

The Whited Sepulchre

The Tale of Saint Pelee

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

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THIS is a serial of great power and interest, and will not soon be forgotten by those who love good literature. "The Whited Sepulchre" is THE STORY OF MONT PELEE, and is a graphic, natural narration of that great disaster which thrilled and shocked the civilized world. The word-painting is vivid and inspiring, the incidents powerful and exciting, the characters strongly delineated.

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT, the author, is well known for his superior literary talent, and in the present instance he has selected a theme admitting of intense delineation. No story of recent years has covered a theme more interesting than that of the eruption of Mont Pelee. The serial has all the coloring and charm of the beautiful surroundings of Saint Pierre, and there are touches of perfection in the descriptions of scenery and incidents. Peter Constable and Hayden Breen, young Americans, visit Saint Pierre just before the Pelee volcano scattered death and destruction over the ill-fated island. The hero of the story, Constable, saves the life of the beautiful Lara Stansbury at the time of the eruption, and the scenes on that occasion are thrillingly described.

And through the story are incidents of the most fascinating character. They include a touching love romance of Hayden and the girl to whom he is devoted, and the horror and fate that reigned at the moment when the island was engulfed in doom and disaster. This brilliant and masterly narrative of the crash at Martinique—with a man and woman standing clear against the sequence of events—rivals "The Last Days of Pompeii" in pictorial and dramatic power. The story should have a very cordial reception, it will interest all readers, young and old, and may be classed among the very best serials of its class that have been written in recent years.

CHAPTER I.

Peter Constable sat forward on the main deck of his own yacht, the Madame de Stael, which had just been hitched to the bottom of Saint Pierre's harbor. His single guest for the cruise, Hayden Breen, was back in the cabin, with a book and a long, thin glass. Three weeks previously, early in April, Constable had met Breen for the first time. And of that meeting you must hear.

It came about some sixty hours before the Madame cleared from New York harbor, and a queer night for both men. Constable had been pacing the deck alone, when he heard a soft step below on the Brooklyn pier. He bent over the railing, and perceived that a stranger was about to throw himself into the water.

Constable called sharply. The figure at the pier edge stiffened, and a face swung upward. The two parleyed for a moment, and the voice that was borne to Constable was that of a gentleman. The man below hesitated—considered—then accepted with a laugh an invitation to come aboard. Presently in the cabin the owner of the Madame faced an individual, tastefully, even freshly attired, and one whose manner betrayed no flaw.

The face was pale, imposing; a reckless face, but not devastated—though the eyes, perhaps, had a look of having seen too much. For two hours the pair talked about books, pictures, dollars, the tropics, and suicide. At the end, Constable was so strongly impressed that he invited the stranger to be his guest for the cruise.

Breen glanced at him whimsically. "I wonder if I really did drop off the dock, and this is the astral plane," he mused.

"This is the edge of Brooklyn, and I am serious," Constable said.

"This is the edge of Brooklyn, and I am astonished," Breen replied.

"So far as I know, you would be my only guest."

"Had you better not wait until tomorrow? Think again."

"I should prefer that you say 'yes' now."

"Better hear more about me first. I have spoken only in generalities. My past is at your disposal," Breen warned.

"I should like to hear much about you, but not in the light of your decision. Will you go with me?"

"Yes."

"Where do you intend to stay tonight?"

"You altered my only plan, you will remember, Mr. Constable."

He announced that a gentleman on the pier wanted to speak with "Mr. Constable's friend." Breen set his coffee cup down slowly, and his eyes met his host's.

"Mr. Constable," he said, "you have noted, no doubt, that I have remained under cover rather closely since our interesting meeting. There is no one in New York whom I care to see, but the person out yonder feels differently toward me. In fact, he is very much absorbed in my movements. I happened to step to the railing a few minutes before breakfast, and caught his eye. The truth is, if I see him now, he will persuade me to go with him, and I would much rather accompany you."

"What would you advise?" Constable asked quickly.

"With your interests at heart, I can only advise you to bid me good-by and allow me to thank you for many genuine courtesies. Perhaps you remember that I offered to outline my past, and you deterred me for the time being."

"I want you to go, of course. What is the simplest way to manage this?"

"How soon do you sail?"

Constable went to the speaking tube and called Captain Negley. A moment later he turned to Breen with the information that the Madame was just ready to clear, and would be put off as quietly and quickly as possible. The servant entered with the word that the visitor insisted upon seeing "Mr. Constable's friend."

