

**HIS MASTERPIECE.**

(Copyright by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
In old Paris, in the heart of the crumbling, begrimed Quartier Latin, lived Louis Diable, artist. He was tall and very slender, with narrow shoulders, sunken chest, long arms and legs. His sallow face, with its complement of beady eyes and sharp features offset by black mustache and goatee, marked a striking resemblance to the being whose name he bore.

Because of an extremely limited wardrobe, Diable wore upon all occasions a broadcloth suit of ancient pattern which, though dilapidated, ill-fitting and faded, was in keeping with the other articles of apparel he affected.

Louis worked only when the craving of the inner man demanded sustenance, and during his leisure hours he frequented the cafes of the Quarter or the studios of his bohemian acquaintances.

The productions of his brush were weird and fantastic. Some said he copied Dore; others claimed that such productions could only be conceived by the devil himself.

"The face, the name—mon dieu; he is the devil himself."

The appellation had clung to him through life and had rankled his brain till he dreamed devils and was haunted, during wakeful moments in the silent hours of the night, by grim specters that rose out of dark corners in his room.

Perhaps absinthe, to which he was rapidly enslaving himself, could account for the mad fantasies of his imagination; howbeit, this torture of mind and soul increased with the quantity of wormwood he consumed. The chaff of his associates became intolerable, so he began to seek unfrequented cafes and deserted streets that he might encounter no one who knew him or his peculiar cognomen.

At length Diable resolved to portray upon canvas a being so grotesque, horrible and inhuman that it would indeed be the devil of all devils. It should be his masterpiece! Paris would ring with his name! His acquaintances would taunt him no more; indeed, with fame and fortune in his grasp he would forsake the Quarter and its distasteful associations, and remove to a more pretentious domicile, there to live in ease, happiness and luxury. He would blot the past forever from his memory. Inspired by these ambitions he set to work.

Never had he toiled so assiduously. He scarcely took the requisite time for eating and sleeping. He admitted no one to his studio; was deserted by the few friends who remained loyal to him, and was therefore isolated from the world about him with the picture which slowly crept from his brain to the canvas.

The color seemed to eke from his soul through fingers and brush, every touch of which was an atom of life to the painting that was converting the coarse, white surface into a colossal monster, rising from the depths of an inferno of fire and torture. Several weeks of unceasing application brought his work near completion, and the afternoon of June 2, 188—, found Louis Diable putting the finishing touches on his great "masterpiece."

The figure that towered above him was an uncanny, composite blending of man and the supernatural, though the long, hairy limbs suggested a gorilla and the body a monstrous toad. The leering eyes possessed a snake-like fascination. The molding and treatment of the figure were perfect, and the flesh fairly seemed to quiver in the flames that were licking its surface.

He was now working on the creature's face. He had painted out and repainted it a dozen times, for each time it strangely resembled his own, though in which particular feature he was unable to determine. It bothered him.

He paused a moment and, stepping back a few paces, studied the face attentively through half-closed eyes, tilting his head first to one side and then to the other. Was his imagination tricking him? No; the resemblance was undisputably there. But where. His countenance lighted with a revelation. It was the mouth! Like a spider pouncing upon an emeshed victim, he seized a brush and petulantly dashed a wide daub of crimson across the offending feature. He was amused at the alteration and, with a grunt of satisfaction, drained a generous draught of absinthe—the seventh he had imbued that day.

Physical and mental excesses had reduced Diable to a wreck of his former self, and this slight relaxation forced him to a realization of his condition; so he drew up an easy chair before the picture and dropped languidly into its cushioned depths to rest a moment and smoke a cigarette before resuming his work.

The tired mind and body soon succumbed to the influences of the absinthe and tobacco, and drowsiness overcame him. As the shadows darkened he sank into a deep sleep. The half-burned cigarette dropped from his fingers to the floor and smoldered there, threatening to ignite the oily paint splattered about under the easel, but Louis slept on.

Suddenly he started! The room was ablaze with light! The inferno was

no longer confined to the canvas, but was spreading around him! The monster was moving and stretching a bony arm toward him. He heard the bones crack and the muscles creak as the arm became released from its captivity. He sprang from his chair, horror-stricken, but was seized roughly by the claw-like hand and hurled to the floor, where he lay, dazed and helpless. He tried to cry out, but the smoke and flames which enveloped him choked the cry in his throat.

The devil leaped from the canvas and danced before him, while its mouth widened into a ghastly grin. The crimson which Louis had dashed across it now began to trickle down the chin to the massive chest, adding a tinge of blood to the spectacle.

