

**PROVED POINT BY HOLY WRIT**

Granddaughter of Gladstone Proved She Had Not Read Scriptures for Nothing.

Miss Dorothy Drew, who was presented at court a few days ago, was the favorite granddaughter of the late W. E. Gladstone, and among the stories told of her childhood days is the following: One morning she refused to get up, and, all other things failing, Mr. Gladstone was called to her. "Why, don't you get up, my child?" he asked. "Why, grandpa, didn't you tell me to do what the Bible says?" replied Dorothy. "Yes, certainly." "Well, it disapproves of early rising—says it's a waste of time," rejoined the child. Mr. Gladstone was unable to agree, but Dorothy was sure of her ground. "You listen, then," she said, in reply to his exclamation of astonishment, and, taking up her Bible she read Psalm 127:2, laying great emphasis on the words: "It is vain for you to rise up early."—Tit-Bits.

**SHE KNEW.**



The Masher—Does your sister know I am waiting out here for her?  
The Boy—Yes! She gave me a nickel to tell her when you had gone.

**RASH ALL OVER BOY'S BODY.**

Awful, Crusted, Weeping Eczema on Little Sufferer—A Score of Treatments Prove Dismal Failures.

**Cure Achieved by Cuticura.**

"My little boy had an awful rash all over his body and the doctor said it was eczema. It was terrible, and used to water awfully. Any place the water went it would form another sore and it would become crusted. A score or more physicians failed utterly and dismally in their efforts to remove the trouble. Then I was told to use the Cuticura Remedies. I got a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment and a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and before we had used half the Resolvent I could see a change in him. In about two months he was entirely well. George F. Lambert, 129 West Centre St., Mahanoy City, Pa., Sept. 26 and Nov. 4, 1907."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

**A Frank Opinion.**

Once a youth thought if his solemn duty to learn something about Henry James. So, to the great admiration of his frivolous friends, he picked up "The Wings of the Dove" and disappeared into its pages.

Two weeks later he was thinner, but still at it, when one of the afore-mentioned frivolous friends came into the room, and, for the first time showed interest.

"Say," he observed, "is 'The Wings of the Dove' a collection of short stories or one long story?"

The deliver into James glanced up from the pages.

"One darned long story," he replied, throwing his whole soul into the words.

**Judge Will Wait and See.**

An earnest plea was made by Attorney Charles Pettijohn to Judge Pritchard of the criminal court for leniency to a client who had entered a plea of guilty to larceny. The burden of the attorney's argument was that his client was the father of twins and was tempted to theft in order to feed the mouths of the infants.

"Your honor, I will say frankly," said Mr. Pettijohn in closing, "that if I were the father of twins and needed food for my family, I would not hesitate to go out and steal it."

"Mr. Pettijohn, when you are the father of twins I will consider your proposition," said Judge Pritchard.—Indianapolis News.

**OLD SOAKERS**

**Get Saturated with Caffeine.**

When a person has used coffee for a number of years and gradually declined in health, it is time the coffee should be left off in order to see whether or not that has been the cause of the trouble.

A lady in Huntsville, Ala., says she used coffee for about 40 years, and for the past 20 years was troubled with stomach trouble.

"I have been treated by many physicians but all in vain. Everything failed to perfect a cure. I was prostrated for some time, and came near dying. When I recovered sufficiently to partake of food and drink I tried coffee again and it soured my stomach.

"I finally concluded coffee was the cause of my troubles and stopped using it. I tried tea and milk in its place, but neither agreed with me, then I commenced using Postum. I had it properly made and it was very pleasing to the taste.

"I have now used it four months, and my health is so greatly improved that I can eat almost anything I want and can sleep well, whereas, before, I suffered for years with insomnia.

"I have found the cause of my troubles and a way to get rid of them. You can depend upon it I appreciate Postum."

