

The Whited Sepulchre

The Tale of Pelee

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

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CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"I confess I cannot understand you, dear," she said. "What consideration is due a gentleman who is rendered speechless by the incision of a newspaper? What depth is there to his feeling, for your welfare when he rushes away blindly and remains throughout the day, while you are here at the foot of a bursting volcano, as he pointed out. You will find that I am right, Lara. Mr. Constable is not even a worthy accomplice to the talented Stembridge. He is without speech or valor. What remains when a man is neither brain nor brute?" Her voice had not been raised, and Mrs. Stansbury left the library before Lara formed an answer.

The torturing hours crawled by. The gray afternoon turned to dusk, and the dusk to night. The north was reddened by Pelee's firelit cone, while the thick vapor dimmed and blurred. The rumblings were constant. Lara was suffering to fight out her battle alone. She asked no more than this. A thousand times she paced across her room: scores of visits she made to Constable's window, straining her eyes northward, along the road through the day and darkness, to the end of all things—the mountain! Uncle Joey came to plead with her, but she begged him to go away. Her brain was a vivid track of flying, futile agonies. In the evening the intermittent rumblings gave way to a growling, constant and incessant. It was as if a steady stream of heavy vehicles was pounding over a wooden bridge. There was a pang in each phase of the monster, since the man had gone up into that red roar. It was nearly midnight when the girl in the upper room heard a step upon the veranda.

"Uncle Joey," she called at the planter's door, "make haste; there is somebody below!" The moments of waiting assailed the very roots of her reason. The voice that she heard at last was Breen's. "I beg that you'll forgive me, Mr. Wall, for arousing you at this hour, but it is necessary for me to have a few words with Miss Stansbury."

"Sir," the planter replied, "anything which concerns yourself is of no moment to Miss Stansbury. If your message is from Mr. Constable, you may tell him to come himself or send a native."

"I dislike to appear insistent, Mr. Wall," Breen replied, without irritation, "but I cannot count my errand accomplished until I have heard from Miss Stansbury. If she should refuse to see me—"

"I am coming down, Mr. Breen," Lara called over the baluster. "Uncle Joey, show Mr. Breen to a seat. I'll be there in a moment."

She turned to re-enter her room for a garment. Her mother's figure barred the open doorway.

CHAPTER X.

Constable had been physically unbent in his thirty years, and the exertions of the past four days had worn little more than the polish from his vitality. Instead of relaxing in the crisis of the newspaper revelation, his body righted under the whip of pride, and he strode down into the city as one who has slipped a burden. He had been beaten in a battle with a woman. Blucher had come to Mrs. Stansbury's aid at the last moment, in the shape of newspapers from the north. From Lara, however, and not the mother, had come the most crippling blow of all. It was Lara who had handed him the newspaper. She did not wait, nor ask. Around this item, Constable built a gloom-structure of baroqued proportions. His attitude toward Breen was very simple. He would not betray his guest for all the newspapers and police in Christendom. Having waived Breen's offer to detail the particulars of his past, during the first night of acquaintance, Constable certainly could not reprobate the other for misrepresenting himself.

It was ten-thirty in the morning when he sent a message out to Captain Negley, commanding sailing orders, and enclosing a cheery note to Cruseo, containing a draft for the stipulated amount. At the bank he also left a second sum for Father Damien, and procured considerable current paper for his own uses. His mind moved in a light, irresponsible fashion. It was as if he were obsessed at quick intervals, one after another, by mad kings who dared anything, and whom no one dared refuse. His brain kept the great sorrow in the background, and occupied itself with striking artifices. While aware that in losing Miss Stansbury and the privilege of protecting her, the meaning and direction of his life was gone, still Constable did not yet sense the fullness of the visitation. His was not a wound to heal by first intention; and in bad hurts pain assumes command leisurely and in order.

He plunged into a crowd in the market place, and began to talk to the natives whimsically, but to the purpose of starting them toward Fort de France, adding that Father Damien would care for them generously there. "I do not say that this is the last day of Saint Pierre," he exclaimed in French, "but I declare to you that if ever a planet looked as if she were about to spring a leak, Mother Earth has the symptoms localized in Pelee!"

Constable's eyes had fixed upon a carriage passing along the edge of the crowd. Now he moved toward it quickly and seized the bridle. Despite the protestations of the driver, he led the vehicle into the good view of all. His face was red with the heat and ashine with laughter and perspiration. Alarm and merriment mingled in the native throng. All eyes followed the towering figure of the American, now howling before the swinging door of the carriage—and M. Mondet.

