Family Wircle.

RE-ENLISTED.

Oh, did you see him in the street, dressed up When drums and trumpets into town their

storm of music threw,—
A louder tune than all the winds could muster in the air, The Rebel winds, that tried so hard our flag in strips to tear?

You did n't mind him? Oh, you looked beyond him, then, perhaps,
To see the mounted officers rigged out with

trooper-caps, And shiny clothes, and sashes red, and epaulets and all;—
It was n't for such things as these he heard his country call.

She asked for men; and up he spoke, my handsome, hearty Sam,—

1'll die for the dear old Union, if she'll take me as I am." And if a better man than he there's mother

From Maine to Minnesota, then let the nation You would not pick him from the rest by

By straps upon his coat-sleeve, or gold or silver Nor a corporal's strip of worsted, but there's something in his face,
And something in his even step, a-marching

That could n't be improved by all the badges

A patriot, and good, strong man; are generals much more grand We rest our pride on that big heart wrapped up in army-blue,
The girl he loves, Mehitabel, and I, who love

He's never shirked a battle yet, though frightful risks he's run. Bince treason flooded Baltimore, the spring of

'sixty-one; Through blood and storm he's held out firm, nor fretted once, my Sam, At swamps of Chickahominy, or fields of Antietam:

Though many a time, he's told us, when he saw them lying dead, The boys that came from Newburyport, and Lynn, and Marblehead. Stretched out upon the trampled turf, and went on by the sky,

It seemed to him the Commonwealth had drained her life-blood dry.

"But then," he said, "the more's the need the country has of me: To live and fight the war all through, what

glory it would be!
The Rebel balls don't hit me, and, mother, if they should. You'll know I've fallen in my place, where I have always stood.'

He's taken out his furlough, and short enough it seemed:

I often tell Mehitabel he'll think he only dreamed Of walking with her nights so bright you couldn't see a star, And hearing the swift tide come in across the

The stars that shine above the stripes, they light him southward now: The tide of war has swept him back; he' made a solemn vow

To build himself no home-nest till his country's work is done:
God bless the vow, and speed the work, my patriot, my son!

And yet it is a pretty place where his new house might be;
An orchard-road that leads your eye straight out upon the sea:-The boy not work his father's farm? it seems

almost a shame; But any selfish plan for him he'd never let me name.

death; A soldier's grave, perhaps,—the thought has half-way stopped my breath, And driven a cloud across the sun;—my

boy, it will not be ! The war will soon be over; home again you'll come to me!

He's reenlisted; and I smiled to see him going, too:
There's nothing that becomes him half so

Only a private in the ranks; but sure I am indeed, If all the privates were like him, they'd scarcely captains need!

And I and Massachusetts share the honor of his birth,-The grand old State! to me the best in all the peopled earth I cannot hold a musket, but I have a son

who can; And I'm proud for Freedom's sake to be the

Mother of a man! Atlantic Monthly.

LITTLE RIDIE.

A few weeks ago the dear Saviour took home to his eternal rest one of the loveliest little children I ever saw. Perhaps you will imagine little Ridie with a fair, white skin, cheeks the color of a ripe peach, and soft clustering hair. You will be wrong; for she was a mulatto, with a brown complexion, large black eyes, and crisp, curly wool. In her days of health, she must have been a bright looking, pretty child; but when I first knew her she had been sick nearly two years, with consumption, and her cheeks were sunken and hollow, her little hands were wasted and thin, and her breath came quick and short; as though every sigh were painful. That was in September last; and a few days ago I received a letter from the friend who had taken care of Ridie through her sickness, and, indeed, through all her life, telling me that she had gone to live forever in that land where the inhabitant shall never more say, "I am sick."

