

My wrath flamed up in an instant. "No dealings with the Evil One!" I cried—nay, shouted furiously, and indeed incoherently. I hardly knew what I was saying or thinking.

The creature—I can not call it a man, though looking so like a prosperous financier—turned and saw the prostrate form of my friend. The moment was a horrible one to me. To see that decent Jew gnash his teeth was really a frightful experience! I afterwards thought that a wolfish howl had burst from his lips at the same moment. But this may have been a delusion of my heated imagination. In a moment he had changed his expression back to that which accorded with his business, and had resumed his genial smile.

"I have exposed myself," said he politely. "Excuse me. I shall not trouble you further."

With this, he took up his hat, bowed, and was about to walk airily out of the room, when I stopped him with a wave of the hand toward the body of Olsen.

"Oh!" said he, with a sardonic smile, "Your friend is not electrocuted—yet." With one last bow, he opened the door, and vanished. I sent for a doctor at once and explained to him that my friend had received a severe shock from imprudently touching a galvanic battery; and I was greatly relieved to see him restored by the medical man's efforts in about an hour's time.

But to this day Olsen firmly believes that he had the unusual experience of a peep into the mind of the Great Tempter.

I—I know not what to think about it. But what would not John Bunyan have made of such an experience?