

The Whited Sepulchre The Tale of Pelee BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

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CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.) That instant, under the spell of soft music, Peter Constable knelt as in a dream to drink at the fountains of inspiration. The dinner call aroused him. The music ceased, and he was again the faltering human lover.

It seemed during dinner that Lara had something to say which the presence of the others forbade. Mrs. Stansbury went upstairs. Breen and the planter engaged in a smoky discussion of the literary peregrinations of one Herman Melville. The other two set out for the garden.

"I have wanted to tell you since morning how sorry I am," she said quietly. "I want you to know that, in spite of mother's decision, I thank you for your kindness, and believe in your deeper knowledge of our danger."

"It's good of you to say that," he answered. "I never tried to persuade anybody to do anything before. I may have Pelee too seriously, but I can't help it, with you folks here."

She laughed. "And I thought that nothing short of an actual eruption could disturb your equanimity."

"Did you ever read 'The Story of the Gadsbys'?" he asked. "Yes."

"There is a big fragment of truth back of that. Do you think I would have played upon your imagination and nerve and made a mess of things, if I hadn't been afraid?"

"Afraid of the mountain? That's not like you. Are we about to see you down below in the city, warning the people, like Cassandra in the streets of Troy?"

"I have a dearest service—before going down into the city," he answered. "It was as if Breen and the day's contemplation had made this moment inevitable."

buried. Perhaps the vivid maiden had revived as well the lost youth of the world-faded one. Constable departed. The sky had become overcast. Pelee's cone was not visible from the streets. A sharp detonation cleaved the darkening air, and from the shut houses the answer issued, an answer partly stifled, but vibrant with fire—the quavering cries of age and childhood, sharp low screams from the mothers, the sullen undertone of men. A subdued drumming came from the north now, completing the toiling currents of sound in the streets. All this was rubbed out instantaneously by a series of thunder crashes. A deluge of ash complicated the shroud of noonday, and the highways filled magically with a crying, crouching, gray-lipped throng.

The American was running through the burned, poisoned air. A woman stretched out her hands to him as he passed. A mulatto youth fell in at his heels. Others followed. The white man was the sublimation of flight. Down the terraces to the Rue Victor Hugo the runners made their way augmented as an avalanche gains weight and impetus. At the main thoroughfare, the seemingly maddened leader turned toward the Morné d'Orange, and staggered up the slope toward the plantation house.

(To be continued.) LOVE WINS OUT. Millionaire Miner Marries Poor Girl in spite of All Obstacles. Love finally triumphed over obstacles bitterly contested for several years when James A. Doyle, a millionaire mining man of Denver, Col., recently took for his bride Miss Mary Duffy, a pretty employe of a Denver dry goods store. The romance of these two young people, begun some years ago, has been beset with constantly recurring disappointments and opposition.

First one interference and then another marked the slow yet substantial growth of this romance, but, in spite of frowning fate, love held its own, and so well that the marriage which was often despaired of by the young people has finally taken place. The small disappointments which arose from time to time to delay or prevent the marriage taking place were mere nothing compared to the vigorous objections of the Catholic church when the couple finally set a wedding day.

Two years ago Mr. Doyle appealed to the church to consider his request. His former wife is now married and traveling abroad. He contended in his appeal that he was never legally married in the eyes of the church—for the reason that his wife had not been baptized in the church and therefore was not divorced. A special ecclesiastical court took up the matter, but nothing came of its deliberations, and finally the couple decided they would not wait any longer.

Doyle fell in love with the little schoolgirl long before he made his fortune and before his name became well-known in mining circles, first through "Jennie" Burns, millionaire owner of several Cripple Creek ventures with the Portland mine. His attentions were not at first encouraged. But he said he was willing to wait, and in the meantime he turned his attention to other ambitions in this direction more than cupid favored his suit for the hand of Miss Duffy.

With energy, youth and ambition he succeeded in gathering a fortune far greater than he had dreamed of in his younger days. Meanwhile, Miss Duffy remained heart free. Doyle having succeeded in business again renewed his suit for Miss Duffy's hand, and finally succeeded in wedding himself a little bit into her favor.

By the time Miss Duffy had made up her mind to accept Mr. Doyle's attentions, disappointments, in the nature of sickness and opposition, both mental and clerical, began to assert themselves. But Mr. Doyle was patient, and Miss Duffy was very much in love.

The by one objections were met and obstacles overcome. Finally tired of fighting even for love's sake, they took matters into their own hands and procured a license. No marriage in Denver has ever attracted more attention and interest, owing to the well-known difficulties which the parties experienced in the course of their romance, and because of the unusual beauty of the bride and the prominence in business circles of the bridegroom.

AMUSEMENTS

AT THE CHICAGO THEATERS.

WORLD'S LATEST EVENTS AT AUDITORIUM. Cameraphone "The Show that Talks," Features of Henry Lee's "Mimic World." Program Amplified. Henry Lee's "Mimic World," which, with the introduction of "The Passing Show" at the Big Auditorium, has created a sensation because of its marvelous effects and its edifying features, will embrace even more startling novelties on the second week of its run, which begins Sunday afternoon, June 7th.

