NO THOROUGHFARE.

BX

CHARLES DICKENS AND WILKIE CO LLIN

[Continued from our tast serue.] ENTER THE HOUSEKEEPER.

The wine merchant sat in his dining-room next morning to receive the personal applicants for the vacant post in his establishment. It was an old-fastioned watercoted room; the paucis ornamented with festoons of flowers carved in wood; with an oaken floor, a well-worn Turkey carpet, and dark mahogany furniture, all of which had seen service and polish under Pebble son Nephew. The great sideboard had assisted at many business dinners given by Pebbleson Nephew to their connection, on the principle of throwing sprats overboard to catch whales; and Pebbleson Nephew's comprehensive threesided plate-warmer, made to fit the whole front of the large fireplace, kept watch beneath it over a sarcophagus-shaped cellaret that had in its time held many a dozen of Pebbleson Nephew's wine. But the little rubicand old bachelor with a pigtail, whose portrait was over the sideboard (and who could easily be identi-fied as decidedly Pebbleson and decidedly not Nephew), had retired into another sarcophagus, and the plate-warmer had grown as cold as he So the golden and black griffins that supported the candelabra, with black balls in their mouths at the end of gilded chains, looked as if in their old age they had lost all heart for playing at ball, and were doleiully exhibiting their chains in the Missionary line of inquiry—whether they had not earned emancipation by this time, and were not griffins and brothers?

Such a Columbus of a morning was the sum-mer morning, that it discovered Cripple Corner. The light and warmth pierced in at the open windows, and irradiated the picture of a lady hanging over the chimney-piece, the only other decoration of the walls.

"My mother at five-and-twenty," said Mr. Wilding to himself, as his eyes enthusiastically followed the light to the portrait's face, "I hang up here, in order that visitors may admire my mother in the bloom of her youth and beauty. My mother at fifty I hang in the seclusion of my own chamber, as a remembrance sacred to me. Oh! It's you large if

These latter words he addressed to a clerk who had tapped at the door, and now looked in. "Yes, sir. I merely wished to mention that it's gone ten, sir, and that there are several

females in the counting-house."

"Dear me!" said the wine merchant, deepening in the pink of his complexion and whitening in the white; "are there several? So many as several? I had better begin before there are more. I'll see them one by one, Jarvis, in the order of their arrival."

Hastily intrenching himself in his easy-chair, at the table, behind a great inkstand, having first placed a chair on the other side of the table opposite his own seat, Mr. Wilding entered on his task with considerable trepidation.

He ran the guantlet that must be run on any such occasion. There were the usual species of profoundly unsympathetic women, and the usual species of much too sympathetic women. There were buccaneering widows who came to seize him, and who griped umbrellas under their arms, as if each umbrella were he, and each griper had got him. There were towering maiden ladies who had seen better days, and who came armed with clerical testimonials to their theology, as if he were Saint Peter with his keys. There were gentle maiden ladies who came to marry him. There were professional housekeepers, like non-commissioned officers, who put him through his domestic exercise, instead of submitting themselves to catechism. There were languid invalids to whom salary was not so much an object as the comforts of a private hospital. There were sensitive creatures burst into tears on being addres had to be restored with glasses of cold water. There were some respondents who came two together,-a highly promising one and a wholly unpromising one,-of whom the promising one answered all questions charmingly, until it would at last appear that she was not a candidate at all, but only the friend of the unpromising one, who had glowered in absolute slience and apparent injury.

At last, when the good wine merchant's simple

heart was failing him, there entered an applicant quite different from all the rest. A woman, perhaps fifty, but looking younger, with a face remarkable for placid cheerfulness, and a manner no less remarkable for its quiet expres-sion of equability of temper. Nothing in her dress could have been changed to her advantage. Nothing in the noiseless self-possession of her manner could have been changed to her advantage. Nothing could have been in better noison with both than her voice when she answered the question, "What name shall I have the pleasure of noting down?" with the words, "My name is Sarah Goldstraw. Mrs. Goldstraw. My husband has been dead many years, and we had no family."

Half a dozen questious had scarcely extracted

as much to the purpose from any one else. The woice dwelt so agreeably on Mr. Wilding's ear, as he made his note, that he was rather long about it. When he looked up again, Mrs. Gold-straw's glance had naturally gone round the room, and now returned to him from the chimney-piece. Its expression was one of frank readiness to be questioned, and to answer

"You will excuse my asking you a few questions?" said the modest wine merchant.
"Oh, surely, sir. Or I should have no busi-'Have you filled the station of housekeeper

"Only once. I have lived with the same widow lady for twelve years-ever since I lost my husband. She was an invalid, and is lately dead, which is the occasion of my now wearing

'I do not loubt that she has left you the best credentials?" said Mr. Wilding.
"I hope I may say the very best. I thought it would save trouble, Bir, if I wrote down the name and address of her representatives, and

brought it with me"-laying a card on the 'You singularly remind me, Mrs, Gol istraw,' said Wilding, taking the card beside him, "of a manner and tone of voice that I was once acquainted with. Not of an individual—I feel sure of that, though I cannot recall what it is I have

in my mind—but of a general bearing. I ought to add, it was a kind and pleasant one." She smiled, as she rejoined—"At least, I am very grad of that, sir."

