

THE RIGHT ROAD.

I have lost the road to happiness, Does any one know it, pray? I was dwelling there when morn was fair But somehow I wandered away.

A PECULIAR OCCUPATION.

The mist that hung over the city one morning recently, making everybody feel uncomfortable by the excess of humidity with which it charged the atmosphere, was slowly being dispelled by the strengthening rays of the sun, when Ralph Williams, a stout, clean-shaven man, came out of an old-fashioned house on East Third street.

He was a man who would be likely to attract attention by his appearance anywhere outside of New York. He was a typical townsman, faultlessly dressed, with an air of self-possession, a pair of keen yet laughing blue eyes, and a well-trained moustache.

Between Fifth and Sixth avenues he stopped at one of the big dry goods stores and went in. The big establishment was echoing with the sounds of bustling activity. The clerks and cash girls were busy taking down cloth covers from the shelves and counters, and dusters were being plied in vigorous fashion.

As Mr. Williams walked up the centre aisle he was greeted by the clerks and floor walkers, and nodding a smiling "good morning" to each. He stopped here and there to make some bantering remark, which was always responded to, for, in spite of all the rush, the clerks found plenty of time to talk, and the waggings of tongues and the hum of chatter were very perceptible.

"Mr. Williams, the Superintendent wants to see you." This remark came from a big-eyed, small-bodied, cash girl. The smile died away from Mr. Williams's face and a very serious expression took its place.

"Yes," she said, speaking in a sharp, business-like manner. "Here is a woman complains that her pocketbook was stolen from her while she was making some purchases at the linen counter. It was a black seal pocketbook containing a plain gold ring, some cards engraved Mrs. John Stone, East Orange, and \$25 in cash."

"She dropped it out of her hand and it was picked up by Cash 35. It is now at the office waiting for her to claim it," interrupted Mr. Williams, calmly.

The Superintendent nodded and Mr. Williams turned and left the office.

"Mr. Williams would like to see you, sir," said a cash girl as he walked over to the toy department. He retraced his steps and entered another office, where Mr. Wilson, junior partner of the millionaire firm, sat back in his chair studying the ceiling in a reflective manner.

"Ralph," said Mr. Wilson, "I want you to do a little quiet investigating for me to-night. There is a fellow here from Colorado with a scheme he wants me to go into. It sounds a little fishy, and I want to know just how things stand. If you are not too tired see me at my house about 8 o'clock."

"All right, sir." "And, Ralph, I have just received a communication from a lawyer in Jersey City. He says his client was thrown down stairs in our store through the carelessness of a cash girl who stepped on her dress. He wants damages and threatens to sue. It smells like blackmail. Investigate it to-morrow. If the story is true we will pay liberally; if not, we won't pay a cent if it costs thousands to defend a suit. Here are the names and addresses."

Mr. Williams left the office and walked up the aisle, making several entries in his note book. He stopped at a counter near one of the Fourteenth street entrances. It was covered with piles of laces strung on pasteboard cards. A sign that swung from a bracket in the centre denoted that it was the "bargain" counter. The women who always arrive early to get the best of the bargains the stores have to offer were coming in now. All the chatter of clerks and changing of stock were over with, but the confused sounds of customers making purchases, of clerks answering questions, of floor walkers giving orders,

and of cash girls running hither and thither made as much noise.

Mr. Williams took a position some distance from the bargain counter, and leaned against a showcase. To the customer he looked like a particularly lazy man, who had wandered into the store and didn't have energy enough to get out of it again. His hat was pulled down on his brows, and he seemed to be lost in a reverie. Suddenly there was a flash of his eyes, and he stepped into the struggling crowd of bargain seekers.

"Madam," he said to a tall, angular woman, who was making a bold dive over the heads of several smaller women to get a piece of lace, "your pocketbook is in danger."

Madam didn't hear, so he touched her on the shoulder. She turned with a scowl and glared at him. His interruption had made her relinquish the prize she was seeking just as her fingers were closing on it.

"How dare you, sir?" she exclaimed, hotly. "I don't know you, sir."

"Your satchel is open, and your pocketbook could easily be stolen," said Mr. Williams, calmly.

The woman turned pale, and started to make some remark, but he had already resumed his former position. He still seemed to be deeply engrossed in thought when a handsome, well-dressed woman passed him. Her hands were full of little parcels, and her purse was slipping out from between them.

"Pardon me, madam, but you are losing your purse," said Mr. Williams.

The lady started, blushed, transferred her purse to her pocket, and said: "Thank you." Mr. Williams bowed and lifted his hat gallantly. "There's one lady," he muttered.

