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The White Sepulchre

The Tale of Pelee

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

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THIS is a serial of great power and interest, and will not soon be forgotten by those who love good literature. "The White Sepulchre" is THE STORY OF MONT PELEE, and is a graphic, natural narration of that great disaster which thrilled and shocked the civilized world. The word-painting is vivid and inspiring, the incidents powerful and exciting, the characters strongly delineated.

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT, the author, is well known for his superior literary talent, and in the present instance he has selected a theme admitting of intense delineation. No story of recent years has covered a theme more interesting than that of the eruption of Mont Pelee. The serial has all the coloring and charm of the beautiful surroundings of Saint Pierre, and there are touches of perfection in the descriptions of scenery and incidents. Peter Constable and Hayden Breen, young Americans, visit Saint Pierre just before the Pelee volcano scattered death and destruction over the ill-fated island. The hero of the story, Constable, saves the life of the beautiful Lara Stansbury at the time of the eruption, and the scenes on that occasion are thrillingly described.

All through the story are incidents of the most fascinating character. They include a touching love romance of Hayden and the girl to whom he is devoted, and the horror and fate that reigned at the moment when the island was engulfed in doom and disaster. This brilliant and masterly narrative of the crash at Martinique—with a man and woman standing clear against the sequence of events—rivals "The Last Days of Pompeii" in pictorial and dramatic power. The story should have a very cordial reception, it will interest all readers, young and old, and may be classed among the very best serials of its class that have been written in recent years.

CHAPTER I.

Peter Constable sat forward on the main deck of his own yacht, the Madame de Stael, which had just been hitched to the bottom of Saint Pierre's harbor. His single guest for the cruise, Hayden Breen, was back in the cabin, with a book and a long, thin glass. Three weeks previously, early in April, Constable had met Breen for the first time. And of that meeting you must hear.

It came about some sixty hours before the Madame cleared from New York harbor, and a queer sight for both men. Constable had been pacing the deck alone, when he heard a soft step below on the Brooklyn pier. He bent over the railing, and perceived that a stranger was about to throw himself into the water.

Constable called sharply. The figure at the pier edge stiffened, and a face swung upward. The two parleyed for a moment, and the voice that was borne to Constable was that of a gentleman. The man below hesitated—considered—then accepted with a laugh an invitation to come aboard. Presently in the cabin the owner of the Madame faced an individual, fastidiously, even freshly attired, and one whose manner breathed no flaw. The face was pale, imposing; a reckless face, but not dejected—though the eyes, perhaps, had a look of having seen too much. For two hours the pair talked about books, pictures, dollars, the tropics, and suicide. At the end, Constable was so strongly impressed that he invited the stranger to be his guest for the cruise.

Breen glanced at him whimsically. "I wonder if I really did drop off the dock, and this is the astral plane," he mused. "This is the edge of Brooklyn, and I am serious," Constable said.

"So far as I know, you would be my only guest."

"Had you better not wait until to-morrow? Think again."

"I should prefer that you say 'yes' now."

"Better hear more about me first. I have spoken only in generalities. My past is at your disposal," Breen warned.

"I should like to hear much about you, but not in the light of your decision. Will you go with me?"

"Yes."

"Where do you intend to stay to-night?"

"You altered my only plan, you will remember, Mr. Constable."

"I'll have a berth made up for you at once. 'Tm glad you have found it possible to look up the tropics again," the owner finished.

Breen appeared content, and accepted the various offers from his host with a fine, half-humorous appreciation. Constable found in their early intercourse, not the slightest cause to regret his impulsive invitation. That the other did not carry him with references to his kindness was, to Constable's way of thinking, the severest test of a thoroughbred. Breen

did not leave the ship, and seldom the cabin, during the entire period of preparation. He sat in a reclining chair and read the essays, mildly spirited. Whatever had been his attitude before, he accepted what life offered him now in calmness. He still had the faded human's last resource, when this unexpected but pleasant portion of life was at an end. Such seemed to be the philosophy of this creature who had passed the death sentence upon himself.

Constable slept aboard the last night before sailing, and was at breakfast with his guest about eight in the morning, when a servant entered the saloon to announce that a gentleman on the pier wanted to speak with "Mr. Constable's friend."

