

THE PEACOCK THRONE.

A Brilliant and Costly Affair as Described by Ancient Authors.

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FRENCH HUMOR.

M. Sarcey Helped to Caricature Himself in Carnival Time.

It is often said that Frenchmen lack humor and dread ridicule; but M. Fransisque Sarcey has given an example of that humorous good sense which defies mockery. At carnival time in Paris it is customary to exhibit on the boulevards grotesque effigies of well-known public men. A modest stranger called on M. Sarcey to tell him that his image was to figure in the procession. "Very good," said M. Sarcey. "What can I do for you?" "Well, if you would be so kind as to lend us some of your veritable garments, they would make the likeness all the stronger." "No doubt," responded the critic, blandly. "In that cupboard you will find several hats." "Oh, the veritable hat will not do! You see, your head—the head of the effigy—is too round." Thus began the conversation.

A frightful picture of the serpent's attacking a sinner is found in a manuscript in the vatican library, written early in the fifteenth century, is also a remarkable piece of monastic art. The clouds, ice and water are all depicted with infinite care and according to Dante's vision:

"When that great worm Cerberus saw us wide open, he his mouth and showed No limb he did not keep quiet. My master, opening wide his hands, took both ears. And with full fists threw it into the raven's throat. As the raven's barkings craves' quiet when his food he bites."

And is intent and fights only to devout, Such because those filthy faces of demon Cerberus,

So thundering at the souls.

That they would faint."

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The British Museum Library.

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The Usual Use.

Mr. Poeticus—Did you see my picture in the paper this morning?

Miss Cynicus—No. What were you cured of?—Town Topics.

Illinois Fishermen.

It is estimated that last year 10,000,000 pounds of fish were taken from the Illinois river, netting the fishermen \$300,000.

DANTE'S INFERN.

Striking Illustrations Produced by Old Monkish Copyists.

Next to the Bible, no book has passed through as many editions, has been more thought over and worked over, than Dante's "Divine Comedy," says the Kansas City Journal. During the middle ages it stood side by side with the Bible in the libraries of the monks and was copied and recopied by their tireless fingers and illuminated by their artistic skill.

It is easy to explain this monastic devotion when we know that Dante wrote his great poems in the faith that the history of the world had been directed from the beginning toward the redemption of the elect. The Roman empire was foreordained and established for this end; it was to prepare the way for the establishment of the Roman church.

Is it any wonder, then, that the monks were eager to illustrate his graphic descriptions, especially of the inferno, and hold them up for the delight (?) of the world?

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THE WORK OF THE DIVER.

Is an Exceedingly Unhealthy and Dangerous Calling.

The diving suit in which men work beneath the surface of the water is probably the most curious looking apparatus that can be devised. It consists of a huge helmet, thick rubber clothing, even to gloves of the same material, and heavy rubber boots with leaden soles. The weighting of the boot is necessary to counterbalance the weight of the helmet, otherwise the diver might not be able to maintain a perpendicular position in the water. Air is supplied to the diver by two flexible tubes, which are lined with coils of steel wire to resist the pressure of water at great depths and also to prevent the supply of air being cut off in case the tube should be accidentally jammed between two pieces of woodwork in a sunken ship. Air is forced down the tubes by means of a pump and the diver carries a signal line by which he intimates to his assistants on the surface the proper time for drawing him up. Divers cannot descend to a greater depth than 100 to 200 feet, and even at these depths suffer greatly from the pressure of the water. The work is very unhealthy, exceedingly dangerous, and cannot be followed long without risk of hemorrhage of the lungs or the rupture of blood vessels in the vital organs.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

TIGER TEMPLE AT CUTTACK.

Grewsome Sanctuary in India Far from Safe for Europeans.

Imagine walking right into a tiger's open jaws every Sunday! Yet that is just what the Hindoos near Cuttack in India used to do—though, of course, they knew nothing of our Sunday—whenever they went to worship. To be sure, the tiger's jaws were of stone, as shown in the accompanying picture; but it was a decidedly sensational proceeding none the less. A tiger's maw about the last form we should think of giving to a church, but by these people it evidently was regarded as highly appropriate. One does not wonder so much when he begins to investigate their religion, for the gods they worshiped were for the most part no better than fiends according to our ideas. So it may have seemed quite natural to go into the "jaws of hell," or something very similar in appearance, to pay them homage.

The tiger temple here represented is hewn out of a great mass of rock projecting from a ledge. Probably nature had given it some resemblance to a tiger's head, but the clever stone-workers have carved and shaped it until the likeness is something startling. A tiger of the ordinary size is bad enough, but here one as big as ten elephants seems to be pushing his ugly nose out from under the overhanging rocks, crouching and ready to spring. The upper jaw and teeth make a sort of portico; the arch over the doorway suggests the tongue, and the opening itself the aperture of the throat. Through this you apparently pass into the creature's maw, but in fact find yourself in a small, dark chamber, which once contained a hideous idol of some sort. It is only to be hoped that human sacrifices were not offered to appease its wrath in this grawsome den.

Just as Egypt is full of rock-hewn tombs, so India is full of these cavern sanctuaries; about Junnar alone there are said to be as many as 90 of them. Of course, they are not all patterned after the beasts of the jungle, but they are almost invariably grotesque in the extreme; for it is a curious fact that everything pertaining to these cruel gods is made as monstrous and repulsive as their own nature. The Hindoo Pantheon is like a congress of demons holding high carnival. It was inevitable that such a religion should make those who followed it vindictive and merciless; and it has been observed that the carvings on these strange temples very generally represent somebody ruthlessly treading down somebody else into the mire.

Like ancient monuments elsewhere, most of these cave sanctuaries were the accumulations of ages, but a great number of them have been carefully excavated by the English, so that it is easy to examine them. Still, they are evil places, neither safe nor attractive to visit. The fierce sun of the tropics, beating down upon the rocks, renders the interior hot and stifling almost beyond endurance, and deadly fever germs often lie in ambush there. Besides, these dark holes are a favorite lurking place of serpents—and all India is fairly a-wriggle with snakes of the most venomous kinds, the terrible hooded cobra being one of the commonest and worst. Even bears and panthers often make their lair in the gloomy recesses; and after braving the teeth of the stone tiger and entering the maw, you may very possibly run into the jaws of a real tiger that has taken up his abode there. And, really, he may well be excused for concluding that the place which stimulates his aspect was intended for his use. Such, indeed, may be the fact, for tigers are still regarded with superstitious awe by the natives.

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L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS - VENDREDI, 2 SEPTEMBRE 1898

Est très répandue en Louisiane et dans tous les Etats du Sud. Sa publicité offre donc au commerce des avantages exceptionnels. Prix de l'abonnement, pour l'année: Edition quotidienne, \$12 90; Edition hebdomadaire, \$8 00.

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