"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

**DEVIL-FISHING**

BY WILLARD W. GARRISON



**I**MAGINE a great, fat slimy something poked out of the water into your face, quickly followed by another slimy something and then another and another; each endeavoring to secure an option on a different portion of your anatomy, and you have one of the various joys of fishing for the devil fish.

But along the American coast of the Gulf of Mexico there are lots and lots of men who eke out their living doing just this thing. For the man who doesn't have to fish for the devil-fish, it's fun, but to the man or crew of men who do it for their daily bread; well, they content themselves with a single catch a day.

Aristotle of old is recorded in history as the first writer on the subject of devil-fishing, but as he was exceedingly fond of Mr. Aristotle's health he left lots unsaid because he didn't investigate.

Every Gulf of Mexico sailor who fishes for this creature carries a hatchet close by, for that is the only means of getting away from the fish's tentacles—simply cutting them off as they are about to grasp the intended victim.

In the gulf the devil-fish is harpooned and seldom after one of these great prongs has been imbedded in the body of the victim are the fishermen able to land their quarry within two hours. Usually it takes from three to four hours of good, hard muscle-grinding work and then lots of times the crew of the hunting craft must cut the cable and lose the harpoon simply because the brute fights too hard to allow the occupation to be carried on safely. It is little wonder that one fish a day of this variety is considered sufficient.

Many wild, weird tales are told of the devil-fish. One class of stories deals with the creature's addiction to towing ocean-going steamers out of their courses. So strong is the deep-sea monster that captains of vessels have been known to wonder what was carrying them to windward, and

upon investigation find that a devil-fish or cuttlefish was trying to bite off a corner of the rudder.



THE DEVIL-FISH SWIMMING

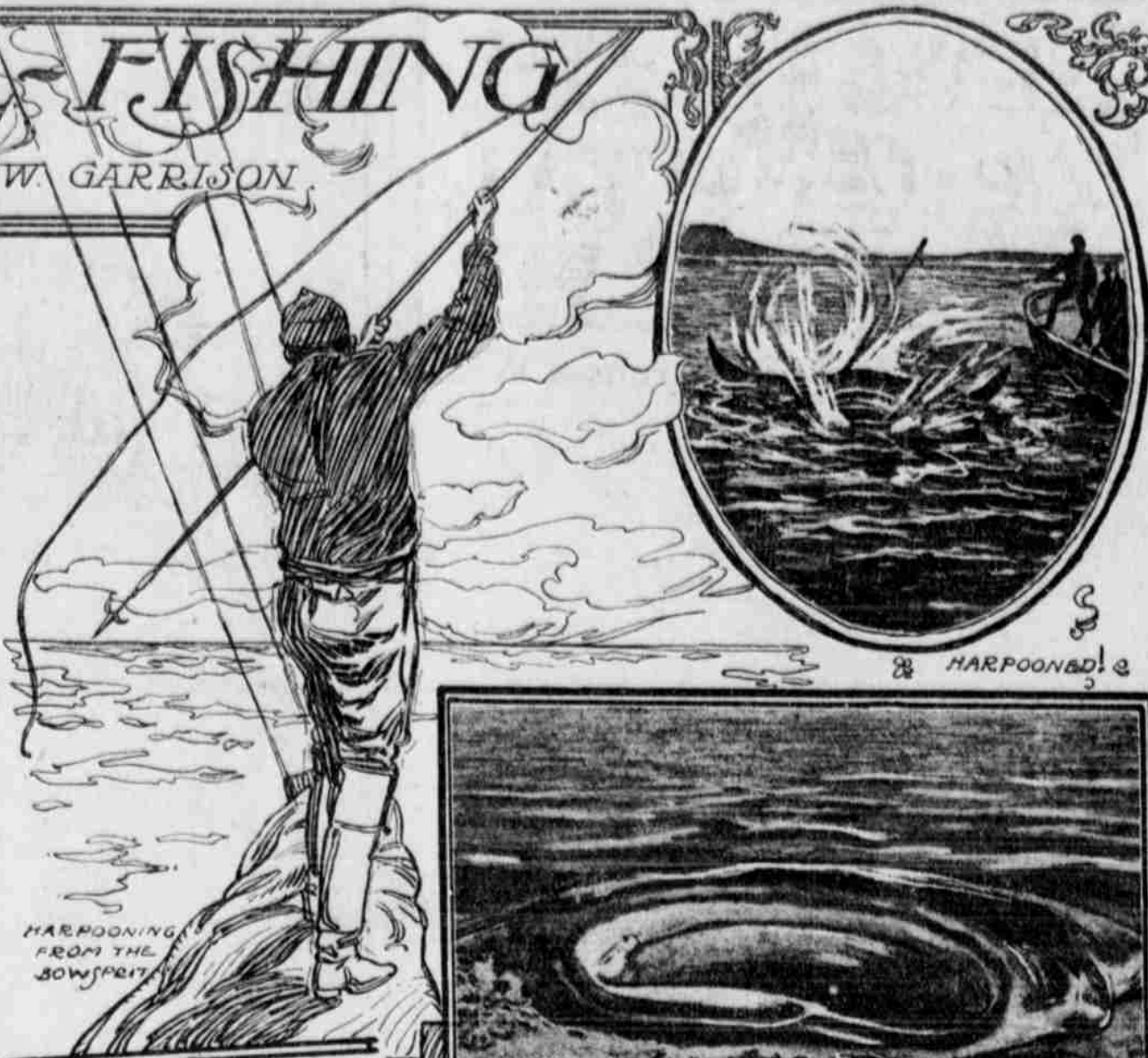
Numerous cases of the fish attempting and succeeding in towing ten-ton sloops for miles have been recorded in the annals of the industry. The devil-fishers always are compelled to put up a hot fight against this animal of the sea. The intended quarry will pull them far out of their course after the first harpoon has stung his hide and it takes two and sometimes three of them before the catch can be brought close enough to the sloop to allow the gunner to place a shot in a vital spot.

