

Gilliat's Fight With the Devil-Fish --Victor Hugo's Famous Description FROM "THE TOILERS OF THE SEA."

One of the most famous passages in Victor Hugo is in his description of the fight between a man and a devil-fish in his novel "The Toilers of the Sea." Gilliat, the hero, is attacked by a devil-fish in a grotto. The story is as follows: Suddenly he felt himself seized by the arm, strange indescribable horror thrilled through him.

Some living thing, thin, rough, flat, cold, slimy, had twisted itself round his naked arm, in the dark depth below. It crept upward towards his chest its pressure was like a tightening of the screw. In less than a moment some mysterious spiral form had passed round his wrist, and he had scarcely reached his shoulder. A sharp point penetrated beneath the armpit.

Gilliat recoiled; but he had scarcely regained his feet when he felt a second nail to the place. With his left hand, which was disengaged, he seized his teeth, and with that hand holding the knife, he supported himself against the rock, while he made a desperate effort to withdraw his arm. He succeeded only in disturbing his persecutor, which wound itself still tighter. It was as supple as leather, strong as steel, cold as night.

A second form, sharp, elongated, and narrow, issued out of the crevice, like a tongue out of monstrous jaws. It seemed to lick his naked body. Then suddenly stretching out, it became longer and thinner as it crept over his shoulder and round his arm. At the same time a terrible sense of pain, comparable to nothing he had ever known, compelled all his muscles to contract. He felt upon his skin a number of flat rounded points. It fastened to his flesh and were about to drink his blood.

A third long undulating shape issued from the hole in the rock, seemed to feed its way about his body; lashed round his ribs like a cord, and fixed itself there. Agony when at its height is mute, Gilliat uttered no cry. There was sufficient light for him to see the repulsive forms which had opened their mouths about him. A fourth ligature, but this one swift as an arrow, darted towards his stomach and wound round him three times.

It was impossible to sever or tear away the slimy hands which were twisting tightly round his arms, and were adhering by a number of points. Each of the points was the focus of frightful and singular pangs. It was as if numberless small mouths were devouring him at the same time. A fifth long, slimy, riband-shaped strip issued from the hole, and wound itself tightly around his chest. The compression increased his sufferings. He could scarcely breathe.

These living things were pointed at their extremities, but broadened like a blade of a sword towards their hilt. All belonged evidently to the same creature. They crept and glided about him; he felt the strange points of pressure, and seemed to be crushed under them. Suddenly a large, round, flattened glutinous mass, the inhabitant of the crevice, it was the center; the five things were attached to it like spokes to the nave of a wheel. On the opposite side of the hole, it possessed the appearance of the commencement of three other tentacles, the end of which remained under the rock. In the center of this slimy mass appeared two eyes. The eyes were fixed on Gilliat.

He recognized the Devil-fish. He had observed the crevice in which he supposed that the crab had taken refuge, the plevue was there lying in wait for prey. It is possible to imagine that secret ambush? No bird would breed, no egg would burst to life, no flower would dare to open, no breast to give milk, no heart to love, no spirit to soar, under the influence of that apparatus of evil watching with sinister patience in the dusk. Gilliat had thrust his arm deep into the opening; the monster had snatched at it. It held him fast, as the spider holds the fly.

He was in the water up to his belt, his naked feet clutching the slippery roundness of the huge stones at the bottom; his right arm bound and rendered powerless by the flat coils of the long tentacles of the creature, and his body almost hidden under the folds and cross folds of this horrible bandage.

Of the eight arms of the devil-fish three adhered to the rock, while five encircled Gilliat. In this way, clinging to the granite on the one hand, and with the other to his human prey, it encircled him to the rock. Two hundred and fifty suckers were upon him tormenting him with agony and leathery. He was grasped by gigantic hands, the fingers of which were such nearly a yard long, and furnished inside with living blisters eating into the flesh.

As we have said, it is impossible to tear oneself from the folds of the devil-fish. The attempt ends only in a firmer grasp. The monster clings with more determined force. Its efforts increase with that of its victim; every struggle produces a tightening of its ligatures. Gilliat had but one resource, his knife. His left hand only was free, but the reader knows with what power he could use it, it might have been said that he had two right hands.

