

AN HOUR WITH THE DIABOLO

An art museum has always had a great fascination for me. One day not long ago, while wandering through the labyrinthine aisles of a certain very large and famous museum gazing at the faded pictures by old masters and admiring the clever reproductions of the ancient sculptor's art, I chanced to look upward, and there, high on the wall, looking down at me with a hideous grin of triumph, which seemed to deepen as I stared at it, was the most awful countenance I ever beheld. Two great horns curved downward from amidst long, shaggy hair over two fierce eyes. A short, wide, flat nose, protruding cheeks, and an open, grinning mouth which stretched from ear to ear, showing terrible teeth, completed the frightful face.

I stood transfixed with horror, while cold chills crept up and down my back and uncanny thoughts went through my mind. Unable to take my eyes from the face, I felt myself being drawn away from this world into another realm—a new, strange and terrible thing grew dark about me. I sank down and down, but my body seemed to have no weight.

All the time that diabolical face, which now surrounded a body even more terrible in its ugliness, was just behind me, forcing me on. A mocking voice whispered into my ear.

Suddenly I stopped sinking. The diabolical face was dark as night and fell damp and chilly. I shivered and shivered, but the voice at my shoulder menacingly ordered me on, on, on, relentlessly, and involuntarily I obeyed. The space around me was filled with presences which I felt, but could not see.

Then, as I glided on, I smell sulfur fumes, which, as I came nearer, filled the air. Suddenly and involuntarily I stopped. Rising up from the ground at my feet were clouds of smoke, which almost blinded and choked me. I stood on the brink of a pit filled with flames. Peering down through it I saw the forms of human beings burning in the everlasting fire.

But I was forced onward—through the flames and distress, places of riotous noise where the lamps were dancing with Swedish glees around their victims. All at once I saw in front of me a large furnace, into which two shriekingimps were shoveling red-hot coals. The something at my back nudged me again, I obeyed. The furnace was half filled with coals piled to a white heat. Then the whole furnace seemed to be one great fire. I tried to cry out or to turn back, but again I seemed to have no body. As I stood thus a cold hand gripped me—the hand of the god of this realm, I thought, and shuddered.

Then came a sudden blank, the same dense darkness as before, a heavy jar, and I slowly opened my eyes to find that I was lying on one of the seats in the room where I had seen the awful face. Two attendants were working over me. In half an hour I was all right and left the building.

The next day, however, my natural curiosity compelled me to go again to the museum to examine the old god—a veritable Mephistopheles. On my direct way to the room where I remembered having found it, I hunted for some moments but could not find any such figure. Finally I decided it had been taken down, so gave up my search and wandered idly into other rooms. At last, tired and hungry, I turned back, wishing to look at some antique pottery before returning home, and walked quite accidentally through the room of my strange experiences. I recognized it instantly, of course, and glanced hastily around, when to my utter astonishment I discovered the gargoyle-countenance in the old place. I was sure it had not been there an hour before. And now I noticed that it did not look quite the same as before, nor did it affect me in the same way.

I examined the thing carefully, and finally discovered that it was situated such a way that it could be seen only from certain directions, and that its appearance and expressions changed in certain lights. When I stood in the same position where I had fallen the day previous, the expression of the thing was especially hideous.

Naturally I came to the conclusion that at a certain time of day, in a certain light, the face of the god was deeper than at other times. I had hypnotized myself by looking at it within the light and time of day were just right.

Shortly afterwards I learned its secret from the guard of that department. I tell it here, hoping that it will help the reader to understand the strange appearance of the image if he has chance to see it.

An old sculptor, the guard said, had spent nearly a lifetime trying to make something of Satan. He never was satisfied with his work, and finally became crazed from the effects of it. While in this state he carved the face which I had seen. When he died he bequeathed it to the museum, and his descendants, unwilling to repudiate it, just put it in a corner. They had put it in a corner between two tall cases over a long line of hideous figures where it would be seldom seen. I have found, when seen in certain lights, a cover upon the face, and have seen in a kind of mirror a spot. —HARRIS WALKER

THE CONJURER CONFESSES.

It is Deliberate in Action Thus Producing Deceptive Effects.

