STORY CHRISTMAS FOR 1867.

NO THOROUGHFARE.

BY

CHARLES DICKENS AND WILKIE COLLINS

g Concluded from our last insue.]

OBENBEIZER'S VICTORY. The scene shifts again-to the foot of the Sim-

plon, on the Swiss side.

In one of the dreary rooms of the dreary little inn at Brieg, Mr. Bintrey and Maitre Voigt sat together at a professional council of two. Mr. Bintrey was searching in his despatch-box. Maitre Voigt was looking towards a closed deer stated ways to the little makes and a closed deer stated ways. door, painted brown to imitate mahogany, and communicating with an unner room.

"Isn't it time he was here?" asked the notary.

shifting his position, and glancing at a second

door at the other end of the room, painted yellow to imitate deal.

"He is here," answered Bintrey, after listening for a moment.

The yellow door was opened by a waiter, and

Obenreizer walked in.

After greeting Maitre Volgt with a cordiality
Want anneated to cause the notary no little embarrassment, Obenreizer bowed with grave and distant politeness to Bintrey. "For what reason have I been brought from Neuchatel to the foot of the mountain?" he inquired, taking the seat which the English lawyer had indicated

"You shall be quite satisfied on that head before our interview is over," returned Bintrey. "For the present, permit me to suggest proceeding at once to business. There has been a correspondence, Mr. Obenrelzer, between you and your niece. I am here to represent your niece,

"In other words, you, a lawyer, are here to represent an intraction of the law,"
"Admirably put!" said Butrey. "If all the people I have to deal with were only like you, what an easy profession mine would be! I am here to represent an infraction of the law-that is your point of view. I am here to make a compromise between you and your niece—that is my point of view."

"There must be two parties to a compromise," rejoined Obenreizer. "I decline, in this case, to be one of them. The law gives me authority to control my nicce's actions, until she comes of age. She is not yet of age; and I claim my authority."

At this point Maitre Voigt attempted to speak. Bintrey silenced him with a compassionate indulgence of tone and manner, as it he was silencing a favorite child.

"No, my worth, friend, not a word. Don't excite yourself unnecessarily; leave it to me." He turned, and addressed himself again to Obenreizer. "I can think of nothing comparable to you, Mr. Obenreizer, but granite-and even that wears out in course of time. In the interests of peace and quietness—for the sake of your own dignity—relax a little. If you will only delegate your authority to another person whom I know of that person may be trusted never to lose sight of your mede, night or day!" You are wasting your time and mine," re-ned Obenreizer. "If my niece is not renturned Obenfelzer. dered up to my authority within a week from this day, I invoke the law. If you resist the

law, I take her by force. He rose to his feet as he said the last word.

Maitre Voigt looked round again towards the brown door which led into the inner room.

"Have some pity on the poor girl," pleaded Bintrey. "Remember how lately she lost her lover by a dreadful death! Will nothing move

"Nothing." Bintrey, in bis turn, rose to his feet, and looked at Mattre Voigt. Maitre Voigt's hand, resting on the table, began to tremble. Maitre Voigt's eyes remained fixed, as if by irresistible fascination, on the brown door. Obenreizer, suspiciously observing him, looked that way too. There is somebody listening

exclaimed, with a sharp backward glance at There are two people listening," answered

Bintrey. "Who are they?"

"You shall see,"
With that answer, he raised his voice and spoke the next words—the two common words which are on everybody's lips, at every hour of

The brown door opened. Supported on Marguerite's arm-his sunbarnt color gone, his right arm bandaged and thrown over his breast—Ven-dale stood before the murderer, a man risen

In the moment of silence that followed, the singing of a caged bird in the courtyard outside was the one sound stirring in the room. Mattre Voigt touched Bintrey, and pointed to Oben-relzer. "Look at him!" said the notary in a

