Best Dressed Man in the World.

The majority of men believe that the best and most fashionable in men's clothes comes from London; and that the best dressed man in the world is the American turned out by a London tailor.

An American who spends a great part of his time in London, and is rather a stickler for the correct thing, was recently hailed on Broadway by a friend with the remark, "So that's what they're wearing in London, eh?" The man addressed shook his head. "Suit made in Washington, overcoat in New York," he said. "Thought you were togged out from Bond Street, sure," in a disappointed tone. Then the man who lives much in London made this radical announcement: "They can't make a sack suit in England. You ask a Bond Street tailor for an American business suit with an American fit, and he turns out a

NEW FRENCH MOTOR RAILROAD TRUCK.

coat that gives you a caved-in chest when it's buttoned up and a decidedly open front when it's unbuttoned."

Yet some West End tailoring establishments in London depend for their very existence on American trade, not alone the trade of Americans traveling abroad, but a mail order business which entails making on measurements and forwarding by express, likewise payment of duty. So important is this business that a cable code has been arranged. With this code, a complete catalog and full directions for self measurement, a man may cable his order to London, and feel reasonably certain that the clothes he wants will leave England by the next westward bound steamer.

One traveler from a firm in London making a specialty of cable orders recently visited New York and booked orders to the amount of six thousand pounds sterling. But this class of business is all in "semi-ready" clothing, a system which has been adopted from American tailors.

Yet the American "ready-made" has been a subject of laughter on the other side; and the New Yorker's claim to be the, "best dressed man in the world," has been received with jeers. To the foreigner the idea of a man who has literally "no time" to devote to matters sartorial being well dressed is absurd—and the New Yorker has no time. He can't wait for clothes to be made by a "custom" tailor.

When he needs a suit he dashes into one of those immense haberdasheries that dot both sides of Broadway from the Battery to the Bronx, where thousands of "ready for service" suits and overcoats are piled on long tables in stacks that rise above a man's head. Here are found prices and sizes to fit every customer. Sack suits from $3 to $50 advertised for cut and smartness. They are smart, too, are better cut and sewn than the English cheap suit, but the latter is made of better material. It is just this difference that makes the American crowd look smart and prosperous, while the English crowd looks merely comfortable.

The New Yorker must look prosperous. It is part of his stock in trade. His clothes must not appear old any more than his face. This demand for youth and freshness is what makes it possible for some firms to sell as high as 7,000 suits in a day. Hats and shoes get even more attention than clothes. The ancient saw, "When broke buy a new hat," is so thoroughly appreciated by the New Yorker that he receives without even a grin such advertisements as that which puzzled Count Witte as he walked down Broadway. "Fall Lids for Faded Faces," it read. "Fall," muttered the Russian diplomat with a look of weary amazement, "fall, that means to tumble down, does it not?" Some one explained that "fall" was the American for the season which all other nations know as autumn.

Last winter a leading London daily gave a column every morning to the discussion of "The Fetish of the Black Coat." Every clerk and salesman in London wears a frock, or Prince Albert, during his work, and, like the English artisan, he wears the costume of his trade after hours. For weeks members of Parliament and celebrities in many lines argued in the public press as to which system was better: the American custom which ordained the sack suit in business and a change of raiment for laborers after hours; or the English custom which set the frock coat up as the emblem of respectability among tradesmen, a mark distinguishing them from the laboring classes and kept the latter in blouse and hobnailed boots during his hours of rest. In England they talk a lot of what seems awful rot to this side of the water, and they take clothes very seriously. Each class has its garments and each garment its use.

In London the Tuxedo is still a lounge coat, something to be slipped on during the early evening and discarded for the formal "swallow tail" before starting for any entertainment. But the American has forced it into public life, has ordained a black tie and gold shirt studs with it, in place of the white tie and pearl studs that must be worn with the tailed coat. The American speaks of his Tuxedo suit and his dress suit. The Englishman talks of his evening clothes, and would as soon think of changing his trousers to match his smoking jacket, as of changing his studs and tie to accord with his Tuxedo.

