THE RIGHTFUL HEIR

By M. T. CALDOR.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

Astonished at his own daring, Bernard had scarcely expected she would grant reply. His surprise equaled his transport, as the beautiful head dropped forward to his shoulder, and the sweet lips whispered:

"Whatever you are, peasant or noble—rechute magician, I know not what or whence—I love you now."

One moment her hands were covered with frantic kisses, and she was pressed passionately to his breast. The next he had put her away and stood, pallid, cold, and statue-like while he murmured:

"Avaunt, tempter! my love shall not destroy her in her beauteous innocence, her tender helplessness. Violante, I am an outcast from happiness; I dare not, through your love, drag you into the privations of my own lot. I shall love you, I shall bless you, I shall watch over you, but I renounce you!"

Scarcely knowing what she was doing, pallid, trembling, Lady Violante crept away from slight of that banished, yet stern and resolute face, and in the privacy of her own room indulged the grief that, no new and unaccustomed, was all the more terrible to bear.

The first news that greeted her when, pale and weary with a night of watching, she entered the drawing-room the next morning, was that the strange guest had vanished, disappeared mysteriously in the night. Hiding her blanched face from her father's inquisitive gaze, she went up to the deserted room, and, as she went up to the deserted room, she found her father's own handwriting on the table. Lines:

"God keep you—I shall never forget. Remember, in the hour of need, the whistle and the four blasts."

Hiding this precious assurance that all which had transpired there was not a dream, Lady Violante ran up stairs, with faltering steps. Fortunately she had strength to reach her own room, at once there she locked the door, and was not seen again that day.

CHAPTER IV.

HE cliff was situated on the Germain estate, and below it rolled the river, broad and deep, and frequently quite lively with the sloops and small craft passing and coming down to Greenable. A small cave, large enough for a row boat, however, extended, seemingly undermining the rocky base of the huge crag; but a broad flat stone mossy and slimy with the perpetual damp, barred closer exploration into the gloomy cavern in which the cave appeared to terminate. A small schooner was passing along the water just at sunset, a few days afternoon, subsequent to the disappearance of Bernard from Beauvais Chateau, bearing at its peak a peculiar pennant. The field pure and white, and relieved only by a caballistic figure of inky blackness.

A close observer would have marked that when in range of the cliff, the schooner went through a simple manoeuvre, evidently intended as a signal of some kind. The pennant was lowered and raised again three times, after which, from the one little cave alluded to, shot up a light like that of a rocket, saving that the bright sparks fell away again instantaneously, whereupon from the movement on board the strange craft, it was evident she was preparing to lay by—for a short time at least. When the deepening shadows mingled all objects in one undistinguishable mass of blackness, a small boat was lowered from the schooner and sent swiftly over the water toward the cave. When the keel grated against the rock, the oarsman rose up, and gave three low, but distinct whistles, which were immediately answered, and a tall figure rose up from another skiff moored there.

"Qui vive? is it you, Pierre?" asked the deep, musical voice of the last.

"No, not Pierre, but Christopher, M. Bernard."

"All the same, as you bring my uncle's message and supplies. Shove the boat farther into the cove, lest some busy-body stumble upon it. We will unload it presently. Come up the cliff into the cave, where we are, secured from eaves-droppers. Since you are trusted with the signals, I cannot doubt your fidelity."

The sailor Christopher obeyed the directions, and then came scrambling up the precipitous side of the cliff. He was not dark enough to hide the outline of surrounding objects, but still too secure to make so uneven a pathway as that he was forced at all comfortable, and Christopher muttered something very like an oath, as for the third time he stumbled and went sprawling upon the ground.

"It is no smooth play-ground," observed Bernard, himself limping slowly and painfully, "but there less is security—its rugged steepness does not tempt idle curiosity, but we are almost there, so keep up your courage, my brave Christopher."

They strode on in silence until they reached the lopped larch tree. Just beyond it, in the steep bank of earth and stone, was a huge rock apparently immovably imbedded there.

