

# The White Sepulchre

## The Tale of Pelee

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

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### CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"I guess that's right, too. So you had to lock up Stenbridge?"  
"Yes, I found it advisable one day after he had tried to steal the ship—while I was ashore in San Juan," Constable explained ingeniously. "I'm glad you came, because it will save me from taking him back. That is, unless you decide that I'll have to go back, too. I did play pretty rough with you, but your man had me going strong about that time. You've got to acknowledge that he's an artist. Let's get out of this. What do you plan to do?"  
"Go out and get Stenbridge, and settle with you."

"The word 'settle' usually refers to dollars up in the States," Constable said delicately.

"It doesn't pay to buck the detective bureau, Constable, and I'm authorized to take cash for your part—this time."

"How much?"

"Five thousand dollars and expenses."

"It costs money to keep you off one's ship."

"I'm Crusoé of the detective bureau, and I usually go where I please," was the dulcet answer.

"I'll have to go out to the ship to get so much money," Constable declared resignedly.

"I'll have to go out to the ship to get Stenbridge," said Crusoé. "We'll go together."

"Where are your men?"

"I'm working alone this trip."

"You can pick up a couple of gendarmes to help you, if you think you'll need help," Constable suggested. This was the galvanic instant.

Crusoé glanced at him keenly. He had been able to pick no flaw in the moment's talk. He was a shrewd man in his line and schooled, but Constable had rung true. There is no inclination on the part of the public at large to concede brilliance of acumen to the heirs of millions, unless the sparkling quality has been exposed in a strong light. The suggestion concerning the gendarmes, and a last glance into the face of the young man, vanquished Crusoé's final doubt.

"I can handle Stenbridge very tidily, having your moral support," he declared.

"He's too old a bird to resist arrest when he's once cornered."

"Just as you say," Constable said swiftly. "Turn your rig about and follow on. My launch is ahead, at the Sugar Landing."

It was not until the other was behind, and the back of his own carriage shutting off the view, that Constable realized he had lost his headache, and was drenched with perspiration. It was now eight. The ladies had agreed to be ready at nine, in case Uncle Joey had returned with the mail by that time. His several errands must wait. The present matter would take the entire time, and must be done decently and in order. The driver was commanded to make good speed to the launch, which was in readiness. Crusoé dismissed his rig; Constable bade his driver wait, and the two men boarded.

"Make her buzz, Ernst," the owner said to the sailor in charge. "I'm expiring for a drink and a mouthful of clean air."

Crusoé was deeply interested in the present manifestation of Martinique's climate, and was not readily diverted to the subject which challenged his companion. Once launched, however, upon the dealings of Nicholas Stenbridge, alias Hayden Breen, he became fluent, and Constable learned that his guest was "the Rajah's Diamond" among the swindlers of civilization.

Stenbridge, according to Crusoé, had started a Central American revolution in order to seize a range of rich silver hills; had made good, worked the mines, and sold them, a year later, "salted to a brine," to a syndicate of New York capitalists. He had engineered the Yarmouth-Leams oil syndicate which disordered London financiers for a day. Of these and other interesting engagements Constable learned as the launch sped across the fouled harbor.

"What does this prince of manipulators do with all his money?" he asked finally.

"Well, you see," Crusoé replied, "he has his army to pay, and he must pay the men pretty well, for the rumor is abroad that they would go on the cross for him. And then he is a golden glory of a spendthrift. I've heard that Paris looks for his second coming as for a Messiah, since he has promised the Tenderloin a punch from the Milky Way. . . . Here we are. Perhaps you don't think I was pleased to see your craft lying here this morning when I came in on the Panther?"

"I presume you were," Constable replied idly.

They were on the ship's ladder, Crusoé walking ahead. The sailor above, on the main deck of the Madame, caught a strange gesture from Constable's hand, and a stranger expression from the eye of his owner. The sailor did not understand exactly, but he stood ready for anything that might occur, and accordingly made haste to assist when Constable sprang forward and plinked the newcomer about the waist. Crusoé accepted his defeat nervily, but when his gun was removed and his wrists enclosed for the time being in his own manacles he regarded his captor with eyes of hate, in which a little reproach was mingled.

