NUMBER CLIL

A DIET FOR MENTAL DYSPEPTICS, AND A CUBE FOR HY-POCHONDRIA, HY-POCHISY, OR ANY COMPLAINT OF A HY ORDER,

THIPS FROM THE LONDON BLOCKHEADS, CHOPPED OFF BY OUR SERIES EDITOR.

## Chips from "Punch,"

IN A WHISPER .- "No man is a hero to his walet," is an assertion of frequent occurrence. Has poor maligned man ever had the courage to hint that no woman is a heroine to her maid?

THE BEST THING OUT .- An aching tooth.

LIGHT AND DARK.—A novel has just been published, called "Fair Women." Are the blondes to have undisputed sway? Is there me author who, in the cause of the brunettes, will gallantly write a story-it cannot fail to please, if of a gloomy complexion-and entitle it "Dark Women?"

FOOD FOR THE IMAGINATION .- Farev bread.

Two Me-AND ANDUE OF ABYSSINIA .- Apropos of the Negus of Abyssinia, there is no want of Whine (in some of the papers), but the real difficulty is, to say where the order is to come from.

BUTTER UPON BACON .- When Mr. Thaddens Stevens tries to persuade the people of the United States that the public debt is to be paid off in greenbacks, he will only find green backers.

FAMILY PRIDE. First Boy. "My Father's a Orficer." Second Boy. "What Orficer !" First Boy. "Why, a Corporal!" Third Boy (evidently "comic"). "So's my Father-he's a Orficer, too-A General he is ! Fourth Boy. "Go along with yer!"
Third Boy. "So he is—he's a General dealer !"

Why is Charles Dickens like one of Little Bepeep's sheep ! Because he's left his "tale" behind him.

AN OLD NURSERY JINGLE NEW RUNG. King Theodorus kept his hill-wall; King Theodorus wouldn't sing small; Napier his horses, his mules, and his men, Will catch Theodorus—who can say when THE FACULTY OF ADVOCATES-Speech. Chips from "Judy,"

A CAUTION .- Don't be too anxious to solve a conundrum. Judy knows a man who got two black eyes in endeavoring to find out "the difference between a man and a woman fighting in the street."

WHEN a person well replenishes a fire, how does it feel? Grateful (!) A DRY REMARK-"Let's liquor."

A BRIGHT IDEA .- It has been suggested that It is because the Brights are "cotton people" that the people cotton to them. Ahem! Is it not possible that the influence of cotton might turn out to be bale-ful?

What is the best remedy for a flagging of spirits? A flagon of wine.

ON THE LOSS OF HIS LAST TOOTH. (By a Veteran minus his Molars.) Tis true that life a span is, but We may changes see, I when a child my own teeth cut, But now my teeth cut me. It don't afford me pleasure sweet To part with former chums; But I without my teeth must eat-Yes, that I must -by gums ! Chips from "Fun."

A Note with "A Hitch" in it .- An actor may be said to resemble a sailor-each is dislinguished by his particular ROLE.

Vers DE SOCIETE .- "The Glass of Fashion." A CONUNDRUM. -- BY A VERY RUDE OLD PARTY. -Why is a lady's throat like an appendage to her watch? Because it's a chatter-lane (chate-

FAVORED BY LORD DUNDREARY .- Why is the six-horse roller at work in Hyde Park like an Ancient Briton? Because it's "weawing the

GIVE HIM HIS DUE .- It is altogether too absurd to say that "Man is not perfect"-who is there who has not met with perfect strangers, seme who were perfect rascals, and not a few who were perfect fools?

THE CONTENTED TRAMP. Don't tell me of grand dinners, which Make folks with envy fret; While here I lie beside the ditch I'm getting my bank-wet.

Den't talk to me of splendid wine, That set folks longing so-Here on this deal-plank couch of mine I'm getting my Board-oh!

Don't name eigars of rarest brand, That Britons seldom see For every hedgside in the land Finds lots of weeds for me.

I live so well where'er I go In Unions any day-Prince Metternich himself, you know, Might envy my Toke-ch?

FROM THE EGYPTIAN HALL .-- I'M CHARMED to see you, as the performing snake said to the spectator. The compliment was not returned

Chips from the "Tomahawk," Our of respect for public opinion (as interpreted on Clerkenwell green and in the Morning Star), Madame Tussaud has changed the name of "The Temple of Fame," in which all distinguished murderers looked for a niche, from the "Chamber of Horrors" to the "Chamber of Martyrs."

