Family Direle.

> TRY AGAIN. BY ELIZA COOK.

Once Bruce of Scotland flung him down In a lonely mood to think: 'Tis true he was a monarch and were a crown But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad;
He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed, And his heart was sore and sad.

He flung himself down in sore despair, As grieved as man could be;
And, as hour after hour he pondered there,
"I must give up at last," said he.

Now just at that moment a spider dropped, With its silken cobweb clue; And the king, in the midst of his thinking stopped To see what the spider would do.

It presently began to climb Straight up with strong endeavor; But down it came, time after time, As near the ground as ever.

But nothing discouraged, again it went, And traveled a half-yard higher;
Twas a delicate thread it had to tread, And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell, and swung below But again it quickly mounted;
'Till—up and down, now fast, now slow—
Nine brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," cried the king, the foolish thing Will strive no more to climb. When it toils so hard to reach and cling, And tumbles every time."

But steadily upward, inch by inch, Higher and higher it passed, Till a bold little run, at the very last pinch, Put it into its web at last. "Bravo! bravo!" the king cried out,

"All honor to those who try!
The spider up there defied despair—
He conquered; why shouldn't I?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind, And as gossips tell the tale, He tried once more, as he tried before, And that time he did not fail.

#### HOW GOD ANSWERED A LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER.

If you had looked into the old shed back of Frau Frantz's cabin that lonesome, rainy evening, I am sure you would have felt sorry for that poor little girl kneeling there in the dirt in one corner. The tears were running down America. She is rich and good, but I but in the good old-fashioned way, with over her pale face and falling on her don't know where she is. I have been their own horse and carriage. ragged, faded dress. Her little brown, praying God to send my little Louise to We find our travellers or grimy hands were clasped, and her lips moving in prayer: "Unser Vater in Aunt Brigilta was going to ask the mountains. They had spent the previous dem himmel. Dein Name werde geheiliname of this sister, but the sick woman night at the Flume House, and were now in the first side of the following in the first side of the following in the first side of the following in the first side of the first side of the following in the first side of the fir get." As you may not know what this means, I will tell you. It was the same she thought she was dying, and in her dear little prayer you say beside your fright forgot it. She knew that for God's bed at night, with the hand of your precious mother resting so softly on off earthly chains and go up to heaven; your head: "Our Father which art in but some way strange as it may seem, heaven." I suppose all we want of God she felt a horror at the idea of Frau is in that prayer; but little Louisa Frantz dying. Good, simple soul, she thought she must tell the blessed Jesus thought people ought always to have a all about her poor sick mother. So, minister to pray with them before they after she had said "Denn dein ist das died. Though she knew Jesus was presand tell Aunt Brigilta how sick she was. She didn't know that this would do any ilta had to work so hard, and she was too old to be up nights with anybody so sick. She thought she would try, just once more, though.

The sick mother had been in a high fever all day. She would toss and turn in German, putting up the book from on her rough straw bed, and sometimes which he had been reading aloud, "can't best to stop?" she would say a great deal, without we have some music to-night? I have "Do! Oh, j knowing it, about her beautiful home had a hard day's study, and I don't beand her husband, and two or three times lieve I ought to read any more." she thought he was there, and started up and spoke to him in a most pitiful way. This would scare poor little Louisa so. She would stare, and shiver, and cry, and think "why don't God send somebody to do something for my poor mother?

enough; but they were all very poor, sweeter.' and some of them quite wicked. They had suffered so much themselves, their sic and then looked up at her husband, hearts had grown hard and selfish; and with her mild blue eyes full of tears. they thought Frau Frantz was proud, and lady ways. She had to work as Maria is. You're sure she's somewhere fond cuddling ways, as ever was mother's don't help the drunkard to injure himhard as any of them now, but they in the city, Gustav?" knew her friends in Germany were rich, and she had been nicely brought up. The sick woman's fever was gone now, and she lay very still, and was nearly as pale as if she were dead. She consented to let Louisa go for the good old woman, for she felt afraid she would the door was pushed open. Their ser-

not live till morning.

