

The White Sepulchre

The Tale of Pelee
By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

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CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

Captain Negley had just stepped into the chart room. Laird was on the bridge. Pluss, the second officer, on his way to the bridge to relieve or assist Laird, was felled at the door of the chart room. In the instant required to drag the body to shelter and close the door of the chart room, Captain Negley was overpowered by the blizzard of steam, gas and livid stone. When consciousness returned to him he was lying across the body of Pluss, and the ship was rolling like a runaway buoy.

The skipper regained his feet. In spite of terrible burns, he felt little pain. His limbs, below the knees, were like wood. His left hand was yellow and inflated. Fire brands still screamed into the sea outside, but the day was returning. The indomitable Negley was first to reach the deck, the woodwork of which was burning in several places. He tried to shout, but his throat was closed by the hot dust. The body of a man was hanging over the railing of the bridge. It was Laird, with his face burned away.

The shock of his burns was beginning to overpower the captain when Pugh, the third officer, untouched by fire, appeared from below. In a horrid tongueless way, Negley fired the other to act, and staggered into the cabin passageway. Pugh shrieked up the hands and set to the fires and the ship's course. Out of the five sailors and three officers on deck when Pelee struck, Negley alone had retained the thinking faculty.

Miss Stansbury was hurled from her chair. Appalled by the dread face of dissolution, she lay in the primal darkness in the midst of falling glass. Macready was groping, calling for her. That she was unhurt seemed such a great matter to him and entirely insignificant to herself. Her lover had fallen. Their starry pavilion of the future was in blackness and ruin. It would have been better had Pelee found them together. * * * Macready lifted her to a chair. The ports were firing instead of black, but splashed with the big seas.

"Your friend is dead, Denny," she said harshly.

"What's this you're talkin'?" "Tis no bit as a geyser in a dirt pile as can tell him how 't come an' go."

The screaming of the native women reached them from the hold. Macready opened the door, and a blast of terrible heat entered the cabin. The woman was clutching the arms of the chair and staring at him with the most pitiful eyes ever seen in child or woman. The swaying form of Negley was in the passageway, and something of the extent of the disaster broke upon the Irishman.

"Bring him here!" she commanded, taking Negley's arm. "There, I can manage him! Run and get oils and lint!"

He obeyed. The decks were covered with a paste that burned through his shoes. Black clouds were rolling out to sea. Deep thunder of a righteous source answered Pelee's lamentations. The sailors were fighting fire and carrying their dead. The thin, shaken voice of Pugh came from the bridge. The engines were throbbing.

"Eight miles at sea! Eight miles at sea!" Macready repeated. "Th' long-armed mountain—an' what must the fightin' have been!"

In the store-room, he opened jars of oil and cartons of lint and bandages, for the use of the men; then rushed back to the cabin with a portion. Nature finds work for strong hearts that have lost their heroes. Negley's cracked and twisted boots had been removed, and the ashes cleansed from his eyes and ears and mouth. Another valiant nurse had emerged from a broken romance. The woman who would have fainted yesterday at the smell of burnt flesh was cutting away the clothing from the captain's shoulder. When the ointments and wrappings had been applied to the skipper's wounds, she helped Macready carry the unconscious man to a berth.

"This rainin' evenchoalities out," he muttered gaily, noting that the work was life to her.

"We must be nearly in-shore by this time," she said slowly.

Denny's effervescence was now coked. Pugh had been putting the Madame out to sea since he got control of her. The Irishman felt instinctively that the woman would want to go ashore, which he didn't propose to allow. On the other hand, although he had nothing to do with the running of the ship, he didn't like the idea of saving the Madame at the price of her owner's life.

"I dunno," he answered carefully. "His har-rd 't see fur th' rain."

His soft magic failed.

"But the ship is moving!" she exclaimed. "Denny, open the door!"

Macready gave way. She heard the steady beat of the engines, and the big sea driving past. She rushed out of the passageway, regardless of the flood, and peered over the main deck railing. There was no smoke, no familiar shadow of hills, but a leaden, tumultuous sky and the rollers of the open sea, beaten by a torrential shower. She crossed the charred planking to the starboard side, drenched to the skin in an instant. There was no Pelee, no Saint Pierre! Macready tried to draw her to cover, but she turned upon him furiously.

