

**HARVEST APPLES.**  
Out in the orchard, years ago,  
There lived an ancient harvest tree,  
And golden apples used to grow  
To yellow ripeness there for me.  
The tree was low, its drooping limbs  
Hung like an arbor's draperies,  
And green leaves, drooping balmly hymns,  
Led to its depths of shady cove.  
In May the ancient tree was white  
With tender blossoms, and sight and sense,  
Drunk deep of promise of delight  
In summer's juicy opulence,  
And as the falling days grew warm,  
The young fruit of seductive green  
Found refuge in my grateful form,  
And worked there, dead and unseen.  
But all the trials were forgot,  
When, bursting full of lusciousness,  
The golden apples came, with not  
The faintest tinge of distress.  
The harvesters thronged their broken parts,  
The bluejays pecked them on the tree,  
But in such apple's heart of earth,  
A honey-corn remained for me.

**The Only Way**

It was past midnight, and Edward Hurcombe, the famous actor-manager, sat brooding over the fire. The study lamp was turned low, for he found a dull light invariably assisted his meditations, and he was particularly anxious to arrive at some definite decision upon a perplexing question that faced him that evening. The sudden illness of both an indispensable member of his company and the understudy had left him in a serious dilemma, for who could replace the absent player? It was a part that required special and peculiar abilities, and he had already mentally ticked off the names of a dozen or so men as being quite unadapted for the vacant role, when he heard the sound of some one rushing up the stairs. He started and rose to his feet, for his family had long since retired to rest.

"Quick! Hide me; they're coming!" A man had swung open the door, closed it after him, and burst into the room panting and out of breath, his hair disheveled, and a bright gleam in his eyes.

"What's the matter?" queried Hurcombe, hurriedly. "How did you get here?"

"The door was open, they were after me, and I ran in. They say I'm mad, but I'm not. By God! I'm not mad! Not mad yet—yet!" And he burst into a scream of laughter which would have been heard all over the house had not the room been so profoundly dark. Hurcombe had had a sound sleep, as he now remembered to his consternation.

"Any fool could tell that," replied the actor, coolly, with the air of one receiving an expected visitor. "But there's no occasion to hide. You're as safe here as anywhere."

"Again the man looked at him queerly, detecting with the sharp wits of lunacy the double entendre in his words.

"Sir, I believe you; but you don't know what I've been through. Mad! They would wish me mad! They've yearned for it, preyed for it, but I'm not mad! Tell me, I'm not mad!"

"He had drawn closer to Hurcombe, who took advantage of the change of position to edge nearer the electric bell, which, if he could but reach, would arouse the household.

"My dear sir, I've already told you your laboring under a delusion in supposing anything's wrong with your mental balance. Sit down a moment and I'll get you some refreshment; you're tired, doubtless. And he went to open the door, but it was locked.

Hurcombe glanced back at the man. His only reply was a cunning smile which overreached his countenance.

there was not another till the morning. To wait was impossible. It was more than 40 miles, but I should not be long after them.

Edward Hurcombe, absorbed in the man's narrative, listened intently, almost forgetting the whole thing was the invention of a madman. How graphically he described the scene. "Why couldn't lunatics be actors?" he thought.

"That ride I shall never forget," continued the other. "On I flew, urging my horse furiously. A devil seemed behind me, and cried: 'On! on! to the betrayal!' On! I laughed as though the notion was a splendid joke, it tickled my fancy so. On! on! The hedges swept past me, the dust rose behind me in clouds. The villages ran by my side like some moving panorama, and the stars peeped out in the heavens. It was Saturday night, and I passed through a busy town. The main street was crowded, but I flew by. A little child rushed across the road, and my horse trampled it under his hoofs. But I could not stop. 'On! on!' whispered the devil; 'what matters a child's life?' Presently, when I reached the open country again, my horse stumbled and fell. I was thrown to the ground. My horse was dying. I wept, for I loved that mare. Muriel used to love her, too. How often had her dainty hands caressed her sleek and glossy coat. My journey was ended, it seemed. But, no; a horseman came riding heedlessly upon us, for the night was dark, and stumbled over the form of my steed. He was thrown. I helped the beast to its feet again, mounted it and rode on.