"What's your lay, Constable?" he in-

quired almost steadily. "You're smarter than I thought, and a deal more crooked."

"Listen," the other said hurriedly. "I didn't like to do this, but there wasn't any way out of it. I've got a lot on my mind this morning, and you complicated matters. It may be that I'm saving your life. The mountain yonder looks as if he were about to blow his brains out, and I couldn't be interrupted until I got certain ladies safely aboard here from the town. As for the fascinating person you call Stenbridge, he may be my guest, and he may not. I'll see you about that later on. He's been square as a plumb-line to me. You're a good man, Crusoé, and Breen is, too. Your lines are different, that's all. You'll get your five thousand that I promised to-day. Just sit tight, and call for anything you want. We'll be good friends yet. . . . Captain Negley, have Mr. Crusoé quartered pleasantly aft, and tell Macready to serve him with anything he desires. I'll be back with the ladies in about an hour. You'll of course have the ship keyed for a sprint to Port de France."

Constable hurried down the ladder, and an instant later was again in the launch, which was aimed at the low-hanging pail, back of which lay the tortured city. It was now twenty-five minutes to nine. He could make the plantation house slightly after the hour.

It was but a moment from the pier to the carriage, and then the half-strangled ponies struggled gallantly through Rue Victor Hugo and up the morne toward the plantation house. Uncle Joey's rig was at the gate, good evidence that the mails had been brought.

Constable entered the house hastily at ten minutes past nine. There was a word of cheer upon his lips. No one was in the library or the music room; no one but a maid servant was on the lower floor. She was gathering up the litter of broken envelopes and newspaper wrappings upon the library table. Constable imagined that the maid servant regarded him strangely. He ran to the stairway and called:

"Are you almost ready, ladies?"

He heard footsteps above and low voices; then a door opened and Mrs. Stansbury crossed the upper hall and appeared at the head of the stairway. Already he was filled with a confusion of alarms.

"Pardon me for calling you, but everything is ready—as soon as you can come."

"We are not going on your yacht, Mr. Constable," the elder woman said coldly.

He sprang up the stairs and faced her in the dim light. Two or three times in his life he had become cold like this, some trait of his breed equipping him with an outward calm, when the issue of the moment was won or lost, but lifted from his hands.

"What is the latest difficulty, please?"

"I would rather not discuss the matter, Mr. Constable."

"May I speak with Miss Stansbury?"

It was not given to the mother to accede or refuse, for the door behind her was opened and the girl stood in the aperture, her anguished eyes intent upon him.

"I returned to announce that everything is ready," he said quietly, "and your mother tells me that you are not going."

"No, we are not going," she repeated in a lifeless voice.

"Is it too much for me to ask why?"

She did not answer at once, but seemed trying to penetrate his brain with her eyes. "Then, you have not seen the New York papers?" she said. "You may have this. The others are below."

She handed him the front page of a daily journal, dated three weeks before. His own name was there, and not in honor. When he looked up from the paper the door was shut. Constable went below.

"Where is Mr. Wall?" he dully inquired of the maid servant.

"He went out to the plantation, sir, immediately upon bringing in the mails."

"Where is Mr. Breen?"

"He went down to the city, sir."

Constable left the house and walked rapidly out the driveway, turning toward Saint Pierre. Here the man's pride intervened. He had committed a folly, perhaps, but no broad evil. The statements of the press were farcical. Lara Stansbury should not have allowed her mother and the New York reporters to shake her trust. With reaction piling upon him its most bitter and tragic phases, Peter Constable conceded his failure as a lover, and turned to his secondary passion—Pelee.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Breen was not wholly unconscious of danger when the large bundle of New York papers was brought with the mails into the library. The ladies had busied themselves over a joint epistle from Mr. Stansbury, and were scanning the front pages of the journals, when a sudden exclamation from Mrs. Stansbury intimated the ugly truth. Breen was changed from guest to outlaw. Miss Stansbury followed her mother upstairs, the former bearing the paper with her. A second account of the demoralizing incident was not difficult to find. Breen read the following hastily:

"The Madame de Stael, Mr. Peter Constable's splendid private yacht, cleared for West Indian ports this morning, having on board the young millionaire-owner and, it is alleged, Nicholas Stenbridge,

the notorious revolutionist, adventurer, and swindling promoter.

