XX 7 hited Cepulchre

LEVINGTON COMPORT

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OHAPTER XVIL- (Continued.) All that had been serens partock of pilgrimage together to Saint Pierre-of strange disorder now. Negley should have the place!" made an effort ere this to reach him. The that the gray was unchangeable in the reof of the world, he could not believe that all this was one day. . . . Iara would never forgive him for being whole, at the price of her mother's eyes! There Rue de Rivoli. A smoky charnal, Saint assured no adjustment possible for this Pierre, made human only by the lamentacruel play of his service. . . . He tions of those who had come down for caffed the mother's name softly, but his their dead from Morne Rouge and the words made no impress—called in frenzy hills. The wind was still; and the sun

"Boy !" "Yes, yes."

the dark !" but he awoke to find himself uttering in- went in to see if the place was safe. They coherent sentences. The woman was quite heard his steps upon the stones, the ratdead. . . The hours drew on into the of falling plaster. The walting was eternity, but the gray still lived in the long before he appeared and beckoned. sky. He loosened his arm, and the blood They followed him into the little stone rushing into the strained limb bore with shop. A breath of coolness still lingered it a thrashing pain. The water had cool- in the dim place, and the fruity odor of ed, but he did not put his burden down. spilled wine. The ash-covered floor was He had not yet fathomed the extent of parked hard, and still was damp from the her surrender, nor the signet and color gusts of rain through the open door and of her personality upon every word she the broken-backed roof. Steady as a clock had spoken. . . . He heard a cry ticking there was heard the "drip, drip" from Lara, and deemed it the encroach- from somewhere among the merciful shad ment of personal madness. Scornfully he lows, where the old soldier of France was answered. Again the voice of the wom- sitting. his lady in the sky.

It may be in this marvelous world, where men carry on their wars and their wooings, some pursuing their little ways of darkness, some burnting into blooms of valor and tenderness-it may be that af ter the most exalted passage of agony and tarror, two of Earth's people were return ed to each other in the strangeness of these. One swooning at the curb of ancient cistern, under the hot leaden sky. the falling sea before, and I'clee, his tens of thousands sixin, on her hand; the other in the pit below, standing in the cooling water, and calling upon her to forgive him for failing in that which only the gods could do. It may be the in the collection of Earth's tableaux another such film is curied away-from another age and another cataclysm.

"Niver you worry your hearst, sorr, called Macready, to whom the voice of his friend had brought imperious conscious ness, man-wise, instead of collapse. "Th faint is nothin'. "Tis a fortune fur thim as can faint fur loy, an' no burrt in sure. Have you th' streat' t' do th' overhand up th' chain, wit' th' fairest av tin Consend at th' top, sorr?"

stone slabs, caught the chain, and pulled was a mountain. The five days had done what four had not-played havor with the one hundred and ninety pounds manhood which struggled upward under Macroady's cheers, and fell across the rim of the eletern into Macready's arms

Lara awake and found Constable bend ing over her. Her eyes rested upon his lacerated hand, upon the swollen veine upon his clothing, bilaters upon his neck The reality came that he was praying for her to forgive him-because her mother had died in his arms.

"Puter, my beloved!" she murmure "You say that mother "

nostrile, lips, hands—all moved in their way of dear perfection. Some time she . . . Though he had failed in all else he had saved this masterpiece from herm. "But if I had not come back, she never would have known," he pleaded. "And she fargave me-I'm quite sure-as you'll forgive me----

"What are you saying?" she eried sud-"What do you mean? It is herethic, but I came thinking to find you all lying here—as they are in the city—all dend and down and I have found my lover living !" Macready and Ernst, afar off, watched

the paffs of smoke and steam rise like gray-white birds from the ruins. "Breat, lad," mid the other, "th' boss

an' th' l'adin' lady are havin' an inteldecksonal repeated in th' cinter av th' sta-age, be th' ould well. Bear in moind you're a chorne gurri, an' conduct yourallf in accord."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Madame was steaming down from Rama Terre to Saint Plerre. It was the third morning after the tragle eighth of May. On the evening after the eruption the ship had touched Fort de France, and last the natives there to join Father Damisn's colony. Then the Madame was dispatched to Dominica, where Constable rabled to New York for officers and men to complete the ship's company, and succonfled also in reaching Mr. Stansbury by cable with the word that his daughter had been saved, before the planter could get manage for the Whited Sepuichre.

Constable and Lara were sitting toenther at the cabin door in the sunlight and soft winds. The girl wore a robe mychased ready-made in Basse Terre. It was white and lustrons, a strange native fahrle, which the man regarded with secloumens and awe. This was an Item in the first consignment of feminine apparel he had ever had the honor to purchase. The low was full and rare.