That "the hand is quicker than the eye" is one of those accepted sayings invented by some one who knew nothing of conjuring or, as is more likely, by some cunning conjurer who aimed still further to hoodwink a gullible public. The fact is that the best conjurer seldom makes a rapid motion, or that attracts attention, even though it be not understood. The true artist in this line is deliberate in every movement, and it is mainly by his actions that he leads his audience to look not where they ought, but in an entirely different direction. Mr. David Devant, who for a number of consecutive years has entertained London with his ingenious tricks, has said: "The conjurer must be an actor. By the expression of his face, by his gestures, by the tone of his voice, in short, by his acting, he must produce his effects."

Women as Mayors.

America had women as mayors before England, Australia or even New Zealand. In the four States where women have full suffrage it is not rare for women to be elected as mayors in small cities and give good service. A woman was mayor of Gaylord, Kan., for two terms and declined a third election. She prided herself on the fact that more miles of sidewalk were laid in her administration than in that of any previous mayor. Her husband always expressed himself as pleased that she should hold the office, and even her worst enemies never said that she neglected her children or the duties of her household. The office kept her busy about an hour each day.

Japanese Story Tellers.

The professional story teller is a good deal of an artist in his way. He knows how to select or originate short, popular tales, and how to relate them in dramatic fashion. The lowest class of story tellers who find seats on the street corners with a crowd of coolies around them. The higher class are formed into guilds, and these are bled to go to private parties to amuse the guests. Sometimes they will be in demand at two or three houses in one evening, thus picking up several dollars. Unless he can earn his living by his recitals, the teller cannot become a member of the guilds. Translations from English tales are now extremely popular with the Japanese.

Kipling His Own Critic.

"I was sitting with Kipling in his garden at Bournemouth when a street organ struck up 'The Absent Minded Beggar.' Kipling was silent one moment, and then he said, 'If it was not for me, I would kill the man who writes that.' This interesting revelation was made by the Rev. J. C. Harris, pastor of Kingston Congregational Church, in a lecture on Kipling. It was hard to believe, he said, that the man who could write 'The Recessional' could descend to the level of 'Pay! Pay! Pay!' No man was more keenly alive to his own blunders than Kipling.

The French Schoolboy's Hard Day.

French children are often on their way to school a little after 7 o'clock in the morning. If they are concluded their lessons by 9 o'clock in the evening it is only by dint of great application. Young men studying for the higher professions have appointments with their tutors at 5 o'clock in the morning in summer time, otherwise they cannot accomplish the mountain of work that lies before them. In all branches of art the labor of the tyro is immense. At the Conservatoire the strenuous life is carried to a point which provokes the astonishment even of laborious German students.

Special Stomach for Specifics.

Royal households receive all manner of beautiful and curious gifts, many of which are not accepted. When the Prince and Princess of Wales were about to start on a tour round the world, all sorts of antidotes for seasickness were received. One druggist sent hundreds of anti-seasickness powders, one of which was to be taken on every day while at sea. The prince said, "If this fellow expects me to take all these special powders, he should have sent along a special stomach as well."

Swift-Flying Pigeons.

B. A. Fogg, of Hunt's Mills, Me., tells of a pair of pigeons with a record of flying from Minneapolis to Boston in fifty hours without taking a morsel of food on the trip. For the last thousand miles they flew in the teeth of a fierce snowstorm. He has another pair of the same breed as those that flew from the balloon of Andre, the Swedish north pole explorer, and several pairs that can make nearly a mile a minute.

A Substitute for Work.

"Physical culture, father, is perfectly lovely!" exclaimed an enthusiastic young miss just home from college. "Look! To develop the arms, grasp the rod by one end and move it slowly from right to left."

"Well, well!" exclaimed her father, "what won't science discover! If that rod had straw at the other end you'd be sweeping."

The Wise Husband.

Bronson—'I've just given \$100 for this diamond ring for my wife."
Woodson—'It's a beauty!' But isn't it rather—er—extravagant?
Bronson—'Not a bit. Think what I will save in gloves!

A GEOGRAPHICAL TRAGEDY.

Path of the Country Editor Whose Ethical Views Throten.