"The purpose in common of the capitalist and fortune hunter cannot be told. Mr. Constable has figured in the public prints on several occasions, but chiefly through his eccentric ideas of practical philanthropy. So far as is known, he has never before allowed himself to be subjected to the attention of the police. It is feared that he will lose at both ends as a result of his present affiliations.

"Mr. Constable's friends aver that the young millionaire could not have understood the character of his companion for the voyage, and point out that Nicholas Stenbridge, at his best, is a man of fascinating manners and rare personal accomplishments. It has been added also that Mr. Constable is of a most impulsive temperament, and apt to choose his companions from queer arteries of society. The young man's innocent intent, however, might more readily be accepted, were it not for the important fact that Nicholas Stenbridge, who is known to have been in hiding for several days in New York, was seen on board the de Stael shortly before she sailed; positively recognized, it is said, by an astute and reliable member of the local detective force."

A spirited description of the episode on the Brooklyn pier followed; also a portion of Nicholas Stenbridge's police record. The conservative character of the paper in which the foregoing appeared led Breen to believe that the account which had fallen into Mrs. Stansbury's hand might be considerably more embellished and embellished. His first thought was that he had become a source of horror to the women, and that he must put himself out of their sight.

Breen was not a conscienceless man. A fatalist, a spendthrift, a power that preyed upon the powers that prey, a polished rascal—all these he might be, but his blood was clean from the taint of personal treachery. He had come to like Constable. The friendship was guileless. He had even thought, with a trace of humor in certain moments, that it was worth being called back from the Brooklyn pier for such a large and clear emotion. It is possible that he had never in his life been troubled as now, having brought a vital hurt to the man he wished only to serve. His face showed nothing, not even the heat of the day, as he left the house.

His own body had felt all, even the moral dissolution which crawls into the brain to prepare a place for the sinister guest, suicide. The law of cause and effect, unable to find any hold upon himself nor inspire any fear this side of death, had linked him with another, and made that other suffer through him. Breen was smitten with the ugliest punishment that clean fiber is given to writhe beneath—that of seeing a friend beaten to the ground by the rebounding volley of one's own sins.

Half way down the Morne d'Orange, he saw Constable's launch turn shoreward from the ship. Constable was probably aboard. Breen wasn't ready yet to meet the man he had hurt. He must think. Moreover, by no means did he ignore the possibility of the Panther bringing one of his logical enemies, nor was he ready to face an accumulation of consequences in the shape of a man hunter. He turned to the right at the base of the morne, and made his way up one of the winding paths to the terraced streets. That his steps led him to the fruit shop, where he had planned not to go again, seemed now but a paltry addition to the incubus which had so suddenly possessed him.

At the first terrace he turned and stared back through the smoke. The launch had just touched the pier at the Sugar Landing. The tall figure of Constable stepped forth and hastened to the carriage, which was driven rapidly toward the morne. Breen smiled, because it was easier for him to smile than to cry for mercy. Constable was being driven swiftly to the plantation house, where he would find the ugly work that had been done there. Mrs. Stansbury would not board a ship that had been a thief's refuge.

Rue de Rivoli was white and empty. The door of the shop was shut but not locked, and the little round window darkened with a cloth. Breen entered, slamming the door quickly, to keep out the hot, poisoned air of the street. The dark shop was as empty of humans as the thoroughfare, but a quick step sounded in the rear. Pere Rabaut entered from the ash-quitted court.