While the vast majority of men buy their clothes "ready" or "semi-ready" made, most men regard with envy the one who has time and money to have his clothes made and fitted. The Englishman of means considers it his duty to have his clothes made by the very best tailors and to wear them as badly as possible. As he can rarely remain long at a time within his own country, London custom tailors have stored in their safes measurements of hundreds of wandering Britons who usually cable from various parts of the world when they need new clothes. These measurements are a valuable asset and insurance on them frequently amounts to several thousand pounds sterling.

As a matter of fact, the best dressed man in the world is neither the New Yorker nor the Londoner, but the man who gets his frock coat, cutaway and evening clothes from the Bond Street tailors, who have made these styles of masculine dress for centuries, and his sack suits and overcoats from Fifth Avenue, where one might say they were invented.

New Clothes for Easter.

The flowers with which many churches are ornamented on Easter Day are most probably emblems of the Resurrection. There are people today who think that unless something new is worn on Easter Day no good fortune will come to them during the year. The Dorsetshire poet, Barnes, gives us this quaint little verse in regard to this custom:

"Laste Easter I put on my blue frock coat, the vust time, very new;
Wi' yaller buttons aal o' brass
That glittered in the zun like glass;
Bekaize 'twer Easter Zunday.

Elderly Spinster: You know, Doctor, I'm always thinking that man is following me. Do you think I suffer from hallucinations?

Doctor: Absolutely certain you do, Ma'am.—From Sketch.

ANIMAL HEROES.

The Thrilling Story of "Snap" the Bull Terrier.

Ernest Thompson Seton's last book, "Animal heroes", is, if possible, more than ever up to the standard of his intensly interesting wild-animal tales. To the animal lover this new collection will be read with absorbing attention. Mr. Seton has been subjected to considerable criticism by other naturalists, notably, John Burroughs, for endowing his animal characters with unusual intelligence and powers, which, it is claimed, are not possessed by any dumb creatures. Very likely, as a class, but, as Mr. Seton himself admits in his preface to "Animal Heroes", these histories, while in each case founded on the actual life-doings of a real animal, are more or less composite. What novelist, indeed, does not combine the most striking characteristics of several individuals to construct his human hero, who shall appeal to the reader as an exceptionally fine character? So has Mr. Seton taken the record of a number of wood or other animals and embodied their most striking "kills" or follings of the pack into one sagacious, brave and gigantic specimen.

Like all of his books, "Animal Heroes" is delightfully illustrated by some two-hundred drawings and sketches from his own and his wife's pencils. Interest is stimulated by a constant succession of marginal drawings, liberally interspersed with full page paintings of thrilling incidents. The story of good-hunting, of fierce pursuit, of fatal closing in—sometimes to the pursued, sometimes to the pursuer—is told by an eye-witness wielding a master pen in depicting animal adventures, and at all times runs through the story the love which the writer bears for all animals—of the proud, indomitable, fearless beast even though he be the scourge of the country, a killer of cattle or sheep or even dogs, of which latter the author is passionately fond, be they good ones.

Nothing he discusses has ever been written which is better worth the reading, and withal sadder in its finale than is the account in this volume of the little dog, "Snap." This "Snap" is a bull-terrier, which was sent the author as a sort of Hallowe'en joke—he was so vicious and unapproachable. He kept Mr. Seton, on the top of the table most of the night, where he smoked cigars until his pocket-supply ran out and then, shivered. However, he finally made friends with his little pup—a youngster absolutely without fear. A year later, the two found themselves near Mendoza, North Dakota where the wolves had been playing havoc with the live-stock, evading poison and traps and actually scorning the attempts of the ranchers and the wolvers to exterminate them. The following is a recital of the hunt in which "Snap" figured most gloriously:

From a high point we caught sight of a moving speck of gray. A moving white speck stands for Antelope, a red speck for Fox, a gray speck for either Gray-wolf or Coyote, and each of these is determined by its tail. If the glass shows the tail down, it is a Coyote; if up, it is the hated Gray-wolf.

