

The Whited Sepulchre The Tale of Pelee

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

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CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

How many times the blue eyes of old Ernst rolled back under the lids, and his grip relaxed upon the oars, only to be recalled by the pleading voice and the face of tragedy before him; how many times the whipping tongue of Macready mumbled, forgetting its object, while his senses reeled against the burning walls of his brain; how many times the splendid spirit of the woman recalled her own lowlier faculties, and the terrible meaning of the quest—only God and these knew. But the little boat held its own to the desolate shore.

They gained the Sugar Landing at last, and strange sounds came from the lips of Ernst, as he pointed to the bulk of the launch, burned to the water line. Gray-covered heaps were sprawled upon the shore, some half-covered by the incoming tide, some entirely awash. Poor Macready lay down in the oars, and the fire-figer had rushed in at the kill. He was hissing and cringing still, under the ruins. The woman moaned and covered her face.

"There is nothing alive," she said with dreadful stress.

"What else could you luk fur?" Macready demanded. "Wait till we get over th' hill, and you'll hear th' burds singin' in the morgays laughin' in the fields an' wonderin' why the milkman don't come."

"I can live on air. I can live on air. I can live on air."

Our home was a sight of desolation.

Rue Victor Hugo was effaced, the way up toward the mornes undiscernible. A breathing pile of debris harbored every way. It was plain that they must make their way southward along the shore.

"If I cut on'y get hole o' that barnacle as a shark's tooth! Pugh—if I end on'y get him here weh bare-futted," Denby gasped. "Sure I'd be happy holdin' av him! Ha!—don't sther there!"

He pulled himself away from a puddle of unconsoled stuff as he lay on the iron.

Once he had stepped upon what seemed to be an ash-covered stone. It was soft, springy, and yielded a wheezy sigh. Rain and rock-dust had smeared all things alike in this gray, roasting shambles.

"Speak—won't you please speak?" the woman cried suddenly.

"It looks like rain, ma'am," Macready's quick tongue offered.

They were on the shore, nearing the ruins of the old plantation house. Saint Pierre had returned to the sea—at the last. The mountain had found the women with the children, as manner of visitations find them—and the men a little apart. There was nothing to do by the way, no lips to moisten, no voice of pain to hush, no dying thing to ease. Pelee had not faltered at the last. There was not an insect murmur in the air, nor a crawling thing beneath, not a moving wing in the hot gray sky. They traversed a shore of death, absolute, silent, drear—and the women were thinking death.

From the shoulder of the mornes Lava turned back one look. Saint Pierre was like a mouth that had lost its pearls. The land ahead was a hunk divested of its fruit. Pelee had cut the cane fields, sucked the juices, and left the blasted stalks in his paste. The plantation house pushed forth no shadow of an outline. It might be felled or lost in the smoky distance. The nearer landmarks were gone—homes that had brightened the scene in their day, whose windows had flashed the rays of the afternoon sun as it rode down over sea—leveled like the fields of cane. There was no calm, no saving grace. Pelee had swept far and left only his shroud, and the heaps upon the way, to show that the old sea-road, so white, so beautiful, had been the haunt of man. The mangoes had lost their texture; the palms were gnarled and naked fingers pointing to the pitiful sky.

She had known this highway in the mornings, when joy was not dead, when the sun of the soul shone. The lambs of children glorified the fields in the white moonlight, when the sweet drangons from the sea met and mingled with the spice from torrid hills, and scented of jasmine and rose gardens. * * * The dark eyes under the huge helmet were staring ahead; her lips were parted and white. Though they had passed the radius of terrific heat, she seemed slowly to be suffocating. Macready remembered this joy.

The breath of life was returning to his burden. She sighed once more, and then, full pitifully, he felt her wine with the pain which consciousness brought. "What is this dripping darkness?" he heard at last. The words were slowly uttered, and the tones vague. * * * In a great dark room somewhere, in a past life, perhaps, Constable had heard such a voice from some one lying in the shadows.

"We are in the old cistern—you and I, Peter Constable." His tones became glad as he added, "But your daughter is safe at sea!"

"Did you forget something, or did Lara send you for her parasol?"

"I came for you—came to tell you how much we needed you—how much we feared for your life, and to ask you once more—"

"What—an extraordinary—youth," she murmured. "Was there ever such darkness—as this?"

"The cave was dark, but not utterly black. The edge of the orifice was sharply lit with gray."

"They will come from the ship to rescue us soon. Please—please turn your face to the light—so! * * * Yes, that will do."

"Did you not know that I am blind, boy? * * * How big you seem! I should think you would put me down and rest your arms—"

Her face had been turned upward in the descent of the chain! He steered himself to speak steadily. There was a cumulative harshness in that her face, and all others, so fragile, of purest line, could afford no coarse element, burning dirt. Fairies leaped upon him; that he had not saved her.

"The water is still hot in the bottom of the cistern," he said. "My arms are not in the least tired."

