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

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Had she turned she would probably

have seen her pursuer; but, absorbed

advance or turn back. Afte: a mo

e, was becoming more and more stinct when he started forward

She was surrounded by a re-

moved among the throng with grave, pale faces, mere shadows of their

earthly selves, as though they had un-

dergone the first stage of the great

beauty.

sis which is promised

quickly and also passed through the

ning the service.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ONGER and longer trailed the shadow of a tail tombstone until, as the sun went down.

in thought, she continued on her way unconscious of his presence. On and on she hurried until she reached the it merged into the general twi-light like a life lengthening out and tranquil outskirts and lingered before out and finally blending in restful the gate of one of the cemeteries. At darkness. With that transition came a sudden sense of isolation and lonellthe same time the land baron slackened his footsteps, besitating whether to ness; the little burial ground seemed world, the sky its walls and ceilment's indecision she entered the cemeing. tery. Her figure, receding in the dis-

From the neighborhood of the estes had vanished the dusky venders, trundling their booths and stalls cityward. As abruptly had disappeared the bear-ers of flowers and artificial roses with

The annual festival of the dead, folbaskets polsed upon their heads, im All Saints' day, was being obparting to their figures dignity and served in the burial ground. This erectness. The sad eyed nuns had ration of those who have dewended their way out of the little king-dom of the departed, surrounded by the sarted in the communion-described by Tertullian in the second century as an "apostolic tradition," so old was the laughing children and preceded by the priests and acolytes. All the sounds and activities of the day-the merriwas celebrated with much pomp and variety in the Crescent City. Women, dressed in mourning, bore to the tombs flowers and plants, trays of ment of the little ones, the oblations of the priests, the greetings of friendswere followed by inertness and lanimages, wreaths, crosses, anchors of dried immortelles and artificial roses. guor. Motionless against the sky spread the branches of the trees, like lines Some were accompanied by priests and acolytes with censers, the former etched there; still were the clambering vines that clasped monolith and col-

A solemn peace fell upon the young But suddenly that deathlike lull in girl as she entered, and she seemed to leave behind her all disturbing emonature's animation and unrest was abruptly broken, and an unroarious vociftions, finding refuge in the supreme tranquility of this ancient city of the eration dispelled the voiceless peace.

"For Jack ashore's a Crœsus, lads, With a Jill for every Jack"-

signed grief, a sorrow so dignified that it did not clash with the sweeter insang a hoarse voice as its owner came fuences of nature. The monotonous sound of the words of the priests har-monized with the scene. To many the words so mournfully intoned brought solace and surcease from sorrow. The sisters of charity mand among the threas with scene. staggering along one of the walks of the cemetery; for all his song, no blue water sailor man, but a boisterous denizen of the great river, a raftsman or a keel boatman, who had somehow found himself in the burial ground and now was beating aimlessly about. How this rollicking waif of the grogshop came to wander so far from the convivial haunts of his kind and to choose this spot for a ramble can only be explain-ed by the vagaries of inebriety. The little orphan children beard and

"With a Jill in your wake, A fair port you'll make"-

gazing incredulously after the form that had attracted his attention.

"Hello!" he said. "Avast, my dear!"

Echoing in that still place, his harsh

tones produced a startling effect, and the figure before him moved faster

and faster, casting a glance behind her

at the man from the river, who, with

snatches of song, started in uncertain

but determined pursuit. As the heavy footsteps sounded nearer she increased

her pace, with eyes bent upon the dis

tant gate. Darker seemed to grow the

way. More menacing the shadows out-

stretched across the path. Londer

crunched the boots on the shell walk.

More audible became the words of the song that flowed from his lips, when

the sound of a sudden and violent al

tercation replaced the hoarse toned

cadence, an altercation that was of

The little orphan charten beard and beeded no more than the butterfly which lighted upon the engraven words, "Dust to dust," and poised gracefully as it bathed in the sunshine, continued, when his eye fell upon the figure of a woman, some distance ahead, and fairly discernible in the gathering twilight. Immediately the tretching its wings in wantonness of song ceased and he steadied himself.

he called out

Now Constance smiled to see the litthe ones playing on the steps of a mon-ument. It was the tomb of a great jurist, a man of dignity during his mundane existence, his head crammed with those precepts which are devised the temporal well being of that fabric, sometimes termed society, and again civilization. The poor waifs, with suppressed languter-they dared not give full vent to their merriment the black robed sisters not far away-ran around the steps, unmind-ful of the inscription which might have been written by a Johnson and as unconscious of unseemly conduct as the insects that bummed in the grass.

