

A PORTRAIT OF SATAN.

THE PHOTOGRAPH OF WHICH NO COPY WAS TAKEN.

It Was Printed on the Body of a Mysterious Old Man in the Rocky Mount Inn by the Flash That Killed Him According to the Story of the Guide.

'As a contribution to the scientific knowledge of the unseen world, this story has no authoritative value,' said the man from the West, 'but it may nevertheless be true. I cannot give it as direct testimony, and it cannot be backed with affidavits. When I heard it I was at least compelled to look as if I believed it, for it was told to me by a cross-grained Rocky Mount guide who was known to be a dead shot and was reputed to have a private graveyard. He told the story with a quiet dignity that was not customary with him when spinning yarns for the benefit of tenderfeet, and it made such an impression on my mind that I do not think I have forgotten a single detail.

'Five years ago I secured a job as mining expert for a company that was developing claims in various parts of the Rocky Mountains and made many excursions into the wildest parts of the region. On one of these trips I made up my mind to get a photograph of a golden eagle in its native haunts and I succeeded, and my success made me talkative. While returning down the mountainside I talked to my guide and perhaps boasted a little about feats I had performed with the camera. He listened with polite interest, but offered no comment until the last night of our trip. We were smoking our pipes beside the fire. After the conversation had dwindled down to occasional remarks my guide suddenly startled me by asking:

'Do you believe in the devil?'
'Sometimes,' I replied.
'Well, I believe in him all the time, and if I had that camera of yours once and knew how to use it, I could have clicked off a picture of the old boy for you.'

'Did you see him?'
'No, but I saw his picture once.'

'O, there have been lots of pictures of him but none of them was a photograph. They were made by artists who imagined what he looked like.'

'I know, but this wasn't made by any artist, and if it wasn't a photograph I'd like to know what it was. But it wasn't a photograph that I could get a spare copy of.'

'I waited for him to tell his story and shall give it here chiefly in his own words, though I shall not attempt to produce his dialect or his slow tones. It was entirely picturesque, for he was a thorough mountaineer and uneducated to an interesting degree. The fact that he was entirely without education makes it less probable that he fabricated the story he told.

'In the early sixties,' he said, 'I was doing some prospecting on my own account and did a lot of wandering over the mountains in these parts. One day I had worked my way up a particularly wild gorge I came out on a little table land where I thought I would camp for the night. I gathered a lot of wood and built a fire before it got dark, and was starting in to broil some venison when I heard something stirring behind me. I grabbed my gun and turned round and there, standing looking at me, was one of the damndest looking men I ever clapped eyes on. He looked as tall as a telegraph pole and as lean as a snake. He had no hat and only a little fringe of hair, but his whiskers were long and came down to his point on his chest. It was the eyes of him that caught me, though, for they were like the eyes of a mountain lion.

'Good evening, neighbor,' says I to him.

'He didn't say a word for a minute, but just stood looking at me. Then he raised his hand and pointed down the way I came.

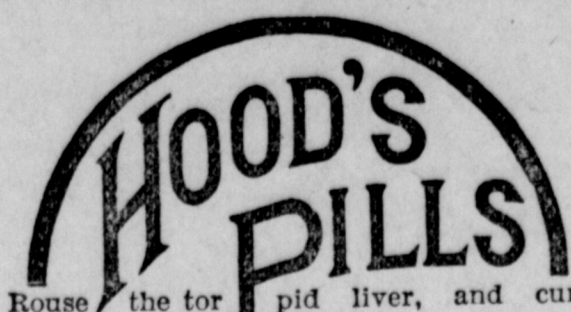
'Go,' says he.

'What for?' says I.

'Go, go, or it will be worse for you. No man ever comes here,' he says.

'Well, there's one come now and he is going to stay until he's ready to go,' I says.

'The fellow let a laugh out of him that fairly raised my hair, but not seeing any gun about him I didn't budge. Then he turned and walked off. He had given me a little turn, but I hadn't time to think of that for a storm began to rumble along the mountain side. In a few minutes it was pitch dark and the awfullest lightning I ever saw began to flash and sputter from the clouds. I shifted my pack to the side of a solid looking rock that would be some



protection to me, and did some cursing at that old duffer. I knew he must have a cabin of some sort nearby, and if I could have found it that night, I would have slept dry, even if we had to fight for it. Well, the rain just pelted and poured all night, and I was wet and savage when I got up in the morning. After I got some breakfast I waited around till the weather cleared a bit and began to examine the rocks. I found some that struck me as being the right thing, and forgot all about my old crank until I was building my fire for supper again. He came back just as he did the night before.

