DIABLO AND SOLDIER

One of the Many Tales Told in a Mexican Market Place.

By J. S. M'GRATH.

Once upon a time a country whose name is always in the big history books had one of its many wars with a neighboring country, but it was over now, so the soldiers were dismissed until the next war, because in time of peace their services were not needed.

One Bauth especially, who had been one of the most valiant in the campaign, found himself without knowledge or means to gain a livelihood, as outside the business of killing men he had learned to do nothing. He took his gun, then his only possession, and started out seeking some way to preserve the life which so many times he had risked in battle with boldest temerity.

For some time he lived more on alms than anything else. One day when he was very tired from having walked not a few leagues he seated himself under the shade of some trees by the roadside and in a trice was sleeping profoundly. Presently he was awakened and raising his head he saw before him a very grand personage.

Richly dressed indeed was he, with a cloak of dark red silk and a great sword at his belt; but he had a face that inspired terror, with a long and pointed nose. The soldier understood at once with whom he must deal; that the stranger was no other than the devil himself.

"I know very well what you need," said the strange man.

"That is easy—money, much money," exclaimed the soldier.

"You shall have all the money you care for if you will do all I tell you. But first I wish to be convinced you are not a coward."

"Soldier and coward! You should know that cannot be."

"We shall see. Turn your head."

The soldier turdned his head and saw coming toward him a great bear, with open mouth and the intention, without doubt, of devouring him. The soldier aimed his gun, saying meanwhile:

"It seems you like to snarl and growl; I will relieve you of the habit by putting a bullet into your mouth."

The gun was fired, and as the soldier had said, the bullet entered by the mouth, bringing the bear to the ground.

"I see you are very courageous," said the devil. "Now if you want to be very rich you must do as I say."

"I will, unless it be to sell you my soul," replied the soldier.

"That will depend upon yourself. Listen. During the next seven years you must not bathe yourself, nor cut your hair, nor your finger nails, nor wear any other clothes, nor cloak than this of mine which I shall give you. If you do these things, when the seven years are completed you will remain entirely free and rich—rich as the richest. But if you die before finishing the seven years your soul will go to the infernal regions."

"Accepted!" cried the valiant youth, after reflecting a moment.

The devil threw him the long mantle which he wore, saying:

"Always when in need of money you will have no more to do than to put your hand into your pocket and you will take out all the gold money you want."

And without another word he disappeared.

The young soldier put on the cloak the devil had given him and wished to make the test at once. He ran his hand into the pocket, and sure enough took it out full of shining gold.

So, very happy, he set off to try his luck and enjoy without stint all that can be acquired with money.

All went well during the first year, for although he did not wash himself nor cut his hair nor his nails he did not yet inspire great repugnance. But when the time had about half passed his face had become more like that of a wild beast than of a man, and he had to pay well in gold for all he got. Even so the day came when no one would shelter him, he was so ill looking.

With his long hair, the face of the poor soldier was taking the look of a wild animal, and his nails resembled the claws of a tiger; his clothes were torn and dirty. More than once he had to sleep out of doors because no one would rent him lodgings, not even the poorest, and the seventh year of his promise had not arrived.

One day when the poor soldier was half sitting, half lying on the grass under some bushes in the country, pondering over his condition and wishing the end of the seven years would come quickly, he heard the voice of a man. It was the devil who approached and said.

"You have won. You were courageous. Free you are and free you remain forever, and forever rich." And then he planned to disappear, but the soldier called to him:

"Hear me, Senor Diablo. It falls to thee to rid me of all this load I bear and leave me clean as I was seven years past."

There was no way out of it, the devil had to obey, and in the twinkle of an eye left the soldier as handsome as before, and even handsomer, after which he disappeared, grumbling and muttering to himself.

The happy soldier hastened to the first city on his road and there bought the richest garments he could find, and thus splendidly attired went to the house of the good and beautiful doncella.

No one recognized him. All thought him a gran senor. So the two older girls retired to array themselves in costumes to receive him worthily, while the youngest remained near him, sad and pensive.

Then the soldier filled a crystal cup with wine and dropping the half of the ring, which he guarded, into it, proffered it to the girl to drink. This she did and saw the piece of ring. At once she produced the other half and, in the midst of her suspense, the soldier embraced her, saying:

"You have been faithful and remembered me. I then have come to keep my word."

FORECAST OF COMING YEARS

Life as It May Be in the Future If the Present Tendency of Things Continues.