Aunt Brigilta lived quite a long way off now. The people she lived with had | This one, Judy, was a specimen. "An't | who was mother's companion and confimade a good deal of money, and had plaze yer honor," pushing before her a dant, ever devoted and true, won golden moved away into a pleasanter part of ragged, tousle-headed little girl, whom the city. They were not very kind to we know at once to be Louisa Frantz, her. She was getting so old, she "here's a wee bit young one, an'it's not couldn't do much but take care of the meself as can tell what she's afther wantchildren. Oh, yes! there was one thing ing, atwixt the scare of her and the bad she could do better than most people— lingo. she could pray, and trust in Jesus, and silves." that was what made Frau Frantz love

her. Louisa ran as fast as her little bare feet could go, and she was back in a little | tence before he interrupted her, to say, while, and pretty soon Aunt Brigilta in German: "Talk in your own language, last! came too.

"Why don't you have a doctor, Frau Frantz?" she said, the first thing. he asked her name. "Never mind the pay—I'll see to that:"

and before long the doctor came into the cabin. He looked at the sick woman's tongue, felt her pulse, and shook his head. If she had been lying in a nicely furnished room in a splendid house, I her face growing very pale. think he would have taken some of her fully that she couldn't get well; but after men have pushed around the world a hurry to get back to her mother. awhile they get a foolish way of think-

anything for her."

something to make her easy-she has so, carriage stop before Frau Frantz's little much pain?'

"No sort o' use, I say." He glanced round the room, and measured the "use" by the prospect of pay. "She's got to

go for it," and out he went. ilta cried, too; and then she did the about the night she thought Frau Fintz very best thing she could do-she knelt was dying, she would say it was jult the down and prayed. Some way, when good God that led Louisa to her urcle's, she got up again, they all felt better, for she prayed the whole time the little though the tears would come yet. Frau thing was gone; and he always would Frantz took a drink of water, and make his poor, dear children happyin this though she could only say a word or two life, if they would give up their pride at a time, she said there was something and trust in him.—Methodist. she must tell Aunt Brigilta. They talked in German, but I'll tell it to you in English. She believed the Lord Jesus had taken away all her sins, pride and all. She felt ready to die now, but she didn't know what would become of her ture. little girl. She began to feel pretty sure God would take care of her some way, though.

"That he will," said Aunt Brigilta. "You know we left Germany because we were poor," Frau Frantz went on, feebly. "They said we could get rich here, and live as grandly as any of our family. I see now how foolish and wicked our pride was. I have a dear sister. I have heard she has come to

looked so white, and breathed so hard, children to die is no more than to throw Reich, und die Kraft, und die Herrlich- ent himself, ready to give her the crown keit, in ewigkeit-Amen," she went on of glory, she had had this notion so long it must mean, is another wonder-a wonwith her sad little story. The father she couldn't get over it. Her minister was dead, and they were away off here, -the only one she knew in all the city so far from all their friends, and her -was away from home. What should the boys. So mamma read. mother was so sick, she was afraid she she do? Oh, she just thought, the prowouldn't get well, and she didn't know fessor, who had lately come to live in the of the Profile House is Walker's Obserwhat to do. Wouldn't the good Saviour grand house among the trees over on he vatory. A tall pine, standing by the please to whisper something in her heart avenue, must be a minister, for he read side of the road, possessing wonderful deaf and dumb. But his face was so for her to do? Then she kept very a sermon last Sunday in church. She capabilities as an observatory, was bright and fresh, that he could hardly still for a minute or so-she did not would send Louise for him. Away the even sob-but all she could think of was little girl ran through the dark, dirty, to ask her mother if she mightn'tugo narrow alley, till she got out where the bright lamps shone, and then, though she wasn't afraid, she ran all the faster. good, for her mother had told her two | She didn't know what good the minister or three times already that Aunt Brig- could do. If he acted like the doctor, he had better stay away.

We will go before her to the professor's house and look into the pleasant sitting-

"Come, Theresa," said the professor,

He took up a flute, while she arose to go to the piano. She glanced in the direction of a rosewood crib, where, among the soft, white pillows, nestled a sweet baby face, with a fat little fist beside it.