There was a passage of bells from the bridge to the engine room, and the Madame came to life. Constable climbed to the bridge. The stranger below on the pier was in a furious state of mind, and was trying to force his way aboard. It was plain that Breen was badly wanted, and equally plain to Constable that he was running into the danger of entangling himself in the meshes of the law; but he was stoutly disinclined to give up an admirable companion for the voyage. The progress of clearing went on quickly. The Madame's prow was turned out into the harbor, and the signal given to free the aft cable.

At this point the insistent stranger raised his voice and struggled with the dockman to prevent him from slipping the rope. Constable stepped to the railing of the bridge and invoked the assistance of two men on the pier head.

"Take that fellow in hand," he ordered.

"He seems to be laboring under a delusion. That's good, men!"

The stranger was overpowered, and the cable cast off. Harsh fragments of speech were carried upward, but no sentences that cohered sufficiently for Constable's intelligence, until the very last, when, as the ship swung free, he heard plainly:

"I'll get you both, if I have to follow you around the world!"

"I don't know but what you will," the man on the bridge muttered to himself.

"You seem moved by a rather emphatic disposition."

That night, in his old skins, Constable paced the hurricane deck. His mind was serene, and he was inclined to regard the affair of the morning as a far-off thing which didn't signify. What had played Breen in the fugitive lies he did not care to know. He was just enough not to forget that there are regrettable transactions in every man's past—a black nugget of perversities which some men designate their "pet frailties." Constable felt that he was called upon to judge no man. He liked Breen, and did not want his liking altered, save for the better. He could not imagine Breen doing a

cowardly thing; and anything else did not greatly matter.

The spray swept in gusts over the Madame's dipping prow. The bare masts, tipped with lights, swung with a giant sweep from port to starboard and back to port again, fingering the black heavens for the blown-out stars. Constable couldn't be half-miserable out there on the tossing floor of the Atlantic.

Mr. Pugh, the new third officer, secured at the last moment to take the place of Mr. Hatt, who was ill, was on the bridge now. Occasionally in the glow of Pugh's cigar Constable could see the face of the seaman. It seemed small, colorless and rubbed out—not the face of a man who could bring a ship up to port through a raging gale. It was nearly midnight when Constable went below. Breen was still reading.

"How does it happen, Peter, that a man of your substance happens to be out here in a sumptuous yacht with only one guest and that an accidental one?" Breen questioned.

"I have few friends, and little aptness for entertaining," Constable said. "I wouldn't know what to do with a shipload of guests. I took out a party once. The members of this party played poker. I would rush down to the cabin door, calling, 'Come on deck quickly, my friends.' An old socker of a whale is snoring off our port bow." "All right, Peter," somebody would say; 'bring it right in. It's your deal, Dickie.' One man got all the money finally, and then there were testy tempers."

"Men—men," said Breen; "but women go down to sea in other men's boats."

"I don't know any women up there," Constable declared. "By 'up there' I refer in general to the States and Canada. I shouldn't know what to do with women here. They'd be sick. They'd talk about things they didn't know about, put on rakish caps, look frowsy when the wind was on, and when they had sprung all their changes of raiment, they'd want to go home."

"Peter, you are on the wrong tack. There are rich men's sons who can go to sea without poker or bridge; and feminine aristocrats who know no seasickness, and who look adorable in rakish yachting caps and blowing hair. Some time you'll find one."

Breen halted. The other was staring hard into the prism of glass on the buffet—staring and smiling.

"I believe you are jockeying me into delivering platitudes, Peter," Breen said.

"I have an uncle in Martinique, Breen—a fine old chap whom you'll be glad to know. This uncle has a partner in the fruit and sugar business. They are keen, kindly men, both—partners in the higher sense of the word. My uncle is a bachelor, held sweet by a past, the good old story. His partner, however, has a wife and daughter."

"Ah!"

"They all live together in a grand old plantation house on the bluffs south of the Morne d'Orange, Saint Pierre. Mrs. Stansbury, the wife of my uncle's partner—is it important that you get this—is a very remarkable woman, temperance like a Damascus blade, ornamental as the vase of Alhambra. This description is not extempore. I have spent years thinking it out. I am proud of it. A splendid Frenchwoman, this mother, with mystic eyes, and some strange insight which leads her to dislike me soulfully, and the stuff of Jeanne d'Arc in her brain and hand. She's not quite adjustable to words. You are fascinated, yet afraid of her. At least, I am. She fires me with a childish zeal to show the best wares I have. The result is, I play circus before her."