We got a momentary view of the pursuit; a Gray-wolf it surely was, loping away ahead of the Dogs. Somehow I so fast as they had after the Coyote. But no one knew the finish of the hunt. The Dogs came back to us one by one, and we saw no more of that Wolf.

Sarcastic remarks and recrimination were now freely indulged in by the hunters.

"Pah! scairt, plumb scairt," was the father's disgusted comment on the pack. "They could catch up easy enough, but when he turned on them, they lighted out for home—pah!"

"Where's that thar onsurpassable, fearless, scaire-o-nort Tarrier asked Hilton, scornfully.

"I don't know," said I. "I am inclined to think he never saw the wolf; but if he ever does, I'll bet he sails in for death or glory."

That night several Cows were killed close to the ranch, and we were spurred on to another hunt.

It opened much like the last. Late in the afternoon we sighted a gray fellow with tail up, not half a mile off. As we rose to the upland and sighted the chase half a mile off, Dander, the greyhound, came up with the Wolf and snapped at his haunch. The Gray wolf turned round to fight, and we had a fine view. The Dogs came up by two and threes, barking at him in a ring, till last, Snap, the little white one rushed up. He wasted no time barking, but rushed straight at the Wolf's throat and missed it, yet seemed to get him by the nose; then the ten big Dogs closed in, and in two minutes the wolf was dead. Snap had lived up to my promises for him.

Now it was my turn to crow, and I did not lose the chance. Snap had shown them how, and at last the Mendoza pack had killed a Gray-wolf without help from the men.

There were two things to mar the victory somewhat; first, it was a young Wolf, a mere Cub; second, Snap was wounded—the Wolf had given him a bad cut in the shoulder.

As we rode in proud procession home, I saw he limped a little. "Here," I cried, "come up, Snap." He tried once or twice to jump to the saddle, but could not. "Here, Hilton, lift him up to me."

"Thanks; I'll let you handle your own rattlesnakes," was the reply, for all knew now that it was not safe to meddle with his person. "Here, Snap, take hold," I said, and held my quirt to him. He seized it, and by that I lifted him to the front of my saddle and so carried him home. He had shown those Cattle-men how to fill the weak place in their pack; the Foxhounds may be good and the Greyhounds swift and the Russians and Danes fighters, but they are no use at all without the crowning moral force of grit, that none can supply so well as a Bull-terrier. On that day the Cattlemen learned how to manage the Wolf question.

Next day was Hallowe'en, the anniversary of Snap's advent. The weather was clear, bright, not too cold, and there was no snow on the ground. The men usually celebrated the day with a hunt of some sort, and now, of course, Wolves were the one object. To the disappointment of all, Snap was in bad shape with his wound. He slept, as usual, at my feet, and bloody stains now marked the place. He was not in condition to fight, but we were bound to have a Wolf-hunt, so he was beguiled to an outhouse and locked up, while we went off, I, at least, with a sense of impending disaster. I knew we should fail without my Dog, but I did not realize how bad a failure it was to be.

Afar among the buttes of Skull Creek we had roamed, when a white ball appeared bounding through the sage-brush, and in a minute more Snap came, growling and stump-waggling, up to my Horse's side. I could not send him back; he would take no such orders, not even from me. His wound was looking bad, so I called him, held down the quirt, and jumped him to my saddle.