"You have let them put to sea—you, his friend—while he is held back there, waiting for his ship?"

"What could poor Dinny, that bosses th' galleys, ma'am, do toward runnin' the ship? Thim byes 'ud say, 'Git back t' your patty-pans, you wifes!' But I've tried, sure, 't kape th' lady from harm this day. You know Captain Negley—"

"Where's the first officer?"

"Dead, ma'am."

"And the second officer?"

"Th' same."

"Who is putting out to sea?"

"Third Officer Pugh, in the name av his dirty soul!"

"Is that Pugh on the bridge?"

"'Tis he."

A moment later the officer in oil skins

turned to face an apparition, wind-swept and drenched as if risen from the sea, who pulled at his coat and called above the deluge:

"Turn back to the city! Didn't they tell you that Mr. Constable is there and needs his ship?"

"Go below, miss. I'm trying to save his ship for him."

In a stunned way she stared at the officer. "Don't you know he was to be back in two hours?"

Pugh whirled around to Macready, who was standing behind the woman. "You don't seem able to manage one passenger," he said in an ugly tone. "I'm short-handed, but I'll get help for you!"

The Irishman was too wise to reply.

"But you must turn back!" the woman cried hopelessly. "Captain Negley would never leave his own back to back there!"

"Captain Negley is not in command now," Pugh said, his small eyes burning wickedly. "Get below or I'll call the sailors to help you down. I don't need a woman and a sniveling valet to help me run the ship."

Lara turned to the ladder, brushed back the drenched hair from her eyes, and said coldly, slowly, "I see there is a coward in command!"

For that one instant she was a vivid replica of her mother. The viperine face of Pugh turned ashen under her eyes.

Reaching the main deck, she told Macready to bring two sailors into the owner's cabin. A moment later she was bending over the unconscious form of the ship's commander in the berth. She seized his well hand.

"Captain Negley! Oh, Captain—Captain Negley!"

Her voice rang higher.

The lips of the seaman moved.

"It is I—Miss Stansbury! Listen to me just once! Pugh is a coward—a coward. He is running away! Mr. Constable is still ashore, and we are miles at sea—miles out to sea!"

In a slight opening of the bandages appeared a dazed gray eye.

"Do you hear, Captain Negley? The coward is running away, and Mr. Constable is ashore! Pugh—coward!"

Nature was trying to right herself in the brain of the stricken seaman. In the gray eye, she watched the struggle as she impressed her message. It was torture to bring him back. * * * He asked if the fires were out.

Laird and Pluss. The simple problems of time and place were mountains to him. Macready entered with two sailors.

"Command Pugh to turn about! Oh, speak for me—for me!" she implored.

Negley tried to rise. "Bring Pugh here!" he murmured.

It was a sweet duty for Macready, whose colors had been lowered in the presence of the woman. Pugh gave an order to the man at the wheel, and followed the Irishman below. Lara had held the light in the gray eye.

"What do you mean by putting out without the owner?" Negley demanded thickly.

Pugh's black eyes roved from the face of his superior to the sailors; to the drenched woman who had caused it all; to the hated Macready at the door. They were enemies all.

"As I explained to the lady, I was trying to save the ship," he said.

"Turn back to the harbor at once—full speed!"

Pugh hesitated.

"Turn back, I say! Get out of here!"

"But a fire-fly couldn't live in there, sir!"

"Put him in irons—you men!" Negley commanded the sailors. "Macready, lift me to the bridge!"

CHAPTER XVI.

It was after eleven when the Madame de Stael regained the harbor. The cloud-burst had spent itself. Out from the land rolled an unctuous smudge which bore suggestions of the heinous impartiality of a great conflagration. The harbor was cluttered with wreckage, a doom-puffing for the eyes of the seamen. Dimly, fitfully, through the pall, they saw the ghosts of the shipping—black hulls without helm or hope. The Madame vented a deep-toned roar, but no answer was returned—not a voice from the wreckage, not the scream of a gull. A sailor heaved the lead, and the scathed steamer bored into the rising heat.

