It was Christmas Eve, and our little drawingroom looked snug and bright as a room could look. It was not by any means a difficult apartment to light, being some what less than fourteen feet square, the spacious bow-window not included, and, execrable as is suburban gas, you might have seen to read the most dimlyprinted penny paper in our most distant corner. But small as was the room, it was the sort of evening that would have made you instinctively draw your chair close up to the cheerful fire that went blazing up the Liliputian chimney. By the way it crackled, you could tell there was a bitter frest outside; you might have guessed it, too, by the marked difference of temperature you experienced in the aforesaid bow-window. Suburban window-frames would hardly cavry off gold medals at universal exhibitions as triumphs of menuiserie. It was, indeed, most seasonable weather for any one who had a snug roof overhead, and credit with his coal merchant and tradespeople generally. With these and an easy mind, the intense cold without ought to have given but a keener zest to the quiet enjoy-

Unfortunately the minds of both my wife and myself were much disturbed. The fortunes of the morrow depended on the events of the night; and we were waiting expectant, in all the feverish anxiety of wishes unsatisfied and

the feverish anxiety of withes quisatished and hopes deferred.

"Nine o'ctock striking, John. Well, if it does not come in another hour I give it up."

"After all," said I, affecting a confidence I was very far from feeling, "the railway companies must have a great deal to do to night. Upon my word, now that I think of it, it's much tikely that they will deliver it the first

more tikely that they will deliver it the first thing to morrow."

"Nonsense. John. You know that Uncle Wurzel said it should be here by Christmas Eve at latest, and he is quite sure to have kept the safe side, and sent it off in time."

It was our Christmas turkey that was in question—ours by promise and by rift, at least; atthough doubts, shadowy at first, had gone on gradually assuming consistency and shape, until we had nearly arrived at the conclusion that it must have become some one clee's by right of capture. My wife's uncle, old Mr. Wurzel of Westrepps, had promised to contribute to our Caristmas dinner one of the primest the hospitality of our hearts we had immediately taken steps appordingly.

The fatted turkey being, as we foully

imagined, provided, we had unmediately bidden the guests to come and feast on him. Our little dining room was but a small edition of the drawing-room; and even when four chairs were arranged round its dwarf table, there was but arranged round is dwarf table, there was but scant space left for the evolutions of our plump maid-servant. So the invitations issued were perforce limited to two; these were addressed, first to my friend Quilter, whose articles to an eminent solicitor had just expired, and who was "looking about him?" with a view to starting on his own account; and secondly, to my wife's cousin Palette, a zealous artist, who hoped one day to take high rank as an historical painter. day to take high rank as an historical painter, and who meantime 1 st no opportunity of making a study of the passions. Quiller, as I knew, had thrown over several other engagements to come to us, for he had told me so; and as for Paiette, he was the most trank of men, and had had small scruple in intimating to us that he looked forward with at least as much pleasure to a meeting with the Westrepps turkey as to the reunion with his cousin and her husband.

For Westrepps is and has from time immemo-rial been famed for its turkeys; and Mr. Wurzel has made a reputation by them, as his neighbor, the late Lord Leicester, has done by his sheep. In autumn you see them troop g by nunarea over the wheat stubble, and through the rick-yards among the falling grains. They pass a brief but a happy life in that Norfolk Eden, perging and recorging their portty persons. When cut down in their golden prime, and despatched to the London market, they enjoy a posthumous triumph as the crowning glories the choicest stalls in Leadenhall. Roasted, and reposing on a monster dish, overbearing in death as in life, they almon elbow the less substantial fare from a modest-sized table; and next day, when it reappears grilled and peppered, the very thigh has more substance to show than a leg of black-faced Welsh mutton. No wonder, then, with so much at stake, that we felt anxious and depressed. We felt that, if our looked-for guest blank board and blank faces round it at our little

Christmas merry-making.

