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The Whited Sepulchre
The Tale of Pelce
BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"I confess I cannot understand you, dear," she said. "What consideration is due a gentleman who is rendered speechless by the accusation of a newspaper? What depth is there in his feeling for your welfare when he rushes away blind and remains throughout the day, while you are here at the foot of a burning volcano, as he pointed out. You will find that I am right, Lara. Mr. Constable is not even a worthy accomplice to the talented Stembitzke. He is without speech or valor. What remains when a man is neither brain nor brute?" Her voice had not been raised, and Mrs. Stansbury left the library before Lara formed an answer.

The torturing hours crawled by. The gray afternoon turned to dusk, and the dusk to night. The north was reddened by Pelce's fire, and the thick vapor dimmed and blurred. The rumblings were constant. Lara was suffering to fight out her battle alone. She asked no more than this. A thousand times she paced across her room; scores of visits she made to Constable's window, straining her eyes northward, along the road through the day and darkness, to the end of all things—the mountain! Uncle Joey came to plead with her, but she begged him to go away. Her brain was a livid track of flying, futile agonies. In the evening the intermittent rumblings gave way to a growling, constant and incessant. It was as if a steady stream of heavy vehicles was pounding over a wooden bridge. There was a pang in each phase of the monster, since the man had gone up into that red roar. It was nearly midnight when the girl in the upper room heard a step upon the veranda.

"Uncle Joey," she called at the planter's door, "make haste; there is somebody below!"

The moments of waiting assailed the very roots of her reason. The voice that she heard at last was Breen's.

"I beg that you'll forgive me, Mr. Wall, for arousing you at this hour, but it is necessary for me to have a few words with Miss Stansbury."

"Sir," the planter replied, "anything which concerns yourself is of no moment to Miss Stansbury. If you'll message it from Mr. Constable, you may tell him to come himself or send a native."

"I dislike to appear incontinent, Mr. Wall," Breen replied, without irritation, "but I cannot count my errand accomplished until I have heard from Miss Stansbury. If she should refuse to see me—"

"I am coming down, Mr. Breen," Lara called over the balustrade. "Uncle Joey, show Mr. Breen to a seat. I'll be there in a moment."

She turned to re-enter her room for a garment. Her mother's figure barred the open doorway.

CHAPTER X.

Constable had been physically unharmed in his thirty years, and the exertions of the past four days had worn little more than the polish from his vitality. Instead of relaxing in the crisis of the newspaper revelation, his body righted under the whip of pride, and he strode down into the city as one who has slipped a burden. He had been born in a battle with a woman. Blucher had come to Mrs. Stansbury's aid at the last moment, in the shape of newspapers from the north. From Lara, however, and not the mother, had come the most crippling blow of all. It was Lara who had handed him the newspaper. She did not wait, nor ask. Around this item, Constable built a gloom-structure of baronial proportions. His attitude toward Breen was very simple. He would not betray his guest for all the newspapers and police in Christendom. Having waived Breen's offer to detail the particulars of his past, during the first night of acquaintance, Constable certainly could not reproach the other for misrepresenting himself.

It was ten-thirty in the morning when he sent a message out to Captain Negley, countermanning sailing orders, and enclosing a cheerful note to Cruise, containing a draft for the stipulated amount. At the bank he also left a second sum for Father Damien, and procured considerable current paper for his own use. His mind moved in a light, irresponsible fashion. It was as if he were obsessed at quick intervals, one after another, by mad kings who dared anything, and whom no one dared refuse. His brain kept the great sorrow in the background, and occupied itself with striking artifices. While aware that in losing Miss Stansbury and the privilege of protecting her, the meaning and direction of his life was gone, still Constable did not yet sense the fullness of the visitation. His was not a wound to heal by first intention; and in bad hurts pain assumes command leisurely and in order.

He plunged into a crowd in the market place, and began to talk to the natives whimsically, but to the purpose of starting them toward Fort de France, adding that Father Damien would care for them generously there. "I do not say that this is the last day of Saint Pierre," he exclaimed in French, "but I declare to you that if ever a planet looked as if she were about to spring a leak, Mother Earth has the symptoms localized in Pelce!"

Constable's eyes had fixed upon a carriage passing along the edge of the crowd. Now he moved toward it quick-

ly and reined the horse. Despite the protestations of the driver, he led the vehicle into the good view of all. His face was red with the heat and ashine with laughter and perspiration. Alarm and mortification mingled in the native throng. All eyes followed the towering figure of the American, now bowed before the swinging door of the carriage—and M. Mondet.