"Most entrancing lady," said Breen.

"The daughter is more like the beloved Josephine," Constable resumed lightly—"brave and true and tender. At least, from my pilgrimages and meditations, I should say that Miss Stansbury resembled the empress more than the Sword-Handed Jeanne. And to think that once she graced these very decks! That was a marvelous day, old man, a Caribbean day of blue and gold. The maiden improved it by pointing out to me how utterly worthless I am in the world—just sailing 'round.'"

(To be continued.)

Infant Wives.

Girl babies are often unwelcome in China. A terrible witness to this is a stone standing near a pool outside the city of Foochow. On it is the inscription, "Girls may not be drowned here."

Poor parents often sell or give away a daughter when only a few weeks of months old, to be the future wife of a boy about her own age. The child who becomes a bride by a "rearing marriage" is taken home and brought up by the family of her future husband.

An Englishwoman when visiting a school observed a bright boy about eight years of age carrying a baby girl. She asked if she were his sister, whereupon the boy looked shy and did not answer. His brother volunteered the information, "She is his wife!"

Fireless Stoves.

Fireless or self-cooking stoves, which have been so popular in Germany for a number of years, have been recently much improved. The early types were simply boxes made with double walls so as to retain the heat, and food to be boiled or stewed was first thoroughly heated and then inclosed in the box for a sufficient time to cook by the retained heat.

The latest apparatus is said to be heated by a stone. This is made sufficiently hot in an oven or over any fire, then placed in the cooker with the steak or roast, and the box is sealed up and left for an hour or so until the food is thoroughly cooked and hot. With double boxes, boiling, frying and roasting may all proceed at once without care.

How to Handle a Hog.

Scratch his back and tickle him under the belly. You can lead him anywhere. This applies—figuratively speaking—as well to the human swine as to the members of the drove that had the seven devils. Hogs have sense, and don't you forget it. An old razzar-back sow has more brains than all the cattle and horses on the plantation.

YOUNG FOLKS

Gold in California.

Gold was discovered in California on Jan. 19, 1848, and it was by accident, as most things of that kind are. One John W. Marshall was building a mill for himself and Sutter on the south fork of the American river, fifty-four miles east of Sutter's Fort. It was intended that the mill should supply the ranches and the settlements with pine lumber. On the morning of Jan. 19 Marshall picked up from the race of the mill a small piece of yellow metal weighing about seventeen grains. It was heavier than silver, was malleable, and in every respect resembled gold. The man said it was not gold, but Marshall tested it with nitric acid and found that it was. He found pieces like it in all the surrounding gulches wherever he dug for it. The news of the discovery spread, but no report of it was published until April, when Sutter's mill became the center of attraction. The name of the place was soon changed to Coloma, or Columa, from a tribe of Indians living in the neighborhood, and prospectors who gathered there soon scattered in every direction. By June the discovery had extended to all the forks of the American river. This was the beginning of the rush to that region.—Chicago News.

The Fearless Horsemen.



Oh, the river was long,
And the river was deep;
Sing heigh-ho, sing high-ho!
But the boys built a bridge
From the banks that were steep;
Sing heigh-ho, sing high-ho!

Oh, across the bridge
They did fearlessly ride;
Sing heigh-ho, sing high-ho!
And their horses pranced
To the other side;
Sing heigh-ho, sing high-ho!

Oh, like soldiers bold
They rode far away;
Sing heigh-ho, sing high-ho!
And they'll all come again
Some other fine day;
Sing heigh-ho, sing high-ho!

The Tea-Set.

It was hard to be off visiting alone without father and mother, but to be without one's brand-new china tea-set was simply unbearable.

This is the way it had happened. The day before, father had rushed into the house and told Marjorie that she was going to make a short visit at Aunt Ann's. Carrying her little suitcase, marked with her initials, he had whisked her off to the station without so much as saying good-by to mamma and brother. On the way he had explained that he and mother must go away from them all for a little while, and she was to stay with Aunt Ann. A friend was to look after her on the train and deliver her into Aunt Ann's hands.

The excitement of the trip kept Marjorie cheerful for a while. Then Aunt Ann had been very kind, and had made her little teeny-weeny biscuits for supper. But that had all been yesterday; to-day she was lonely.