An interminable interval passed before he heard the voice again, slower, fainter: "And so you come back for me—and you knew Pelee—! * * * No, the boy did not hurt terribly. My—face—"

"This was the time of darkness."

"Her body, her face, arms, throat, had covered him, as the rusty chain slipped through his hand. The molten steel had not cracked his flesh because she had stoned between them."

"I tried to save you—you know that we kept the fire from me!"

His voice was broken with rebellion. Then out of a sigh came the words that lived with his alvays:

"I—would—have—you—know—that la Montagne Pelee—is—artistic!"

"To be continued."

All very "CIVIL."

In certain sections of the country there are much favored words which are required to do duty with a wide variety of meanings. Such is the word "smart" among Yankees, and up along the Labrador shore the word "civil." The following conversation was overheard by a trayer:

"We are goin' to have lots of dirt today," said one, glancing at the sky.

"Now, it'll be civil," replied his companion.

"How did you get on with the cap-tain?"

"Oh, he got civil to hunting deer by and by. When he went out he didn't know nothing but he got civilized."

"Did I tell you 'twud take more than a spit at a mountain t' singe hair at him, ma'am?" Macready said, dancing about the rim. "There's about as civil rapids as I want to see."

"No!" she screamed, breaking from him, and rushing forward through the fallen gate.

Her cry brought an answer—a muffled sound from a pit. Macready and Brum puffed at the charred boards in the circle of smoke.

"Peter, King Peter! Where are you, Great-heart?" she called, laughing, crying, picking at her hands.

"In the cistern—in the old cistern," came the answer. "Why—did—they—let you—come—here?"

"Don't I tell you 'twud take more than a spit at a mountain t' singe hair at him, ma'am?" Macready said, dancing about the rim. "Are you hurted, sorr? Tell me, are you hurted?"

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

Pattern Department

UP-TO-DATE DESIGNS FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

REVIEW OF INDIANA

Five minutes after Albert E. Tucker, Sherman Peffley, of Wabash, had \$200 stolen from his pocket while he was on his way to a bank to deposit the cash.

The Moellering Construction Company, of Fort Wayne, has completed the paving of Main and Market streets at Columbia City.

Ben Allen, the Fremont young man who was fearfully burned in an attempt to kindle a fire with coal oil, died as a result of his injuries.

J. H. Kirkham, of Spencer County, who celebrated his seventieth birthday anniversary last week, has been paralyzed for more than fifty-four years and has been a member of the M. E. church for fifty-six years.

Through an ordinance, recently passed by the Town Board, Bowling Green will soon be supplied with cement sidewalks and street crossings on the principal streets.

The National Horse Thief Detective Association, which met in Peru, adjourned after selecting Charles Spy, of Logansport, president, and Crawfordsville as the next meeting place.

George Kravers, employed at the plant of the Crescent Handle Works in Evansville, has never voted, although he is about 45 years old. He says politics has no charms for him.

Sol Frank, while fishing in a small lake three miles west of Petersburg, landed a six and one-half-pound black bass. He was using only an ordinary cane pole, and City Councilman Lige Bailey, who was with him, caught the fish by the gills as he drew it toward shore and safely landed it.

Wild ducks are very plentiful this season, and some hunters kill eight or ten in one afternoon. There is little water in the streams of Pike County, and the ducks have taken to White river, and several small lakes in swarms, and are hunted at dusk, when they seek water for the night.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Michigan City, which was organized early last summer, has begun the construction of a building which will cost \$70,000. All the funds have been subscribed. The foundation will be laid this fall, and the remainder of the structure finished next spring.

One more saloon, the eleventh since January 10, closed its doors in Newcastle, through the blanket remonstrance. The saloon was that of Thomas H. Hatfield, which was located in the basement of the Bundy Hotel, and was known as the Bundy outlet.

Several weeks ago a swarm of bees took refuge in the cupola of the Regular Baptist church in Owensville and this week the sexton, Mr. Matthews, found several pounds of honey there in fine condition. The bees go into the cupola through a small hole near the base.

The last saloon in Waterloo closed its doors last week by the expiration of license, the remonstrance law operating against a renewal. It is the first time Waterloo has been without a saloon since 1856, when the first one was started there by John Wood, during the building of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad through the town.

In the circuit court at Huntington a few days ago there came up a motion on a case that was originally at issue in that court in the March term, 1842. It was a foreclosure matter, and the motion set forth that whereas the property had been sold in 1850 under a mortgage, the latter had never been satisfied. The foundation will be laid this fall, and the remainder of the structure finished next spring.

From the print shop of the Indiana Reformatory there has been issued a little booklet containing the names and photographs of 123 former inmates of the institution who are wanted there again on account of violated parole. There are also the pictures of eleven others and descriptions of eight more who have escaped from the institution and still are at large.