"What a day, M. Breen! The birds are dead and dying. Soronia is ill unto death—"

"Soronia ill!" Breen said under his breath.

The old man hastened away. At the rear doorway, Soronia pushed by him. Her hair was unfastened, and the loose white garment that she wore was open at the throat. The father stared as if she were a specter. His lips moved, and he turned suddenly to the man standing in front of the shop. She moved toward the American.

Her eyes aroused him. The darkness had no power to divest them of expression, for the passions were burning there—fear lest this was not flesh which filled her gaze; ecstasy in that he was there at all, in life or death or dream. His act of yesterday had wrought the ghastly pallor; the deathly illness was heart-starvation. She touched his shoulder and his cheek with chilling hands; there fell from her lips strange, low words of no language that he knew. Suddenly she caught his hand to her breast, whispering that she had feared she was dreaming.

"What were you dreaming, little one?" he questioned.

"I thought I was dying when I heard your voice. You said—you said you would come no more."

"But did I not come, little fairy? Who could remain away from you?"

She seized his face in her cold hands, whispering, "Do you mean that you will stay?"

(To be continued.)

### TELEPHONES MOVING TRAINS

Engineer's Cab Connected by Apparatus with Dispatcher's Office.

It has long been recognized that some means by which telephone communication could be held by train in motion would be of great advantage as an adjunct to the block system. One of the most recent suggestions along this line is an apparatus invented by an Iowa man, the details of which are shown in the accompanying illustrations.

A horizontal bar of metal extends from the side of the tender for its entire length. This bar drops close to

the outer rail, making electrical connection with metal standards set in the ties beside the track. The distance between these standards is a little less than the length of the bar, so that the latter is always in contact with at least one of them. A telephone is mounted in the cab of the locomotive and connected through the locomotive wheels and the rails to the dispatcher's station, blockhouse or other point. It will be seen therefore that communication may be had with the train at all points along the track where the standards are located. These can be placed at the beginning and end of blocks, or at other points where it would be of advantage to hold communication with the moving train.

Major Hodder is an Englishman who has been wondering why the Barbadoes, alone of the Antilles, are free from malaria. He thinks it must be because the Barbadoes, alone of the Antilles, are free from gnats. But why no gnats? Because of the wild and beneficent profusion of fish called "millions." The millions eat the gnats while they're still larvae. Acting on Major Hodder's theory, the Jamnicians, the people of Colon and the colonists of British Guiana imported millions and the gnats vanished. In Africa, where rage the most deadly swamp fevers, millions are employed with immense success. The same means has been adopted by the Italian government to rid the Roman Campagna of its insect foes.

Those who love experimentation may try the following method of making a cheap barometer, practiced in France. Take 8 grams of pulverized camphor, 4 grams of pulverized nitrate of potassium, 2 grams of pulverized nitrate of ammonia, and dissolve in 60 grams of alcohol. Put the whole in a long, slender bottle closed at the top with a piece of bladder containing a pin-hole to admit the air. When rain is coming, the solid particles will tend gradually to mount, little star crystals forming in the liquid, which otherwise remains clear; if high winds are approaching, the liquid will become thick, as if fermenting, while a film of solid particles forms on the surface; during fair weather the liquid will remain clear and the solid particles will rest at the bottom.

Since the colliery explosions at Courrières, in France, and the more recent disasters in the United States and elsewhere, a public demand has been awakened in Europe for some kind of organized rescue work in connection with mines. In Austria and France provision of rescue apparatus in mines is made compulsory. In Germany it is optional, but has been voluntarily adopted. In Russia where over fifty men are employed in one mine it is provided that "every colliery must have a rescue corps trained to work in irreparable gases," that "the number of men in each corps must be equivalent to 4 per cent of those engaged in the largest pit or shaftwork" and "that the number of completely equipped sets of breathing apparatus at each colliery must not be less than three."

**SCHOOLROOM FURNITURE.**

Combined Adjustable Desk, Chair and Receptacle for Books, Etc.