"Breen set his coffee cup down slowly, and his eyes met his host's."

"Mr. Constable," he said, "you have noted, no doubt, that I have remained under cover rather closely since our interesting meeting. There is no one in New York whom I care to see, but the person out yonder feels differently toward me. In fact, he is very much absorbed in my movements. I happened to step to the railing a few minutes before breakfast, and caught his eye. The truth is, if I see him now, he will persuade me to go with him, and I would much rather accompany you."

"What would you advise?" Constable asked quickly.

"With your interests at heart, I can only advise you to bid me good-by and allow me to thank you for many genuine courtesies. Perhaps you remember that I offered to outline my past, and you deterred me for the time being."

"I want you to go, of course. What is the simplest way to manage this?"

"How soon do you sail?"

Constable went to the speaking tube and called Captain Negley. A moment later he turned to Breen with the information that the Madame was just ready to clear, and would be put off as quietly and quickly as possible. The servant entered with the word that the visitor insisted upon seeing "Mr. Constable's friend."

There was a passage of bells from the bridge to the engine room, and the Madame came to life. Constable climbed to the bridge. The stranger below on the pier was in a furious state of mind, and was trying to force his way aboard. It was plain that Breen was badly wanted, and equally plain to Constable that he was running into the danger of entangling himself in the meshes of the law; but he was stoutly disinclined to give up an admirable companion for the voyage. The progress of clearing went on quickly. The Madame's prow was turned out into the harbor, and the signal given to free the aft cable.

At this point the insistent stranger raised his voice and struggled with the dockman to prevent him from slipping the rope. Constable stepped to the railing of the bridge and invoked the assistance of two men on the pier head.

"Take that fellow in hand," he ordered "He seems to be laboring under a delusion. That's good, men!"

The stranger was overpowered, and the cable cast off. Harsh fragments of speech were carried upward, but no sentence that cohered sufficiently for Constable's intelligence, until the very last, when, as the ship swung free, he heard plainly: "I'll get you both, if I have to follow you around the world!"

"I don't know but what you will," the man on the bridge muttered to himself "You seem moved by a rather emphatic disposition."

That night, in his oil skins, Constable paced the hurricane deck. His mind was serene, and he was inclined to regard the affair of the morning as a far-off thing, which didn't signify. What had placed Breen in the fugitive lists he did not care to know. He was just enough not to forget that there are regrettable transactions in every man's past—a black bundle of perversities which some men designate their "chamber of horrors," and others call their "pet fraitilles." Constable felt that he was called upon to judge in man. He liked Breen, and did not want his liking altered, save for the better. He could not imagine Breen doing so cowardly thing; and anything else did not greatly matter.

The spray swept in gusts over the Madame's dipping prow. The bare masts tipped with light, swung with a giant sweep from port to starboard and back to port again, fingering the black heavens for the blown-out stars. Constable couldn't be half-miserable out there on the tossing floor of the Atlantic.

Mr. Negley, the new third officer, secured at the last moment to take the place of Mr. Hatt, who was ill, was on the bridge now. Occasionally in the glow of Breen's cigar Constable could see the face of the seaman. It seemed small, colorless and rubbed out—now the face of a man who could bring a ship up to port through a raving gale. It was nearly midnight when Constable went below. Breen was still reading.

"How does it happen, Peter, that a man of your substance happens to be out here in a sumptuous yacht with only one guest and that an accidental one?" Breen questioned.

"I have few friends, and little aptness for entertaining," Constable said. "I wouldn't know where to do with a shipload of guests. I took out a party once. The members of this party played poker. I would rush down to the cabin door calling, 'Come on deck quickly, my friends. An old socker of a whale is snoring off our port bow.' 'All right, Peter,' somebody would say, 'bring it right in. It's your deal, Dickie.' One man got all the money finally, and then there were testy tempers."

"Men—men," said Breen; "but women go down to sea in other men's boats."

"I don't know any women up there," Constable declared. "By 'up there' I refer in general to the States and Canada. I shouldn't know what to do with women here. They'd be sick. They'd talk about things they didn't know about, put on rakish caps, look frowsy when the wind was on, and when they had sprung all their changes of raiment, they'd want to go home."