Ahead was emptiness. The woman was standing forward on the main deck. The wind tunneled through the smoke, and she saw the hills shorn of her city. The hope that the guns of Pelee had been turned seaward was crushed with other hopes. A cry was wrung from her breast at last. The anchor chain was dropped, and two men were bearing the brave Negley down from the bridge. Macready hastened to the woman's side.

"Arrange to get a small boat, Denny. We must go ashore," she commanded, recovering self-possession.

Macready felt that it was now time to force matters.

"You can't go ashore yet, lady!" he exclaimed. "I cud lake a potatie here, sure, in the holla av my hand. What, thim, must it be in that pit av dis-truction?"

He was staring in a smoke-stained face. The purpose there was immovable as granite. The voice that he heard made him wince with fear, lest she should direct upon him words such as had been Pugh's portion.

"Mr. Macready, get a small boat ready! I am going ashore."

"Sure, an' I'll go wit' you, ma'am," he said hastily.

"I did not think you would withhold your aid from him, Denny. Make haste," she added gently.

The sailor whom Denny persuaded to accompany him was the old lion, Ernst, who had held the launch at the pier so long, and who had been relieved for the last trip. Water, medicines, food, spirits and many cakes of ice, thickly wrapped in tarpaulin, were placed in a small boat. The woman suffered herself to be garbed according to the ideas of Macready. One

of Constable's pith helmets was upon her head; his rain coat was buttoned about her; the sleeves rolled up to her hands; and a pair of his shoes was laced over her own. It was difficult to move about in this regalia, but it kept off the withering draughts. The boat was lowered.

A half-hour later, they were forced to put back to the ship. Ernst was whimpering at the oars, his lips twisted in agony. Macready was silent, an eloquent signal of his failing endurance. Lara had not swooned; her will was not broken, but conditions had been encountered which flesh could not conquer. The boat was pulled about to the lee of the steamer, and at a port-hole glass she saw the sneering face of Pugh, still in irons.

There in the boat the three renewed their strength, and another terrific down-pour came to aid them. Lara sat in the stern, hands and lips tense, during the cloudburst. It was nearly two in the afternoon when the boat was bailed, the stock of ice replenished, and a second start made. The sailors gave them a cheer.

Deeper and deeper in toward the gray, low beach the little boat was pulled, its occupants the first to look upon the heaped and running over measure of Saint Pierre's destruction. Denny and Ernst took turns at the oars, sometimes pulling a single blade together. Rare running mates, they were, odd as two white men could be, but matched to a hair in courage. Ernst bent to his work, a grim, stolid mechanism. Denny jerked at the oars, and found breath and energy remaining to assail Pugh, with his barbed and poisoned tongue. The woman, in the stern of the boat, knelt before them, praising, cooling their faces with ice, her words often incoherent, but her spirit unconquerable.

(To be continued.)

NOT A MENACE.

We Are Better Off for Some Immigrants We Receive.

"You like dis—perhaps?" said the pretty Syrian woman, holding out some crocheted lace toward the lady of the house. It was in a New York home, and there was possibly something incongruous about the beautiful surroundings and the poorly clad woman seated on the floor in the midst of her laces and embroideries. The incongruity did not strike either mistress or visitor, however, for each was, in her way, dignified and simple.

"Do you make these things here?" asked the lady, interestedly.

"I have made them at home, in Syria. I have not long been in your country—two days onlee."

"Ah! Did you have to pay much duty on them?" The lady was thinking of her own experiences with the customs officers.

A smile lighted the little Syrian's face as she answered, "I pay not one cent. Some say to me, 'Emptee your pillow and sew all your things inside, like we.' But I tell them, 'No, I will not begin new life in a new country with deceit. We are Christian.' I went to the customs man and I say, 'Please see my things. They are all I have, but they cost not much money.'"

"Dis lace," he say, "how much 't cost?"

"I made it, I tell him. 'It cost—the thread—onlee three cent.'"