"Oh, we shan't wake her up!" said To be sure, there were neighbors softly, and her dreams will be all the through all the eventful five years of his

> The lady turned the leaves of the mu-"I haven't much heart for music,"

and felt above them, with her praying she said, "till we find where poor, dear

"Oh, yes; and I'll find her out before long. But come, dear, some music will cheer your heart. As you said last he ran, for the first time, into the little preacher! You are a catechism-

They had just begun playing when vants were all Anglo-American, as they wished to get the accent of our language. lingo. Mayhap ye kin find out yir-

"Vat vill you haben, little fraulein!"

asked the professor, pleasantly. She had not stumbled through one sen-

When she had told what she wanted,

"Louisa Frantz."

asked Louisa her father's name.

"Heinrich Frantz." "And your mother's?" said the lady,

friends aside and told them very care- girl, wondering why they should ask her lened cry-trying still to be brave. so many questions, when she was in such

But she didn't know what to make of ing that there is a difference between a it when the beautiful lady, in her rich person dying in an elegant room and dress sat down on the carpet before he, 'It'll only be a waste of medicine to do down over her sweet face. "It is, Gu-

tav, it is; I know it is Maria's child." "But, doctor," said Aunt Brigilta, The next morning the people of the very earnestly, "can't you give her alley were astonished to see a splended cabin. A fine lady and gentlemen, who had been there all night it seemed, came

out, got in, and drove away. The professor had the best physicians in the city to visit the sick woman, and

#### A WHITE MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

Charley, our minister's little loy, was once the hero of a very startling adven-

I will relate it for you, dear hildren, and I hope your fathers and mothers too will be interested in my true story, which is to teach you that your very hives may depend on your instant obedience to their commands.

When Charlie was five years old, he and his brother John, two years older, accompanied their father and mother on a journey to the White Mountairs. The family did not travel by cars aid stage,

We find our travellers one bright gregationalist.
summer morning among the franconia pursuing their journey to the Franconia Notch. As they rode quickly along, mamma consulted the guide bok, (Eastman's White Mountain Guid,) and they read and talked of the profile (old man of the mountain) and the crystal mirror (lake) at his feet, of echo lake, too, and the Notch, which they had almost reached. he would be!

"And here," said mamma, laughingly, as she turned the leaves of the book. "right here in these woods somewhere, der of both nature and art—so it seems."

brought to its fated end by trimming away the branches, and fastening an easy succession of winding stairs around its trunk. As the tree is strong, and well secured by iron chains, we may feel reasonably safe in ascending to the lookout at the top. A really commanding view is gained from this half-natural and halfartificial observatory. From no other place in the lowland can you obtain so good a view of the valley between the mountain ranges.'

"Oh, here it is!" said papa, "is it

"Do! Oh, please do stop!" shouted

the boys. "Well we will," said their father, "for the boys will never forget it." "Ho! Charley boy, was there ever such a famous tree to climb?"

Now, as I said, Charley is the hero of my story, so I must tell you more of him. First, since it has to do with my story, the professor, smiling. "We'll begin he was a wonderful climber, and had been, life; having, on hands and knees, mount- penny! How many poor men and poor ed to the third story of the great hall at grandfather's, long before he could go patches will it put on the poor man's alone. For all he was a great brave boy, he was still "the baby;" soft, white, rosy, curly-headed, and as full of dimples, and

> When, the previous evening, all radiant from his excursion to the Flume, group assembled there exclaimed:

where did you come from?"

So at once he was their pet, and the pet of the house. Dark-eyed Johnny, opinions from all, but Charley was the pet; father's, mother's, everybody's pet.

All cast a fond look on the boy, who,

He looked quickly at his wife, and then questions; winding round and round, up, Oh coin of my country! adding to paup, up-Charley just round the turn, triotism, adding to love of our own dear,

out of sight yet nearair, above the tops of the highest trees, "Maria Frantz," replied the little there is a cry, a gasping, faltering, fright-

"Mamma, where are you? What shall I do, mamma? Everything goes round so up here."

