

The Santiam News.

VOL. XII.

SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, OCTOBER 2, 1908.

NO. 15.

The White Sepulchre

The Tale of Pelee

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

Copyright, 1908, by Will Levington Comfort
Copyright, 1907, by J. B. LEFFINGWELL COMPANY. All rights reserved.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

That instant, under the spell of soft music, Peter Constable knelt as in a dream to drink at the fountains of inspiration. The dinner call aroused him. The music ceased, and he was again the faltering human lover. The path had been illumined only long enough to show him that there was a shorter way.

It seemed during dinner that Lara had something to say which the presence of the others forbade. Mrs. Stansbury went upstairs. Breen and the planter engaged in a smoky discussion of the literary peregrinations of one Herman Melville. The other two set out for the gardens.

"I have wanted to tell you since morning how sorry I am," she said quietly. "I want you to know that, in spite of mother's decision, I thank you for your kindness, and believe in your deeper knowledge of our danger."

"It's good of you to say that," he answered. "I never tried to persuade anybody to do anything before. I may take Pelee too seriously, but I can't help it, with you folks here."

She laughed. "And I thought that nothing short of an actual eruption could disturb your equanimity."

"Did you ever read 'The Story of the Gadsbys'?" he asked.

"Yes."

"There is a big fragment of truth back of that. Do you know I would have played upon your imagination and nerves, and made a mess of things, if I hadn't been afraid?"

"Afraid of the mountain? That's not like you. Are we about to see you down below in the city, warning the people, like Cassandra in the streets of Troy?"

"I have a deeper service—before going down into the city," he answered. "It was as if Breen and the day's contemplation had made this moment inevitable. That done, I could take up the work there with sleeves rolled up and bursting with anthems."

"What service?" she asked bravely, though the trend of his words was black on white. She was startled, unready.

"To put you out of the range of Pelee's guns!" he said, with sudden vehemence. She had scarcely divined that there lived a lover in this man. She felt futile beside him, and yet fused by his penetrating vitality. To her, it was the signal moment in which the woman discovers a giant besieger at her gate—a bit of a girl, telling her how to live her life? Yes, yesterday, when I found the mountain awake, all that I had ever done and thought and felt turned to nothing compared to your life. No matter what you think or say to me—I am afraid for you."

The head bending toward her face seemed huge in the dark, and his lowered voice charged with power.

"But we will go to sea when the Panther comes," she said huskily.

"Lara!" The voice was from Mrs. Stansbury, in the upper window of the house—that calm, faithful voice.

"I must go!"

"Listen. I cannot bear to wait until the Panther comes!" he went on impetuously. "I want to put you safely ashore in Dominica this night—or Port de France, or even on shipboard—and I will come back here. Do this for me, Lara!"

"Lara!" was called again.

"Yes, mother. . . . No, I could not go alone! There would never be a home here again. I must go to mother—oh, I cannot speak now!"

He stood alone in the dark. A lizard that had hearkened attentively, began to croak his comment to the mango trees.

CHAPTER V.

Sleeplessness ranged through Constable's brain again, and he gave the night to the old work of watching the mountain, and keeping the woman at hand. From time to time, before midnight, he heard the voice of Mrs. Stansbury. The girl was with her, but seemed to make no answer. The house was all his own. Through the lower hall to the music room; out to the veranda, the garden paths and drives; from the window that faced the north, in his own room, to the summit of the Montee d'Orange and the shadowy lawns; through ash-fog and windless moonlight—he trod the night away. The hours fell asleep in passing; the moon drowsed for ages in the cloud gardens; the stars dimmed, disappeared, and trembled forth again, as they had been. It seemed left entirely to him that time passed; he had to grapple with the minutes one by one, and fight each back into the past.

At the side of the great house to the north there was a trellis heavily burdened with lanas. Within, he found the office of an old cistern, partially covered by unfixed planking. He lifted the boards, and the moonlight shining through the foliage reflected in the water far below. A heavy wooden bar crossed the rim and was set stoutly in the masonry. Constable lit a match. His mind keenly grasped each detail. A rusty . . .

the thick crosspiece. Slabs of stone from the side walls were scattered over the bottom of the cistern. He dropped several ignited matches into the chamber, and determined to examine the place more thoroughly by daylight. From the native cabins came the sound of a dog barking. A shutter clicked in one of the upper windows of the plantation house.

"There's no doubt about it now," he thought grimly. "They'll proceed at once to shut me up for being mentally irremediable."

