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OPIMUM

HANK'S GRIZZLY

By HARRY IRVING GREENE. (Copyright.)

Hank, the guide, peeped into the coffee pot and then sat down on a log to await the boiling.

"The queerest reptyle ever I met," he said, "was up in Utah. Drifted into Whisky Ike's parlor one evenin', and feelin' pretty good, shot a few holes through the ceilin', not meanin' no harm.

"How so?" I asks, curious enough. Well, he goes down in his pocket and fishes around for a spell like he had lost somethin', and finally digs up a little peewee, putty shootin' weppin about the size of a cigarette and holds it out in front of him like a woman hists up a dead rat by the tail.

"For a minnut I was knocked speechless, then I come to slowly. 'Of all the sawed-off, hammered-down, nail-bitin' death-breathin', roarin', tearin' bullies ever I seen, you are the wust,' I says, and turns away. But the next mornin', as I was settin' speculatin' on the here-fter, up comes this same little banty and hires me to take him into the hills.

"Oh, sugar! They won't hurt you, he answered. 'Don't be afraid. I have read all about bears in books, and they ain't dangerous.'

"That's all right, too, but suppose he happens to be a gum chune bear?" I asked.

"A gum chune bear. Never heard of one? I am surprised that you didn't read about them in your jography. A gum chune bear is a grouchy old bach, or maybe a dissipated old maid, what gits down on sassity and longs to wipe it out. He noses around until he gets a big wad of spruce gum and he chaws on that day after day to strengthen his jaws.

"Well, instead of scarin' the little skeeter, that only made him more anxious to spy the brute. 'I should dread to see a gum chune that I might inspect his maxillaries,' says he, whatever they might be. I didn't say no more, but I thought if a little, half-grown son of a microbe like him had staid in the same country with Uncle Sam, a full-grown man like Uncle Sam ought not to be afraid to walk up to one and pull his whiskers out. Well, we camped there, and, sure enough, a couple of days after I run into the tracks again, smokin' hot, so I hops back right lively to camp.

"The buggist was backed up against a tree with a pair of blinders on. Said he was examin' the hairs on the legs of a skeeter to see what tribe he belonged to, but when I told him I had rounded up his game he dropped the insect sudden. 'Where is he?' asks the little man. 'About half a mile up the gully yonder. Better straddle along right past, because I didn't tie him none too fast,' says I.

"Certain; to be sure. Had I best take my weppin'?" he says. "As you please," says I. "But I wouldn't advise you to peek at him overmuch with it. If you ever hit a pore bear with that piece of ordinance, there wouldn't be enough left of him to pick up on the pint of a pin and examin' through that maggin'fin' machine of yours. But he fetches it along, just the same, and purty soon we come to the tracks, which same were about the size of a wash-tub. The perfesser takes off his glasses and polishes them a bit, then cinches up his leather and takes to the trail. 'Here, you galoot!' I yells. 'If don't make no difference to me which way we go, but if you foller them that way long enough you will come to the place where your bear was borned. You have got the back track, pardner.'

the critter we were a-peekin' for. His nose was p'inted towards us, his head hangin' low and swingin', and his mouth full of the prettiest teeth ever I looked at. The fool buggist was bendin' over the trail, and I reckon he would have run plumb into 'other's mouth and disappeared forevermore if I hadn't ketchin' him by the part that was handiest and yanked him back. 'There's your blame chipmunk,' says I. 'Ain't he just lovely?'

"Magnificent. The Ursus horribilus in his native wild. What a pictur to show Dr. Dodo down east!" says the perfesser. He uncinched his camery and commenced to sneak up closer, sayin' soothin' like, 'So bear, good bear,' as he proceeded. Pretty quick old Eph skinned his lip and commenced to cuss and rumble down in his insides, and I let out a holler: 'Better take your fytograf and back water strong, 'cause there's goin' to be strange doin's almost immediate, mister, I sings; and I hadn't got the words out of my mouth before he gives a 'woof' and comes for us like a steam engine. I had been expectin' the same all along, and the good Lord had caused me to stop under a limb that I could just jump up and grab handy; so up I goes, and no sooner had I got on the grandstand than the procession passed along.

"First came the perfesser, and it was amazin' to gaze upon the way that stub-legged dude could stampe when he once got interested. Under the limb he went so fast that I could hear him whizz, his legs goin' like the drive-wheels of a locomotive on a slippery track. And as he went he was sayin' to himself, 'Run, you little fool. Now you've done it, ain't you, dang you!' like he was sort of findin' fault with himself for somethin'.

"I yanked out my .44 army as the bear came snortin' by and let him have a couple in the shoulder. He went heels over apertite, but was up in a second and fairly bustin' his suspenders to make up for lost time. Not havin' anything pertickler to do, I dropped down and trailed along after them, thinkin' if I could grab the bear by the tail mebbey I could hold him back a couple of minutes, by which time I figured the perfesser would be back in Boston. But, though I straddled along uncommon active, seein' as how I have got a spavin and a couple of ringbones, I soon seen I was like a mud turtle a-chasin' a rabbit. Then I remembered when I was a kid at school I heard the teacher say that the hypothermose of something was the shortest distance between two p'int, and, bearin' that in mind, I cut across lots, figurin' on headin' them off.