How we longed and listened as each footfall on the pavement cohoed clear and loud in the frosty air! How we hoped that it might pause, and, turning in at our little doorway, be followed by the peal of the clanging bell. Thanks to the liberal arrangements at St. Martin's le-Grand, we had a postal delivery about once in each twenty minutes; and when we heard the postman ply knocker or pull bell-wire anywhere in the neighborhood, how anxiously we waited, in some vague hops of an explanation that we felt to be impossible. I believe we had some undefined idea that the mighty fowl might have been despatched at the eleventh hour by pattern post, and be delivered with his blue drumsticks hanging out at one end of the parcel, and his red wattles depending from the other. Ours is a semidetached maisonetie, and the gravel walks that lead up to our door and to our neighbor's are merely separated by a low wire railing; consequently, when a foot treads on either, it is heard with equal distinctness in one house and the other, and for a moment it remains matter of speculation for which the new comer is bound. Twice was the cap of hope raised to our lips by such a footfall, and twice was it to our lips by such a footfall, and twice was it dashed down again, as we woke to the painful truth that the errand was not to us. Once a sustained conversation carried on in the neighboring garden boiled up my wife's excitement to fever point, and at last, declaring that it was evident that there was some mistake which wanted clearing up, she insisted on my going out to examine the might and be in the way to rectify any misure. night and be in the way to rectly any misunderstanding.

The voices of the night came from the servant next door and a railway porter. Notwithstand-ing the extreme lowness of the temperature, he seemed to have been lightening with seme passing galiantries a conversation which must have been of a business character, in so far as it regarded a hamper which lay at their feet. On my emerging, the young lady made a snatch at the hamper, and cut short the dialogue with an trate slam of the door. The young man glanced malignautly at me from under the gas-lamp, and seemed to be breathing something the very reverse of the good will supposed to be congenial to the especial season of love and charity. A sudden thought struck me Providence had sent me, not the turkey, unluckily, but perhaps the means of relieving our minds about it. I supmeans of relieving our minds about it. I sup-penaed the sulky official with a sixpence, whereupon he smoothed his frowns and con-sented to step into the witness-box and be examined. His answers were at first vague and

extremely unsatisfactory:—
"The 'ad 'ad a many turkeys through their 'ands that day, ay, and mayhap for ten days or a fortnight back. They 'ad all been a-leavin' turkeys heverywhere hall over the place." Questioned further, he had heard no complaint

any being delivered anywhere at wrong Thought it was the parties that addresses. Thought it was the parties that

OUR CHRISTMAS TURKEY. | likely to make complaints of that sort than the parties they came to by mistake. Had left one himself at Victoria Villathe joint name of the twin residences inhabited by the Bobstys and myself—that one was addressed to Mr. Bobsty; "but I'm sure I see another at the station tiexeted for Victoria Villas, perhaps two. I don't rightly remember the names on them; but as that one was for Mr. Bobsby, why them ones in course would be for you. Anyhow, they've all been delivered somewhere; for there were none laying at the station when I came away." So far the porter; and I re-entered the house,

with my mind, as I believed, somewhat en-lightened, but certainly very far from pacified. My wife and I talked the matter over, and arrived, not very reluctantly perhaps, at the porter seemed to have come to. If two turkeys had really been left at Bobsby's, why, one of them must of course be ours. Who ever heard of a couple of turkeys coming lawfully to the larder of a little semi-detached villa? We never had thought much of the Bobsbys. Bobsby himself was certainly a quiet, unassuming-looking little man, with a not unpleasant face. But then he habitually came home late in the But then he habitually came home late in the evening, and at the most irregular hours. Either his business was a disreputable oue, and his deeds of the darkness, or his habits were in-tolerably dissipated. Whether criminal or only vicious, he was in any case a hypocrite, and the most undesirable of neighbors. My wife decidealy inclined to pronounce him criminal. The trith is, that Mrs. Bobsby glorified in an endlets variety of the most dazzling tollets, and a wealth of dress and lavish profusion of colors that set expense and good taste alike at deti-It was therefore much more probable third Bobsby earned enough by his ill-gotten gains to gratify the follies of both, than that he leglected his business, and launched out in the designation. Even when my wife had condestended to question ourservants casually on the subject she could get little luformation. Our makes and those next door happened to be at end but our servant had heard from those on the other side that all that Bobsby's servants any about the matter was that they had good wages, paid punctually, and that Bobsby was in business in the city. So of course we kept the Bob bys at arm's length, and my wite repelled some off hand advances that Mrs.

Hobsby threatened us with, with a chilling digotty that is all her own.

It was clear, then, that Bobsby was just the man to embezzle his neighbor's turkey. What steps to take towards its recovery was quite arother thing. It was a delicate matter to tax a well-to-do householder with a theft, and that, oo, upon bare suspicion. But, on the other hand, time pressed. To say nothing of the im-portance to us of having the matter decided arly next day, if we hoped to meet our bird at dinner, if a crime had really been committed, he piece de conviction might by that time have vanished altogether.

