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CHAPTER XIII .- (Continued.) "Still, I must leave nothing undone tonight. I want the years bright for you, and I must try once more. After all, the mother of my beloved can do no wrong."

People might be safe away up there on the Morne d'Orange," she said, fearfully, "but you must pass to and fro

through the city!"

Gently he turned her face from the hid-"Look yonder into the splendid night!" he whispered. "Feel the sting of the spray. Hear the bows sing! It's all for us, Lara, the gilded track to the moon, the loveliest of earth's distancesand the sky afterward! We can't leave this great thing undone. Listen, dearest; when the dawn comes up the Madame will be lying seven or eight miles offshore. I'll take the launch into the harbor, and climb the morne once more to the big plantation house, bringing your love and mine to the mother-bird whom I owe for all things good. If she will not come with me, I shall command Uncle Joey to take her to Fort de France. After that-

She was clinging to him and sobbing. "After that?" she repeated.

"We steam for Fort de France then," he said, "and Father Damien must spare us an hour from his labors. After that, beloved, you and I and the honeymoonout on the swinging seas!"

Just now Denny Macready appeared on the bridge.

"Lara, I want you to know this Denny," said Constable. "I found him in a stoke-hold, and haven't been able to get rid of him since. He's my steward at sea, my butler ashore, and 'Yours solid' anywhere. Denny, I'm going ashore at dawn-

"Tis crool t' hear, sorr."

"That point is pretty well covered, Den-I want you—that is, I'm leaving Miss Stansbury in your hands."

"Sh-sh-wait till I putt on me gloves." "How are your charges faring, Denny?" Constable asked.

"Is ut th' little wans, you mane?"

"Yes, the natives." "If I on'y had some goats, sorr!"

"Why goats?"

"Sure, I've been potherin' with lime wather an' sea wather an' wather straight an' sugar av milk-whin goats could do ut all, an' betther."

Macready went below, leaving a laugh on the bridge-which was no little thing. The Madame crept in to the edge of the smoke. The gray ghost of morning was stealing into the hateful haze. The ship ed over, and grasped the rusty chain. In found anchorage. The launch was in readiness below. It was six in the morning. Pugh, the new third officer, was just leaving the bridge. Constable and Lara were standing at the door of his

cabin "I know that you could do no greater thing than this-for me," she told him; "but when a woman comes into her ownas I have-it is terrible to be left alone so soon. There are warnings in the wind, menaces in the silence, dangers in every thing. It cannot be that I have found you, my lover, only to lose you again. Oh,

come back to me quickly, dear!" "Three hours shall see us on our way to Fort de France," he answered blithely. "Trust me to hurry back to you. Pelee is still now. It may be that the pressure

is eased-"There, kiss me, and don't wait! The very name of Pelee is horrible!" She moved with him to the ladder. "I thought I would be braver than this, Pierre Va-

He whispered a last word and descended. Ernst had been relieved, and another sailor was in the launch, one for whom preparations had been made in the dim hall. Constable was happy. He waved a kiss at the pale, mute face leaning overside, and the fog rushed in between.

## CHAPTER XIV.

The launch gained the inner harbor, and the white ships at anchor were seen vague phantoms in the vapor-French steamers, Italian barques, and the smaller West Indian craft-all with their work to do and their way to win. Constable heard one officer shout to another, inquiring if Saint Pierre was in the usual place, or had switched sites with Hades. The day was clearing rapidly, however, and before the launch reached shore the haze was so lifted that Pelee could be seen, floating a pennant of black out to In the city a large frame warehouse was ablaze. The tinder-dry structure was being destroyed with almost explosive speed.

"Wait for me here," Constable said to the sailor, as the launch scraped the

Sugar Landing.

A blistering heat rushed down from the expiring building to the edge of the land. Crowds watched the destruction. Many of the people were in holiday attire. This gether. was the Day of Ascension, and Saint Pierre would shortly pray and praise at the cathedral. Even now the bells were calling, and there was low laughter from a group of maidens. Was it not good to live, since the sun shone again and the mountain did not answer the sainted bells? It was true that Pelee poured forth a black streamer with lightning in its folds; true that the people trod upon the hot gray dust of the volcano's waste; that the heat was such as no man had ever felt before and many sat in misery upon the ground; true, indeed that voices of hysteria came from the hovels, and the breath of uncovered death from the byways-but the gala spirit was not dead. The bells were calling; the mountain was still; bright dresses were abroadfor the torrid children of France must saugh.