"I make you no charge for that," say the man. "How much this embroidery?"

"It is onlee the cloth and thread that cost thirty cent," I tell him. I made all myself. He charge me not one cent, and I go back and say to the others, 'Look! Is it not better to be honest?'"

"But why did you leave your beautiful country? I'm afraid you will find it hard to get on here," said the lady, sympathetically, opening her purse.

"Ah, Syria is no more beautiful to us," said the little woman, sadly. "There we are—what you call it?—persecute because we are Christian," she said, as she accepted the money for her lace and began to pack her cases.

"My man, he stand one day on the street, and a boy run by and cry out, when he pass, and say that my husband take money from him. My husband is good man. He not steal from any one, but because he is Christian he must pay the money. It is always so. Here we can be—what you call it?—freedom, and the good God will help us."

"Eleven thousand three hundred and forty-three foreigners landed in the port of New York yesterday," read the man of the house the next morning. "The highest day's record. Well, what is going to become of us all?" said he.

"What a menace they all are!"

"No, not all," replied the lady across the breakfast table, and she began to tell him of the little Syrian woman—Youth's Companion.

The Fickle Summer Maid.

Rodrick—Man at the seashore discovered diamonds in the surf. Did you ever discover any jewels when you were there?

Van Albert—I thought I discovered a jewel last summer, but after she jilted me I came to the conclusion that she was only an imitation.

The coal supply of the Philippines has been found to be much larger than was anticipated and of a uniformly good character. It is stated that a large vein crosses the entire group of islands and it has been clearly traced in one vicinity for twenty-five miles.

Municipal pawnshops have been opened in Pekin for the relief of the residents who have been heretofore the victims of extortionate private establishments. The city charges are 15 per cent, while they have been paying 50.

The day is always his who works in it with sincerity and great aim.—Channing

WOMEN AND FASHION

Just Ask Your Wife.

Mr. Burdette insists that he once overheard a woman lecturing her husband as follows:

"Now I'll tell you why I wouldn't go into the restaurant and have a cup of coffee with you while we were waiting for the train. I didn't like the way you asked me. Not half an hour before, you said to Mr. Puffer, 'Come, let's get a cigar,' and away you went, holding his arm, and not giving him a chance to decline.

"When we met John Howdy on our way to luncheon you said, 'Just in time, John; come, take lunch with us.' And then to-night, when we had to wait an hour for the train, you looked at your watch, turned to me, and said, in a questioning way, 'Would you like a cup of coffee?' And I did want it; I was tired and a little hungry, but I would have fainted before I would have accepted such an invitation. And you went away a little bit vexed with me and had your coffee and bread and butter by yourself, and didn't enjoy it very much. In effect you said to me, 'If you want a cup of coffee, if you really want it, I will buy it for you.'"

"You are the best husband in the world, but do as nearly all the best husbands do.

"Why do you seem to dole out things to your wives when you fairly throw them to the men you know? Why didn't you say, 'Come, let's get a little coffee

sible sense of justice; they are also very easily hurt, and when their minds are bruised the result is estrangement, and that is as sad a thing as can ever be. An imperious, scolding father or mother frightens the children away, drives them into all manner of evasions and subtleties, and brands their minds forever with the memory of cruel and blistering words.



For street wear the invisible plaid panama skirt will be a favorite.

Bordure satins follow in the wake of the beautiful bordered summer stuffs and some exquisite effects are secured in this line of materials.

The directoire waistcoat promises to last over another season and provision has been made for very original and elegant effects in this regard.

Cedar red or cedar brown—which are one and the same thing and suggest the old-time mahogany, though with an added softness of tone—birds fair to be a popular autumn color, and the chan-

one dram of oil of lavender. A few drops of this mixture will be sufficient for a bowlful of water.

A cup of cold water before retiring and a cup of hot water in the morning before breakfast work like magic as a cure for indigestion.

Almond meal is preferred by some women to soap, and acts as a pleasing alternate to soap at any time. This softens, cleanses and whitens the skin.

The most easily digested foods which contain the greatest amount of nourishment and are free from acids and starches are those best adapted to the child's needs.

