

The Whited Sepulchre The Tale of Pelee BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

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CHAPTER VI

Constable remembered turning into the driveway after his terrific exertion; remembered that the girl and her mother were standing upon the veranda; that the former stretched out her hand to help him and the elder woman released a cutting remark. Then a servant brought a chair, and billows of nausea surged over him. Just as his consciousness waned, and he was launching, chair and all, into space, Lara's voice reached him again. "Then he was in the hallway, through some miracle, and insisting most uncom- monly that he was not to be taken into the library, but into the music room, be- cause the windows there commanded the mountain.

word. The mail liner reasonably might be expected to call at Martinique with the dawn, according to schedule. The mails should be ready for distribution at nine. "We'll have luncheon aboard the Mad- ame to-morrow," Constable mused. "And while the blessed maiden is passing cake and pouring tea, the Madame will be running like a scared deer, to hitch her self to the solid old Horn, built of rock and sealed with icebergs!" He shaded his eyes at the window, staring beyond the city into the ashen shroud—Pelee's flag of truce. "Grand old mar- tyr," he murmured devoutly. "Hang on, hang on!" There was a tap at the door, and Breen was admitted. "I haven't seen much of you in the past three weeks, miscalled days," said Con- stable. "It is true. I have felt my own in- consequence in the presence of the big drama here. It is your drama, Peter. Then, I have found a place of many nar- rows." "Pelee Rabaut's?" "None other. There is something like coolness in this three-burned isle. Also a maiden creature, half child, half woman, wholly wonderful." "I have been glad to see you make the best of things. Of course one can never tell on a cruise where one is to encounter a series of business obligations—such as here." "True again," Breen said gravely. "I have been busy as that, but have accomplished nothing. Seriously, Breen, times are running close. Guerin's the first volley. To think I haven't been to the mountain; haven't taken a photo- graph of a note! My fellow researchers in things seismic will never forgive me for this. Breen, I thought I had a sci- entific mind, though that even though I balled in all else. I was a loyal geologist, but I have betrayed even that de- cent instinct. Another man would have had the women away to sea and be at- tending the mountain now; but here I am, a child with man's tools, gassing the night through, and she—across the hall—marked, for all I know, for Pelee's own! It's good to talk, though."

tain matters having to do with the Mad- ame's facilities for entertainment. Uncle Joey was to go for the mails. If he could prevent, Constable was minded that there should be no hitch nor tangle at the last moment. In spite of darkish apprehensions, his heart would burst now and then into singing since he had met two hours more of old Pelee, upon whose summit was now written in lightning and black cloud the ominous letters of Dis- aster. The ladies were left to such graceful ministrations of Breen as were found useful. Mrs. Stansbury, having gained her point, imposed no further delays. The eagerness of the daughter was controlled, but in no way concealed. The past three days had left a pallor upon her face, and shadows under her eyes, but the innate fineness of her features seemed intensi- fied rather than diminished by physical suffering, and the more subtle perturba- tions of the inner woman. "When a strain brings out the splendor of a woman's face, mark her well for a thoroughbred," Breen had found occasion to whisper to his friend. The sentence was soul's refreshment, as Breen intend- ed it to be. Constable, indeed, was contemplating the full significance of the words, and their possible bearing upon his present and future, as he rode down the Morgue d'Orange into the Rue Victor Hugo. The little black carriage of Esther Damien was approaching, and gripped by a sud- den idea, Constable halted it, saying to the elder spirit of the parish, whom he had met at the plantation house: "Father, take this two thousand francs and use it for the maintenance of the homeless refugees in Fort de France. I shall see that more funds get to you to-day." A little way further, another carriage approached, one of the public conveyances of the city. Behind the driver loomed the head and shoulders of a white man—hard head and broad shoulders—the sight of whom struck the music from the brain of Constable, as a knife that is slashed across the strings of a harp. Both vehicles stopped abruptly. "Well, I've got you," the broad individ- ual remarked cheerfully. "Where's the other fellow?" "Let it be known that the man whom Constable now faced was the same ener- getic person who occasioned discord on the Brooklyn pier, just as the Madame swung blithely forth into the harbor. Constable was thinking very rapidly. He felt prepared to commit murder rather than have his plans for the morning thrust aside. "The other fellow?" he repeated gen- tly. "The man hidden in your cabin when you cleared. His name is Nicholas Stein- bridge, if you don't happen to know," the stranger said, with some impatience. "Where is he?" "Where you saw him last," Constable said, with sudden cordiality; "and I want to state that I'm glad to see you—that is," he added doubtfully, "if you've come to take him away. If you've looked me up, you'll have found that I'm usually ready to pay in money, hide, or liberty, for the mistakes I make." (To be continued.)