Ridie was a little slave. When a mere infant, not two years old, her mother was sold to a person who was going from Maryland to Missouri, and she was forced to leave behind her this and another child, a little older. Slave mothers cannot do as they will about staying with or leaving their little ones. They may love them just as fondly as your

baby ways, and treasure up every smile and lisp in their hearts; but, at the will of another, they may be sold far from their little ones; their home ties severed and their hearts well nigh broken. Oh! how thankful we all should be that this sad state of things cannot long continue in this land of ours; that "when this cruel war is over," as the song says, one great result of all the golden treasure that has been spent, and the precious blood out-poured will be, that our flag had been laid in the grave. shall float no longer over a single slave.

with no mother to care for her, was truly an object of pity. A kind lady saw her, and having no children of her own, and very few cares, hired the little her up as a little hand-maid or companion for herself. Very kindly and tenderly this lady cared for the child; her life as happy as that of a bird. She grew and thrived, as flowers thrive in the sunshine, in this happy home. And little helpful works for her mistress, great comfort with little Ridie, if she she said: grows to womanhood." She learned to no trouble to teach little Ridie anything, for her mind was always on the alert, and as ready to receive knowledge as a dearly; and I have seen Mrs. —— sit eyes never moved from her face, and the cheeks flushed with an intense interest.

One day, when Ridie was almost seven years old, a parcel came to Mrs. from her dress-maker. It was brought by a slave-girl, about three years older than Ridie, tall for her age, and thinly clad. Ridie spoke pure English, as she always heard it spoken in the house, but this child's language was the "patois," which the colored people, and half the white people of the South, invariably use. She lingered a little while to play with Ridie and admire her dolls and baby-house; and Mrs. — asked her a few questions, as to where she lived, and who was her mistress. In a few moments she found that the two little girls, unconscious of ever having seen each other before, were own sisters; children of the mother who was far away in the west. By her invitation, Rachel came often to see her little sister; but ere He's re-enlisted for the war, for victory or for long a sudden illness caused her death; and she was carried away from a life that had had little sunshine, let us hope to a heavenly home.

I have seen many such persons, but never have I met one who, during a long and painful illness was so constantly gentle, so patient, so uncomplaining as this little colored girl, Ridie. I lived in the same house with her four months, and saw her every day, and I never heard her murmur an impatient word, or saw a frown contract her brow. Sometimes the torturing pain of inflammatory rheumatism would wring from her a cry: but she would say, "Never mind, Missy, it hurt so much; but it will be better bye and bye." When she felt well enough to be carried down stairs, it was her delight to be where others were, quietly watching them, and offering to

help, although she was not able. It was on a bright day in the last In dian summer, that a timid ring at the hall door was heard by Mrs. - and Ridie, who were busy, in some domestic operation in the dining room. Mrs.

- herself went to the door; standing on the stoop was a middle-aged colored woman, dressed in blue-checked homespun, with a white handkerchief pinned across her breast, and a bright turban wound around her head. She had two little boys with her; whose nurse she

seemed to be. "I think, Miss," she said respectfully, "I think you have a little girl of mine here."

"Have I?" said Mrs. ---. "How old is your little girl, and what is her

"She must be about eleven years old," said the woman, "and her name is Maria; when I was sold to the west I left her with my old mistress at would find her."

into the dining room, and said:

"Here is your little girl. Ridie, my dear, this is your mother."

The meeting was very affecting, on mother loves the babe which she hushes the part of the mother, who wept for to sleep on her bosom; they may feel joy, at seeing her child once more. a stranger is presented, I begin at once them.

and seemed, at first, frightened at the violence of the mother's happiness. Remember, children, she had never known her mother; and, until that moment, did not know that she had one.

"Do you know where Rachel is?" said the mother. "I cannot find my little Rachel."

She had to be told that she no longer had a child named Rachel, on earth;

Poor mother! She had come back to the west. Her master had joined the with him as his servant; and her mistress had returned to Baltimore, bringgirl from her owner, thinking to bring ing all her own children, but not one, not even the youngest, belonging to the faithful nurse.