"We are thirsty to that," explained the editor of the Skunk Weekly News. That our compothing room with catered lath night by thome un-down boundrel who thole every-eth in the ethiblamment and thore-ceeded in making hith a henge unde-lected.

"It hath been impothible, of course, to procure a new 'bupply' of etheth in time for thith thibe, and we are thuth compelled to go to preth in a thuth-eth muth embarratheth and dith retth-eth, but we thee no other courth to pursue than to make the betth tharg-eth we can to get along without the muth-eth letter and we, therefore, print the Newth on time regardeth of the-eth thuthethain.

The motive of the unthetherable mithereath ith unknown to uth but, doubtless wath revenge for thome thuthpoothed intethit.

"It thall never be thaid that the petty thpite of the thmuth thouthed vil-lain hath dithabithed the Newth and if thith meet the eye of the detethable radical we beg to sthure him thath he unthethimetheth the rethour-eth of a fifth clath newthpaper when he thitheth he can cripple it thouthethly by breaking into the alphabet. We take th-eth-theth to thay to him furthermorth that before next Thurthday we will have three thimeth thath many etheth thath he thithoie.—Richardson (Tex.) Echo.

The British Museum Lottery.

In connection with the contemplated extension of the British Museum at a cost of about £20,000,000 it is interesting to note that the original funds for the establishment of the institution were raised by a lottery. It was authorized by an act of parliament passed in 1753 and the Archbishop of Canterbury the lord chancellor and the speaker were the managers and trustees each of them being authorized by the act to receive an honorarium of £100 for the trouble. The amount of the lottery was £300,000 raised by 15 tickets to provide £20,000 for prizes varying in value from £10,000 to £100 and £100,000 for the purchase of the House of Collections and the Harleian Library—the nucleus of the museum and for the provision of suitable cases for such acquisitions and of houses and attendants. The operations of one Peter Leheup Esq. made the lottery notorious. He fraudulently cornered the tickets and sold them at a premium. An inquiry in the matter instituted by the House of Commons resulted in the prosecution by the attorney general of Leheup for a violation of the act and breach of trust. The penalty was a fine of £1,000 but this it would seem was by no means excessive as £40,000 was Leheup's estimated profits from the fraud.—London Daily Chronicle.

Few Pass Murders.

The work of the recruiting station for the United States Army in Pittsburg for one month, indicates that high standard is required of the men who carry muskets in Uncle Sam's service. Of those who applied as recruits twenty-nine were enlisted, six declined to enlist after successfully passing the examination while ninety-five were rejected. Of those who were enlisted twenty-seven were Americans, one Englishman and one a German, twenty-six were white and three colored. Of the 130 applicants only twenty-two were rejected for drunkenness, nine for impaired vision, eleven because they were aliens and had no papers, eight for poor physique, six for doubtful age, five because they were minors, three for bad teeth, and one because he was married.—Pittsburg Press.

Stole to Get a Husband.

At Budapest recently a servant girl absconded with \$100 belonging to her employer. She was subsequently arrested but no money was found on her. She has since confessed to the theft, but states that she paid the money over to a married woman named Hausers, who consented to sell her husband to her for the sum in question, the girl being madly in love with the man. When she found out that she had been deceived and that the married couple were keeping the money and enjoying themselves with it, the girl made a full confession. The authorities have ordered a thorough search to be made in the house of the Hausers, in the hope of recovering some of the money.

An Odd Injunction.

Many peculiar injunctions have been issued by Omaha judges but the one granted by Judge Slabaugh of the District Court, Omaha, is considered a record breaker. By its term John McRea, a well known citizen is enjoined from speaking to his wife or any of his children. He was warned by the court that if he failed to observe the order he would have to pay the penalty of being in contempt.

Got an Ad.

La Mont—Blowman found a good scheme to let people know he had a new bathtub.
La Mont—What was it?
La Mont—Why, he sent word to the reporters that he was almost drowned in it.—Chicago News.

The man who is satisfied with him- self does not want much.

The Snapshot

By ANTRISS NICHOLS.

Morrison, absorbed in the evening paper, was oblivious of everything going on about him, and not until he received a hearty clap on the back did he realize that he was not alone in the restaurant.

"Saunders, by all that's good!" he exclaimed springing to his feet. "Where did you come from?"