Yes," said the wine merchant, thoughtfully repeating his last phrase, with a momentary glance at his future housekeeper, "it was a kind and pleasant one. But that is the most I can make of it. Memory is sometimes like a half-forgotten dram. I don't know how it may appear to you, Mrs. Goldstraw, but so it appears to me."

Probably it appeared to Mrs. Goldstraw in a similar light, for she quietly assented to the proposition. Mr. Wilding then offered to put himself at once in communication with the genthemen named upon the card—a firm of proctors in Doctors' Commons. To this Mrs. Goldstraw thankfully assented. Doctors' Commons not being far off, Mr. Wilding suggested the feasibility of Mrs. Goldstraw's looking in again, say in three hours' time. Mrs. Goldstraw readily updertook to do so. In fine, the result of Mr. Wilding's inquiries being eminently satisfactor Mrs. Goldstraw was that afternoon engaged (on her own perfectly fair terms) to come to-mor row, and set up her rest as housekeeper in Oripple Corner.

On the next day Mrs. Goldstraw arrived, to

enter on her domestic duties, Having settled herself in her own room, without troubling the servants, and without wasting time, the new housekeeper announced herself as waiting to be favored with any in-

structions which her master might wish to give her. The wine merchant received Mrs. Gold-straw in the dining-room, in which he had seen her on the previous day; and, the usual pre-liminary civilities having passed on either side,

the two sat down to take counsel together on the affairs of the house.

"About the meals, sir?" said Mrs. Goldstraw.
"Have I a large or a small number to provide

for ?"

"If I can carry out a certain old-fashioned plan of mine," replied Mr. Wilding, "you will have a large number to provide for. I am a lonely single man, Mrs. Goldstraw; and I hope to live with all the persons in my employment

"Is there anything particular—?"
She hesitated, and left the sentence unfinished. Her eyes turned slowly away from her master, and looked towards the chimney-piece. It she had been a less excellent and experienced housekeeper, Mr. Wilding might have fancled that her attention was beginning to wander at the very outset of the interview.

"Eight o'clock is my breaklast hour," he re-sumed. "It is one of my virtues to be never tired of broiled bacon, and it is one of my vices to be habitually suspicious of the freshness of eggs." Mrs. Goldstraw looked back at him, still a little divided between her master's chimney-piece and her master. "I take tea," Mr. Wilding went on; "and I am perhaps rather nervous and fidgety about drinking it within a certain time after it, made. If my tea stonds certain time after it is made. If my tea stands

He hesitated, on his side, and left the sentence unfinished. If he had not been engaged in discussing a subject of such paramount interest to himself as his breakfast, Mrs. Goldstraw might have fancied that his attention was beginning to wander at the very outset of the interview. "If your tea stands too long, sir—?" said the housekeeper, politely taking up her master's lost

"It my tea stands too long," repeated the wine "If my tea stands too long," repeated the wine merchant, mechanically, his mind getting further and further away from his breakfast, and his eyes fixing themselves more and more inquiringly on his housekeeper's face. "If my tea— Dear, dear me, Mrs. Goldstraw! what is the manner and tone of voice that you remind me of." It strikes me even more strongly to dear me of? It strikes me even more strongly to day than it did when I saw you yesterday. What

can it be?"
"What can it be?" repeated Mrs. Goldstraw. She said the words, evidently thinking, while she spoke them, of something else. The wine merchant, still looking at her inquiringly, observed that her eyes wandered towards the chimney-piece once more. They fixed on the portrait of his mother, which hung there, and looked at it with that slight contraction of the brow which accompanies a scarcely conscious effort of memory. Mr. Wilding remarked:— "My late dear mother, when she was five and-

Mrs. Goldstraw thanked him with a movement of the head for being at the pains to ex-plain the picture, and said, with a cteared brow, that it was the portrait of a very beautiful lady. Mr. Wilding, falling back into his former per-plexity, tried once more to recover that lost recollection, associated so closely, and yet so undiscoverably, with his new housekeeper's

voice and manner.

"Excuse my asking you a question which has nothing to do with me or my breakfast," he said. "May I inquire if you have ever occupied any other situation than the situation of housekeeper?"