Several hundred men will be placed at work in Ball Brothers' fruit jar factory in Muncie within the next few weeks, adding materially to the large force that is now employed there. The entire No. 1 factory has been overhauled in the last few months, and an investment costing \$100,000 have been made.

The Roberts-Connor Veneering Company at New Albany recently began operating double turn and the em- ployes will work in day and night shifts for an indefinite period to get out orders that have been received from furniture factories throughout the country. About fifty men are on the day roll.

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Artman Francois, the miner whose back was broken and who was denied admittance to the St. Anthony Hospital in Terre Haute, is now on the road to recovery. When the injured man was refused admittance to the hospital Linton physicians had no hope for his recovery, but they decided to do all in their power to prolong life. Finally they decided to replace the broken bone and after four hours' work they succeeded in doing so.

Judge Heaton, of the Allen County Superior Court, held recently that the letters "O. K." written on the back of an order for money and having a signature under them mean "all right" and are equivalent to an endorsement. The case in which the decision was made grew out of a refusal of the McBride Electrical Company, of Chicago, to pay for material bought by a subcontractor for a municipal lighting plant which the McBride Company was building.

John Weston, a farmer near Jasonville, shipped a carload of hogs to the Batai Phi High School Fraternity in Bloomington, Wilbur Hobbs, 17 years of age, was dangerously hurt on the head and was unconscious for two hours.

Willard Haislip, who owns a farm in the southeastern part of Bartholomew County, has corn as fine as has been seen in many seasons. On twenty-eight acres of ground he raised a corn crop this year that averaged more than eighty bushels to the acre.

Three months after his fourth marriage, which took place two weeks after the death of his third wife, John VanBuskirk was divorced by his wife, who was given \$300 alimony. Mrs. VanBuskirk had also been married to his work. In a little while he returned to find that the visiting bird had gobbled down every goldfish and every minnow. He threw it out and it flew away without being clasped.

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Irving Cartensen, 15 years old, of Hobart, was fatally injured in a hunting accident on Deep river. He stumbled over his gun while getting out of his boat. His right hand was blown off, the muscles in his right arm were torn and a part of his shoulder was shot off.

Jacob Mangold, former night policeman of Decatur, was killed by Charles Wolf, it is alleged. Both men were working on a new road west of Decatur. Mangold instructed Wolf to unload stone according to rules. Wolf, it charged, hurled a scatting, striking Mangold's head. Wolf is under arrest.

Rain softening earth where they were working a gravel bank caved in on several workmen near Anderson, and John Atkinson, 61 years old, was instantly killed. Several men had narrowly escaped from death.

L. A. Crittenton, near St. Anne, says that he figured, one afternoon, on the number of miles he had been compelled to walk in cultivating an acre of land, and found it to be 312. He rented his farm and moved to town, where he walked 700 miles in the first six months looking for a job. He has returned to the farm.

Breathe Fresh Air.

If people only knew what good health and good spirits attend sleeping with one's head under a window seat, one and all would do it, says a bulletin of the Indiana Health Department. Coughs, colds, pneumonia, consumption and all other diseases of the air passages are principally induced by breathing foul air. The window tent supplies fresh outdoor air to breathe and at the same time permits the body to be in a warm room. The head is accustomed to the cold, and in very cold weather may be worn to protect the ears and cheeks. During the night and when asleep the tissues are repaired and the brain and nerve cells are recharged with energy. Pure air is the great factor in repair work. Consumption and catarrh in their early stages can be cured by breathing fresh air night and day.

of self-direction. She is a person of importance—and she knows it. She quietly assumes that she is somebody. The assumption is warranted in fact and conceded in practice. The American woman is, up to the present moment, God's best piece of work, and there are no visible indications of outside improvements upon the product."

Health and Beauty Hints.

To heal an open cut apply alum water twice a day.

A drink of warm sage tea will often cure a restless child.

Half a teaspoonful of lime water will usually cure colic and hiccough.

To bathe tired eyes in water as hot as one can bear will give great relief.

For a scald or burn apply immediately pulverized charcoal and linseed oil.

Orange juice with cracked ice can often be taken by a patient who can retain nothing else.

To cure sleeplessness take a cupful of hot Indian meal gruel just before retiring. Sip it slowly.

When tired out and hungry take a cup of hot soup for quick refreshment rather than tea or coffee.

Never leave a patient's unattended food by his or her side from meal to meal. It will destroy the appetite.

Handkerchief Laundering.

An easy way to wash and iron handkerchiefs. Overworked mothers, try this way: Collect handkerchiefs and put a couple of stitches through the corners of all. Wash in machine, smooth out each handkerchief and dampen slightly without removing stitches. Iron each one separately, or, if pushed for time, iron on each side of the bunch.

Gown of Crepe de Chine.

The sketch shows a charming model for a gown of silk, velveteen or crepe. Old rose crepe de chine was used for the

DAME FASHIONS DECREES

Gold and silver nets and trimmings to be used for evening frocks will be simple.

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