"This, dear friends," Constable resumed, as one would produce a rabbit from a silk hat—"this, you all perceive, is your little editor of Les Colonies. He is not bright and clean and pretty? He is very fond of American humor. See how the little editor laughs!"

The Frenchman was really afraid. His smile was yellowish-gray and of sickly contour. His article relative to the American appealed to him now, entirely stripped of the humor with which it was fraught yesterday, as he composed it in the inner of inner offices. This demon of cracking French and restless hands would stop at nothing. M. Mondet pictured himself being picked up for dead presently. As the blow did not fall instantaneously, he amended the picture with the sorry thought that he was to be played with before being dispatched.

"This is the little man who tells you that Saint Pierre is in no danger—who scoffs at those who have already gone," Constable informed his hearers, now holding up the Frenchman's arm, as a referee upraises the whip of a winning fighter. "He says there is no more peril from Pelce than from an old man shaking ash out of his pipe. Yesterday I proposed to wager my ship against M. Mondet's rolled-up desk that he was wrong, but there was a difficulty in the way. Do you not see, dear friends, that if I won the wager, I should not be able to distinguish between M. Mondet's rolled-up desk and M. Mondet's cigarette case in the ruins of Saint Pierre? You would not think that such a small white person could contain so much poison?"

There had been a steady growling from the mountain.

"Ah!" Constable suddenly exclaimed, "Pelce speaks again! Ugh, get in there!"

Constable's irritation against the entire tribe of editorial opinion breeders must have found an instant vent at last. M. Mondet was chucked like a large soft bundle into the seat of his carriage and the door slammed forcibly, corking the vials of his wrath. In any of the red-blooded zones, a stranger who performed such antics at the expense of a party and respected citizen would have encountered a quietus quick and blazing, but the people of Martinique are not swift to anger nor forward at reprisals.

"Come!" Constable yelled, in a voice which jerked up his hearers. "Who has use for my offer? Who goes to Fort de France?"

A few came forward, perhaps a dozen in all, out of the fifty or sixty who had listened. Half in anger, half in admiration, which he did not seek to understand, he ran his eye a last time over the dusty, haggard, stifled crowd which he had failed to move.

From their eyes, sullen, startled and pitiful, he glanced beyond to the place where old Vulcan lay, muttering his agonies. The sight completed the circuit of revolving volleys, made him think of Lara. With furious zeal he grappled the work at hand, forced his way out of the crowd, crossed the Roxiane and hurried toward the Hotel des Palmes. His physical energy was imperious, but the numbness of his scalp was a pregnant warning against the perils of heat. The city was silent enough to act like a vast sounding board. Voices reached him from far behind, from the harbor front to the left, from what shops and houses everywhere. At the hotel, after much difficulty, he procured guides and a small outfit for the journey to the summit of the mountain. It was after mid-day when the party rode into Morne Rouge. The ash-lung valley was behind, and Constable drank deeply of the clean east wind from the Atlantic. There was a rush of bitterness, too, because Lara was not sharing the priceless volumes of sun-lit vitality. All the impetus of his mad enterprise was needed now to turn the point of beravement, and force it into the background again. The party pushed through Ajoupa Bouillon to the gorge of the Falaise, the northern bank of which marked the chosen trail to the summit.

And now they moved upward in the midst of the old glory of Martinique, the brisk Trades blowing evenly in the heights wiped the eastern slope of the mountain clear of stone-dust and whipped the blast of sulphur down into the valley toward the shore. Green lakes of cane filled the valleys behind, and groves of cocoa-palms, so distant and so orderly that they looked like a city garden set with hen and chickens.

Northward, through the rifts, glistened the sea, steel-blue and cool. Before them arose the huge, green-clad mass of the mountain, its corona dim with smoke and lashed by storm. Down in the southwest lay the ghastly pall, the hidden, tortured city, tranced under the cobra-head of the monster and already laved in its poison.

The trail became very steep at two thousand feet, and this fact, together with the back-thresh of the summit disturbance, forced Constable to abandon the animals. It transpired that four of the seven natives felt it their duty, at this

point, to stay behind with the mules. A little later, when the growling from the prone upturned face of the great beast suddenly arose to a roar that twisted the flesh and outraged the senses of man, the American looked back and found that only one native was faltering behind, instead of three.

Fascination for the dying thing took hold of him now, and drew him on. Constable was conscious of no fear for his life, but of a fixed terror lest he should prove physically unable to go on to the end. He found himself tearing up a handkerchief and stuffing the shreds in his ears, to deaden the horrid vibrations. With the linen remaining, he filled his mouth, shutting his jaws together upon it, as the wheels of a wagon are blocked on an incline.