When Aunt Ann had said that the minister's daughter was coming over a little while that afternoon, Marjorie had brightened at the thought of having a little girl to play with, but, alas! a big, grown-up young lady had entered Aunt Ann's little parlor. Miss Alice, however, had very pretty pink cheeks, and smiled in such a way that it was not long before Marjorie was telling her all about papa, mamma, brother, and the new tea-set.

"How would you like to make a tea-set?" said Miss Alice, who, smiling and taking Marjorie's hand, led her into the garden. They went straight to the circle of bright poppies, where Miss Alice selected a big poppy-pod from which the petals had all fallen. A straight piece of stem stuck in one side made a spout, while another curved piece was the handle. A tiny bit of stem left on where the pod had been picked was enough for the handle of the cover. Now there was a truly teapot that would not tip over, because the flat part of the pod made a neat little stand.

"And can you make cups and saucers, too?" exclaimed the delighted Marjorie.

Miss Alice said nothing, but began to look for some smaller poppy-pods that would stand up nicely. With her little pearl-handled knife she cut off the top, and adding a curved handle of stem, she had a little cup, with a saucer all fastened to it.

Marjorie made the next herself, and then they worked together until enough were finished for a large family.

"Wouldn't nasturtium leaves make good plates?" suggested Marjorie.

"The very thing," replied Miss Alice. "Now our dishes are all ready, so you may set the table on the flat rock. Then I must go home, for it is nearly my tea-time."

"O, Miss Alice," cried Marjorie, clas-

ing to her, "it's a lovely tea-set, and I don't want you to go, for you are as nice as a truly little girl!"—Youth's Companion.

Game of Adjectives.

This is not the game where adjectives are filled into blanks left in the text where they occur, but quite a different plan.

You will need a book of some kind, preferably fiction. Write on as many slips of paper as there will be players the numbers from 1 to 20 or 30, as the case may be. Each member of the party selects one from a hat or basket. Some one then opens the book at random, and the players take turns in reading aloud until some adjective is reached. The person holding slip No. 1 gives a signal for discontinuance of the reading and amid general silence rises and pantomimes the adjective just read. The reading is then resumed, the player holding the second slip taking the second adjective, the one with the third the third adjective, and so on. It will be found rather difficult to represent the adjectives successfully, and the efforts to do so will prove very laughable to the lookers-on.

DRIED FISH AND DUCK.

Winter Delicacies Sent to This Country from China.

There was joy among the Chinamen in Hartford yesterday, says the Hartford Courant, for Yuen, Sing & Co. received their supply of winter delicacies. The principal consignment was dried duck. This is as nice a dish as a Chinaman of moderate means can wish for, as a whole duck only costs 50 cents. The ducks are dressed with the head and feet left on and they are dried and stretched and salted until they look like a kite made of salt codfish. When treated in this way they will last for years, as nothing can spot them. Although they are well dried and shriveled, there is considerable fat in them and placed in hot water they will swell up like scallops treated with saleratus.

The Chinese like them better than fresh ducks raised in this country. When they buy ducks alive here they feed them for some time on Chinese nuts and vegetables, so that they will acquire the true flavor found in the ducks that feed in the ponds near the Canton river. It is said that the dried ducks retain this flavor and that is why they are preferred to the ducks raised around here.

With the ducks came an invoice of Chinese sausages, which come in strings like fire-crackers and are almost as pretty. The skins are filled with duck meat and pork. The dark meats are a pretty color as they shine through the glossy skin, and as the sausages are strung upon green cords the product is handsome enough to hang upon a Christmas tree for a decoration.

The Chinese dried fish that came with the ducks and the sausages can be likened to no fish in these waters. In describing them last night the salesman said that when alive they looked like a bunch of rope and they often jumped out of the water. Then there are dried fish of minnow size and Chinese turkeys, which are grown in South America.

HE WAS WILLING TO SWAP.

How One Man Interpreted a Sign in a Photograph Store Window.

A man with a wild look of hope in his eye entered a West Baltimore street photograph establishment, says the Baltimore American.

Stepping up to a salesman, he said: "I've got one I'll trade to anybody on sight or unseen. So trot out any of 'em and I'll swap mighty quick and glad of the chance."

"One what?" asked the mystified salesman.

The visitor put his hand to his ear and looked puzzled, proving that his hearing was slightly defective. Being not quite sure that the salesman had spoken the visitor went on:

"Yep, mine isn't a very good one, I'll admit, but it might suit some man with a tougher conscience than mine. Some fellow who has a longer life ahead of him in which to live it down might get along very well with mine, while I'm willing to take his and ask no questions."