"This, dear friends," Constable resumed, as one would produce a rabbit from a silk hat—"this, you all perceive, is your little editor of *Les Colonies*. Is he not bright and clean and pretty? He is very fond of American humor. See how the little editor laughs!"

playing upon the paste formed of stone-dust and condensed steam. The clicking whir, like the flap of wings, heard at intervals, accounted for the scars. Bombs of rock were being hurled from the great tubes.

That he was in the range of a raking volcano fire did not impress this ant-clinging to the beard of a giant. Up, knees and hands, he crawled—up over the throbbing chin, to the black pounded lip of the monster. Out of the old lake coiled the furious tower of steam and rock-dust which mushroomed in high air, like the primal nebula from which the worlds were made. Pockets of gas exploded in the heights, rending the periphery as the veil of the temple was rent. Only this to see, but sounds not meant for the ears of man, sounds which seemed to saw his skull in twain—the thundering engines of the planet.

The rocky rim of the lake was hot to his hands and knees, but he could not go back. A thought in his brain held him there with thrilling bands—the same thought which Hayden Breen evolved as he stood at the edge of the Brooklyn pier. * * * But it was only a plaything of mind—the vagary of altitude and immensity. "Did ever a man clog a live volcano? Did ever suicidal genius conceive of corrupting such majesty of force with his pygmy purpose?" * * * The irreverent query righted the balances.

There he lay, sprawled at the edge of the universal mystery, at the secret entrance to the chamber of earth's dynamos. The edge of the pit shook with the frightful work going on below, yet he was not slain. The torrent burst past and upward, clean as a missing bullet. The bombs of rock cut out from sheer weight and fell behind him. That which he comprehended—although his eyes saw only the gray thundering cataclysm—was never before imagined in the mind of man.

The gray blackened. The roar dwindled, and his senses reeled. With a rush of saliva the linen dropped from his open mouth. Constable was sure that there was a gaping cleft in his skull, for he could feel the air blowing in and out, cold and colder. He tried to lift his hands to cover the sensitive wound, but they groped in vain for his head. With the icy draughts of air, he seemed to hear, faintly, his name falling upon the bared gallow.

"Peter! Peter Constable!" He strained his face toward the sound. The lower part of his body would not move. He was uncoupled, like a beast whose spine is broken.

"Peter! Oh, Peter, Constable!" he heard again.

(To be continued.)

INDIAN "WOOD FACES."

Strange Religious Rites Observed Among the Ancient Senecas.

Up in the northeast corner of Oklahoma there is a small band of Seneca Indians on a reservation of the same name, says the Kansas City Star. This is a remnant of a nation of Indians that can be traced from the original New England States, as they were forced west and south by the encroachment of the whites and the battle arm of stronger Indian bands that were constantly warring against them.

Among this little band of Indians, probably not more than 100 all told, there are some curious heathen rites that seem to be instinctive with the tribe.

Among them there is an old order known as "The Wood Face." Those who belong to the order can call in the "Wood Faces" in case of sickness, as is often done. They go through a performance that is calculated to drive out from the sick person the evil spirit that may be hovering around the bed. These faces are masks made out of wood, usually carved to represent a human form of some character, but sometimes made to represent the head of an animal.

They are painted red and black, with large silver eyes and a horse tail for hair.

Arranged in one of these hideous masks, together with rattles made of turtle shells fastened together at the upper edges with small stones inside and tied to the legs of the "Wood Faces," as they dance, roll and kick, singing their incantations the while, the Indians present a scene calculated to drive away any evil spirit that might happen along and incidentally drive the life out of the patient. While all this is going on it is also customary to pour ash to the gorse of the Falaise, the northward bank of which marked the chosen trail to the summit.

And now they moved upward in the midst of the old glory of Martinique. The brisk Trades blowing evenly in the heights wiped the eastern slope of the mountain clear of stone-dust and whipped the blast of sulphur down into the valley toward the shore. Green lakes of cane filled the valleys behind, and groves of coco-palms, so distant and so orderly that they looked like a city garden set with hen and chickens.

Northward, through the rifts, glistened the sea, steel-blue and cool. Before them arose the huge, green-clad mass of the mountain, its corona dim with smoke and lashed by storm. Down in the southwest lay the ghastly pall, the hidden, tortured city, tranced under the cobra-head of the monster and already laved in its poison.