Little Maria had been taught about rocking her to sleep at night, and making from her infancy, and had always seemed remarkably conscientious, and careful to do nothing that she knew was wrong. She was affectionate, obedient, many persons, who saw her engaged in and truthful. Nearly three months ago her mistress found her in tears, and on would say to Mrs. --, "You will have pressing her for the reason of her grief,

"Oh! Missy, I'm soon going to die, sew as nicely as many ladies, and also to and if I die as I am now I'll be lost. read. Her instructress said that it was I'm a great sinner, and I can't find my

Mrs. — talked and prayed with her, and afterwards the Superintendent | ger, you can speak freely on the subject." flower cup the dew. She loved stories of the Sabbath School of which she had formerly been a member came to see reading to her, during her sickness, by and converse with her. For several the hour together, while the dark, eager days she was in great agony of mind, groping for light but finding none; but at last she found the Saviour, and from that hour she walked down the dark valley, holding her Shepherd by the hand. On the evening of the 18th of March she fell asleep in Jesus.

In a little grave in Mount Laurel Cemetery, Maria's body reposes until the last day. Over it the green grass waves, and the daisies bloom, and kind hands have planted there the flowers she best loved. Her voice is heard no more in the home where her short life was spent; no more her light foot on the stairs; no more her memy laugh; but her Saviour has taken her home to himself, because he loved her too well to leave her longer here; and there is coming, bye and bye, a happy day when the mother, whom slavery rent from her children, shall meet and love them in the better land; and the kind Christian lady who cared for the little outcast, with most unselfish and devoted love, shall also have her reward. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these,' said Jesus, "ye did it unto Me."

M. E. M.

LETTERS

From a Lady visiting Philadelphia, during the Winter of 1863, to her young friend in the Country.

DEAR EDITH,-I thank you for so prompt a reply to my letter. I hope you will always be as punctual. Do not rely too confidently on my observations. Remember I do not attempt to give a full account of society here, but merely to say how I am impressed. I have decided to observe closely the young ladies of the present day. They present rather a curious study in some respects and while criticising the belles, I shall not overlook the beaux. I must now tell you about my first party in P. know your curiosity is at the fever point We entered the parlor about half past nine o'clock. Mrs. Lindsay welcomed us warmly, for this social atmosphere. I suppose she did not wish me to congeal in my present ignorant state. When finished, then I can be hardened with more credit to my friends. We passed on to the centre of the room, where my aunt recognized some friends; they were introduced to me. After a few trifling remarks, some new comers attracted attention, and I found time to glance around. I had just noticed the gay dresses of some ladies near me, and admired the perfect taste evinced in the costly robes of others, when I observed a gentleman on the opposite side of the room make a parting remark to a group of friends, and then come towards us. My aunt greeted him with sincere pleaand she told me to come here and I sure, and turning towards me introduced Mr. B. as a valued friend. Now I can Mrs. — took her through the hall, hear you exclaim, give me a description of Mr. B.'s appearance and then I can hear with more interest what he said. be strengthened without nourishment? Well I will try to gratify you in both The same tedious nothings are repeated respects. You are aware that I depend on different evenings, by various persons,

proud of their bright eyes, and cunning Maria received her carresses passively, in a furtive way to study the features. Imagine then a man whose countenance find it impossible to give our conversaimpressed one at first sight with the tion, except in part, as my eyes refuse conviction, this is a gentleman; in manner, with a shade of sternness; that I feel as if I had lived a year since choice in language and a most corteous I arrived. There are so many feelings, listener; such was my mental comment such a multitude of impressions, crowdafter a short conversation. Now as to ing on the mind, that the sensation is personal gifts, dark hair, dark grey startling at first; you seem to be carried eyes, and regular features; just the per- on with the current of events. My love son that, seen in a crowd, we should in- to all who remember me. Let me hear that four years before, that daughter quire, who is he? Aunt Helen men- fully from "Cedar Glen." All that can tioned that I was a stranger and added be sent in the way of information rewith a humorous expression, that she garding old friends will be acceptable. Little Ridie, a feeble, wailing babe, find one child; but she had left four in had no doubt, I was mentally commenting on persons and things, being a close rebel army, and had taken her husband observer. I was not a little embarrassed by this remark, but we were soon engaged in a desultory kind of conversation; but Mr. B. gradually dropping the topics connected with our present position led the way to subjects both improving and interesting. I found an opportunity subsequently in the columns of the same keeping her constantly with her, often her immortal soul, and about her Saviour then to ask one or two questions regarding the young ladies of P.; how they ranked intellectually; remarking as an

> and then said: disguise my true sentiments.'