Constable fell in with the procession on the way to the cathedral. Reaching there, he climbed to a huge block of stone in the square, and hurled broadcast the germ of flight. Many had seen him before, when his face was haggard. He was smiling now. There was color in his skin, fire in his eyes, a ring in his voice. Fear was not in him.

A carriage was not procurable, so he walked toward the Morne d'Orange. It Despair. These men were all his friends.

 $\circ$ was seven-thirty, and the distance was two miles to the plantation bouse. eight, or soon afterward, he would be there-eight on the morning of Ascension Day; at nine, in the launch again, speed-

ing out to the smile of the bride! Twenty times a minute she recurred to him as he walked. There was no waning nor wearing-save a wearing brighter, perhaps of the images she had put in his mind. The night had brought him palaces and gardens and treasure houses; everywhere he turned, new riches broke upon him. That her face had lain between his hands; that his hands had brought that face to his own; that her whispers, kisses, confidences, her prayers and passions and coming years, all found their center and origin in himself, like bright doves that had a cote within his heart-these thoughts lifted the poor man to such heights of praise and blessedness that he seemed to shatter the dome of human limitations, and emerge crown and shoulders into the illimitable ether.

The road up the morne stretched blinding white before him. Panting and spent not a little, he strode upward through the vicious pressure of heat, holding his helmet free from his head, that the air might circulate under the rim. At length, upon the crest of the morne, he perceived the gables of the plantation house, above the palms and mangoes, gold-brown in the dazzling haze.

Pelee roared. Sullen and dreadful out of the silence voiced the monster, roused to his labor afresh. The American began to run, glancing back at the darkening · · The crisis was not north. passed in favor of peace. The holiday was darkened. The Madame would fill with refugees now, and the road to Fort de France turn black with flight. These were his thoughts as he ran.

The lights of the day burned out one by one. The crust of the earth stretched to a cracking tension. The air was beetling with strange concussions. In the clutch of realization, he turned one shining look toward the sea. Detonations accumulated into the crash of a thousand

On the porch of the plantation house, twenty yards away,, stood the mother of Lara, her eyes fascinated, lost in the north. At the steps he fell, caught her skirt, her waist, in his hands. Across the lawn, through the roaring black, he bore her, brushing her fingers and her fallen hair from his face. He reached the curb ing of the old well with his burden, crawl candescent tongues lapped the cistern's raised coping, and running streams of red dust filtered down.

It was eight in the morning of Ascension Day. La Montagne Pelee was giving birth to Death.

CHAPTER XV.

When the launch entered the denser cloud and faded from her sight, Miss Stansbury retired to the cabin. Over all her thoughts of the unhallowed parting from her mother the night before, and the clean, valorous act of her lover now, hung the defined terror lest Pelee should intervene. She heard Macready's step at the door; the calm voice of an officer on the bridge; the morning bells.

The pale winding sheet was unwrapped from the beauty of morning. Through a port-hole she saw the rose and gold on the far, dim hills. Her eyes smarted from weariness, but her mind, like an automatic thing, swept around the great circle-from the ship to the city, to the house beyond the morne and back again. She saw him in the launch, in the midst of native groups on the shore, in the plantation house, begging her mother to listen, importuning Uncle Joey to take her to Fort de France, returning through the streets with people following-the crowded launch, and then the joy of empty arms filled. But sometimes Peles would burst into the deepening channel of thoughts, effacing the whole, and leaving her, a shricking, dishevelled creature, in the midst of a chaos which would not answer. She went on deck. Laird, the first officer, invited her to ascend the bridge. He was scrutinzing through the glass a blotch of smoke on the city front. "What do you make of it, Miss Stansbury?" he

The lenses brought to her a nucleus of red in the black bank. The rest of Saint Pierre was a gray doll settlement, set in the shelter of little gray hills. could see the riven and castellated crest of Pelce, weaving his black ribbon. It was all small, silent and unearthly,

"That's a fire on the shore," she said.