The shock had paralyzed every movement in the villain's body, but the movement of the blood. His face was like the face of a corpse, The one yestige of color left in it was a livid purple streak which marked the course of the scar, where his victim had wounded him on the cheek and neck. Speechless, breathless, mo-tionless alike in eye and limb, it seemed as if, at the sight of Vendale, the death to which he had doomed Vendale had struck him where he Somebody ought to speak to him," said Mai-

tre Voigt. "Shall 1?"
Even at that moment, Bintrey persisted in sliencing the notary, and in keeping the lead in the proceedings to himself. Checking Maitre Voigt by a gesture, he dismissed Marguerite and Vendale in these words: -"The object of your appearance here is answered," he said. "H you will withdraw for the property." help Mr. Obenreizer to recover himself. will withdraw for the present, it may It did help him. As the two passed through the door and closed it behind them, he draw a deep breath of relief. He looked round him for the chair from which he had risen, and dropped into it.

"Give him time," pleaded Maitre Voigt. "No," said Bintrey. "I don't know what use he may make of it if I do." He turned once more to Obenraizer and went on. "I owe it to myself," he said-"I don't admit, mind, that owe it to you-to account for my appearance in these proceedings, and to state what has been

done under my advice, and on my sole responsibility. Can you listen to me?"

"I can listen to you." "Recall the time when you started for Switzerland with Mr. Vendale," Bintrey began.
"You had not left England four-and-twenty hours before your niece committed an act of imprudence which not even your penetration could foresee. She followed her promised hus-band on his journey, without asking anybody's

advice or permission, and without any better companion to protect her than a Cellarman in Mr. Vendale's employment."

"Why did she follow me on the journey? and how came the Cellarman to be the person who accompanied her?"

"She tollowed you see the ferminance." "She followed you on the journey," answered Bintrey, "because the suspected there had been some serious collision between you and Mr. Vendale, which had been kept secret from her; and because the rightly believel you to be capable of serving your interests, or of satisfying your enmity, at the price of a crime. As for the Cellarman, he was one, among the other calls in Mr. Vendale's establishment, to whom people in Mr. Vendale's establishment, to whom she applied (the moment your back was turned) to know if anything had happened between their master and you. The Cellarman alone had something to tell her. A senseless supersu-

stition has had its use. It decided your niece on taking the journey; and it test the way to saving a man's tife. Do you understand me, so

"I understand you, so far."

"My first knowledge of the erime that you bad committed," pursued Bintrey, "came to me in the form of a letter from your siece. All you need know is that her love and her courage recovered the body of your victim, and mided the after-efforts which brought him back to the after-coorts watch brought him back to life. While he lay helpless at Brieg, under her care, she wrote to me to come out to him. Be ore starting, I informed Madanie Dor that I knew Miss Observizer to be sate, and knew where she was. Madame Dor informed me, in return, that a letter had come for your name, which she knew to be in your handwriting. I took possession of it, and arranged for the forwarding of any other letters which might follow. Arrived at Brieg, I found Mr. Ven-dale out of danger, and at once devoted myself to hastening the day of reckoning with you. Defreshler and Company turned you off on suspicion; acting on intermation privately supplied by me. Having stripped you of your false character, the next thing to do was to strip upplied by me. you of your authority over your niece. To reach this end, I not only had no scruple in diaging the pitfall under your feet in the dark-I jelt a certain professional pleasure in figuring you with your cwn weapons. By my advice, the truth has been carefully concealed from you, up to this day. By my advice, toe trap into which you have walked was set for you (you know why, now, as well as I do) in this place. There was but one certain way of shaking the devilsh self-control which has hitherto made you a formidable man. That way has been tried, and (look at me as you may) that way has succeeded. The last thing that remains to be done," concluded Bintrey, producing two little slips of manuscript Bintrey, producing two little slips of manuscript from his despatch box, "is to set your niece free. You have attempted murder, and you have committed forgery and their. We have the evidence ready against you in both cases, if you are convicted as a telon, you know as well as I do what becomes of your authority over your niece. Personally, I should have preover your mere. Personally, I should have pre-ferred taking that way out of it. But considera-tions are pressed on me which I am not able to resist, and this interview must end, as I have told you already, in a compromise. Sign those lines, resigning all authority over Miss Oben-reizer, and pledging yourself rever to be seen

in England or in Switzerland again; and I will sign an indemnity which secures you against further proceedings on our part," Obenreizer took the peu in silence, and signed his niece's release. On receiving the indems.cv in return, he rose, but male no movement to leave the room. He stood looking at Mattre Voigt with a strange smile gathering on his lips, and a strange light flashing in his nlmy

"What are you waiting for ?" asked Bintrey. Obunceizer pointed to the brown door. "Call them back." he answered. "I have something to say in their presence before I go."
"Say it in my presence, "retorted Bintrey. "I

decline to call them back."