"Through the door," laughed the young man addressed as Saunders. He reached for the other's hand and shook it vigorously. "I was sure that I should find you here. It seems good to see you again."

"Sit down, and we'll have dinner to- gether, the same as we used to," broke in Morrison. "I'm still waiting for my order."

"But I've already dined. It's a little early to be sure, but I'm going to make a call later. But I was bound to see you to-night. I tell you I'm glad to get back again."

"You're no gladder to get back than I am to have you," said Morrison. "Well, what kind of a time did you have while you were gone? Tell me all about it, old fellow."

Saunders proceeded to relate to his friend everything that he thought would interest him concerning his stay abroad. When he mentioned the Gilberts, Morrison started slightly, but the other did not notice it.

Morrison was wondering if they were the Gilberts whom he knew. They probably were, for the family with whom he was acquainted had sailed for Europe about the same time as Saunders. He started to say that they were friends of his, but some- how he changed his mind.

"And Miss Gilbert is the most beautiful girl I ever met," Saunders went on enthusiastically. "And the sweet- est."

Morrison forced himself to make some commonplace remark. It was very plain that his friend had fallen a victim of Claire Gilbert's charms. And it was not strange. But what if she had been attracted in turn? Saunders was a fine looking fellow, while he was plainly aware that he was not. But he had hopes nevertheless.

"When you see her you will say that she is all I have said, and even more," Saunders paused a moment.

"Why, I can show you her picture now. It's only a snapshot, and the day was lousy, but you can get some idea how beautiful she is." From the notebook which he took from his pocket he carefully removed a small picture and handed it to his friend.

Morrison schooled himself to look at it calmly. The face was hawdowed, but any hope that he might have had that it was not Claire Gilbert's picture disappeared when he looked at it carefully. It was certainly hers, and a pain crept into his heart as he handed the picture back to his friend.

"Yes, she is very beautiful," he said after a moment.

"And she is as good as she is beautiful," declared Saunders. "After to- night I hope to have something to tell you, old chap." He paused a moment.

"Why don't you tell me to stop talking about her?" he added, laughingly. "I forgot I might bore you. Well, old chap, I must be going along."

In the days that followed he met Saunders very often, sometimes busi- ness brought them together, and frequently they dined at the restaurant. Saunders at every opportunity talked of his fiancée, for a few days after his return he had told Morrison that they were engaged. He would often urge his friend to accompany him to the Gilberts for an evening, but he always declined, offering some excuse for not accepting the invitation. But there came a night when he allowed himself to be prevailed to go, and in a very uncomfortable state of mind he found himself with Saunders on the way to their home.

The carriage stopped before a house which was unfamiliar to him; and as they alighted his first thought was that they had probably moved since their return from Europe. But when they were ushered into the drawing room and Saunders with a proprietary air introduced the young lady who came forward to greet them as Miss Gilbert, Morrison found himself looking into a face he had never seen be- fore. His brain was in a whirl. But when he recovered a little, it was very plain that he had made a mistake, that these were not the Gilberts he knew. For the first time in weeks a genuine smile appeared on Morrison's face, and he could very easily have shouted, so happy was he.

At that moment he did not think of how strange it was that this young lady should resemble Claire so strongly. Only one thought filled his mind. He would call on her the very next evening and the important question should not be delayed any longer. But he did not have to wait until the fol- lowing night to see her, for a little later Miss Gilbert said that she ex- pected her Cousin Claire that evening.

It was about half an hour later when Claire Gilbert came, and as Mor- rison stepped forward to greet her, something in the way her eyes fell under his gaze told him that he had not been mistaken when he had imag- ined that she cared for him just a lit- tle. He had no opportunity that night to say what he wanted so much to say; but before Saunders and he took their leave, he asked her if he might call the following night, and managed to add in a voice that only she could hear that he intended to ask her some- thing. The blush which crimsoned her sweet face made him very happy, for he guessed what his answer would be. And Morrison was not disappointed.—Routledge Post.

GRINDING TEA INTO POWDER.

Makes as good, if Not Better, Beverage Than the Whole Leaf.