The trail became very steep at two thousand feet, and this fact, together with the back-thrust of the summit disturbance, forced Constable to abandon the animals.

It transpired that four of the seven natives felt it their duty, at this point, to stay behind with the mules. A little later, when the growling from the prone upturned face of the great beast suddenly arose to a roar that twisted the flesh and outraged the senses of man, the American looked back and found that one native was faltering behind, with an incline.

Fascination for the dying thing took hold of him now, and drew him on. Constable was conscious of no fear for his life, but of a fixed terror lest he should prove physically unable to go on to the end. He found himself tearing up a handkerchief and stuffing the shreds in his ears, to deaden the horrid vibrations. With the linen remaining, he filled his mouth, shutting his jaws together upon it, as the wheels of a wagon are blocked on an incline.

The titanic disorder placated his own. He revelled in it, unconscious of passing time. He did not realize that he was alone, but knew well from the contour of the slope, leaning intimately in past visits, that he was nearing the Lac des Palmistes, which marked the summit level. Yet changes, violent changes, were everywhere evidenced. The shoulder of the mountain was smeared with a crust of ash and seamed with fresh scars. The cross was made by the dry whirling winds

Building Note in 1923.
In order to complete the 410th story of the Skyscraper building, the contractors will have to raise the sky three or four feet.—*Harper's Weekly*.

WOMEN AND FASHION

EFFECTIVE SUMMER GOWNS.



The three gowns illustrated in the group cut were all very attractive and smart looking, and although these models were expensive, they could be copied without difficulty. The gown at the left of the plate was in the model of pale blue linen rajah, trimmed with buttons of the same. The way in which the bands were used in the upper part of the bodice is worthy of notice, and the yoke, of sheer French muslin, with small tucks and insertions of lace, was also unusual in design.

The middle figure shows a gown which could be copied in various soft materials—the softer cotton fabrics, such as cotton voile, muslin or silk muslin being excellent. The model was of mauve messaline, with handsome white princess lace as trimming. The third figure shows a frock of cream-colored linen piped with black linen. The scallop design used on the bodice was repeated around the skirt, except that in the skirt the black piping was omitted.

red is added to give a tint. To use it red is added to give a tint. To use it put on the hair before waving with irons or on curlers.

The girl who is going away on a vacation should not fail to take these few things with her as first aid to the injured: Antiseptic plaster; ready-made mustard plasters; a folded alcohol lamp, with alcohol; a small jar of boracic acid; aromatic spirits of ammonia; bicarbonate of soda; a warm set of lace.

For sunburned arms take two ounces of pure honey, three drams citric acid and one ounce of bay rum or pure grain alcohol, put all together and shake well before applying to the arms. Honey and pure cider vinegar mixed thoroughly will also give relief. Wipe the mixture well into the hands, wipe them carefully with a dry towel and powder with talcum.

For hat-trimmings the very last cry is the uncurled ostrich feather, knife shaped and with the under side a different color from the upper. For example, white on one side and green on the other, or black and gray are favorite combinations.

The fashion of trimming the hats on the right rather than on the left side is gaining favor, though it cannot be said that the arrangement is generally be-coming.

It appears that this organization has been in the tribe for many generations, the modes of procedure differing sometimes, but following the same general character. Its secret signs and symbols are guarded as closely as Masonry and its fraternal features are as binding. Its spiritual benefits are believed in as implicitly as does any white man believe in his religion.

Now Time for Fireworks.
The mountainous waves threatened to engulf the struggling ship at any moment. The captain ordered a box of skyrockets and flares brought to the rail and with his own hands ignited them—in the hope that they would make known his distress to some passing ship.

Health and Beauty Hints.
Weak borax water is a good dentifrice.

A foot bath in which a handful of common salt has been placed and following a brisk rub will often remove a severe headache.

Weakness of the heart is indicated by breathlessness after any slight exertion and by such evidences of imperfect circulation as pale fingernails and cold extremities.

A harmless bandoline is made from three ounces of gum arabic dissolved in half a pint of warm rose water. This will take several hours, and after it is strained a drop of a solution of aniline

Teacup Stains.

Teacups, even when carefully kept, sometimes have dark stains at the bottom, caused by the action of the tannin in the tea. Salt, slightly moistened,

FOR MIDSUMMER MORNINGS.