"The wind was rising, and presently a spot or two of rain began to fall; the sky became overcast. A storm? Perhaps so, and all the better, for was not my heart stormy also? I crossed a stretch of moorland, and then the rain began to pour. I rode on. Not a star shone now, the way was dark; the wind howled, the thunder roared.

"A few more miles and I was not yet off the heath. Soaked to the skin, I mechanically saw the trees swaying in the fierce wind and heard the branches creaking and croaking to the tune of: 'On! on!' Now and again forked lightning flashed through the leaden sky, illuminating the sparkling rain—then all was black once more.

"And then suddenly my horse slipped—I had collided against some vehicle which remained stationary in the road. The force of the collision unseated me, and I groped around the covered carriage like a blind man feeling in the dark, and then lighted upon the closed door. We were in the very center of the lonely heath, miles from any habitation. Could it mean highway robbery?"

"I tremblingly touched the handle of the carriage door. 'Who's that?' cried a man's voice above the thunder. I started and shivered. Merciful heaven! the man! My body on fire, my eyes burning as with fever, I made no reply, but peered in, and at that moment the sky burst into a brilliant radiance. I started back, that pale, wan face in the corner of the carriage which the lightning had illumined—it was my wife's!

"Muriel, Muriel! I shrieked.

"There was no answer.

"Muriel, Muriel! I shrieked again, but still there was no response, and the eyes of my darling remained steadily fixed into vacancy.

"With a passion that nearly tore me asunder I cried out to the man, who, seeming half-dazed, had the while been gazing at her tenderly, clasping her cold, lifeless hand.

"You've killed her! You've killed her!"

"He turned into fury at that.

"I've not! he cried. 'I swear by God, I've not! The lightning struck her an hour ago!'

**HUMOROUS.**  
Notes and Notes.—"Does your wife play by note?" "Um—yes. The piano dealer holds mine for \$500."—Colorado Springs Gazette.

Lena—"Fred must be in love with you." Edith—"Why do you think so?" Lena—"He asked me if I didn't think you were pretty."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Miss Oldgirl—"That reminds me of a story I heard when I was a little girl." Miss Youngthing—"Oh, do tell it to me. I just stole out an ancient history."—N. Y. Journal.

Longchamp—"Did she give any reason for refusing you?" Harold—"Reason? No, that's the woman of it. She said she didn't love me."—Philadelphia North American.

Customer—"I don't think that is a genuine old edition. Too many of the words are spelled in modern style." Dealer—"Well—er—that may be a typographical error."—Puck.

Bluejacket (in charge of party of eight)—"Here Nelson fell." Old Lady—"An I don't wonder at it, poor dear. Nasty, slippery place! I nearly fell there myself!"—Punch.

Customer—"How'd do? Have you any time to spare this morning?" Tradesman—"Certainly; plenty of it." Customer—"Glad to hear it. I'd like to have 30 days more on that little bill I owe you."—Richmond Dispatch.

Briggs—"I thought your doctor forbade you to smoke?" Griggs—"Yes; but I suspected he had ulterior motives. I have an idea that he wanted me to save money so that I should be able to pay his bill."—Boston Transcript.

**NOVEL SUSPENSION BRIDGE.**  
One That Was Made by Coreans from Vines Three Hundred Years Ago.

The first suspension bridge that can be dignified by that name was thrown across the In-ju river in Corea in 1592. Here again dire necessity dictated the terms. The Japanese in P'yung-yang, learning of the defeat of the army of reinforcement, determined to withdraw. China had begun to bestir herself in favor of Corea and the Japanese, driven from P'yung-yang by the combined Chinese and Korean armies, hastened southward toward Seoul. When the pursuers arrived at the In-ju river the Chinese general refused to cross and continue the pursuit unless the Coreans would build a bridge sufficiently large and strong to insure the passage of his 120,000 men in safety. The Coreans were famishing for revenge upon the Japanese and would be stopped by no obstacle that human ingenuity could surmount. Sending parties of men in all directions, they collected enormous quantities of chik, a tough, fibrous vine that often attains a length of 100 yards. From this eight huge hawsers were formed. Attaching them to trees or heavy timbers let into the ground, the bridge builders carried the other ends across the stream by boats and anchored them in the same way. Of course the hawsers dragged in the water in midstream, but the Coreans were equal to the occasion. Stout oak bars were inserted between the strands in midstream and then the hawsers were twisted until the torsion brought them a good ten feet above the surface.