'Go,' he said, 'haven't you had your warning?'
'I had a wetting,' said I, 'but if I could have found your roost I would have bunked with you last night. Where do you sleep anyway?'
'Go, lest a worse thing befall you. This mountain is mine and the storms are mine,' he said.

'Well, I must say you keep a good brand of both mountain and storm,' I said. 'Does there happen to be any gold in your mountain?'
'He didn't answer me, but walked away as he did on the night before. And just the same as on the night before a storm began to gather. But it came from another direction and my rock was no use for shelter. I picked up my pack and was starting to hunt for another place by the lightning flashes when I happened to look up to the top of a cliff ahead of me, and here was the wild man standing against the sky waving his arms. I stood as if I was rooted there, for I have heard lots of queer stories, and a fellow never knows what's true or what isn't. What struck me as queer was that every time he waved his arms the lightning blazed and the thunder rolled nearer. Of course, I only saw him when the lightning flashed, but the flashes always came and went while his arms were going up and down. The rain just spilled down, but it seemed as if I couldn't move, and the thunder deafened me. At last the mountain side was lit all the time, and there was that man waving his arms up and down like mad. Just as I thought the end of the world was coming, there was an awful blizz that covered him with blue flame, and in a second the whole place was dark. Before it got dark I thought I saw him fall; but what happened next was so strange that I was too scared to think of that. The clouds rolled away and the stars came out. There wasn't another thunderclap or lightning flash, and it wasn't that I was soaked to skin and the ground was covered with puddles. I couldn't have been sure that there had been a storm at all.

'Of course I couldn't light a fire and I couldn't sleep, so I just sat there and shivered until morning. When the light came at last I looked up to where I saw the man standing, and saw what seemed to be one of his arms hanging over the side of the cliff. When the sun came out I saw that it was a man's arm, and as I got over my scare in the daylight I started to climb up to where he was. He was sprawled out on the rock stone dead. I looked around and for the first time saw the cabin where he lived. As the door was open I looked in and saw nothing except a rough cot on the floor, a table made from a slab and a shelf with three or four leather bound books. But I didn't stay long to look at things for it didn't seem right to leave him lying out there dead on the rock, whatever sort of a man he might be. I climbed down and got my pick and shovel and dug a grave in a corner where there were some earth, and then started to fix him up to be buried. Say, have you ever seen a man that was killed by lightning?'
This was the first question he had asked of me since he had begun to tell the story, and I felt somewhat relieved at having a chance to hear my own voice again for the darkness and his monotonous tones affected me. 'No,' I replied, 'I never have.'

'Well, I suppose you have heard of people killed that way having pictures of a house or tree or something that was near by on them?'
I admitted that I had.

'Well, when I turned that fellow over I saw on his breast, burnt right in his yellow skin, a picture of the devil that had

been photographed on him by the flash of lightning that had killed him. If I had that camera of yours I might have taken a picture of it.

'The ghastly possibilities of such a photograph were beyond anything I had ever dreamed of, and I shuddered involuntarily. But my guide was watching me with a suspicious air that suggested that any incredulity on my part would be regarded as the deadliest insult. I thought it wise to show some immediate interest, and asked:

'What did he look like?'
'Not like anything I ever saw. He looked to be swooping down from the sky just as you see a vulture come down.'

'I know,' I replied. 'I have a picture of a vulture that I got by putting a dead horse at the bottom of a cliff a thousand feet high and then waiting till a vulture fell from the sky near enough for me to get a snap at him. It is the best picture in my collection.'

'It wouldn't be if you had that picture.' 'Indeed it wouldn't; but can't you tell me more exactly what it looked like?'
'I don't want to. It gives me the shakes whenever I think of it, and I'll have nightmares for a week after thinking of it now. I don't see why I was such a fool as to tell you about it.'

'He went surlily to his blankets and not another word could I get from him on the subject that night. In the morning I ventured to ask him what had become of the books in the cabin. He turned on me savagely.

'Why won't you let me forget it?' and his hollow face became pale. A landslide caused by the storms buried the cabin and almost buried me, and I was mighty well satisfied to get away from there. I dreamed that he was swooping down on me last night just as he was in the picture. Don't talk to me about it.'

'Of course there are many explanations that suggest themselves a tattoo mark that had been scorched by the lightning flash, for instance; but I am thoroughly convinced from the actions of the narrator that he saw a picture and one calculated to freeze him with terror. Of course it seems incredible, and yet more incredible things are believed on every side. For myself I do not venture an opinion. I simply tell the story as it was told to me.'

HUNTING PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

There are Places in Illinois Where Keen Sport may be had.

