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S. SCOTT

THE STROLLERS

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

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"Mr. Mauville!" she exclaimed, draw- Susan, escorting her to the notes, where ing back at the suddenness of the en- he bade her good night with a lingercounter. ing pressure of the hand and ordered

His restless eyes held hers, but his his equipage to the door. greeting was conventional.

"Did I not say the world was small, and that we might meet again?" "Of course, we are always meeting people and parting from them," she departure. "There are the barn burnreplied unconcernedly.

He laughed. "With what delightful indifference you say that! You did not think to see me again?"

"I hadn't thought about it," she answered frankly, annoyed by his per-

"I am unfortunate," he said. Beneath bis free gaze she changed color, as though the shadow of a rose had touched her face.

"You are well?" he continued.

pression conveyed more, so much more seats the space was filled by a large So she stopped at the wayside, atshe bit her lip impatiently. "How do cushion adapted to the purpose, which tracted by the brilliant cardinal flowyou like the new part?" "It is hard to tell yet," she answered the vehicle into a sleeping room of

evasively. "You would do justice to any role, neutralize the jarring, the land baron but I prefer you in a historical or ro- stretched himself indolently upon his mantic play, with the picturesque old couch and gazed through the window costumes. I fear, however, I am de at the crystalline lights of the heavens,

taining you." He drew aside with such deference barn burners faded into thin air. to permit her to pass that her con- At dawn when he opened his eyes science smote her and she was half the morning star yet gleamed with a minded to turn and leave him more last pale luster. At the manor, which graciously, but this impulse was suc- the patroon shortly reached, the ever ceeded by another feeling, ill defined, wakeful Oly-koeks was already enthe prevailing second thought. Had gaged in chopping wood near the kitchshe looked she would have seen that en door. The growling of the hound her fluttering shawl touched his hand at his feet called the caretaker's atand he quickly raised it to his lips, re tention to the master's coming, and, leasing it immediately. As it was, she driving the ax into an obstinate stick moved on, unaware of the gesture. of hickory, he donned his coat, draw-The orchestra, or, rather, string quar- ing near the vehicle, where he stood tet, had ceased; Hans, a host in him- in stupid wonderment as the land baron self, a mountain of melody, bowed his alighted. acknowledgments; the footlights glared, the din of voices subsiding, and the asked the master.

curtain rose. Remaining in the background, the beer, to ask you not to serve any more land baron watched the young girl ap- writs." proach the entrance to the stage. "How do you do, Mr. Mauville?" said | with the lawmakers! But, there, carry

a gay but hushed voice, interrupting my portmanteau into the library and" his ruminations, and Susan, in a short | -as Oloffe's upper lip drew backskirt and bright stockings, greeted "teach your dog to know me."

"The better for seeing you, Mistress took therefrom a handsome French

"Pooh!" courtesying disdainfully. "I "Thou wily limb of the law," wrote don't believe you! You came to see the patroon, "be it known by these some one else. Well"-lightly-"she is presents thou art summoned to appear before me! I have work for you-not already engrossed." "Really?" said the land baron. to serve any one with a writ, assign,

"Yes. You understand? He follows bring an action or any of your rascally. her with his every glance," she added pettifogging tricks! Send me no dereguishly. Susan was never averse to marrer, but your own intemperate straining the truth a little when it soif."

served her purpose. "I should infer he was following her to his legal satellite and dispatched by with more than his eyes," retorted the massenger. master of the manor dryly.

Susan tapped the stage viciousty with a little fact "She's a lovely giri." she continued, drawing cabalistic figures with the provoking slipper.

"You are piqued," he said, watchin her skeptically. ONTARIO "Not at all," quickly, startled by his

blunt accusation. "Not a little jealous?" he persiste

"Jealous?" Then, with a frown, hes itatingly: "Well, she is given promi

nence in the plays and"-"You would not be subordinated if Machine Oil, Harness Oil, she were not in the company? Apart

from this, you are fond of her?" The foot ceased its tracing and rested firmly on the floor.

