CHAPTER XII .- (Continued.) Breen was dazed by the altered mood of the woman. Until the present instant of their walk, he had been contemplating a serene end to a day of most brutal beginnings. They were on the eminence of the Morne d'Orange. Pelee was a baleful changing jewel in the black north.

Breen heard the woman's breathing. He had no pity for her. He had spoken with exceeding gentleness, but it was forced. In the same voice he continued, since she did not speak : "You could not walk to Fort de France.

and there is neither boiat nor carriage to-night. I thought you were going to let him be happy again." "Did he send you to me?" "He does not know that I am here, Miss Stansbury," Breen replied. "As we rode in from the mountain, I begged him

to come to you to-night, but he said that if there were any hope of his saving your life, you would have shown him some sign this morning, instead-" She felt herself called to her own de-

fense. "Could be not see that the newspapers brought a shock to me?" she ques tioned pitifully. "The shock was just as great, and the

matter contained in the newspapers just as new, to him," he said. "Do you suppose he would have introduced me to you if he had understood all about me? I am all to blame, not our good Peter. Because I brought all this trouble upon him, I came to-night to undo the tragedy of your being away from him, and yet so close to the volcano."

"And you went with him to the crater to-day?"

"Do you think I would let him kill himself?"

"Oh, no!-but you said-you spoke about riding back with him from the crater," she returned hastily. The man's unyielding position wrought upon her strangely, sometimes startled, sometimes

"I heard that he had gone up the mountain, and followed. I found him at the summit in a faint, lying at the "ery rim of disaster."

"You-saved him from death?" "A very essential proceeding, since I

sent him there." "Oh, what do you mean?"

"It was my presence that prevented you both from being out at sea to-night. It was a very little thing to bring him back from the crater, Miss Stansbury, but a big accomplishment to make him glad that I brought him back." "Did he intend to kill himself by going

there? Do you mean that I-I---Breen felt that she deserved vividly to apprehend her failures of performance. "No, Miss Stansbury, but he was dazed with punishment. That a doubt could exist in your mind, regarding his integrity,

pulled him out of his orbit, so to speak." "But it was all so intricate and mysterious," she pleaded. "I didn't mean to do wrong, but you must see that a woman who can only wait, and never be told things-may not know what is best !"

His heart kindled to her now, but he was not building for the moment. "Let me tell you about Peter Constable," he said gently. "I was hunted to a corner in New York. I am all that the papers my, and much beside which they have overlooked. Only, I have never robbed the poor, nor widows and orphans, and I never have betrayed a friend until today, when my history arose in its wrath and man-handled poor Peter. All my operations were over when he found meall my farces and strategies. I had lost my wool-cap, and the lambs would no longer play with me. They drove me to the water front. I was at the edge of the end when Peter Constable called. * * * Come, Miss Stansbury, let us walk on toward the launch."

Breen had judged well the instant to Though afraid make this suggestion. that she would turn back, he spoke briskly, lightly, as if she had merely paused to survey the night. She obeyed, and, as he talked on, their steps grew faster and faster down the morne toward the edge of the silent, stricken city. Breen related how his friend had put aside for her the century-rare opportunity of studying Pelee in the throes. Of the volcano itself, he spoke familiarly, trenchantly, as only one could do who had peered into the roaring sink of chaos that day. He pictured at last the man with whom he had ridden, their last ride together, the gameness which men love, and-in tints almost ethereal—the brooding romance.

She was thrilled by this stranger who had played with men and lived to pray for one. By his own word, world-weary and a skeptic of human character, he had discovered his Utopia in a friend. Because she burned to believe all Breen said, his words rang true. Higher in her heart than he had reached in any of the day's fluctuations, Constable was upraised now and held. She did not call it love she did not call it anything; but it was a valiant presence to cling to, as she entered with this stranger, hunted of men, the smothered lane which Rue Victor Hugo had become.

"You are a prince of defenders," she whispered. "A man less white would not need

friend to champion his cause," he replied. "Where is Peter Constable now?" "I will put you in the care of Ernst in the launch, and then bring him to

you," he said "Where is Mr. Constable?" she demand-

ed imperiously.