"And now, Henry," said Mrs. Weakersex, as she rose from the breakfast table and lighted a cigar, "don't neglect anything while I am at the office. When the milkwoman comes get a double quantity and see that she gives you full measure.

"Then ask the mailwoman about those letters that were to be sent here instead of the office, and when the plumberess comes to fix the bathtub get her to attend to the faucet at the kitchen sink.

"I think, in all probability, the paintress who is going to varnish the hall stairs will be here today, and I am sure the woman who installed the furnace will be here this morning to open it up for the winter.

"Then I wish you would call up some bricklayeress, my dear, and get an estimate on a little strip of three foot wall to run from the stable to the garage; and while you are about it see if you can't get a competent woman to clean out the cistern and put in the coal, won't you?

"I'm going to change the stable girls, too, but I shan't bother about that today. I want to keep my mind clear about all worries, for those Wall street operatoresses are getting too keen for any use. They keep me guessing all the time. When I am a bulless I see where I should have been a bearess, and vice versa.

"But I'll beat 'em yet. Just watch me. I haven't been going to a nerve doctoress for a year for nothing.

"And, now, whatever you do, keep a sharp eye open for pedleresses and trampesses. Don't let them in the house. And as for Ella, the chauffeuress, if I hear of your making eyes at her again I'll discharge her tomorrow.

"And, finally, if any such thing as a man should come about turn him over to the policewoman immediately."—Exchange.

GOT THE HORSEFLY RATTLED

Ferocious Insect Couldn't Draw Blood From the Auto, and Consequently Was Annoyed.

Now that automobiles have become so numerous and the number of horses on the country roads is diminishing, the horsefly has tackled the automobile. Any automobilist that drives along the country roads may notice the old-fashioned horsefly, the pest and the terror of good old Dobbin, as it darts in, over, under, and around his machine. A horsefly will follow an automobile for miles in this way, and it strikes at the machine just as it used to strike at a horse and make him jump in agony.

One automobilist who was on the road a few days ago found a big horsefly fitting around and in and out of his machine. The fly struck at the sides of his machine, but, of course, it made no impression. Apparently surprised at its failure to "nick off" an appetizing morsel, the fly struck again and again. It tried the glass of the windshield. Next it struck at the hood of the machine with the same unsatisfactory result. After it had been baffled in this manner and had tried every part of the machine without getting a bite of anything to eat, the horsefly seemed to get a "hunch."

He abandoned the unproductive metal structure of the machine, on which he would have starved to death, and made a dash at the occupants of the car. Again and again he struck at them, and they were kept as busy for a half mile as any horse ever was by a horsefly. Finally, however, the fly gave up the chase and fell by the roadside.

Tea Tempers English Wrath.

Tea, it would seem, has had something to do with the production of the calmness for which the Englishman is supposed to be famous. In the days of the big breakfast (with beer) vast quantities of wine were also taken, and, according to Sir Dalter Besant, the stimulating diet generally made our forefathers far more easily moved than we are.

All classes of men he says, were swifter to wrath and more prone to sudden outbursts than at present. Those were the days when men ate honey with their beef and put sugar in everything, so that the teeth of the nation were almost entirely black.—London Chronicle.

Ladies First.

"Some day you may be president of the United States," said the candidate who was out getting next to the hearts of the people.

"You won't make any hit with that kind of talk around here,' replied the small boy. "We're a votes-for-women family. Go tell it to sister."

BRITISH WOUNDED ARRIVE AT FOLKSTONE

Two wounded soldiers of a Highland regiment sent back to England for treatment, photographed on their arrival at Folkstone.

FRENCH TAKE THINGS EASY

While Cherishing Love for Academy They Never Miss Chance to Make It Object of Wit.

The French are not inclined to take things too seriously. Thus, while they love and respect the venerable French academy, they never refrain from making it the subject of a little good natured wit. Even the members themselves, as this entry in Victor Hugo's notebook will show, indulge in occasional sallies against the famous institution.

On December 17th, 1846, Victor Hugo, himself one of the forty "immortal" members of the academy, wrote in his notebook:

"Today, Thursday, in the academy. I spoke there with Dupin the elder about Balzac and of his chances of election to the academy.

"'Thunder!' Dupin interrupted me 'So you really believe that, without any more to-do, Balzac will be chosen the first time he comes up for election! You quote examples where that has occurred, but these prove nothing. Think of it! Balzac, at the first presentation of his name! You have thought the matter over carefully? Good! But you have forgotten one reason why it is quite impossible that Balzac should be elected to the academy—he deserves it!'"