How to GRILL BONES .- The Danae, sister ship to the Amazon iron-clad ram, is under orders for the West Coast of Africa. The Government has not perhaps been yet informed that the heat is above the average at Bierza Leone, or they would know that an iron-clad becomes a floating stove in such waters, and if our sailors must be broiled, why not do it genteelly on a gridiron at once?

IRBLAND'S WRONG,-The Right to Murder. Chips Picked up Here and There. DRY, BUT NOT THIRSTY. - Curran, conversing with Sir Thomas Turton, happened to remark that he could never speak in public for a quarter of an hour without moistening his lips, to which Sir Thomas replied that in that respect he had the advantage of him. spoke," said he, "the other night in the Heuse of Commons for five hours, on the Nabob of Oude, and never feit in the least thirsty." "It is very remarkable indeed," rejoined Curran, "for every one agrees that it was the driest speech of the

"I TAKES 'EM AS THEY COME."-A Cantabi one day observing a ragamuffin-looking boy

Porchase, in Cambridge, where he was begging, and thinking to pass a joke upon him, "So, Jack, you are picking them out, are "Nah, sar," retorted the archin, "I takes 'em as they come !"?

-A MAN whom Dr. Johnson once reproved for following a useless and demoralizing business, said: "You know, Doctor, that I must live." The brave old hater of everything mean and hateful coolly replied that he did not "see the least necessity for that."

CHIPS FROM DOMESTIC WOODEN MEN, CHOPPED OFF BY THE SERIES EDITOR'S ASSISTANT,

Chips from "Harper's Weakly." A HORSE (MARINE)-The Walrus.

"Tell me, ye augelic hosts, ye messengers of love, shall swindled printers here below have no redress above? The shining angel band replied, to us is knowledge given; delinquents on the printer's books can never enter heaven."

-The pompous epitaph of a close-flated citizen closed with the following passage of Scripture:—"He that give h to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "Dat may be," soliloquized Sambo, "but when dat man died de Lord didn't ove him a red cent I'r

-"Ah!" said old Mrs. Doosenbury, "larning is a great thing; I've often felt the need of it Why, would you believe it, I'm new sixty years old, and only know the names of three months in the year? and them's spring, fall, and autumn! I larnt the names of them when I was a little bit of a girl !"

A PASSAGE OF ARMS. Hair-dresser .- "Hair's very dry, Sir !"

Customer (who knows what's coming) .-Hair-dresser (after a while, again advancing to the attack). "Head's very scurfy, Sir !"

Customer (still cautiously retiring) .-"Ya-as, I prefer it sourfy." Assailant gives in defeated. Cannot sell any hair-water this time.

THE SONG OF THE HORSE. A poor old stage-horse, lank and thin, Not much else than bones and skin, I jog along, week out, week in. Kicked, and cursed, and meanly fed, Jammed in the side and jerked by the head-And the "uing I can't at all make out Is, what on earth it's all about.

Why was I made to toil and tug-For this odd little human bug, Two-legged, dumpy as a jug, Who sits aloft my ribs to batter-Or why was he made, for that matter? And, if I needs must be created, Why is it that I was not fated To prance and curvet, finely mated, Silver harnessed, sleek and fat, With groom and blanket, and all that?

Here I go, day after day, Pounding and slipping down Broadway, Dragging these curious biped things, With forelegs gone, and yet no wings-Where they all go to I don't know, Nor why in the world they hurry so, Nor what good use Heaven puts them to!

It wasn't my fault, you see, at all, That my joints grew big, and my muscles small, And so I missed of a rich man's stall.

I'm clumsy, crooked, stupid, slow, Yet the meanest horse is a horse, you know. And his ribs can ache with a kick or blow. As well as the glossiest nags that go. O Lord, how long will they use me so? And when may the equine spirit go Where glorified horses stand in a row, Switching their bright tails to and fro, Careless of either wheal or whoa — Where oats are always apropos, And flies don't grow-O no!

A CITIZEN of Nantucket sold a horse to a eavalry officer during the war, and warranted him to be a good war-horse. The soldier came back afterwards in a towering passion, and said he had been swindled.

"As how?" said the Nantucketer. "Why there's no go in him, and yet you warranted him a good war-horse." "Yes, I did; and by George, he is a good war-horse-he'd sooner die than run!"