"I hate her!" snapped Susan, angered by this baiting. No sooner had she spoken than she regretted her outburst "How you draw one out! I was only joking, though she does have the best parts and we take what we can get!" "But she's a lovely girl!" concluded

the land baron. Susan's eyes flashed angrily. "How clever of you! You twist and turn one's words about and give them

a different meaning from what was intended. If I wanted to catch you up"-"A truce?" be exclaimed. "Let us take each other seriously hereafter. Is it agreed?" She nodded. "Well, seriously, you can help me and help your-

"How?" doubtfully. "Why not be allies?" "What for?" "Mutual service."

"Oh!" dubiously. "A woman's 'yes!" " "No," with affirmative answer in her

He believed the latter. "We will seal the compact then." And he bent over and saluted Mis-

tress Susan on the lips. She became A FEW READY - MADE as rosy as the flowers she carried and tapped him playfully with them. "For shame! La! What must you is the most satisfactory treatthink of me?"

"That you are an angel." "How lovely! But I must go." "May I see you after the play?" "Do not fail me or the soldier will

not transfer his affections to you!" "If he dared!" And she shook her head defiantly as she tripped away. "Little fool!" murmured Mauville, his lips curling scornfully. "The one is a pastime; the other"-he paused and caught his breath-"a passion!" ONTARIO. But he kept his appointment with

"Hadn't you better wait until morn-

ers, and traveling at night"-

in this way converted the interior of

while thoughts of leaseholders and

"Any callers, Oly-koeks?" carelessly

"A committee of barn burners, myn-

"And so give them time to fight me

And, unpacking the valise, Mauville

Which epistle the patroon addressed

come put a penny in the

proverb. It often seems to

It is like the penny in the

milk because it works and

Scott's Emulsion is simply

naturally to the children be-

sample free.

SCOTT & BOWNE

Chemists,

astonishing about it.

stomachs.

to their wants.

ment.

told why.

writing case.

in October. A somnolent influence rested everywhere. Above the undulation of land on the horizon were the clouds, like heavenly hills, reflecting their radiance on those earthly elevations. The celestial mountains and valleys gave wondrous perspective to the outlook, and around them lay an atmosphere unreal and idyllic.

CHAPTER XI.

EVERAL bleak days were fol-

lowed by a little June weather

On such a morning Susan stood at a turn in the road gazing after a departing vehicle with ill concealed satisfaction and yet withal some dubiousness. Now that the plan suggested by Mauville had not miscarried, certain misgivings arose, for there is a conscience in the culmination wanting in the conception of an act. As the partial realization of the situation swept over her ing?" asked the surprised landlord the gave a gasp, and then, the vehicle when the young patroon announced having meanwhile vanished, a desperhis intention of taking an immediate ate spirit of bravado replaced her momentary apprehension. She even laughed nervousiy as she waved her "Have they turned footpads?" was handkerchief in the direction the coach the light reply. "Can't I drive through | had taken, "Bon voyage!" my own lands? Let me see one of their

But as the words fell from the smilthieving faces"- And he made a sig- ing lips her eyes became thoughtful nificant gesture. "Not ride at night! and her hand fell to her side. It oc-These Jacobins shall not prevent me." curred to Susan she would be obliged Barring the possible danger from the to divert suspicion from herself. The leaseholders, who were undoubtedly curling lips straightened. She turned ripe for any mischief, the journey did abruptly and hastened toward the not promise such discomfiture as might town. But her footsteps soon lagged have been expected, the coach being and she paused thoughtfully.

especially constructed for night trav-"If I reach the hotel too soon," she "I need not have asked." His ex- eling. On such occasions between the murmured, "they may overtake him." ers, humming as she plucked them, but ever and anon glancing around limited dimensions. With pillows to guiltily. The absurd thought came to her that the bright autumn blossoms