"I come to you empty-handed and very Had from the heat of the journey, sir." a had told him; "but father will reim-

Father will be allowed certain privhat not that," he had replied, and of France are born again for the little any were the hooties, flounces, ribands, aliens; treading streets of darkness and mysteries which they drew, together meaning, streets of light and tears. A

the Basse Terre.

"Lara," he said finally, "we'll make the

mower that devastated the city and with proud-our mother!" the girl whispered anspeat violence swept the morne might unsteadily. "She told you to leave her have reached three leagues at sea! Save there in the dark, so that we would never see how changed she was. I know -bow she felt."

Lara, l'eter and Crusoe made their ar-

duous way up the cluttered road into the at last, and felt her shudder in his arms. shone through silent towers of smoke, and it was noon. No one had spoken for several minutes. The fruit shop had fallen "Tell Lara that there was no yesterday in part. The stone arch remained, al--no last night! And leave me here—in though the wooden door had been levelled and partly devoured by fire. Crusoe re-How long afterwards he never knew, mained outside with Lara, while Peter

> Must you go farther?" Peter "Crusoe and I will be only a moment."

> "I am going, too," the girl answered, The three climbed over the heap stones, which was the rear doorway, and entered the court from whence the sons birds had flown. Across the drifts of ash, into the dark beyond, they made their way, Constable leading, Crusoe last,

They were sitting together—the lovers. She had been listening, like Desdemona, as he "spake of most disastrous chances battles, sieges, fortunes." Soronia had been the first to see the sinister face lago at the door! She had bent forward soldier, her painter of pictures. * Thus they had fallen-the adventurer the shelter of the golden vine. Peleo had covered them with dust-each particle of covering dust fresh-wrought from the fire in which the stars were forged.

"Don't touch, ('rusoe!" Peter warned Something in the tone caused the man to forbear from his investigations. After all, his own life had been spared because Constable had taken him captive, and the trip had paid. Crusoe did not understand what was between the millionaire and the revolutionist. It occurred to him at last that this something must have been great er even than dollars; yet he was not sure the woman into the sunlight was that and made his own way back to Fort de France, to wait for his ship. He was happy to be alive, but he carried a crown ing mystery in his brain. This had to do hand and a millionaire's perversity on the other. After all, he acknowledged that he knew less of Constable than when he left New York.

Peter and Lara had descended nearly strange friend had not come into our lives. we could never have known each other as we do now. We might have loved and sone our way, without knowing all that all that our hearts could make us do."

"It all worked out like a mosaic for you and me, Lara. Our valiants fell shout us, but we were left. Always in our greatest need a man arose to help. Breen Negley, Ernst, little Denny---"

"Was there work for Pugh to do?" she

"Ah, Pugh the weak sister! He kept ! ros from going into the harbor too soon I shall pay him and let him go his way to-night in Fort de France. The sea a strange mistress to mother two such sons as the lion Negley and the poor little inckal Pugh! . . Sweetest Lady, I am in love with you and the world Bear witness that I forgive Pugh-ave. forgive Mondet! See, down the Rue Victor-the wreck of Les Colonies! The little editor was there, perhaps, writing his paragraphs on the stanchness of Peles! . . . Once, Lars, my mother said. 'Peter, some time you will breathe the breath of life." I know what she

meant now. I wonder how she knew?" "Mothers are close to the heart

There were tears in her eyes. To the right of them, among the ruins, a wailing woman had found her own.

They had traversed the Morne d'Orange. The sun bathed the fields. wreck of the great plantation house was hunched closer to the ground. As he neared the rim of the ciatern. Peter halted suddenly by the stricken lianas, and beckoned Lara back. The well curbing was broken away, and the earth for yards surrounding had caved into the pit. "Mondet was right, after all, about the

earthquake," he said. several moments. Then Peter took her hand and led her back toward the boat at the Sugar Landing.