Looks That Way.

Belle—Has he proposed yet?

Beulah—Not yet.

"What's the matter with him?"

"I don't know; he just sits and watches me."

"Oh, I guess he believes in the policy of watchful waiting, probably."

ACTRESS CAPABLE OF IDEAS

Maude Fealy Sees Many Possibilities in the Popularity of the Moving Pictures.

Maude Fealy is an actress whose conversation radiates interesting ideas. Here are a few words from the lips of the star: "To be a moving picture artist, only half of the requisites are required, because diction and voice are lost by the screen actor. I think pictures will bring back one-act plays. Pictures teach us brevity, that is, good pictures do."

Maude Fealy.

For nearly a year Maude Fealy has been appearing in feature pictures, and during that time in addition to her picture work has also been responsible for numerous scenarios. She photographs well, and has brought to bear her varied experience as a dramatic star all of which has contributed to her success on the screen.

Disgusted.

John—I see that a New York policeman is charged with mendacity.

Jim—That's the way with those high-brow officials. Always trumping up something new and far-fetched. Why don't they get after the liars an' grafters?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HELIOGRAPHER OF THE CROWN PRINCE

Heliographer of the famous "Death's Head" regiment, commanded by the German crown prince, sending dispatches to the troops on the battlefield.

FABLES IN SLANG

by GEORGE ADE

The New Fable of the Two Philanthropic Native Sons Who Brought Home the Bacon.

Once there were two Home Boys who sallied forth from a straggling Village in search of an irrational Female known as Dame Fortune.

When they had covered enough Ground to be far away from the elderly Relations and no one could point out the Houses in which they were born they began to Deliver.

It was a sad Jolt to the Walking Vegetables back in the Stockade when they heard, on Good Authority, that Ezra and Bill were slamming it over the Plate and batting above .400.

They simply wagged the ossified Domes and hoped the Boys were getting it Honestly.

Ezra and Bill, up among the Inflammatory Posters and the nervous Electric Signs, kept on playing Tag with the Sherman Act until they had it in Oodles and Bundles and Bales and Stacks.

Finally, when they became so prosperous that they had to wear Shoes specially made, with Holes in the top, they began to be troubled with Tender Recollections of Humble Birthplace.

They yearned to elbow out from the Congested Traffic of the cold and heartless City and renew Sweet Associations.

They wanted to wander once more down the Avenues of Rhubarb and clasp hands with Old Friends whose simple Hearts averaged about 14 Throbs to the Minute.

It is the regulation Dream of every Financial Yeggman to go back to his Old Town wearing a Laurel Wreath and have the School Children throw Moss Roses in his Pathway.

So Ezra sent on a Proposition.

He wanted to build a Library at the corner of Fifth and Main, thereby making it easy for his old Neighbors to read the Six Best Sellers without plugging the Author's Game.

He offered to give 20,000 bucks if the Citizens would raise 5,000 more and maintain the Thing.

Ezra had not been in the Habit of reading anything except the Tape and he cared about as much for George Bernard Shaw as George Bernard Shaw cared for him.

Nevertheless, he wanted to be remembered 50 Years hence as the Man who built the Library and not as the Guy who dealt from the Bottom of the Deck, utilizing the Sleeve Device and the Bosom Hold-Out.

By the use of Anaesthetics and Forceps the 5,000 was secured.

Then the Building was erected and the only Criticism made was that the Location was poor and the dod-blasted Concern looked like a Barn and it was arranged wrong inside and nobody didn't want no Library nohow.

When Ezra came down to the Dedication to face an outraged and tax-burdened People he was just as popular as Tonsilitis or Sciatica.

Bill came back also.

He floated into Town one day and appeared in Jimison's General Store and called for a Good Cigar.

He told Mr. Jimison to take one and called up the Boys around the Stove and even those who were chewing were told to put 'em in their Pockets and smoke 'em after while.

When the Word got out that Bill was Buying over at the Bee Hive representative Citizens came on the Jump from the Harness Shop and the Undertaking Parlors and the Elite Bowling Alley.

Every Man that showed got a Lottie Lee with a Band around it and when Bill left on the 3:40 a Mob followed him to the Train.

Ever after that the Word was freely passed around that Bill was a Prince.