"Walt till morning, at all events," recom-mended my wife, after we had discussed the matter and the charce of our discussing the turkey in all its bearings—"walt till to-morrow. Mr. Quilter and Frank Palette come down early to have a long afternoon at the Palace. We live near Sydenham, and Quilter anows the law, and will conduct the case for us."

will conduct the case for us."
So we retired to rest, and Inid our heads on So we retired to rest, and laid our heads on the pillow, firmly pledged by this time to a faith in the guilt of Bobsby. We had a broken night, as might be expected. The victims of a foul crime could hardly sleep peacefully under the same roof with the perpetrators of it. Next morning we rose late, and seated ourselves at breakfast, worn and anxious, with what appetites we might. We had trifled with eggs and toast, and sent them away, when our olfactory organs became conscious of a marked, and not an unpleasant odor. We snifed and and not an unpleasant offor. We entitled and sufficit; there was no mistaking it. As often on previous occasions, it let us into the secret of what was going on in our neighbor's kitchen. Early as it was a turkey was roasting there.

"Please, sir," just then exclaimed our excited cook, heedless of cereplunging head mony, and plunging head foremost into the room-"please, sir, them Bobsbys is a cookin' of our turkey, and I've been out, there's another a lying on the dresser.

but I expressed myself with deliberation and

"In any other circumstances, Mrs. Brown, I should consider it beneath contempt to play the spy upon a neighbor, whatever I may think of his general conduct. If I do it now, it is only in discharge of a daty that I owe to society and to ourselves, in bringing him, if necessary, to condign punishment. I believe I could swear anywhere to a way to tarkey and shall proceed to satisfy Westrepps turkey, and shall proceed to satisfy myself at once as to the question of this Bobsby's guilt or innocence."

"Yes, yes, for goodness' sake go at once," exclaimed my wife; and putting on my hat, I sauntered out at the door, down the little gravel walk, and then leisurely back again; gazing the while steadisstly into the kitchen next door. The turkey then revolving on the spit was, for judicial circumstances, beyond the reach of satisfactory identification, but the companion bird, reposing on the dresser. Illuminated by the full blaze of the glowing fire, his points, his shape, his plumpuess—he was a Westrepps towl all over. I felt that I could swear to him among a thousand. "O come; this is really too much of a good thing. I am to look on turkey-less, while that splendid bird, almost a member the family too, is handled familiarly by

"A merry Christmas to you, and many of them Brown," said and repeated a duet of friendly voices, and Quilter and Palette came stalking into the hitle garden. I took Quilter and Palette into the house, and had the satisfaction of pouring my tale of sorrow and anger into sympathizing ears. As I had foreseen, they showed themselves at least as indignant as our-selves. Palette gave forcible expression to his feelings, with the most elaborate studied dra-matic scatures to match. After the first outburst, it was very different with Quilter. Here was an opening for the display of his professional sagacity. To bring the culprit to justice and the turkey to table would be a triumph of his powers, and at the same time give the bird a zest that no sauce that artiste had ever projected could come up to. He threw himself heart and soul into the ease. He put myself, my wife, and our maids through the most searching of examinations. He collected and arranged the facts, and drew from them deductions most fatal to the character of Bobsby. But 'The proofs—the proofs!" he said, impatiently. 'You profess yourselves willing to swear to the turkey. I do not see that you can do more than identify the breed. You see you never knew the individual personally. If we could manage to trace him, indeed, Fil just step down to the railway, and take the evidence of all the porters; extra-judicially, you know. You'd better show me the turkey before I go. His personal traits will guide me in any qua-tions I may have to put to them."

So we took him out into the garden, and armed him with an opera glass, and Mrs. Bobsby, watchful at her first front window, detected him, as she believed, and with my connivance, ogling her chignoned maid servant, and bounced down stairs accordingly. Meantime Quilter had been looking about him. He stretched his arm over the partition fence, and picked up the torn fragment of an address card.

"In an inquiry of this kind, nothing, however trivial apparently, is unimportant," he re-marked; and then, as he read off the inscription, be turned round to me, ill-concealed triumph beaming from his sharp grey eyes. 'What did you say was the name of that Norfolk farm?"