That was a parched but brilliant dawn. The blinding charge from the east changed the dew to steam before it touched the ground. The more delicate blossoms were withered in the hectic burning when the sun was but an hour high. Lara's face was ashen and darkly lined under the eyes. The night had been an evil one to her, evil with a struggle as yet unfinished.

"Peter, you're pulling yourself down," said Uncle Joey after breakfast. "Don't take Pelee quite so seriously. Go to bed for a day, or, better still, steam the Madame out for a day's run and get some rest under the breezy awnings."

"What sort of a graven image do you think your sister's boy is, uncle?" Constable inquired. "I'll get you folks out of the war zone, or stay here until Pelee is cool—or a billion tons lighter."

"But don't you overestimate the chance of an eruption, Peter?"

"I haven't finished my mathematical calculations, my dear relative. Holy nuptials and capitals of hell—I've been all over this before. Take my word for it, and get set for a start when the malle come in to-morrow morning. You are all foolish virgins. I'm going down below to see how your city flourishes in the furnace of a day. Who is the smug authority on Les Colonies, who undertakes to tell Saint Pierre editorially that there is no danger?"

"M. Mondet is the editor."

"I should relish considerably the pleasure of talking up the throat of M. Mondet with several sheets of his political conspiracies. I believe I shall call upon him."

"We look up to Les Colonies here, Peter. Remember this is not Montana."

"The tropics have enervated you, uncle. You need to be born again."

The hottest morning Saint Pierre had known for years! The portresses were gone from the highways. Rue Victor Hugo, the principal thoroughfare, was deserted at ten in the morning. Shop doors were closed, the street vendors silent. Volcanic ash lay in all the crevices, and mingled with the turf. Behind the shut doors children wailed. The tough little moles, some in their pantlers and with no one to lead them, hugged the east walls for shade. From the byways came faintly the smell of death. In the offices of Les Colonies Constable found a breath of coolness, for the outer air was admitted as little as possible. M. Mondet welcomed the caller. Constable explained his purpose, proffered a card, and apologized for his French.

M. Mondet was a tubby little man. His hands were white, soft, tapering, ringed. If you saw them alone, you would promptly uncover, as is customary in the proximity of a woman. M. Mondet did not forget his hands.

"Pelee has a bad look, monsieur," Constable began. "I believe you could clear the city of ten thousand people if you printed a vigorous warning against the mountain; if you ordered the natives to take no chances, but to flee, regardless of their coats, chickens, coins, or their next city flocks. To be instrumental in saving the lives of ten thousand people is not a service given to all men, monsieur."

Constable spoke slowly, and was angered by the reply of the editor:

"But, my dear M. Constable, there is no danger—no danger, I assure you!"

"Sir, this is tragedy—black, rumbling, naked tragedy! I say there is need for a giant here, who would point the possibilities of that monster in living fire. A man might die in the foulest gutter, cursed by the demons of drink and disease, but with a chant on his lips and 'vine leaves in his hair,' if the memory of such a service as he may be yours were with him at the last!"

The French editor found himself looking into a lean, tanned face that flushed and paled in turn. Moreover, he was uneasy on account of a pair of lean, tanned hands which lay lightly and restlessly upon the knees of the man before him. These hands seemed to be the potent embodiments of hate and swiftness. The manner of their low leaping created the impression that their leashes were insecure, and the immaculate cravat of M. Mondet felt tight upon his throbbing throat.

"Perhaps it is well that you called," he said with haste, leading out his caller with the delicacy bred of the fear of dynamite.

Constable left, unatisfied. The clock in the Hospital Militaire struck the hour of eleven. Constable slowly made his way to the water front and back to the Sugar Landing. His launch was still waiting there at the stone pier. He had sent out word to the Captain Negley for steam to be kept up night and day. A small crowd was gathering on the shore, slightly to the north of the Sugar Landing. Constable hurried thither. A black woman had fallen, from the sun. Her

burdens lay together on the burning sand—a tray of cakes from her head, a naked babe from her arms. Constable had the stricken creature placed in the launch and taken out to his ship for care, sending a native doctor after her. The negro regarded him with curious adulation. The water front would know him when he came again.

"Oh, I say, friends of mine," he announced in French, "if any of you have sick wives or little ones, send them out to the ship yonder, and they will be cared for. No, it is not a hospital, where fees are charged—just a temporary refuge from the heat for the women and little ones. Tell your neighbors. Here is money to hire boats. I can row two hundred babes and mothers on board."