"Peter, you are on the wrong tack. There are rich men's sons who can go to sea without poker or bridge; and feminine aristocrats who don't know a sea-sickness, and who look adorable in rakish yachting caps and blowing hair. Some time you'll find one—"

Breen halted. The other was staring hard into the prism of glass on the buffet—staring and smiling.

"I believe you are jockeying me into delivering platitudes, Peter," Breen insisted.

"I have an uncle in Martinique, Breen—fine old chap whom you'll be glad to know. This uncle has a partner in the fruit and sugar business. They are keen, kindly men, both—partners in the higher sense of the word. My uncle is a bachelor, held sweet by a past, the good old story. His partner, however, has a wife and daughter."

"They all live together in a grand old plantation house on the bluff south of the Morne d'Orange, Saint Pierre. Mrs. Stansbury, the wife of my uncle's partner—is it important that you get this—is a very remarkable woman, tempered like a Damascus blade, ornamental as the vase of Alhambra. This description is not extempore. I have spent years thinking it out. I am proud of it. A splendid Frenchwoman, this mother, with noble eyes, and some strange insight which leads her to dislike me soulfully, and the stuff of Jeanne d'Arc in her brain and hand. She's not quite adjustable to words. You are fascinated, yet afraid of her. At least, I am. She fires me with a childish zeal to show the best wares I have. The result is, I play circus before her."

"Most entrancing lady," said Breen. "The daughter is more like the beloved Josephine," Constable resumed lightly—"brave and true and tender. At least, from my pilgrimages and meditations, I should say that Miss Stansbury resembled the empress more than the Sword-Handed Jeanne. And to think that once she graced these very decks! That was a marvelous day, old man, a Caribbean day of blue and gold. The maiden improved it by pointing out to me how utterly worthless I am in the world—just sailing 'round.'"

(To be continued.)

How to Handle a Hog.
Scratch his back and tickle him under the belly. You can find him anywhere. This applies — figuratively speaking — as well to the human swine as to the members of the drove that had the seven devils. Hogs have sense, and don't you forget it. An old razer-back sow has more brains than all the cattle and horses on the plantation.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

Newsy Items Gathered from All Parts of the World.

PREPARED FOR THE BUSY READER

Less Important but Not Less Interesting Happenings from Points Outside the State.

Count Tolstoi opposes a public celebration of his birthday.

An earthquake was felt at San Juan P. I., but no damage done.

A Chicago man has realized a million dollars out of land taken for a railroad.

Rawhide, Nev., has begun the task of rebuilding, and has an ample food supply.

Japanese seal poachers captured by Russia complain of the treatment received.

Late reports say the English hop crop is not so badly damaged as first reported.

There has been an addition of three to the bankers' colony in the San Francisco jail.

The United States army is badly in need of aeroplanes, now that aeroplanes and dirigible balloons are being added to the war equipment.

This year's Labor Day was the first for a long while when there were no strikes on in San Francisco.

San Francisco health authorities have marked and turned loose 12 rats, and now offer \$50 apiece for them. The object is to see if they contract bubonic plague.

A strike threatens loss of a large part of the California hop crop.

Two light earthquake shocks were felt at Bakersfield, Cal., but no damage was done.

Frank P. Sargent, United States commissioner of immigration and labor, is dead.

An Aberdeen, Wash., man died from having a tooth pulled. Blood poisoning was the cause.

Governor Hanley, of Indiana, has called an extra session of the legislature and wants a local option law passed.

Electric railway employees of New England have voted for a general strike. Nearly 32,000 men will be affected.

Returns from the Michigan Republican primaries would seem to indicate the nomination of Governor Warner for another term.

The American collier Ajax, accompanying the battleship fleet, was badly injured by collision with another vessel while leaving the harbor at Melbourne.

A Pittsburg man died from overexertion due to dancing.

Castro has evidence that the French supported the Matos rebellion in 1903.

Lord Sackville West, British minister, whom Cleveland dismissed, is dead.

The third squadron of the United States Pacific fleet is now in Chinese waters.

Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr., has married Malvina Drummond, an Englishman.