THE LATEST CURIOSITIES A fence made from the railing of a scolding A plate of butter from the "cream of a

joke. The small coins in "the change of the moon." The original brush used in painting "the signs of the times."

The latest contract with the "Trade Winds." The chair in which the sun sets. A garment for the naked eye. The hammer which broke up the meeting. Buckle to fasten a laughing-stock. The animal that drew the inference. Egg from a nest of thieves.

A bucket of water from "All's well." Chips from Limbs of the Law. -A United States Judge is credited with the authorship of the following joke. He was recently trying a case of alleged infringement of patent. A bran-dusting machine was brought into the court-room, that the jurors might see it at work. The Judge looked at it a moment or two and then remarked:-"I

hope counsel will not be guilty of throwing dust in the eyes of the jury with that machine." MAYHEM.—The young gentlemen connected with the Law School may find in the following a new definition of an important legal term:
Out in Illinois a Justice of the Peace was recently elected who is not particularly noted for legal attainments. Wishing to have a little fun, a friend asked him what he would do were a case of mayhem brought before him for trial. The "Squire" looked a little puzzled at first, but soon began to look wise, and said:-"I had a case of that kind when I was 'Squire' before, so I just ordered the fellow to jail, and after staying there for a week he was

willing to marry the girl!" That, we suppose, is about the view of it that would be taken by Judge Peirce. A "LITTLE JOKER" IN COURT.—In the good old times in Kentucky, when "substantial justice" was administered in a log cabin after a very and easy manner, a suit was brought to recover certain moneys which it was alleged plaintiff had been defrauded out of by the ingenious operation known as "thimble rig-ging." In the course of the trial, plaintiff's counsel, who happened to be an expert, undertook to enlighten the court as to the modus operandi of the performance. Putting himself into position, he produced the three cups and "the little joker," and proceeded, suiting the

action to the word. Then, may it please the court, the defendant, placing the cups on his knee, began shifting them so, offering to bet that my client could not tell under which oup was the fittle joker,' meaning thereby, may it please the court, this ball, with the intention of defrauding my client of the sum thus wagered. For instance, when I raise the cup so, your honor

supposes that you see the ball."
"Suppose I see!" interrupted the judge,
who had closely watched the performance,

scratching his head at the door of Alderman and was sore that he had detected the ball, as.

Porchase, in Cambridge, where he was beg- one of the cups was accidentally raised. "Why, any fool can see where it is and bet on it, and be sure to win. There ain't no defraudin, thar."

> on it ?" insinuated the counsel. "Go a V? Yes, and double it, too, and here's the rhino. It's under the middle cup. "I'll go a V on that," said the foreman of the

jury.
"And I, and I," joined the jurors, one after
the other, until each one had invested his pile. "Up!" said his honor.
"Up" it was, but the "little joker" had

mysteriously disappeared. Judge and jury were enlightened, and found no difficulty in bringing in a verdict in favor of plaintiff, on the ground that it was the "derndest kind o" defraudin'.

MRS. BROWN IN AMERICA.

SKETCHLEY, ESQ.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY ARTHUR

I'm sure it's a mercy as I'm alive to tell the tale, for what with one thing and what with another, one would think as the 'Merrykins was bent on my distraction, for of all the people to worret and fidget as ever I see, tuc Merrykins beats 'em, as just suits Brown, but I can't abear bein' 'urried and drove to death, and as to Brooklyn, where we went to stop along with Joe's wife's aunt on the mother's side, why it's a lovely place no doubt, with trees agrowin' all about the streets quite nat'ral, but I can't say much for the pavement, as it is that uneven as it throws you down at every turn, as the sayin' is; but 'owever they come to build it on the other me of the water, with no bridge for to carry you safe over, with what they calls a steam ferry as were werry nigh my death, and all the Mrs. Skidmore and 'er daughter, as were Joe's wife's aunt's name, a-goin' over with me to New York.

Well, we took it werry gently to the top of the 'ill as the ferry is at the bottom on, and jest as we got to the ferry as the ground slopes werry much down to, Mrs. Skidmore "Urry up, for we're jest in time," and off she sets with Julia a-dragging' me on. We goes thro' the gate, and on I were a-rushin' when the man says to me, "'Old on!" as in course I thought he meant me to keep on, and so I did, and if that ferry-boat didn't glide away jest as I put my foot on it, and into the water I goes with a flop as you might 'ave 'eard for miles around. As for me, I was aguggling' and a-strugglin' a kickin' about, and don't remember nothin' but a thump on the 'ead, and then bein' dragged up wiolent with a 'ook in my pack-gathers. I was ever so long afore I was myself, and there I was with everythink on me drenched thro' and thro'. with my umbreller gone, and my redicule floated right out to sea.