The thought of a breath of coolness turned his steps to Pere Habebau's little stone shop in the Rue de Rivoli. Light-headed from the heat, and the roof of each hair prickling its individual warning, he ascended the terraces and sank down in the darkness at last, in his old seat under the round window. The shop was quite deserted. Moments passed, as he fanned himself with his limp straw hat. A large piece of cardboard lay upon the table. He turned it over idly. A pencil sketch adorned the side which had lain against the wood. The realization was instantaneous that no common hand had wrought this work.

The figure was that of a grown girl—Soronla—and the attitude of expectancy brought out queerly the graceful and ardent lines of her figure. A wreath of blossoms was entwined in her hair, and an old French arm hung from her hand. The sketch seemed to be a series of happy after-thoughts, with not a line too much. As he studied it, with interest and curiosity, Constable became conscious of low voices in the court behind. He arose, with no idea of stealth, and stepped to the rear door.

Soronla and Hayden Breen were standing close together in the denser shade at the far end of the court. The song birds were still in the torrid noon. The girl's profile, a bewitching thing wrought of animated gold, was upturned to the eyes of Breen, and she was listening with soulful intent. Shy Soronla, mistress of the shadows, was called from her hiding place at last to hearken onto the whistlings of an American. Her heart seemed to wait upon his words.

A smile crept over the face of the watcher. His feelings were strange indeed. There was a nobility in the figure of Breen, standing there among the huge banana leaves! The watcher withdrew. The sketch upon the table reminded him that Soronla had revived the art, long-buried. Perhaps the vivid maiden had revived as well the lost youth of the world-jaded one. Constable departed.

The sky had become overcast. Pelee's cone was not visible from the streets. A sharp detonation cleaved the darkening air, and from the shut houses the answer issued, an answer partly stifled, but vibrant with fright—the quavering cries of age and childhood, sharp, low screams from the mothers, the sullen undertone of men. A subdued drumming came from the north now, completing the tooting currents of sound in the streets. All this was rubbed out instantaneously by a series of thunder crashes. A charge of shrapnel complicated the shroud of noonday, and the curse of sulphur pressed down. The highways filled magnificently with a crying, crouching, gray-tipped throng.

The American was running through the burned, poisoned air. A woman stretched out her hands to him as he passed. A mulatto youth fell at his heels. Others followed. The white man was the sublimation of flight. Down the terraces to the Rue Victor Hugo the runners made their way, augmented as an avalanche gains weight and impetus. At the main thoroughfare, the seemingly maddened leader turned toward the Montee d'Orange, and staggered up the slope toward the plantation house.

(To be continued.)

An Apt Comparison.

When Ab del Haak was poor he was one day traveling across a weary plain, says the author of "Life in Morocco," and was very hungry. So he came to the house of the Widow Zaidah, who was also poor; but when he made known his want she set before him two hard-boiled eggs, all the food there was in her house.

Later, when Ab del Haak lived in Marakesh and was very rich, Melud, the lawyer, disliking him, persuaded the Widow Zaidah to sue him for the eggs; but not for the eggs alone, for they would have become two chickens, which in time would have so multiplied that the whole fortune of Ab del Haak would not now pay for them. When the case came to trial the rich man was not in court.

"Why is the defendant not here?" demanded the judge.

"My lord," said his attorney, "he is gone to sow boiled beans."

"Boiled beans?"

"Boiled beans, my lord."

"Is he mad?"

"He is very wise, my lord."

"Thou mockest!"

"Surely, my lord, if hard-boiled eggs can be hatched, boiled beans will grow."

The suit was promptly dismissed, with costs to the plaintiff.

A Casual Blender.

Doctor—Yes, madam, your two sons are getting on very nicely. The elder stood the operation for the removal of the appendix exceedingly well.

Mother—Oh, good gracious, doctor! That's the wrong one. He's the meanest one. It's the other one that has appendicitis.—Baltimore American.

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.

Japan will soon withdraw her troops from North China.

Austria's designs against Turkey are opposed by Russia.

Cholera has broken out among Russian hospital nurses and caused a panic.

The first football death of the season has been recorded at Waterbury, Conn.

Dalai Lama, of Tibet, is visiting Peking, where he was received with great ceremony.

Americans have been warned to stay away from the Yaqui country as the Indians are troublesome.

The steamer Wolverine, which plys on Lake Winnipeg, is missing and may have been lost in a storm.

J. J. Hill became lost in his own railroad yards at St. Paul and was rescued for being there by an employe who did not recognize him.