Stranger—This village boasts of a choral society, doesn't it? Resident—No; we just endure it with resigna- tion.—London Tit-Bits. "If you were awakened by a fire in the middle of the night what would you think of saving first?" "My trousers."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Her Husband—Oh, I wish I had never learned to play poker. His Wife—You mean you wish you had learned, don't you?—Chicago Daily News. "A woman's 'No' means 'Yes.'" "You think so?" "I know so. Don't you?" "No; I am all over that illu- sion. I am married."—Nashville Amer- ican. "That new preacher you have is a pretty wideawake young man, isn't he?" "Yep. Keeps right on preachin' when everybody else is asleep."—Cleve- land Leader. Nell—A girl shouldn't marry a man (ill she knows all about him. Belle—Good gracious! If she knew all about him she wouldn't marry him.—Phila- delphia Record. "Why do they have consultations of physicians, pa?" "Sometimes one doctor can't think of something to operate for that hasn't occurred to the other."—The Smart Set. Today—Jennie tells me young Wood- y proposed to her last night. Viola— I don't think I know him. Is he well off? Today—He certainly is. She re- fused him.—London Tit-Bits. Constable—Come along; you've got to have a bath. Tramp—A barf! What, why water? Constable—Yes, of course. Tramp—Couldn't you manage it wiv one o' them vacuum cleaners? Mrs. Gramercy—I hear the customs authorities seized all the finery you brought over from Paris. Will it be a total loss? Mrs. Park—Why, no dear; I got my name in the papers.—Puck. "Why did you shake your fist at the Speaker?" "Well," replied the Con- gressman, "I didn't want the whole session to slip by without my having made a motion of some kind."—Phila- delphia Ledger. "Who is the old fellow over there with the comic cast, the stovepipe hat and the baggy-kneed trousers?" "That's the professor who is lecturing on the ab- surdities of woman's dress."—Cleve- land Plain Dealer. "Bridget," said Mrs. Grouchy, "I don't like the looks of that man who called to see you last night." "Well, well," replied Bridget, "ain't it funny, ma'am? He said the same thing about you."—Philadelphia Press. "I never object to fair criticism," said the pompous young actor. "What you object to, I suppose," said the critic, "is the understanding most peo- ple have of the meaning of the word 'fair.'"—Chicago Record-Herald. On reaching a certain spot the driver turned around on his seat and observed to the passengers: "From this point the road is only accessible to mules and donkeys; I must therefore ask the gentlemen to get out and proceed on foot." "Lady," said Meandering Mike, "I don't blame dat dog of yours for tryin' to bite me. 'Why not?' 'Because it shows his intelligence. De last time I came dis way I banded him a piece of pie you gave me.'"—Washington (D. C.) Star. Visitor—And how is Pat this morn- ing? Mrs. Patrick O'Grady—Sure, ye honor, it's still alive he is. Visitor—Did you give him the soup I sent? Mrs. Patrick O'Grady—Well, no, sir, Father Phelan said it would only be after delayin' him.—London Sketch. "Ah, yes," said Senator Smugg, in a self-satisfied way. "I got my start in life by clerking in a humble grocery store at a salary of \$3 per week, and managed to save money on that." "But," replied the astute reporter, "that, of course, was before cash reg- isters were invented." Brown—About the greatest man who ever lived in this community was Jen- kins—broad-minded, big-hearted and brilliant—and yet he died with all his talents and goodness unsuspected. Jones—How did you come to find out about it? Brown—I married his widow.—London (Eng.) Tit-Bits. "Ladies," called the president of the Afternoon Whist Club, "ladies, it has been moved and seconded that there shall be no conversation at the card tables. What shall we do with the motion?" "I suggest that we discuss it while we play," piped a shrill voice from table A. And the suggestion was adopted. Publican—And how do you like being married, John? John—Don't like it at all. Publican—Why, what's the matter w' she, John? John—Well, first thing in the morning it's dinner it's money again; and at supper it's the same. Nothing but money, money, money! Publican—Well, I never! What do she do w' all that money? John—I dunno. I ain't given her any yet.—Punch. His Cold Joke. The American auto was in the lead. One of its occupants espied the but of an Eskimo not far off and a pleasant- looking Eskimo maiden standing before it. "Say," he said to his partner, "do you think that girl would know how near we are to Paris?" "I don't know," replied the other. "Alaska." The machine, running into the point of the joke, punctured one of its tires. When a girl looks pretty in a ham- mock, it took her half an hour to get her skirts and feet arranged. The girl who frowns down regardless of her appearance, may be comfortable, but she looks as bad as a woman who rides a horse astride. Every boy is proud of the fact that he chews tobacco, and every man is ashamed of it.