History tells us that when coffee was first brought to the cities of Western Europe the first makers of it were Turks. They roasted and ground the berries and served the liquor as it is served to this day in the East—grits and all. We still drink coffee as we drank it then, with this difference that we mostly omit the grits and drink an infusion instead of a decoction. It was not so with tea. No Chinaman was im- ported with the first pound of tea to teach us how to make and drink it. The consequence has been that we have never drunk tea in the Chi- nese way—that is, as a simple infusion.

At first there seems to have been great doubt as to how to deal with the new herb. It is even said that it was sometimes boiled, with spinach. The old phrase, "a dish of tea," seems to bear out this legend. Finally it came to be settled that the most wholesome and pleasant way to treat the tea leaf was to make it into a kind of sweet soup with sugar and milk or cream. I have personal knowledge of no country in Europe but one where tea is used as in China—Portugal which got its know- ledge of tea making from a province of China, with which at that time no other nation of Europe was in con- tact.

It was while traveling on horseback with a guide in the wilder parts of Portugal, away from the shops and towns, where we had perforce to make experiments in the most economical use of the few ounces of tea and cof- fee that we could afford to carry with us that we hit upon a discovery. Having no milk we drank our tea as most Portuguese drink theirs, as a simple infusion, sweetened with su- gar.

I remembered to have read, I be- lieve in the travels of Abbe Huc that when the Chinese desire to be thrifty in the use of the finer and more ex- pensive teas they grind the leaf to powder and use less for the infusion. We found that tea could be ground in a coffee mill as easily as coffee, that tea made with the powder is as good as or better than when made with the whole leaf, and that the powder, as it naturally would go further than the tea leaf.—London Times.

Bride Did Some Thinking, Too.

A bridal couple recently came be- fore the Registrar in a small town in Mecklenburg. The official in ques- tion asked the bridegroom if he would take the woman as his wedded wife. He answered "No, I must think the matter over.

There was consternation and pro- testation among the assembled com- pany, and the bridegroom finally ac- cepted for an hour in which to reflect. He then shut himself up alone in a room and spent an hour meditating on the future.

At the end of that time the couple made their second appearance before the Registrar. The bridegroom re- plied to the usual question with a joyful "Yes!"

The official then asked the bride the same question. Her reply was very odd and distinct.

No, she said, "I can't accept such a wretched, weak minded in- dividual as a husband."

She then drew herself up with scornful dignity and left the room.

Man's Pockets.

A fairly well-equipped gentleman true to his calling and to his friends carries quite a kit of tools. There is a jackknife, a match box, a cigar- cutter, a nail file, a corkscrew, a finger nail tool and possibly a finger- holder, and some good fire-centers to give away. And yet good women wonder what he finds to put in his pocket.

To facilitate further the business of just hanging around, he must have a little money, a handkerchief, bunch of keys, fountain pen, some lead pencils and sharpener, eye glasses, note- book, watch, old letters, papers or more or less supposed value and a cardcase. Not one pocket could be spared unless it is the one on his right hand, and that looks so sweet.—N.Y. Lighter ("N.Y.") Times.

Germany's Telegraphy.

Wireless telegraphy is rapidly com- ing into commercial utility in Ger- many, and large numbers of "spark messages," as such telegrams are called, are transmitted daily at a cent a word. There is a service in operation between Denmark and Prussia, while two German steamers running between Kiel and Korsoor are equip- ped with instruments and maintain continuous communication with both the German and Danish land stations.—Scientific American.

Light of Plants and Flowers.

The strange phosphorescent quali- ty of some plants and flowers is not exactly the same as that possessed by animal matter, but it is as little understood. It seems to be an absorp- tion of light and a subsequent libera- tion of it. If a nasturtium is pluck- ed during sunshine and carried into a dark room, the eye, after a few min- utes, will discover the flower by the light emitted from its leaves.

Child Insurance in Belgium.

Insurance of children under the age of three years has been forbid- den in Belgium. It was discovered that a certain nurse had insured sev- en or eight children under her care without the knowledge of the parents. All the children died and the nurse collected the insurance.

THE POPE'S NEPHEW.

Describes the Visit He Made to His Uncle at the Vatican.