"Constance has been carried off!" were red, the hue of sin, and she threw them on the sward and unconsciously rubbed her hands on her dress. Still she lingered, however, vaguely mindful she was adding to her burden of ill doing, but finally again started slowly toward the village, hurrying as she approached the hotel, where she encountered the soldier on the veranda. Her distressed countenance and disaster.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she exclaimed down the road. excitedly. "Where is Mr. Barnes?" "What is the matter. Miss Duran?" suspecting very little was the matter, GOR a man who can't abide for Susan was nothing if not all of a

"Constance has been carried off!" "Carried off!" He regarded her as if he thought she had lost her senses.

"Yes, abducted!" "Abducted! By whom?"

"When the butter won't "I-I did not see his face!" she gasped. "And it is all my fault! I asked her to take a walk! Oh, what shall I churn," is an old time dairy do?" wringing her hands in anguish that was half real. "We kept on and on-it was so pleasant-until we had work though no one has ever passed far beyond the outskirts of the village. At a turn in the road stood a coach, a cloak was thrown over my When mothers are worried head by some one behind-I must have fainted-and when I recovered she was gone. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

because the children do not gain strength and flesh we "When did it happen?" As he spoke the young man left the veranda. Grazsay give them Scott's Emul- ing contentedly near the porch was his horse, and Saint-Prosper's hand now rested on the bridle.

"I can't tell how long I was unconscious," said the seemingly hysterical young woman, "but I hurried here as because there is something soon as I recovered myself." "Where did it occur? Down the road

you came?" "Ye-es." Saint-Prosper vaulted into the sad-

milk of pure cod liver oil dle. "Tell the manager to see a magwith some hypophosphites istrate," he said. "But you're not going to follow them especially prepared for delicate alone?" began Susan. "Oh, dear, I feel

quite faint again! If you would please help me into the"-Children take to it naturally By way of answer the other touched his horse deeply with the spur, and because they like the taste. the mettlesome animal reared and and the remedy takes just as plunged; then, recalled by the sharp

voice of the rider, galloped wildly

cause it is so perfectly adapted sudden departure with mingled emo-"How quixotic!" she thought discon-For all weak and pale and tentedly. "But he won't catch them,"

came the consoling afterthought as thin children Scott's Emulsion she turned to seek the manager. Soon the soldier, whose spirited dash down the main thoroughfare had awak-We will send you the penny, i. e., a Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the Emulsion you buy. Toronto, Ontario. ran gently through the valley, appar- out: 50c. and \$1.00; all druggista. ently terminating in the luxuriant fo-

liage, while the other, like a winding. murky stream, stretched out over a more level tract of land.

Which thoroughfare had the coach taken? Dismounting, the young man hastily examined the ground, but the earth was so dry and firm and the tracks of wheels so many it was impossible to distinguish the old marks from the new. Even signpost there was none. The roads diverged, and the soldier could but blindly surmise their destination, selecting after some hesitation the thoroughfare running into

the gorgeous autumnal painted forest. He had gone no inconsiderable distance when his doubts were abruptly confirmed. Reaching an opening, bright as the chapel of a darkened monastery. he discerned a farmer in a buckboard approaching from the opposite direction. The swift pace of the rider and

the leisurely jog of the team soon brought them together. "Did you pass a coach down the

road?" asked the sorlier. "No-a," said the farmer deliberately as his fat horses instinctively stood

stock still; "didn't pass nobody." "Where does the other road at the fork go?" "To the patroon village. There's a reform orator there today and a barn

burners' camp fire."

Without waiting to thank his inform aut, Saint-Prosper pulled his horse quickly around.

After impatiently riding an hour or more the horseman drew near the patroon village, a cluster of houses amid the hills and meadows.

