Cepulchre Pelee

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

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CHAPTER XVL-(Continued.) the whipping tongue of Macready mumbrain; bow many times the splendid spirit. To let the woman succumb among her of the woman recalled her own lowller dead was more than he could bear. faculties to action and the terrible meaning of the quest-only God and these to the desolate shore.

They gained the Sugar Landing at last, and strange sounds came from the lips of Ernst, as he pointed to the bulk of the launch, burned to the water line. Graycovered heaps were sprawled upon the shore, some half-covered by the incoming tide, some entirely awash. Pelce had brought down the city; and the fire-tiger had rushed in at the kill. He was hissing and crunching still, under the ruins. The woman mouned and covered her face.

"There is nothing alive!" she said with dreadful stress.

"What else could you luk fur?" Macready demanded. "Wait till we get over th' hill, and you'll hear th' burrds singin' the naygurs laughin' in the fields an' wonderin' why the milkman don't come.

"I can live yes, I can live until I see suse crushed to the hill, all coated with pasts, and those heaps lying about on the ground! * * * 'A woman can't a friend like a man'! You will stand and uncover your heads-when you see your friend lying upon the ground-and I

She was walking between them, up toward the market place, fighting back her terrors, which added to the burdens of the men. The opened space was filled with the stones from the houses, buried there as from a dice box. Smoke and steam cozed forth from every ruin. The silence was awful as the sight of death. Rue Victor Hugo was effaced, the way up toward the morne undiscernible. A breathing pile of debris barred every way. It was plain that they must make their way couthward along the shore.

"If I cud on'y get holt o' that barun-cle av a shark's toot,' Pugh-if I cud on'y get him here wance bare-futted," Denny gasped-"sure I'd lie happy holdin' av him! Ha !--don't sthep there!"

He pulled her away from a puddle of uncongealed stuff as hot as running iron. Once he had stepped upon what seemed to be an ash-covered stone. was soft, springy, and vented a wheesy Itain and rock-dust had smeared all things alike in this gray, reasting sharobles

"Speak-won't you please speak?" the woman cried suddenly.

"It luks like rain, ma'am," Macready's quick tongue offered.

They were on the shore, nearing the rise of the Morne d'Orange. Saint Pierre had rushed to the sea-at the last. The suntain had found the women with the children, as all manner of visitations find them-and the men a little apart. There was nothing to do by the way, no lips to moisten, no voice of pain to hush, no dying thing to ease. Pelee had not faltered at the last. There was not an insect murmur in the air, nor a crawling thing beneath, not a moving wing in the gray sky. They traversed a shore of death absolute—these three—and the woman was thinking ahead.

like a mouth that had lost its pearls. The fruit. Peles had cut the cane fields, suck-The plantation house pushbe felled, or lost in the smoky distance. The nearer landmarks were gone-homes that had brightened the morne in their day, whose windows had flashed the rays of the afternoon sun as it rode down oversea-levelled like the fields of cane. There was no balm, no saving grace. Pelee had awept far and left only his shroud, and the heaps upon the way, to show that the old sea-road, so white, so beautiful, had been the haunt of man. The mangoes had lost their vesture; the palms were gnarled and naked fingers pointing to the pitiless sky.

She had known this highway in the mornings, when joy was not dead, when the songs of the toilers and the laughter of children giorified the fields; in the white moonlight, when the sweet draughts from the sea met and mingled with the spice from torrid bills, and seent of jas-mine and rose gardens. * * The dark eyes under the huge helmet were staring ahead; her lips were parted and white. Though they had passed the radius of terrific heat, she seemed slowly to be suffocating. Macready remembered

his voice. "Things are queer by the sea, ma'am. Now, if I'd ha' tuk Pugh be th' t'ront I'd be intertainin' Mr. Constable presently in the bottom av th' ship, togged out head an' fut in irons fur th' occasion, an' he'd say, 'Dinny, why didn't you sthand be th' His eyes strained into her face, but the lady whin I tould you? Perhaps you can eistern was dark, dark. The fire had stand be th' bunkers betther, me son. Go to thim, ye goat!" * * Ernst, lad,

you're intertainin', you're loquenchus."