"There," I thought, "I'll keep you safe till we get home." Yes, I thought; but I reckoned not with Snap. The voice of Hilton, "Hu, hu," announced that he had sighted a Wolf. Dander and Riley, his rival, both sprang to the point of observation, with the result that they collided and fell together, sprawling, in the sage. But Snap, gazing hard, had sighted the Wolf, not so very far off, and before I knew it, he leaped from the saddle and bounded zigzig, high, low, in and under the sage, straight for the enemy, leading the whole pack for a few minutes. Not far, of course. The great Greyhounds sighted the moving speck, and the usual procession strung out on the plain. It promised to be a fine hunt, for the Wolf had less than half a mile start and all the Dogs were fully interested.

"They've turned up Grizzly Gully," cried Garvin. "This way, and we can head them off."

We galloped to the top of Cedar Ridge and were about to ride down, when Hilton shouted, "By George, here he is! We're right onto him. "A great Gray-wolf came lumbering across an open plain toward us. His head was low, his tail out level, and fifty yards behind him was Dander, sailing like a Hawk over the ground, going twice as fast as the Wolf. In a minute the Hound was alongside and snapped, but bounded back, as the Wolf turned on him. In a few seconds the next Greyhound arrived, then the rest in order of swiftness. Each came up full of fight and fury, determined to go right in and tear the Gray-Wolf to pieces; but each in turn swerved aside, and leaped and barked around at a safe distance. After a minute or so the Russians appeared—fine big Dogs they were. Their distant intention no doubt was to dash at the old Wolf; but his fearless front, his sinewy frame and death-dealing jaws, awed them long before they were near him, and they also joined the ring, while the desperado in the middle faced this way and that, ready for any or all.

Now the Danes came up, huge-limbed creatures, any one of them as heavy as the Wolf. I heard their heavy breathing tighten into a threatening sound as they plunged ahead, eager to tear the foe to pieces; but when they saw him there, grim, fearless, mighty of jaw, tireless of limb, ready to die if need be, but sure of this, he would not die alone—well, those great Danes—all three of them—were stricken, as the rest had been, with a sudden bashfulness: yes, they would go right in presently—not now, but as soon as they had got their breath; they were not afraid of a Wolf, oh, no. I could read their courage in their voices. They knew perfectly well that the first Dog to go in was going to get hurt, but never mind that—presently; they would bark a little more to get up enthusiasm.

"THE DESPERADO IN THE MIDDLE FACED THIS WAY AND THAT."

And as the ten big Dogs were leaping round the silent Wolf at bay, there was a rustling in the sage at the far side of the place; then a snow-white rubber ball, it seemed, came bounding, but grew into a little Bull-terrier, and Snap, slowest of the pack, and last, came panting hard, so hard, he seemed gasping. Over the level open he made, straight to the changing ring around the Cattle-killer whom none dared face. Did he hesitate? Not for an instant; through the ring of the yelping pack, straight for the old despot of the range, right for his throat, he sprang; and the Gray-wolf struck with his twenty scimitars. But the little one, if foiled at all, sprang again, and then what came I hardly knew. There was a whirling mass of Dogs. I thought I saw the little White one clinched on the Gray-wolf's nose. The pack was all around; we could not help them now. But they did not need us; they had a leader of dauntless mettle, and when in a little while the final scene was done, there on the ground lay the Gray-wolf, a giant of his kind, and clinched on his nose was the little white Dog.

We were standing around within fifteen feet, ready to help, but had no chance till we were not needed.

The Wolf was dead, and I hallooed to Snap, but he did not move. I bent over him. "Snap—Snap, it's all over: you've killed him." But the Dog was very still, and now I saw two deep wounds in his body. I tried to lift him. "let go, old fellow; it's all over." He growled feebly, and at last let go of the Wolf. The rough cattle-men were kneeling around him now; old Penroof's voice was trembling as he muttered. "I wouldn't had him hurt for twenty steers." I lifted him in my arms, called to him and stroked his head. He snarled a little, a farewell as it proved, for he licked my hand as he did so, then never snarled again.

