

The White Sepulchre The Tale of Pelee BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.) Captain Negley had just stepped into the chart room. Laird was on the bridge. Plans, the second officer, on his way to the bridge to relieve or assist Laird, was felled at the door of the chart room. In the instant required to drag the body to shelter and close the door of the chart room, Captain Negley was overpowered by the blizzard of steam, gas and livid stone. When consciousness returned to him he was lying across the body of Plans and the ship was rolling like a runaway buoy.

The Irishman was too wise to reply. "But you must turn back!" the woman cried hopefully. "Captain Negley would never leave his own to die back there!" "Captain Negley is not in command now," Pugh said, his small eyes burning wickedly. "Get below or I'll call the sailors to help you down. I don't need a woman and a sniveling valet to help me run the ship."

Lara turned to the ladder, brushed back the drenched hair from her eyes, and said coldly, slowly, "I see there is a coward in command!" For that one instant she was a vivid replica of her mother. The viperine face of Pugh turned ashen under her eyes. Reaching the main deck, she told Macready to bring two sailors into the owner's cabin. A moment later she was bending over the unconscious form of the ship's commander in the berth. She seized his hand.

Henry Codman Potter, bishop of the Episcopal diocese of New York, whose death is mourned by thousands, was born in Schenectady, N. Y. In 1836, and came from a family of famous churchmen. His father and an uncle were bishops before him, and it was natural for him to follow in their footsteps. It was not the original intention of his father to have him enter the ministry. The elder Potter selected the life of a grocer for his son, and this was the first business in which he engaged after leaving school.

Science and invention. The meteor train studied by Prof. F. R. Moulton of Columbia University, are the luminous streaks often seen in the wake of shooting stars, and they may continue many minutes, or even an hour or more. They drift slowly and become distorted, as if by air currents. They seem to be self-luminous, and may sometimes resemble the after-glow on turning off the current from vacuum tube electrodes. The glow is greenish-yellow, diffuses 100 yards a minute, and is most striking at a pressure calculated to be that of the atmosphere at a height of fifty-five miles.

LOSERS PRESENCE OF MIND. Guest, Though Forwards, Pats Hostess in a Frolicsome. An amusing anecdote was told by a young matron the other day apropos of absent-minded persons. She had been married only a short time and was giving a luncheon to some of her mother's friends. She was particularly anxious to have everything go off well, that her reputation as a housekeeper might be established. The little menu was made out after much consultation with the new French cook. She had trimmed the table with her own hands and all was in charming readiness, when at the eleventh hour an old school friend arrived from out of town and asked if she could stay for luncheon. It was most inconvenient, but the warm-hearted bride welcomed her.

Advertisements for H. MacPHERSON Mason Contractor, C. V. WOLF GERANIUMS, NARAMORE AND FOSTER, and F. C. Moberg & Son Painters and Decorators.



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PIPE QUIETS FRACTIOUS COW.

Girl Does Hire Man's Clothes and Smoothes Hair. A young man who has ever spoken in language barred from use over the telephone by a mean cow kicked over a half-filled pail of milk.

THE FICKLE SUMMER MAID.

Rodrick—Man at the seashore discovered diamonds in the surf. Did you ever discover any jewels when you were there?

ALL IN ONE.

"You've read his novel. Is it a love story?" "Yes, it's intended to be. There's a young naval officer in it and a cad and an idiotic chump."

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN.

"Do you love me well enough to give up cigars?" "Certainly. Besides, after we are married I won't be able to afford anything but a pipe."—Illinois State Journal.

STEAK NONSENSE advertisement.

He—I'd go to the end of the world for you. She—You won't have to go that far, I'm here.—The Sphinx.

Passenger—How do you feel, my good man, when the giant waves come tumbling over the ship? Old Salt—Wet, ma'am—werry wet!

Pa—Sometimes I get discouraged about Willie. Ma—What's the matter now? Pa—Here he is, 11 years old, and he can't throw an outcurve yet.—Newark News.

Teacher (to new pupil): "What's your name?" New Pupil: "T-t-tommy T-t-taker." Teacher—"And do you stutter all the time, Tommy?" New Pupil: "N-n-n, n-n-n; o-only when I t-t-talk."

Mrs. Uptown—I trust that we shall get along very nicely, Nora. I am not at all difficult to suit. Nora (the new maid)—No, ma'am; that's what I thought the blessed minute I set eyes on the master.

"How do you account for Casey's wonderful success as a policeman?" "The fact that he used to work in the ditch." "How does that account for it?" "It made him proficient in the art of throwing mud."

Mr. Bunshy—If that young man's coming here to see you every day in the week, you had better give him a hint to come after supper. Miss Bunshy—I don't think it's necessary, pa. That's what he comes after.

An editor is reported by Lippincott's as saying—when asked on what he based his assertion that his small boy was cut out for an editor—"Why, everything he gets his hands on he runs and throws into the waste-basket."

Mr. Hatch—I have my doubts about this idea that the more you give away the more you have. Mr. Phamlegh—No question at all about it. I gave away my daughter two months ago, and now she's returned to me with her husband.

Farmer—I'm a-goin' to drive to town some day next week, Marthy. His Wife—You can't drive. I was just lookin' over the wheel of auto races an' there ain't an open date for horse-drawn on the roads for the next ten days.—Puck.

When little Hans Heien learned that moving day was near he asked for a trunk in which to pack her belongings. "But what have you to pack?" asked her aunt. "Why," replied the child in surprise, "my Teddy bear and other useful things."

A woman on the train asked the conductor how long the cars stopped at the station. He replied: "Madam, we stop just four minutes, from two to two to two two." The woman turned to her companion and said: "I wonder if he thinks he's the whistle on the engine."

"I didn't know your mother was dangerously ill," said the observant neighbor. "Why, she isn't," replied the dainty daughter. "What made you think that?" "I saw you washing the dishes this morning." And is it any wonder that they never speak as they pass by?—Detroit Free Press.

The class was discussing animals—how they walked, got up, etc. After she explained the cow's method of rising to her feet, the teacher asked: "Do you know any other animal that gets up like a cow?" Silence reigned for a moment, then one little girl timidly raised her hand. "What is it?" asked the teacher. "A calf," was the whispered reply.

In a Glasgow car was an aged Irishman who held a pipe in his mouth. The conductor told him he could not smoke, but he paid no heed. Presently the guard came into the car, and said with a show of irritation, "Didn't I tell you you could not smoke in this car?" "Well, O'm not smoking."

"You've got a pipe in your mouth." "So I have me feet in me boots," replied Pat. "But O'm not walking."

Edith! The old gentleman bowed from the head of the stairs. "You just ask your young man if he doesn't think it's near bedtime."

"Very well, pa," replied the dear girl in the parlor; then, after a pause, "Jack says yes, if you're sleepy, so on to bed, by all means."—Philadelphia Press.

Howing to the Line. Mr. Heeler called you a hack writer, pa," said the editor's little son. "What does he mean by that?" "He means, my son," replied the editor, "that I've got a hatch always ready for such miserable creatures as he is."—Philadelphia Press.

An Essential Phrase. "How do you know he is an inexperienced playwright?" "Because," answered the manager, "he doesn't have a single scene in which the heroine says, 'I see it all now.'"—Washington Star.

Between the ages of twenty and thirty, if a young man is nice looking, graceful and a good dresser, he is in the same danger of becoming a professional footman at a wedding as a man of forty is of becoming a professional pallbearer.