

The White 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 accusation 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 burning volcano, as he pointed out. You will find that I am right, Lara. Mr. Constable is not even a worthy accomplice to the talented Stenbridge. 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 frelit cone, which 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, gazing 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 livid track of flying, futile agonies. In the evening the intermittent rumblings gave way to a growing, 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 balustrade. "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 unhurt 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 baronial 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 reproach the other for misrepresenting himself.

It was ten-thirty in the morning when he sent a message out to Captain Negley, countermanding sailing orders, and enclosing a cheerful note to Crusoe, 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 bride. 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 bowed 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!"

The Frenchman was really afraid. His smile was yellowish-gray and of sickly contour. His article relative to the American appealed to him now, entirely stripped of the humor with which it was fraught yesterday, as he composed it in the inner of inner offices. This demon of cracking French and restless hands would stop at nothing. M. Mondet pictured himself being picked up for dead presently. As the blow did not fall instantly, he amended the picture with the sorry thought that he was to be played with before being dispatched.

"This is the little man who tells you that Saint Pierre is in no danger—who scoffs at those who have already gone," Constable informed his hearers, now holding up the Frenchman's arm, as a referee upraises the whip of a winning fighter. "He says there is no more peril from Pelee than from an old man shaking ashes out of his pipe. Yesterday I proposed to wager my ship against M. Mondet's rolled-top desk that he was wrong, but there was a difficulty in the way. Do you not see, dear friends, that if I won the wager, I should not be able to distinguish between M. Mondet's rolled-top desk and M. Mondet's cigarette case in the ruins of Saint Pierre? You would not think that such a small white person could contain so much poison?"

There had been a steady growling from the mountain.

"Ah!" Constable suddenly exclaimed, "Pelee speaks again! * * * Ugh, get in there!"

Constable's irritation against the entire tribe of editorial opinion breeders must have found an instant vent at last. M. Mondet was chuckled like a large soft bundle into the seat of his carriage and the door slammed forcibly, corking the vials of his wrath. In any of the red-blooded zones, a stranger who performed such antics at the expense of a portly and respected citizen would have encountered a quietus quick and blasting, but the people of Martinique are not swift to anger nor forward at reprisals.

"Come!" Constable yelled, in a voice which jerked up his hearers. "Who has France for my offer? Who goes to Fort de France?"

A few came forward, perhaps a dozen in all, out of the fifty or sixty who had listened. Half in anger, half in admiration, which he did not seek to understand, he ran his eye a last time over the dusty, haggard, stifled crowd which he had failed to move.

From their eyes, sullen, startled and pitiful, he gazed beyond to the place where old Vulcan lay, muttering his agonies. The sight completed the circuit of rending voltage, made him think of Lara. With furious zeal he grappled the work at hand, forced his way out of the crowd, crossed the Roxelane and hurried toward the Hotel des Palmes. His physical energy was imperious, but the numbness of his scalp was a pregnant warning against the perils of heat. The city was silent enough to act like a vast sounding board. Voices reached him from far behind, from the harbor front to the left, from shut shops and houses everywhere. At the hotel, after much difficulty, he procured guides and a small outfit for the journey to the summit of the mountain. It was after mid-day when the party rode into Morne Rouge. The ash-lung valley was behind, and Constable drank deeply of the clean east wind from the Atlantic. There was a rush of bitterness, too, because Lara was not sharing the priceless volumes of sun-lit vitality. All the impetus of his mad enterprise was needed now to turn the point of bereavement, and force it into the background again.

The party pushed through Ajoupa Bouillon to the gorge 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 cocoa-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-thresh 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 growing 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 only one native was faltering behind, instead of three.

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 mules 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, learned intimately in past visits, that he was nearing the Lac des Palmists, 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 crust was made by the dry whirling winds

playing upon the paste formed of stone-dust and condensed steam. The clicking whir, like the clap 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 man 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 nebulae 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 pigny purpose?" * * * The irrelevant 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 canted 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 he 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 draughts of air, he seemed to hear, faintly, his name falling upon the bared ganglion.

"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.

Arrayed 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 ashes on the head of the patient.

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.

No Time for Fireworks.

The mountainous waves threatened to engulf the struggling ship at any moment. The captain ordered a box of skyrocket 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.

Amid the rocket's red glare a tall, thin, austere individual made his way to the rail and reproved the captain as follows:

"Captain, I must protest against this unseemly bravado. We are now facing death. This is no time for a celebration."—Everybody's Magazine.

Lack Right Qualities.

Mrs. Hix—Mrs. June strikes me as being entirely too masculine for a woman.

Mrs. Dix—Yes, indeed. Why, every time she has an ache or pain she makes as much fuss about it as a man would.