Here Bernard paused, and gave three soft, low whistles. Instantly, as if by magic, noiselessly and steadily, the great rock moved away, and they passed into a narrow subterranean chamber, feebly lighted by a hanging lantern. At a singular arrangement of chains and wheels stood the slender figure of a woman. She took away her hands from the lever, and while the wheels revolved the rock swung once more to its place.

Christopher was looking back in open-mouthed wonder! Bernard smiled at his amazement.

"It was a mechanical genius who contrived that, my friend. What say you, in the hour of danger, which should you prefer, my lord Count Germain's fine Chateau, or this humble cave, of whose existence he has not the slightest suspicion?"

"Parbleau!" cried Christopher, "it is wonderful! M. Jean told me a good deal about it, but not the half!"

The woman who had admitted them led the way along the rocky corridor, and opened an iron door, riveted firmly at the hinges in the solid stone.

Well might Christopher start at the elegant hall which burst upon him. The walls hung with thick crimson cloth, the floors carpeted, and lounges, footstools, vases, with many costly as well as useful articles scattered around, making a scene so strange and unexpected he thought he pardoned for looking around in astonishment, as if believing it the work of enchantment, rather.

In a well constructed fire-place, with hearth of marble tiles, burned a cheerful fire of coals. Again Bernard laughed, as he saw Christopher follow what could be seen of the flue with dubious gaze.

"Nay, nay, good Christopher, repress your curiosity for a while, and you shall have all explanation you desire. Do not fear the smoke will betray us. It is artfully contrived, and not even the crows who have built their nests near the chimney guess what keeps them so warm in the chilliest nights. Now tell me my uncle's message, if he sent no letter, which I expect not, since he so much abhors the pen."

Madame Valerie, a pale, careworn looking woman, with strong marks of extraordinary beauty, which had faded early, came forward with a tray bearing wine and cake, and as soon as his share had been disposed of, Christopher began.

"I saw M. Jean just four weeks ago tonight. He came down from Paris to see me, and arrange for this voyage. I brought the cargo to you, leaving just enough to carry to Grenoble to elude suspicion. He said I was to say to you, to use all possible vigilance and precaution against discovery—especially continuing you and Madame Valerie against loitering much without the cave. He has given me orders to make two more trips, and stow away here provisions enough to last a year, if need be. I cannot tell you all he means, M. Jean is so outre, but I am sure if some plan fails, this cave is to be his gentle resort. Ah, I am sure, the most important of all I came near forgetting. He wants you to come up to Paris when I make my next trip, you are to return with me, and leave madame along a few days. Ah, monsieur, there is strange doings now in Paris. Would King Louis, gives his great fetes, find Marie Antoinette hanging around her beautiful throat a necklace, every diamond of which costs enough to clothe hundreds of Frenchmen from starvation, women rather together, in rooms that lack the gilding and blaze of the palace. Mon Dieu! I know not what is said or done. M. Jean can tell you, he is always amongst them."

Bernard had listened attentively to every word, but now his eyes drew dreamily to the fire, while he muttered:

"Yes, yes, it is coming speedily forward! Poor France! Your tranquil children are rising up to hurl their own wrations upon their oppressors."

Christopher turned to the utterer of some simple observation to Madame Valerie, who was looking wistfully at her son's lowering brow.

"Come, come, this will never do," exclaimed Bernard, shaking off his reverery. "There is still unheard, and I am somewhat less sturdy than upon the last assignment."

Whereupon all three returned to the outside of the cliff, to assist in transferring the contents of the boat to the mysterious stronghold within. Three times the boat passed to and fry between the sloop and the cliff, and the Christopher returned to his craft, and setting sail, pushed on further toward Grenoble, while Bernard, drawing his mother to his side, in the crimson canopied hall of rock, said tenderly:

"Look not so sad, ma chere mere. If I leave you it will be only to further our rights, to redress our wrongs, and the time will scarcely be as long as that through which you have just passed—while I was at Beauvais Chateau. Be prudent and hopeful; perchance amid the anarchy that threatens the land we may be restored to our rights."

"Ah, my son, for my own sake, the hope is dead—but for you I would fain struggle longer in this world of misery. Jean is sagacious and cool, he would not have sent for you, if he had not actually needed you. Yes, Bernard, you must go when Christopher returns, and I will do the best I can. I see he has sent me a package of new books. Rough as he seems, he has a tender, brotherly heart."