That was a sad ride home for me. There was the skin of a monstrous Wolf, but no other hint of triumph. We buried the fearless one on a butte back of the ranch-house. Penroof, as he stood by, was heard to grumble; "By jingo, that was grit—cl'ar grit! Ye can't raise Cattle without grit."

THE FIGHTING INSTINCT.

Story of a Desperate Hand to Hand Encounter Against Heavy Odds.

Now and then among the brutalities and crimes that form the chief subjects of daily journalism in this country, there comes an item that not only appeals to our morbid nature but gets in close to the primal love of fight which springs eternal in the human animal. Most of us have no feeling except of loathing in the case of the secret assassination of six Italians in Minneapolis, because their modes of fight are Latin in a country of Anglo-Saxon prejudices. But just a week before, the press dispatches from Bristol, Tennessee, told of the sudden demise of seven Italians who with others had conspired to murder their section foreman, because he was a "hard boss." Doubtless he was! Nevertheless, the old fighting blood tingles at the bare account of the battle that the foreman, Haverly, whose name suggests his nationality, waged single-handed against the body of laborers that "rushed" him. Had he been armed with a revolver, he would have no sympathy, but he depended on the first weapon at hand—a crowbar. Backed against an embankment, he withstood the combined attack of the entire gang of laborers, all bent on his murder, and armed, against him, with picks, axes, and spades, in addition to their knives. Repugnant as the idea of killing may be, one can scarcely help a thrill at the thought of the foreman, Haverly, at bay like a knight of former days, fighting for his life, and so sturdily and valiantly laying about him, weapon for weapon, steel against steel, until he stretched seven of his assailants dead before him and routed the rest. Haverly may be a brute and a bully; he may have deserved what the laborers, rising like desperate slaves against a tyrant, had in store for him. Yet, somehow, that is hard to believe because the innate love for combat in our nature challenges admiration for a man who displays desperate courage and physical prowess.

Little Cannibals.

Every once in a while we hear of breeders complaining of the cannibalistic habits among growing fowls, especially among those still in the days of their early babyhood. This pernicious habit, when once the young birds become thoroughly addicted to it, is rather difficult to control and suppress. Usually it finds its chief expression in flocks confined to close quarters, where the ground is bare and the feed is wanting in animal matter. Bird life under natural conditions finds opportunity for work and play in the hunting of insects for food and in the careful selection of such vegetable matter as its system may demand. Young chicks, when confined, are obviously deprived of these opportunities for a healthful exercise; the result is that they become idle, which engenders vicious habits and a craving for something to do as well as for animal food. When in this condition if a member of the little flock shows a wound or effects of blood, the chances are that one or two will at once commence to peck at it, which leads the others on, and soon the whole flock will be rending the little one into shreds, devouring it before one has opportunity to relieve its misery or to isolate it from the flock. The remedy, of course, is obvious, namely, afford the young chicks a wider range and be more careful in your feeding by making it a point to keep them busy by throwing the food into litter or suspending a head of lettuce or cabbage where they can peck at it; also supply in one form or another animal food. A good way to do this is to take the underground scratching chick feeds, which of themselves are a balanced ration, and scatter the same in a litter of chopped straw or hay, about one and one-half or two inches deep. In fact, anything that will make a litter may be considered available.

A Sudden Change.

Two commercial travelers, one from London and one from New York, were discussing the weather in their respective countries.

The Englishman said that English weather had one great fault—its sudden changes.

"A person may take a walk one day," he said, "attired in a light summer suit, and still feel quite warm. Next day he needs an overcoat."

"That's nothing," said the American. "My two friends, Johnson and Jones, were once having an argument. There were eight or nine inches of snow on the ground. The argument got heated, and Johnson picked up a snowball and threw it at Jones from a distance of not more than five yards. During the transit of that snowball, sir, believe me or not, as you like, the weather suddenly changed and became hot and summer-like, and Jones, instead of being hit with a snowball, was—er—scalded with hot water!"