Mrs. Skidmore she did put me out, for if she didn't say as she 'ollered to me to wait for the next boat, while I can take my 'Davy, as the sayin' is, as Julia pulled me slap into the water thro' a-jumpin' on board the boat, as I was not up to the ways on.

They squeezed away at me for to dry me, but, bless you, I was in sich a pickle as I says, "I must go back!" but, bless you, there ain't ne'er a cab to be 'ad for love nor money. I says to Mrs. Skidmore, 'Walk I can't, as to goin' in them cars, as don't take you near the door, I won't.'' 'Well,' says she, 'we must get a carriage," and so she did arter a time, "and 'ome I went in it; and if the feller didn't take and charge me pretty nigh ten shillin's.

I don't think as I ever know'd what rhen matics were afore that time, as kep' me in bed over a week, and Joe obligated to go 'ome without me, thro' his wife bein' took ill sudlon, ao is a cure cign as troubles never come

single, as the sayin' is. I never can forget, the' I 'opes as a Christian I forgives, the way as Mrs. Skidmore tian I forgives, the way as Mrs. Skidmore went on with Brown a-sayin' as it were my own fault as I fell in the water, whereas it were 'er doin', as a reg'lar push and drive woman as 'ave worrated three 'usbands into the grave and is a mask of skin and bone doing a static take your way, it has a static your way. the grave, and is a mask of skin and bone 'erself. So I says to Brown, "I'd rather stop in this bed for ever than go out with that old weasel agin," and so I would; but law, it's foolishness to say as you won't do nothink, for as sure as you says se, you're obligated to break your word—leas, ways that's 'ow it always is with me; and so it proved about Mrs. Skidmore, for I was jest a gettin' over the cold as the water 'ad give me thro' never bein' used to it, as in course don't come nat'ral to human bein's, but all werry well for fish, as is a cold-blooded lot. I was gettin' on werry nicely, when Mrs. Skidmore says to me, 'It would do you a world of good to get out a bit." I says, "No doubt, but I ain't a-goin' to cross that steam ferry no more." She says, "No, we'll go out to Coney Island, as is a lovely spot." So I says, "'Owever will you get there, if it's a hiland, and not cross the water?" "Oh," says she, "the cars takes you." "Well," I says, "I've only got one thing to say, as them cars must stop for me or I don't go;" for, bless you, them "Merrykins will jump on and off while the train's in motion, and leave a widder and orphins afore the day is out and think nothink of it tho' went out in full 'ealth to business in the mornin', as 'appened two streets off where we were a-shoppin', and her youngest only five days old, as didn't seem to mind nothink so long as he were buried decent, and the ouse like a fair all the time, as would 'ave drove me mad, tho' in course a true friend in affliction is what every one is glad to see; so, as I was a-sayin', either stop the car, or on it I don't put my foot.
So she promised me faithful as she'd stop

the car, and off we sets, and gets to the corner where we was to meet that car as came along werry gradual and stops for us; leastways for Mrs. Skidmore, as 'opped up like a bird for lightness, and I was follerin' 'er and 'ad got my foot on the step, when on goes the thing a draggin' me with one foot on the ground and the other on the step. Parties as was standin' on the steps, as is their ways, 'auled and pulled at me for to get me up, but law bless you, all as I did was to pull a old feller, in a straw 'at, right off into the road, and there we was a-layin' and another car a-comin' in the oppersite direction as would 'ave been over our bodies but for a colored party as they calls them niggers as pulled me up by main force, and nearly dislocated me from 'ead to foot, let alone bein' mauled by 'is dirty 'ands as soiled me dreadfully, and if Mrs. Skidmore 'adn't gone on ever so far afore she missed me out of the car through a-meetin' a friend in it, she said as she got a-talkin' with. I don't think as ever I felt more shook and bruised than I were when that nigger set me down on somethin' as proved to be white, wash. As for the old man as I'd pulled off the car, he was uncommon short, a-sayin' as he should miss a appointment all through me. Mrs. Skidmore, she came back for me and wanted to 'urry me on, but I says, "It's all wanted to dry me on, but I says, 'I've 'eard say eome from a Buffalo to go on like that, but don't suit me as am only flesh and blood." She says, "What do you mean by callin' me a Buffalo!" I says, "You told me yourself as you was one." She says, "I came from the place called Buffalo." I says, "Well, if you will call the places such ridiculous names you

come to think on it, p'hap, Buffalo ain't a word to call a lady, as is wild characters, an' I remembers 'earin' niggers sing about 'em in London a-comin' out by night for to dance by

the light of the moon, as is not goin's on as I "Perhaps your honor would like to go a V should 'old with myself.

