

Business Cards.

J. W. FOULK, Attorney at Law... J. BENDER, M. D. (HOMEOPATHIST) PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR... DR. S. B. KIEFFER, Office in North Hanover street...

SELECTED POETRY.

WAR. (From the Household Journal.) 'To arms!' No cry that ever shook the air, Rouses, like this, the tiger in mankind; Drowning Love's pleading voice and Friendship's prayer...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

HER PRISON.

HER PRISON. My heart's a prison prison cell And clasp it evermore. They lead me to the window, where I may gaze the unobscured world...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

A WARNING FROM THE GHOST WORLD.

A WARNING FROM THE GHOST WORLD. What was it? A fallow candle, to be sure. The ghostly blackness which makes one's eyes ache with its want of light, that palpable gloom which seems to beat like a ravenous palpitation of the heart upon you...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

HER PRISON.

HER PRISON. My heart's a prison prison cell And clasp it evermore. They lead me to the window, where I may gaze the unobscured world...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

HER PRISON.

HER PRISON. My heart's a prison prison cell And clasp it evermore. They lead me to the window, where I may gaze the unobscured world...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

HER PRISON.

HER PRISON. My heart's a prison prison cell And clasp it evermore. They lead me to the window, where I may gaze the unobscured world...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

HER PRISON.

HER PRISON. My heart's a prison prison cell And clasp it evermore. They lead me to the window, where I may gaze the unobscured world...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

HER PRISON.

HER PRISON. My heart's a prison prison cell And clasp it evermore. They lead me to the window, where I may gaze the unobscured world...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

HER PRISON.

HER PRISON. My heart's a prison prison cell And clasp it evermore. They lead me to the window, where I may gaze the unobscured world...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

HER PRISON.

HER PRISON. My heart's a prison prison cell And clasp it evermore. They lead me to the window, where I may gaze the unobscured world...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

HER PRISON.

HER PRISON. My heart's a prison prison cell And clasp it evermore. They lead me to the window, where I may gaze the unobscured world...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

HER PRISON.

HER PRISON. My heart's a prison prison cell And clasp it evermore. They lead me to the window, where I may gaze the unobscured world...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

HER PRISON.

HER PRISON. My heart's a prison prison cell And clasp it evermore. They lead me to the window, where I may gaze the unobscured world...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

Ladies Department.

BY MOTHER. As I float down the tide of years, With vision dimm'd by age and tears, How months of the week of years, Past from my sight and foot and tear...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU.

THE LITTLE REDCOATS OF KERLEAU. A BRETON TALE. In a corner of the courtyard of the old Chateau of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling statue of a peasant, which has stood for many ages...