"Well, I made it and arrove first in a class finish. The little man was still goin' as fast as former, puffin' and blowin' most tremenjus. When he seen me a look of genocine joy perched on his features, and he changed his course and come a-sailin' by within two feet, disappearin' with a whistlin' sound. But at the same time the grizzly side-stepped, too, and come straight for me, ears laid back, mouth open, breathin' fire.

"Some fellers would have got right down on their benders and prayed, but I only girded up my loins, and sayin', 'deliver us from evil,' right earnest, hopped over a tree trunk and skeddaddled down the hill somethin' wonderful. Next minit I hears somethin' go 'pop,' and takes a peep over my shoulder, and what do you suppose I seen? Nothin' but old Eph stretched out deaden' a herrin' and the little runt of a perfesser settin' a-straddle of him and examin' his jaws. 'Genocine silver-tip grizzly,' he says, when I come up. 'Puffick specimen.' Then he looks up at me and says, 'Where was you goin'?'

"Nowhere much," says I; 'just travelin' around and admirin' the scenery.' "Must have seen a lot, considerin' the time you was travelin', he answers, with a funny grin.

"Yes, quite a chunk. How did you do it?" I asks, full of wonder. "Oh, I just got behind a tree and shot him in the eye with my weppin as he come along. See! He p'inted at the bear's eye with his bean shooter, and you can skin me and hang my pelt on the cabin wall if he hadn't done it slick and clean; somethin' no mortal man ever done before or since with such a weppin and a bear goin' at full jump. I couldn't say a word, couldn't even cuss—showin' how bad I felt. I just set down on a log and weeped.

"But that wasn't the worst of it. That night he developed his pictur and the next day showed it to me. It was the most hair-raisin' fytograf of a grizzly a-comin' head on that was ever took by a human bein'. That will tickle Dr. Dodo most to death,' says the little bear-killer.

"Pardner," says I, holdin' out my hand, 'I hired out to you as a guide, but I can't earn the money. Hereafter I will cook for you and wash your feet, but you are the guide, bear-fighter, bronco-buster and roarin' bully of this outfit. When I go back to town I am goin' to quit guidin' and learn fancy sewin'."

Hank stirred up the pot with a pine stick. "Pull up your rookin' cheers, fellers. Coffee's bilin'."

FADS AND FANCIES.

By MINNA SCHATT CRAWFORD.

The returning throngs of designers and dressmakers fresh from their summer explorations through the smart shops of Paris and London have brought over some very practical new ideas in semi-fitting short and long coats that will be hailed as a welcome departure from the tight-fitting styles of the past two years.

The return of the gored flare skirt, which fits smoothly at hip and waist and falls into voluminous folds at foot, is also greeted with enthusiasm. The circular skirt is very pretty in theory, but its tendency to drag and dip at the sides makes it ungraceful. In the new skirts this sagging tendency is corrected by means of gores and plaits which give the new skirt the effect of being empanelled. Its numerous seams enable the dressmaker to utilize narrow fabrics and secure the full effect of the circular skirt without disfiguring criss-cross seams.

Folds continue to be the favorite garniture for skirts. These may be cut to the exact shape of the skirt or made of bias material, and are usually lined with crinoline. Great care must be exercised to cut the crinoline on a true bias, otherwise dampness will cause it to "pull" and spoil the shape of the folds.

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Girls' dress with fitted lining, adjustable collar and straight skirt. This charming little model is suited for either wash materials or woolsens. The Pattern No. 2130 is cut in sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 4 yards of 3/4 inch material. Price 15 cents.

Boys' blouse suit, consisting of box-plaited blouse with two styles of collar and knickerbockers. The Pattern No. 2148 is cut in sizes 6, 8, and 10 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/2 yards of 42 inch material. Price 15 cents.

The Fifth Avenue shops are making a brave display of soft flannel waists in dainty shades of pink, pale blue and delicately tinted gray stripes and mixtures. All show the turnover collars and cuffs that the "Peter Pan" waists have endeared to us. The waists are more dressy and shapely than the "Peter Pan," inasmuch as nearly all of them have tucks or plaits of some sort over the shoulders, which add to the bust fullness and the blouse effect. The little

every day to supply the continent with needed power. In this body of water the tide daily raises and lowers 6,000,000 tons of water an average of four feet.

New York being an alleyless city, its streets are too often marred by long arrays of ash and garbage cans. Along ten Harlem blocks 322 of these iron-clad decorations (?) were counted yesterday morning.

Reciprocity. One day a learned professor was accosted by a very dirty little bootblack: "Shine your shoes, sir."

"I don't want a shine, my lad," said he, "but if you'll go and wash your face I'll give you a sixpence."

"A right, sir," was the lad's reply, as he went over to a neighboring fountain and made his ablutions. Returning, he held out his hand for the money. "Well, my lad," said the professor, "you have earned your sixpence. Here it is."