Night had fallen. Up through the streets of the capital, they strode, the man and woman. Casements were open to the stars and the sea, but the people were dull with grief. Martinique had lost her first-born, and Fort de France, the in the spirit of weeping. They had loved Weekly. and leaned on each other, this boy and

girl of the mother island. Through the silent crowds Peter and Lara walked, a part of the silence, passing the groves and towers, where the laws money, from the treasure houses of field of fire-lights shone ahead, their red glow shining upon new canvas. This was white, too, of a freshness | the little colony of Father Damiend on shipbeard. His right hand brands plucked from the burning of Saint in the swathed state which denotes Pierre. They passed the edge of the and a thickness of lint was fitted | bivouse. A woman sat nursing her babe, bis coller. There was, too, a drawy fre-light upon her face and breast, drowsy shout his mouth and eyes, to which little ones about her. Coffee and nightfive forces had not yet at- air and quavering inliables; above all, day, multifariously handaged, beautiful Josephine in marble, smiling

a the bridge, in company with a new dreamily among the stars. It was the mound temperarily at Dominica. most potent instant of Constable's life; was anable to walk, but sig- some great joy or thrilling tragedy was ntention of healing above decks. breathing upon his heart. He saw a tear upon the cheek of Lars. The voice of manty of it had made Father Damies came from the distance :

and drink the wine with a merry beasty for God hath already accepted thy works. Let thy garments be always white; and let not thy head lack cintment, Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest, all the days of thy life-"

There was a cry from behind. It was at her breast. She had caught the garments of Larn in her hands, and, haif kneeling, with her face toward Peter, she exclaimed in a voice of loy:

"He is come! He is come! The silent camp uprose with a shout of gladness. The remnant of Saint Pierre pressed about the man and woman, crying, laughing, kissing their hands. Con stable had not dreamed of such glorifying gratitude; and yet he was humbled to tears. These were so few, and Saint

Pierre so vast! "Father Damien," he said, when his voice came to him. "we are come to take you out to our ship-"Not on the ship, but here now!" the

old priest cried. "It is the moment of ten thousand years!" And so they were restored to each other, in the midst of their devoted, in

(THE END.) LITTLE BOY WON REPRIEVE.

and the blessings of the Empress.

Son of Attorney General Brewster Pleaded for Criminal. The coming wedding of Miss Mary Brewster and Donald Cassells is great interest to all old Washingtonians because it united two families who have always been identified with

Washington society. The grandfather of the bride-elect was Benjamin Harris Brewster, who occupied the position of Attorney General during President Arthur's adminstration. When a young man Brewster risked his life in a heroic effort to save his sister from death by fire, and was himself terribly burned his brilliant conversational powers.

told of Attorney General Brewster and the son Andre, now a captain in the United States army, which is probably not known to this generation.

During Mr. Brewster's term as Attorney General a notorious highwayman and criminal was caught in Louistana and brought to trial. It was celebrated case, and finally the trial ended, and the prisoner, having been proven guilty, was sentenced to be hanged. But his counsel put in a stay of proceedings, and telegraphed the Attorney General, asking him to in tercede with President Arthur and se cure a reprieve for the prisoner.

This telegram did not reach Wash ington until the day before that se for the execution. The Attorney Genernl had gone to Philadelphia for the day, and the telegram was sent to his house instead of his office, and placed on his desk to await his return.

Andre Brewster, then a little lad, full of life and mischlef, was a privlleged character-an only son-and a great favorite with all the prominent government officials. He had the run of his father's library, and from the moment that telegram arrived he became possessed with a desire to read it. Finally, curloulty got the better of him, and when he had mastered its ontents he was deeply impressed with During the afternoon he asked his mother all manner of questions in regard to the President's exercise of clemency, and she could not imagine why the boy was interested in that subject. Andre kept his own counsel and rejuctantly retires to bed before

his father's return home. Late that night the Attorney General returned, and, going to his dealt found on top of the pile of letters the Louisiana telegram, with this indorse ment, in Andre's round, boylsh hand "Dear Papa: Give the poor man

ANDRE," It was raining and sleeting, but Attorney General Brewster's carriage had remained at his door, and, taking the dispatch, he burried off to the White House, President Arthur read it, and the indorsement; laid it down, and turning to the Attorney General, said, with his kindly smile;

"This is Andre's first case, Brew-

ster; send the reprieve." But, alas! for Andre's success as a special pleader. Twenty-four hours later the President was besieged with letters and telegrams from Louisiana begging him not to release a dangerous longer eriminal in a law-abiding community. Washington Post.

OUR GOLD INDUSTRY.