His open knife was in his hand. The antenna of the devil-fish cannot cut; it is a leathery substance impossible to divide with the knife, it slips under the edge; its position in attack allows such that to cut it would be to wound the victim's own flesh. The creature is formidable, but there is a way of resisting it. The fisherman of Sark knows this, as does anyone who has seen them execute certain abrupt movements in the sea. The porpoises know it also; they have a way of breaking the cuttle-fish which decapitates it. Hence the frequent sight on the sea of pen-fish, poulps, and cuttle-fish without heads.

The cephalopods, in fact, is only vulnerable through the head. Gilliat was not ignorant of this fact, he looked at the increasing power of the larger species. Another would have been no worse eyes with terror. He had never seen a devil-fish of this size. His first encounter was with one of the larger species. Another would have been no worse eyes with terror.

With the devil-fish, as with a furious bull, there is a certain moment in the combat which must be seized. It is the instant when the bull lowers the neck, it is the instant when the devil-fish advances its head. The movement is destroyed. He who loses that moment is destroyed. The things we have described occupied only a few moments. Gilliat, however, the increasing power of its innumerable suckers. The monster is cunning; it tries first to apply its prey. It seizes and then pauses awhile.

Gilliat grasped his knife; the sucking increased. He looked at the monster, which seemed to look at him. Suddenly it loosened from the rock its six antennae, and darting it at him, seized him by the left arm. At the same moment it advanced its head with a violent movement. In one second more its mouth would have fastened on his breast. Bleeding in the sides, and with his two arms entangled, he would have been a dead man. But Gilliat was not without resources. He avoided the antenna, and at the moment when the monster darted forward to fasten on his breast, he struck it with the knife clenched in his left hand. There were two convulsions in opposite directions; that of the devil-fish and that of its prey. The movement was rapid as a double flash of lightning.

He plunged the blade of his knife into the flat slimy substance, and by a rapid movement, like the flourish of a whip in the air, describing a circle round the monster, he wrenched the head off as a man would draw a tooth. The struggle was ended. The folds relaxed. The monster dropped away, like the sword suddenly from the hand of a hundred suckers, deprived of their sustaining power, dropped at once from the monster's head. The mass sank to the bottom of the water. Breathless with the struggle, Gilliat could perceive upon the stones at his feet two small shining objects, the head on one side, the remainder of the monster on the other.

Feeling nevertheless some convulsive return of his agony he recalled to avoid the reach of the dreaded tentacles. But the monster was quite dead. Gilliat closed his knife. He Can Sleep In Peace Now

Wm. Taggart's Kidney Disease Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Well-Known Tilbury East Farmer Tells the Tilbury News How Easily He Got Rid of His Trouble.

Tilbury, Ont., Aug. 12 (Special).—Mr. Wm. Taggart, a well-known and highly-esteemed farmer of Tilbury, has observed the efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills. "For about four or five years," says Mr. Taggart, "I was suffering from Kidney Trouble and the score of medicines I used gave me no relief. I was only able to get up three or four times every night and my life was simply miserable. One day I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and I got relief from the first. After using two boxes I was completely cured, and you can bet I was a happy man. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure the kidneys and therefore always cure urinary complaints."

The World's Money. The United States Director of the Mint has put forth some interesting figures regarding the gold production of the world.

According to his estimates, the annual production of gold in the world is about \$1,250,000,000. The population of the world is estimated at 1,250,000,000 persons. The amount of gold money in circulation is \$3,322,000,000; silver, \$2,869,000,000, and uncovered paper, \$2,000,000,000—a grand total of \$12,150,000,000. This figure of \$12,150,000,000 is all the money in the world. Such a total was never reached before.

Not only is the immense production of gold and silver rapidly increasing the total amount of money in existence, but the rate of growth is also much faster than that of the population. Measured by the money it has, the human race is rapidly growing richer. It is estimated that the increase in gold money alone amounts to 25 cents a year for each individual. The amount of silver and paper money is also growing fast—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION



Tribune, Chicago. Tommy Atkins—So this is the bloomink sacred city. My word, what jolly fine walls for pill advertisement.

THE TENOR'S DOUBLE IN A PREDICAMENT

Christopher Tastes the Joys of Greatness—Becomes Victim of an Error.

Christopher Reincke was a fortunate man. At the age of 28 an agent of the well-known banking firm, Fischer & Sons, and the betrothed of the charming Gertrude Echwartz, the only daughter of the wealthy Fritz Schwarz—what could be lacking in his happiness?