—Smith's Weekly.

Building Note in 1923.

In order to complete the 410th story of the Skynadicate building, the contractors will have to raise the sky three or four feet.—Harper's Weekly.

WOMEN AND FASHION

Idle Rich Like Savages.

There are savages sitting to-day on the porches of the big family hotels of the country's biggest cities. This is

one of the charges that Miss Sophonisba Breckinridge, dean of women at the University of Chicago, brought against the idle rich in her talk before a woman's club. "The same spirit," she said, "that makes the savage bedeck himself with feathers makes the rich man load his wife and daughter with diamonds and silks and surround them with superfluous servants. Luxurious leisure is held to give prestige. This false idea is passed down to the working girls. The mere contemplation of such a life of idleness causes harm. Many girls get to believe that when they marry they should cease to do anything but finger trashy novels and order servants. Marriage is really an institution of usefulness, and its burdens should be looked forward to."

How to Teach Truthfulness. Teach the truth by being absolutely truthful. You have sharp little eyes in your home, seeing more than you imagine, and ears that drink in every word; minds that think over all that is done and pass judgment on all; so be very careful. If you make a promise, however small to your child, keep it faithfully. In this way does your child learn to be a man of his word in after years. Do not give too many orders, but when an order is given, be sure that it is obeyed. Never permit a child to tease you into anything. If it can have what it requests, give it at once, but if it is "No," then stick to it. But consider it well, and then say "no" when it might just as well be "yes."

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

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 underwear.

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. Work the mixture well into the hands, wipe them carefully with a dry towel and powder with talcum.

Try To Make the Best of It. There is scarcely any one who does not think but 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 overweight, 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

legghorns 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.

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

GOOD LOOKING AND STYLISH.

coming. Nodding plumes or tips are graceful, but the heavy bow of ribbon, with short, closely packed loops, is decidedly the opposite in effect. There is a heaviness about it suggestive of anything but good taste and not frequently the wearer is positively dowdy looking in consequence, for this style is only suited to very few faces. Most women need the aid of clothes that will not detract from a good appearance.

Shirtwaist Case. A shirtwaist case is made very much like an envelope with the flap at one end. It is made of white batiste, embroidered with an initial and the flap buttons. It is plain and can be laundered. It is a protection for nonwashable waists of fine materials.

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 mull, 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, mull 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.

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 plaits 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

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

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

A beautiful story is told somewhere of Sir Hubert Herkomer, the great painter. His father was a poor man, and the professor brought him from his native land of Germany to live with him in his beautiful house near London. The old man used to model in clay in his early life, and now that he had leisure he took to it again in his old age. But his hands trembled and the work showed signs of imperfection. It was his one sorrow. At night he went to bed early, and when he had gone his son would go into the studio, take his father's poor work and make it as beautiful as possible. When the old man came down in the morning he would look at the work and rub his hands and say, "Ha! I can do as well as ever I did."—Scholiers' Own.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

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

No fewer than 372 different ways of spelling *envelopant* 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 banished 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 by 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 160 acres.

The following advertisement recently appeared: "Being aware that it is indelicate 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.

Some navies in a railway carriage were once in loud conversation, swearing boisterously the while. One of them was especially fluent. "My friend," said another passenger in shocking tones, "where did you learn to use such language?" "Learn!" cried the navy. "You can't learn it, guv'nor. It's a gift, that's vot it is."—Dundee Advertiser.

Of the late Langdon Smith, the journalist and author, a Denver reporter said the other day: "I remember my first visit to Washington. Smith, big and handsome and vivacious, showed me about. From an eminence a great pale dome rose up against the blue sky, the dome of the Capitol. 'What is that?' said I. 'That?' said Smith, 'Oh, that's the national gas works.'"

A process for protecting iron and steel from rust has been invented and patented by T. W. Coslett, of Temple row, Birmingham, England. This consists in immersing the article in a hot phosphorized solution containing an iron compound. The surface of the iron is converted into a mixture of ferrous and ferric phosphates, and presents a pleasing dull-black appearance. This process makes the iron highly resistant to corrosion, and is being applied to all kinds of light engineering work, such as cycle frames, gun barrels, etc.

Otto E. Schaar, president of a club of New York waiters, said the other day of a parsimonious young man: "He resembles a chap they tell about in Bucks county. This chap lived alone with his father. On the old man's death he would inherit the farm. Well, finally the old man took sick. His end drew near. The son sat up with him a night or two, expecting him to pass away, but he lingered on. On the fifth or sixth night the son, instead of sitting up, put a lamp, turned very very low, on a table by the bed and went to his own room with the caution: 'When you feel that it is all over with you, father, don't forget to blow out the lamp.'"

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