Perhaps no game law is so respected in Illinois as the one protecting prairie chickens. Its provisions are framed to pay strict heed to the habits of the birds, and its rigid enforcement during the past few years has caused them to thrive. There is nothing that is more enjoyed by a true Illinois sportsman than chicken shooting, and as it requires a fine gun, and either a pair of pointers or setters the sport is generally confined to the better grade of hunters. Years ago when the broad prairies of this part of the State were free from cultivation, when there were no divisional or sectional lines, and when barbed wire fences were unknown, the present season of this year would find the prairies literally alive with ruffed grouse, and any one who possessed the least knowledge of shooting found no difficulty in bagging plenty of the game.

With the advance of civilization and the cultivation of the lands this attractive feathered game was preyed upon to such an extent that to find a brace of ruffed grouse at present is considered a rarity. But the hunting of grouse in the early days and gunning for prairie chicken at the present time have little semblance. The two birds are closely allied and by many are even now considered the same, yet there is a difference. The chicken is considerably larger than it near relative, and is much more domesticated in its habits. It thrives well in fields that are in cultivation the greater part of the year, while the ruffed grouse puts its habits further from cultivation.

Sun-up on the morning of Sept. 1 found every prospective field covered and every available dog sniffling the air for a scent. The heavy rains of the fore part of the summer made the stubble ground rank with vegetation affording most excellent shelter for the birds. In the early morn-

ing the dogs work well. The slight dew that falls during the night moistens the weeds and grasses, making the trail, when once found, easily followed. The men keep a distance of twenty or thirty yards behind the leading dogs and the retriever, which is always taken when obtainable, is near the men. The dogs move cautiously. Stop, point, there is a flutter, a rapid whirl of wings, the birds get well in the air and a rapid cross fire is poured into the bunch, the range being about forty yards. The retriever springs forward and does his share of the work, and the first raise of a flock generally yields from five to eight birds for two gunners.

The scattered birds fly almost beyond range of the eye, but the dogs are up at it again. But not for long. The broiling sun is now mounting high in the sky, and every particle of moisture has disappeared from the grass. To attempt to find the scent again is useless, for the dogs' nostrils clog and they choke from the dust from the stubble. The gunners attempt to "walk up" the birds, and by sheer luck stumble on another bunch. Their rapid rise and quick flight catches the men a little off the guard, but several more fat young birds are bagged from this bunch. The scattered birds of the first flock are now found and the sportsmen single out their bird. Even the retriever is tired and hot now, and 10 o'clock sees the day's sport ended with fourteen birds as the result, an excellent day's work.

The experience of one party is that of another. Little hunting is done at any other time than early in the morning. The open season in Illinois begins on Sept. 1, and lasts only thirty days and the law requires that no other weapon than a shotgun shall be used for killing the game. Though the season is not half over, so diligently have the birds been hunted that they have become wild and scattered, and the gunner is indeed fortunate who gets nearer than forty yards a bunch.

The broad prairies of Illinois have ever been the habitat of the prairie chicken and the rich meadows and tall stubble afford the birds excellent breeding and hiding places. The heavy timber along the water-courses gives ample protection during the severe weather. The habits of the birds are closely allied to those of the quail and the partridge. They nest upon the ground during the months of May and June and the young birds are about full grown by the beginning of the open season. One pair of birds have been known to nest three times in one season and the young birds remain in the care of their parents until the following mating season. They roost upon the ground nestled closely together and oftentimes become very bold, even entering the farmers' barnyards. The male is distinguishable from the female by the markings upon the tail feathers and the spurs upon the legs.

A Fearful Temperance Lesson.

At Argentine, Kansas, near Kansas City, the big Indian elephant, 'Rajah,' has been wintering with a circus. Rajah had shown at times a very dangerous disposition, but his keeper, Frank Fisher by name, had no trouble, under ordinary circumstances, in managing him.

But all animals, and especially those of dangerous disposition, liked to be approached and dealt with in the manner which is habitual with them. Fisher had been accustomed to put the elephant through certain performances. One day lately Fisher came in intoxicated. He attempted to make the elephant perform. Quite evidently the beast saw that his keeper was not conducting himself in his usual manner, and refused to do what he man ordered.

Then Fisher seized Rajah's trunk and attempted to put him through the movement. Rajah, in anger, wrapped the trunk around the man's arm and crushed it. Then, throwing him violently to the ground, the elephant sought to transfix him with his tusks. Unable to reach him with these, Rajah knelt on him with all his ponderous weight.

Before assistance could be brought, Fisher's life had been crushed out. He had paid a fearful penalty for his intemperance.

Feeding Ragamuffins.

