

# 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 Stemberge?"

"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 Stemberge, 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 Cruseo 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 Stemberge," said Cruseo. "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.

Cruseo 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 Cruseo's final doubt.

"I can handle Stemberge 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. Cruseo 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."

Cruseo 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 Stemberge, alias Hayden Breen, he became fluent, and Constable learned that his guest was "the Rajah's Diamond" among the swindlers of civilization.

Stemberge, according to Cruseo, 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," Cruseo 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, Cruseo 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. Cruseo 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 your 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 Stemberge, 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, Cruseo, 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. Cruseo 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 Fort de France."

Constable hurried down the ladder, and an instant later was again in the launch, which was aimed at the low-hanging pall, 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 duly 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 Stemberge,

the notorious revolutionist, adventure, 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 Stemberge, 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 Stemberge, 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 the Nicholas Stemberge'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 reveller—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 write 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 started 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-quilted 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 divert 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.)

# AGRICULTURAL



### Nitrogen from the Air.

A detailed account of the progress of the works now in course of erection on the falls of the Svaesiget in Norodden, in Norway, for the separation of atmospheric nitrogen, on the system of Messrs. Birkeland and Eyde, is given in La Nature. These works are the property of a French company, and the available power is stated at 34,000 horse-power. A second undertaking on a far larger scale is now in course of construction to make use of the falls of Rjukan, where not less than 250,000 horse power will be utilized. Photographs show that the buildings are now completed, and that much of the machinery is in place. The factory is contained in two separate divisions, the hydro-electric generating station and the chemical works. Details of the revolving furnaces, with the internal electrodes and the flame area, are given.

**Let Women Run Incubator.**

Please do not get the idea that the incubator is so everlastingly automatic that you do not need to give it any attention. The result with the use of an incubator is a great deal like the results with the use of other things. They will be in proportion to the effort you make to a great extent. Of course I am not personally acquainted with you, but as a long-distance proposition I would a heap sight rather you would turn your machine over to your wife. The women folks have more natural good sense in raising poultry, and you can bet your boots they look after the pennies and dimes in whatever they undertake. While a man that is accustomed to dealing in big money often overlooks seemingly immaterial things that go to make the use of incubators and brooders a success.—M. M. Johnson, Nebraska.

**A Clover Buncher.**

Clover that is pastured until the middle of June and then permitted to make a second growth will escape in-

Jury from the midge and usually give a better yield of seed. When 95 per cent of the heads are a dead brown color the mower may be set to work. The illustration shows a finger-like mowing machine attachment for bunching and laying the clover out of the way of the horses.

**To Prevent Tomato Rot.**

The disease often attacks plants that are not sprayed. It is first noticeable as small black or brown spots on the leaves and stems of the plants, occurring first on the lower and older leaves, but with favorable weather it spreads rapidly till the plant is defoliated and the spots on the stems have coalesced into irregular blackish patches. If a piece of bark with these spots be examined under a high power microscope innumerable small, crescent-shaped bodies may be seen. These are the fruiting spores of the fungus. Spray with Bordeaux mixture.

**Get a Disk Harrow.**

The disk harrow is a tool that is almost indispensable on an up-to-date farm. For working land that is infested with weeds that spread from their root systems the disk harrow is the only harrow that should be used. It cuts the roots where they lie and does not drag them from one part of the field and transplant them in another. With plenty of horsepower it will do the work of a plow on some kinds of soil, especially in fruit orchards, where a plow is liable to tear up large roots and start suckers to growing up where the root is cut.

**Ration for Cows.**

Experiments conducted last year at the West Virginia Agricultural Station go to show that, while a ration of grain given to cows that are on pasture may keep them in somewhat better physical condition and keep up their flow of milk, the increase in butter fat is not sufficient to pay for the cost of the grain ration. This would seem to be on the assumption of a lush pasture and that the cows would eat additional grass to take the place of the higher-priced grain ration.

**Leguminous Crops.**

Nature has provided a leguminous crop for every part of the earth where it was intended that man should farm. Cow peas, soy beans and Japan clover in the South, crimson clover in the Eastern slope, red clover in the Central states, alfalfa in the West, and Canada peas in the North show how thoroughly the distribution has been effected.

**Humane Slaughter of Animals.**

The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will shortly begin experiments with a new method for killing animals. Henry Bergh, the treasurer and former president of the society, has invented an air gun of large size, working like a pneumatic hammer. The society some time ago offered a reward of \$500 for an improved and humane method for slaughtering purposes. Mr. Bergh thinks his invention fulfills the requirements of the society for an improved device for slaughtering animals.

**Fruit Tree Borers.**

August is the time to look for borers. Dig the soil away around the stems of fruit trees to the depth of 3 inches, scrape the bark with a knife, and if any sawdust or exuding gum is found it is time to get to work. Dig out the borer and wash the uncovered parts with a mixture of soft cow dung, lime-wood ashes and a little crude carbolic acid. Then return the soil. The quince, dwarf pear and peach trees are particularly affected by this pest.

**Foe of the Green Bug.**

Last season farmers of the Southwest were greatly alarmed over the appearance of the wheat plant louse, commonly known as the green bug. They

caused a tremendous amount of damage, but this year its ravages were much less, owing to the appearance of a parasite bee which destroys the bug.

The bee lays its eggs on the body of the green bug, which are shown in the picture on the wheat leaf. When the eggs hatch out the larvae feed on the bug until they become bees, when they lay more eggs on the bugs, and this process is repeated over and over. The bees are shown in the picture, and farmers should become familiar with them, so they may recognize them as one of their best friends.—Exchange.

**Reflections of a Bachelor.**

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.

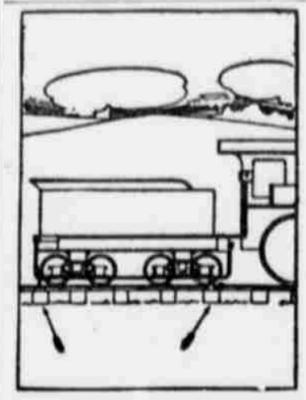
You may think you have a great many friends; how many would stick to you, and care for you, if you had smallpox? One!

### 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



TELEPHONE IN CAB OF ENGINE.

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.

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