Obenreizer turned to Maire Voigt. "Do you remember telling me that you once had an English client named Vendaie!" he asked. "Well," answered the notary. "And what of

Maitre Volgt, your clock-lock has betrayed

"What do you mean ?" "I have read the letters and certificates in your client's box. I have taken copies of them. I have got the copies here. Is there, or is there not, a reason for calling them back?"

For a moment the notary locked to and fro, between Obenreizer and Bin'rev, in helpless aston-ishment. Recovering himself, he drew his brother lawyer aside, and hurriedly spoke a few words close in his ear. The face of Bintrey after first faithfully reflecting the asionishment on the face of Maitre Voigr—suddenly aftered its expression. He sprang, with the activity of a young man, to the floor of the inner room, entered it, remained inside for a minute, and returned followed by Marguerite and Vendale. "Now, Mr. Obenreizer," said Bintrey, "the last move in the game is yours. Play it."

"Before I resign my position as that young lady's guardian," said Ocenreizer, "I have a secret to reveal in which she is interested. In making my disclosure, I am not claim ug her attention for a narrative which she, or any other person present, is expected to take on trust. am possessed of written proofs, copies of original am possessed of which proofs, capies of which salts, the autherticity of which Maitre Voigt himself can attest. Bear that in mind, and permit me to refer you, at starting, to a date long past—the month of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and tulrity-six."

"Mark the date, Mr. Vendale," said Bintrey.
"My first proof," said Obenreizer, taking a
paper from his pocket-book. "Cony of a letter, written by an English lady (married) to ber sister, a widow. The name of the person writing the letter I shall keep suppressed until I have done. The name of the person to whom the letter is written I am willing to reveal. It is addressed to "Mrs. Jane Ann Miller, of Groom-bridge Wells, England"

Vendale started, and opened his lips to speak. Bintrey instantly stopped him, as he had stopped Mattre Voigt, "No." said the pertinacious law-Mailre Voigt, "No," sa yer. "Leave it to me,"

Obenreizer went on:-"It is needless to trouble you with the first balf of the letter," he said. "It can give the sab-stance of it in two words. The writer's position at the time is this. She has been long living in Switzerland with ber busband-obtiged to live there for the sake of her husband's health. They are about to move to a new residence on the Lase of Neuchatel in a week, and they will be ready to receive Mrs. Miller as visitor in a fortnight for that time. This said, the writer next enters into an important domestic detail. She has been childless for years—she and her husband have now no hope of children; they are lonely; they want an interest in life; they have decided on adopting a child. Here the important part of the letter begins; and here, therefore, I read it to you word for word.'

He tolded back the first page of the letter and read as follows:-

Neuchatel?

"I must add a word as to my husband's wishes in, this matter. He is resolved to spare the child whom we make our own any future mortification and loss of self-respect which might be caused by a discovery of his ripus origin. He will bear my nusband's name and he will be brought up in the belief that he is really curson. His inharmance of what we have to leave will be a recurred to him.—not only according to the will be secured to him, not only according to the laws of England in such cases, but according to the laws of Switzerland also: for we have lived so long in this country that there is a doubt whether we may not be considered as 'domiciled' in Switzernot be considered as 'domiciled' in Switzer-land. The one precaution left to take is to prevent any af er-discovery at he Foundling. Now, our name is a very uncommon one; and if we appear on the Register of the institution, as the persons adopt-ing the child, there is just a chance that sometaing might result from it. Your name, my dear, is the name of thousands of other people; and if you will consent to appear on the Register, there need be no fear of any discoveries in that quarter. We are moving, by a eductor's orders, to a past of Switzer and in which our circumstances are quits unknown; moving, by a coctor account to a part of which and in which our circumstances are quite unknown; and you, as I moderatand, are about to engage a new nurse for the jou new when you come to see us. Under these circumstance, the child may appear as my child, brought back in in under my sister's dare. The only servant we take with us from our old home by own maid who can be assety trusted. As for lawyers to England and in Switzerland, it is their