"Exactly," said Laird. Shortly afterward the trumpetings o the monster began. The harbor grew yellowish-black. The shore crawled deeper into the shroud, and was lost alto-The water took on a foul look as if the bed of the sea were churned with some beastly passion. The anchor chain drew taut, mysteriously strained, and banged a tattoo against the steel-bound eye. Blue Peter, drooping at the foremast, livened suddenly into a spasm of writhing, like a hooked lizard. The black, quivering columns of smoke from the funnels were fanned down upon the deck, adding soot to the white smear from the volcano. Lara felt Macready pulling at her arm.

"Ye musht go below, miss. Ye know me ordhers." She rebelled with sudden vehemence declaring that she would smother down

"You can do no good here, sure. Don't

make it crool fur me?"

"Make haste below, miss-squall coming!" commanded Laird. Gentleness and jollity were gone from the large red face. She suffered herself to be drawn down the ladder, crushed by the officer's words, and the iron fingers of fear closing about her heart. A hot, fetid breath charged the air. The water danced, alive with the yeast of worlds. The disordered sky intoned violence. Pelee had set the foun-

dations to trembling. Lara drifted into the open polar region, She must not hinder them. They had much to do. Her part was self-effacement. In the darkening passageway she heard Laird shouting orders above, heard him command the native women to "tumble below," and the sailors to seal the ways after them, heard the deep sea language and—"barometer" \* \* \* "Constable" . . There were running feet, bells below, cries from the native women, quick oaths from the sailors. The ship rose and settled like a feather in a breeze.

She was incapable of swift action Macready lifted her into the cabin and slammed the door, rushed to the ports and screwed them tight with lightning fingers, led her to a chair and locked it in its socket.

"That's the deere," he said breathless ly. "Shud so much as a shpark from the mountain raise so much as a bloosh upon your cheek, sure I'd niver be able t' face Mr. Constable again, but go on sthokin'

foriver an' iver."

dully. She sat very still, not daring to relax the rigid tension of her face, her hands, or her brain, lest the scream of madness break forth. From out the shoreward darkness thundered vibrations which rendered soundless all that had passed before. Comets fiashed by the port holes. The ship shuddered and fell to her star- the butcher, and many people will not board side.

Eight bells had just sounded when the great thunder rocked over the gray-black to eat up the provender without reharbor, and the molten vitals of the monster, wrapped in a black cloud, filled the heavens, gathered themselves, and plunged down upon the city and the sca. As for the de Stael, eight miles from shore and twelve miles from the craters, she seemed to have fallen from a habitable planet for them without being able to substaninto the fire-mist of an unfinished world. 'fate the truth of what they say. She heeled over like a biscuit tin, dipping her bridge and gunwales. She was deluged by blasts of steam and molten stone. Her anchor chain gave way, and, burning in a half-dozen places, she was sucked in-shore.

(To be continued.)

## FLO'S PHOTOGRAPHS.

Her Boy Friends Were Always Giving Her Their Pictures. "Don't you think Kent Hampton's

ast photograph is a splendid one?" Flo against them will be kept up, and little Davol asked, carelessly. A swift color flashed across Rachel

Hill's face. She tried to make her eyer, take about as long to eliminate voice indifferent, but the hurt would them as it took Christianity to drive the show a little.

"I haven't seen it," she replied. "Haven't seen it?" Flo echoed. "How queer, when you are such friends! I have it somewhere here-

She began hunting through the photographs crowding her desk. They were nearly all photographs of boys or young men, and Kent's was clearly in sight, as Rachel, with a flash of contempt, saw at once, although it was several minutes before Flo apparently discovered it. Then she handed it to Rachel. Her whole elaborate, overdressed little figure betrayed her delight in her pretty triumph.

"It certainly is queer that he didn't give you one," she repeated, "but the boys are always giving things to me. Really, I don't know what to do with half of them!"

As Rachel walked home through the September afternoon her eyes were full of bitterness. Why was it, she wondered, that girls like Flo got so much more than their share of good times and-

things? She would not have cared about the others, but Kent Hampton, who had been her playmate ever since she could remember, and was going away to college in two days. Oh, Flo could have had anything else if she only had not spoiled that dear old friendship.