Menthol cologne is one of the best simple applications for a headache. The combination of burning sensation and coolness that it gives the skin is very refreshing.

In order to have the hair smell sweet, wear tiny scented rolls in the puffs or pompadour, or either spray the hair, then wear a little scented cap for a few moments.

Pineapple juice is good for cleaning stains out of the hands. It should be well rubbed in, left for a few minutes and then thoroughly washed with plenty of soap and warm water.

A good food for making the hair grow is to rub a little castor oil or olive oil well into the roots of the hair. This should be done at night and thor-

NEW MODES IN FROCKS AND BLOUSES.



and something, and take me straight away with you?"

"You wouldn't say to a man, 'Would you like me to go and buy you a cigar?' Then why do you always issue your little invitations to treats in that way to me?"

"Indeed, if men would only act toward their wives as heartily, cordially and frankly as they do toward the men whom they meet they would find cheerier companions at home than they could at the club."

Jaunty and Stylish.

Here is one of the smartest chapeau's seen this season and one especially noticed by an observing man with exceptionally good taste.

The wearer was young and pretty and possessed a face just suited for a hat of this type. The cut shows the shape and it was made of blue straw braid; the sole decoration was a stylish bow of blue and gray ribbon placed on left side near back and a band of same encircled the high crown.

Flaxseed Tea.

This excellent cough remedy is given by a noted Chicago physician in his practice: Put two handfuls or small half cup of whole flaxseed on to boil in one and one-half quarts of cold water. Boil or twenty or thirty minutes, then strain through a coffee strainer. To the liquid add a little sugar and juice of one or two lemons (I use two) to suit the taste. Put into a glass jar and keep cover on tight. Heat a glassful three times a day and drink hot.

Beware of Scolding.

Perhaps most of the scolding done in the world is between husbands and wives, or between parents and children. Parents must instruct their children; they must sometimes reprove them. They must often counsel them. But they are in great danger of "provoking them to wrath" in the wise biblical phrase. Children have the keenest pos-

sible sense of justice; they are also very easily hurt, and when their minds are bruised the result is estrangement, and that is as sad a thing as can ever be.

Buttons of all kinds, but particularly those covered with satin or with the costume material, are being used more lavishly than ever upon the early autumn models.

It will not be unusual this winter to see tight sleeves that fasten from the very top of arm to the wrist. The style will be carried out in smart coats and in sheer afternoon or evening house frocks.

The two-button glove is assured of a successful season through the advent of the long sleeve; and fair woman's glove bill is likely to be smaller this winter than it has been within recent years.

Coats of plain material with skirts of plaid, check or stripe so plaited that around the hips there is an appearance of one plain color matching the coat, while below the contrasting colors show with every movement, are among the most chic of the late summer and early autumn tailored models turned out by Parisian makers.

To Clean Brass.

A simple and most satisfactory method of cleaning brass bedsteads, curtain poles, andirons, etc., is to dampen a cloth with ammonia, rub it briskly over a piece of pumice soap and then over the brass. This mixture acts like magic. Have tried it on different articles, which, with the least effort, were restored to their original beauty. It is necessary only to dampen the cloth with ammonia and with a little pumice soap rubbed on the brass and the work is accomplished.

Health and Beauty Hints.

Eating greens and salads thins your blood and makes you less red-faced.

Exercise solely will cure sleeplessness, and food that is easily digested should be eaten.

Practice deep breathing. A person with fully developed lung capacity purifies his blood several times per minute.

To soften and perfume the bathing water, mix together four ounces of alcohol, one-half ounce of ammonia and

oroughly rinsed out the following morning, else the hair will not have a pleasant odor. This treatment should not be given too often, just once in a while.

Rubber gloves to wear when washing china and old kid gloves when dusting are an inestimable boon to housekeepers, for nothing so ruins the skin as coarse soaps, soda and dust.

A simple remedy for neuralgia is to apply grated horse-radish, prepared the same as for table use, to the temple when the head or face is affected, and to the wrist when the pain is in the arm or shoulder.