The Titanic disorder pleased his own. He reveled in it, unconscious of passing time. He did not realize that he was alone, but knew well from the contour of the slope, learned intimately in past visits, that he was nearing the Lac des Palmists, which marked the summit level. Yet changes, violent changes, were everywhere evidenced. The shoulder of the mountain was smeared with a crust of ash and seamed with fresh scars. The crust was made by the dry whirling winds playing upon the paste formed of stone-dust and condensed steam. The clicking whirr, like the clap of wings, heard at intervals, accounted for the scars. Bombs of rock were being hurled from the great tubes.

That he was in the range of a raking volcano fire did not impress this old clinging to the beard of a giant. Up, knees and hands, he crawled—back over the throbbing chin, to the black pounded lip of the monster. Out of the old lake-cold the furious tower of steam and rock-dust which mushroomed in high air, like the primal nebulae from which the worlds were made. Pockets of gas exploded in the heights, rending the periphery as if he stood at the edge of the Brooklyn pier. But it was only a plaything of mind—the vagary of altitude and immensity. "Did ever a man cog a live volcano? Did ever suicidal genius conceive of corrupting such majesty of force with his pygmy purpose?"

The gray thickened. The roar dwined, and his senses reeled. With a rush of saliva the lines dropped from his open mouth, and fell behind him. That which he comprehended—although his eyes saw only the gray thundering cataclysm—was never before imagined in the mind of man.

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"Peter! Peter Constable!"

He strained his face toward the sound. The lower part of his body would not move. He was uncombed, like a beast whose spine is broken.

"Peter! Oh, Peter Constable!" he heard again.

(To be continued.)

English House Names.

House owners are sometimes rather unfortunate in their selection of names for their abodes, and in suburban house naming is occasionally rather ludicrous. Thus "The Maples" has never a maple near, "The Hosiery" only exists in imagination, "Sunny-side" is the most depressing villa residence, and houses named after the English lakes no more suggest the lake district than Fleet street suggests the Bois de Boulogne.

The Anglo-Saxon word "hurst," signifying a forest or wood, has become "hurst" in house naming, and "wood" and "holt" have the same meaning. All house names ending with these terminations are pretty and not unsafe to choose.

It is curious to note that in Hastings, and St. Leonards quite a number of houses have typically Saxon names, perhaps to commemorate the great Saxon tragedy of which the name Hastings is reminiscent.

Poles of the Earth.

The circle of the earth's daily rotation upon its axis being the greatest at the equator, the consequent great action there of the centrifugal force during the period when the earth was a yielding mass produced a bulging out of the surface in the equatorial region, with a consequent flattening at the poles. Thus we have an oblate spheroid, with the length of the axis of the poles about twenty-six and a half miles less than the equatorial diameter.

Lack Night Qualities.

Mrs. Hix—Mrs. June strikes me as being entirely too masculine for a woman.

Mrs. Dix—Yes, indeed. Why, every time she has an ache or pain she makes as much fuss about it as a man would—Smith's Weekly

EVENTS OF THE DAY

News 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.

Roosevelt will give a dinner to labor leaders.

King Edward has just celebrated his 67th birthday.

Cortelyou, it is said, will remain in the cabinet as secretary of the treasury.

It is said Secretary Root will be a candidate for senator from New York in Platt's place.

The supreme court has decided that states may forbid the co-education of whites and blacks.

J. J. Hill says that within six years the United States will consume all the wheat raised in this country.

Mrs. Phipps, of Denver, ex-wife of the Pittsburgh millionaire, has received a demand for \$29,000 or he dynamited.

Twenty voters cast their ballots for a dead man in Eureka county, Nevada, at the recent election. The man was candidate for a county office and died the day before election.

A wreck was prevented on the Northern Pacific in Montana by breaking a switch lock with an ax. Several cars broke loose and started down hill toward an approaching train. By telegraphing ahead they were sidetracked.

The Chicago city council may propose a law to restrict divorce.

Many Japanese seal poachers have been captured and killed by Russians.

Six Pasadena high school boys were injured in a football game. One of them may die.

The First National bank of New Kensington, Pa., has been closed by the bank examiner.

Seven Stanford university students have been suspended for ridiculing the faculty in theatricals.

The American Tobacco company has been declared an illegal trust by the United States Circuit court of New York.

The reported discovery of a subterranean lake on the site of the Gatun dam has been pronounced a fake by Colonel Goethals.