0 | her word-that she would break, brain How many times the bide eyes of old and body—if the mountain had shown no Ernst rolled back under the bids, and his werey at their journey's end. * * grip relaxed upon the ears, only to be re- And Macready did not hope. The man called by the pleading voice and the face to whom he had tied his own life would of tragedy before him; how many times be down like the others, and the great house about him! All that a soft Irish bled, forgetting its object, while his senses heart could feel of terror and hereave reeled against the burning walls of his ment had waged in his breast for hours

The ruins of the plantation house wavered forth from the fog. The prayer had But the little hoat held its prow not availed; the day still lived. A swoon and not failen pitifully upon the woman He was allowing her to walk forward to her end, this beautiful creature to courage was more than a man's! Her fingers were upon his sleeve, pulling him forward. She had no need of from him now. Life remained in her to reach the place ahead. She did not want more life, if the dead were there.

"Wait, ma'am?" he pleaded. "No, no! I cannot wait?" "Fur ould Dinny?

"I thank you both. You have been very brave and kind; but, Denny, don't keep

me back-not now!" "Let me go firsht!" he implored, harsoring the mad idea that he might put

smething out of her sight. "No!" she screamed, breaking from him, and rushing forward through the fallen gate.

Her cry brought an answer-a muffled namer, the voice from a pit. Macready and Ernst plucked at the charred boards in the circle of rain.

"Peter, King Peter I Where are you Great-heart?" she called, laughing, cry-

ing, picking at her hands, "In the cistern—in the old cistern," came the answer. "Why—did—they—let

come here?" 'Didn't I tell you 'twud take more than a spoit av a mountain t' singe hair av m, ma'am?" Macready yelled, dancing about the rim. "Are you hurted, sorr! Tell me, are you hurted?"

He was pushed away, and the woman knelt at the rim, bending far down.

CHAPTER XVII.

Constable rested and reflected in the elstern. It did not occur to him, save in the most flimsy and passing way, to doubt the efficacy of the distance in the case of Lara. She was safe, eight miles at sea. and watched over by Macready, whom he had learned thoroughly to trust. was gladness immovable. Second, for the present and to all intents, his own life had been spared. This was not so important in itself, but was exceedingly viral in consideration of the third point-that she loved him, and had said so. His first worry was that Lara might be thinking him dead.

The aspect of Constable's mind being touched upon, it may be well to outline the state of affairs as a third party would see it. In the first place, there was a woman in his arms, a woman whom the fire had touched and in whom consciousness was not; the mother of the world's matchless girl. Then he was sitting upon a slimy stone in a subterranean cell, the floor of which was covered with six inches of almost sculding water, and the vault filled with steam. The volcanic discharge, showering down through the mouth of the pit, had heated the water and released the vapor. An earthquake years before had loosened the stone walls of the cavern, and with every shudder of From the shoulder of the morne Lara the earth, under the wrath of Pelce, the turned back one look. Saint Pierre was musoury lining the cistern tottered. Then, his hand had been torn during the descenland ahead was a busk divested of its of the chain, and the terrific heat in the well livened his burns to exquisite pained the juices, and left the blasted stalks fulness. But, as has been stated, these were mere cuticle disorders, and the heart ed forth no shadow of an outline. It might of the man sang again and again its tunebal story.

Pelee was giving vent to the afterpange. Torrents of rain were descending. The man in the cistern had lost track of time. Though replenished with rain, the water was still too hot to step in; therefore, he could not change his position and relieve the tension of his arms. Still, he felt that he owed an avtonishing debt to the old cistern. No sudden impulse had brought him there. Sin he had discovered the place in his night's vigil, and examined it more closely the following day, the idea had become fixed in his mind that it might be used at the fast minute.

The women sighed now and stirred in his arms. The first gripping realization took his mind. He waited in embarrassment for her to speak. Would the fact that he had saved her life stand as extenuation for his rough treatment? Constable was by no means sure that he was not about to hear her estimate of him on the old footing, with the rage of a manhandled woman added-the whole a finished document delivered with Mrs. Stansbury's art and force. But she did

not yet awake. His brain worked rapidly now. She had lain upon his shoulder during the descent. Livid dust had fallen through the orifice. His burns were slight. * * * touched her hair-he knew that. bare arm brushed his cheek, and his whole being crawled with fear * * * It seemed that hours elapsed. Where had The woman was stepping forward seeing that hours elapsed. Where had weiftly between them. Words died upon (Incle Joey been at the last? Did Peise tolerate any favorites? Breen, Soronia, and thought of what she would find Pere Rabeaut, Mondet, the ships in the ahead. He believed that she would keep inner harbor, the thirty thousand of Saint delphia Press,

Plerre were they all wrecked in the mills of the world? . . But the Madame was eight miles at sea! Pelce had waited for the woman. His heart of hearts held

The breath of life was returning to his burden. She sighed once more, and then, full pityingly, he felt her wince with the pain which consciousness brought

"What is this dripping darkness?" be heard at last. The words were slowly uttered, and the tones vague. * * In great dark room somewhere, in a past ife, perhaps, Constable had heard such s voice from some one lying in the shad-

"We are in the old clatern—you and 1. Peter Constable." His tones became glad as he added, "But your daughter is safe

"Did you forget something, or did Lara send you for her parasol?"