profession to k episecreti—and we may lest quite ea y in that direction. So there you have our harmiess little conspiracy? Write by return of post, my love, and tell me you will join it." "Do you still conceal the name of the writer of that letter ?" asked Vennale.

"I keep the name of the writer till the last," answered Obenreizer, "and I ploceed to my second proof—a mere stip of paper, this time, as you see. Memorandum given to the Swiss lawyer, who drew the documents referred to in tion, and a common accident which had happened to his master in his master's cellar, had connected Mr. Vendale in this man's mind with the idea of danger by murder. Your nicce surprised him into a confession, which aggravated tentold the terrors that possessed her. Aroused tola sense of the mischief he had done, the man, of his own accord, made the one atonement in his power. 'It my master is in danger, Miss,' he said, 'It is my duty to follow him, tod; and it's more than my duty to take care of you.' The two set forth together—and, for once, a super-

Ganz, still living in practice at Neuchatel, dated July, 1838. The doctor certifies (you shall read it for yourselves directly), first, that he attended the adopted child in its in ant maladies; second, that, three months before the date of the certifcate, the gentleman adopting the child as his son died; third, that on the date of the certificate, his widow and her maid, taking the adopted child with them, left Neochatel on their return to England. One more link now added to this, and my chain of evidence is complete The maid remained with her mistress till her mistress' death, only a few years since. The maid can swear to the identity of the adopted infant, from his chiidhood to his youtu-from his youth to his manhood, as he is now. There is her address in England-and there, Mr. Vendale,

is the fourth, and final proof!"
"Why do you address yourself to me?" said
Vendale, as Obenreizer threw the written ad-Obenreizer turned on him, in a sudden trenzy

triumph. "Because you are the man! If my niece marries you, she marries a bastard, brought up by public charity. If my niece marries you, she nearties an impostor, without name or lineage, disguised in the character of a gentleman of

rank and 'amily."
"Bravo!" cried Bintrey. "Admirably put,
Mr. Obenveizer! It only wants one word more to complete it. Sue marries—thanks entirely to your exertions—a man who inherits a handsome fortune, and a man whose origin will make him prouder than ever of his peasant wife. George Vendale, as brother-executors, let us congra ulate each other! Our dear dead friend's last wish on earth is accomplished. We have found the lost Walter Wilding, As Mr. Obenreizer said

Just now-you are the man!"
The words passed by Vendale unbeeded. For the moment he was conscious of but one sensation-he heard but ore voice. Marguerite's hand was clasping his. Marguerite's voice was whispering to him-'I never loved you, George, as I love you now."

THE CURTAIN PALLS.

May Day. There is merry making in Cripple Corner, the chimneys smoke, the patriarchal dinlog-hall is hung with garlands, and Mrs. Goldstraw, the respected housekeeper, is very busy. For, on this oright morning the young master of cripple Corner is to be married to its joing mistress, far away, to wit, in the little town of Brieg, in Switzerland, lying at the foot of the Simpton Pass, where she saved

the bells ring gayly in the little town of Brieg, and flags are stretched across the street, and rifle shots are heard, and sounding music from brass instruments. Streamer-decorated casks of wine have been rolled out under a gay awning in the public way before the Inn, and there will be free feasting and revelry. What with bells and banners, draperies hanging from windows. explosion of gunpowder, and reverberation of brass muste, the tittle town of Brieg is all in a

flatter, like the hearts of its simple neople.