"Ob, yes, sir. I began life as one of the nurses at the Foundling."
"Why, that's it!" cried the wine merchant,
pushing back his chair. "By Heaven! Their pushing back his chair, "By Heaven! Their manner is the manner you remind me of!" In an astonished look at him, Mrs. Goldstraw changed color, charlest changed color, checked herself, turned her eyes

upon the ground, and sat still and silent.
"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Wilding.
"Do I understand that you were in the Found-"Certainly. I am not ashamed to own it."

"Under the name of Walter Wilding."
"Under the name of Walter Wilding."
"And the lady—?" Mrs. Goldstraw stopped short, with a look at the portrait which was now unmistakably a look of alarm.
"You mean my mother," interrupted Mr. Wilding.

"Your-mother," repeated the housekeeper, a little constrainedly, "removed you from the Foundling? At what age, sir ?" "At between eleven and twelve years old. It's quite a romantic adventure, Mrs. Gold-

He told the story of the lady having spoken to him while he sat at dinner with the other boys in the Foundling, and of all that had fol-lowed, in his innocently communicative way. "My poor mother could never have discovered me," he added, "if she had not met with one of the matrons who pitied her. The matron consented to touch the boy whose name was 'Walter Wilding' as she went round the dinnertables—and so my mother discovered me again, after having parted from me as an infant at the Foundling doors."

At those words Mrs. Goldstraw's hand, resting on the table, dropped helplessly into her lap. She sat, looking at her new master, with a face that had turned deadly pale, and with eyes that

expressed an unutterable dismay.
"What does this mean?" asked the wine merchant. "Stop !" he cried. "Is there something else in the past time which I ought to associate with you? I remember my mother telling me of another person at the Foundling, to whose kindness she owed a debt of gratitude. When she first parted with me, as an infant, one of the nurses informed her of the name that had been given to me in the institution. You were that "God forgive me, sir-I was that nurse !"

"God forgive ne, sir — was that have,"
"God forgive you?"
"We had better get back, sir (if I may make
so bold as to say so), to my duties in the house,"
said Mrs. Goldstraw. "Your breakfast-hour is eight. Do you lunch, or dine, in the middle of the day ?"

The excessive pinkness which Mr. Bintrey had noticed in his client's face began to appear there once more. Mr. Wilding put his hand to his head, and mustered some momentary confusion in that quarter, before he spoke again.
"Mrs. Goldstraw," he said, "you are concealing something from me!"

The housekeeper obstinately repeated, "Please to favor me, sir, by saying whether you lunch,

or dine, in the middle of the day?"
"I don't know what I do in the middle of the day. I can't enter into my household affairs, Mrs. Goldstraw, till I know why you regret an act of kindness to my mother which she always spoke of gratefully to the end of her life. You are not doing me a service by your silence. You are agitating me, you are alarming me, you are bringing on the singing in my head."

His hand went up to his head again, and the pink in his face deepened by a shade or two. "it's hard, sir. on just entering your service," said the housekeeper, "to say what may cost me the loss of your seed-will. Please to remember, end how it may, that I only speak because you have insisted on my speaking, and because I see that I am alarming you by my silence. When I told the poor lady whose portrait you have got there the name by which her infant was christened in the Foundling, I allowed myself to for-get my duty, and dreadful consequences, I am afraid, have followed from it. I'll tell you the truth, as plainly as I can. A few months from the time when I had informed the lady of her paby's name, there came to our institution in the country another lady (a stranger), whose object was to adopt one of our children. She brought the needful permission with her, and after looking at a great many of the children, without being able to make up her mind, she took a sudden fancy to one of the hables—a boy -under my care. Try, pray try, to compose yourself, sir! It's no use disguising it any longer. The child the stranger took away was the child of that lady whose portrait hangs there!"

Mr. Wilding started to his feet. "Impossible!" he cried out, vehemently. "What are you taking about? What abourd story are you telling me now? There's her portrait! Haven't I teld you so already? The portrait of my mother!"

"When that unhappy lady removed you from the Foundling, in siter years," said Mrs. Gold-straw, gently, "she was the victim, and you

were the victim, sir, of a dreadful mistake."

He dropped back into his chair. "The room goes round with me," he said. "My head! my head!" The housekeeper rose in alarm, and opened the windows. Before she could get to the door to call for help, a sudden burst of tears relieved the impression which had at first almost appeared to threaten his life. He signed entreatingly to Mis. Goldstraw not to leave him. She waited until the paroxysm of weeping had worn itself out. He raised his head as he recovered himself, and looked at her with the angry unreasoning suspicion of a weak man.