Still more profoundly be-addled, the salesman called the proprietor and said:

"Here's one that's nutty for keeps. I'm away off from understanding what he's driving at. Come and take a whirl at him and see if you can get next."

The proprietor came forward briskly and said, with his lips close to the stranger's ear.

"What is it you want?"

"Why," said the stranger, "I want to patronize your place of business. I saw a sign out there on the window 'Records Exchanged,' and I was telling your clerk I had an unenviable record that I would be willing to get rid of at any terms."

And the proprietor of the photography went out and changed the sign.

The woman whose husband can't sing, nor act, nor dance, has a great deal to be thankful for. The men with so many fancy accomplishments are the ones most likely to go wrong.

RAM'S HORN BLAST.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



Faith takes the step from the creation to the Creator.

The truly refined man is he who has been purged from the dross of self.

The hope of immortality is man's morning star and Christ his full-orbed day.

The saloon is labor's greatest foe, because it steals the laboring man's capital.

Some churches ought to put a collection box on their steeples, instead of crosses.

The church that is seeking the reward may get their riches, but it will lose its reward.

Originality blazes a new track with eccentricity runs on one wheel in an old rut.

God makes the poisons of life sweet together and antidote one another for the good of His people.

It is true that many can find 'gems in stones,' but they don't wear stones in their sermons.

True love would rather wound than by the loss of pleasure than hurt others by indulgence therein.

The pursuit of pleasure is but the polishing of pebbles, while Christ is offering the pearl of great price.

Abraham is an example of manly courage in leaving Chaldean, but of cowardice in leaving the truth.

Ell had been a prophet for many years, and yet the Lord said some things about him that made his tongue tingle.

If some folk spent as much time in knowing men as they do in finding things about them, they would make a better business of life.

THE COLD-BATH PROBLEM

How It Was Solved for One Struggling Soul.

"I always did say the cold bath would be a great boon, if it could be taken in warm weather," remarked an East Side man recently to a Cleveland Plain Dealer writer. "And now I've solved the cold-bath proposition as nicely or, rather, I had it solved for me."

"I had been feeling sort of 'put over since the hot weather came and I went to the doctor to feel whether I had crutches of the liver, merely bubonic plague. He told me that a good cold bath the first thing in the morning was about all I needed. He said that it was a good time to start in while the weather was warm."

"The next morning I started in, put my great toe in the water and withdrew to think the thing over, wondered if cold baths were really of any use, they were cracked up to be. It seemed to me that I had never come into contact with a body of water that so impressed me with a desire not to go into it."

"I don't know when I have felt so worried or when the world seemed cold as during the time that I stood there peering into the calm half-inch of water in that bathtub. I was ready to see if it really was so cold and then think it over further."

"Finally I made a leap into the water, gave two or three convulsive splashes and jumped out again. Thank goodness it was over! Then I thrust myself into my clothes rapidly and must confess that I felt first-rate. When I sat down at the breakfast table my wife made some disparaging remarks about the time it took me to take a bath and get dressed."

"The next morning the water did seem cold at all. 'Ah,' I thought myself, 'it's only the first time that's tough.'"

"And now, just when I had got feeling good and chesty over the way I had overcome the cold bath, my wife has confessed to me that she has been putting some warm water in with the cold every morning before I go to the bathroom. She says that it kept me too long to make up my mind to get in when the water was cold, that breakfast got cold by the time I was ready."

One Cricketer Equals Two Bishops

W. G. Grace, the famous cricketer, has been photographed as often as a popular actor, and in England at least has found his autograph almost as a man equal to that of a premier or a great author.

But an entirely new light was thrown on all such details the other day, when may help settle the moot question of the relative value of sport and study.

Grace was approached by a maiden with notebook and pencil, and autograph? Of course! And it was written with a cheery smile and a natural manner. Two days later much to his surprise, the selfsame maiden sidled up to Grace, and shyly toward him the necessary implements for another signature.

"But didn't I give it to you only a couple of days ago?" laughingly asked the veteran.

"Oh," came the answer, "I thought that one for two bishops."

A Mystery.

"What time will the train from Louis arrive?"

"You mean what time is it due?"

"No, I mean what time will it arrive."

"You'd better consult a clairvoyant."

—Houston Post.