The fish must be continually worried or it will descend to the bottom to rest, in which case it usually takes the boat, crew and apparatus with it.

A story is told of a boat crew which had not had a devil-fish strike for two days until finally the harpoon expert on the bowsprit imbedded his instrument of torture within the vitals of one of the monsters. The creature, of course, went through the formality of turning the water thereabouts into a delicate black, this being one of the traits of the species when attacked. This done the devil-fish started for home, which was the bottom of the gulf. The harpoon expert hated to let go, on account of strikes being few and the boat, crew and harpoonist also began the descent in lanky darkness. The craft being provided with air tanks at each end, the harpooned had some job on his hands, and when down in the sea about 20 feet, as near as the mariners could figure, the eight-armed namesake of the American trout gingerly climbed into the boat with the men who were seeking his life-blood. It being dark the fishermen did not perceive his presence. Once more at the surface, however, and there was a miniature fire panic. Regaining his presence of mind, however, the harpoonist put an out drop on his second throw and put an end to the pranks of the fish. That tale has been called "just a fish story," but there are three deep sea fishermen to-day who vouch for the truth of a portion of it and they still ply that trade on the coast of the gulf. But now when the devil-fish starts for home, they let him go.

The manta, as the creature is called by science, is to be found as far north on the Atlantic coast as the Carolinas and in those waters some of the largest of this class of sea creatures have been seen. One caught on the Atlantic coast several years ago required three yoke of oxen to drag it from the sea and its weight was estimated at four tons.