That evening Kent came over with his chum-who was also Rachel's cousin-Tom Calverly. Usually the three had the happiest of evenings, but this time something was plainly wrong. be made of boards and common wire, The boys kept up their nonsense, but it did not "go" as usual. Finally Tow remarked of something:

"It's dead easy-as easy as one of Flo Davol's photographs-ch, Kent?" Rachel grew red, then pale. "1 should think you'd be ashamed!" she cried, facing them indignantly.

The boys stared at each other in per-

"To joke over a girl when you give her your picture," she stammered. "It -it's contemptible!" Kent's lips tightened, but Tom whis-

tled softly. "Look here, Ray," he asked, "don't

you know, honest?"

"Know what?" Rachel inquired. "The way she gets those pictures She gets them by asking-that's how. She asks so that a fellow can't refuse unless he's a brute. I guess I have half a dozen of hers somewhere round. Kert, here, is such a Sir Galahad he burns them-says it's not fair to have them lying round, even if the girl did force them on you."

"Oh!" Rahel cried, softly. But up in her room that night she looked out with happy eyes into the dark. It was so good to keep one's friends on the old high terms-it was so good to keep one's self-respect!-

Youth's Companion.

Not So Userens, Either. "Wildcat mining stocks are not altogether useless-or worthless, either," said a New York broker who handles cheap mining stocks the other day as he hung up the telephone receiver. "Here's a man who just offered me \$50 for enough mining stocks to have a face value of \$50,000. He wasn't particular what stocks he got if they only

had a paper value of \$50,000. I closed the deal and shall make money on it, too. What did he want with such stocks? Well, I haven't the slightest doubt but that he is getting ready to go into the bankruptey court and wants to show his creditors where his money has been dropped. We often get such



Dairy Idols.

Cows becomes favorites with their wners not altogether by reason of the milk they produce. We have known cows that their owners thought a great deal of because of the kindly disposition of the animals. One cow that the writer remembers gave but a few "It's very good of you," she answered quarts of milk a day, but she was a pet of the family. She would prefer the company of members of the family rather than that of other cows. If the cows were being taken to pasture she would insist on walking by the side of the one in charge of the herd. It is hard to order a cow of this kind sent to do it. Instead, the animals are kept for a dozen years, and not only allowed turning a compensation for it, but are alowed to add to the herd more cows after their own ability not to produce milk. These may fairly be called dairy idols. Their owners claim great things

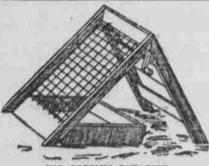
But the family pet is not the only brand of dairy idol. There are the general purpose cows that quite generally have the entire confidence of their owners as to their great value. They are idols that the single-purpose cow men have demolished again and again, to their own satisfaction, but they are still to be found all over the land.

The dairy idol is a thing that can be dispensed with to the advantage of the owners of the cows. The warfare by little the factors we are warring against will disappear. It may, howidols out of the pagan world.-Farmers' Review.

Risk in Drenched Cattle.

Doctor David Roberts, State Veterinarian of Wisconsin, gives this advice: Perhaps the best way of demonstrating the danger of drenching cattle is to advise the reader to throw back his head as far as possible and attempt to swallow. This you will find to be a difficult task, and you will find it more difficult and almost impossible to swallow with the mouth open. It is for this reason that drenching cattle is a dangerous practice. However, if a cow's head be raised as high as possible and her mouth kept open by the drenching bottle or horn, a portion of the liquid is very apt to pass down the windpipe into the lungs, sometimes causing instant death by smothering, at other times causing death to follow in a few days from congestion or inflammation of the lungs. Give all cattle their medicine hypodermically or in feed. If they refuse feed give it dry on the tongue. The proper method of giving a cow medicine is to stand on the right side of the cow, placing the left arm around the nose and at the same time opening her mouth, and with a spoon in the right hand place the medicine, which should be in a powdered form, back on the tongue; she can then swallow with safety.

Handy for Sorting Potatoes. In sorting potatoes a time-saver can The best wire should be smooth and about the thickness of ordinary clothes



FOR SORTING POTATOES

line. The side-boards should be about 18 inches wide to keep the potatoes from rolling off the sides. The wires are fastened to a pulley at the top to tighten them so they will not sag and let the large potatoes through. Shovel the potatoes in at the top and the small potatoes will drop through the screen into the box.