No style of suit is better adapted to midsummer morning wear than the one made in simple shirt waist style and no material suits it better than linen cotton poplin or soft finished pique. This one combines one of the newest shirt waists and skirts and is closed at the left of the front with ornamental buttons, the material being linen in one of the blue shades. The plait in the skirt give long and slender lines and are stitched flat well below the hips, so that they produce the desired new clinging effect, while the skirt is full enough for comfort at the lower edge. The blouse can be made as illustrated or with a square Dutch neck and elbow sleeves as liked, so that it becomes adapted both to the tailored suit and to the gowns designed for afternoon wear, when it properly could be made from thinner and lighter materials. If liked the long sleeves can be gathered

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Try To Make the Best Of It.

There is scarcely any one who does not think that he has been unjustly dealt with, either by nature or fortune. If these individual imperfections can be remedied, strive in every legitimate way to help ourselves. If not, make the best of them. It is not so much our own actual condition of life that breeds happiness as the use which we make of our opportunities. Some people will be cheery and useful anywhere, and under any livable conditions. Others are correspondingly dismal. Therefore, as a matter of self-convenience, make the best of things, says *Woman's Life*. A smile and a bright word will lead you to success, when dismal thoughts mean failure.

To Dispel Flesh.

If you are over stout, don't use drugs. They may bring on another evil worse than flesh. Use the flesh brush. Get a square cornered clothes brush of manila fiber. At first the skin will be sensitive, but use the brush gently and steadily and it will not irritate. Pay attention to the muscles of the shoulders and arms, and especially the back of the neck where that unsightly mound of flesh rises. Whenever you can walk, do so. Imagine that the trolley car engenders disease. When you feel sleepy, go out in the sunshine on an interesting mission. Do your sleeping at night and omit the afternoon nap.

Panama with Large Aigrette.

Very large hats are generally most becoming and are especially in keeping with summer costumes. Panamas and leghorns are shown with large drooping brims, the illustration showing an especially good model of this sort. The straw was of the natural color, and there were draped folds of white satin and a large white aigrette and buckle as trimming.

at their lower edges in place of being tucked in, and in addition to all its other uses, the blouse can be made of linen or other suitable waistings and worn with an odd skirt of serge, mohair or washable material.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 4 1/4 yards of material 24, 3 1/2 yards 22 or 21 1/2 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 9 1/4 yards 24 or 32 or 5 1/2 yards 44 or 52 inches wide.

Teacup Stains.

Teacups, even when carefully kept, sometimes have dark stains at the bottom, caused by the action of the tannin in the tea. Salt, slightly moistened, will remove these, but in the case of very fine china sometimes scratches it a little. Powdered whiting will be found quite harmless and equally good.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

The delivery of London's milk requires 4,500 horses.

No fewer than 372 different ways of spelling Ypsilanti have been copied from envelopes and recorded by a postmaster.

The African peanut is less delicate than the American as an article of food, but it yields more generously in oil, and is more easily crushed.

When a vessel is on her trial trip she runs four times over a measured mile, twice with and twice against the tide. Her average speed is thus arrived at.

Sailing vessels are coming into vogue again, especially within the last five years, after having been practically vanished from the ocean by the quicker and more easily controlled steamships.

Owners of even the smallest toy manufacturing establishments in the Nuremberg district, Germany, cater for the foreign trade. Factories employing from six to twenty people are no exception.

Doki Indians in Canada are to be made wealthy by the sale of their pine lands. The total revenue from the sale of the lands will approximate \$1,000,000, and some families will receive as much as \$20,000.

Telegrams from Kiev state that there is a plague of caterpillars in many parts of southwestern Russia. In some places the railway tracks are covered with swarms of the insects and traffic is being hindered owing to the state of the rails.

China is a bad place for furniture. In the summer months it is so damp that furniture put together with glue falls apart and drawers stick, while in the dry months furniture goes to the other extreme and often exhibits cracks half an inch or more in width.

Several earthquake shocks have been felt recently in the Congo district, Africa. There have been no casualties, but the natives were panic-stricken. Many of them ran for miles and refused to return to their villages unless they received guns and ammunition.

Canada's government has sent out a survey party to lay out the town site of Fort Churchill, the future metropolis of Hudson Bay. The only settler who is now on the proposed site, which is on the east side of Churchill river, opposite the Hudson Bay post, will be entitled to a free grant of 100 acres.

The following advertisement recently appeared: "Being aware that it is delicate to advertise for a husband, I refrain from so doing; but if any gentleman should be inclined to advertise for a wife, I will answer the advertisement without delay. I am young, am domesticated, and considered ladylike, Apply," etc.—Philadelphia Gossip.