Suddenly there was a commotion among the bargain buyers and a slight scream. A pale-faced little woman had been squeezed and pushed and hustled about until she couldn't stand it any longer, and had fainted. Mr. Williams was on hand in a moment. With the aid of the clerk he carried the unfortunate woman up stairs to a room set apart for just such emergencies. Then he procured some ammonia and held it to the woman's nostrils. That revived her, but she was weak and nervous, and it required some diluted brandy to make her feel well enough to sit up in a chair.

As soon as she had arrived at that pass Mr. Williams left her in charge of a girl clerk and hastened down stairs again.

He reached the first floor in time to see that there were more breakers ahead. The angular woman who had been so angry when Mr. Williams reminded her of the fact that her satchel was open, had now lost her pocket-book, and was sure that the clerk at the button counter had taken it.

"See here," she said to the floorwalker, as Mr. Williams came up, "that girl has taken my pocket-book as sure as you live. I laid it on the counter here, and turned my head for just a minute. There was nobody else near, and when I turned around again the pocket-book was gone. It had \$17 in it, too."

Here she showed an inclination to weep, but her eyes remained dry. The floor walker looked grave, and the girl, a pale, delicate creature, burst into tears, and was rapidly becoming hysterical.

"Now, madam," said Mr. Williams, "you are making a very serious charge against this young girl. She has been a clerk here for some time, and has always borne the best of reputations. What have you to found your charge upon?"

The woman frowned. "I don't know what business it is of yours," she said.

"I am the detective in charge of this store," replied Mr. Williams quietly, "and I have everything to do with such cases. If you can prove your charge I will arrest this clerk. If you have made it without proof then you stand in danger of arrest yourself. We do not intend to allow unfounded accusations against our clerks to go unpunished."

The woman turned pale, and stammered that she could not understand how it could be otherwise than she had said. Mr. Williams interrupted her with:

"Have you looked in your pockets?" "Oh, I'm sure it isn't there, for I left—"

"Look," said Mr. Williams, sharply. The woman stuck her hand into her dress pocket, and turned pale as a sheet. She began fumbling awkwardly, but Mr. Williams said, again speaking sharply:

"You have it in your hand. Now show it." The woman fished out the pocketbook, looking very shame-faced.

"Now, how about your accusation?" said Mr. Williams, in a sarcastic tone.

"I really," stammered the woman, and, taking out a coin, handed it to the clerk.

The latter indignantly turned her back, and the woman retreated, red with humiliation and anger.

"Guess she'd like to kill me," chuckled Mr. Williams, softly. Then turning to the sobbing girl, he said in a kindly voice: "Never mind, child; there are all sorts of people in the world. If you break your heart over every cruel word you won't get along well. Pretty near your luncheon time, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," sobbed the girl.

"Well, go now and bathe your eyes. I'll fix your time all right."

Nothing eventful occurred within the next twenty minutes, and Mr. Williams stood looking out of one of the entrances in his usual preoccupied manner. One of the assistant superintendents came along and touched him on the shoulder. They passed out together and crossed over to Sixth avenue, where they entered a German restaurant, and soon were busy discussing the merits of roast beef and potato salad. It was a quiet luncheon, and yet a merry one, for other employes came over, and there was a lively interchange of chaff. After luncheon came a smoke, and then, the hour having expired, Mr. Williams had no sooner entered the store than a cash girl came running up to him with a note.

"There is a woman in the brie-a-brac department who needs watching."

were many other customers in the department, but all the clerks were watching this one. Williams scrutinized her closely from under his eyebrows. He stood apparently examining a fancy clock, but really studying her, for five minutes. Then he took a slip of paper and wrote on it these words:

"The suspect has been indulging rather freely in wine, but is all right."

"Send this to Mr. Wilson," he whispered to a clerk and then went down to the first floor again.

The usual throng was passing in and out the Fourteenth street doors.

"Why, how do you do ladies?" Williams said, suddenly stepping up to two young women.

They were rather overdressed and their faces though pretty, were marred by a certain recklessness of expression and by quantities of paint and powder. They smiled knowingly, and the taller of the two said in an amused tone:

"Hello, Ralph."

"Haven't you made a mistake ladies?" said Williams in a calm, quizzical tone.

Nobody watching them would have supposed that he was doing nothing more than addressing some pleasant remark to the two women.

"It's all right, Ralph," returned the woman in a deprecating voice; "we're straight this time. We only want to get some lace."