PERILS IN COLD STORAGE.

Frozen Bacteria Active—Government to Make Experiments.

The Agricultural Department is following up a line of scientific investigation of the effect upon perishable goods in cold storage for an unlimited time, and Dr. Wiley believes that he will develop the fact that legislation is needed fixing the period for which such articles as meats and milks may be stored.

In one of the Philadelphia cold storage houses space has been set aside for the experiments and a like arrangement has been made in Washington for storing birds and milk.

The stored articles will be taken out from time to time and examined to ascertain whether or not deterioration has begun, and at what period the point has been reached when the articles can be no longer stored and remain good food.

It already has been demonstrated, Dr. Wiley says, that the bacteria that occasion decay remain in the meat while frozen, and that they actually carry on their work, although at a greatly reduced rate.

In one of the cold storage plants in Cleveland some meat was recently found which had been mislaid and forgotten for a period of eleven years. It was sent to the department and a portion thawed out and examined.

Decay had gone on to such an extent that the meat was entirely unfit for use. The greater portion of it was again placed in storage and the observation will be continued. The fact that the meat, having been frozen for eleven years, was in a condition of decay is held to conclusively prove that the bacteria can work in the meat while frozen. The object of the investigation is to ascertain at what point the decay has progressed to such an extent as to injure the food value of the article stored.

There is at present no law prohibiting the storage of any article for any length of time. The only law upon the subject is one that requires fowls to be drawn before they are placed in storage.

The Oregon's Big Pennant.

When the Oregon left Hongkong recently, after her long period of service on the Asiatic station, she was flying a homeward-bound pennant over 500 feet in length. It was necessary to support this long streamer by two small balloons tied to the end to keep it out of the water. The pennant was made of silk thread and attracted much attention in the Asiatic port.

In the old days it was the custom to have a foot of pennant for every day of the cruise. That of the Oregon is probably one of the longest displayed from the mast of a home-coming ship, although it is on record that the old Brooklyn, on one occasion upon her arrival in New York, displayed a pennant 700 feet long.

Drunkards Cured Secretly

Any Lady Can Do It at Home—Costs Nothing to Try.

THE OUTCOME OF A DRUNKEN SPREE.

The Great Haines Cure for the Liquor Habit Would Have Saved Him From This Awful Fate

A new tasteless and odorless discovery which can be given in tea, coffee or food. Heartily endorsed by all temperance workers. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

A free trial package of the wonderful Golden Specific will be sent you, by mail, in plain wrapper, if you will fill in your name and address on blank lines below, cut out the coupon and mail it at once to Dr. J. W. Haines, 6718 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

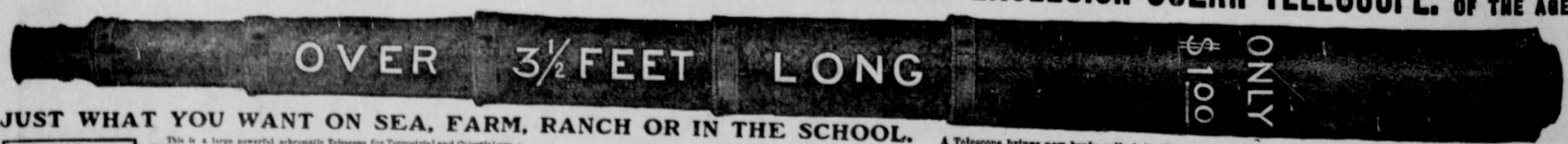
You can then prove to yourself how secretly and easily it can be used, and what a God-send it will be to you.

_____

_____

_____

ONLY $1.00. SPECIAL 60 DAY OFFER TO INTRODUCE OUR NEW EXCELSIOR SOLAR TELESCOPE. THE WONDER OF THE AGE.



JUST WHAT YOU WANT ON SEA, FARM, RANCH OR IN THE SCHOOL.

The mysterious spots on the Sun. Get our Solar Telescope and see them.