DO YOU NOT KNOW THE "Ys" OF INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMACY? Japan needs Korea and longs for our Philippines. Russia wants India and England wants to check that design. Our Fleet is needed in the Pacific. The Panama Canal would tremendously increase our Naval Efficiency. AND ALL THE OTHER "WHYS" THE PRESS DAILY BRING UP FOR CONSIDERATION. A Good World Map Enables You to Reason Out These "Ys" THE U. S. AND WORLD MAP This Chart Embraces Not Only The World, The States, The U. S. But 16 other Maps of Vital Interest. THE STATE MAP Portraits of all Governors of the State to present Date THE WORLD MAP A Beautiful Engraving in 6 Colors. Countries in separate tints. Distances of water, etc. THE U. S. Same style, up-to-date. ALSO THE U. S. A special Historical Map showing the gradual expansion of our country. Dates of purchase, acquisition, etc. of our various enlargements of territory. THE PANAMA CANAL A Rel of Map showing progress of work. MAPS OF THE PHILIPPINES, HAWAII, PORTO RICO, ALASKA. ILLUSTRATIONS Of Panama Canal Scenes. Portraits of the World's Rulers. Portraits of all the Presidents of the U. S. Fac Simile in colors of the Flags of all Nations. Fac Simile in colors of the Coat of Arms of all Nations. Population shown on face of map by new & original characters for towns of various sizes. Exclusively up to date on this map. Interurban Lines shown in red. Congressional District shown by numbers. Country is at by red dot. Distances between towns. Every Post Office and Railway Station. A special map of Chicago and vicinity. Latest Survey Lines and Town- ship and Range Numbers for historical land. Most Interesting Descriptive Map of Illinois, 1790—Data illustrating Gradual Formation of Counties. 3 Sheets, each 26x36 inches in size, fastened together at top with metal with eyelets to hang on wall. Distinct and large enough to show beautiful maps. Small enough for any office or home. DESCRIPTIVE A Complete Index locating all Towns of the State. A List of Rail Roads of the State. A List of Express Offices, Etc. The Growth of our Country, Showing Popu- lation of all Chief Cities at 3 Census Periods, 1880, 1890, 1900. PRICE \$1.50, POST PAID This Map and One Year's Subscription to the Downers Grove Reporter \$1.50 INDIAN TRIBES PASSING. In a Short Time the Moccasined Red Man will Be Only a Tradition. Thirty years from now it will be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find an Indian tribe in the country, living in tribal relations, according to the officials of the bureau of Indian affairs, says the Boston Transcript. The day of the befeathered, blanketed, moccasined red man is passing. It will pass sooner than it is generally realized. The Indian problem would appear to be near its settlement and will soon be listed with the questions of the past. Fifty years from now, if another James Fenimore Cooper arises, he will have little but his imagination to draw upon unless he goes north into Canada or Journeys south into Mexico. Of course, the Indian blood will remain and will be traceable for many generations to come, and for a long time to come there will be Indians of mixed and unmixed blood scattered among the whites. But these Indians will earn their living as other folks or will be exterminated, the hunting ground will be but a tradition, and the weapons of the chase will be sup- planted by the tools and appliances of civilization. The United States government is pro- ceeding on the theory that the Indian is a desirable person when he gives up his tribal relations, proceeds to live as the whites do, earning his own liv- ing, and not being a ward of the nation—in other words, when he ceases to be an Indian and blends with Ameri- can citizenship. Persons of sentiment and those with veneration for the traditions of the past will probably cry out when they understand just what the government is undertaking to do about the Indian. Many will probably insist that the Indian should be preserved in his aborig- inal character, as a relic of the past, just as they insist on the preserva- tion of whatever has historic value. But the government finds this troublesome and expensive and enter- tains much doubt whether it is a kindness to the Indian. At any rate, the extirpation of the Indian is pro- ceeding as steadily and ruthlessly as the wiping out of any conquered peo- ple of history ever proceeded. To be sure, it is not being done by cruelty. Probably any other course would mean that the Indian would ultimately be- come extinct. Commissioner of Indian Affairs Francis E. Leupp has given a quarter of a century to the study of the In- dian problem. He is a trusted friend of the Indian, and a believer in him, and he believes that the best kind- ness the government can show to the red man is to help him take up the white man's burden and come to be a nomad. There are two lines on which Mr. Leupp and his aids are working. The first object is to break up the reser- vations and to get white men to settle