Immensity of It is Hard to Grasp by Even Close Observers,

An eagle, a \$10 goldpiece, is just about one inch in diameter. Imagine a glittering yellow ribbon of \$10 goldpleces lying edge to edge, beginning at San Francisco and extending eastward through the Sacramento valley of Call- ma" fornia, across the lofty Sierra Nevada mountains, spanning the great American desert in Nevada and, over the prairies of Wyoming and Nebraska, Philadelphia Press. across the green fields of lows and Illinois, over Indiana and Ohio, through the hills of New York and Massachu-Without speaking, they stood there for setts, and out into the Atlantic Ocean, half way to the British isles-imagine, edge to edge, without break or interruption, over this vast stretch of land and sea, a distance which consumes at least eight days in the swiftest express trains buttons on either side. and ocean steamers and you will be able to form some conception of the amount of gold that has been produced gentle sister of Saint Pierre, was bowed in the United States, says Leslie's

It requires some such illustration as this to grasp the immensity of the gold ndustry, to form some definite idea of the importance and magnitude of the gold production of the North American

magnificent. They are greater than in Sing?" activity. The figures of the world's to face the music."-Toledo Blade. production are enormous. In 1907 the output of the gold mines of the earth amounted to nearly half a billion dollars. Of this vast sum more than \$200,000,000 was net profit. No other industry can make such a showing as this. This gold was found in America. in Mexico, in South Africa, in Austra-

la, and elsewhere. This huge sum of profits, more than "the thy way, out thy bread with joy, of thousands of people.

EXPOSES AND HAPPINGS.

Man Boom Lout Sight Of. Just as the hub is the important part of the wheel, although inconspicuous comparison with the whole, so the kitchen, however shut off from the rest of the house, the vital part of the housekeeping and home-making domain, says the New Bedford Standard. Of course the house that is merely a place in which to rest and visit and get ready to go out can readily dispense with s kitchen, but such a house is like wheel with the hub disconnected and

filling its mission of making a home. But if the kitchen is the humble instrument that turns a house into a home, it does not get the credit of its beneficent role. Rather, it is likely to be looked upon as a cause of a prolonged series of vexations and annoyances imposing an almost endless round of tasks that become burdens unless the the fire-light, beneath the Seven Palms spirit of the home-maker dominates the housekeeper.

standing idle and useless-it is not ful-

How to make the kitchen and its special functions such a delight to the housekeeper that the danger of kitchens going out of fashion may be averted has been the problem of Nebraska university in its household-economics department. In this connection the delightful phrase, "the home foundry of happiness," has come into being, whether developed by the university or by the Omaha Bee, which tells of its investigations, we cannot say. But certainly the kitchen looked upon as the factory of home happiness is raised above the sordid precinct of pots and pans and grease.

But even a university can go astray. All its wrestling with the problem of how to make the housekeeper fond of and disfigured for life. He had most her kitchen and to enable her to turn off the work with such dispatch that she shall still have time and interest There is a very interesting anecdote to be an inspiring companion for husband and children eventuates in this list of "absolutely needful articles" for the room's equipment:

A gas range with water front and boller attached, a bood above to carry off odors and vapors, a kitchen cabinet, a refrigerator (outside icing), a small table on rollers, a window box outside for use where there is no ice kept, an froning board, three irons, a Berlin kettle, two pudding pans, a sauce pan, a steam cooker, a meat chopper, a bread mixer, a sospstone griddle, two French frying pans, a muffin tron, an tron frying kettle and basket, a roasting pan, etx ple tina, two baking sheets, an angel food cake pan, two-layer cake pans, a colunder, four mixing bowls (assorted stres), an aluminum tea kettle, an ice cream freezer, a coalhod, a fire shovel, a dustpan, a poker, a -glass lemon squeezer, a rolling pin, a chopping bowl and knife, a potato slicer, a wire potato masher, a funnel, a cream whip, a can opener, a corkscrew, a large grater, a small grater, two strainers, two dishpans, a draining pan, a vegetable brush, a hand basin, a quart measure, two glass measuring cups, two tin measuring cups, a Dover egg beater, a wire legg beater, two spatulas, two paring knives, a French knife, two large spoons, two wooden spoons, six tea spoons, six tablespoons, six knives, six forks, a cake turner, a bread knife, a butcher knife, three molds, a dish towel rack, a roller towel rack, twelve glass jars for food materials, a broom, a

Here we have the mistake that is made right along of thinking that the multiplication of possessions increases in like proportion the degree of happiness. One has only to compare in imagination some finely equipped house of the restless rich with the modest little home of some contented \$13-aweek couple to recognize that the implements of the work count for than the spirit of the worker.

Tools enough to avoid appoyance and rexations delays there must be; but pity the day when happiness seems to depend upon gas ranges with water fronts attached, upon kitchen cabinets, and multiplicity of knives and spoons.

A Just Rebuke.

the maiden in the flat above was singing "If All the World Were Mine" for the tenth time that evening. The man below could stand it no

"Say," he shouted at the top of his roice, "you exidently realize that you don't own all the world, but for heav en's sake where did you get the idea you were the only one in this flat?"-Detroit Free Press.

AH Used.

