

# The Whited 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. Plass, 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 Plass, 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 hoarse tongueless way, Negley fired the order 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 fact 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 gray 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 av 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 musht the in-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 cleaned 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.

"Tis rainin' evenchossities out," he muttered genially, 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 corked. 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 own life.

"I dunno," he answered carefully. "Tis har-r-d 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 seas 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 wiper!' 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?"

"U! la."

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 owner to die 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 ranged 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. . . . He asked for Laird and Plass. 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 mumbled.

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-fight 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 helmsman's impartiality of a great conflagration. The harbor was cluttered with wreckage, a doom-picture 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 Madames juted 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 bake a potat' here, sure, in the holla av my hand. What, thin, must it be in that pit av distraction?"

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 them 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 terrible 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 hailed, 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 it 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.

### SULTAN'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC.



ABDUL HAMID, SULTAN OF TURKEY.

Perhaps the most astonishing recent change in Turkey is that which is represented by the spectacle of the Sultan taking a drive. Until the threatened advance of two army corps upon Stambul forced Abdul Hamid to revise the constitution of 1876 the commander of the faithful never had dared to show himself outside the precincts of Yildiz kiosk, except for the Friday drive to the Selamlik in the Hamidieh mosque, which is practically within the grounds of the palace. By thus showing himself freely to his people Abdul Hamid has done a good stroke of business for himself, because the Turk is a patient beast of burden, absolutely loyal to his padishah, and only asking not to be ridden to death by corrupt pashas and palace favorites. Hence the public appearances of the Sultan have been the occasion of a series of outbursts of perfectly sincere loyalty.



By a recently patented movable mold, a well organized force of laborers can lay 2 feet of cement sidewalk per minute.

A practically permanent paint, a rich brown in color, is made by grinding the bones of mummies with bitumen.

Although iron ore is found in almost every State and territory in the Union, it is mined profitably in only twenty-nine.

A Pittsburg firm is making a specialty of glass grave "stones," which show portraits of the deceased blown in the front.

Contracts have been awarded for almost 10,000 tons of dynamite for use on the Panama canal within the next twelve months.

The Island of Formosa exported 4,121,566 pounds of camphor last year, of which 1,635,300 pounds came to the United States.

A patent has been granted to an attachment to a rocking chair to operate a fan to cool the occupant while awaying to and fro.

The United States produced 5,604 long tons of manganese last year, worth \$24,763, more than any previous year except 1902 and 1906.

Over \$225,000 has been subscribed to the Koch endowment to be applied to a crusade against tuberculosis, under the direction of Dr. Koch.

A company is being formed at St. Louis with \$2,000,000 capital to operate a line of steel barges between that city and New Orleans.

A Philadelphia foundry makes a specialty of breaking up old steel cannon and remelting the metal for more than half a hundred purposes.

A compressed air buffer has been patented for locomotives which, it is claimed, will prevent a serious wreck in the event of a collision.

Wax obtained by boiling crude ozocerite, obtained from the bituminous shales of central Poland and Hungary, is used for candles by the peasants.

The result of observations of double stars made from 1839 to 1907 at the observatory at Cambridge, England, soon will be published in book form.

More than 100,000,000 lobsters were propagated and set free by the fish commission last year, with the result that the price was cut almost in half.

A Russian inventor has brought to the United States a motor boat which he claims will make a speed of thirty miles an hour with a 12-horse power engine.

More rapid changes in animal and vegetable life, says Science, are taking place in New Zealand than almost anywhere else in the world. The native Polynesian race is disappearing before the European; the native wild animals amount to little in contest with imported species, many of which now run wild; the streams are full of American and European trout, which attain an enormous size; and even the forests are to be replaced by planting foreign

trees as the native ones disappear. Eleven million larches, oaks, spruces, Douglas firs and eucalypts have already been planted, and vast numbers of seedlings are coming in all the time. The reason for replacing the native trees with species from the United States, Europe and Australia is that those of New Zealand are too slow of growth, although some of them produce excellent timber. The plantations thrive everywhere.

The older countries having been stripped of their forests, in many cases to the danger-point, search is now being made for valuable woods in newer lands. Among these is Brazil, which is known to possess enormous wealth of this kind. Already the great Brazilian forests are beginning to feed the sawmills which are rapidly being erected. It has been remarked that notwithstanding the vast increase in the use of metal all over the world, the demand for wood is still growing. Many of the forests of Brazil are yet so far from the railroads that they remain in comparative safety, but others are feeling the ax. An increasing quantity of timber finds its way from the interior to Rio de Janeiro, where it is used for packing-boxes, match manufacture, and many other purposes, and a note of alarm is sounded by those who have learned what it means to strip a country of its forest resources without providing for their renewal.

### POINTING THE BONE.

Queer Superstition of the Native Blacks of Australia.

The native blacks of Australia are steeped in superstition. A black fellow will on no account go near the spot where another black has been buried. He has a deep rooted aversion to one particular bird—the wagtail—because, he says, "him all day talk, talk along a white feller, tellum all about black feller," and no opportunity is lost of killing these little birds.

Many tribes "bury" their dead by sticking them up into the forks of trees and there leaving them till the flesh has either dropped or been taken, leaving the bones clean. These bones are then taken down, the larger ones buried and the smallest handed round as keepsakes to those nearly related to the deceased. Should one black fellow wish the death of a rival or enemy he points the bone at him. This means that he takes one of his late relative's bones from his dilly bag and points it, in the presence of witnesses, at the man he wishes to get rid of, all the time pouring forth threats and curses.

Strange as it may seem, the one pointed at will often languish and eventually die, perhaps in a month, perhaps in a year, for no sooner is the bone pointed than he makes up his mind to die, and there is no saving him.—London Standard.

### Different Opinions.

"I see a man intends to let a rattlesnake bite him and depend on prayer for a cure. I call that faith."

"I call it cruelty to animals unless somebody's going to pray for the snake after it's bitten such a fool as that."—Philadelphia Ledger.

If women are talking machines, men who sow wild oats should be classed as sewing machines.

### General Debility

Day in and day out there is that feeling of weakness that makes a burden of life. Food does not strengthen. Sleep does not refresh. It is hard to do, hard to bear, what should be easy,—vitality is on the edge, and the whole system suffers. For this condition take

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### A Climatic Discouragement.

"Do you think there is any relief way of foretelling the weather?" "Yes," answered Farmer Corns. "Jes' think of the kind you don't want and then prophesy it."—Washington Star.

### Innocent.

"Labella," sternly demanded Mr. McSwat, "I want to know what you've been doing to my safety razor?" "Nothing," was Mrs. McSwat's innocent answer, as she moved around with a slight limp. "Besides, Billiger, I don't believe it's a safety razor, anyway!"—Chicago Tribune.

### Tender Hearted.

Customer—Can you tell me whether the stuff they put on this sticky fly paper is sweet?

Druggist—No, ma'am; I don't know whether it is or not.

Customer (with a sigh)—Well, I'll take 5 cents' worth, but my conscience will be ever so much clearer if I could be sure that the poor flies when they get stuck on it die happy.—Chicago Tribune.

### Truth and Quality

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