"I came for you-cause to tell you how much we needed you-how much we feared for your life, and to ask you once

What an extraordinary - youth? she murmured. "Was there ever such darkness as this?"

The cavern was dark, but not utterly black now. The circle of the orifice was sharply lit with gray.

"They will come from the ship to rescue us soon. Please—please turn your face to the light—so: * * Yes, that will do!"

"Did you not know that I am blind, . . . How big you seem! should think you would put me down and

Her face had been turned upward in the descent of the chain! He steeled himself to speak steadily. cumulative harshness in that her face, above all others, so fragile, of purest line, should meet the coarse element, burning dirt. Furies leaped upon bim that he had not saved her.

"The water is still hot in the bottom of the cistern,' he said. "My arms are not in the least tired."

An interminable interval passed before he heard the voice again, slower, fainter 'And so you came back for me—and you knew Pelee—better! * * No. the knew Pelce-better! burns do not hurt terribly. My-facefeels -dead. You were not burned so?

This was the moment of dreadful mem ory. Her body, her face, arms, throut, had covered him, as the rusty chain slip ped through his hand. The molten stuff had not cracked his flesh because she had stood between.

"I tried to save you you know that but you kept the fire from me! His voice was broken with rebellion. Then out of a sigh came the words that

lived with him always:

-would-have-you-know-thatla Montagne Pelce is artistic!" (To be continued.)

SHARPENING A PENCIL.

In This Act You May Read a Man's Character.

No woman should marry a man till she has seen him sharpen a lead pencil. She can tell by the way he does it whether he is suited to her or not. Here are a few infallible rules for her guidance in the matter:

The man who holds the point to ward him and close up against his shirt front is slow and likes to have secrets. Re is the kind of man who, when the dearest girl in the world finds out that there are "others" and "Ef you'll believe it, I ain't done noth-asks him who they are and what he in' for Thanksgivin'." means by calling on them, will assume an air of excessive dignity.

The man who holds the pencil out at arm's length and whittles away at it, hit or miss, is impulsive, jolly, good-natured and generous.

He who leaves a blunt point is dull and plodding, and will never amount to much. He is really good natured, but finds his chief pleasures in the commonplace things of life,

He who sharpens his pencil an inch or more from the point is high strung and imaginative and subject to exuberant flights of fancy. He will always be seeking to mount upward and accomplish things in the higher regions of business and art, and his wife's greatest trouble will be to hold him down to earth and prevent his flying off altogether on a tangent.

The man who sharpens his pencil all around smoothly and evenly, as though it was planed off in an automatic sharpener, is systematic and slow to anger, but he is so undeviating from a fixed principle that he would drive a woman with a sensitive temperament to distraction in less than six months. On the contrary, he who jumps in and leaves the sharpened wood as jagged as anw teeth around the top has a nasty temper and will spank the baby on the slightest provo-

The man who doesn't stop to pollsh the point of lead once the wood is cut away has a streak of coarseness in his nature.

He who shaves off the lead till the point is like a needle is refined, delicate and sensitive. He will not be likely to accomplish so much as his more common brother, but he will never shock you, and is without doubt a good man to tie to.—New York Press

To Be Exact.

"Gee whiz! Here's the rain coming down again and somebody's stolen my umbrella."

"Somebody's stolen what?" "Well, the umbrella I've been carrying for the last two weeks."-Phila

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

I'm thankful that the years are long—
Rowever long they be.
They still are interest glad and strong
That ever work for me.
This cose I cut with careless shears
And wear and cast away—
The cosmos wrought a million years
To tunke it mins a day.
This illy by the pasture bars
Benesath the wainut tree.
Long ere the fre-mist formed in stars,
Was on its way to me.

The laws of property are lax—
My neighbor's farm is fine;
I'm thankful, though he pays the tax,
The leat of it is mine.
No sherif's cluster can loose thy grip
On fields I have not sown.
Or shake my sense of ownership
In things I do not own.
I'm thankful for my neighbor's wood,
I'm corbant, lake, and les:
For, while my eyes continue good,
I own all I can see.