"Hush!" whispered one of the sisters as a funeral cortege approached. The children, wide eyed in awe and wonder, desisted in their play.

"It is an old man who died last night," said a nun in a low voice to brief duration, characterized by long-shoreman oaths and followed by si-Constance, noticing her look of in-

lence. And then a figure, not that of The silver crucifix shone fitfully ahead, while the chanting of the the tuneful waterman, sprang to the

THE TOILER Not difficult was It for him to sur-

mise upon whom her mind had been bent, and involuntarily his jaw set disagreeably, while he looked at her re otfully. In that light he could but dimly discern her face. Her bonnet had fallen from her head, her eyes were bent before her as though striving to penetrate the gathering darkness. With his sudden spell of jealousy came the temptation to clasp her in his arms in that silent, isolated place, but the figure of the sailor came between him and the desire, while pride, the heritage of the gentleman, fought down the longing. This self conquest was not accomplished, however, with out a sacrifice of temper, for after a pause he observed: There is no accounting for a wom-

an's taste. She did not controvert this state-

ment, but the start/she gave told him the shaft had sped/home. "An outlaw! An outcast!" exclaimed the patroon, stung beyond endurance by his thoughts. Still no reply; only more hurried foot-

steps. Around them sounded a gentle rustling. A lizard scrambled out of their path through the cracking leaves or some other winged creature suddenly whirred before them and vanished. They had now approached the gate, through which they passed



"Is he dead ?"

ing directly to the city, whose lights had already begun to twinkle in the dusk. The cheering rumble of a carriage and the aspect of the not far distant town quickened her spirits and im

parted elasticity to her footsteps. Up-on the land baron they produced an opposite effect, for he was obviously reluctant to abandon the interview, however unsatisfactory it might be. There was nothing to say, and yet be was loath to leave her. There was nothing to accomplish, and yet he wished to remain with her. For this reason as they drew near the city his mood became darker. like the night around them. Instinctively she felt the turbulent passions stirring in his bosom. His sudden silence, his dogged footsteps, reawakened her misgivings. Furtively she regarded him, but his eyes were fixed straight before him on soft luster above the city, the reflection of the lights, and she knew and mistrusted his thoughts. Although she found his silence more menacing than his words, she could think of nothing to say to break the spell, and so they continued to walk mutely side by side. An observer seeing them beneath the cypress, a lovers' promenade, with its soft, enfolding shadows, would have taken them for a well matched couple who had no need for language. But when they had emerged from that romantic lane and entered the city the land baron breathed more free-

want? That's the philosophy of your to which Straws had regretfully almoralists, Miss Carew," be exclaimed. "That's your modern ethics of duty. Playing tricks with happiness! The "Yes," said Barnes, folding the news game isn't worth the candle. Or, if you believe in striving," he added, half resentfully, half impioringly, "strive to care for me but a little. But a little." he said again. "I, who once wanted all and would have nothing but all. am content to ask, to plead, for but a little." "I see no reason," she replied wea-

rily, yet not unkindly, "why we should not be friends." "Friends!" he answered bitterly. do not beg for a loaf, but a crumb, yet you refuse me that! I will wait. Only word of encouragement. Will you

not give it?" the turned and looked into his eyes, an. before she spoke he knew what her answer would be. "How can/1?" she said simply. "Why

should I promise something I can never fulfill? He held her glance as though loath to have it leave him.

"May I see you again?" he asked abruptly She shook her head. His gaze fell,

seeing no softening in her clear look. "You are well named," he repeated, in our dreams." more to himself than to her. "Con-stance! You are constant in your dislikes as well as your likes."

"I have no dislike for you." she re-"It seems to have been left beind me somewhere she "Only indifference, then," he said best!

dully. "No: not indifference!" "You do care what-may become of

FQ.