"What do we not owe him?" returned Bernard. "Without his improvements, and the never-failing supplies forwards us, this retreat would furnish us but scanty shelter from our enemies. Day and night he toils there in Paris, living like a miser, to bestow his hard earnings upon us. We ought to canonize him as our saint! But hark! what is that?"

While mother and son talked on fitfully, now despondent, and now hopeful, at the Chateau, on that very evening, knelt Lady Violante, in the high antique library, with clasped hands and tearful eyes, asking piteously of her proud, stern father—

"Oh, my father, has no mercy upon me, I beseech you. I love not Count Germain—force not upon me so uncongenial a husband nor yet compel me to disobey your commands!"

"Perverted, misguided girl!" answered the Count angrily, "can I not see what has brought this sudden change? How long since Emile was the companion of all your happiest hours, and received warmer smiles than any of all your admirers could boast? Have you not known and understood this long time what his visits meant? I blush for you! It is this unknown, low-born fellow, who fled from the Chateau like a very thief—it is he who has wrought this change—peste! I would he had broken his neck instead of his ankle! I might have been wiser than to have allowed you such free ingress to his room. Emile warned me against it, but I counted too strongly on the pride that should fill the heart of a Beauvais."

"Do you wish me to understand there is no hope of escaping a marriage with Count Emile, except by directly opposing my own to my father's will?" asked she.

"I mean you should understand there is no escape whatever. As you well know, a father's will is law. I am the best judge of what your rank and position demand. Well! all visit Paris through the court season. Upon our return the wedding will take place. Look to it, Violante, that you conduct yourself as a Beauvais if you would receive a father's affection or blessing."

A hard, cold expression settled down upon Violante's beautiful face.

"I have no mother to appeal to," she said, bitterly. "What is the blessing of a father who cares more for his own will than for my happiness? Yet I shall not dare disobey you."

"Perverse child!" said the Count, affected deeply at the sight of her woe-begone face. "I am acting for your true happiness. As for that deceitful Bernard, let him beware! Count Emile is upon his track!"

Violante started, and a terrible fear crept over her. She remembered what Bernard had said, and the urgent warning of the latter against betraying him to the Germains. What if her father resolve to watch over her should lure him to his own destruction! How or in what way the fatal web of mystery connected him with Count Emile she knew not; but the very vagueness of her fears made them more alarming. She hurried away from her father's presence, and holding her throbbing forehead in her hands, tried to discover some safe and speedy way of warning Bernard, who she felt convinced was somewhere concealed around the mysterious and lonesome cliff. She rose and lifted the heavy curtain away from the window to look out. It was a calm, starry sky, and peace and silence seemed to fall upon the sleeping earth like a benediction from the tranquillizing spirit of Bernard Valdec. Some purpose came to her. She called Celeste, and bade her bring her mantle and headgear.

"I am sleepless and nervous," said she in explanation, "and the night is so lovely, come out with me, Celeste, and rest there while I recall or arrange my scattered senses."

EARLY ENGLISH WATCHMAKING

Mary Queen of Scots Had Two "Dials Head" Timepieces.

I am unable to trace any reliable evidence of English watches having been made until quite the end of the sixteenth century, although German and French productions were imported earlier. Queen Elizabeth, Durham, in the second edition of his "Artificial Clockmaker," published in 1700, mentions an eight-day watch which he was told belonged to Henry VIII., but the context clearly shows a weight timepiece is referred to. Among the possessions of Richard Vx., quoted by Wood from a royal household book, is "one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise iron gilt with two plummettes of lead." The first words of this description may seem to indicate a watch with a mainspring, but such an assumption is at once dispelled by the mention of the plummettes. It is not That Elizabeth owned a large number of watches is certain. In 1571 the earl of Leicester gave to his royal mistress some armlet or shakell of golde, all rubyes and diamondes, weighing in the closing there, of a clocke." From this it will be seen that the modern custom of wearing the watch in a wristlet is but a revival of sixteenth century fashion. It is said that Mary Queen of Scots had two "dials head" or skull watches, which she presented one to each of two favorite maids of honor. Among which tradition has assigned to the Scottish queen Octavius Morgan mentioned two which he considers to be of the period claimed for them. The ghastly memento mori takes in a case of crystal formed like a coffin, and the other an octagonal watch. The latter, it is asserted, was given by Mary to John Knox the reformer. The possession of many watches is ascribed to James I., but such as he did possess do not appear to have been utilized as timekeepers on every occasion. From Saville's record of a stated journey to Theodalf's in 1603 it is stated that the king stopped at the Bell at Edrington, and, wishing to count the number of vehicles passing in a certain time, he "called for an houre glass."