I'm thankful for this mighty say,

I'm thankful for this mighty age.
These days begund compare.
When hope is such a beritage
And life a large affair.
We thank the gode for low and high,
Hight, wrong can well we may).
For all the wrong of days gone by
Works goodhese for to-day.
Here on Time's table land we pause
To thank on bended knee.
To thank the gods for all that was,
And is, and is to be.

I'm thankful for the glow and grace
And winsome beauty of the Near,
The greatness of the Communicate,
The glory of the Here.
I'm thankful for man's high emprise,
His stalwart sturdiness of soul,
The long look of his skyward eyes.
That sights a far-off goal.
And so I feel to thank and bises.
Both things onknown and onderstood
And thank the stubbers thankfulness.
That maketh all things good.
--Bam Waiter Foss, in Success Magnaine.

Mrs. Pettingill's Thanksgiving Dinner.

1-----

"The times is bad," sighed Mrs. Pettin gill, looking as lugubrious as it was pos sible for a rosy-checked dumpling of a

"That's so," assented her friend, Mary

Ann Dawson. "Pa saya 'single misfortunes never com continued Mrs. Pettingill. "Fust. he lost that little bit o' money he got for the medder land. I told him 'twan't safe to put it in the bank. Then old Brin dle up an' died, so we have to buy our milk. An' now Sam Higginses' young ones her all come down with the measles, an' Sam's out of a job; so, of course, pa can't collect rent from him."

"Seems to me Deacon Pettingill don't worry much 'bout his hard luck,' suggested Miss Dawson.

"La, no! He says the Lord will prowide; but I tell him the Lord expects folks to look out for themselves a little," the good woman worked away with redoubled enerby on the bedspread that she and her friend were engaged in quilting.

The quilting frame was set up in the "front room," and its mistress felt a pardonable pride in the red and green three ply carpet on the floor, and the somber bair-cloth furniture ranged against the walls in uncompromising stiffness.

"I declare, Mrs. Pettingill," said the spinater, after a while, "you look all beat I'm 'fraid you're workin too stiddy. It's kinder hard on you doin' this extry work just at Thanksgivin' time."

"What! ain't done no cookin'?" gasped

Miss Dawson, to whose New England soul this breach of a time-honored observance was little less than sacrilege. 'Not a mite," replied Mrs. Pettingtil.

"I wasn't reckonin' on doin' much, times bein' so hard; then Joel took a notion that Lizy Jane must go to his folks for Thanksgivin' week, so I jest made up my mind not to worry over the cookin'. I had calc'lated on roastin' a turkey or a couple of chickens, but when I asked pa which he'd ruther hev, he says, 'Jest let's tor yer. I couldn't sell it hev some nice codfish, with builed beets added, "an' it would jest spile."

and fried pork sauce, seeh as we uster her years ago."

"For the land's sake! Why, I never heard of such a thing—that is, for Thanksglvin'," stammered Miss Dawson.

"It certainly is good of yer," said Mrs. Pettingill, "But you must let me give you a keg of our new cider; it's jest right for drinking."

Scarcely was the dinner well under way

"Nor nobody else, I guess," said Mrs. when there was another knock, and Leils Pettingill, bubbling with laughter. "But, you see, Lizy Jane Just businates codish, so we sin't had none I don't know her arm. when and her pa's orful fund of it." thought Miss Diswoon, In

"Dear, dear!" "I should say they hed felt he hard times. I guess I order go, Poor. she said to herself, as she watked homeward; "abs carries it off well, but bey must be dretful poor

"I wonder what makes Mary Ann Daw on act so queer," sollioquiest Mrs. Pet-ingill. "I s'pose it must be because she's an out an' out old maid."

"Wall, mother," said Deacon Petringiil on Thanksgiving morning, "I hope you ain't goin' back on that codfish dinner?' "Dear, no, pa; but it is an orful queet dinner. I've half a mind to make an la dian pudding to keep the codfish com-

pany: "Just the thing," declared the deacon. with a satisfied air.

At that moment there came a rousing knock at the door. It was little Tommy Tompkins, who ifved close by. He had brought a two-quart pall of cranberries.

"Uncle John sent ma a bushel of cran b'ries," he said bashfully; "an' ma 'lowed you might like to taste of 'em, 'cause they're Cape Cod cranb'ries."