Brushwood was then piled up on the eight parallel hawsers and upon the brushwood clay and gravel were laid. When the roadbed had been packed down firmly and the bridge had been tested the Chinese could no longer refuse to advance, and so, upon the first suspension bridge, 150 yards long, that army of 120,000 Chinamen, with all their Korean allies, camp equipment and impedimenta crossed in safety. This bridge, like the tortoise-boat, having served its purpose, was left to fall of its own weight.—Harper's Magazine.

**SHAH OF PERSIA IS INSANE.**  
Ruler Worth \$30,000,000 Passes His Time Playing with Telephones.

According to late reports from Teheran, the present shah, who has been on the throne only a little over three years, entirely neglects the affairs of state, spends all his time in the palace amusing himself with telephones, and his intellect is believed to be impaired. It is said he suffers from hallucinations and is no longer fit to rule.

For years before he came to the throne it was reported that Muzaffer-din was intellectually weak. The shah is the second son of the late shah, and his elder brother is still alive and is a very active and able man of affairs. The throne would have been his birthright if he had not been the son of a plebeian woman, while his younger brother was the son of a lady of high birth and royal blood. It was feared that when the succession came Zill-i-Sultan, who is enormously wealthy and a man of high spirit and ambition, would contest the right of his brother to abrogate the rights of the elder son. For this reason he was forbidden to maintain a separate army in the province he governed or to import arms. None the less, it was feared there would be trouble, and it has been asserted that he would not have submitted if it had not been for the awful circumstances of his father's death and the seating of Muzaffer on the throne almost before he was a year old.

**GREAT OLD ENGINEER.**  
An Eastern Veteran Railroad Worker Who Ran a Mile a Minute Fifty Years Ago.

"Speaking of the locomotives of the olden time," said a veteran railroad worker, "reminds me of the greatest one of the day, the Carroll of Carrollton, named for the declaration of independence. She was built by Ross Winans in Baltimore for the Boston & Worcester railroad in 1849. She was the first locomotive in this country to have wrought-iron driving wheels, and the first one in the world with drivers seven feet in diameter. And she was a coal burner, the very first of her kind. Jimmy Jackson was the engineer who ran her, and he saw every bit of her machinery made and put together, a good many of the appliances being of his own suggestion. He thought nothing of running her a mile in 60 seconds, and a mile in 63 seconds was a common and easy task for her. Those were the days of single tracks, mind you, and hand brakes, and cast-iron rails, liable to 'shake heads' and other primitive appliances, so to run a locomotive at a mile-a-minute rate, which to-day is considered a feat worthy of talking about and boasted of, required nerve and judgment in an engineer that few engineers have to-day.

"And speaking of 'shaking heads,' that is something the present-time railroad or railroad traveler knows nothing about. One of the most important employees of a railroad in the old days was the 'snake spiker.' When the rails were simply iron straps spiked to wooden stringers the straps in time worked loose, and the ends where they were joined together would curl up and look like a big snake with its head raised a few inches from the ground. Hence the name. The snake spiker was a trusted man, who and a certain section of the track which he was detailed to patrol, with a sledge hammer and a leather bag with new spikes in it slung by a strap over his shoulder. He was to keep a sharp lookout for snake heads, for they were dangerous things for a car to come into contact with, and when he found one, spoke it down flat to the stringer again. The safety of life and property on railroads depended in a great measure on the vigilance of the snake-spiker. And it was over such rails as these that the boys of the old days had the nerve to push their engines a mile a minute."—N. Y. Sun.

**SEP WINNER AND HIS SONGS.**  
Author of "Listen to the Mocking Bird" and Other Well Known Songs Is Still Alive.

Septimus Winner, who wrote "Listen to the Mocking Bird" and other standard American melodies, celebrated his seventy-second birthday the other day at his home in Philadelphia.