"In a little shop up in the Rue de Rivoli. She did not fail in this last pitiless as-

sault, though the dreadful final sentences of her mother came back. This night was set apart in her life for the learning of the truth. "I shall not wait at the launch. I shall

go to him-there-up in the terrace. Why

"It is the far better way," Breen answered steadily. "I only thought to save

you from the climb."

like navies crippled in the roadstead. Breen's ready answer was a sterling de-

hold in her brain. They hovered afar off.

"Let us hurry," she panted. They turned and faced the empty cliff. To the left was an open door, and the form of a woman was carved in the light. The woman in the doorway spoke words warmed and vitalized from her very heart, and Breen answered and took her in his arms. Lara brushed past the two and into the shop.

The huge figure hunched forward upon the table had not moved. Lara stepped forward and touched his shoulder. stirred uneasily, muttered as if in pain, but did not lift his head. She pressed her hand more heavily upon his soiled

"Yes, yes-what is it?" he said in a quick, frightened way.

The haggard face turned up to her. The jaw dropped a little. His eyes, though fixed upon her own, seemed to have lost their direction. He gained his feet slowly, clutching the table with his hands. "I have come to go with you-to your

ship!" she declared brokenly.
"Breen, come here to me," he called, brushing his face roughly with his hand. "It's not a dream, Peter," Breen answered cheerfully. "I found her waiting

for you at the plantation house." "No. It is I-Lara!" He put his hand forth to touch her. She caught it in her own. Pere Rabeaut entered the rear door.

"And now," Breen was saying, "you two must not forget that Pelee is still aiive, and that my part is still undone while you are here even though together." He spoke in English, which neither Soronia nor her father understood.

"But are you not going?" Lara asked. "Oh, no, Miss Stansbury. Peter understands. I have told him that Nicholas Stembridge ceases to compromise him after this night. It really is the better, the only way."

He turned to Pere Rabeaut and added lightly in French: "Our guests are going. Let us all start a last sunrise of Eper-

"But you know that I do not feel as the others do, but-as your friend does. Really, I am not afraid of you," she said unsteadily. There were tears in her

"It is a beautiful ending," Breen answered.

"I want you to know that I shall always remember your coming—your words when I would have failed!" she finished. There was a moment in which Breen and Constable stood close together. Lara and Soronia were whispering, and strange it was, but out of their whispers was evolved a kiss.

"Look, Peter-the lily and the tiger lily bend together," said Breen.

The door was shut behind faced the harbor and started down the sloping way.

-?" she whispered. "But you-

CHAPTER XIII.

Constable's mind was slow to inform this great concept. The day had left behind in his brain a crowd of unassimilated acts, and into this dull, formless company swept the climacteric joy. Figuratively speaking, he had to grope about until lantern and matches were brought together, before he could adjust and measure and proportion. He halted at last in the empty street, seized the girl by her shoulders, saying, as one would evoke the heart out of a miracle:

"Lara Stansbury! Lara Stansbury!" "Yes, Sir Peter!

"Don't laugh at me; don't grow impatient for I must ask questions." "Begin. I shall be very good."

"Are you the little girl who handed

"I am that little girl grown up, sir." She revelled in the joy she was giving him, and thrilled under the tightening pressure of his hands upon her shoulders. "And when you grew up-you came to

me a newspaper this morning?"

"Please, sir, you said you would take me sailing."

"Lara, as I looked down the fiery throat of that dragon to-day, everything grew black and still like a vacuum. thought it was death then. Tell me, did I come back, or are we 'two hurrying shapes in twilight land-in no man's

land'?" "I'm sure you must have come back, sir, because I didn't die to-day, and we can't be talking together on different planes-with your fingers impaling my

shoulders!"

"Lara Stansbury-are you mine?" The huge fellow was lost in his laby rinth of happiness. The doubts that had smothered her answer were lifted now, and he heard his victory without a breath of its expression hampered. The shop had vindicated her daring. With all the engerness of brimming womanhood, which bursts the bonds of repression for the first time, she gave him her heart of hearts. She was like a queen who summons a man of her people into her inner sanctuary and bids him rule herself and her kingdom. Resistless, trembling, whispering, she was drawn into his arms.

"To think I didn't know you when you first came!" she was saying faintly. "But when I was a little girl I knew you—used to be frightened because you were so big · · · Aiways then I knew you would

come some time to take me away for your lady, and I thought I would cry when you came, because I would be so happy. That part didn't come true, did it. Strongheart? * * * They were all dreams, baby dreams, as if left over from some other betrothal with you! when I grew into a big girl, Sir Peter, I was ashamed, and put them away, with other baby thoughts and things! Ah, listen to old Pelee!"