The good will of his principals and the love of his Gertrude were enough to make him see life in a rosy light. But "no earth-born man shall know the unmixed joy of living."

On his quiet and contented life a dark shadow suddenly fell, a demon threatened to shatter the foundations of his existence. One day, at the invitation of some friends, he went to one of those charitable affairs in which people engage themselves for the benefit of the poor.

Christopher stood for a moment puzzled before the petitioning beauty. "Ermano, Gustinetti, tenor," was printed under the portrait.

Christopher understood at once what had happened, but the friends of his beautiful petitioner—the envy of his own friends who did not know the explanation of his sudden popularity—had roused his vanity and given birth to the desire to maintain this favorable position in society.

He knew, to be sure, that the part he played as Gustinetti's double was not entirely commendable, but the wish to rise in the estimation of his acquaintances, and especially in that of his future father-in-law, who had reluctantly given his consent to the engagement, put an end to his hesitation.

From this evening all happiness and content were gone from Christopher Reincke. The manner in which he had been distinguished by the friends of his beautiful petitioner—the envy of his own friends who did not know the explanation of his sudden popularity—had roused his vanity and given birth to the desire to maintain this favorable position in society.

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MANY BANK BOOKS ARE LOST EVERY DAY

Five Is the Average in One Chicago Bank—The Trouble That Ensues.

"If we don't have at least five per cent every day come in here to give notice of their lost bankbook, we think it unusual," said a cashier of one of the city banks recently. "I haven't any there are twice as many of these books lost in the summer time as there are in the winter."

"As soon as a book is reported lost a check is made against it in the bank, and the loser is requested to advertise the loss. For from a fortnight to thirty days ensuing no money can be withdrawn on that account, unless the depositor must apply for a new book. Generally an affidavit must first be made that the loser cannot find the book and that it has not been transferred or assigned."

"All that is scarcely necessary, but it makes a bank absolutely safe in respect to that deposit, and it puts the depositor to enough trouble to make him or her careful thereafter. Everything having been performed as outlined, the depositor may get a new book, which means opening a new account, as accounts are never duplicated."

"In my experience of many years I do not recall a case where finders have presented books in hopes of withdrawing money. It would be almost impossible for a person not the owner of the book to withdraw a cent on the account. At the time of the original deposit the critical individual who is framed to fix the depositor's identity, and to protect the depositor. The depositor must also leave an autograph on the bank register. Whenever money is withdrawn these questions do not arise, but the depositor must attach to an order. This is an effectual test. Each book is numbered and bears the depositor's name."

"We have been asked if depositors would not be better protected if banks omitted the name from the book and all the bear of its contents, giving the name of the owner, and the name of the bank. The plan would not defeat the purpose of a thief, for no one would steal a bankbook without knowing the name of the owner, and the withdrawal of deposits is so well guarded that even with the owner's name a finder could not get money from the bank."

"There are probably from 1,200 to 1,500 books lost every year, of which 400 are eventually turned up. That means from one-third to two-fifths of one per cent of the whole number of books out of circulation, and one-third of that number get back to the owners. Where the rest go is a puzzle not to be solved."

Mont Blanc Subjugated. An electric railroad is to be constructed up Mont Blanc, on plans prepared by M. Balle. The cog-wheel system as used on the Jungfrau road is to be adopted. The railroad will start from the village of Les Bochettes, 3,250 feet above sea level, and will climb 11,710 feet to the upper terminus, at a point near the Petits Rochers Rouges. The track will be nearly eleven miles in length, of which more than six miles will be tunnels. The first station will be at the top of the Gros Becand, 8,410 feet high, from which point of vantage a splendid view of the Chamoni valley is obtained. The second station will be just below the summit of the famous Aiguille du Gouter, at an altitude of 12,000 feet. Thence a hard snow path will lead to the Grand Plateau. The third station will be located in close proximity to the observatory and the refuge hut, at an altitude of 14,200 feet. From here a tunnel will be cut through the northern slope of Mont Blanc proper to the terminus, situated 14,970 feet above the sea. The highest summit, 15,780 feet above the terminus, will be reached through an iron foot or by sledges. The entire train journey will only take two hours.—Scientific American.

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THE STOKEHOLE OF BATTLESHIP CURE RHEUMATISM

IF I Do Not, It Does Not Cost You a Penny.