"The farm !- oh! Westrepps. Why do you "And you say that you have had nothing at

all sent you from there istely?"
"Why, of course, I'll swear they sent that turkey, and old Bobeby stopped it."
"O yes; of course they did. But nothing else,

'No: nothing whatever." "Very good, then. By Jove! we have him! You may send round and fetch a constable. I should say even for a first offense of the sort they can hardly give him less than a fortnight and hard labor. Look there!" And he held before my astonished eyes the damning evidence of Bobsby's guilt. The card, indeed, had been torn across, but on the half picked up was written, is bold characters, in old Mr. Wurzel's fortility hard.

familiar hand, "From Westrepps Farm."
"Look here," suggested Palette, who had hitherto left the affair in Quilter's hands. 'You've carried the matter to far, and very creditable to you it is; but if you go handing this respectable Mr. Bobsby over to the law, why you'll have to hand over the turkey too; in the meantime, at least, remember that. Got anything else for dinner, Brown, eh?? Gullter and I stared blankly in each other's

faces, "No, by Jovel there's something in what

"Ald nothing in the larder, I suppose you mean. Well, but we can't let the begar slip through our fingers, either," remonstrated Quilter.
"You'd better not let that turkey—spleadid fellow he seems, by the by—slip through your sugers," retorted Palette. "I vote for a com-

"Compounding a felony," murmured Quilter,

"If we had a second turkey, as Bobsby has, I should be on the side of principle," said Palette; "as we have not, I lean to expediency, and am still of opinion that at this Christmas season it would be both wise and right to temper justice with mercy. Besides, that is a singularly heavy bird, and will want a great deal of roasting. I vote we look sharp and secure him with as little delay as possible. Keep the law and the olicemen in the background if you will, but let us confront Bobsby at once. I see he's stuffed the bird for us perhaps with chesnuts, possibly truffles; be looks as if he had sound deas of comfort. Small wonder, for he lays in his supplies cheap."

Palette's Achitophelian counsels carried the day. We all three successively stepped over the little railings, our proceedings, as we could see, watched by the enemy from the dim background of their drawing-room. We rang the bell. Some sculling of teet and whispering from within, and the ringleted maid came to present herself.

A brief parley, and we were ushered into Mr.

Bob-by's presence and back parlor. In admirably affected surprise and with much hypocriticat bonhomic he received us, and begged us to be seated. He stood himself on the hearthrug, rubbing his hands, and looking at us

"We have called, Mr. Bobsby, I am sorry to say, on a disagreeable business, which I have no doubt you suspect."

"Really, gentlemen, unless you have come as deputation, asking subscriptions for some-ning or other. I have had at least half-a-dozen of them here in the last two days. I am quite at a loss, but"-brightening up a little-'I am sure I am always glad to make the acquaintance of any neighbor."

of any neighbor."

"I could wish, Mr. Bobsby, that the acquaintance had commenced in more pleasant encurastances. The turkey—" Mr. Bobsby's face
suddenly clouded over. He hushed me to
silence with an agitated, impatient gesture,
and, planeing uncasily at the door, opened it
sharply, and closed it again suspiciously.

"Didn't I tell you!" said Quitter, nudging my
clow. "Clear as mud. Leave the matter to
me! H-h-m!" he began, clearing his throat,
straightening himself in his chair, and assuming
a most judicial and imposing manner. "It's a
had business, Mr. Bobsby, as my friend says—a

a most judicial and imposing manner. At bad business, Mr. Bobsby, as my friend says very bad business indeed."

Mr. Bob by looked stupefied. "A bad business!" he repeated slowly, and half to himself a bad business? What can you possibly know about it? Few better businesses in the line; lew

"Then let me tell you, sir, the line must be an abominably bad one; and I may warn you, moreover, a line exceedingly likely to twist teett into a halter, if you go on as you have

The little man's face blackened again; then it flushed up, as standing on the hearth, ruflling up like a puguacious bantam, he said, "I have no wish to be uncivil in my own house, gentle-men; but I won't be insulted in it either, and so I tell you once for all."

Palette had got out a note-book and pencil, and was dashing off with the facile hand of a master our host's admirably feigned indignation, probably to be used hereafter in one of his great pieces. Quitter, altogether forgetful of our proposed tactics, and hurried away by professional feeling, was preparing, I saw, to resume the address from the bench where he had eft it off.

"Permit me," I said, recollecting just in time that our dinner was depending on our diplo-macy. "To come to the point, Mr. Bobsby, we came to you about a turkey."
"Well, sir," he said, expressing an amazement

very real, or very admirably acted, "how you have found out anything at all about the turkeys I can't for the life of me conceive; but now you have got at the secret FII do anything you want. You shall have the turkey; I'm sure I'm

want. To shain have the turkey, I'm sare I'm always willing to be neighborly."