In the historic market place, as Saint-Prosper rode down the street, were assembled a number of leaseholders of both sexes and all ages listening to the flowing tongue of a rustic speechmaker. This forum of the people was shaded by a sextet of well grown elms. The platform of the local Demosthenes stood in a corner near the street.

On the outskirts of the gathering, near the road, stood a tall, beetling individual whom Saint-Prosper addressed, reining in his horse near the wooden rail which answered for a fence.

"Dinna ye ken I'm listening?" impa-

The soldier's impatience and anger "It's lunch time and over. With He wheeled fiercely upon the weedy drop. Will you join me?" tion of his master. Across the somber lage. mask of melancholy was traced in Scroggs finished his cup. "You see,

The soldier, without a moment's hesitation, thrust the pamphlet inside his haste proclaimed her a messenger of coat, flung himself on his horse and, turning from the market place, dashed

CHAPTER XII.

the sex this is a predicament," muttered the troon's jackal as the coach in which he found himself sped rapidly along the highway. "Here am I as much an abductor as my lord who whipped his lady from England to the colonies!" gloomily regarding a motionless figure on the seat opposite and a face like ivory against the dark cushions. "Curse the story! Telling It led to this! How white she is-like driven snow-almost as if"-

And Scroggs, whose countenance lost a shade of its natural flush, going from flame color to salmon hue, bent with sudden apprehension over a small hand which hung from the seat.

"No; it's only a swoon." he continued, relieved, feeling her wrist with his knobby fingers. "How she struggled! If it hadn't been for smothering ber with the cloak-but the job's done, and that's the end of it."

Settling back in his seat, he watched her discontentedly, alternately protest ing against the adventure and consoling himself weakly with the remembrance of the retainer, weighing the risks and the patroon's ability to gloss over the matter, now finding the former unduly obtrusive, again comfortéd with the assurance of the power pre-empted by the land barons. Moreover, the task was half accomplished, and it would be idle to recede now.

"Why couldn't the patroon have redown the road. Susan observed the

face, across which flowed a tress of he saw that the little dab of wet paint hair loosened in the struggle. Save for which Whistler had so dramatically the unusual pallor of her cheek she put on he had afterward scrupulously watched her the lashes slowly lifted. The Reader. and he sullenly nerved himself for ened some misgivings in the little the encounter. At the aspect of those town, was beyond the precincts of vil- beadlike eyes, resolute aithough ill at lage scrutiny. The country road was ease, like a snake striving to charm hard, although marked by deep cuts an adversary, a tremor of half recollecfrom traffic during a rainy spell, and tion shone in her gaze and the color the horse's hoofs rang out with ex- flooded her face. Mechanically sweephilarating rhythm. Regardless of all ing back the straggling lock of hair, save the distance traversed, the rider she raised herself without removing yet forbore to press the pace, relaxing her eyes. He who had expected a only when, after a considerable inter- tempest of tears shifted uneasity, even val. he came to another road and drew irritably, from that steady stare until, rein at the fork. One way to the right finding the silence intolerable, he burst

"Well ma'am am I a huches ?"

In her dazed condition she probably did not bear his words, or if she did set no meaning to them. Her glance, however, strayed to the narrow window and then wandered back to the well worn interior of the coach. Suddenly, as the startling realization of her position came to her, she uttered a loud cry, sprang toward the door and, with nervous fingers, strove to open it. The man placed a detaining hand on her shoulder and roughly thrust her toward the seat.

"Make the best of it!" be exclaimed peremptorily. "I'm not to be trifled

"Who are you?" she demanded breathlessly. "That's an incriminating question,

ma'am." he replied. "Perhaps you will tell me the meaning of this outrage; your smothering me-forcing me into this coach-and driving away-where?"

"You asked where we were driving? Across the country. What is the meanirg of this-outrage, I believe you called it? All actions spring from two sources-Cupid and cupidity. The rest of the riddle you'll have to guess." "But you have told me nothing," she

replied.