Mr. Winner makes no pretensions of having been a writer or composer of classical music, but he has written compositions which have thrilled American audiences. He occupies the unique position of having been the only author who wrote a song which was suppressed and his author threatened with imprisonment.

The greatest of all his melodies, in point of circulation and merit, was "The Mocking Bird," written almost 50 years ago, and which has been translated into the languages of the principal nations of the earth. Its effect as a revenue producer to the author lost its worth many years ago, as the copyright had expired. Some other selections which Mr. Winner composed were "Whispering Hope," "What Is Home Without a Mother?" "Ten Little Inns," and "Give Us Back Our Old Commander."

It was a few days after Gen. Burnside had superseded McClellan in the command of the Army of the Potomac that the "Give Us Back Our Old Commander" was composed by Mr. Winner. He received his inspiration from the outburst of popular indignation which was sweeping over the land, particularly among the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, in opposition to the removal of McClellan. "Give Us Back Our Old Commander" could be heard at night from one end of the union lines to the other, and at Chancellorsville, where Hooker displayed his inability to cope successfully with Lee, it was sung with renewed vigor.

But at this point the commotion created by the song reached its climax when the war department issued an order suppressing its sale and prohibiting the singing of it. The government, however, did not stop at this, it forbade Julia Mortimer, one of the greatest of American singers, who was then filling an engagement at Ford's theater, to receive his inspiration away from the theater, and he was informed in making the objectionable song a part of her role. Actors in Baltimore were enjoined by the government from singing it in the theaters.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**Put to the Test.**  
"Count," she said, "you must give me some proof that you do not want me for my money alone.

He looked at her silently for a moment, and a subtle sort of address seemed to spread across his features. Then he spoke slowly, softly, as if he had been hurt:

"I will do these things you ask," he said; "I will prove that I want to marry you for yourself only—I will do these things on one condition."

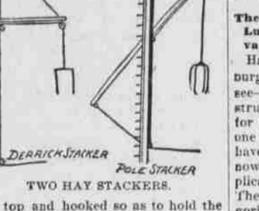
Tears of happiness rose to her eyes. She threw her arms around him and kissed him, and then she sobbed:

"I have, darling, I knew you would do so. I am, far from the first that my noble Bruno was no mere fortune hunter. What is the condition, dearest?"

**AGRICULTURAL HINTS.**  
HANDY HAY STACKERS.  
Two Varieties Which Have Been Used with Gratifying Success for a Number of Years.

The simple hay stackers represented in the accompanying illustrations are used extensively in certain haying districts. They are erected at convenient places in the fields and yards and near barns and sheds. Any ordinary hay fork can be used in connection with either, and much of the dreaded hard lifting and pitching of the harvest season is avoided.

The pole stacker consists of two well seasoned poles, two chains, three pulleys and ropes to manipulate the fork. One pole is set in the ground four to six feet, after slats have been nailed on or pins driven in anger holes about two feet apart for a ladder. The post or pole may extend 30 or 40 feet in the air if high stacks are wanted. A short chain is placed around this pole near



the top and hooked so as to hold the pole in place. This is a seasoned slim sapling resembling a well pole, and usually about 20 feet in length. A long chain, of say eight feet extends from the top end of this pole to the post to which it is fastened near the ground. Three pulleys arranged properly are sufficient to lift the hay or grain. A small rope is enough to handle the fork. The pole is pulled around to the wagon, the fork inserted in the load and the chain naturally drew it back in place over the stack or shed and the load is dropped. The chains and ropes with one pole may be removed after the stacking is completed.

Another stacker is sometimes called the derrick or crane and is more handy than the pole. It consists of a heavy post set solidly in the ground and reaching 30 or 40 feet high, with an arm 12 feet or more in length, upon which the pulleys and ropes are arranged. The arm is fastened in a groove cut in the post, which allows it to turn round. This stacker is frequently used when stacking hay or straw in a circle, with the post in the center. It is useful also in lifting from the wagon and swinging round to a shed or platform at a barn window. The same ropes and pulleys are required on both stackers, and a horse does the work of elevating the load. A rope, twisted wires or chain forms the stay of the derrick and prevents it from breaking. If the band holding the arm slips it may be held in place by hanging a chain above and hooking it around the arm.—Orange Judd Farmer.