"All right," said Williams; "I'll go along with you to see that you don't make any mistake."

The women bit their lips and looked annoyed, but made no objection. Williams piloted them carefully through the crowds and saw them make their purchases and depart. He watched them closely all the time while he kept up a running cross-fire of jests.

"Who are they, Ralph?" asked a floor walker, as they went out.

"Two of the finest pickpockets in the country," was the reply.

Just then his eye rested on a woman at the handkerchief counter and in a moment he was at her side.

"What, Kate again? Haven't I warned you to keep away?"

"I'm on the dead level this time, Ralph, honest Injun."

She was a dumpy, cross-looking woman, very insignificant in appearance.

"That's all right, Kate," said Williams sternly, "but you'll have to go through the act just the same."

His reply seemed unexpected, and the woman swore savagely.

"Come, now, careful, Kate," said Williams, calmly, "you know I won't stand much of that."

The woman glared fiercely, but followed him nevertheless to one of the offices on the second floor. Williams nodded to a woman floor walker and she accompanied them.

"Search her," he said, as the door closed behind them.

The floor walker examined the pockets, dress and underwear of the woman. She propped her back against a wall, and handed her a walking canary. Handkerchiefs, stockings, gloves, toilet articles, pocketbooks and dozens of knickknacks were drawn from the most wonderful hiding places. Her dress skirt had been slit underneath some of the folds, and this had enabled her to stick stolen articles into pockets in her petticoat.

"Search her bonnet," said Williams. Kate started up as though to resist, but a glance from Williams's eyes made her change her mind, and she sank back into a chair with a muttered curse. A hand-some purse containing \$50 was stowed away just inside the bonnet.

"I didn't get it here, 'pon honor, Ralph," she pleaded.

Williams paid no attention to her, but watched further the search of the floor-walker and directed her movements. When the search was finished to his satisfaction he led the thief down stairs and out of a side entrance.

"This is your last warning," he said sharply; "the next time you go up."

The woman crept away frightened by his manner. As he re-entered the store, Mr. Wilson came up to him:

"Here is a woman who complains that she has lost her pocketbook. It has a card marked 'Mrs. Johnson,' and \$50 in it."

"Miss Dowling has it," replied Williams. "I just took it from a thief."

It was now approaching 6 o'clock, the closing hour. As the hands touched the hour Williams took his stand at the front entrance. No more customers were allowed to enter, and the clerks began putting their counters into order. In twenty minutes all their customers had left, and the advance guard of the army of clerks began to pour out of the entrance at which Williams was stationed. Although it was evident that he was watching them to see that none carried out any goods belonging to the store, he appeared to be popular with all. With many he exchanged greetings. It wanted a quarter to 7 when the last clerk had gone.

One he had stopped. She was a cash girl. She had a small parcel concealed under her dress waist. After all the other clerks had gone Williams made her open the parcel. It contained a lace handkerchief.

"Why did you steal that," Williams asked sharply.

"Been a hard day, Mr. Williams?" asked the watchman.

"About the same as usual, Ben. I'm pretty tough and don't mind it. Good-night."

A moment later Williams had sauntered into a restaurant and sunk languidly into a chair. Although he spent only half an hour at his dinner he did not appear to be hurried. Up to the time when he was ushered into Mr. Wilson's study to receive instructions for a hard night's work he was apparently a man of leisure. With the appearance of doing nothing he covered a large amount of territory in very brief time. It was one A. M. when he entered the Third street house to retire to well-earned repose.—New York Sun.

WISE WORDS.

Worry kills more men than wars. Experience gets there every time. Great men can outgrow nicknames.

Never borrow money to speculate with. Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

In discussing business disagreements keep cool. Avoid law and legal squabbles of every kind.

No man is free who has a vice for his master. A man should maintain his integrity at all times.

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make. Shun bad company and the prevalent vices of the day.

Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

The truest end of life is to know the life that never ends.

Stilts are no better in conversation than in a foot race. Folly must hold its tongue while wearing the wig of wisdom.

It is easy to find reasons why other folks should be patient.

When poverty comes in at the cottage door true love goes at it with an axe.

A vein of humor should be made visible without the aim of a reduction mill. Never loan a borrowing friend more than you are able to lose if he cannot pay, and never take a loan on impurity.

Acquire knowledge. It is only enlightened men who hold their own with the surging masses who through the road of riches.

Make all the money you can and do all the good you can with it, remembering that he who lives for himself alone lives for the meanest man in creation.

A work is a trifle so light and frail that the foam upon the river, the dew drop on the rose, or a blush that tinges a girl's fair cheek, will live far longer.