"Mistake?" he said, wildly repeating her last

word. "How do I know you are not mistaken yourself?" "There is no hope that I am mistaken, sir. I will tell you why, when you are better fit to hear it."

"Now! now!" The tone in which he spoke warned Mrs. Goldstraw that it would be cruel kindness to let him comfort himself a moment longer with the vain hope that she might be wrong. A few words more would end it, and those few words ishe determined to speak.

"I have told you," she said, "that the child of the lady whose portrait bangs there was adopted in its infancy and taken away by a stranger. I am as certain of what I say as that I am now sitting here, obliged to distress you sir, sorely against my will. Please to carry your mind on, now, to about three months after that time, I was then at the Foundling, in London, waiting to take some children to our institution in the country. There was a question that day about naming an infant—a boy—who had just been received. We generally named them out of the Directory. On this occasion, one of the gentlemen who managed the Hospital happened to be locking over the Register. He noticed that the name of the baby who had been adopted (Walter Wilding) was scratched out, for the reason, of course, that the child had been removed for good from our care. 'Here's a name to let,' he said. 'Give it to the new foundling who has been received to-day.' The name was given and the child was christened. You, sir, was that

The wine merchant's head dropped on his breast. "I was that child!" he said to himself, trying helplessly to fix the idea in his mind, "I was that child!"

"Not long after you had been received into the Institution, sir," pursued Mrs. Goldstraw, "I left my situation there, to be married. If you will remember that, and if you can give your mind to it, you will see for yourself how the mistake happened. Between eleven and twelve years passed before the lady whom you have believed to be your mother returned to the Foundling, to find her son, and remove him to her own home. The lady only knew that her infant had been called 'Walter Wilding.' The matron, who took pity on her, could but point out the only Walter Wilding' known in the Institution. I, who might have set the matter right, was far away from the Foundling and all that belonged to it. There was nothing—there was really nothing—that could prevent this terrible mistake from taking place. I feel for you—I do indeed, sir! You must think—and with reason -that it was an evil hour that I came here (innocently enough, I'm sure), to apply for your housekeeper's place. I feel as if I was to blame—I feel as if I ought to have had more self command. If I had only been able to keep my face from showing you what that portrait and what your own words put into my mind, you need never, to your dying day, have known what you know

Mr. Wilding looked up suddenly. The inbred bonesty of the man rose in protest against the housekeeper's last words. His mind seemed to steady itse'f, for the moment, under the shock that had failen on it. "Do you mean to say that you would have concealed this from me it you could?" he ex-

"I hope I should always tell the truth, sir, if I was asked," said Mrs. Goldstraw. "And I know it is better for me that I should not have a searet of this sort weighing on my mind. But is it better for you? What use can it serve

now- ?"
"What use? Why, good Lord! if your story Should I have told it, sir, as I am now situ-

ated, if it had not been true?"
"I beg your pardou," said the wine merchan 'You must make allowance for me. This dreadful discovery is something I can't realize even yet. We loved each other so dearly, -I lelt so fougly that I was her son. She died, Mrs. Goldstraw, in my arms-she died blessing me as only a mother could have blessed me. And now, after all these years, to be told she was not my mother! O me, O me! I don't know what I am saying !" he cried, as the impulse of self control under which he had spoked a moment since flickered and died out. "It was not this dreadful grief—it was something else that I had it in my mind to speak of. Yes, yes. You surprised me—you wounded me just now. You talked as if you would have hidden this from me, if you could. Don't talk in that way again. It would have been a crime to have bloden it. You mean well, I know. I don't want to distress you—you are a kind-hearted woman. But you don't remember what my position is. She left me all that I possess, in the firm persuasion that I was her son. I am not her son. I have taken the place-I have innocently got the inheritance of another man. He must be found ! How do I know he is not at this moment in misery, without bread to eat? He must be found! My only hope of bearing up against the shock that has fallen on me is the hope of doing something which she would have approved. You must know more, Mrs. Goldstraw, than you have told Who was the stranger who adopted the me yet. Who was the stranger who adopted the child? You must have heard the lady's name?"

"I never heard it, sir. I have never seen her, or heard of her, since." "Did she say nothing when she took the child away? Search your memory. She must have

"Only one thing, sir, that I can remember. It was a miserably bad season, that year; and was a miscratry out season, that year, and many of the children were suffering from it. When she took the baby away, the lady said to me, laughing, 'Don't be alarmed about his health. He will be brought up in a better climate than this—I am going to take him to Switerzerland.'"