"Do you call that nothing? You have the approximate cause - causa causans. Was it Cupid? No, for, like Bacon, your sex's 'fantastical' charms move me not."

This sally put him in better temper with himself. She was helpless, and he experienced a churlish satisfaction in her condition.

As he watched her out of the corner of his eye, weighing doubt and uncertainty, new ideas assailed him. After all she had spirit, courage! Moreover, she was an actress, and the patroon was madly in love with her.

"It'll come out all right, madam; all right for both of us!" Which indeed was his thought. She believed him unsettled, bereft of reason, and, although he was manifestly growing less hostile, his surveillance became almost unbearable. At every moment she felt him regarding her like a lynx and endeavored therefore to keep perfectly still. What would her strange warder do next? It was not an alarming act, tiently retorted the other with a fierce however. He consulted a massive watch, remarking:

were ready to leap forth at a word. your permission, I'll take a bite and a

Scot to demand peremptorily the in- . She turned her head away, and, not formation so uncivilly withheld, when disconcerted by her curt refusal, he a gust of wind blowing something light drew a wicker box from beneath a down the road caused his horse to shy seat and opened it. His reference to suddenly and the rider to glance at a "bite and a drop" was obviously figwhat had frightened the animal. After urative, especially the "drop," which a brief scrutiny he dismounted quickly grew to the dimensions of a pint, which and examined more attentively the ob- he swallowed quickly. Perhaps the ject, a pamphlet with a red cover, up- flavor of the wine made him less aton which appeared the printed design tentive to his prisoner, for as he lifted of the conventional Greek masks of the receptacle to his lips she thrust her tragedy and comedy, and beneath the arms through the window and a play tile, "The Honeymoon." The bright book dropped from her hand, a possibinding, albeit soiled by the dusty ble clew for any one who might follow road, and the fluttering of the leaves the coach. For some time she had been in the breeze had startled the horse awaiting this opportunity, and when it and incidentally attracted the atten- came the carriage was entering a vil-

bueyant hand the name of the young we're provided for," he began. Here the bottle fell from his hand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WHISTLER PICTURE.

The Dramatic Manner of Its Cinish and an Anticlimax.

Whistler was one day visited by a foreign artist, an old acquaintance, with whom Whistler had not as yet quarreled. He was received with genuine cordiality, and, artist-like, he ran round the studio looking at everything. One small picture seemed to charm him especially, and he said, "Now that is one of your good ones." "Don't look at it, dear boy," said Whistler airily, "it's not finished." "Finished!" said the visitor. "Why, it is the most carefully finished picture of yours that I have ever seen." "Don't look at it!" persisted Whistler. "You are doing injustice to yourself, you are doing injustice to my picture, and you are doing injustice to me!" The visitor looked bewildered, when Whistler, in a theatrical tone, cried out: "Stop! I'll finish it now!" Then he procured a very small camel's hair brush, fixed it on a long and slender handle, mixed a little speck of paint on his palette, dipped the tip of his brush into it, and then, standing off from his picture and with the action of a fencer with his rapier, he lunged forward and touched the picture in one spot with his pigment. "Now it's finished," said he. "Now you may look at it." This was all highly dramatic, and indeed very well acted. but, as in the case of some stage plays, the final act of Whistler's performance proved to be an anticlimax. The foreign artist took his leave, but, finding that be had left his umbrella behind mained content with his bottle?" he him, called for it next day. The servgrumbled. "But his mind must needs ant, recognizing him, told him that Mr. run to this frivolous and irrational pro- Whistler had gone out for the day, but ceeding! There's something reasonable invited him to go to the studio and in pilfering a purse, but carrying off a seek his umbrella. He went there and woman- Yet she's a handsome bag. found it, but also took the opportunity of having one more took at the picture Over the half recumbent figure swept | which had been "finished" for his spehis glance, pausing as he surveyed her | cial benefit the day before, and then might have been sleeping, but as he wiped off again!-Frederick Keppel in

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