COAL AND IRON.

Showing That Great Britain Is Not Holding Her Own.

Statistics show that, whereas Great Britain in 1840 produced 75 per cent of the world's supply of coal, at the present time it produces only 34 per cent, says Nature. Atlantic liners no longer carry coal from Great Britain for the return journey; they now take in American coal, and no less than 1,000,000 tons of American coal were thus consumed in 1895. The condition of the iron manufacturing industries has always exercised a marked influence on the production of coal so that a large demand for iron draws with it a large demand for mineral fuel. During the last twenty-five years the world's production of pig iron has increased from 12,000,000 to 26,000,000 tons; but the share taken by Great Britain has fallen from 48.8 per cent to 29 per cent, while that of the United States has increased from 14.4 per cent to 26.2 per cent, that of Germany from 11.6 per cent to 21.4 per cent, and that of Russia from 3 per cent to 4.7 per cent. Indeed, iron is now being imported from the United States into this country, and, incredible as it may seem, the railway station at Middlesborough, the center of the iron trade, is built of iron brought from Belgium. Surely, then, the author of "Resources at the Close of the Nineteenth Century" is hardly right in thinking that British coal and iron still hold their own. He argues that other countries of Europe are exhausting their coal supplies faster than Great Britain, yet the figures he gives show that Germany has in reserve, within a depth of 3,000 feet, 109,000,000,000 tons of coal, as compared with our $1,683,000,000 tons within a depth of 4,000 feet. And this estimate does not include brown coal, of which Germany raises 25,000,000 tons annually.

Such as are thy thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind, for the soul is dyed by the thought.—Marcus Antoninus.

LENGTH OF A THOUGHT.

Surprising Results of Experiments Made by a Noted British Scientist.

How long does it take a man to think? Professor Richet, at the recent meeting of the British association, gave the results of his investigations into this subject. He found that by mentally running up the notes of the musical scale for one or more octaves and then dividing the total time by the number of notes thought of, the time taken for each note was one-eleventh of a second. There are various ways of arriving at conclusions as to the amount of time necessary for realizing any physical sensation or mental impression. If the skin be touched repeatedly with light blows from a small hammer a person may, according to Professor Richet, distinguish at most that the blows are separate and not continuous pressure when they follow one another as frequently as 1,000 a second. The smallest intervals of sound can be much better distinguished with one ear than with both. Thus the separateness of the clicks of a revolving toothed wheel was noted by one observer when they did not exceed sixty to the second, but using both ears he could not distinguish them when they occurred oftener than fifteen times a second.

The sharp sound of the electric spark of an induction coil was distinguished with one ear when the rate was as high as 500 to the second. Sight is much less keen than hearing in distinguishing differences. If a disc half white, half black be rapidly revolved, it will appear gray when its revolutions exceed twenty-four per second. It has been found that we can hear far more rapidly than we can count, so that if a clock striking movement runs faster than ten to fifteen strokes we can count four, six, or eight with twenty to the second we cannot count two of them.

ALL OXEN LOOKED ALIKE.

Reason Why a Lawyer Couldn't Tell One Animal from Another.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat. An ambitious young lawyer paid his first visit to a country court holding its session not far from New Orleans, and he gives a. He went to represent a big railroad in a suit brought by a countryman to recover the value of an ox, which departed this life in a vain attempt to hold up the limited mail. The question before the court was one of identification, and the countryman had testified that he knew the ox by its color and the flesh marks. The young city lawyer rose and with dignity said: "If your honor please, there can be no question that this witness has sworn falsely. Gentlemen of the jury, an ox can be recognized by his color. I was a stenographer before I became a lawyer, and for two days, your honor, drawing out his notebooks, I have taken a detailed description of every ox in this town in a week. Old man Hobbs's oxen had a hankin' wood, and the lawyers been counting the same oxen over and over."