Wilbur Wright continues to make flights with his aeroplane at Lemans, France. The flights are made both with and without companions.

A hurricane swept the Bahama Islands. A number of vessels were wrecked and towns wiped out. It is said to have exceeded the storm of 1866, which has always been a standard of comparison.

The Indiana legislature has passed a local option law.

A steamer has arrived at San Francisco with a case of cholera.

Turkey is arranging for its first election when a parliament will be selected.

The American battleships Maine and Atlanta have left Naples on their way home.

English authorities declare the savings banks in schools of London have proven a failure.

The Canadian Pacific is said to have bought the White Pass railroad, which runs from Skagway to Whitehorse.

Some of the railroads are almost short on rolling stock after months when there were idle cars on every sidetrack.

The coroner's jury held the freight crew to blame for the wreck on the Northern Pacific at Youngs Point, Montana.

The first word from Peary has been received by the Perry Arctic club. He left North Greenland for the north August 17.

Miss Katherine Elkins, of West Virginia, will marry an Italian duke. On their way home the couple will be escorted by several Italian warships.

Leslie Carter, one-time capitalist and promoter of Chicago, is dead.

Cholera in Manila will prevent the reception to the fleet as planned.

Fire at Oakland, Cal., destroyed almost an entire block, entailing a loss of \$100,000.

The wind has died down and danger from the Eureka, Cal., forest fires has greatly abated.

J. E. W. Clark, an Alaskan, is on a visit to Pacific coast cities and has just seen his first trolley car.

IGNORANCE OF SANITATION.

Lower Classes in Russia Refuse to Be Vaccinated.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 29.—Since the beginning of the epidemic there have been 15,683 cases of Asiatic cholera reported in Russia and 7,102 deaths. In St. Petersburg alone, since the presence of the disease was officially admitted September 8, there have been 4,931 cases and 1,871 deaths reported.

The figures with reference to the invasion of this city by the disease cannot be relied upon as on a number of occasions authoritative sources showed the number of cases and deaths in a single day to be far in excess of that announced by the authorities. There is an appreciable betterment of the sanitary conditions and consequent decrease in the disease as shown by the figures given out Sunday.

For the 24 hours ending at noon the number of new cases in the city was 268 and the number of deaths 143, as compared with 312 new cases and 153 deaths for the previous 24 hours.

Difficultly has been experienced in dealing with the workmen of St. Petersburg, who with their families comprise three-fifths of the population for they were unable and unwilling to comply with the sanitary precautions. The ignorance of the lower classes and their superstition greatly increase the difficulties of the situation. During the earlier stages of the epidemic few could be prevailed upon to undergo preventive inoculation, which is provided free of charge, but latterly the authorities have made inoculation compulsory in some quarters of the city.

SITUATION MOST SERIOUS.

Unbroken Drouth in East Is Raising Havoc With Industries.

Pittsburg, Sept. 29.—With losses aggregating several million dollars from forest fires, and heavy damage to crops and livestock, and the reported loss of a number of lives due to fighting timber fires; the enforced idleness of thousands of workmen owing to suspensions because of lack of water; the authorities anticipating serious epidemics of contagious diseases, and many small streams dried up and practically obliterated, the drouth of 1908, which has held western Pennsylvania, eastern Ohio and West Virginia for two months remains unbroken. While in the Pittsburg district the water supply is sufficient to carry on all business, the low stage of the rivers has caused a congestion of much coal in this vicinity. Every available barge and float has been loaded with coal, and at present there are almost 20,000,000 bushels in the Pittsburg harbor.

About 15,000 miners employed in the river mines along the Monongahela valley are out of work.

In all sections of the dry zone prayers are offered up daily and these prayers will continue until they are answered with rain.

STUDENTS FIGHT DISEASE.

Drafted in Manila to Battle With Epidemic of Cholera.

Manila, Sept. 29.—There were 14 new cases of cholera and three deaths reported for the 24 hours ending at 8 o'clock yesterday morning. Practically the entire staffs of the bureau of sciences and the local medical schools have been drafted into the service to fight the disease. The two senior classes of the medical schools are acting as nurses.

A serious situation is caused by the supply of disinfectants running very low. The bureau of sciences is experimenting with electricity and sea water to produce chlorine for use until the new supplies of disinfectants arrive. Enormous quantities of disinfectants have been used in vigorous efforts to cleanse the entire city.

New Party in Cuba.