The Rev. C. L. Dodgson, better known by readers of 'Alice in Wonderland' as Lewis Carroll, was a lovable man, who delighted to do good in a quiet way. In his 'Life and Letters' the following story is told by one of his child friends:

My sister and I were spending a day of delightful sightseeing in town with him. We were both children, and were much interested when he took us into an American shop where the cakes for sale were cooked by a very rapid process before your eyes, and hand to you straight from the cook's hands.

As the preparation of them could easily be seen from outside the window, a small crowd of ragamuffins naturally assembled there, and I well remember Mr. Dodgson's piling up seven of the cakes on one arm, taking them out and doling them round to the seven hungry little youngsters.

The simple kindness of the act impressed its charm on his child-friends inside the

shop as much as on his little stranger friends outside.

WEATHER LORE.

Superstitions and Sayings as to the Meaning of Various Signs.

Thunder on Sunday is considered by the weather wise the sign of the death of a great man; on Monday, the death of a woman; on Tuesday, it in early summer, it foretells an abundance of grain; on Wednesday, warfare is threatened; on Thursday, an abundance of sheep and corn, the farmer may reckon upon; on Friday, some great man will be murdered; on Saturday, a general pestilence and great mortality.

Friday's weather shows what may be expected on the following Sunday—that is, if it rains on Friday noon, then it will rain on Sunday, but if Friday be clear, then Sunday will be fine as well.

The twelve days immediately following Christmas denote the weather for the coming twelve months, one day for a month. The day of the month the first snowstorm appears indicates the number of snowstorms the winter will bring. For example, the first snowstorm comes on November 29—look out for twenty-nine storms.

There is an old saying—which originated perhaps for the benefit of school children—that there is only one Saturday in the year without sun during some portion of the day.

A gale, moderating at sunset, will increase before midnight, but if it moderates after midnight the weather will improve.

No weather is still.

If the wind is still.

If the full moon shall rise red expect wind.

The sharper the blast the sooner tis past.

A light yellow sky at sunset presages wind.

When you see Northern lights you may expect cold weather.

Hazy weather is thought to prognosticate frost in winter; snow in spring; fair weather in summer and rain in autumn.

Storms that clear in the night will be followed by a rainstorm.

Three foggy mornings will surely be followed by a rainstorm.

If the ice on the tree melts and runs off rain will come next; while if the wind cracks off the ice snow follows.

When the leaves of trees show their under side there will be rain.

When the perfume of flowers or the odor of fruit is unusually noticed rain may be expected.

When the sky is full of stars expect rain.

If the cat washes herself calmly and smoothly the weather will be fair. If she washes against the grain take your mackintosh. If she lies with her back to the fire there will be a squall.

Cats with their tails up and hair apparently electrified indicate approaching wind.

If pigs are restless there will be windy weather.

The direction in which a loon flies in the morning will be the direction of the wind the next day.

Magpies flying three or four together and uttering harsh cries predict windy weather.

Flocks of crows signify a cold summer.

When the owl nests look out for a storm.

When the swallow flies low rain will come soon; when they fly high expect fine weather.

If the rooster crows at night he will 'get up with a wet head.'

Six weeks from the time the first katydid is heard there will be frost.

A New Form of Kite.

Scientific kite-flying has made great progress in recent years. The Companion has frequently noted the achievements at the Blue Hill Observatory in Milton, Massachusetts. Mr. G. A. Frisvold, of Philadelphia, has borrowed an idea from the balloon fly, or 'telltale,' used on ships to show the direction of the wind, and has constructed a kite consisting of three cones, one within the other. The mouth of each cone consists of a bamboo circle, to which the silk bag is fastened. The circles in the experimental kite are 12, 18, and 24 inches in diameter, and the cones are 24, 36 and 42 inches in length each, with a two-inch outlet at the end. A little protuberance at the bottom of the outer bamboo hoop shows where a small lump of lead ballast is attached. The weight of the entire construction is seven ounces.

The kite at a height of 1000 feet registered a pull of 16 pounds. It seems to be an easy form of kite for boys and amateurs to construct.

No Smoke and no Flash.

The new French rapid fire gun, invented by Colonel Humbert, is said to make no flash when fired with smokeless powder. The location of such a gun, concealed in grass or shrubbery, would be completely undiscoverable to an enemy.

Gold was Found.

In the discovery of so wonderful a remedy as Nerviline—nerve pain cure. No remedy in the market affords such prompt relief for toothache, neuralgia, and rheumatism. Its action in cramps, colic, &c., is simply marvellous.

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WRITE TO-DAY

Mrs. JULIA C. RICHARD, Box 996, Montreal