The volcano had lost his monstrous rhythm and was ripping forth irregular crashes. Rue Victor Hugo was alive with voices, aroused by the hideous rat-The horrid insinuations could find no tling in the throat of the mountain. The

old dread fell again upon Constable. 110 drew the girl forward, almost running. "I beg of you-don't look back !" he mut-"The launch is just ahead."

"Hello, Ernst! I have kept you waiting long," he called as they neared the end of the pier. "Top speed to the Madame!

The bells of Saint Pierre rang the hour of two. The launch was speeding across the smoky harbor, riding down little isles of floasam, dead birds from the sky, and nameless mysteries from the roiled bed of the harbor. The wind was hot in their faces, like a stoke-hold blast, Often he heard a hissing in the water, like the sound of a wet finger touching hot fron. A burning cinder fell upon his hand, a messenger from Pelee, and cleared the source of the sounds. He jerked off his coat and tossed it about her shoulders, which the filmy shawl and the delicate fabric of her waist scarcely protected.

"But you-" she protested. "I could not feel fire to-night!"

Her face in the lantern-ray enchanted him. In mingled shyness and eestasy he took it between his hands. He could not speak for the marvel of the thing-that this, so vigrant, so beautiful, was for him to kiss and worship and keep bright. Her cheeks were as soft as a flower, her eyes glowing with the ardor which the tropics alone can inspire in flower and woman. In the strange light, he gazed with the raptness of one who seeks to penetrate the mystery of being-as if it were any clearer in a woman's eyes than in a Nile night, a Venetian song, or in the flow of gasoline to the spark, which filled the contemplation of Ernst.

"Beloved," he whispered at last, "1 will tell you how much I love you at our golden wedding."

He heard the swift intaking of her breath with the peculiar tremble which follows tears. The launch was swinging around to the Madame's ladder. Wherever the ship lights fell, the sheeting of ash could be seen-upon mast and railing and

"Are you frightened, dearest?" he whis-

"You will not go back to Saint Pierre!" "We need not think of that now. We are going together first-out into deep water and ocean air!" He was helping her up the ladder. When they reached the main deck, he called to Captain Negley on the bridge: "Pull us out of this blizzard, captain-a dozen miles if necessary, and quick as you can."

They had scarcely reached the bridge before the anchor chain began to grind, Three minutes later the Madame's screws were kicking the ugly harbor tide. They watched, until only the dull red of Pelee pierced the thick veil behind; until a star, and another, pricked the blue vault ahead, and the air blew in fragrant as wine from the rolling Caribbean.

"How sweet life is to me!" Constable said softly. "Grand old Pelee-he has been true blue! He made me his heir, and waited for me to carry his fairest daughter out into these reviving winds. Blow, old Vulcan, now! 'Splash at a tenleague canvas with brushes of comets' hair! And you, gorgeous girl, have you any charity for a man who grows incoherent from sheer joy?"

"Yes, even though he forgets the city," she answered. Captain Negley approached them.

"We're about a dozen miles out now, "Cruise around until daylight, captain;

then draw in until you can find bottom to hitch to, but not any closer than seven or eight miles." "Very well, sir."

Lara and Constable leaned over the aft railing of the bridge. The main deck below swarmed with women of Saint Pierre. They could not stay below, now that the defiled harbor was behind. Many were humming the old French lullabies to their little ones Good food and cool air had brought back the songs of peace and summer to those lowly hearts.

"Lara, do you think if I went back to your mother now, or, rather, after daylight, I could persuade her to join us?"

"I knew it would come to that," she said, with a shudder. "I have been trying to put it off. Can't you guess that I had a bitter price to pay before following your friend to-night? She will not join

"I am going back to try, Lara. I think I can guess something that you passed

through before leaving the house "Oh, no, you cannot! I could not suffer you to hear the words she uttered. It was like the wrath of Pelee-only causeless and without warning."

(To be continued.)

Novelists and Love. "What do you think of an old fellow of 55 having three fine women in love with him at the same time?"