"Certainly not," was my answer, "I hope you will be frank in your reply, as I really wish to form a correct judgment on this matter, and being a stran-

Mr. B. smiled rather satirically when I had finished, and then said quite ear-

"Are you studying the characters round you Miss Evans? If so, you will have abundant material and I doubt not will meet with some problems in city life, not easily solved."

I replied that I had not yet gone so far in my observations, but that I was perplexed in thinking about the time consumed by the amusements of a fashionable young lady. I did not see how education was completed.

"Miss Evans, have you indeed imagined that the young ladies of this pleasure loving city are in the habit of pursuing systematic course of mental culture after they have left school?"

I rejoined that "I had scarcely defined my ideas on this point.

"Certainly the intellectual advantages of a city life, must be greatly beyond what we could enjoy who dwell at some distance. And I had thought that some few at least, would be ambitious to go beyond the customary range of school aunt.

I suppose I must have spoken very earnestly; as Mr. B. with a smile (that might be called involuntary, so quickly did it vanish) said: "I am not unprepared on this topic; it has been the subject of painful thought with me for a long time. I am willing, Miss E., to give you an answer, but you may possibly stigmatize it as a masculine view plainness of speech."

"No," I replied, "my information will be reliable, as the subject is not new to you, and I prefer a masculine opinion on this topic."

He then added: My first remark is, that in what I shall say, you will remember I speak of the majority (exceptions I doubt not may be found) those whom I meet constantly and know well. Indeed, with many of them I daily interchange courtesies, and am indebted to them often for their generous hospitality. You asked me, I think, how these young ladies might be classed intellectually; that is, how do they rank as to mental culture.

Have you taken a walk now and then, Miss E., in the street most frequented by the gay and fashionable in this city? Need I tell, then, how their mornings are spent? Either visiting, walking or receiving company. Their evenings are passed at parties or places of public at home, to receive company. Novel reading, of a most miscellaneous kind, perilling his life for me and mine. Wofills up any hours that are left. After the parties, so numerous in the Winter,

these young ladies must meet to talk blush, to wear that which enriches the over their beaux and make appointments | enemies of our country, and impoverishfor the opera, concerts, or perhaps lectures. When you remember that evening parties rarely afford opportunity for improving conversation, you will not be surprised that the minds of those who pursue this round of gayety do not progress. How could their mental powers greatly on physiognomy, so that when until one is utterly weary of hearing presence of my glorious Lord!"—Au-

But I have written a long letter and fied to aid me. Let me say before I close,

Yours with love,

RESPONSE TO THE APPEAL TO LOYAL WOMEN.

We published, last week, an extract from the Boston Transcript, on Female Extravagance in War Times. The following response from a lady appeared paper.

To the Editor of the Transcript:

I thank you a thousand times for that stiring appeal to the "Loyal women of excuse for what might seem undue curithe land," in your paper of the 24th March. As soon as I had read it, I osity, that I wished to form a just opinion. He seemed thoughtful for a minute, went, spectacles in hand, just a few steps over to the house of my niece. As I "If I express my opinion candidly, expected, she was sitting in the midst you will think me severe, but I cannot of dressmakers, who were working with might and main, that Belinda might appear out in all her glory on Easter Sun-

"See, Aunt," cried she, "I didn't show you this yesterday—isn't it a lovely shade?" and she held up a Gros de something, very rich and handsome, of course.

"American?" said I, taking hold of the texture.

"American!" cried my niece, with a voice and gesture expressive of extreme contempt-"no indeed-it's imported -why, aunt, that cost me forty dollars, just the material.

"Oh! ay-it did," said I: "well I've been reading something about that very dress.