Usually the devil-fish measures from 20 to 25 feet across its back when full grown and one mariner on the Pacific coast reported that he had estimated one to be 40 feet, which eye measurement, of course, is within the realm of possibility. The creature has two well defined plans of de-



HARPOONING FROM THE BOWSPRIT



TOWING THE DEVIL-FISH TO THE BEACH



READY TO LAUNCH THE HARPOON

fense, and thus the Almighty has endowed the species with more than the ordinary powers, for usually fish, beast or bird of the air has only one natural mode of protection. The cuttlefish, however, can cast from its tissues an inky substance known as "sepia," which turns the water in its vicinity an impenetrable black and allows escape. Combined

with this there is the set of eight tentacles, which possess grips of iron and are lined underneath with "suckers," which, when in working order, form a vacuum over the object grasped and thus insure a firm hold.

So firm is this grasp that story tellers of several decades ago were fond of dropping the treasure-hunting hero into the hold of the sunken galleon and there bump him up against the "terrible devil-fish" which had thwarted all human wiles and for empty hundred years been the guardian of the don's loot." The hero always won and captured the coin, being dragged to the surface unconscious.

There have been one or two cases where the cuttlefish has made its home within the cabins of sunken ships. In one case in particular off the northern coast of South America it is told that a devil-fish killed three divers who descended to lay plans for raising the ship. As each man was brought to the surface dead from a cause which none of his mates could guess, another was sent to take his place. Finally the trouble was suspected and the last man sent down gave explicit instructions about being brought to the surface upon the faintest tug at the guide line. After numerous trips up and back he succeeded in dislodging the creature by cutting off its arms one by one. Deprived of its arms, it fled and no further trouble was experienced.

Perhaps the most uncanny sight which ever befalls the devil-fish hunters is when, on a clear day, the denizens of the deep may be seen on the bottom walking along with the aid of their tentacles, which are used as feet. On land, it is recorded, this is a physical impossibility, for the fish, but buoyed up by the water of many fathoms, it's easy.

Though absolutely the most dangerous of creatures of the sea, it is said the devil-fish displays greater fear of human attack than any of the other species. The first move when assailed, is to try to grab the hunters with two or more of the long arms that stretch out as occasion demands. Failing in this the fish will attempt to get away under cover of the inky "sepia," but when caught with the harpoon and it finds there is no apparent escape the real tug of war commences and the struggles are never ended until the quarry ceases quivering in death. Then the cables which hold the harpoons are lashed to the stern of the craft and the sailors turn the vessel's nose towards home, the most welcome part of the voyage.

Study the habits and origin of the cuttlefish is one of the most interesting which any scientist ever attempted. The fish are propagated by means of eggs. The tiny creature at first has only one tentacle, which, when it grows older, gradually divides into two and then into four

and after a year or so into eight small arms. These grow larger and stronger as the age of the fish increases. Some adult specimens have been caught, the tentacles of which were over 20 feet in length. Jets of water squirted by means of fins constitute the method of locomotion of the cuttlefish.

The devil-fish's choicest occupation is that of feeding upon shoals of smaller members of the finny tribe and when interrupted in this pursuit he effect is terrifying. The great creature will toss several of its tentacles to the surface, still continuing to feed with the rest of them; and if this bluff fails to scare the intruder away, the devil-fish will come to the surface personally to see about it.

While next to human beings, sharks are the greatest enemies of the cuttlefish, the scavengers of the sea are just about as frightened by the tentacled monsters as the latter are by the sharks. Mariners have

often told of the battles which they have seen in clear water between these warriors of the briny deep, but accounts telling of the victors are scarce.

Along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico the sharks show their delight at the plight of the devil-fish when caught by following in its bloody wake and with wide-open jaws, seeking a bite here or there from the carcass. At night along the coast they fight in the water for the opportunity to consume the dead devil-fish after the fishermen have finished with him.

All in all devil-fishing is the most thrilling, most hazardous, most entrancing method of angling which has ever been discovered, for the creature is doubtless the craftiest of the inhabitants of the tropical waters. And the man who goes after the scalp of the devil-fish while he is not armed with modern accoutrements is taking his own life in his hand. The plain hardware store hatchet with the short handle is declared to be the best weapon of defense in close quarters and dozens of lives have been saved simply because the parties attacked were equipped with hatchets and knew how, when and where to use them upon the anatomy of the dangerous fish.

