

The White Sepulchre The Tale of Pelee BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

All that had been scenes partook of strange disorder now. Negley should have made an effort to reach him. The power that devastated the city and with unspent violence swept the morn might have reached three leagues at sea! Save that the gray was unchangeable in the roof of the world, he could not believe that all this was one day.

Lara would never forgive him for being whole, at the price of her mother's eyes! There seemed no adjustment possible for this cruel play of his service. He called the mother's name softly, but his words made no impression. He called her name at last, and felt her shudder in his arms.

"Boy!" "Yes, yes." "Tell Lara that there was no yesterday—no last night! And leave me here—in the dark!"

How long afterwards he never knew, but he awoke to find himself uttering incoherent sentences. The woman was quite dead. The hours drew on into eternity, but the gray still lived in the sky. He loosened his arms, and the blood rushing into the strained limb bore with it a thrashing pain. The water had cooled, but he did not put his burden down. He had not yet fathomed the extent of her surrender, nor the signet and color of her personality upon every word she had spoken.

"Niver you worry your heart, nor," called Macready, to whom the voice of his friend had brought imperious consciousness, man-wise, instead of collapse. "Th' fish is nothin'." "Is a fortune for us, as we can faint for joy, as 'n' hurt in it, our. Have you th' street 'o' th' over-hand up th' chain, wif' th' fairist as th' 'cussed at th' 'n'?"

Constant placed his burden upon the stone slabs, caught the chain, and pulled himself free from the water. His weight was a mountain. The five days had done what four had not—played havoc with the one hundred and sixty pounds of manhood which struggled upward under Macready's cheer, and fell across the rim of the cistern into Macready's arms.

Lara awoke and found Constantine bounding over her. Her eyes rested upon his bearded hand, upon the swollen veins in his throat and temples. She was blind, upon his chesting, blisters upon his neck, sweat and muck upon his face.

"What are you saying?" she cried suddenly. "What do you mean? It is horrible, but I came thinking to find you all lying here—as they are in the city—all dead and down—and I have found my lover living!"

CHAPTER XVIII. The Madame was steaming down from Beane Terre to Saint Pierre. It was the third morning after the tragic eighth of May. On the evening after the eruption the ship had touched Port de France, and left the natives there to join Father Damien's colony. Then the Madame was dispatched to Dominica, where Constantine resided in New York for officers and men to complete the ship's company, and succeeded also in reaching Mr. Stansbury by cable, with the word that his daughter had been saved, before the planter could get passage for the White Sepulchre.

"Lara," he said finally, "we'll make the pilgrimage together to Saint Pierre—or the place!"

"She was very beautiful and very proud—our mother!" the girl whispered unthinkingly. "She told you to leave her there—in the dark, so that we would never see—how changed she was. I know how she felt."

Lara, Peter and Cruso made their arduous way up the cluttered road into the Rue de Rivoli. A smoky charnal, Saint Pierre, made human only by the lamentations of those who had come down for their dead from Morné Rouge and the hills. The wind was still; and the sun shone through silent towers of smoke, and it was noon. No one had spoken for several minutes. The fruit shop had fallen in part. The stone arch remained, although the wooden door had been leveled and partly devoured by fire. Cruso remained outside with Lara, while Peter went in to see if the place was safe. They heard his steps upon the stones, the rattle of falling plaster. The waiting was long before he appeared and beckoned.

They followed him into the little stone shop. A breath of coolness still lingered in the air. The water had cooled, but he did not put his burden down. He had not yet fathomed the extent of her surrender, nor the signet and color of her personality upon every word she had spoken.

"Lara, dearest, I should have spared you this. Most you go farther?" Peter whispered. "Cruso and I will be only a moment."

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

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

"Don't touch, Cruso!" Peter warned. "Something in the tone caused the man who was accustomed to do as he pleased to forbear from his investigations. After all, his own life had been spared because Constantine had taken him captive, and the trip had paid. Cruso did not understand what was between the millionaire and the revolutionist. It occurred to him at last that this something must have been greater even than dollars; yet he was not sure. The look upon Constantine's face as he led the woman into the sunlight was that of fortune lost! Cruso left them there, 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 crowning mystery in his brain. This had to do with a millionaire's generosity on the one hand, and a millionaire's perversity on the other. After all, he acknowledged that he knew less of Constantine than when he left New York.

Peter and Lara had descended nearly to the shore when she said: "If your strange friend had not come into our lives, we could never have known each other as we do now. We might have loved and gone our way, without knowing all that it means to be human, without knowing all that our hearts could make us do."

"What are you saying?" she cried suddenly. "What do you mean? It is horrible, but I came thinking to find you all lying here—as they are in the city—all dead and down—and I have found my lover living!"

and drink the wine with a merry heart; for God hath already accepted thy works. Let thy garments be always white; and let not thy head lack ointment. Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest, all the days of thy life. . . . There was a cry from behind. It was from the lips of the woman with the hair on her breast. She had caught the garments of Lara in her hands, and, half kneeling, with her face toward Peter, she exclaimed in a voice of joy: "He is come! He is come!"

LITTLE BOY WON REPRIVE

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

The grandfathers of the bride-elect was Benjamin Harris Brewster, who occupied the position of Attorney General during President Arthur's administration. When a young man Mr. Brewster risked his life in a heroic effort to save his sister from death by fire, and was himself terribly burned and disfigured for life. He had most fascinating manners and was noted for his brilliant conversational powers.