To loosen the scalp, massage it thoroughly each night. Rub the finger tips in a rotary motion toward the crown of the head, work the scalp up and down and then give a light upward stroke at the base of the skull.



The most serious problem which confronts a young mother at this season of the year is how to keep her baby healthy. In her care in protecting him from draught she is not unlikely to keep him too warm, and this is not only weakening, but makes him susceptible to cold. The one regular effort she should make is to keep him in an even and normal temperature, give him plenty of fresh air and put on garments of a weight to suit the day.

Winding the Clock.

Always make it a rule to see that the clock is going after you have wound it; it is quite easy to stop inadvertently the swinging pendulum by a little jar given in the winding. This is especially true if the clock is wound in the dark.

SHEAR NONSENSE

Physicians are about the only men who really enjoy ill health.

Before altering her complexion a woman always makes up her mind.

The average married man wastes a lot of sympathy on his wife's husband.

Jack—Yes, poor John may have had his faults, but his heart was on the right side. Wagge—Is it possible? No wonder he died.

Mistress—You can't entertain your company in the parlor. Bridget—Oh can't? Why, mum, didn't yez hear him laughin' fit to spiltit?

"I presume this is Lover's Lane." "You forget that ours is a strictly fashionable suburb." "Ah?" "This is Affinity Avenue."—Puck.

"What makes old Blank so uneasy when a motor car comes along?" "Why, his wife ran away in one, and he is always afraid she is coming back."

"The man who wrote 'Curses, like chickens, come home to roost.'—" "Well?" "Must have had different neighbors from what I've got."—Houston (Texas) Post.

"This gas bill is only for 10 cents." "Well, sir?" "Couldn't you add \$41 I've been writing my wife that I'm spending my evenings at home."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"My dear," remarked a gentleman, opening the dining room door, "the girl left the vegetables on the hall table." "Don't be so stupid," exclaimed his wife. "That is my new hat."

She—John, what is a stock quotation? He (on the wrong side of the market)—Huh! I guess "A foot and his money are soon parted" is a pretty good example.—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. De Style—So your baby girl is three weeks old; my, how time flies. Mrs. Gunbusta—Yes; just think. In thirty years from now she will be twenty-one years old.—The Sphinx.

"You say you read every word of the advertisements in that magazine?" "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "It's a relief to find something that isn't in dialect."—Washington (D. C.) Star.

She (sternly)—This memorandum I found in your pocket, "Ribbon for the typewriter," looks black. He (surprised)—Of course it does. It's the ink off the old notes.—Baltimore American.

Mother—What did Mrs. Meany give you for cutting her grass? Willie—Nothing. Mother—Why, she promised you 10 cents, didn't she? Willie—Yes, but I used her sickle to do it with and she charged me 10 cents for the use of it.—Pioneer Press.

"I'll take your damage case," said the lawyer, helping to fix the man just hit by an automobile. "Thank you," replied the victim, "I'm not much hurt, but I recognized that measly chauffeur. He may have a case for you later."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Englishman (in British Museum)—This book, sir, was once owned by Cleero. American Tourist—Pshaw! that's nothing. Why, in one of our American museums we have the lead pencil Noah used to check off the animals as they came out of the ark.—Tit-Bits.

"What seems to be the matter with Mrs. Brown? She's ailing so." "Yes, poor thing, she's got one of those new fangled diseases." "She has? My, how fortunate she is, to be sure. Here I've had nothing more stylish than lumbago and I'm three years older than she is."—Detroit Free Press.

"Has that girl next door to you still got her parlor melodeon?" "No, she exchanged for a cornet, I'm glad to say." "But, gracious, if she plays the cornet that's worse, isn't it?" "Not at all. It's only half as bad. She can't sing while she's playing the cornet."—Philadelphia Press.

Old Lady—My little boy, have you no better way to spend this beautiful afternoon than by standing about idling away your time? Boy—I ain't idling away my time! There's Mr. Hankinson inside making love to my sister, and he is paying me sixpence an hour to watch for pa.—Clips.

Policeman (to tenant of flat)—And you say the rug was stolen from your hall. Can you give me any particulars of it? Tenant (nervously)—Oh