'To Switzerland? What part of Switzer-

"She didn't say, sir." "Only that faint cleu!" said Mr. Wilding. "And a quarter of a century has passed since the child was taken away! What am I to do? "I hope you won't take offense at my freedom, sir," said Mrs. Goldstraw; "but why should you distress yourseif about what is to be done? He may not be alive now, for anything you know. And if he is alive, it's not likely he can be in any distress. The lady who adopted him was a bred and born lady—it was easy to see that. And she must have satisfied them at the Foundling that she could provide for the child, or they would never have let her take him away. If I was in your place, sir-please to excuse my saying so-I should comfort myself with remem-bering that I had loved that poor lady whose portrait you have got there—truly loved her as my mother, and that she had truly loved me as her son. All she gave to you, she gave for the sake of that love. It never altered while she lived; and it won't alter, I'm sure, as long as you live. How can you have a better right, sir, to keep what you have got than

Mr. Wilding's immovable honesty saw the fallacy in his housekeeper's point of view at a

breause I loved her that I feel it a duty-a sacred duty-to do justice to her son. If he is a living man I must find him, for my own sake, as well as for his. I shall break down under this dread-ful trial, unless I employ myself—actively, in-stantly employ myself—in doing what my conscience tells me ought to be done. I must speak science tells me ought to be done. I must speak to my lawyer; I must set my lawyer at work before I sleep to-night." He approached a tube in the wall of the room, and called down through it to the office below. "Leave me for a little, Mrs. Goldstraw," he resumed; "I shall be more composed, I shall be better able to speak to you later in the day. We shall get on well—I hope we shall get on well—I hope we shall get on well—i hope it is a shappened. It isn't your fault; I know it isn't your fault. There! shake hands;

and-do the best you can in the house-I can't

and—do the Best you can in the house—I can't talk about it now."

The door opened as Mrs. Goldstraw advanced towards it, and Mr. Jarvis appeared.

"Send for Mr. Bintrey," said the wine merchant. "Say I want to see him directly."

The clerk unconsciously suspended the execution of the order by announcing "Mr. Vendale," and showing in the new partner in the firm of

"Pray, excuse me for one moment, George Vendale," said Wildiag. "I have a word to say to Jarvis. Send for Mr. Bintrey," he repeated— 'send at once.' Mr. Jarvis laid a letter on the table before he

left the room. "From our correspondents at Neuchatel, I think, sir, pos.mark." The letter has got the Swiss [To be continued.]

CITY ORDINANCES.

A N ORDINANCE
To make an appropriation for the use and support of the Girard College for Orphans for the year 1868.
Section I. The Select and Common Councils Section I. The Select and Common Councils of the City of Philadelphia do ordain. That the sum of one hundred and thirty-five thousand five hundred and fifty dollars (\$135,550), be and the same is hereby appropriated out of the income of the residuary portion of the Girard Estate for the year eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, for the use and support of the Girard College for the same year, said appropriation to be applied as follows: be applied as follows:—
HOUSEHOLD. Item 1, Subsistence, forty-four thousand dol-

liem 2 Clothing, bed clothing, and outfits, twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000.)

Item 3 Salary of matron, six hundred and fifty dollars (\$650.) Item 4. Salary of steward, one thousand dollars (\$1000.)
Item 5. Salary of six governesses, fifteen hundred dollars (\$1500.)
Item 6. Salary of four Prefects, two thousand four hundred dollars (\$2400).

Item 7. Salary of superintendent of manual labor, one thousand dollars (\$1000).

Item 8. Salary of two physicians, one thousand two bundred dollars (\$1200). Item 9. Salary of dentist, three hundred and fifty dollars (\$350).

Item 10. Wages, eleven thousand dollars liem 11. Furniture and repairs to furniture, three thousand dollars (\$3000), Item 12. Fuel, three thousand dollars (\$3000),

Item 13. Gas, two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars (\$2250). Item 14. Repairs and improvements of build-ings, ten thousand dollars (\$10,009).

Item 15. Grounds and improvements, four hundred dollars (\$400).

licm 16. Filing in and repairing culvert, five undred dollars (\$500).

Item 17. Incidental, six hundred dollars INSTRUCTION.
Item 18. Salary of President, three thousand

liem is. Salary of Professor of Industrial clence, two thousand two hundred and fifty tionars (\$220). Item 20. Salary of Professor of Rhetoric, two housand two hundred and fitty dollars Item 21. Salary of Professor of Drawing, two

thousand dollars (\$2000)

Item 22 Salary of Professor of French, two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars Item 23. Salary of Professor of Mathematics, one thousand six hundred dollars (\$1600).

Item 24. Salary of Professor of Music, four hundred dollars (\$4.0).

Item 25. Salary of three Teachers, nine hundred dollars (\$4.0).

dred dollars (\$900). Item 26. Salary of three Teachers, one thousand one hundred and twenty-five dollars

(\$1125).