Havana, Cuba, Sept. 29.—That the Liberal party will lose the entire negro vote in the coming election seems assured, as the result of an attack made on a mass meeting of negroes by a mob of Liberals. The fact that the negro element proposed to form a national party angered the Liberals, as they saw that such a party would draw more from their ranks than from the Conservatives. General Estenoz, leader of the negroes, has announced that his party has a certainty, as his followers cannot hope to secure their rights without a party of their own.

New Coal Field Found.

Victoria, B. C., Sept. 29.—A rich find of good coal with a seam eight feet in width has been located as a result of the boring at Deep Bay, Vancouver Island, about three miles south of Union Bay, by the Wellington Colliery company of B. Dunsmuir's Sons. The seam will be worked as soon as arrangements can be made to sink on it.

DROUTH IS BROKEN

Parched and Suffering Eastern States Welcomes Rain.

FOREST FIRES ARE EXTINGUISHED

Had Just Destroyed Village in Adirondacks When Downpour Begun—Cold Wave Is Due.

Washington, Sept. 29.—The drouth which has prevailed over the entire eastern section of the United States for months is broken. Rain has been general over the entire affected area.

The weather bureau announced last night that the heavy rains would be followed by a drop in the temperature today. Forecaster Garriot said it would be about 25 degrees cooler. Rains will cease tomorrow in the Middle Atlantic states, but may continue for 24 hours longer in the New England States, which, until late yesterday, had not shared in the general precipitation.

Adirondack Village Burned.

Utica, N. Y., Sept. 29.—Rain began falling at Clearwater and Long Lake yesterday and it is reported that indications are for a sufficient downpour to stop the fire ravages.

A fire which destroyed the village of Long Lake West, causing a loss of \$125,000, swept through the forest so rapidly that the firefighters had to flee for their lives. It is reported that during the fire four tons of dynamite, which had been sent in for use upon the railroad and in fighting the fire, exploded, causing great destruction in the immediate vicinity and badly twisted the tracks.

Reports indicate that many extensive private preserves in the vicinity of Long Lake West are being fire-swept. Chasane Park, Dr. Seward Webb's estate, is burning and there are fires in Harry Payne Whitney's 50,000-acre estate.

Rain Falls in New York.

New York, Sept. 29.—The long drouth in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, which has resulted in serious forest fires, stopped industrial pursuits and caused a water famine in many districts, has been broken by rainfalls.

The drouth, which has been the most prolonged in many years, has lasted about eight weeks. So serious have been its effects, especially in the country districts, that prayers have been offered up in many churches for relief.

Rain Puts Out Fires.

Glens Falls, N. Y., Sept. 29.—The forest fires that have been raging in the foothills of the Adirondacks in this section for several weeks were extinguished yesterday by heavy rains.

WHAT IS HAWAII?

Judge Dole to Decide Important Case Involving Status of Islands.

Honolulu, H. I., Sept. 29.—Is Hawaii a territory of the United States, is Arizona and New Mexico, or is it an insular possession, as Porto Rico and the Philippine islands? This is the question that Judge Dole of the United States district court has been called upon to decide and attorneys all over the islands are awaiting the answer to the question, as it will effect the status of nearly every legal problem that has come up for solution since the annexation of the Hawaiian islands.

The issue was raised in the case of Manuel Perez and Augusta Walsh, indicted under the Edmunds act. A plea of former acquittal was filed by the attorneys for the defense, it being alleged that the defendants were prosecuted for the same offense and acquitted in the district court last April.

The point of law raised by this plea is whether there are two sovereignties or one in Hawaii. If there are two, as in a state or territory of the United States, a former acquittal in the courts of one jurisdiction is not a defense in a court of another jurisdiction. But if Hawaii is not a full territory and there is only one sovereignty, an acquittal in any court is a bar to further prosecution on the same charge.

Cholera Claims Many Victims

St. Petersburg, Sept. 29.—The number of new cholera cases in the municipal hospitals for the 24 hours ended at noon yesterday was 263 and the deaths 103. The statistics for the previous 24 hours were 268 and 142, respectively. Eight hospital attendants have come down with the disease and the other attendants are in a state of panic. Great difficulty is being encountered in persuading them to remain at their posts. Premier Stolypin has written a sharp letter of censure to the mayor of St. Petersburg regarding the conditions.

Cholera Declines in Manila.

Manila, Sept. 29.—The cholera continues to decline. But 10 cases were reported during a period of 12 hours yesterday. Mrs. C. A. Carter, an American school teacher, is among those stricken.