It will take the official count to decide the Michigan and Nebraska primary results.

Colonel Henry M. Nevins, of Red Bank, N. J., has been elected commander-in-chief of the G. A. R.

William B. Leeds, the New York railroad magnate, left an estate of \$30,000,000, the bulk of which goes to his widow.

Unemployed of Glasgow, Scotland, attempted to break down the doors of the council chambers in order to demand bread of the members.

Thos. Hisgen, Independence league candidate for president, is an independent oil operator, who has successfully fought the Standard for years.

Fire at Cleveland, Ohio, destroyed \$100,000 worth of lumber.

Governor Cummins' election as senator from Iowa is assured.

Trouble over wages has caused a strike in the some of the coal mines of Tennessee.

The La Follette faction has defeated John J. Jenkins, present incumbent, for congress.

An aeroplane fell 500 feet and was killed at Waterville, Me. The gas bag caught fire.

Mill is to build a railroad across Montana, connecting the Burlington and Great Northern.

A Japanese steamer sank off the coast of Chiba prefecture and twenty-eight men were drowned.

Two Cornell students, one of them from Oregon, have perfected an aeroplane that has made some remarkable flights.

ASK NO MORE PENSIONS.

Grand Army Votes to Suspend Appeals to Congress.

Toledo, O., Sept. 8.—Not for three years will the Grand Army of the Republic ask congress for further relief measures. It appeared to be the consensus of opinion of the leaders that too much hammering for pension bills and relief measures might soon create an undignified impression in the minds of congressmen and reflect discredit on the civil war veterans at the time in their lives when they would need the most assistance at the hands of the nation they helped to save.

Another way will be sought by the veterans to get before congress those bits of legislation which they feel cannot wait. The attention of the G. A. R. delegates was called by Kate Brownless Sherwood to the status of the pending widows' pension bill, in which at present it is required that applicants shall have been married a number of years prior to the present date. She asks that the bill may be altered to allow the eligibility of those who marry up to the date of the passage of the bill and that the matter may be placed in the hands of the pension agents. The same plan may be used with regard to the amendment to the service pension bill.

At the wish of General I. R. Sherwood his dollar-a-day pension bill was not brought up for consideration, and a resolution asking congress to pay ex-prisoners of war \$2 a day pension was laid over.

After the installation of the newly elected national officers, the G. A. R. delegates decided upon Salt Lake City as the next meeting place by a vote of 461 to 194 for Washington. After Salt Lake City had been chosen for the encampment, Vice-Commander-in-Chief Scott notified the encampment that Atlanta would be in the field for 1910.

REVEALS DYNAMITE PLOT.

Detective Gives Sensational Testimony at Strike Hearing.

Chester, Pa., Sept. 7.—Testimony given by a detective, who from the start of the Chester trolley strike posed as a street peddler and said he had wormed his way into the confidence of the union leaders, was to the effect that he had received from their lips the confession of a conspiracy to dynamite and destroy street railway property. The testimony caused a sensation at the hearing of Patrick J. Shea, vice-president and national organizer of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees; William Stockhart, president of the Chester division, and 15 strikers arraigned before Justice of the Peace Williamson, at Media, the county seat.

The 15 defendants were held under \$2,000 bail for court. The testimony of the detective made out the prima facie case against the accused men.

DISTRUSTS JAPAN'S MOVES.

China Sees Trouble Brewing Over Chentao Boundary Dispute.

Peking, Sept. 8.—Contrary to her agreement to maintain the status quo pending a settlement of the Chentao boundary dispute with China, Japan has recently done a number of things in this territory which arouse the apprehension of the Peking government. She has occupied the residence buildings recently completed at Yen Chi Ting in the disputed district; she has brought into this town a joint civil and military commander and 1,000 endarmees, and she is proceeding with the organization of the existing system for the government of the Korean population. China has protested to Tokio and to the Japanese diplomatic representative here but with no result whatever. The arrival of a battery of Japanese field guns near the border has renewed the fears of China that Japan proposes to precipitate some action.

New Jersey Troopers Win.