LOW-DOWN TRICK ON A THIEF.

Reformed Jailbird Explains How He Lost Faith in Mankind. "A short while before I reformed," said the man who spent much of his early life in jail, to a New York Sun writer, "I had an experience that shook my faith in human nature. Going uptown one night in the 6th ave- nue elevated train I extracted from a man's pocket a letter and \$50. I hadn't wanted the letter, but it was so tangled up with the bills that I couldn't help taking it too. After I once got it out of the man's pocket I couldn't very well put it back, so I kept it. Unfortunately I read it. "It was a pathetic letter. Even a heart of stone couldn't hold out against an appeal of that kind. It had been written by a woman who evidently had some claim on the man. She was in deep trouble. The letter related in touching simplicity a story of sickness, want and death. The writer implored the man to aid her and her family, and it was clear that the \$50 I had relieved him of had been scraped to- gether to send to her. "Well, with that \$50 in my pocket and that woman's letter on my mind I put through the most miserable night of my existence. I hadn't much of a conscience left, but what little bit I had was hard at work. Even when I dropped off to sleep I was tormented with dreams of that poor woman. By morning the strain had told on me. I couldn't stand to keep that money in my possession another hour. "The man's address was on the let- ter and I wrote to him, including the \$50 and the letter that had brought me to that softened state. I did even more than that. I included \$3 of my own. I told the man that I was about as low as they make 'em, but I wasn't low enough to keep money that had been meant for those poor souls. "For obvious reasons I did not give my name and address. I was satis- fied with doing good. I did not want to be thanked. I wanted no notoriety. On account of my obscure position it was impossible for the man to com- municate with me if he had wished to do so. However, I did hear from him again, just a week before I went out of business for good. It was what I heard then that made me doubt all mankind. "I learned that that letter was a kind of financial preserver. The man always carried it wrapped up with whatever cash he happened to have on hand. A sister-in-law of his out in Indiana wrote a fresh copy and mail- ed it to him every week so it would always look nice and new and prevent suspicion of its being a fake. You see, that fellow reckoned the chances were 10 to 1 on even the most harden- ed jail bird being melted by that ap- peal and returning the money. He guessed right, to. Is it any wonder that I have been cynical since then? To see a nice, respectable man stoop to such trickery is enough to sour the most trusting disposition."

Fossils the Small Boy.

The small boy is apt to wonder why a young man has the shoulders of his coat padded instead of the seat of his trousers.—Philadelphia Record. Buenos Aires has a population of 1,200,000, of which about 80 per cent is foreign, the Italians forming about 60 per cent of the foreign population.

CHAPTER VII

Immediately after breakfast Constable drove down to the city to send out final orders to Captain Negley, and attend cer-

90 YEARS OF EXPERIENCE PATENT