This is a large powerful achromatic Telescope for Terrestrial and Celestial use. This Telescope is provided with an adjustable Solar Eye-piece. With this wonderful Eye-piece you look the sun square in the face, on the brightest and hottest day, and study its face as you do the moon at night. Every student, male or female, needs this Telescope to study the sun in Eclipses, also the mysterious recurrent Sun spots which appear and disappear at intervals, and move about in different locations of the sun. You will regret it if you neglect to secure this Telescope. Positively such a good Telescope was never sold for this price before. These Telescopes are made by one of the largest manufacturers of Europe, measure closed 12 inches and open 3 1-2 feet in five sections, and 3 3-4 inches in circumference. They are Brass Bound, Brass Safety Cap on each end to exclude dust, etc., with Powerful Lenses, scientifically ground and adjusted. Guaranteed by the Makers, Hertzsfore, Telescopes of this size have been sold for from $8.00 to $10.00.

Every sojourner in the country or at seaside resorts should certainly secure one of these instruments; and no farmer should be without one. Objects miles away are brought to view with astonishing clearness. Sent by express safely packed, for only $1.00. Sent by mail prepaid for $1.10. Our new catalogue of Guns, etc. sent with each order. This is a grand offer and you should not miss it. We warrant each Telescope just as represented or money refunded.

Send $1.00 by Registered Letter, Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order, or Bank Draft payable to our order. If you desire Telescope by mail add 10 cents postage.

WANTS ANOTHER.

Gentlemen—Please send another Telescope. Money enclosed. Other was a bargain, good as instruments costing many times the money. BRANDY, Va. R. C. ALLEN.

SUPERIOR TO A $15 GLASS.

Fred. Walsh, of Howe Island, Ontario, Canada, says:

Gentlemen—I have just received your Telescope, and must say it surpasses all expectations. It is far superior to one which we have had, which cost $15.00 some years ago. Just a few sights I have seen with it are worth more than double what it cost me.

COULD DISCERN BOATS FROM FIVE TO TEN MILES.

Mr. C. M. Medley, of Duluth, Minn., who purchased one of these Telescopes, says they are superior to anything he expected; that with it he could discern boats on the Great Lakes at a distance of 5 to 10 miles, and in clear weather he could read the names of steamers and other craft at a distance of one-half mile away.

WORTH MANY TIMES THE PRICE.

Messrs. Kirtland Bros. & Co. The Saxon, New York, Nov. 4, 1908.

Gentlemen—I had with me on my recent Eastern trip, one of your Excelsior Solar Telescopes, with which I observed an Eclipse of the Sun. At the Austrian Tyrol it was almost 80 per cent. concealed. Your Solar Eyepiece

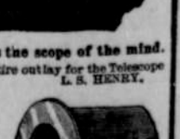
A Telescope brings new brain cells into play, opens up new avenues of thought and broadens the scope of the mind, is a great thing. Its value to me on this occasion was many times greater than the entire outlay for the Telescope

Yours truly, L. S. HENRY.

Thousands of others are saying good things about these Telescopes. In numerous ways it will repay its cost a hundred times over. Get one and try it.

SECURE THIS TELESCOPE AND TAKE A LOOK AT OLD SOL.

Never before sold on any Telescope for less than $5.00 or $10.00, Now is a chance to secure one for $1.00.



Patent Applied For.

This Eye-piece alone is worth more than we charge for the entire telescope, to all who wish to Behold the Sun in its Tranquil Beauty. Remove the Solar Eye-piece lens and you have a good, practical telescope for land observations. Address

KIRTLAND BROS & CO., Dept. A. M. 90 Chambers Street, N. Y.

Interesting Booklet, entitled "Telescope Talk," FREE with each order, or sent on request. This booklet tells all about the care of Telescopes, and about Eclipses of the Sun and Moon the evening and morning for year, where visible, etc.