Seagirt, N. J., Sept. 8.—Rifle and revolver experts from all parts of the country took part in the 18th annual shooting tournament of the New Jersey State Rifle Association, which began Friday and will be in progress until Saturday evening, September 13. The prize-winners in the tyro company team work were: Second Troop, New Jersey, first, 140; First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry, second, 129. The company team match was won by the Second Troop of New Jersey, with a score of 307.

Rain Ruins English Hops.

Maidstone, Eng., Sept. 8.—The exceedingly wet weather, accompanied by a high wind, has completely ruined a large part of the Kentish hop crop. Thousands of hop-pickers who came down from London are suffering acutely. The huts wherein they are quartered are flooded and in many cases they are without sufficient food.

WANTS INVISIBILITY

Series of Color Tests To Be Tried on War Vessels.

WHITE SQUADRON TO DISAPPEAR

Our Warships Can Now Be Seen as if Recognized as Far as Glass Can Reach.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 5.—The famous "white squadron" of the American navy may become a "green squadron" as a result of a series of tests that were commenced this week with the big auxiliary cruiser Yankee off the Massachusetts coast. Early in the week the Yankee left the Charlestown navy yard, where every portion of her exterior had been painted a deep slate green. The cruiser was then sent to sea for a series of tests to determine at what distance she would be discernible in the new color, and how it would act in various sorts of weather.

Later the Yankee will be painted other shades of green, and the same experiments will be made. The results of the tests will not be announced until the experiments have been completed, though it is pretty well understood that some of the shades will be selected. The navy department recently decided that the white painted warships were too easily seen at a distance, and their density and power were clearly disclosed as far as the eye or glasses could reach. Acting on the advice and recommendations of the general staff board, of which Admiral Dewey is chairman, it was decided to have a series of practical experiments to absolutely prove the advantage of a more somber color and to test, by practical methods, the various shades of green paint as a method of hiding a ship's approach. The carrying of the painting scheme to the masts, ventilators and every exposed portion of the ship's exterior above the water line is a new idea.

INDICTS THREE POLICEMEN.

Springfield Grand Jury Harshly Rebukes Cowardly Officers.

Springfield, Ill., Sept. 5.—The special grand jury called to probe the recent race war adjourned tonight, after returning 17 more indictments. This makes a total of 117 during the session. Among the indictments returned this afternoon, four were against Springfield policemen. They are indicted for alleged failure to suppress the riot when detailed for that duty.

Sheriff Warnock, Chief of Police Wilbur Morris, Captain Charles S. Walsh, of Troop D, Springfield, and other officers are commended by the grand jury. The report condemns alleged "cowards" among the officials and says:

"After the most diligent inquiry we condemn in unmeasured terms the cowardly, contemptuous action of those members of the police, who, having taken the oath of office, failed to do their duty."

GIANT TREES SCORCHED.

Threatening Fire at Calaveras Now Under Control.

Stockton, Cal., Sept. 5.—Information from Mr. Whitesides, owner of the Calaveras grove of big trees at Big Trees today, is to the effect that the fire which has been raging close to the grove for the past three days, is now under control, though still burning to the north of the grove on the ridge toward Gardner's. No further alarm is felt at the grove, and unless something unforeseen should occur all danger as far as the big trees are concerned is past.

The latest reports are that the wind has abated. Last night the fire fighters got the better of the flames, and they are now under control. Men are still working in isolated portions of the grove, extinguishing the last sparks, so that the flames may not break out afresh.

Abdul Aziz Victorious.

Tangier, Morocco, Sept. 5.—The reorganized army of the deposed sultan, Abdul Aziz, has defeated the army of Mulai Hafid, the usurper, in a terrific battle, according to advices received here today, but with such heavy loss that he will be unable to follow up his advantage. The success of Abdul was decisive, it is said, but the opinion prevails that sooner or later he will have to abandon hope of regaining the Moroccan throne. Mulai has sent a strong detachment from the city of Morocco to the scene to reinforce the defeated forces.

\$4,000,000 Given to More than

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 5.—More than \$4,000,000 are left the charitable institutions, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and Yale University by the will of Frederick Cooper Hewitt, who died at his home here last Sunday. To relatives and friends less than \$500,000 is left. The estate is estimated to be worth \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000.