"Counsel for plaintiff," said the judge, and the city lawyer, glad to escape the wrath of his honor, took his departure, a sadder but wiser man.

Use for Old Gold.

One of the most sensible fads among the ancients was to save up all their old jewelry, old gold thimbles which have the tops worn off, gold fob chains, gold bracelets, and pins, and even necklaces, and take them to some reliable jeweler, who will either melt them down and make what she wants out of them, or else he will exchange them, allowing her for the weight of the gold. One girl made a collection for several years of broken bits of jewelry and, with some of her grandmotherly added to them, sold them to her own jeweler and now is the happy possessor of a beautiful pearl necklace which she got in exchange.—Harper's Bazar.

His Sermons too Strong.

Rev. Archimedes Colbert, pastor of a church at Mile Run, Ohio, has preached some sermons so strong that he made many enemies. Monday night he was shot from ambush and will die.

O Yes!

Houston, Tex., has a lawyer named Crank. And there are others.

THINGS TO KNOW.

The relative size of the earth as compared with the sun is, approximately, that of a grain of sand to an orange.

The poultry of Spain is supposed to have been introduced into that country by the Moors. It is still in common use among the peasants.

The eye of the vulture is so constructed that it is a high power telescope, enabling the bird to see objects at an almost incredible distance.

The Eastern hemisphere, on which dwell ninety-two per cent of the population of the world, has 170,752 miles of railway, or forty-six per cent of all the railways.

A snake does not climb a tree or brush by coiling around it, but by holding on with the points of its scales. A snake on a pane of glass is almost helpless.

The old log cabin in Front Royal, Va., in which George Washington lived while surveying between 1748 and 1752, is still standing in fair condition and is used as a spring house.

It is said that the patterns on the finger-tips are not only unchangeable through life, but the chance of the finger points of two persons being alike is less than one chance in 64,000,000,000.

In China government appointments are determined by the literary attainments of the applicants, and numerous instances are known of men spending many years in preparing for the government examination.

The number of miners employed in gold mining in New South Wales during 1896 was 12,069 in reefing, 9,482 Europeans and 710 Chinese in alluvial working, making a total of 22,207 men, an increase of 773 on the number so employed during 1895.

CURES RHEUMATISM, ETC.

A Recent Discovery That Is Working Wonders.

The most prevailing afflictions that for a century have been engaging the most scientific skill of the medical world are rheumatism, neuralgia, catarrh, asthma, la grippe and their kindred ailments. The country is full of sufferers from these complaints. Although the most learned experts of the medical profession have labored for a century to produce a curative, until quite recently no positive results were effected. To the Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., 167-69 Dearborn street, Chicago, belongs the credit for having produced the new remedy. It is being extensively advertised under the trade mark of "Five Drops." The trade mark is self-explanatory. Five drops make a dose. The effect is magical. In days gone by other called cures had been marketed with the promise to take effect in thirty days or more. Five Drops begins to cure at once. Immediate relief is felt. In order to more effectively advertise its merits the company will for the next thirty days send out 100,000 of their sample bottles of this positive cure for 25 cents a bottle by mail prepaid. Large bottle (containing four times as much) (for thirty days) 3 bottles $2.50. Those suffering should take immediate advantage of this generous offer and write them to-day.

Puzzling Slang.

Little Ethel—"Can you trot?" Young Airtight—"Certainly not, my dear!" Little Ethel—"Can you lope?" Young Airtight—"No, indeed!" Why do you ask?" Little Ethel—"Brother Jack said you were a short horse."

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without any distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. It is prepared ready for the table by one spoonful to a cup, which will cost about 2 cents, 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it, look for GRAIN-O.