Holland has revoked the treaty of 1894 with Venezuela and this will allow unrestricted import of arms and ammunition into Castro's country and opens the door to revolution.

There is a resumption of activity in many industries.

Russia has forced Serbia to abandon its warlike attitude.

The fight for speakership of the house has already begun.

The re-election of Governor Deneen, of Illinois, will be contested.

A Manitoba farmer started the fire with coal oil and the family of seven are dead.

Employees of the Lackawanna railway in Brooklyn are accused of stealing \$100,000 during the past three months.

The Australian suggestion that the British fleet make a tour around the world has been frowned down by the admiralty.

State Senator Livesey, of Maryland, says Tuskegee institute is a failure. This is the leading colored institute of the United States.

All business was suspended in Cuba and the entire populace participated in the funeral of Tomas Estrada Palma, ex-president of the island.

Schwab has boarded up his \$7,000,000 palace in New York, saying he cannot afford to keep it up. In a year he hopes to have his finances straightened out.

Bulgaria is considerably irritated by the delay of Turkey.

A crisis seems to be approaching in the Franco-German quarrel about Morocco.

Wilbur Wright has been presented with a gold medal by the French Aero club.

The Ecuador congress has ended in a riot in which several members were injured.

Railroads throughout the country are making arrangements to greatly improve their lines.

The Reef jury has been completed after a little more than three months and the trial has begun.

Judge Grosscup, of the United States Circuit court of Illinois, intends to resign, but it is believed not until after Taft is inaugurated, as he does not like Judge Landis and thinks Roosevelt would appoint him.

Ten Killed; Many Hurt.

Maunteban, France, Nov. 10.—An express train was derailed today near Griseles. Ten persons were killed and many injured.

FREE OF CHOLERA.

Merchants' Association of Manila Issues Statement.

Manila, Nov. 10.—The Merchants' association of this city has issued the following statement:

"Manila is reported by the health authorities to be practically free of cholera. Since November 1 in a population of nearly 250,000, one case daily has occurred. These cases were found in outlying districts, unusually visited by whites. The late visitation proved to be of a very light character since its beginning, and in the month of July were only 22 cases among the white population. Of these but 10 proved fatal. There was not a single case among the 12,000 city school children. Since the American occupation in 1898 the number of whites in the islands attacked by cholera is 247. Of these 220 cases were fatal. The majority of deaths occurred in 1902, when there were 60,000 troops in the islands and no precautions existed for protection against the epidemic."

Soldiers from Fort McKinley and sailors from the Asiatic squadron are now entering the city freely and the citizens are anxious that Rear Admiral Sperry will permit them to carry out the plans for the reception of the Atlantic battleship fleet.

If these plans are not carried out it is feared that a false and harmful impression will be given to the world of the sanitary condition of Manila, which unquestionably is better than that of any other city in the Orient and probably unexcelled by any large city of the world.

REDUCES FREIGHT RATES.

Nippon Yusen Kaisha Begins Fight for Trade.

Victoria, B. C., Nov. 10.—The Nippon Yusen Kaisha has decided to begin the struggle with the Canadian Pacific railway for the premier position in the carrying trade of the North Pacific.

Since the ruling of the Interstate Commerce commission, by which ship companies advanced their rates, the lines connecting with United States railroads, and more particularly those under the United States flag, were placed at a disadvantage. The Canadian Pacific railway naturally took advantage of its position and declined to advance its freight rates.

When the conference at Seattle decided to increase the rates, the proposed increases were cable to Japan, where a meeting of Japanese shipping interests was called. Advice received by the Royal Mail steamship Empress of India were to the effect that the Nippon Yusen Kaisha withdrew from this conference and has made a general reduction of about 17 per cent lower than the former freight rates. The Japanese steamship company proposes to bear the burden of the increased railway charges and will give a lower rate across the Pacific. A reduction of 25 cents per 100 pounds will be made on silk and other valuable freights.

FRANCE STILL FIRM.

Government Confident Germany Will Meet Her Demands.

Paris, Nov. 10.—No word has come from Berlin with reference to the German government's attitude with reference to the Casa Blanca affair and a further delay is considered likely owing to some confusion which prevails among the German officials and the necessity of maneuvering before the reichstag. But French opinion remains serenely confident that Germany eventually will yield upon the point upon which France insists and express regret for the incident.

There is no trace of "bluff" in the French attitude and the spectacle presented by France last week must have convinced Germany that in all her dealings with the German government since the catastrophe of 1870, France never displayed such an exhibition of national solidarity.