Item 27. Salary of two Teachers, eight hundred and fifty dollars (\$550).

Item 28. Salary of two Teachers, one thousand and fifty dollars (\$1050).

Item 29. Salary of two Teachers, one thousand three hundred and fifty dollars (\$135.).

Item 30. School and Chapel furniture, five hundred dollars (\$500).

Item 31. School and Philosophical apparatus, four hundred dollars (\$400).

Item 32. Books and Stationery, one thousand five hundred dollars (\$1500).

Item 33. Chemical Laboratory Utensils and Chemicals, three hundred dollars (\$300).

Item 34. Incidentals, seventy-five dollars (\$75).

Item 35. Salary of Secretary and Superintendent of binding-out, two thousand dollars Item 36. Salary of Messenger, six hundred dollars (\$600).

Item 37. Frinting, newspapers, and advertising, five hundred dollars (\$550).

LIBRARY.

LIBRARY.

Item 38. Books and binding, four hundred doilars (\$400).

DISCIPLINE AND DISCHARGE.

Item 30. Expenses of binding out, one hundred doilars (\$100).

Item 40. Premiums and awards, two hundred

and fifty dollars (\$250).
Item 41. Expenses of admission, fifty dollars MANUAL LABOR

Item 42. Tools, machinery and materials, two thousand dollars (\$2000). Section 2. That warrants for the payment of said appropriation shall be drawn in con-formity with existing ordinances. JOSEPH F. MARCER, President of Common Council.

BENJAMIN H. HAINES, Clerk of Select Council.

JOSHUA SPERING,
President of Select Council.

Approved this eighteenth day of December,
Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and
sixty-seven (A. D. 1867).

MORTON McMICHAEL,
12 19 14 Mayor of Philadelphia,

STOVES, RANGES, ETC.

NOTICE,—THE UNDERSIGNED
would call attention of the public to his
NEW GOLDEN EAGLE FURNACE.
This is an entirely new heater. It is so; constructed as to at once commend itself to general favor, being a combination of wrought and cast iron. It is very simple in its construction, and is perfectly airlight; self-cleaning, having no pipes or drums to be taken out and cleaned. It is so arranged with upright flues as to produce a larger amount of heat from the same weight of coal than any furnace now in usa. The hygrometric condition of the air as produced by my new airangement of evaporation will at once demonstrate that it is the only Hot Air Furnace that will produce a perfectly healthy atmosphere.
Those in want of a complete Heating Apparatus would do well to call and examine the Golden Eagle.
CHARLES WILLIAMS,
Nos. 1132 and 113 4MARKET Street,
Philadelphia.
A large assortment of Cooking Ranges, Fire-Board NOTICE .- THE UNDERSIGNED

A large assortment of Cooking Ranges, Fire-Board toves, Low Down Grates, Ventilators, etc., always Stoves. Low Down Grates, Ventilators, etc., always on hand.
N. B.—Jobbing of all kinds promptly done.

5109

THOMPSON'S LONDON KITCHENER; OR. EUROPEAN RANGE, for Families. Hotels, or Public Institutions. in TWENTY DIFFERNT SIZES. Also, Philadelphia Ranges, Hot-Air Furnaces, Portable Hesters, Lowdows Greles, Fireboard Stoves, Eath Boilers, Stewhole Plates. Boilers, Cooking Stoves, etc., wholesale and retail, by the manufacturers. SHARPE & THOMBON, 11 27 stuthem. No. 229 N. SECOND Street.

INSTRUCTION.

STEVENSDALE INSTITUTE. BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. Terms-Board, Tuition, etc.-per scholastic year, \$500 NO EXTRAS. Circulars at Mesars, Fairbanks & Ewing's, No. 715

CHESNUT Street; also at Messra, T. B. terson Brothers', No. 306 CHESNUT Street. Address, personally or by note,

N FOSTER BROWNE, Principal, South Amboy, N. J.

COAL.

B. MIDDLETON & CO., DEALERS IN COAL. Espi dry under cover. Prepared expressly for family ase. Yard, No. 1225 WASHINGTON Avenue. Office, No. 514 WALLUT Street. 72

WILLIAM STILL'S COAL DEPOT, Nos1216, 1218, and 1220 WASHINGTON Avenue.
The best qualities of Coal, for domestic or steam use,
urnished to any part of the city.

INSURANCE COMPANIES. 1829-CHARTER PERPETUAD

Franklin Fire Insurance Co.

OF PHILADELPHIA. OFFICE: ROS. 435 AND 437 CHESNUT STREET.

ASSETS ON OCTOBER 1, 1867, 82,589,363. UNSETTLED CLAIMS, INCOME FOR 1867.

LOSSES PAID SINCE 1839 OVER \$5,500,000.