GREAT IMPORTANCE OF THE DUTIES DEVOLVING ON THE MEN WHO MANIPULATE COAL.

Success of the Squadron Depends Largely on the Stokers' Skill—Special Training is Required.

No writer of sea stories has had occasion thus far to make his hero a stoker. In spite of the fact that steam navigation has provided less picturesque material for fiction than was furnished by the sailing craft of long ago, the death is not yet so complete that any novelist has been driven to the stokehole for a popular subject. Nevertheless the stokehole and its presiding genius are as essential to the success of steam navigation as was the humble blower to the old-fashioned pipe organ. The human beings who delve at the very bottom of the great trans-Atlantic corvettes, who have been not inaptly characterized as "heaven above and hades below," may not be subjects fit for idealization, but they are prime necessities in steam navigation.

It is on the warship, however, that a stoker becomes a person of acknowledged consequence. It depends upon him to a great extent whether his vessel is cut through the water at the speed that was intended by her designers or whether she shall crawl along at three or four knots under that speed. Bad work or carelessness in the stokehole means disappointment and invites disaster of many kinds. It means primarily that the fires are not going to burn properly and that as a consequence the amount of steam generated will be less than is required. It means that all the plans so carefully formulated by the experts above decks are likely to miscarry through the inefficiency or carelessness of the men who feed the fires.

Battleships, cruisers or torpedo boats carrying badly trained or reckless stokers become what are called "wasters." In other words, they eat too much, drink too much and as a consequence sleep too much. The food which they consume too voraciously is coal, the drink which they imbibe too freely is water, and the consequent somnolence is decreased speed. The speed of a ship could not be depended upon in a critical moment. If the admiral of the fleet should order a battle of speed the stoker would not be ready to respond. It must be remembered also that the speed of a ship is the result of the speed of the slowest ship. The presence of a squadron must not be widely separated for any great length of time, for it would not be ready to respond to the mercy of the enemy. So it is upon the capability of a single stoker that the movements of an entire squadron sometimes depend.

From this will be seen the necessity for discrimination in the selection of the men who remain in the stokehole of a warship. This is so well understood by naval officials that provision has been made by all nations for the selection of navies worthy of the name to instruct men in the duties of this important calling. Russia built a special vessel, the Okran, for the purpose of training her stokers. England has followed her example and fitted up the old Nelson as a training ship for the class of stokers. In Germany, France and Italy special instruction is given at the various naval yards.

In the United States the matter has received proper attention. Naval firemen, as they are known in America, are recognized members of one of the five branches which constitute the enlisted naval force. A fireman is classed as seaman and is regarded as a gunner and musician. He is paid more for his services than any other man of his rating, receiving, if of the first class, \$25 per month and a gunner has \$26 and the musician \$32. Any able-bodied man of good character, between the ages of 18 and 25, may enlist as fireman in the United States navy. He will not be assigned to active duty, however, until he has been instructed in his new business. Before he has finished his course of training he is quite likely to realize that he might easily have chosen a more exacting occupation. It is not an easy task to train young firemen. Many have attended the feat, but few have been notably successful. It is reported to be one of the most thankless offices in naval life—to be detailed to teach young firemen how to shove coal. Every day, of course, can shovel coal, but exceedingly few can shovel it to the satisfaction of a naval instructor.

A young fellow brought suddenly under naval discipline after having lived a free life ashore will find most difficult to fall in with the discipline of the navy. He is reported to be finding fault with his method of grasping a shovel handle and is no purist in his use of the mother tongue, is an efficient petty, no doubt, but an officer of the navy notwithstanding. In such an environment and in such a temperature it does not require much of a vindictive on the part of the novice to constitute actual offense. An impatient exclamation or a rash movement may precipitate a disaster.

The coal must be spread over the fire in a manner calculated to get from it all the heat it is capable of giving in the shortest possible time. Not a shovelful must be wasted. The novice is inclined to fall at Uncle Sam's parley. Before he has learned how to do the trick properly—long before he wins a truck of approval from his instructor—he discovers that it is not stinkiness, but prudence. Knowing how to obtain a maximum of steam pressure from a minimum expenditure of fuel has abridged many a yawning chasm and turned more than one impending disaster into victory.