"You should do so much-be so much the world," she answered thoughtfully.

"Sans peur et sans reproche!" be, cried, half amused, half cheerlessly. "What a pity I met you! Too late!" They were now at the broad entrance of the brilliantly lighted botel. Several loungers, smoking their after dinner cigars, gazed at the couple curiously.

'Mauville's a lucky dog." said one. "Yes; he was born with a silver spoon," replied the person addressed. As he passed through the envious throng the land baron br 1 regained his self command, although his face was marked with an unusual pallor. In his mind one thought was parameunt-that the walk begun at the burial ground was drawing to an end, their last walk, the finale of all be ween them. Yet he could call to mind nothing further to say. His story had been told, the conclusion reached. She, too,

had spoken, and he knew she would never speak differently. Bewildered and unable to adjust his new and strange feelings, it dawned upon him he had never understood himself and her, that he had never really known what love was, and he stood abashed. confronted by his own ignorance. Passion, caprice, fancy-he had seen depth in their shallows, but now looked down and discerned the pebbly bottom. All this and much more surged through his brain as he made his way through the crowd and, entering the corridor of the botel, took formal leave of the young girl at the stairway. "Good night, Sliss Carew," he said

gravely. "Good night." she replied. And then

on the steps she turned and looked down at him, extending her hand. "Thank you!" That half timid, low "thank you!" h

knew was all he would ever receive from her. He hardly felt the hand clasp. He was hardly conscious when she turned away.

CHAPTER XXVIII. the will of the Marquis de

Ligne, probated yesterday, all of the property, real and personal, is left to his daughter. Con-



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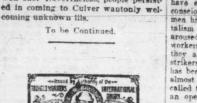
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1.

E. J. HENRY, 781=3=5 Queen St. West

door opened and Cuiver, the attorney, entered. With ruddy countenance and youthful bearing, in antithesis to the



F

ALATA

He stood for a moment watching them

hair silvered with white, he was one

of those southern gentlemen who grow

old gracefully. The law was his task-

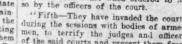
master; he practiced from a sense of duty, but ever held that those who

rushed to court were likely to repeat

the experience of Voltaire, who had twice been ruined-once when he lost

a lawsuit, the second time when be won one! Nevertheless, people persist-





and found themselves on the road lead-

priests, winding in and out after the priests, winding in and out after the holy symbol, fell upon the ear. And the young girl gazed with pity as the remains of the Marquis de Ligne, her father, were borne by.

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side of the startled girl. "Miss Carew!" exclaimed a well remembered voice. Bewildered, breathing quickly, she

gazed from Edward Mauville, who thus unexpectedly accosted her, to the prostrate form lying motionless on the

road. The rude awakening from her day dream in the hush of that peaceful place and the surprising sequence had dazed her senses, and for the moment it seemed something tragic must have

happened "Is he dead?" she asked quickly, unable to withdraw her glance from the immovable figure stretched out in the dim light on the path. "No fear," said Mauville quietly, al-

most thoughtfully, although his eyes were yet bright from the encounter. "You can't kill his kind," he added

contemptuously. "Brutes from coal barges or rafismen from the head waters! He struck against a stone when he fell, and what with that and the liquor in him will rest there awhile. He'll come to without remembering what has happened."

Turning moodily, the land baron walked slowly down the road away from the gate. She thought he was about to leave her, when he paused as though looking for something, stooped to the ground and returned, holding out a garment.

w," he said awkwardly. "The night rew," he said awkwardly. "The night is cold, and you will need it." She offered no resistance when he placed it over her shoulders, indeed seemed unconscious of the attention.

"Don't you think we had better go?" he went on. "It won't hurt him," indi-cating the motionless body, "to stay here, the brute!"

Her answering look was so gentle. so sad, an unwonted feeling of com-punction seized him. He repented of his harshness and added less brusque-

"Why did you remain so late?" "I did not realize how late it had be-

*

"Your thoughts must have been very absorbing." he exclaimed quickly, his brow once more overcast.

ment and din; the seclusion of the country gave way to the stir of the city; she was no longer dependent on his good offices; his role of protector had ended when they left the cypress walk behind them.

ly.