It was a storny night last night, and the mountains are covered with snow. But the sun is bright to-day, the sweet air is fresh, the tin iver, and the Alps are ranges of far-off white

the primitive people of the little town of Brieg have built a greenwood arch across the street, under which the newly married pair shall pass in triumph from the church. It is inscribed, on that side, "Hoxon and Love to Marguerite Vendale!" for the people are preud of her to enthusiasm. This greeting of the bride under her new name is affectionately meant as a surwise, and therefore the acrangement has been made that she, unconscious why, shall be taken to the church by a tortuous back way. A scheme not difficult to carry into execution in the

crooked little town of Brieg. So all things are in readiness, and they are to go and come on foot. Assembled in the Inn's best chamber, festively adorned, are the bride and bridegroom, the Neuchatel notary, the London lawyer, Madame Dor, and a certain large mysterious Englishman, popularly known as Monsieur Zhoe-Ladelle. And behold Madame Dor, arrayed in a spotless pair of gloves of her own, with no hand in the air, but both hands clasped round the neck of the bride; to embrace whom Madame Dor had turned her broad back on the company, consistent to the last,
"Forgive me, my beautiful," pleads Madame
Dor, "for tast I ever was his she-cat!"

e-cat, Madame Dor! "Engaged to sit watening my so charming mouse," are the explanatory words of Madame

Dor, delivered with a penitential sob "Why, you were our best friend! George, arest, tell Madame Dor. Was she not our best triend? "Undoubtedly, darling. What should we

have cone without her?"
"You are both so generous," cries Madame Dor, accepting consolation, and immediately reispsing. "But I commenced as a she cal."
"Ah! But like the cat in the fairy story, good Madame Dor," says Vendale, saluting her cheek. "you were a true woman. And, being a true comen, the sympathy of your heart was with

"I don't wish to deprive Madame Dor of her

share in the embraces that are going ou," Mr. Bintrey puts in, watch in hand, "and I don't presume to offer any objection to your having got yourselves mixed together, in the corner there, like the three Graces. I merely remark that I think it's time we were moving. What that I thick it's time we were moving. What are your sentiments on that subject, Mr. Ladler "Clear, sir," replies Joey, with a gracious grin, 'I'm clearer altogether, sir, for having lived so many weeks upon the surface. I never was so long upon the surface afore, and it's done me a power of good. At Cripple Corner, I was too much below it. Atop of the Storpletou, I was a deal too high above it. I've found the medium here, sir. And if ever I take in convivial, in all the rest of my days, I mean to do it this day, to the toast of 'Bless'em both.'"

"I too!" says Bintrey. 'And now, Monsleur Volgt, let you an I me be two men of Marseilles, and allons, marchons, arm-m-arm !"

They go down to the door, where others are waiting for them, and they go quietly to the church, and the happy marriage takes piace. While the ceremony is yet in progress, the notary is called out. When it is divished, he has returned, is standing behind Vendale, and

touches bim on the shoulder. "Go the side door, one moment, Monsieur Vendale. Alone, Leave Madame to me. "
At the side door of the church are the same two men from the Hospice, They are snow-stained and travel-worn. They wish him joy, and then each lays his broad hand upon V dale's breast, and one says in a low voice, while the other steadtastly regards him: 'It is here, Monsieur. Your litter. The very

FRMC 'My litter is here? Why?" "Hosh! For the sake of Madame, Your companion of that day..."

The man looks at his comrade, and his comrade takes him up. Each keeps his hand Isid earnestly on Yeadale's breast, 'He had been living at the first Refuge, monsieur, for some days. The weather was now good, now bad,"

"He arrived at our Hospice the day before vesterday, and, baving refreshed himself with sleep on the floor before the fire, wrapped in his cloak, was resolute to go on, before dark to the next Hospice. He had a great fear of