Moreover, Germany doubtless is aware that Great Britain and Russia have been consulted upon every step France has taken and fully share this government's view, and in addition are prepared to give material as well as moral support to France.

Record for Tunnel Work.

Los Angeles, Nov. 10.—William Mulholland, chief engineer of the Los Angeles aqueduct, reports that all American records for tunnel boring in hard rock were broken during October by the city forces at work on the Elizabeth tunnel. A distance of 466 feet was made in 31 days, thus surpassing the record on the Gunnison tunnel, made in January, 1908, by 17 feet. The Los Angeles aqueduct is the municipal project by which the city will procure a daily water supply of 260,000,000 gallons from the Owens river.

Long Distance Wireless Record.

Seattle, Wash., Nov. 10.—The wireless operators at Tatoosh Island, established a 2300-mile record Saturday night, when they picked up an order from the armored cruiser West Virginia of the Pacific fleet, for lumber with which to construct targets.

KILLED BY ASSASSIN

Edward Carmack Slain in Nashville by Political Enemy.

WARNING HAD BEEN GIVEN HIM

Shooting Was Done by Robin Cooper, Whose Gather Was Criticised in Carmack's Newspaper.

Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 10.—Ex Senator Edward Carmack, editor of the Tennesseean, was shot and killed at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon on Seventh avenue North, in front of the Polk flats, by Robin Cooper, a son of Colonel Duncan B. Cooper. Mr. Carmack was going north on Seventh avenue in front of the flats, and Colonel Cooper and his son, Robin, were approaching Seventh avenue on Union street. Soon after they came into sight of one another the shooting was begun, Robin Cooper, it is said, firing two shots and Senator Carmack one.

Colonel Cooper, it is said, drew his pistol, but did not fire.

Senator Carmack fell to the ground, lying instantly. Robin Cooper was shot in the right shoulder, but was not badly wounded.

It is understood that the trouble was one of the results of a recent Democratic gubernatorial primary, in which Carmack was defeated. Carmack, since he became editor of the Tennesseean, had been caustic in criticizing what he called the Democratic machine, and had printed several editorials about Colonel Cooper.

Within the last few days, it is asserted, Colonel Cooper notified Carmack that these editorial criticisms must cease. Another editorial referring to the column appeared in the paper yesterday morning, and this is supposed to have been the immediate cause of the trouble.

As Senator Carmack fell at the edge of the street Colonel Duncan B. Cooper put his arm around Robin Cooper and both walked a few feet down Seventh avenue to Dr. E. G. Ford's office, where the slight wound in Robin's shoulder was examined and treated. An ambulance carried the body of Mr. Carmack to an undertaking establishment.

DIRECT PRIMARY WINS.

Carries Four to One Throughout the State of California.

San Francisco, Nov. 10.—California has joined Oregon, Washington and other states that have adopted the direct primary, and the vote cast last Tuesday in that state in favor of the new system is so emphatic that it cannot be wondered that even a boss-ridden legislature was compelled to heed the demand that a direct primary amendment be submitted to a vote of the people.

In San Francisco a majority of nine to one was piled up in favor of the amendment, and across the bay in Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley the verdict was almost as strong.

Under the new law California will in future make all nominations by direct vote, and party conventions will be virtually abolished, except for the control of party affairs and adoption of platforms. The total vote of the state is not yet available, but complete returns from the six counties casting the largest vote indicated that the primary amendment carried about four to one in the state as a whole.

OLD CASE SOON ENDS.

Virginia and West Virginia About to Settle Long Standing Trouble.

Richmond, Va., Nov. 10.—After dragging along for years, the end of the famous Virginia-West Virginia debt question is now in sight. Eminent counsels representing the two states assembled here yesterday for the first formal hearing in the case, before Charles E. Littlefield, of Maine, who has been appointed master in the proceedings.

The Virginia-West Virginia debt dispute arose out of the creation of the state of West Virginia out of the original domain of Virginia, and the proper apportionment of the then bonded indebtedness of the latter state. A suit is pending before the United States supreme court, and upon the ultimate report of the master, Mr. Littlefield, depends the adjudication of the matter.

Indict for Land Fraud.

San Francisco, Nov. 10.—The federal grand jury has returned indictments for land fraud against D. W. Dwinnett, recent Republican presidential elector; J. D. G. Gangnor, John Gilpin and Rex P. Deter, all prominent residents of Shasta county. They are accused of having hired eight men to take up claims in a tract of high-class timber land. The men are said to have paid the expenses of the eight men and given each \$200 to relinquish his title to the land. Gangnor has already been arrested and released on \$3000 bail.

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