"I think it is absurd." "Well, I think so, too; but then you and I, thank fortune, are young. And when Henry James was young he agreed with us. When, in his youth, Henry James was writing 'Daisy Miller' and telegraph poles in the south and and 'The Portrait of a Lady,' he didn't southwest, particularly in Texas. Arihave his fine women falling in love with zona and California. In some places some old grandfather, and he didn't 50 per cent of all the poles along the take old grandfathers for his heroes. right of way have been riddled by these But he does so now. In his 'Ambassa- little offenders, which belong to the dors' there are three women in love woodpecker family, says the Washingwith the fascinating Strether, and two ton Star. of them propose. Yet Strether is 55. James, you see, was a little over 55 who returned recently from an inspecwhen he wrote that book, and he there- tion tour through the west saw twentyfore believed that a man of that age five telephone poles with 200 or 300 could inspire passionate love in a wom- holes drilled through them. Some of an's heart.

"This is a sad commentary on human diameter. nature—that we never grow too old to think we can still love and be loved, road counted the white cedar telephone Writers unconsciously prove this com- poles along the right of way near Covmentary. The older they grow the ington, Tenn., which had been affected older they make their fascinating by woodpeckers, and found that out old hands now write books wherein the been bored. lady killers far and away the most successful are invariably 60 or so-that pole takes only a few months and its is to say, about the author's own age." -New York Press.

True Gallantry.

you don't look it.

London's net municipal debt amounts to \$223,101,330.

DANCING WITH THE FEET ON THE CEILING.



A REMARKABLE FIGURE IN A TYROLESE DANCE.

By courtesy of Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman, the well-known expert on Tyrol and Tyrolese, we are enabled to illustrate a remarkable figure in an equally remarkable dance. Mr. Baillie-Grohman describes the movement as follows in his book, "Tyrol and the Tyrolese:" "In Brandenburg, and one or two other Tyrolese valleys which boast of a particularly muscular fair sex, the girl at the conclusion of her swain's fantastical jumps catches hold of him by his braces and hoists him up bodily, aided, of course, by a corresponding jerky action of her partner, and while he, balancing himself with both hands on her shoulders, trends the ceiling of the low room to the tune of the music, she continues her dance round the room, displaying a strength and power that can only be appreciated if one has seen the strapping sixfoot fellows that are thus handled by their fair partners." Such dances are rapidly falling into disuse, and it is well-nigh impossible for the ordinary tourist to witness one nowadays.—Hustrated London News.

Beans or Grain Dumped Into Hollow Piece of Masonry and Rolled. China in the interior of the empire presents many odd sights to the traveler. In some sections the mills for the grinding of cereals, while not up to the standard of European and American plants, are fairly well equipped, headway, the "mills" present a ludicrous sight to the one familiar with the 12,000-barrel plants in the flour

centers of the United States. Grinding beans in the interior

SOME CHINESE MILLS ARE CRUDE holes are excavated for an entirely different purpose. The woodpecker is a provident bird. At the proper season it stores up a supply of acrons and other foods for future consumption. In the summer these holes are often stocked with acrons.

Many methods for preventing this damage have been suggested, but probbut far inland, where the forces of ably the most successful is preservation civilization have not made material with creosote. A line of creosoted poles, opposite the one near Covington. was examined and not a single hole was found. When it is considered that creosote will not only prevent the damage caused by the woodpecker, but China is a laborious job. A stack of also protect the pole indefinitely against



PRIMITIVE STONE FOR GRINDING PURPOSES

round masonry is set up and hollowed. both insects and decay, its great value The beans or grain is dumped in and as a preservative is apparent. then rolled to the proper degree of operate the roller and, like the Indians. the men have no scruples against assigning the women to the task, a task comparable only with the treadmill.

BIRD BORERS TROUBLESOME. They Have Been Ruining Telephon

Poles in the South. Birds are destroying the telephone

One of the Western Union officers the holes were three or four inches in

An officer of the Illinois Central rall-

In some cases destruction of the weakened condition makes it dangerous for a lineman to climb.

The real object of the birds in drilling the holes is uncertain. One tele-She (voyly)-Can you guess my age? phone man said that the humming of He-No, indeed, but whatever it is, the wires was mistaken by the birds Birmingham Age-Herald. for insects excavating beneath the surface of the wood and that they drilled the holes in quest of an imaginary prey. It is probable, however, that the be lazy.