Few parents realize how uncomfortable are the desks and seats provided for children in the public schools, or they would endeavor to influence the directors to substitute others of up-to-date construction and designed with some idea of assuring ease to the pupils while working. A combined desk, chair and receptacle designed along the proper lines is shown here, patented by an Alabama man. The desk is adjustable, so also are the chair and the receptacle, the latter providing a convenient place at the side of the chair on which to place the books, papers and similar articles. Both the desk and the chair can be adjusted to accommodate children of varying degrees. All three of the parts are connected by iron bars, so that they cannot be easily separated after once adjusted.

A woman's idea of a perfectly awful thing is to have some one call when she is washing her hair



In some countries, notably in the Russian provinces north of the Caucasus, the sunflower serves other purposes besides ornamenting gardens with its huge golden bosses. The seeds are used to make oil, which is employed both in the manufacture of soap and in cooking. The stems and leaves are burned and the ashes used to make potash. Last year the sunflower factories of the Caucasus produced 15,000 tons of potash.

There are something over 6,000 varieties of orchids recognized and described by the authorities in the botanical gardens of Ilo de Janiero. A very large portion of this list of plants is composed of varieties which have little or no value from any standpoint. Some varieties are very common, while a great many of them are rare enough to command from \$15 to \$30 in Brazil. Other varieties are very rare and the value of specimens is mostly fixed by what collectors will pay for them, varying greatly from time to time. Probably three-fourths of the orchid-exporting business, in value, is in less than a dozen varieties of the plant.

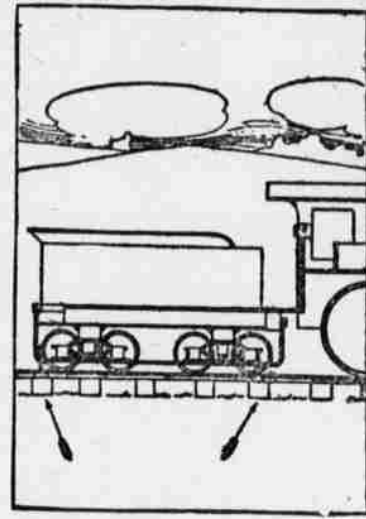
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TELEPHONE IN CAB OF ENGINE.



The man who is always paying compliments to women may be an awful liar, but he doesn't need any affidavits in that business.

When a girl can love an old man it's a sign she can fool him into thinking it's real.

Everybody is intolerant of other people's bad habits when he has different ones of his own.

A pleasant thing about expecting money is all you can plan to do with it until it comes and your family gets it.

It's the easiest thing in the world for a woman to make a man think he is in love with her unless they are married.

If a man had all the money there is in the world he would blame his luck because there wasn't more.

The thing a woman admires about her husband's business sagacity is how nearly successful it sometimes is.

The reason a woman says her prayers so faithfully is so that if anything goes wrong it won't be her fault.

A girl who freckles feels just as philosophical about them as a man does about being in a stock market panic.—New York Press.

**Prohibition in Mexico.**

Is the prohibition sentiment spreading even to Mexico? The State of Morelia has just enacted a law prohibiting the sale of liquor by the glass to be drunk in the place where it is bought. Liquor may be bought and sold by the bottle only and must be carried away. Many of the states have largely suppressed gambling of the worst sort by stringent laws and faithful enforcements. High license prevails nearly everywhere in cities, and the number of saloons in the various states has been greatly curtailed within the last few years. Police regulations are all the time being made more strict. The state of Chihuahua enforces very close regulations. Governor Creel's views on the subject of Intemperance are well known. It is due mainly to his initiative that the state is one of the most orderly in the republic. The saloons are well regulated and closed at reasonable hours; gambling is either suppressed or carried on under close surveillance, and recently the governor even put a stop to the bullfights at the state capital owing to the disorders accompanying them.—El Paso Herald.

You may think you have a great many friends; how many would stick to you, and care for you, if you had smallpox? One?