Handkerchief pocket is another bit of coquetry that lends a perky, jaunty air to these practical waists. The style here pictured, Pattern No. 2137, is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price 15 cents.



The ladies' street costume here illustrated is one of the smartest shown for the coming season. The jacket is one of the new semi-fitted models with an under-arm gore. It has a stylish, notched collar and a two-piece coat-sleeve. The under-arm gore has a cross-wise trimming of three tailor stitched bands, an entirely new idea that is seen on quite a number of imported models. It is a very simple jacket to make, and would be very effective for wear as a separate coat or as part of a costume. The Jacket Pattern No. 2157 is cut in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Price 15 cents.



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Pinless Chinese. A member of the Chinese Legation, clad in splendid pale and hued silks, stood before the Casino at Newport.

"Pins," he said, "cause untidy habits. We have no pins in China. The right way to fasten things is with buttons and buttonholes, or with loops and frogs. To fasten things with pins is to make use of an untidy makeshift. To employ pins is to become lazy and slovenly. We have no pins in China. Certain foreign manufacturers shipped millions of them to us in the past, but we sent them back. We had no use for them. We were too neat."

Good American Business.

In the United States during the first half of this year \$260,000,000 was spent for new buildings in twenty cities, \$13,000,000 more than was spent during the corresponding time last year in twenty-four cities. Of the \$13,000,000 increase, \$8,000,000 was in Greater New York, whose total was \$88,000,000. Los Angeles spent \$10,000,000 during the six months, an increase of \$2,400,000.

In the fiscal year just closed Puget Sound sent abroad \$17,000,000 worth of grain and flour, an increase of \$12,700,000 over the last fiscal year. June is never supposed to be a strenuous business month; yet railroad earnings last month went on increasing right along over the same weeks of June, 1905. Some of the items for the fourth week in this June are as follows: Wash- ington \$1,600,000; Missouri Pacific, \$1,750,000; Louisville & Nashville, \$2,280,000; Missouri, Kansas & Texas, \$1,290,000. That is why railroad reports from Chicago say: "Despite all reports to the contrary, there has not been a summer in a good many years when everything looked as bright and prosperous as at present." Here are some of the gross increases for June: Vanderbilt system, \$1,850,000; Illinois Central, \$2,800,000; Yazoo and Mississippi Valley, \$15,600,000. The Burlington's annual report to be issued in August, will show \$7,000,000 increase in gross earnings.

Thirty-four million barrels of Portland cement were made in this country last year, an eight hundredfold increase in twenty-five years. The value was \$32,000,000, an increase of \$31,874,000.

In the five years from 1900 to 1905 capital invested in American manufacturing has grown from \$9,800,000,000 to \$14,000,000,000, and the annual product from \$13,000,000,000 to \$17,500,000,000.

In the fiscal year just closed we absorbed more than a million immigrants. They brought with them \$10,000,000 in cash. We need them and many millions more. The cry is heard from every part of our country: "Men wanted."

Our circulation of national bank notes increased \$1,982,700 in June and \$65,392,554 in the fiscal year which ended June 30, reaching \$561,112,360, secured by an equal amount of the best bonds on earth—American government bonds. This is the highest recorded bank note circulation. Prior to 1902 the highest record was on October 1, 1882, \$362,256,662. On July 1, 1891, the amount was only \$167,557,214.

At Seattle in June sixty-four deep sea vessels arrived and seventy-eight departed; passengers inbound, 58,003, and outbound, 59,259. Imports, \$1,449,780, and exports, \$1,357,902, a total foreign commerce for the month of more than \$2,800,000. This business was done with the Orient (mainly), England, British Columbia, South America, Siberia, Germany and South Africa. In addition, the total value of domestic water shipments was \$5,643,284, making a total water commerce for June of \$8,500,000.

Southern California reports some big crude oil contracts: 20,000,000 barrels for several private firms in Japan; 20,000 barrels deliverable daily by one company in the Los Alamos field; another company has agreed to deliver 10,000,000 barrels in Chile; still another company is buying three new tank steamers to carry California oil to Hawaii and Central and South America; yet another California company has almost completed its pipe line across the Isthmus of Panama. There will soon be an American Panama Canal of American oil, with eight big receiving tanks, four at each end of the Isthmus, holding 20,000 barrels of oil.

Good American business is again reflected in the total money circulation on June 30 of \$2,744,483,830, being nearly \$108,000,000 more than on June 30, 1905, and \$1,928,000,000 more than on January 1, 1879, the day on which Uncle Sam resumed doing business for cash. The present circulation is part of the general stock of money in the United States which amounts to \$3,669,000,000, an increase of \$129,000,000 in the month of June. The circulation is equal to \$32.42 per capita of 84,662,000 population.

Grain receipts from January to May, inclusive, of this year, at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans, amounted to \$132,627,667 bushels, an increase of 41,000,000 bushels over the corresponding months of 1905 and 57,000,000 over the same period in 1904.

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