Flattery has been declined to be false coin, which derives currency from our vanity.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

No quality will ever get a man more friends than generous admiration of the qualities in others that he possesses in a lesser degree, ordinarily and cheerfully acknowledging his inferiority.—Dr. Johnson.

Lord Rosebery has written one of his best books in his "Napoleon: The Last Phase." Lord Rosebery's best companion, The Baltimore American, says: "Lord Rosebery's best companion is Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The CHERRY PECTORAL now does more for Lord Rosebery's comfort and convenience than any other medicine. The CHERRY PECTORAL is a comfort to Lord Rosebery and to his family and friends. The CHERRY PECTORAL is a good friend of the weary, the worried, the nervous, the exhausted, the overtaxed, the overworked, the sick, the suffering, the sleepless, the nervous, the hysterical, the despairing, the hopeless, the dyspeptic, the constipated, the bilious, the feverish, the consumptive, the pulmonary invalid, the bronchial, the asthmatic, the wheezing, the coughing, the expectorating, the weak, the weary, the worn, the tired, the thin, the pale, the anemic, the bloodless, the lifeless, the dead and dying. The CHERRY PECTORAL is a good friend of the aged, the middle aged, the young, the children, the babies, the unborn. The CHERRY PECTORAL is a good friend of the poor, the rich, the great, the small, the good, the bad, the indifferent, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the black, the white, the red, the yellow, the brown, the Jew, the Gentile, the Christian, the Mohammedan, the Pagan, the Heathen, the Catholic, the Protestant, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Baptist, the Congregationalist, the Unitarian, the Universalist, the Democrat, the Republican, the Mugwump, the Prohibitionist, the Populist, the Socialist, the Anarchist, the Nihilist, the Mormon, the Shaker, the Quaker, the Spiritualist, the Theosophist, the Christian Scientist, the Salvationist, the Salvation Lassie, the Salvation Army, the Sunflower, the Lily, the Rose, the Shamrock, the Thistle, the Cactus, the Pine, the Oak, the Willow, the Grass, the Hay, the Wheat, the Corn, the Potato, the Tomato, the Cucumber, the Pickle, the Onion, the Cabbage, the Lettuce, the Pea, the Bean, the Beet, the Carrot, the Turnip, the Parsnip, the Pumpkin, the Squash, the Melon, the Cantaloupe, the Peach, the Pear, the Plum, the Apple, the Orange, the Lemon, the Lime, the Cocoanut, the Pineapple, the Banana, the Fig, the Date, the Raisin, the Prune, the Currant, the Gooseberry, the Strawberry, the Raspberry, the Blackberry, the Huckleberry, the Mulberry, the Cranberry, the Grape, the Nut, the Bread, the Cake, the Pie, the Pudding, the Meat, the Fish, the Flesh, the Fowl, the Egg, the Milk, the Butter, the Cheese, the Salt, the Pepper, the Mustard, the Spice, the Sugar, the Syrup, the Molasses, the Tea, the Coffee, the Water, the Air, the Earth, the Sun, the Moon, the Stars, the Heaven, the Hell, the Devil, the Devil's Grandmother, the Devil's Aunt, the Devil's Uncle, the Devil's Cousin, the Devil's Nephew, the Devil's Niece, the Devil's Father, the Devil's Mother, the Devil's Brother, the Devil's Sister, the Devil's Son, the Devil's Daughter, the Devil's Husband, the Devil's Wife, the Devil's Self, the Devil's Ghost, the Devil's Soul, the Devil's Body, the Devil's Mind, the Devil's Heart, the Devil's Liver, the Devil's Lungs, the Devil's Stomach, the Devil's Bowels, the Devil's Blood, the Devil's Bones, the Devil's Flesh, the Devil's Hair, the Devil's Hide, the Devil's Hoofs, the Devil's Horns, the Devil's Tail, the Devil's Pitchfork, the Devil's Fire, the Devil's Brimstone, the Devil's Smoke, the Devil's Ashes, the Devil's Dust, the Devil's Dirt, the Devil's Mud, the Devil's Water, the Devil's Air, the Devil's Earth, the Devil's Sun, the Devil's Moon, the Devil's Stars, the Devil's Heaven, the Devil's Hell, the Devil's Devil