I should not 'ave minded arf so much the way as I was flustered, with my things tore off my back with that car, but I was dreaffully 'urt with Mrs. Skidmore, as I 'eard a-talkin' to the lady as lives with 'er about me, and said as I were a reg'lar old cuss to go out with, as 'adn't no proper use in my legs, and if that other party—for I'd scorn to call her a fieldmale-didn't say as I looked like a reg'lar old buccaneer (I thought I should 'ave dropped, and says to Brown, when he come in, as I'd rather go to the work'ouse than live in sich a place with sich awful langwidge used about me), as Brown only made it worse by a-tellin' me as she meant as I were one as liked a drop, thro' my face bein' that red as is all owin' to the sea-water, as reg'lar pickled me thro' not a-wearing a-wail a-board ship, like a many as

So, arter that, there were a coolness 'twixt me and Mrs. Skidmore, and made me take to my bedroom, and would 'ave stopped there only but for a Mrs. Chauncey, as come to live in the 'ouse and a light-'arted, as were uncommon company. So I went out a good bit with 'er, and that's 'ow it were as I see a good deal about 'Merryker, not as ever I shall take to their ways, for my green bare e is down-right sp'ilt with their bacoy juice, as they might as well keep to themselves, as I said to a party as set next to me in the car, and kep' a-spittin' so I says to 'im, "That's great waste." He says, 'How?" as is "What did you say?" in 'Merrykin. So I says, "If you're so fond of that baccy why spit it out !" be says, "Why, you're enough to make any one last 'isself sick." "No," I says, "it's the baccy as is doin' that," and jest as I were a-talking a feller as were the wuss for drink began a-disputin' with the conductor about 'is fare, as he said as he'd paid, which I know'd to be a falsity, for I'd been a-watchin' 'Im ever since he got in, through 'is a-settin' opersite, and a-keepin' a-droppin' off, being 'eavy in 'is eyes through drink.

So when he said as he'd paid, I says: "No, my good man, you 'ave not. No doubt you cannot recollect through your state." says sich low words as I would not repeat, was it ever so, and the conductor ketched 'old on 'im to turn 'im out; and if the feller didn't ketch 'old of my arm! So I 'ollers: "Let go." A sanctified-lookin' (oller as 'ad jest got in, says: "Go with 'im; it's your duty." I says: "You must be as drunk as he is." He gives me a look is." He gives me a look, and says: "Is he not thine 'usband?" I says: "Go on, you idiot.

By that time they'd got the drunken feller out of the car, and pitched 'im into the road, and on goes the car, and me a-settin' a-lookin savage at that party as 'ad took the feller for my 'usband, when I 'eard a crash of glass a-breakin', and got a blow on the 'ead and a lump of mud in my face, and if it wasn't that wretch as 'ad took up a lot of stones and dirt and throwed it at the car and broke two or three winders, and give the serious man a crack on the nose as made it bleed. So I says to 'im: "Use your 'ankercher, for goodness sake, and don't be a beast." He said as he 'adn't got one, and if I 'adn't to lend 'im mine in self-defense, or I should 'ave 'ad my clothes all ruined with 'is gory ways, as wanted to give me back my 'andkercher then and there. I says, "It ain't no great value, so keep it." I gets out of the car, and if he didn't foller. He says, "Where dost thy abide?" I says, "No thank you; I don't want no 'quaintances made promiseous, and you're welcome to it." He says, "Thou are a friend in tribulation," and if he didn't keep on afollerin' me, till at last I stops and says, so good as to take your way, for my 'usband dodgin' about for to get rid on 'im till at last I were that tired that I were forced to go 'ome, and as I got up the steps I caught sight of that chap a-peepin' round the corner, as made me feel all overish like, for I can't abear bein' watched, and when I did get in they was a-waitin' supper, and Mrs. Skidmore begun a-sayin' as I'd been out a skylarkin', as is ways I don't 'old with.

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Loan of July 19, 1839, due

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