**TO KILL TREE STUMPS.**  
Destruction by Means of Salt Is the Most Effective and Cheapest Method Yet Discovered.

Here is something worth knowing. In many cases it is a long and tedious process to finally kill outright the stumps and roots of trees that it is desirable to destroy. A correspondent of the Country Gentleman tells how to promptly get rid of these undesirable trees:

"For the last 25 years I have applied common fine salt to every stump of tree or shrub as soon as cut that I wish to destroy, without a failure. My first experience was with alantus and lilacs; next was 12 acres of land covered with a second growth of all the varieties of the northern oaks and hickory, soft maple, white thorn and mountain willow, using 12 barrels of salt. I have also applied it to the stumps of Lombardy poplar, which is very tenacious of life, and I have not a failure to report. I apply about one-half peck on a stump measuring two feet in diameter, varying according to size. I recommend late summer or early fall as the best season for cutting and salting, for the reason that the downward flow of sap at that season will carry the dissolved salt, which is poison to all tree growth, to the extremity of the out-reaching roots."

**How to Prepare Whitewash.**  
Take half a bushel of unslacked lime, slack it with boiling water, cover during the process to keep in the steam, strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer and add to a peck of salt previously dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste and stirred in white hot, half a pound of Spanish whiting and one pound clean glue previously dissolved by soaking in cold water and then hanging over a slow fire in a small pot hung in a larger one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir well and let it stand a few days. Cover from dirt. It should be applied hot, for which purpose it can be kept in a kettle or portable furnace. A pint of this wash mixture, if properly applied, will cover one square yard and will be almost as serviceable as paint for wood, brick or stone.—Prairie Farmer.

**We Must Raise the Horses.**  
This country must more than ever before be the world's greatest horse market. The cost of raising colts to maturity is increasing in all European countries, while with our superior methods the cost is decreasing. South America is the only place on earth possessing the physical features necessary to successful competition with this country, and the people there lack every other qualification for such competition. See plain English of it, they can't know how we matter ourselves that we do know how.—Texas Stock and Ranch.

**MA GETS PA'S ADVICE.**  
But When She Gets It She Goes And Does the Other Thing.

Nite Before Last when paw Come Home maw says to Him: "Paw, got suchin I want you to Tell me." "Well," paw says: "Speel away, I don't Spose they are married I Can't Tell You all about."

"Two girls wants to work Here," maw Says, "and I wish you'd Tell me which one to Hire. One's a Swede girl and one's a English girl. Which one would you take?"

"How Do I no," says paw. "When Iain't seen them. You of to no which is the Best." "I say Susan about the Same," maw says. "Well speen we Flip a Penny," says paw. "Tales for the Swede girl and Heds for the other one."

"No," maw says, "I think that's Disgrasful. You got to Tell me which you'd Talk."

So purty soon They Come Back and paw He Looked out through the crack from Behind the Door at Them while They was Talkin to maw, and when maw came in paw says: "I gess you Better take the English girl."

Last nite paw Come Home Purty Dired and when we Got Set Down at the Table maw rang the Bell and in come the Swede girl.

Paw He looks at Her a minit and when she went out He Says to Maw: "I Bet I no what you'd Do if I Told you to Go and Jump in the Lake."

"What?" maw as. "You'd go away some Whair and Climb a Tree," paw says, and then He made a Swipe at a Fly what was Buzzen around, and knocked over the winegar Bottel. It was a Sad Site.—George, in Chicago Times-Herald.

**A MILLION-DOLLAR BEDROOM.**  
The Gorgeous Sleeping Apartment of Ludwig II, the Mad King of Bavaria.

Half way between Munich and Salzburg is the third castle—Herrenchiemsee—built by Ludwig II. This great structure is incomplete, fortunately for already overtaken Bavaria, for no one could surmise what its cost would have been. One room alone—the renowned bedchamber—could not be duplicated for less than a million dollars.