"About this dress?" and she stopped the flying motion of her fingers a full

"Certainly," I said, "and I'll read it to you; so down I sat-turning my she could reserve any regular time for back to the Gros de something—and mental improvement after her school with all the emphasis and spirit I could command, I read the article in the Transcript. As I proceeded, I fancied the motion of the needle became slower and slower, and once or twice, lifting my eyes, I perceived that Belinda's cheeks were fast assuming a color deeper than their usual faint crimson.

"There!" I exclaimed, when I had finished, "what do you think of that? I suppose you call yourself a loyal woman."

"Of course I do," was her reply;—
and—and—why, I don't know—it's rather sharp, to be sure—but then—I declare—I dont know as I ever thought of it in that light before. It has put me quite out of conceit of my new dresses,

That is just what I meant it should do; for Belinda is in the main a sensible woman, or was until her husband got to making money so fast.

"It is reasonable and right," I said, "and after this I shall blush for any American woman who appears in the street in her foreign bedizement and finery.'

Just then I noticed the dressmaker. young girl in cheap black mourning, brush a tear from her eye. Another of the subject and be startled at my fell, and yet another. She looked up, saw my pitying gaze-grew pale and "Oh! madam-I cannot help it-my

brother died of starvation in Richmond. I can't tell how that simple speech affected me. I wanted to take all that finery and huddle it into the stove; I wanted to stamp on it.

"Our good soldiers!" I cried, "our good, precious, noble sons, brothers, and husbands, dying of horrible wounds, of fevers, of starvation-and we spending our hundreds on spring fashions, each one striving to outdo her neighbor. My old father used to say this was an ungodly world, and I never realized it as do now.

"I wish," said Belinda, half crying, "I wish I had seen that before I went shopping. I wish the money had gone to some poor, wasted patriot, or his poorer family. I never can wear it now with a clear conscience.'

In my heart I hoped not. As for me, should not dare to have a crippled soldier touch those garments. I could not bear that the half-blind eyes of some poor, suffering patriot should be dazzled amusement, with an occasional evening as I passed him with that which should have been some substantial reward for men of Boston, will you form the League, and make it appear, as it really is, a disgrace for which a loyal woman should es and discourages the noble men who go forth to sacrifice their lives for our country?

A MATRON.

"OH, how I long for that blessed moment, when this poor, unworthy creature, the last and least of all my Master's servants, shall be called to put off this load of sin and corruption, and to mingle with that harmonious host above, doing homage with them in the blessed

Advertisements.

NOT ALCOHOLIC Highly Concentrated Vegetable Extran

A PURE TOXIC.

DR. HOOFLAND'S

GERMAN BITTERS PREPARED BY

M. JACKSON, Philadelphia, Pa WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE

LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, JAUNDICE CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, AND ALL DISEASE ARISING FROM A DISORDERED LIVER

OR STOMACH;

OR STOMACH;

such
as Constipa
tion, Inward Piles,
Fullness or Blood to the
Head, Acidity of the Stomach,
Nauses, Heartburn, Disgust for Pood,
liness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Erne,
ns, Sinking or Fluttering at the pit of the
ch, Swimming of the head, Hurrised and
Heathing, Fluttering of the Heart, Choking
ating Sensations when in a lying, posture, Dim
of Vision. Dots or Webe before the Sight,
ver and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of
Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and
Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest,
Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of
Heat, Burning in the Flesh,
Constant Imaginings
of Evil, and great
Depression of

Spirits,

And will positively prevent Yellow Fever, Bilious Fever THEY CONTAIN NO ALCOHOL OR BAD WHISKEY

From Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Pastor of the Tens. Baptist Chusch:

Dr. Jageson—Dear &r: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with commendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the use of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, Identify of the system, and especially for Live Complaint, it is a safe system, and especially for Live Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully,

J. H KENNARD, Eighth st., below Coates, Phila.

From Rev. Warren Randolph, Pastor of Baptist Church, Germantown:

Dr. C. M. Jackson—Dear Sir: Personal experience enables me to say that I regard the German Bitters prepared by you as a most excellent medicine. In cases of severe cold and general debility I have been greatly benefitted by the use of the Bitters, and doubt not they will produce similar effects on others. Your truly,

Dr. May 31, 1860.