MORAL—In scattering Seeds of Kindness do it by Hand and not by Machinery.

The New Fable of the Passing Up of the Wonderful Meal of Vittles.

Once upon a Time a Rugged Character from the Middle West was in New York City fixing up a Deal.

Although he wore overlapping Cuffs and a ready-made Tie, he had a Rating, so a certain Promoter with an Office in Broad Street found it advisable to make a Fuss over him.

The Promoter invited the prospective Mark to Luncheon and arranged to have the same served in a snug Corner entirely screened by Oleanders and Palms.

When the Visitor entered the far-famed Establishment and found himself entirely protected from the Vulgar Gaze he knew that at last he was in the Headquarters for sure-enough Food.

"What is it?" he asked, gazing into the limpid Amber of the First Course.

"Turtle Soup," replied the Host.

"We shoot the Blame Things just for Practice, out our Way," said the Guest, "but if I went Home and told my Wife I'd been eatin' Turtle she wouldn't live with me."

So the Alsatian Nobleman hurried it away and substituted a Tid-Bit with Cray-Fish as the principal Ornament in the Ensemble.

"It's a Craw-Dabber!" exclaimed the horrified Man from the Prairies. "I see Ten Million of them little Cusses every Spring, but I wouldn't touch one with a Ten Foot Pole."

To relieve the embarrassing Situation, the Host gave a Sign and the Menials came running with the Third Course, a tempting array of Frog Saddles.

"A Frog is a Reptile," said the Hoosier, backing away from the Table. "I've heard they were Et, but I never believed it. I can go out any Morning and gather a Car-Load."

The next Serving was Breast of Guinea Hen with Mushrooms under Glass on the Side.

"On my Farm I've got a lot of these Things," said the Guest, poking at the Guinea Hen timidly with his Fork. "We use them as Alarm Clocks, but I'd just as soon eat a Turkey Buzzard."

"How about the Mushrooms?"

"Eight People in our Township were poisoned this Summer from foolin' with that Truck. My pasture's speckled with 'em, but we never pick 'em. Most of them are Toadstools. I tried a Real One once at a K. P. Banquet. It tasted a good deal like a Rubber Glove."

The only remaining Item before Dessert was a tempting Salad of Water Cress.

The Guest identified it as something that grew in the Crick below the Spring and was commonly classified as Grass.

"Perhaps you had better order for Yourself," said the Host, as the lowly Water Cress followed the others into the Discard.

The Guest motioned the Waiter to come close and said: "I want a nice Oyster Stew and some Sparkling Burgundy."

MORAL—A Delicacy is Something not raised in the same County.

The New Fable of the Unruffled Wife and the Gallus Husband.

One day a Married Woman who was entitled to a long row of Service Stripes on her Sleeve sat in the Motor and watched the remainder of the Sketch try out his new trick Monoplane.

He scooted away with the Buzzer working overtime and soon was cloud-hopping about a Mile overhead.

When he began doing the Eagle Swoops and the Corkscrew Dips, which so often serve as a Prelude to a good

Wifey Never Batted an Eye.

First Page Story with a picture of the Remains being sorted out from the Debris, most of the Spectators gasped and felt their Toes curling inside of their Shoes, but Wifey never batted an Eye.

With only one little Strand of Wire or perchance a Steering Knuckle standing between her and a lot of Insurance Money she retained both her Aplomb and the Lorgnette.

"How can you bear to watch it?" asked a Lady Friend, who was heaving perceptibly.

"Listen," replied the Good Woman. "For many Snows I have been sitting on the Side Lines watching the Dear Boy take Desperate Chances. To begin with, he married into Our Family. Once, at Asbury Park, he acted as Judge at a Baby Show. Later he put a lot of Money into a Bank, the President of which wore Throat Whiskers and was opposed to Sunday Base Ball. He has played Golf on Public Links, hunted Deer during the Open Season in the Adirondacks and essayed the Role of Claude Melnotte in Amateur Theatricals. Once he attended a Clam Bake and took everything that was Passed. At another time he made a Speech when the Alumni celebrated a Foot Ball Victory. Frequently he goes Shopping with me. Last year he acted as Angel for a Musical Comedy. The Driver of our Car is a Frenchman. And don't overlook the Fact that for Six Years he has been a Stock Broker. He may fall at any Moment, but if he does he will pick out a Haystack on the way down."

MORAL—The Wright Brothers were not the first to be Up in the Air.