The vaulted ceiling is one great allegorical painting, the rounded cornice is covered with a score of richly framed mural paintings, the walls are panels of hammered gold of intricate designs, and even the floor is of a marvelous pattern. The only suggestion of the purpose of this wonderful room is the 800,000 bed with its canopy more magnificent than any that covers a regal throne. In the gorgeous dining room he had erected a disappearing table, which dropped through the floor when a course was finished, and in its place came up another, set and served. He desired this so that servants would be unnecessary in the room and the most secret state matters could be discussed in safety. Many people sought in vain to see the famous room at Herrenchiemsee. Once an actress pleased Ludwig so much by her recitation that she thought it an opportune moment to request permission to see his "most poetic bedchamber." She was coolly dismissed for her effrontery, and the servants were ordered to fumigate the room in which she had been received.—Prof. J. H. Gore, in Ladies' Home Journal.

**REPORTING THE WEDDING.**  
As It Was Turned In by the Young Reporter Fit for the Waste Basket.

A reporter on a newspaper was given the task of writing up a very swell wedding. He composed a fine account of the wedding ceremonies, but, like many young writers, he tried to use too flowery language, and, becoming excited, he forgot to be accurate in the use of words. The description of the beauties of nature read something like this:

**New Through Sleeping Car Line.**  
Only 25 minutes between St. Louis and Denver. The Missouri Pacific Railway in connection with the Rock Island Route from Kansas City, is now operating through-sleeping cars between St. Louis and Denver, leaving St. Louis 9 a. m. daily, arriving Denver 11 o'clock the next morning. This is the quickest line between these cities by over two hours.

**A Man of Thrift.**  
She—Where are you going to spend the summer? He—I'm not going to spend it at all. I'm going to save it till next winter and see if I can't get the janitor of the flat to let it in the room I occupy.—Detroit Free-Press.

**Ladies Can Wear Shoes**  
One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Paste, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, aching, itching feet, improving circulation, and bursitis. At all druggists and shoe stores. 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**The Conclusion.**  
"And you say the idiot of a teacher told you that you had an extravagant fool of a father?" "Yes, he said that." "But what did he say?" "He said it was criminal folly to waste money on the education of such a chump as I am."—Indianapolis Journal.

**Lane's Family Medicine.**  
Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25c and 50c.

**A Dash of Gayety.**  
The doomed man feared the people who waited along the way to the scaffold. "See how they stare at me!" he cried, agonizingly.

"Yes, that's what you might call rubbering it in," observed the executioner, playfully, deeming it not amiss to inject a element of gayety into this otherwise somber affair.—Detroit Journal.

The Nickel Plate Road, with its Peerless Trio of Fast Express Trains Daily and Unexcelled Dining Car Service, offers rates lower than via other lines. The Short Line between Chicago, Buffalo, New York and Boston.

Some things are better than others, but as a general thing man wants the others.—Boston Courier.

**Hall's Catarrh Cure.** Price, 75c. It's a cold day when the palm-leaf fan gets left.—Chicago Evening News.

**Did you ever See a Snow Storm in Summer?**  
We never did; but we have seen the clothing at this time of the year so covered with dandruff that it looked as if it had been out in a regular snow-storm.

**No need of this snow-storm.**  
As the summer sun would melt the falling snow so will

**Ayer's Hair Vigor**  
melt these flakes of dandruff in the scalp. It goes further than this; it prevents their formation. It has still other properties; it will restore color to gray hair in just ten times out of every ten cases.

And it does even more; it feeds and nourishes the roots of the hair. This hair becomes thick hair; and short hair becomes long hair.

We have a book on the Hair and Scalp. It is yours, for the asking.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Ayer's Hair Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may easily be remedied. Address: Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

**As Black DYE as your Whiskers**  
A Natural Black with Buckingham's Dye. 50 cts. of druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Boston, N. H.

Doesn't your boy write well? Perhaps he hasn't a good ink.

**CARTER'S INK**  
IS THE BEST INK.  
More used than any other. Don't ask for you any more than poor ink. Ask for it.

**A T ADIPO-CURA**  
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