Louis gazed at the monster with conflicting emotions of rage, fright and disgust, until suffocation roused him to action. Then, with almost insane fury, he jumped to his feet and grappled with his tormentor. He fought him with desperation, as back and forth in the inferno they swayed and struggled together. The characteristics Louis had so cunningly wrought in the demon now came forth in terrible reality. The crushing embrace of the gorilla arms nauseated him and caused his eyeballs to start from their sockets. He made superhuman efforts to extricate himself, but found that he was powerless to do so, pitted against such herculean strength.

The heat of the fire was becoming so intense that Louis felt his flesh singe and crack, but the fiend only screeched and yelled exultantly at him in his agony.

Oh, God! Why had he invented this monster to wreak its dastardly work upon its creator! He could endure the pain no longer—it was consuming him—then came a lucid moment. The truth flashed across his brain! The struggle with the demon had been a cruel hallucination. His room was burning and he was perishing in the fire. He had realized it too late! A yawning abyss opened beneath him. All was darkness. He suffered no longer. He was sinking—sinking.

In the Figaro next day appeared the following news item:

"An apartment building in the Rue St. M— was partially burned early last evening. The fire originated in the studio of Louis Diable, an artist, who, it is feared, lost his life in the flames. The firemen are diligently searching among the ruins and debris for his body. The caretaker of the building says," etc., etc., etc.

**PROPER FREEDOM OF CHILD**

Writer in the Atlantic Finds Some Fault With the Modern System of Training Him.

An exceedingly complex subject, this question of the freedom of the child, writes Simeon Strunsky in the Atlantic. I am not sure that I understand it. Neither am I sure that the militant advocates of the freedom of the child understand it. At any rate, in so many arguments about the rights of the child, I find a lurking argument for the rights of the parents as against the child. The great implication seems to be that the modern way for a mother to love her children is to have the teacher love them for her. The modern way to train the child is to deny him the indulgences which the child, as the victim of several tens of thousands of years of foolish practice, has learned to expect from his parents. The freedom of the child seems to demand that he shall be restrained in his desire for personal communion with his parents which may interfere with the latter's freedom to realize themselves in their own adult interests, whereas at school the child must not be restrained in going about the serious business of his life. There must be method and discipline in the matter of a child's sitting up after supper to wait for father from the office. But he must be allowed the utmost freedom in learning to read numbers up to 1,000 and Roman numerals to XX. No fetters must be imposed upon Harold's personality when he is studying the date of the discovery of America, but there are rigorous limitations on the number of minutes he is to trolie with me in bed or to interrupt me at the typewriter when I am engaged in rapping out copy which the world could spare much more easily than Harold's soul can spare a half-hour of communion with me.

**She Didn't Understand.**  
A Philadelphia employer of a temperamental stenographer is a man of practical sense and real kindness, who wants the girl to succeed at her business. The other day he called her in to his private office and had a fatherly talk with her. Later one of her colleagues in the same building met her in the elevator.

"Say, Gladys," she said, "what's this about your boss having a heart-to-heart talk with you this morning?"  
"Heart, nothing," responded the temperamental creature tossing her blond locks like an oriflamme of war, "what he handed to me hadn't no more heart in it than there is in a slab of liver at a ten-cent beanyery. See?"

Which is one reason why girl stenographers can be hired at \$6 a week.

**Deserved His Fate.**  
"Why are you here?" queried the visitor to the prisoner.

"I forged my own fetters," replied Jim, the penman, and then the steel gate clanged menacingly upon his atrophied conscience.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**WARFARE AGAINST THE RAT**

New Orleans Has Comprehensive System for Elimination of Man-kind's Enemy.

Conversion of insanitary districts into healthful ones and the proofing of the entire city against rats is contemplated in the plans made by the health authorities of New Orleans for permanently stamping out the causes of bubonic plague. The methods proposed are similar in certain respects to those followed by the federal government at the Panama canal, while their execution is as much an engineering problem as it is a medical one. Accomplishment of the work depends upon the passage of enabling legislation which bears directly upon the building regulations and affects practically every structure in the city. Popular Mechanics Magazine, in an illustrated article, says:

"Ordinances designed to handle the situation provide that all buildings which rest upon the ground shall have concrete floors and every structure shall be proofed against rats. Other ordinances abolish henhouses within the city limits, excepting when they are thoroughly rat-proofed; make stringent rulings concerning the disposal of garbage, and subject shipping in the harbor to binding regulations intended to prevent rats from landing from boats docked at the wharves. It is planned that ships shall tie eight feet from the wharves, have all hawsers fitted with rat guards and have a guard at the gangplanks whenever they are lowered."