Love in its varied phases can acquire purity or dignity only when guided by inward power over ourselves; that is in itself the very germ of nature.

A Marvelous Warehouse.

Old Senor Garcia, of Cienfuegos, was a connoisseur, or, some would have said, a crank, in the matter of woods. His warehouse in the heart of the city is a marvel in its way, a combination of warehouse and dwelling, both on a generous scale; but they say that he himself selected almost every stick, and would never allow the builders to use two timbers when he could find a single one long enough to answer the purpose.

These timber whims were expensive luxuries and not showy ones; for only a professional builder's eye would seize the meaning and the cost of the massive, clean-cut, richly-colored beams, knit into a fabric which would defy an earthquake.

But the old man could afford to gratify his whims. I forget what the staircase alone cost. It was a generous sum. At any rate it winds up from the labyrinth of bales and boxes to a range of handsome living apartments, and still higher to a sort of tea-room on the flat-roof, a delectable place as the sun goes down and the sea wind begins to stir. Such a view, too, over the city, and back to the beautiful Trinidad mountains, and out over that superb Bay of Xagua, twenty-one miles long and nine wide at its broadest part.—New York Observer.

The Largest Grizzly Killed.

"Old Clubfoot," the famous grizzly bear of the Sierras, was killed by Trapper Hendrix near the source of Battle Creek last Saturday. This ferocious beast has wandered as a dreaded monarch in that section for the past twenty years, and seemed to bear a charmed life.

Hundreds of cattle, sheep, hogs and human beings have fallen victims to his appetite during that period, and many parties organized for his destruction have returned thinned in ranks and "with hair turned white in a single night by a passing sight of the dreadful fright," which they vainly sought to destroy.

The beast weighed, when dressed, 2300 pounds, which, we believe, is the largest animal of this species ever seen on the American Continent. Mr. Hendrix feels justly proud of his achievement, and a purse of \$500 has been made up for his benefit by the residents of Eastern Tehama County. The bear was in rather poor condition when slain, as old age had clogged his blood somewhat, and time had commenced to paralyze his former supple limbs so that he was not able to capture his prey as in former days. The pleased hunter is tanning the hide, which he proposes to use as a cover for his winter hut in the foothills.—Red Bluff (Cal.) News.

A Great Engineering Feat.

Work has been resumed on the tunnel under North River. On the New Jersey side 100 men are now engaged, and preparations are well advanced for prosecuting the excavations from the New York end. Soon 800 to 1000 men will be busied day and night in pushing to its completion what will then be hailed as the most illustrious engineering triumph of the age.—New York Telegram.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

WHITENING IVORY-HANDED KNIVES.

To restore the whiteness to ivory-handled knives, wash with soaped lather and lukewarm water; then wipe very dry. Soak them occasionally in alum water that has been boiled and allowed to cool. Let the handles lie for an hour in this, and then remove them and brush well—say with a nail brush. After this, take a clean linen towel, dip it in cold water, squeeze it out, and while wet wrap it around the handles, leaving them in it to dry gradually, as if dried too rapidly out of the alum water they will be injured. If properly managed, this process will whiten them.—New York Dispatch.

TO CLEAN THE POTS.

The natural color of iron is gray, and a little care will keep iron vessels this color. If they are black it is because they are dirty. It is a good plan, occasionally, if you must use ironware instead of lighter vessels, to plunge such articles as baking-pans, spiders, griddles, etc., in water, with one tablespoonful of soda to each gallon of water, cover close, and cook them for two hours. Then remove one at a time and wash each piece before it dries. You will be amazed at the changed condition of your wares the first time you do it, unless you are one among 10,000 of our housekeepers.—Washington Star.

CARPETS AND RUGS.

The hygienic disadvantages of carpet-dust have been considerably overrated. In the homes of wealthy Turks, where lung diseases are almost unknown, every sitting-room and bed-room is often furnished with the heaviest woolen carpets, which are rarely removed oftener than once in three years. Dust, under those circumstances, can hardly be avoided, but of such impurities our respiratory organs seem able to rid themselves by a mere sifting process, and the true lung-bane is, indeed, not dust, but the subtle poison of vitiated gases. The sanitary statistics of European cities prove that teamster work, and even street-sweeping, are by no means incompatible with longevity. Still, in rooms where dust is apt to accumulate, movable rugs are, on the whole, preferable to large carpets, which, indeed, they have begun to supersede in the model parlors of many sanitary establishments.—Felix L. Oswald, M. D.