His brow cleared; he glanced at her with ill concealed admiration; he no-ticed with secret pride the attention she attracted from passersby, the sidelong looks of approval that followed her through the busy streets. The land baron expanded into bis old self; he strode at her side, gratified by the scrutiny she invited; assurance radiated from his eyes like some magnetic heat: he played at possession willfully, per-versely. "Why not?" whispered Hope.

"A woman's mind is shifting ever. Her fancy-a breath! The other is gone. Why' "It was not accident my being in the

"It was not accident my being in the cemetery. Miss Carew," said Mauville, suddenly covering her with his glance. Meeting her look of surprise unfilten-ingly, he continued: "I followed you there; through the streets, into the country! My seeing you first was chance, my presence in the burial ground the result of that chance. The inevitable result!" he repeated softly. "As inevitable as life! Life; what is it? Influences which control us; forces which bind us! It is you, or all; you or nothing!"

She did not reply. His voice, vibrating with feeling, touched no answering chord. Nevertheless, a new, inexplica-ble wave of sorrow moved her. It might be he had cared?for her as sincerely as it was possible for his wayward heart to care for any one. Perhaps time would yet soften his faults and temper his rashness. With that shade of sor-row for him there came compassion as well; compassion that overlooked the past and dwelt on the future.

She raised her stondy eyes. "Why should it be 'I or nething,' as you put it?" she finally answered slowly. "Influences may control us in a measure, but we may also strive for something. We can always strive." "For what? For what we don't

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stance," wrote Straws in his paper shortly after the passing of the French nobleman. "The document states this disposition of property is made as 'an act of atonement and justice to my daughter, whose mother I deserted, taking advantage of the French law to annul my marriage in England.' The legitimacy of the birth of this his only child, is thereupon fully acknowl-edged by the marquis after a lapse of many years and long after the hereto-fore unrecognized wife had died de-serted and forgotten. Thrown on her own resources, the young child, with no other friend than Manager Barnes, battled with the world, now playing in taverns or barns, like the players of interludes, the strollers of old, or 'vagabonds,' as the great and mighty Junfus from his lofty plane termed them. The story of that period of 'vagrant' life adds one more chapter to the annals of strolling players which al-ready include such names as Kemble,

"From the Junius category to a pub-lic favorite of New Orleans has been no slight transition, and now to appear in the role of daughter of a marquis and heiress to a considerable estate-truly man, and woman, play many parts in this brief span called life. But in-making her sole heir the marquis specifies a condition which will bring regrets to many of the admirers of the actress







The cause of the authorities as charged in public assemblages are: "First—The people of Colorado at the general election: of 1902 a dopted an amendment to the State constitution by 40,000 majority empowering the legisla ture te enset a law making eight hours a legal day's work in mines mills and smelters. "Seventh—They have suppressed a free press by instituting a military cen-sorship over the newspapers published in "Eighth—They have invaded the busi-ness places of well-known of citizens and the shot them down for defending their property. "Ninth—They have arrested peaceful and law-abiding citizens, without warrant

a legal day is work in mines mills and "Ninth—They have arrested peaceful and law abiding citizens, without warrant as vagrants, and have imprisoned them, and nut tham to work as convicts on the the charter of an eight hour law, so that the whele legislature, except the bold-over as stors, were ledged to that measure, as were also the except the bold-over as stors, were ledged to that measure, as were also the except the bold-over as stors, were ledged to that measure, as were also the except the bold-over as ators, were ledged to that measure, as were also the except the bold-over as ators, were ledged to that measure, as were also the except the bold-over as ators, were ledged to the second of the State government. "Third—The legislature, which con-vened in Jatuary, 1903, absolutely disre-ganded the piedges made in the pilt forms on which the members were elected and at the licitation of the mine and smelter owners refused to enset an eight hour law.

hour law. "Fourth—The Governor, elected also on a platform pledging the people an eight hour law, when colling an extra session of the logislature to provide for the salaries of the State finela, refused to include the consideration of an eight-hour law in his call for said extra ses-tion.

The condition which will bring regrets the matrix for maker the stress of the robustners of the attents the matrix for maker that the matrix for matrix for the matrix for the