"Neigh borly, sir? neighborly, I devilish neighborly!—rather too neighborly, I call it, to take to turkeys addressed to me, and use them precisely as if they were your own! Read that, sir! Had you forgot yourself when you did not tear that up smaller?" And I thrust the fragment of card before his eyes. Bobber read the same card before his eyes. Bobsby read the same without moving a muscle of his countenance, "Well, sir; and what of it." was the sole remark he vouchsafed, and with a certain dignity.

What of it, sir! Of all the unblushing -Why that card, sir, is addressed by Mr. Wurzel, of Westrepps, Norfolk, and was tied to a

'Ot course it was; and what then, may I I was fairly dumbfounded by the man's hardened conscience. "Why, he must be a thief by habit and repute! He must live by plunder and nothing else!" I exclaimed, turning to Quilter,

"Send for the policeman at once," rejoined that gentleman. "I can't stand this; and devil take the dinner!" "Stop a minute, gentlemen!" said Bobsby, earnestly. "It's absurd to be angry; for there nust be some extravagant mistake somewhere. Will you just oblige me before you do anything further, by telling me in plain words what you mean and what you want?"

Quilter stated the case with a beautiful conciseness of precision.

The little man looked first astonished, then annoyed, then savagely sugry. Finally he burst out into a roar of laughter.

"Now, sir, listen to me in turn. You oblige me to let you into a secret which I should much sooner keep to mysef; but as you seem to have got hold of a part of it somewhere, I must ask you, as gentlemen, to promise that it shall go

We bowed coldly, but assentingly.
"My name is Bobsby, as every one knows. By trade I am a poulterer; and that is what I believed that no one down here knew at all.

Mrs. Bebsby accepted my hand only on condition that I should always keep it dark. I am sole partner in the great firm in Leadenhall, trading under the name of Plover, Pigeon & Company. At this season, in the way of busi-

ness, of course I get no end of turkeys from Norfolk, and the best and primest come from my old acquaintance, Wurzell of Westrepps. It is always his that we use for ourselves, and at Christmas time, especially, we have generally a good many going in the house. Wurzel does not know my countrie house. try address; but the card you have picked up happened to be tied to the leg of a very fine bird that came in after the great consignment forgotten, I suppose, before—and that reached my shop only yesterday. He was such a splendld one, that I thought I would bring him down and eat him at home. That's my story; and, unless some of you are in the trade too, what you know about Westrepps and its turkeys I can't conceive. But when you came in and you know about Westrepps and its turkeys I can't conceive. But when you came in and talked of them, I thought you must have found me out somehow, and had come to ask me for a Christmas turkey; and although, of course. I do no business in the country, yet, as I said, I like to be neighborly; and have it you shall, even after all that is done. Only promise that you will tell to no one what I have told to you, or Mrs. Bobsby will force me to give up this house, and move off somewhere else, bag and baggage."

baggage."
The explanation sounded honest and plausible. and Bobsby clinched conviction by producing a note from Old Wurzel, which he happened to have in his pocket-book. With what grace we could we proceeded to spologize; Quilter pointing it out, with elaborate and elegant minuteness, how the circumstantial evidence in the case was absolutely irresistible, and that it was only by courtesy that a legal mind could let it be outweighed, even by the positive proof which Bobaby had advanced on the other side.
At that instant a ring resounded through the little house, and the mald brought in a letter, saying it had been brought down from town,

and was marked immediate.
"Queer coincidence," said Bobsby; "here is another note from Wurzel, enclosed from my shop. It may perhaps interest you, as you know him." He read it and then handed it to me. It ran

"Dear Sir:-I find that my man has stunidly ent a turkey to your address which I intended for a nephew of mine. As I should be sorry that he was disappointed, would you oblige me by passing it in to him at once; or, should you already have disposed of it, let him have the very best you can supply in its place. His address is John Brown, Victoria Villas," etc.

etc.'
"So, now, gentlemen, I hope your minds are quite satisfied; and, after reading that, your consciences, I think, may be easy, when I offer you the very identical bird."

Humiliated as I fell at my precipitate injus-tice. I could hardly decline, more especially as ooth Quilter and Palette declared at once, with marvellous ucanimity, that nothing could be more honorable than Mr. Bobsby's behavior, and that the only way I could possibly atone an involuntary wrong was by accepting the tarkey in the spirit in which it was offered, So I did accept, and a very capital dinner we made of it. To my wife, I think, it was tainted by the arriere pensee that it might bridge the gulf that had hitherto been fixed between her and her vulgar and dressy neighbor. She need not have troubled herself on that score. Henceforth the repulsion seemed to be on Mrs. Bobsby's side; and at next term Bobsby's little house was to let. Doubtless his wife had learned that we were privy to the fatal recret, and so took the precaution of car-rying it away to hide it clsewhere. And, after all, no friendship with the Bobbys followed on the episode of our Obristmas turkey.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