There is a very interesting anecdote told of Attorney General Brewster and his 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 highway man and criminal was caught in Louisiana and brought to trial. It was a 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 intercede with President Arthur and secure a reprieve for the prisoner.

This telegram did not reach Washington until the day before that set for the execution. The Attorney General 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 mischief, was a privileged 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, curiosity got the better of him, and when he had mastered its contents he was deeply impressed with it. 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 reluctantly retired to bed before his father's return home.

Late that night the Attorney General returned, and, going to his desk, found on top of the pile of letters the Louisiana telegram, with this indorsement in Andre's round, boyish hand: "Dear Papa: Give the poor man a chance. ANDRE."

It was raining and steaming, but Attorney General Brewster's carriage had remained at his door, and taking the dispatch, he hurried off to the White House. President Arthur read it, and turning to the Attorney General, said, with his kindly smile: "This is Andre's first case, Brewster; send the reprieve."

OUR GOLD INDUSTRY. Immensity of It Is Hard to Grasp. My Even Close Observers. An eagle, a \$10 goldpiece, is just about one inch in diameter. Imagine a glittering yellow ribbon of \$10 goldpieces lying edge to edge, beginning at San Francisco and extending eastward through the Sacramento valley of California, across the lofty Sierra Nevada mountains, spanning the great American desert in Nevada and, over the prairies of Wyoming and Nebraska, across the green fields of Iowa and Illinois, over Indiana and Ohio, through the hills of New York and Massachusetts, 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 and ocean steamers—and you will be able to form some conception of the amount of gold that has been produced in the United States, says Leslie's Weekly.

It requires some such illustration as this to grasp the immensity of the gold industry, to form some definite idea of the importance and magnitude of the gold production of the North American continent. The profits from the gold industry are magnificent. They are greater than in any other department of commercial activity. The figures of the world's 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 Australia, and elsewhere. This huge sum of profits, more than \$200,000,000, was distributed to scores of thousands of people.

KITCHEN AND HAPPINESS.

Another Case Where the Essential Has Been Lost Sight Of. Just as the hub is the important part of the wheel, although inconspicuous in comparison with the whole, so is 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 a kitchen, but such a house is like a wheel with the hub disconnected and standing idle and useless—it is not fulfilling its mission of making a home.

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 her kitchen and to enable her to turn off the work with such dispatch that she shall still have time and interest 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 boiler attached, a hood 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 ironing board, three irons, a Berlin kettle, two pudding pans, a sauce pan, a steam cooker, a meat chopper, a bread mixer, a soapstone griddle, two French frying pans, a muffin iron, an iron frying kettle and basket, a roasting pan, six pie tins, two baking sheets, an angel food cake pan, two-layer cake pans, a colander, four mixing bowls (assorted sizes), an aluminum tea kettle, an ice cream freezer, a coalbox, 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 corkcreeper, 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 egg beater, two spatulas, two paring knives, a French knife, two large spoons, two wooden spoons, six teaspoons, six tablespoons, six knives, six forks, a cake turner, a bread knife, a butter knife, three molds, a dish towel rack, a roller towel rack, twelve glass jars for food materials, a broom, a mop.

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 \$15-a-week couple to recognize that the implements of the work count for less than the spirit of the worker.

Tools enough to avoid annoyance and vexatious 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.

When the situation clamors for a pardonable lie. Please begin your observation with "As 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 dismayed thereat. Finding refuge in the sentence, "Tis an Open Secret That . . ."

You may search the very marrow of your controversial foes With that phrase of cold disparagement, "As Every Schoolboy Knows." And a fraud will seem as pious as a missionary tract. With the prefatory label, "It Is an Undoubted Fact."

So, by paying close attention to a few such rules as these You will speedily be able to prevaricate with ease. As Wheat Is. "Well," said mamma, as papa returned from the woodshed with Willie, "I do hope Willie will be good now." "Yes," remarked papa, grimly, "he ought to be good as wheat, for he's certainly been properly thrashed."

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 government is experimenting with a 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 ministered man. And a chorus 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.

Old Favorites

Here's to the maiden of bashful smiles! Here's to the widow of fifty! Here's to the sauntering, extravagant queen! And here's to the housewife that's thrifty! Let the toast pass— Drink to the lass: I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize! Now to the maid who has none, sir! Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes! And here's to the nymph with but one, sir! Let the toast pass— Drink to the lass: I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

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 woe! And now to the dame that's merry! Let the toast pass— Drink to the lass: I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

What the Butler Sang. O, joy of creation, To be! O, rapture, to fly. Be the battle lost or won, Though its smoke shall hide the sun, I shall find my love—the one Born for me.

I shall know him where he stands All alone, With the power in his hands Not withdrawn; I shall know him by his face, By his godlike front and grace; I shall hold him for a space All my own.

It is he—O, my love! So hold! It is I—all thy love Forth! It is I—O, love, what bliss! What does answer to my kiss? O, sweetheart, what is this, Lieeth there so cold?—Bret Harte.

Radical Ideas on Cellars. 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 sanitary 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 storeroom. An above-ground cellar is more convenient in every way. Your vegetable can be stored with less than half the labor when you do not have to go 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 of 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 cellars.—Suburban Life.

Rules for Newspaper Writers. When the situation clamors for a pardonable lie. Please begin your observation with "As 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 dismayed thereat. Finding refuge in the sentence, "Tis an Open Secret That . . ."

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