**UNCLE SAM SEEKS STAMP VENDER.**

Will the time ever come when Uncle Sam can dispense with letter carriers? The increasing use of the automobile, the pneumatic tube and mechanical devices in the postal service would indicate that eventually some method of delivering mail will be found which will, in a large measure, do away with the present system of distribution.

The postoffice department has an annual appropriation which is used to experiment with mechanical devices, and every year the officials are called upon to investigate the practicability and utility of inventions. There have been hundreds of different styles of mail boxes submitted, and there is no end of devices designed for picking up mail bags by fast-moving express trains. There is no doubt, so experts say, that the stamp-fixing machine will come into general use, and they are equally certain that the government will adopt slot machines for the automatic sale of postage stamps, as Germany and numerous other foreign countries have. The department has made an official trial of such machines.

A little more than a year ago the postmaster general appointed a special committee of officials to make a thorough investigation of the stamp-vending machines. Washington is now having its extended public demonstration of these machines, and other cities also will have a chance to try them for a long period under the direct supervision of the postoffice authorities.

When the postmaster general decided to make experiments with stamp-selling machines, he invited all persons with inventive tendencies to submit models. He did not confine the invitation to America. The result was that some 75 machines were offered for experiment, and the postoffice committee had a long and tedious task in selecting those that appeared to be practical.

After much investigation the committee selected a half-dozen machines for further test. To the owners or inventors of these six makes was given the opportunity to make public tests of the venders under the direction of the department, but at their own expense. Finally three different models were picked out for an extended public test at government expense.

Two of these machines are foreign inventions—one a German machine and the other the invention of an Australian.

**MADE WELL AND STRONG**

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Bardstown, Ky.—"I suffered from ulceration and other female troubles for a long time. Doctors had failed to help me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and I decided to try it. It cured my trouble and made me well and strong, so that I can do all my own work." Mrs. JOSEPH HALL, Bardstown, Ky.

Another Woman Cured. Christiansia, Tenn.—"I suffered from the worst form of female trouble so that at times I thought I could not live, and my nerves were in a dreadful condition. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me, and made me feel like a different woman. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth its weight in gold to suffering women."—MRS. MARY WOOD, R.F.D. 3.

If you belong to that countless army of women who suffer from some form of female ill, don't hesitate to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs. For thirty years this famous remedy has been the standard for all forms of female ill, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, fibroid tumors, ulceration, inflammation, irregularities, backache, and nervous prostration.

If you want special advice write for it to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.

**PROOF POSITIVE.**



"Do you really love me, George?"  
"Didn't you give me this tie, dear?"  
"Yes, love. Why?"  
"Well, ain't I wearing it?"

**Grievous Offense.**

"No, sir," said Plodding Pete; "I would not stop another minute to talk to dem folks. Dey passed me out a short an' ugly word."  
"What was it?"  
"Work."

**A Rare Good Thing.**

"An using ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet.—Mrs. Matilda Holwert, Providence, R. I. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Ask to-day.

**Mean Question.**

The Lover—I love the true, the good, the beautiful.  
The Cynic—Three girls?—Harper's Bazaar.

**Asthmatics, Read This.**

If you are afflicted with Asthma write me at once and learn of something for which you will be grateful the rest of your life. J. G. McBride, Stella, Nebr.

When the thief has no opportunity to steal he considers himself an honest man.

Lewis' Single Binder Cigar has a rich taste. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

And they get 'he biggest tips who only stand and wait.

**Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna**

acts gently yet promptly on the bowels; cleanses the system effectually; assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently.

To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine.

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**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**

SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS 50¢ A BOTTLE

**Look for This Mark**

on every bundle of shingles you buy. It means 250 first class shingles in every bundle, every shingle clear of knots, its full length of 16 inches. Made from the best WASHINGTON RED CEDAR. Remember the name.