"When I got home at 3 this morn ing," said Wrounds, "my wife said she didn't propose to waste any words on

"Really?" exclaimed Clubberty. "Yes, and she didn't. I believe she used every one in her vocabulary."-

In Smart Livery. Housemaids in livery are the latest innovation in "smart" London houses One fashionable woman has attired her maids in neat skirts, tight-fitting bodices, with natty double-breasted waistcoats of yellow and black, tiny brass

The Rich Man Got It. Poorman-That's Old Man Flint. earned \$5 for him once. Ascum-You mean you earned \$5 do-

ing some work for him? Poorman-Put it any way you like. mean I earned the \$5, but I never got t.-Philadelphia Press.

The Reason. "Why do they call the principal The profits from the gold industry are prison in this country of yours Sing ernment is experimenting with

any other department of commercial "Because it is there that people have

Australia's Unexplored Regions. Australia contains more unexplored territory in proportion to its size than any other continent. The experience we buy worth the cost.

New Wear for Poachers. English poschers have adopted khaki for wear during business hours. They \$200,000,000, was distributed to scores and it makes the evasion of watchful

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Old Favorites

The Ludies.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen ! Here's to the widow of fifty! Here's to the flaunting, extravagant

queen! And here's to the housewife thrifty!

Let the toast pass --Drink to the lass: warrant she'll prove an excuse for the

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we Now to the maid who has none, sir! Here's to the girl with a pair of blue

And here's to the nymph with but Let the toast pass-Drink to the lass:

I'll warrant she'll prove an excuss for the

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow Now to her that's as brown as a berry! Here's to the wife with a face full of

glass.

And now to the damsel that's merry! Let the toast pass-Drink to the lass: 'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the

glass. For let 'em be clumay, or let 'em be slim, Young or ancient, I care not a feather;

So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim, So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim. And let us e'en toust 'em together! Let the toast pass-

Drink to the lass: I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

What the Bullet Sang. O, joy of creation,

To be! O, rapture, to fly And be free. Be the battle lost or won. Though its smoke shall hide the sun. shall find my love the one

I shall know him where he stands All alone,

Born for me.

With the power in his hands Not o'erthrown; I shall know him by his face, By his godbike front and grace; I shall hold him for a space All my own.

It is he O, my love! It is I-all thy love

Foretold ! It is I-O, love, what bliss! Dost thou answer to my kiss? O, sweetheart, what is this. Lieth there so cold? -Bret Harte.

Radical Ideas on Celtara Underground cellars ought to be done away with. They are relics of a dark age. More sickness originates in them. physicians claim, than anywhere about the place. They cannot be kept in and tary condition while vegetables are constantly decaying there. The place for a cellar is above ground and outside the dwelling, Leave the basement for the furnace, the coal bin and a general storyroom. An above-ground cellar is more convenient in every way. Your regetable, can be stored with less than half the labor when you do not have to so up and down stairs with them You can keep an above-ground cellar clean with but little trouble, while the underground one, being difficult to get at, will be neglected nine times out ten and allowed to become a source of infection to the family above it. I hope the owner of homes in the country will give some earnest thought to this matter and decide to build above-ground

cellara.-Suburban Life. Rules for Newspaper Writers. When the situation clamors for a pardon-

Please begin your observation with No One Will Deny."

With a modest little, bashful little effort to deceive, Kindly use the introduction, "We Have Reason to Believe."

When the information's doubtful, be no whit dismaged thereat. Finding refuge in the sentence, "Tis an Open Secret That ----

You may search the very marrow of your controversial foca With that phrase of cold disparagement,

And a fraud will seem as pious as With the prefatory label, "It Is an Un- Cottage Dining Room missionary tract doubted Fact."

So, by paying close attention to a few such cules as these You will speedily be able to prevaricate

-Pack. As Wheat Is.

with case.

"Well," said mamma, as papa re turned from the woodshed with Willie, "I do hope Willie will be good now." "Yea," remarked papa, grimly, "he ought to be good as wheat, for he's certainly been properly thrashed."-Philadelphia Press.

Another Stringency. "Yes," said the first tramp, "times are certainly bad with our profession." "In what respect?" asked the second tramp. "There's a great stringency of ham

sandwiches and cold mutton bones."-Detroit Free Press. Not to Be Expected. "Here is an item-that says the gov-

double-pointed bullet." "Good gracious! They don't expect to do business going and coming, do they?"-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Ancient Lay. "Oh, give us the old-time lays!" Wailed the wheezy minetrel man. And a cherub up in the gallery cried. As he tossed an egg with a chick inside "We'll give you as old as we can," -Chicago News.

There are times when a man's best friends summon a silent jury in their hearts to try him, while loudly asserting his interest.

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