"You are only dizzy, my darling, sit right down on the stair; don't step, don't one in a bare empty cabin. I am glad and began pushing the tangled hair back step, sit right down." So went up and trust are not in you, but in God we God and the angels do not see it so. from her forehead, and looked closely in mother's answer from white lips and an 'No use," said the doctor, bluntly. her eyes, while the great tears rolld agonized heart, yet true to a mother's from her forehead, and looked closely inp mother's answer from white lips and an trust." And this, the voice of the nainstinct, loud, clear, and cheerful as a the politician in his schemes, and ruler

Up sped the father, crying out encouragingly: "Good Charley, sit still, papa is coming."

What a sight met his view as he reached his boy, and, clasping him to his heart, shouted, back, "All safe?"

Yes, all safe sat the boy, right on the outer edge of a stair just where the bro-Louisa knew what those dreadful as soon as she could be moved she was ken railing gave no protection, more than words meant. She almost sunk upon carried in a bed to their home. It was a hundred feet from the rocks below, his the floor; but when she looked at her always her's and Louisa's home ther cheeks aglow, his eyes agleam, his red mother, and thought how soon she would that—yes, and Aunt Brigilta's, too. As lips parted in happy smiles, obediently be gone, never to come back, she threw long as she lived she stayed with these waiting his father's coming step; wonder-herself down close by her, and cried as dear, good people, and helped take can of ing the while what "dizzy" was, to if her heart would break. Aunt Brig- the children. Always when she taked make the world go round and round like

Yes, he was safe, because unquestionngly obedient he sat right down without taking another step, on the verge of the yawning death chasm, safe! One step -one effort to go down, to do anything but just what he was bidden, and Oh what tongue can tell the horror of the results. We will not imagine. That fearful death plunge, that crushed and lifeless mass, the agony of those hearts, smitten by a great life-sorrow. It is enough that God was merciful.

How joyfully our travellers arose, when their heads and steps were once more steady, and went up the few remaining steps to the top, Charley first and highest of all, mounted on his father's shoulders. How gratefully they went their way. Yet the mother's heart was shrouded in a mist of penitential selfthe couch of her darlings, nestling in

their sweet sleep together, she prayed: "Yes, O my God, a mother may forget her boy; but Thou, O blessed Jesus, never, never wilt Thou forget."-Con-

#### A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

It would be a curious history could we tell when and how and where we first met this and that acquaintance; and especially, how very different he appeared, if we had heard of him before, from what we expected! How seldom is he the many, many wonders and beauties of as noble, or as handsome, as we thought

A few days since I was sitting in the store of a friend, engaged in conversation, when suddenly there leaped upon the counter a little bright-faced fellow whom I had never seen before. He "Read it to us! read it to as!" cried came down with a ringing sort of laugh, the boys. So mamma read. and in his gladness actually bounded "About two and a half miles southward two or three leaps upon the counter."

Very politely my friend introduced me to him, and I soon saw that he was think of his situation.

"This is Mr. Penny, sir, who has just arrived in town."

"Mr. Penny! Why I have seen many of that name. They are a modest, quiet family, and great favorites with children.'

"How is that?" "I suppose it is because they are so generous, and are often giving candies and apples, and such things to children. But this one seems different from any I have ever met before. Let me see. He has a kind of double face, and what is no less curious, he has words stamped on each! On one face I see a beautiful shield, laid upon two arrows, and a vine hung over it, and the words 'In God we Trust, '1864.' On the other side, 'United States of America,' with a vine

and arrows, and in the centre, '2 cents.' This then is Mr. "Twopenny," a new friend—the last child of the Mint, the new coin of my country! How many hands will receive and pass this very children will it feed! How many garment! I greet you, Mr. Twopenny, for the good you will do in this way But, my good friend, if you can help it, self and his family! But I hail you, good fellow, and welcome you above any coin I ever saw in my life! You are a night, we will trust God to bring us to parlor at the Flume House, one of the a kind of walking Bible—to every man the sister."

parlor at the Flume House, one of the a kind of walking Bible—to every man the sister."

that will ever see you! You are the "Oh, you little curly-headed angel! first coin of my country that ever achere did you come from?"

"The coin of my country that ever achere did you come from?"

