

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...

CHAPTER XXVII

LONGER and longer trailed the shadow of a tall tombstone...

The annual festival of the dead, following All Saints' day, was being observed in the burial ground...

A solemn peace fell upon the young girl as she entered, and she seemed to leave behind her all disturbing emotions...

Now Constance smiled to see the little ones playing on the steps of a monument...

"Hush!" whispered one of the sisters as a meral cortege approached.

The silver crucifix shone fitfully ahead, while the chanting of the priests winding in and out after the holy symbol...

"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 Manville quietly, almost thoughtfully, although his eyes were yet bright from the encounter.

"You can't kill his kind," he added contemptuously, "brutes from coal barges or ruffians from the head waters...

From the neighborhood of the gates had vanished the dusky vendors, trundling their booths and stalls cityward...

But suddenly that deathlike hush in nature's animation and unrest was abruptly broken, and an unceremonious vociferation dispelled the voiceless peace.

"With a Jill in your wake, A fair port you'll make!" he continued, when his eye fell upon the figure of a woman...

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...

"Miss Carew!" exclaimed a well remembered voice. Bewildered, breathing quickly, she gazed from Edward Manville...

"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 Manville quietly, almost thoughtfully, although his eyes were yet bright from the encounter.

"You dropped your wrap, Miss Carew," he said awkwardly. "The night is cold, and you will need it."

Not difficult was it for him to surmise upon whom her mind had been bent, and involuntarily his jaw set disapprovingly...

"I see no reason," she replied wearily, yet not unkindly, "why we should not be friends."

"Friends?" he answered shortly. "I do not beg for a loaf, but a crumb, yet you refuse me that! I will wait."

"You are well named," he repeated, more to himself than to her. "Constance! You are constant in your dislikes as well as your likes."

"I have no dislike for you," she replied. "It seems to have been left behind me somewhere."

"Only indifference, then," he said dully. "No; not indifference!"

"You should do so much—be so much in the world," she answered thoughtfully. "Sans peur et sans reproche!"

"You are 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 regained his self command, although his face was marked with an unusual pallor.

"Thank you!" she replied. "Thank you!" he knew was all he would ever receive from her.

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That's the philosophy of your moralists, Miss Carew," he exclaimed. "That's your modern ethics of duty."

"How can I?" she said simply. "Why should I promise something I can never fulfill?"

"I have no dislike for you," she replied. "It seems to have been left behind me somewhere."

"Only indifference, then," he said dully. "No; not indifference!"

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to which Straws had regretfully alluded. "Yes," said Barnes, folding the newspaper which contained Straws' article...

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Sixth—They have suppressed a free press by instituting a military censorship over the newspapers published in the strike districts.



"Is he dead?"



He stood for a moment watching them.



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