The forest service has spent considercoarseness or otherwise. Two persons able time in developing a cheap yet efficient method for the treatment of telephone and telegraph poles. The results of the work are embodied in sev-

> eral forest-service circulars. Far-Sighted Cortes. The Tehauntepec railway scheme was originally proposed four centuries. ago by the discoverer-conquerer Cortez. -Review of Reviews.

The facts regarding this interesting announcement are susceptible of brief statement. In the spring of the year any socks." 1519 the magnificent oceangoing steam yacht belonging to Senor Don Hernan Cortez entered the harbor of Vera ffillrtheorbg 'ctoonean.earPdyr pu pu Cruz. Senor Cortez was taken ashore in his naphtha launch. He was met on the beach by the representatives of Montezuma, who took him for an in- for it. land spin in an eighty-horsepower automobile. The idea of the Tehauntepec railway developed in the mind of Cortez in consequence of the frequent puncturing of the rubber tires of the car by cactus thorns as the machine plowed its way through the jungles.

Alas! Cortez neglected to live long enough to witness the practical results heroes. Marion Crawford and all the of 268 poles 110, or 41 per cent, had of his intelligent foresight .- New York

> Over-Wise. "Prof. Boogles is a fine example of too much learning." "What's your drift?"

He can predict a shower of rain, but when it comes he hasn't common sense enough to keep from getting wet."-

A man never accumulates so much money that it gives him the right to

Nothing I Ate Agreed With Me

MPS, LENORA BODENHAMER

Mrs. Lenora Bodenhamer, R. F. D. 1, Box 99, Kernersville, N. C., write: "I suffered with stomach trouble and indigestion for some time, and nothing that I ate agreed with me. I was very nervous and experienced a continual medicine from the doctor, but it did m no good.

I found in one of your Perusa been a description of my symptoms. I the wrote to Dr. Hartman for advice. H said I had catarrh of the stomach. took Peruna and Manalin and follows his directions and can now say that ! feel as well as I ever did.

"I hope that all who are afficient with the same symptoms will take Peruna, as it has certainly cored me."

The above is only one of hundrels who have written similar letters to

Dr. Hartman. Just one such case a this entitles Peruna to the cardid con sideration of every one similarly affice ed. If this be true of the testimes of one person what ought to be the tes timony of hundreds, yes thousands, of honest, sincere people. We have in our files a great many other testime

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PACIFIC COAST BORAX CO., Oakland, Co.

A Cooling Thought.

What makes one man warm m another cool. During the hottest last summer a gentleman walked in the country store to get his mail. A old "darky" was sitting in the bining sun, in a rocking chair, on the plat of the store, looking "as comforta as a chocolate ice cream." The while man sank into another chair so fanned himself with his limp handler

"Well, Uncle Jeb," he said, "I mis say that you seem pretty comforts How do you manage to keep so as day like this?"

"Massa," sald the negro, "I's this in' dat de sun what's makin' dis per heatness is a smilin' down on all watermillions in Georgia, an' mak dem jest so red an' ripe dat my mos most cayn't keep from swallerin'. daon't min' de heatness when I spe late on dem watermillions."

FITS St. Vitue Dunco and preces present per security cared by Dr. s. inc's Great Seculor storer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trul hotils and tends Dr. H. Eline, Ld., Sil Arch St., Philadelphia la A representative of the French some

ment has been investigating the manufacturing industry of the Calif States. He says we excel in the art as particularly in the ready-made branch

Mothers will find Mrs. Winston's Souths tyrup the best remedy to use for their kind turing the teething period. Had a Reason. "Well, Sagebrush Sam has had

wish. He always wanted to die with poots on. "Yes; but they didn't know why so they took his boots off. He didn't we

Could Believe That. Bloward-I hesitate to tell rea that automobile cost me. You would believe it. I paid a fabulous price the machine, though, I can tell you. Kohlfax-I don't doubt it. want to know is the real price yes pa

Shake Into Your Shors Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the test less painful, awollen, amarting, awesting fest new shoes easy. Sold by all Drugsis and Stores. Don't accept any substitute, I Reg. M. I. Charles A. S. Olmstel, Ia Reg. M.

Johnnie's Position. "Yes," began Mr. Peters, 87, Peters, Jr., has quit school and an a position in Davis' general store "Indeed!" commented the size visitor. "What are his duties?"

"He is superintendent of the criand cheese department," replied Peters, Sr., with guarded satisfa-"He has the entire charge of work up the cheese."