The cameraphone, "The Show that Talks," heralded as the eighth wonder of the world, remains the novelty feature of the entertainment. Owing to the great number of subjects, it has been decided to give an uninterrupted program daily and Sunday, beginning at 2:30 and 8:30 p. m.

GREAT NORTHERN. Boufta, the most popular actress in America, is but one of the many pleasant features of "Wine, Woman and Song" at the Great Northern Theater, Chicago. This musical review, which took New York by the proverbial storm to such an extent that it remained at one theater for an entire season, is a series of travesties upon popular successes, ranging from "The Music Master" to "The Red Mill."

MAJESTIC. For the week of June 8th, one week before the great Republican Convention, the Majestic Theater, Chicago, will offer a great vaudeville bill composed of famous stars of that important branch of the amusement field. The one of the greatest interest, however, will be Miss Alice Lloyd, the famous English singer and comedienne, who has been creating such a furore in the leading Eastern vaudeville theaters for the last three seasons by reason of her remarkably clever work.

THE VINE'S PARADOX. "There is one paradoxical quality which the vine possesses." "What is that?" "It can keep on running while it is still rooted to the spot."—Baltimore American.

Anyway, the forgetful man seldom forgets to forget.

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HIS KIND DEED

"I saw a sight that touched me this morning," said the cashier. "It was a sight that restored my waning faith in humanity. It showed me that though a young man may be foolish, very conceited, very pig-headed, very frivolous and various other things, he is not necessarily devoid of humane instincts or generosity. I was glad to see that sight. It warmed the cockles of my heart."

The bill clerk wiped his pen on the half potato which he kept on his desk and then finished the cleaning process on the lining of his office coat. He was apparently oblivious to the cashier's remarks.

"Charity is a sweet and holy thing, Johnny," said the cashier. "Modesty is a fine thing, too," continued the cashier. "Some young fellows I have known would have bragged about it the first thing. If they had relieved the necessities of the poor, ragged, homeless old man they wouldn't have been satisfied till all their friends, acquaintances and business connections knew about it. Even if they said nothing until questioned they would have worn such an expression of happy virtue that anybody would have known they had done something out of the common. You look even more grouchy than you usually do on Monday mornings. Nobody would imagine that you had just done a kind action to look at you."

"Oh, cut it out!" said the bill clerk. "Not until I have laid my humble tribute of admiration at your feet," said the cashier. "I have to tell you that I honor you. You are the good young Samaritan who did not pass by on the other side, though there was a crossing quite available. You needn't blush, my boy. I was right behind you and saw the charitable act."

"Well, let it go," said the bill clerk. "I'm not finding any fault with you for squandering my half-dollar in that way," said the cashier. "I do not insist that you should be just before you are generous. I wouldn't have cared if you had made it a dime. But what made your jaw fall so, Johnny? It seemed to me that I saw all the bitterness of regret written on your face. It seems to me that it is still there."

"If you want to know," said the bill clerk, "I had just 30 cents and I gave the old stiff the quarter instead of the nickel. I didn't know it till I saw it in his hand and then I couldn't very well knock him down and take it away from him."

"I thought it was something of that kind," said the cashier.—Chicago Daily News.

LEGEND OF ENGRAVED MESA. Story of Great Disaster Which Wiped Out the Population. The story of the enchanted mesa was only a tradition when, in 1541, the Spaniards first visited the pueblo of Acoma, in what is now Valencia County, New Mexico. Powerful tribes inhabited the region. These tribes or nations were constantly at war with each other, which accounts for the fortified character of the villages of the natives. The Queros, whose descendants now occupy Acoma, held this mesa and dwelt in small fortified towns, the capital of which was Acoma. It was not, however, the Acoma of to-day, but a city perched upon the top of the great rock now called Mesa Encantada. It was the magnificent city of the nation, and there dwelt the great men of the tribe, together with their families.

West. One day, while a large number of the inhabitants were at work in the fields on the plain below, or attending to the affairs of the tribe in the various neighboring villages, something within the rock or in the earth beneath it, awoke to life and motion. There was a heaving, a quaking, and, with a mighty noise, it parted in twain and a portion fell in fragments to the plain below.

Such persons as were carried down in the debris were crushed to death. A fate remained for those left piled upon top of the mesa, for that which fell carried away the narrow trail, the only means of ascent and descent. The stranded ones perished from thirst and starvation. The present Acoma family are the descendants of disaster. Ethnologists who visited the top of the rock some years ago found unmistakable evidence that it had once been the site of habitation. The story of the disaster had, previous to that time, been discarded and considered but an idle Indian legend. The discovery of the ancient ruins, however, seemed corroboratory of the tale, and it has since been credited.

Out on the First Ballot. "Is your wife in favor of woman's suffrage?" "Not any more," answered Mr. Moulton. "The suffragette society she belonged to held an election of officers. The way the other members voted displeased her, so she has resigned."—Washington Star.

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