Pius X.'s nephew, Don Giambattista Parolla, has been in Rome where he has been treated with unaccustomed respect at the Vatican. A parish priest is not usually a great personage, but when he becomes the nephew of a Pope the situation is changed. On his return Don Giambattista has many things to relate to an admiring circle of friends and neighbors. "Uncle Gu- seppe," he said, "is now very well and happy, but I think he finds the restrictions of his new life rather irk- some. For instance, four cooks! What does one poor man want with four cooks? They say that too many cooks spoil the broth, and certainly they do at the Vatican. Uncle would be quite contented with the broth made by Gilda (his niece), and it does not take four men to cook a slice of roast beef and a few beans." Here Don Giambattista stopped for breath, while his admiring audience of village worthies exchanged glances of rapture at having such intimate details of a Pope.

"Then in the garden," he went on, "was not man given his legs to walk with?" There they want to put him in a box (sedan chair) to carry him downstairs, and then into a carriage surrounded by guards. That is no life for a man. But his Holiness takes his own line, walks down stairs, and in the garden dismisses the guards, hav- ing only one companion—me some- times," he added with pride.

"I'll tell you another thing," he ran on. "They don't like us Venetians much at the Vatican. One day I was in the antechamber and I heard some of those grand messengers whispering together, and one of them said quite loud, 'We shall have no peace until these Venetians are gone.' But they have not gone yet, and they never will," he added triumphantly.—Pall Mall Gazette.

An Ambulance Doctor.

"You have heard of the humorous- ness of young doctors," inquired the man who had been so ting off some of the fallings of youth. "Well, just see if you ever heard the like of this: When I was living in an apartment house in New York on the fifth story, two painters were at work, painting the exterior. The ladder on which they were at work was without a rail, which is required by law. Both young men seemed reckless for I watched one as he braved against the wall and threw out the ladder by the pressure of his feet, while his companion reack- ed across an angle of the wall to plant a distan trip. It was a most fool- hardy trick. Not a minute later there was a crash. The ladder had swung back and lurched the young man down upon the pavement five stories below.

"Of course, I telephoned at once for an ambulance. In it was the druggist and a young doctor. The latter came into the courtyard and approached the injured man, who lay moaning on the flagstones. He lifted his hand to feel his pulse and asked:

"'Does your head ache?'"

"'Now wouldn't that jar you? com- pleted the New Yorker, whose lip curled with scorn at the memory of the scene.'—Lewiston Journal.

Not a Good Looker.

From the mountains of Camden, Me., comes a story of a Philadelphia mer- chant who has a summer cottage in that village and who wished to ex- change a lively horse which he owned with a French-Canadian who had a more gentle animal, which women and children could drive. The Frenchman was willing to trade, but for some reason insisted upon repeating to the visitor that the local horse did not "look" as well as the one belonging to the Philadelphia man.

An exchange satisfactory to both parties was eventually made, and the first time the visitor's wife took the new horse out for a drive she discov- ered that the beast was as blind as a mole. A few days later, when the rusticator met the Frenchman, he said:

"See here, you rascal! that horse you swapped with me for mine was stone blind. Why didn't you tell me of it at the time?"

"Ah'm bin try to tell you all Ah'm bin know how fer to tell. Ah'm bin say my horse was no look lak you horse—blam! eef you no hear me."—Philadel- phia Ledger.

The Life of Seeds.

A series of experiments is being made by the Department of Agricul- ture to determine how long seeds of various kinds will retain their power of germination if they are buried in the ground. The experiments are to be made in the most systematic man- ner, the burying having been done at the Arlington farm last December. The seeds were packed with dry clay in porous clay pots, covered with saw- dusts, and were buried at various depths from 6 inches to 3 1/2 feet. There are upward of 3,000 pots, more than 100 kinds of seed being repre- sented. Tests are to be made at the end of various years, from 1 to 50. One of the officials of the department re- cently reported a case in which seeds responded to germination tests after being buried for twenty years.

Applying the Axiom.

"Mistakes will happen in the best regulated families," quotes the apolo- gic one.

"Mebbe," concedes the vinegary one, "but it isn't any sign that a fam- ily is well regulated just because it runs so strong to the making of mis- takes."—Life.

A woman is Nature's masterpiece or practice work.—Houston (Texas) Chronicle.