To Tell the Ages of Swine. It may be interesting to those who do not already know it, to learn of some way to arrive at the age of pigs, so we give the following:

Pigs having their corner permanent incisors cut will be considered as exceeding six months. Pigs having their permanent tusks more than half up will be considered as exceeding nine months. Pigs having their central permanent incisors up and any of the first three permanent molars cut will be considered as exceeding twelve months. Pigs having their lateral temporary incisors shed and the permanent appearing will be considered as exceeding fifteen months. Pigs having their lateral permanent incisors fully up will be considered as exceeding eighteen months.

Shoeing Mules.

The hoof of the mule, being smaller and tougher than that of the average horse, does not need shoeing unless worked on hard roads a great deal. It is better not to have them shod if conrequests and are usually able to fill fined to work on the farm, unless used to haul heavy loads on frozen ground, at all times.

Nutriment in Milk.

Bulletin No. 51 from the Storrs Agricultural Experiment Station, Connecticut, is a most excellent one on the origin or sources of those small organisms called bacteria, which are found so abundantly in milk. The bulletin also contains some rather startling statements and some wholesome suggestions.

Among the statements which ought to make the average man sit up and think are the following:

"A quart of milk at 8c is equivalent in food value to a pound of beef at 18c. This means that 4c worth of milk gives as much food energy in the body as 9c worth of beef.

"The average individual consumes three or four times as much meat in a day as the body actually needs for repair, and for its highest physical condition.

"If the American people would eat one-half less meat and consume onehalf more milk, they would save about \$150,000,000, in money and in health, enough to make the doctors' bills look

To Fatten Fowls. Shut the fowls up in a darkened

place with just enough light for them to see to eat, and feed on cornmeal, ground oats, cracked wheat and shorts, which may be mixed in equal proportions and scalded. Feed as often during the day as they will eat up the food clean. That is to say, stuff them. Take a light and feed again just before your bedtime, and as early in the morning as possible. Supply them with grit and water and keep the premises clean. Half a dozen fowls together will fatten more quickly than a large number, as they will not pine for company. Cooked potatoes, rice, cornbread, cracked corn and whole wheat may also be fed. Give no green stuffs. as it is too filling and will do no good. Fowls crowded this way should be in fine condition in two weeks. Shut up longer, they are likely to begin to mope and will go back rather than increase in weight.-Rural World.

Improved Hog Pen. A large hog pen with space for both sleeping and feeding can be arranged with a floor on one-half to ensure a



PEN WITH SECTIONAL FLOOR.

dry bed. The size of the whole pen is 8 feet by 16 feet, so that the floored section of the pen is 8 feet square. It is made of strong materials, usually 2 in, by 4 in. stuff, and rests on cleats in the bottom of the pen.

The Milk Machine. There is mighty little sentiment about a cow. She's nothing but a delicately organized milk-making machine. Her nervous organization is well developed, though, and is easily disturbed, but if she is well supplied with milkmaking material and is let alone she will turn out a good product and plenty of it, provided, of course, she is built on the right lines. A poor machine of any kind is a curse to the owner.

Money in brrigation. Two hundred feet of the levee on the San Joaquin River in California gave way and flooded 4,000 acres of growing crops, causing a loss of \$5,000,000. Crops worth \$1,250 an acre are not rare in an irrigated district, though the figures above given would look like a misprint to an Easterner. About 300 acres of the inundated area were in celery, and the value would run far above the average stated.—El Paso Herald.

Bents the Steam Shovel.

A Kansas paper says that if all the hogs raised in that State last year could be rolled into one hog, it could dig the Panama Canal in two roots and a half, and wants to know how long it would take a Missouri hen to scratch out the canal. We don't know about that, but we do know that the Missouri hen can pay for the big ditch in one and a half years.—Humansville (Mo.) Star.

Not the Farmers This Time. Prof. Trueman of the University of Illinois, after making a searching investigation, declared that milk dealers of Chicago systematically adulterate and water milk delivered to families in the poorer sections of the city. In many instances the stuff is entirely unfit for food. In the better residence districts, however, the milk was nearly always up to standard.