"much of it is very satisfactory."

knowledged God! You are a perpetuul PLEDGE OF THE LADIES' NATIONAL proclamation! You are a little cable to anchor a great nation to the throng of

Oh, little coin! thy text is very short, thy words are very few, but how many goods where those of American manufacwill read them! How many children ture can be obtained. Soon our party came to the foot of the in the future will read them, and learn that in "1864" our whole nation pro-"Charley boy is such a brave climber," claimed to the world the great truth said mamma, "I suppose he will be at that "In God we trust." And that the top first of all." short proclamation will do more to bring God's blessing upon us, than armies and already in advance, turned his bright navies. Go thy way little preacher! face all aglow with happy excitement thou hast already cheered one heart, and upon them. Oh, had that look been the show thy bright face as often as thou So they wound their way slowly up, canst. The poor widow and the orphan

dear country, and adding to our confi-Oh no! Oh terror! up, up in the dizzy dence that the God in whom "we trust" will never forsake us.

Oh, herald of better things! We shall hereafter put thy text on all our coin; for surely we shall not write "holiness to the Lord" on our copper, and not on our silver and gold! Surely we shall want to say to the bright silver and to the yellow gold, "our confidence tion, will teach the miser in his greed, in his power, that we hope only in the living God. And it may be found in the final history of the world, as God shall write it, that this one little act of our Government has become a blessing unspeakably great to all future genera-

#### IMPROVEMENT IN STUDENT LIFE IN ENGLAND.

An article in Blackwood for June, commenting on the Report of a Commission to examine into the condition of the leading classical schools of England, contains the following:

If there is one point on which the wit nesses are unanimous, it is on this; that in the moral tone and habits of the young men who go up year after year from our public schools to the university there is an improvement, in a very marked degree, within the present generation. "The senior head of a house," says one Oxford witness, "is reported to have said that the improvement in the morals of the members of the university since the beginning of the century is not to be called a reformation, but a revolution." No doubt, the venerable author of this emphatic testimony has lived to see great and most desirable and needful change in the habits, not only of undergraduate life, but in the life of the senior common-room; but even much younger men trace thankfully the same improvement through later years, and reproach, and that night as she knelt by readily admit that in this important respect the present day is better than their own. In point of morality, economy, sobriety, good sense in their amusements, and the absence of riot and disorder, the modern undergraduate comes out in very favorable contrast to those who occupied his rooms and trod the same old High Street twenty and thirty years ago. It is somewhat curious to remark the various causes, proximate or remote, to which

the successive witnesses, all men of ability and experience, are inclined to attribute the change which they all gladly recognize. One—not himself a Rugby man-adds yet another testimony to Rugby's great head-master: he dates the change distinctly "from the time that Arnold's pupils began to come up to Oxford." Another believes that he noticed "a marked difference for the better," arising from "the fourteen-penny incometax" (which certainly has not had too many admirers,) "and the wholesome stimulus of the Crimean war;" several attribute much of the happy result to the | SELECT CLASSICAL AND ENGLISH SCHOOL introduction of athletic sports; others again to "the multiplication of university examinations;" "the closer personal relations that exist between tutor and pupils, both at school and college"certainly one of the most encouraging features of modern education: and, what has perhaps really most of all to do with the change, though it is difficult to say whether as cause or as result,-the im-

proved state of public opinion. All agree each for their own school. with only such shades of difference that it would be invidious to distinguish them. that the tone of public feeling among the boys themselves is, on the whole, sound and healthy; that "there would be a general reprobation of anything ungentlemanlike or dishonorable;" that drinking and other gross vices, though not unknown, are confined to a small set, whose reputation amongst their schoolfellows is not good, and usually carried on with such secrecy, that the danger of contagious example becomes comparatively small; that swearing, lying, gambling, and bullying, were almost universally discountenanced by popular opinion. Even lying to a master—in which respect school morality in past years was very conventional indeed-has come to be considered, at least by the upper forms, in the light which it deserves. Smoking, which schoolboys have been apt to aspire to as a manly virtue, has gone out of fashion at Eton, and is voted "very silly" at Rugby. Into the higher question of religious training-always a difficult and delicate subject to handle with schoolboys-we do not choose to enter here, further than to say that the evidence elicited on this important point fully justifies the words of the Report, that

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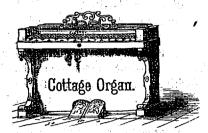
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