"That was reel kind of yer ma," said Mrs. Pettingill, as she emptied the pail and filled it again with rosy-cheeked ples. "There! Mebbe yer ma wouldn't mind hevin' a few of our None-suches. an' I'll fill yer pockets with butternuts,' she added.

Before the good woman could prepare har codfish and vegetables for cooking, she saw Farmer Gibson's old white horse and vellow market wagon stopping in front of the door.

"Wall, I'm in somethin' of a hurry," said the farmer, a little awkwardly, tak-ing a big parcel from his wagon as be spoke, "I was on my way home from Westbury market, an' I jest thought mebbe you could use this turkey I had left over."

"Why, I dunno but what I'll take it off yer hands," said Mrs. Pettingill.

"I sin't askin' yer ter buy it, Mrs. Pettingill," said the bluff farmer, with increasing confusion. "I wanter give it tor yer. I couldn't sell it nohow," he

grandon setts us some of her very own rince pice for Thanksgiving, and mamma wants to know if you wouldn't accept two of them with her love?"

THE ANNUAL TRAGEDY! -

THANKSGIVING

PROCLAMATION.

Thundans

"Wall, I pever!" ejaculated Mrs. Pettingili. "Twas uncommon kind in your mother, I'll just fill your basket with "Twax uncommon kind in your apples and butternuts."

Graham, the minister's little daughter,

made her appearance with a backet on

"On, Mrs. Partingth," she cried, eagerly,

Five minutes later pretty Tilla Graham, who lived next door to Miss Dawson, pro sented herself with a heaping dish of hot doughnuts. "Mother was trying a new recipe," the

oung girl said, "an' she thought you ouldn't mind her sending you a few, as you was so busy." 'I swum! that looks somethin' like,"

said the deacon as he came home from church.

His wife prodently refrained from nentioning the various donations. ngratulated herself that as it was now past soon they would probably be allowed to dine in peace. Vain deliation! Scarcely were they seated at the table when Miss Dawson appeared, bearing a delicious ooking chicken ple.

"You see," she said, breathlessly, "I knew you hadn't no time for chicken fix n's, so I jest baked this pie when I hed the oven het up."

"I'm sure you was just as thoughtful as you could be. Miss Dawson," returned Mrs. Pettingili, "An' I'll accept the pie of you'll stop an' help us ent it."

After some urging the spinster consented, and out of compliment to her the chicken ple was cut. But as she glances at the platter of flaky codfish, cooked to just the right degree of tenderness, flankes by dishes of crimson beets, meals potatoes and feathery biscuit, she confessed, "I do believe I'd ruther her some of that than the pie," And when she had finished her repost with a dish of Mrs. Pettingon's golden-brown Indian pudding she declared, "I dunno when I've relished a meal

"Jest come here a minnit," said Mrs. Pettingill, conducting her guest to the pantry, after the deacon had gone out.

"Now, whatever do you a'pone is the meaning o' that?" and she pointed to the array of estables with a look of perplexity m her roay face. "For the land's sakes!" cried the spin-

ter, blushing guiltity. Mrs. Pettingill surveyed her visitor vonderingly.

"Why, you don't mean to saybegan, and then she burst into a laugh. Mary Ann Dawson, I most think you're a goese," she said, when she had recovered her breath. "Do I look 's though I didn't hev 'nough ter eat?"

"I never said any such a thing," stammered Miss Dawson. "I jest happened a mention to the minister's wife an' Miss Graham 'bout your bein' so busy; an' you know you was talkin' considerable 'bout the hard times an'—an'—the codfish," faltered Miss Dawson. "But I never thought--

"La! you needn't take it to heart," interrupted Mrs. Petringill. "But I dasn't tell pa. Howaumever, I guess I give 'em as good as they sent. There's one thing I can't make out, though, an' that is bout Farmer Gibson. He lives a good two miles from here, so he couldn't very well hear anything."

"Maybe I can explain that," said Miss Dawson, with a conacious blush, "You see, Mr. Gibson and me's calculatin' to get married bout Christmas time."

"Well, of that don't beat all!" ejaculated Mrs. Pettingill. "I guess he'll be a real good provider, an' I'm sure I hope you'll be happy. Now, a pose he might be omin' over to your house to-night?"

"I s'pose he might," returned Miss

"Well, of you'll jest get him to call an' take these donations over to Sam Higginses' we won't say another word 'bout em. Well, I do declare," soliloquized Mrs. Pettingill, after her friend had gone. "Ef that don't beat all. And him a confirmed old bachelder, and her an out-an'-out old maid."—People's Home Journal.