"He went on alone, He had passed the Gallery, when an avulance-like that which fell behind you near the Bridge of the

part of the way, and thought it would be worked

Ganther-"Killed bim ?" We dug him out, suffocated and broken all to pieces! But, Mon leur, as to Malame. We have brought him here on the litter, to be buried. We must ascend the street outside. Madame must not see. It would be an accursed thing to bring the litter through the arch across the sirect, until Madame has passed through As you descend, we who ascompany the litter will set it down on the stones of the street the second to the right, and will stand before it. But do not let Madame toro her head towards the street the second to the right. There is no time to lose. Masame will be alarmed by your

absence, Adlen !" Vendale returns to his bride, and draws her hand through his unmaimed arm, A pretty

procession awaits them at the main door of the cturch. They take their station in it, and decend the street amidst the ringing of the bells, the firing of the guns, the waving of the flazs, the playing of the music, the shouts, the smiles, and tears, of the excited town. Heads are uncovered as she passes, hands are kissed to her, all the people bless her. "Heaven's benediction on the dear girl! See a here she goes in her youth and beauty; she who so nobly saved his but?"

Near the corner of the street the second to the right, he speaks to her and calls her attention to the windows on the opposite side. The corner well passed, he says:—'Do not look round, my darling, for a reason that I have," and turns his head. Then, looking back along the street, he sees the litter and its bearers passing up along the street. ing up alone under the arch, as he and she and their marriage train go down towards the shining valley.

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PHILADELPHIA.

NEW YORK,

Commission.

IN EXCHANGE FOR NEWS

PENNSYLVANIA

HARRISBURG, December 18, 1867.

NOTICE

TO THE HOLDERS OF THE

LOANS

OF THE

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, due July 1, 1868,

THE FOLLOWING

LOANS,

JULY 1, 1868,

Will be Redeemed with Interest to Date of Payment, on Presentation, at the

Farmers' and Mechanics' National Bank

OF PHILADELPHIA.

VIZ.,

Loan of March 27, 1839, due July 1, 1868.

Loan of July 19, 1839, due July 1, 1868.

Interest on the Above Loans will Cease on the 1st of July, 1868.

FRANCIS JORDAN,

JOHN F. HARTRANFT,

Commissioners of Sinking Fund.

HAVE FOR SALE

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

OF THE

Central Pacific Rallroad Company,

AT (95) NINETY-FIVE,

And Accrued Interest in Currency.

These Bonds are payable by law, principal and interest, in gold. Interest payable lat of January and lat

We will take Governments in exchange, allowing

We recommend them to investors as a first-class

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

phiets and general information upon application to us Having a full supply of these BONDS on hand, we

DE HAVEN & BRO.,

NO. 40 NOUTH THIED ST.

are prepared to DELIVER THEM AT ONCE.

Bankers and Dealers in Governments,

the full market price.

W. H. KEMBLE,

Secretary of State.

Auditor-General.

State Treasurer.

FALL STOCK OF CARPETINGS.

Just Opened, a Full Assortment of TAPESTRY BRUSSELS.

3-PLY INGRAINS AND EXTRA SUPERFINE INGRANICAL. PETINGS.

OIL CLOTH, 12, 18, and 24 feet sheets. COIR MATTINGS, RUGS, Etc.

NO. 37 SOUTH SECOND STREET,

TO RENT.

TO LET.

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Large Third-Story Joom, Well Lighted, with or without Power, NO. 108 SOUTH THEED ST.

PATENT ELASTIC VENTILATING INNER SQUES.



They are a PERFECT REMEDY FOR COLD OR SWEAT'S FEET OR CORNS. They relye RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA. They absorb and remove the PERSPIBATION inside (RUBBER BOOTS.

To know their merits they must be wes.

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Retail Price, \$100 per pair. Sold by airetail Boot and Shoe Dealers.

E. A. Hill. Proprietor, Roston, Mss. Henry Hillott, No. 16 Warren streef, N. Y., F. ds. M. Jones, No. 509 Commerce street, Philadelphi, Wholesale Agents.

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JOHN T. BAILEY & O.,
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Philadelphia.
DEALERS IN BAGS AND BAGENG
Of every Description, for
Grain, Flour, Sait, Super-Phosphate of ame, Bone
Dust, Etc.
Large and small GUNNY BAGS constanty on hand
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