If this scientific manipulation of coal were all, the would-be fireman might



When you suffer the terrible pains and distresses of rheumatism—get my Rheumatism Cure. It will relieve your pains immediately and effectually drive the disease from your system. A twenty-five cent vial at your druggist's will show you the extraordinary power of these remarkable pellets. If they do not cure you absolutely I refund your money.—Munyon, 108.

look forward cheerfully to the near prospects of relief from his taskmaster, but this is only a beginning. He must now learn to keep his fire clean and free from everything that will interfere with the heat-making process. This seems to be a simple matter, but one who has actually handled the rods of otherwise. Like so much else that must be learned there is but one right way to do it. By the time the novice has become accustomed to the way he has probably moderated his disposition to resent his teacher's criticism. Besides the steam is very weary and in time, of course, he will become better able to work in a temperature of 110 degrees, but before he advances that stage of immunity he will often think of the superior quality of the air of the upper deck, and if he is a trifle sentimental he may even dream of green fields and woods.

There is little theory about his training. He is actually handled in the stokehole as he will have to do when he goes to sea. A well-prepared fireman is a man of vast knowledge concerning fires, boilers and engines, and nowadays he is expected to have a working acquaintance with electricity. Most firemen in the course of time pick up much knowledge about boilers, and some of them become expert engineers. In the early days of steam navigation a fireman's opportunity for advancement was practically wanting. Now it is entirely different. Not only may a fireman's ability obtain promotion, but one of a number of petty officers in his own branch, but he actually enjoys all the chances of promotion that are open to any other enlisted man in the navy. There are cases on record in the British navy of men who have risen from the stokehole to be commanders of vessels.

Besides the pay of \$35 a month the fireman of a United States ship of war is entitled to all the outfit and rations of the seaman's gunner or attendant grade. He is provided with an ample supply of clothing and is allowed a ration of 20 cents a day during his enlistment. If he serves 20 years he is pensioned and is given three-fourths of the highest pay he has ever received. In spite of the hardship attendant upon the calling, there is no lack of candidates. It is possible that this is due in a measure to the fact that the special requirements are not so rigidly insisted upon as in the case of the naval seaman.

Toronto Exhibition Prize List

The prize list put up by the Canadian National Exhibition of Toronto, is held this year from Aug. 23 to Sept. 10, is an especially good-looking production. It provides for the distribution of \$5,000 in premiums and prizes of which high unto \$27,000 is given for horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry and dogs. All the buildings will be crowded with samples of the industries and resources of the country. In addition, some \$30,000 will be devoted to the securing of special attractions. The list includes the appearance every morning, afternoon and evening on the grounds of the highest paid band which has ever been produced of the greatest spectacle with fireworks yet attempted, entitled "The Siege of Lucknow," and naval exercises in which torpedoes and armor-piercing shells will be used.

The Farmer and a Bull.

With a quaint and bucolic gesture Irving Batchelder (author of "Dri and I") and other well-known sketches of country life in America, told a story at the last dinner of the Dartmouth Club, which was the masterpiece of the evening for brevity. An old farmer was hunting with Batchelder. He was tending and mowing, Batchelder tried in a hundred ways to make him say more than ten words at a stretch. This is what happened at the final attempt: "Did you ever have any experience with an angry bull, Mr. Smith?" "Silence for a minute."

Five minutes silence, succeeded by: "Did you see the bull run?" "Another long silence."

"So did I. Had the bull's tail?" "In the silence that followed the two men saw and shot a brace of birds. Batchelder's bird had no sooner fallen to the ground than the farmer said: "Bull ran side of a tree."

"So? What happened?" "After ten minutes: "I ran 'tother side. Had his tail?" "Well, what then?"

There was a full half hour's pause and the two men were in sight of home when the agriculturist said, with an effort: "Had more of the tail that the darned bull had."—New York News.

There is no other dessert looks so appetizing and tastes so delicious as that made with Pure Gold Jelly Powder. Pure and sparkling in nine true fruit flavors. PURE GOLD JELLY POWDER Pure Gold—Pure Foods—No Adulteration. All good grocers sell it.

Spring Purity. To brew good ale pure, hard water is an absolute necessity. The solvent powers of water are so great that few springs produce water pure enough for brewing. Carling's springs were discovered after many years of searching, and the brewery established only when Government analysts deposited that the water never tested less than 99.08 degrees pure. Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other, because no other is quite so good. Carling's Ale The Ale that's Always Pure