—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN

**Unhealthy Exercise.**

Almost everybody rides the wheel today, and there is a certain ambition in most bicyclists to show a good record of "runs." Both men and women aspire to records of "centuries." It is always doubtful whether so protracted a run as a century run is not too great a strain upon the body. But even ordinary runs may be an injury rather than a benefit if the physical condition is weak. Exercise benefits only when the condition is healthy. When there is weakness, especially stomach weakness, the exercise only increases the ailment. Many bicyclists have proven this, and recall violent nausea, loss of appetite, headache and other physical results of an extra long run. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery strengthens the weak stomach. It does more, it increases the blood supply and so increases the vital force of the body. It makes the body muscular, builds it up with sound flesh and not with flabby fat. It is not a whiskey medicine, and contains no narcotics. It is the ideal medicine for the athlete, who needs physical strength and development.

—Youngleigh—Don't you think that after a girl has been taken to the theater, given bonbons and treated to a good supper, she should let the young man kiss her good night?

Grumpy Old Batch—Huh! I should think he'd done quite enough for her.

—Put your ad. in the WATCHMAN

**CASTORIA**

Bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. In use for over thirty years, and The Kind You Have Always Bought.

**Hardware.**

Don't forget our Annual Inventory Sale that Begins Saturday, Jan. 16. There will be some Great Bargains.

**The Potter-Hoy Hardware Co.**

59-11-1y

BELLEFONTE, PA.

**The Cellar Hole and the Sewer Hole**

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

Author of "Do Something! Be Something!"

A COAL cart stopped before an office building in Washington and the driver dismounted, removed the cover from a man-hole, ran out his chute, and proceeded to empty the load. An old negro strolled over and stood watching him. Suddenly the black man glanced down and immediately burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, which continued for several minutes. The cart driver looked at him in amusement. "Say, Uncle," he asked, "do you always laugh when you see coal going into a cellar?" The negro sputtered around for a few moments and then, holding his hands to his aching sides, managed to say, "No, sah, but I jest busts when I sees it goin' down a sewer."

The advertiser who displays lack of judgment in selecting the newspapers which carry his copy often confuses the sewer and the cellar.

All the money that is put into newspapers isn't taken out again, by any means. The fact that all papers possess a certain physical likeness, doesn't necessarily signify a similarity in character, and it's character in a newspaper that brings returns. The editor who conducts a journalistic sewer finds a different class of readers than the publisher who respects himself enough to respect his readers.

What goes into a newspaper largely determines the class of homes into which the newspaper goes. An irresponsible, scandal-mongering, muck-raking sheet is certainly not supported by the buying classes of people. It may be perused by thousands of readers, but such readers are seldom purchasers of advertised goods.

It's the clean-cut, steady, normal-minded citizens who form the bone and sinew and muscle of the community. It's the sane, self-respecting, dependable newspaper that enters their homes and it's the home sale that indicates the strength of an advertising medium.

No clean-minded father of a family wishes to have his wife and children brought in contact with the most maudlin and banal phases of life. He defends them from the sensational editor and the unpleasant advertiser. He subscribes to a newspaper which he does not fear to leave about the house.

Therefore, the respectable newspaper can always be counted upon to produce more sales than one which may even own a larger circulation but whose distribution is among unprofitable citizens.

You can no more expect to sell goods to people who haven't money than you can hope to pluck oysters from rose-bushes.

It isn't the number of readers reached, but the number of readers whose purses can be reached, that constitutes the value of circulation. It's one thing to arouse their attention, but it's a far different thing to get their money. The mind may be willing, but the pocketbook may be weak.

If you had the choice of a thousand acres of desert land or a hundred acres of oasis, you'd select the fertile spot, realizing that the larger tract had less value because it would be less productive.

The advertiser who really understands how he is spending his money takes care that he is not pouring his money into deserts and sewers.

(Copyright.)

**Shoes.**

**Shoes.**

**Yeager's Shoe Store**

**"FITZEZY"**

The

Ladies' Shoe

that

Cures Corns

Sold only at

**Yeager's Shoe Store,**

Bush Arcade Building, BELLEFONTE, PA.

58-27

**Dry Goods, Etc.**

**LYON & COMPANY.**

**White Sale**

—) AND (—

**Clearance Sale**

The Largest White Sale in Town. Everything Reduced.

Ladies', Misses and Children's Underwear.

Table Linens, Napkins, Towels, Bed Linens, Muslins, Sheetings, Percales, Calicos, Gingham, Etc.

Everything in our large and complete stocks reduced.

In addition to our large White Sale we are closing out all Winter

Coats, Suits, and Furs

at prices that will be a big gain to you.

WATCH THE RUMMAGE TABLE.

**Lyon & Co. Bellefonte**