the morning. There is the ordinary breakfast of a well-to-do English family, and the head of it beguiles the intervals between bacon and eggs with the morning papers. After breakfast there are charity letters to dictate to a secretary, for even the Prince of Wales is not exempt from the incessant stream of begging letters and appeals from charitable institutions which weigh down the postman's bag at every delivery.

Having completed this, the heaviest task of the day, the prince goes for a walk in St. James' Park or Hyde Park accompanied by one of his equerries who live in Marlborough House, and when this constitutional is over it is time to go back and prepare for luncheon. Sometimes there is a roast, but more often the meal is taken only in the company of one of the equerries and a lady of the princess's household. Luncheon over, there must be some stamps to sort (the prince's stamp collection is the finest in the world, and it is said to be worth more than £100,000).

Then comes another walk in the park, and then a book to read until tea time, when there are generally one or two visitors. Dinner, at 8.30 p. m., is quite informal, with a guest or two only here and there. If the royal couple go to the theatre, dinner is set for 7, but as they do not often go to the theatre the evening is spent quietly at home, the prince reading a book and the princess doing some fancy-work with the needle. Bed at 10.30 p. m.

Queen At Starting Post. While out motoring recently, the Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria, and attended by Col. Brocklehurst, paid a surprise visit to the Ascot racetrack, arriving at the starting gate just before the starting of the competitors in the Workingham stakes. Alighting, Her Majesty and the Princess walked to where E. Wilton, who was in a hurry, "He'll be there an hour at least."—New York American.

The Queen requested Mr. Willoughby to point out the various horses engaged, and also inquired the names of some of the jockeys.

As there was a delay of seventeen minutes at the post, owing to fractiousness, there was ample time to have a good look at the horses. After the horses had been dispatched the Queen and Princess went for a short walk, but returned to the starting place in time to see the horses engaged in the Windsor Castle stakes on their journey.

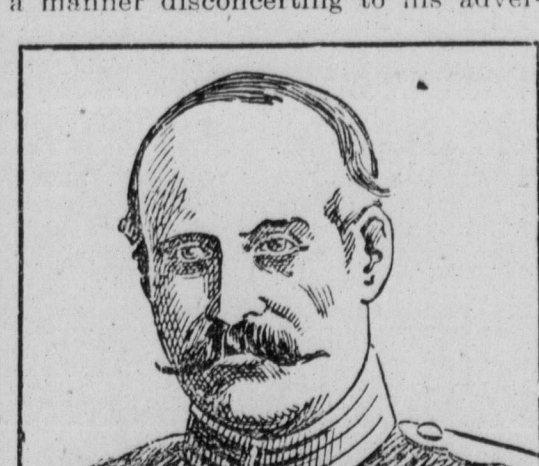
It was just after this that the Queen was recognized, and, naturally, she was cheered. This she acknowledged and then, as she entered her motor car, returned to Windsor castle.

A Famous Charger. Marengo, the famous war charger of Napoleon, is said to have been the greatest horse known to modern history. The emperor rode Marengo for the last time in the battle of Mount St. Jean, where the horse received his seventh wound. The steed died at the age of 30 years.

ENGLAND'S LATEST GUEST.

King of Denmark Visits His Royal Sister, Queen Alexandra.

The King of Denmark, who has recently been visiting the English court, is less well known than his brother, King George of Greece, who has been a more frequent visitor to the favorite sister of both, Queen Alexandra. The Danish monarch is a splendid specimen of manhood, and without being so pronounced an athlete as the King of Greece, who could compete with satisfaction to himself, and in a manner disconcerting to his adver-



KING OF DENMARK.

saries, in most trials of strength and agility, is, nevertheless, fond of outdoor life and athletic exercise, and is a clever gymnast. Of course, as he increases in years these amusements are less within the power of the chess and sineu; but, nevertheless, King Frederick keeps himself in first-rate training, and his slender, upright figure, which far younger men might envy, recalls that of his second son, King Haakon, who, curiously enough, took precedence of his father as a European Sovereign before the accession of the latter to the Danish throne. King Frederick has the singular fondness of all the members of the Danish Royal Family for performing dexterous tricks with bottles, corks, chairs, poker, and the like.

The Queen of Denmark, who was a Swedish Princess, and daughter of King Charles V. from whom she inherited her immense fortune, and not

of King Oscar, would, but for the accident of sex, have succeeded her father on the throne of Sweden.

The Queen is a serious-minded royal lady, and the state balls and banquets, which are more or less obligatory, are, says "Vanity Fair," undertaken from a strict sense of duty so that her reign is not likely to add much to the gaiety of nations.



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HE DEFIES THE LORDS.

Premier of Great Britain Seeks to Curtail Their Power.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Premier of Great Britain, comes from a family of Glasgow merchant princes. The Campbell's have been in trade for a long time, and have flourished at it amazingly. It will shock the Lords, however, to be threatened by a draper, no matter how eminent. A recent despatch from London, says that after a three days' debate on the Lords in the House of Commons, Premier Campbell-Bannerman's resolution in favor of curtailing the power of the House of Lords in vetoing bills passed in the House of Commons was carried by 422 to 147 amid loud Ministerial cheers.

The amendment introduced by A. Henderson (Laborite), Durham, for a total abolition of the House of Lords was previously rejected by 315 to 100, the minority being composed of Laborites, Nationalists, and a few Radicals. In this division the Unionists as a body abstained from voting.

The Premier on leaving the House was given a great ovation. The Lords are almost certain to force a dissolution before long by throwing out the Government's bills.

Some English Statesmen. Very heavy are the burdens of some of the high offices of Great Britain, and leaders have been driven to curious methods to prevent breakdown.

When Robert Lowe was chancellor of the exchequer he laid down ninety feet of asphalt and got himself a pair of roller skates. That was his method of mastering a liver and the fatigues of office. Earl Spencer when in Ireland during the darkest days of his office found riding fast and far the only thing to relieve his spirits of gloom. Gladstone cut down the trees and translated the classics; Lord Randolph Churchill went racing. Palmerston fought his battle against weariness in the very workshop itself. The late Sir James Fergus found him at work standing at a high desk and told him he really must take more rest. Palmerston answered that it was impossible; that it had now become his habit to work while standing. Formerly he had been so overworked that he used to fall asleep while sitting writing at his table. To conquer this weakness he took to standing. "For," he said, "if I fall down that wakes me."