From Rev. J. H. Turner, Pastor of Hedding M. E. Church:
Philadelphia, April 20, 1859.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: Having used your German
Bitters in my family frequently, I am prepared to say
that it has been of great service. I believe that in most
cases of general debitity of the system it is the safest
and most valuable remedy of which I have any knowledge. Yours respectfully, J. H. TURNER.
726 North Nineteenth street.

From the Rev. Thomas Winter, Pastor of Rorborouga Baptist Church:

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: I feel it due to your excellent preparation—Hoofland's German Bitters—to add my testimony to the deserved reputation it has obtained. I have for years, at times, been troubled with great disorder in my head and nervous system. I was advised by a friend to try a bottle of your German Bitters. I did so, and experienced great and unexpected relief. My health has been very materially benefitted. I confidently recommend the article where I meet with cases similar to my own, and have been assured by many of their good effects. Respectfully yours,

Ranborough, Pa., December, 1303. ours, Roxborough, Pa., December, 1359.

Roxborough, Pa., December. 1303.

From Rev. J. Newton Brown, D. D., Editor of the Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge:

Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects; I yet know of no sufficient reasons why a man may not testify to the Benefits he believes himself to have received from any simple preparation, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.

I do this more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years, under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend, Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, and for encouragement to try them, when suffering from great and long continued debility. The use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident relief, and restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them.

Philada, June 23, 1861.

I. NEWTON BROWN.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest whiskey or common rum, costing from 20 to 30 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander Seed.

This class of Bitters has caused and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of the drumkard. By their use the system is kept continually under the influence of alcoholic stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for liquor is created and kept up, and the result is all the horrors attendant upon a drunkard's life and death.

For a Liquor Bitters, we publish the following receipt. Get ONE BOTTLE HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS and mix with THREE QUARTS OF GOOD BRANDY OF WHISKEY, and the result will be a preparation that will FAR EXCEL in makicinal writees and true excellence any of the numerous liquor bitters in the market, and will COST MUCH LESS. You will have all the wirtues of HOOFLAND'S BITTERS in connection with a good article of liquor, at a much less price than these inferior preparations will cost you.

Attention, Soldiers! and the Friends of Soldiers. Attention, soluters: and the Friends of Soluters.

We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that "HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS" will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by exposures and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large propertion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. Diseases resulting from disorders of the digestive organs are speedily removed. We have no hesitation in stating that, if these Bitters were freely used among ont soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise will be lost.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS! See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the WRAPPER of each bottle.

PRICE PER BOTTLE 75 CENTS. OR HALF DOZEN FOR \$4. Should your nearest druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY, No. 631 Arch Street.

> JONES & EVANS. (Successors to C. M. JACKSON & CO.,)

PROPRIETOR For sale by Druggists and dealers in every town the United States.

PHILBROOK & CO., SPRING BED DEPOT

Curled Hair, Palm, Excelsior, Huak and Straw Metresses; Comforts, Blankets, Army Mattressee and Core IRON AND WOODEN BEDSTEADS. No. 9 South Seventh St.

PHILADELPHIA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1530 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

1530 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

PEV. CHARLES A SMITH, D. D., E. CLARENE L. SMITH, A. M., Principals.

Ninth year. Three Departments: Primary, Academic and Collegiate. Full college course in classics, matematics, higher English, and natural science, for thee who graduate. Modera languages, music, painting ful clocution, by the best masters. For circulars, apply the Institute, or address Box 2611, P. O., Philadelpha. Pa.

THOMAS CARRICK & CO., Cracker & Biscuit Bakers

1905 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA. QUPERIOR CRACKERS, PILOT AND SHIP BREAD

SODA, SUGAR and WINE BISCUITS, PIC-N JUMBLES and GINGER NUTS, A. PEE'S, SCOTCH AND OTHER CAKES. Ground Cracker in any quantity. Orders prompted del8.