FRUITS INJURED BY BLEACHING.

Bleaching dried fruits has become quite common, but no good reason can be given for the practice. They look whiter if bleached—so does the farmer's hay—but the quality or natural fruit-flavor is always injured by the process. It is done chiefly in evaporators, by adding sulphur or brimstone when the fruit is partly dried. The history of its origin is uncertain. Some one began it, and as it pleased those commission dealers and cooks who prefer whiteness to quality, bleached fruit had a boom in price, and other evaporator owners felt obliged to follow. In some places there is already a reaction. The quality of the green fruit can be told pretty well if it is the natural color, but not if it is bleached. Evaporated fruit is preferable to most sun or slow dried, as it is cleaner and, in damp weather, much less likely to injure in drying. In future, intelligent and observing consumers will patronize evaporator owners who do not bleach their fruit.—Jed W. Smith, M. D., in New York Tribune.

CREAMS.

Creams are a delicious dessert for summer, being light and refreshing, and have the merit of being very easily prepared. Creams should be ice cold when served. They may be flavored with anything desired—fruits, chocolate, coffee or tea. Cakes should always be served with creams.

Neapolitan Cream—Make custard of a pint of rich milk, the yolks of seven eggs and an ounce of sugar. Let cool. Cut up a quarter of a pound of preserved ginger; cook it in a little of the syrup; let cool; put two ounces of dried cherries around the sides of a mold; cover with a little melted jelly; cut thin slices of gelatine jelly in strips and lay round, between and sides. Whip half a pint of cream, into which stir one ounce of gelatine (melted); add with the ginger to the custard. Pour in the molds, set on ice; when cold and firm turn out and serve.

Coffee Cream—Make a pint of rich custard; dissolve one ounce of gelatine and three ounces of sugar in a small cup of very strong coffee; add the custard and strain. Whip half a pint of cream; stir with the custard; let cool and pour in a mold and set on ice to harden.

Strawberry Cream—Take a pint of ripe strawberries; put them on a sieve and cover with sugar; dissolve two ounces of gelatine; put three ounces of sugar and the juice of a lemon, and set on fire to heat. Strain the strawberries; add the gelatine; let cool; stir in half a pint of whipped cream; pour in a mold and set on ice to form. Raspberries, currants or other small fruit may be used in place of the strawberries.

Pistache Cream—Dissolve half an ounce of gelatine with three ounces of sugar in half a pint of water; add the juice of one lemon and two oranges; whip half a pint of cream. When the gelatine begins to thicken stir it in with three ounces of pistachin nuts, blanched and chopped fine; set on ice and stir lightly until it begins to thicken.

Almond Cream—Melt half an ounce of gelatine in a small teacup of boiling water, with half a teaspoon of sugar; grate four ounces of almond paste into it, and stir over a kettle of boiling water until dissolved; let cool; whip a pint of cream and stir lightly; flavor the gelatine strongly with lemon; set on ice.—Courier-Journal.

According to the latest figures, more gold is produced in Montana alone than in all the South African gold fields. The present output of Montana is at the rate of \$7,000,000 annually; \$4,750,000 are the figures for South Africa.

Long Life With a Broken Neck.

The unfortunate Mr. Hill in this city, is not the first man who has lived with a broken neck. In a certain North Carolina district before the war it was the practice to send to Congress the man who could lift the heaviest weight. When the champion got the seat he held it until he was literally lifted out of it by a more muscular man. One gentleman won it by lifting two barrels of turpentine, but after holding it several terms he was challenged to contest it with an opponent, who undertook to lift three barrels of turpentine at once. He did it, lifting one barrel with each hand and a third on his head, but the effort broke his neck, or rather crushed the cervical vertebrae. The accident did not kill him, and he was elected to Congress and served many terms, using an artificial support for his head. Of course the spinal cord was not injured or he would have been paralyzed.—San Francisco Alta.

Maine is now a greater spruce than pine tree State with regard to the production and sale of lumber.

Climate for Consumptives.

The several climates of Florida, Colorado and California have each been prescribed for sufferers from lung disease, yet thousands of the natives in those States die of this fatal malady. A far more reliable remedy is to be had in every drug store in the land, and one can be used at home; a remedy which is sold by druggists, under the manufacturers' post-free guarantee that, if taken in time and given a fair trial, it will effect a cure, or money paid for it will be promptly returned. We refer to that world-famed remedy known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the only remedy for this terrible disease possessed of such superior curative properties as to warrant its manufacturers in selling it under a guarantee.

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