Perpetual and Temporary Policies on Liberal Terms DIRECTORS, George Falos, Alfred Fitler, Francis W. Lewis, M. D., Thomas Sparks, William S. Grant, Charles N. Bancker, Bamuel Grant, George W. Richards, Isaac Lea,

CHARLES N. BANCKER, President, GEORGE FALES, Vice President, J. W. MCALLISTER. Secretary pro tem. [8141281] PROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE

OF NEW YORK, MUTUAL.

POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE, Thirty days grace given in payment of Premiums. No extra charge for residence] or travel in any portion of the world. Dividends declared a anually, and paid in cash. Dividend in 1867, 40 per cent.

COLTON & SHELDEN.

GENERAL AGENTS.

N. E. CORNER SEVENTH AND CHESNUT.

Agents and Solicitors wanted in all the cities and towns in Pennsylvania and Southern New Jer-

NSURANCE COMPANY

NORTH AMERICA: OFFICE, No. 282 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA. INCORPORATED 1794. CHARTER PERPETUAL

CAPITAL, \$500,000. ASSETS JANUARY 8, 1867.......\$1,763,267-80 INSURES MARINE, INLAND TRANSPORTA-TION AND FIRE RISKS.

DIRECTORS. Arthur G. Coffin,
Samuel W. Jones,
John A. Brown,
Charles Taylor,
Ambrose White,
Richard D. Wood,
William Welsh,
S. Morris Wain,
John Mason,
ARTHUR G. COFFIN, President,
CHARLES PLATT, Secretary, CHARLES PLATT, Secretary,
WILLIAM BUEHLER, Harrisburg, Pa., Central
Agent for the State of Pennsylvania. 1257

GIRARD FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY,

(No. 639) N. E. COR. CHE SNUT AND SEVENTH STS., PHILADELPHIA. CAPITAL AND SURPLUS OVER 8300,000.

INCOME FOR 1866, \$103,934. Losses Paid and Accrued in 1886, 847,000. Of which amount not \$3000 remain unpaid at this date, \$100,000,000 of property has been successfully insured by this Company in thirteen years, and Eight Hun-dred Losses by Fire promptly paid,

DIRECTORS.

Thomas Craven.

Furman Sheppard.
The mas MacKeilar.
John Supples.
John W. Claghorn.

LTHOMAS CRAVEN, President.

A S. GILLETT, Vice-Fresident.

2 22 fmw.
JAMES B. ALVORD, Secretary.

FIRE INSURANCE.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY. ASSETS OVER.

INVESTED IN THE U. N., OVER \$1,800,000 PHILADELPHIA BOARD. Lemuel Coffin, Esq., Joseph W. Lewis, Esq., Henry A. Duhring, Esq., Edward Stier, Esq. All losses promptly adjusted without reference to England. PHILADELPHIA OFFICE,

ATWOOD SMITH. 10 17 thstn6m] General Agent for Pennsylvania, DEOVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY.

No. 6 MERCHANTS EXCHANGE,

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY,
OF PHILADELPHIA,
No. 11 S. FOURTH Street.
INCORPORATED 3d MONTH 22, 1865.
CAPITAL, \$150,000, PAID IN.
IDBURADCE OR LIVES, by Yearly Premiums; or by 5, 10, or 20 year Premiums, Non-forfeiture.
Annuities granted on favorable terms,
Term Policles, Children's Endowments.
This Company, while giving the insured the security of a paid-up capital, will divide the entire profits of the Lite business among its policy holders,
Moneys received at interest, and paid on demand.
Authorized by charter to execute Trusts, and to act as Executor or Administrator, Assignee, or Guardian, and in other fiduciary capacities, unuer appointment of any Court of this Commonwealth, or any person or persons or bodies politic or corporate.

SAMUEL B. SHIPLEY, HENRY HAINES, ISAMUEL B. SHIPLEY, HENRY HAINES, RICHARD WOOD,
RICHARD CADBURY, WILLIAM HACKER,
CHARLES F. COFFIN.

SAMUEL R. SHIPLEY, ROWLAND PARRY,
President
WILLIAM C. LONGSTRETH, ROWLAND PARRY,
President
TEOMAS WISTAR M. D., J. B. TOWNSEND,
T. Medical Examiner. Legal Adviser.

DHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHI-

DHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.
INCORPORATED 1804—CHARTER PERPETUAL.
No. 224 WALNUT Street, opposite the Exchange.
This Company insures from ioss or damage by
FIRE,
on liberal terms on buildings, merchandles, furniture, etc., for limited periods, and permanently
on buildings by seposit of premium.
The Company has been in active operation for more
than SIXTY YEARS, during which all 'osses have
been promptly adjusted and paid,
DIRECTORS,
John L. Hodge,
M. E. Mahony,
John T. Lewis,
William S. Grant,
Robert W. Leaming,
D. Clark Wharton,
Lawrence Lewis, Jr.,
LOUIS C. Norris.
LOUIS C. Norris. John L. Hodge,
M. B. Mahony,
John T. Lewis,
William S. Grant,
Robert W. Leaming,
D. Clark Wharton,
Lawrence Lewis, Jr.

JOHN B. W UCHERER, President.

BAMUEL WILCOX, Secretary.

HIBE INSURANCE EXCLUSIVELY.—THE PENNSYLVANIA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY—Incorporated 1825—Charter Ferpotusi—No.
510 WALNUT Street, opposite Independence Square,
This Company, favorably known to the community
for over forty years, continues to insure against loss
or damage by fire on Public or Private Balldings,
either permanently or for a limited time. Also, on
Furniture. Stocks of Goods, and Merchandles generally, on liberal terms.

Their Capital, together with a large Surplus Fund,
a invested in the most careful manner, which enables
them; o offer to the insured an undoubted security in
the case of loss.

DIRECTORS.

Daniel Smith, Jr.,

Alexander Benson,
Isaac Haziehurst,
Daniel Haddock, Jr.

Daniel Smith,
Thomas Robbins,
Daniel Haddock, Jr.

DANIEL SMITH, JR., President,
WILLIAM G. CROWELL, SECRETY

FINANCIAL.

BANKING HOUSE

OF

JAY COOKE & CO.

12 and 114 So. THIRD ST. PHILAD'A. Dealers in all Government Securities

OLD 5.20s WANTED

IN EXCHANGE FOR NEWL

A LIBERAL DIFFERENCE ALLOWED.

Compound Interest Notes Wanted

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS, Collections made. Stocks bought and sold on

Special business accommodations reserved for

WE HAVE FOR SALE

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

Central Pacific Railroad Company, AT (95) NINETY-FIVE, And Accrued Interest in Currency.

These Bonds are payable by law, principal and interest, in gold. Interest payable 1st of January and 1st We will take Governments in exchange, allowing the full market price,
We recommend them to investors as a first-class

phlets and general information upon application to us Having a full supply of these BONDS on hand, we are prepared to DELIVER THEM AT ONCE. DE HAVEN & BRO,

Security, and will give at all times the latest pam-

Bankers and Dealers in Governments. NO. 40 SOUTH THIRD ST.

SECURITIES A SPECIALTY.

SMITH, RANDOLPH & CO.

BANKERS AND BROKERS, NO. 16 S. THIRD ST., NO. 3 NASSAU ST. PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK.

Orders for Stocks and Gold executed in Phila-

delphia and New York. JANUARY COUPONS

Union Pacific Railroad Bonds

FIVE-TWENTIES, BOUGHT OR CASHED IN GOLD AT BEST

MARKET RATES, BY W. PAINTER & CO., BANKERS.

No. 36 South THIRD Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

COUPONS OF UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD

5-20 COUPONS,

DUE 1st JANUARY, BOUGHT BY DE HAVEN & BROTHER

NO. 40 S. THIRD STREET.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD CO NOTICE. THE COUPONS OF THE FIRST MORTGAGI BONDS OF THE

Union Pacific Railroad Co. DUE JANUARY 1, 1868, WILL BE PAID ON AND AFTER THAT DATE

IN GOLD COIN, FREE OF GOVERNMENT TAX, At the Company's Office, No. 20 NASSAU Street, No.

12 10 8w JOHN J. CINCO, TREASURER,

TO RENT.

LET, Large Third-Story Room! Well Lighted, with or without Power

APPLY AT NO. 108 SOUTH THIRD ST. 11 6 tf

LECTURES.—A NEW COURSE OF LI of Anatomy, embracing the subjects:—"How to live and what to live for—Youth, Matur and old age — Manhood generally reviewed — T causes of indigestion, flatulence, and Nervous diseas accounted for—Marriage philosophically considere etc. etc." Pocket volumes containing these lectures will forwarded to parties unable to attend on receipt four stamps, by addressing "SECRETARY, N. York Museum of Anatomy and Science, No. BROADWAY, New York."

I NION PASTE AND SIZING COMPANY, A Paste for Box-makers, Bookbinders, Panhangers, Shoemakers, Pocket-book Makers, B. Ponters, etc. It will not sour. In cheap and alwayersdy for use. Refer to J. B. Lippincoit & Co., Dev & Keiler, William Mann, Philadelphia Inquire Harper Brothers, American Tract Society, and other Soile Agents, I. L. CRAGIN & CO., No. 420 COMERCE Street.