Milk Vennels,

Use no wooden milk vessels, and after washing milk vessels set them out to dry scalding hot. Never rinse out with cold water after the final scalding. Leave them hot, so they will dry quickly and not get musty.

Notes on Orchard Work. Select only standard varieties. Spray frequently and thoroughly.

Clover crops prevent soll washing

Buy only of responsible nurserymen. Go slow about planting dwarf varie-

Sell direct to the consumer whenever possible. Form strong symmetrical heads on

ali trees. Prepare the ground the fall previous to planting.

Supply an abundance of plant food

1522-Tonstall, Bishop of Durhs, printed the first work on arithmet in England.

1535-Jacques Cartier discovered a Saguenay.

1620—The English Pilgrims selled for Plymouth in the Mayflower. 1051-Cromwell defeated Charles II. s Worcester.

1075-The Indans under King Phillip at tacked the town of Deerfield, Man. 1682-Delaware was granted to Willer Penn by the Duke of York.

1706-The French defeated by Price Eugene at Turin. 1724—Sir Guy Carleton, who was em-mander-in-chief of the British fees in America, born in Ireland De

in England, Nov. 10, 1808. 1726-Reauharnois appointed governory Canada.

1752-First play performed in America by a regular company of player, s Williamsburgh, Va.

1755-British defeated the French as Indians in battle of Lake George... Sir Charles Hardy arrived at No. York to succeed De Lancey as per ernor of the province....Public as nouncement was made of the er of the Acadians from Nova Scotia 1763-Indian battle at Bloody Ride

Mich. 1765-The subject of melleine in taught in America at the College of Philadelphia. 1767-Charles Townshend, the Britis

statesman whose bill taxing tes as other commodities brought about to American Revolution, died in En land. 1774—First Continental Congress ares bled in Carpenter's hall, Painte

phia. 1777-Washington completed the be fenses of his army at Wilmings

Del. 1781-Washington and Rochambear a ceived in Philadelphia ... America victorious in battle of Estaw Sprin 1783-Peace made between Great Britis and the United States by the trut

of Versailles. 1792-French republicans slaughterel ! persons in the military prior

Albaye, near Paris, 1804-Nineteen Dominican mis tablished along the California co from San Francisco to San Die .... American squadron under Om modore Preble made its sixth atta on Tripoli.... The American ship h trepid blown up in the harior s

Tripoli. 1812-United States troops repulsed to Indians in battle at Fort Harris 1814-The British sloop of war Al sunk by the American sloop Wasp.

1829—A grand fete given in Lym France, in honor of Gen. Lafayet 1837—An extra session of the Units States Congress convened to dela measures to relieve the financial of

barrasaments of the country. 1854 Grand opera first produced in Co tle Garden, New York, 1855-The first Hebrew temple is Mississippi valley conscrated in 5

1863-Forts Wagner and Gregg th Charleston, bombarded by Gas

1864-President Lincoln issued a pr inmation of thanksgiving because the successes of Farragut at Mo and Sherman at Atlanta. 1868-"No Popery" riots in Manchant

England . . . Steamer Hippotti foundered in Lake Michigas, loss of thirty-eight lives. 1883—Last spike driven in the North Pacific railroad, near Gold Con

Mont. 1894 One hundred and thirty-four dentified dead, victims of the fa fires, buried at Hinkley, Mins. 1894-Labor day observed for the time as a legal holiday through

the United States. 1904—Telegraphic signals sent sreggi world in honor of the opening of International Geographical Corp in Washington.

1906-President Roosevelt order formed spelling to be given a ough test by the public printer. Senator Heyburn attacked the estry policy of President Race in the irrigation congress at 1 Idaho.

1907-Anti-Japanese riots occurre Vancouver, B. C.... Seren per killed and many injured in a O dian Pacific railway accident. Caledon, Ontario,

Adda Zent. "Honest, now, do you really

competition?" "Yes, indeed. You see, I adre. and I'm getting about all the the Washington Herald. Different Viewpoints.

Mabel—There goes that young in his automobile. Isn't he just reing for anything? Stella-Oh, I don't know. To

he hasn't any practice to speak