COLD WEATHER DOES NOT CHAP ALCONA "EDGLYARIN FABLETO SSOLIDI STED ALCONA "EDGLY ARIN PABLETO SOURDISTED OF LYCERIN. Its delily use makes the skin delicately soft and beautiful, It is designifully fragrant, ireaspacent, and bromparable as a folist sonp. For sale by all Drugglats, R. & G. A. WRIGHP,

242 No. 624 CHESNUT Street,

CHRISTMAS DINNER TO THE POOR. The Teathers of the Schools and Managers of the BEDFORD STREET MISSION will give a Dinver on CHRISTMAS DAY to the Scholars of their Day and Sabe th Schools, at the Mission, and their Day and Sabe th Schools, at the Mission, and their at 12 o'clock. The friends of the Mission, and all who feel an Interest in the poor of that digraded section of our city, are cordially havited to be present Singing by the Scholars in the Chapel previous to the Dinner.

inner. Contributions of money, poultry, provisions coal, and clothing thankfully received by the undersigned snagers of the bilacion, for distribution among the

d suffering:—
EDMUND S. YARD, No. 200 Spruce street.
JACOB H. BURDSALL. No. 1121 Chesnut,
WILLIAM A. SMETHURST. No. 7 Back,
JAEFS L. BISTHAM, No. 710 S. Second.
E. A. JOHN*, N. E. COF. FOURTH and Arch.
GEORGE MILLIKEN, No. 323 Arch.
REV. J. D. LONG, No. 619 Benford. 12 16 81

PETROLEUM V. NASBY WILL DELIVER HIS CELEBRATED LECTURE, CUSSED BE CANAAN," REVISED AND REWRITTEN, ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
WEDNESDAY December 78, 1868.
IN ALD OF THE
WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND,
POST No. 2, G. A R.

Tirkets for rale at the Academy and a TRUMPLER'S. 1215 16 19 21 21 23 CITY TREASURER'S OFFICE. PHILADELI HIA, Dec. I, 1868. NOTICE.—The Semi-annual Interest on the five and six per cent, loans of the City of Pulla-delphia due January 1, 1809, will be paid on and

Loans maturing January, 1869, will be paid on presentation, interest ceasing from date or

presentation, interest ceasing from date of maturity.

The ordinance of Councils approved May 9, 1868, directing that "all certificates of city loans shall be registered previous to the payment of the interest," will be strictly adhered to at the payment of the interest due January, 1869, to the control of the interest due January, 1869, to the control of the payment of the interest due January in the control of the contro ooth resident and non-resident loau-holders, JOSEPH N. PERISOL, 123 27 City Treasurer.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. OFFICE OF GENERAL FREIGHT AGENT,

NO, 1302 MARKET STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, Dalember 18, 1888,

NOTICE—The rates for transportation of Gas and
other Billimilitous Coal to be carried over the Paul
sylvania Balirond, Western Pesniplivania Ralirond
and Philadelphia and Krie Balirond, to take effect
JAP UARY 1, 1889 can be obtained upon application at this Office.

S. B. KINGSTON,

S. B. KINGSTON, General Freight Agent. Peansylvan's Railroad Company. HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILROAD EXCURSION TICKETS, AT REDUCED RATES. BETWEEN ALL STATIONS, GOOD FROM DEC 28 to JAN. 2, 1860, INCLUSIVE. [1218 61

CAMBRIA IRON COMPANY. - THE Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Cambria Iron Company will be held at their office, No. 400 CHESNUT Street, Philadelphia, on TUESDAY, the 19th day of JANUAIKY next, at 4 o'clock P. M., when an election will be held for seven Direction of the company was a seven Direction of the company will be held at their office. tors to serve for the ensuing year.

JOHN T. KILLE, Secretary.

Philadelphia, Dec. 17, 1868.

12 18 dtJ19*

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK,
PHILADELPHIA. December II, 1888.
The Ansual Recibin for Directors of this Bank will be held at the Banking House on WEDNESDAY, the 1st hey of Janua'y next, between the hours of 11 o'clock A. M. and 2 o'c' cok F M.

12 11 27;
W. RUSH FON, JR., Cashler

SOUTHWARK NATIONAL BANK. The Annual Election for Directors of this Bank will be held at the Banking House on TUESDAY, January 12, 1660, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 12 o'clock M.

2 16wfmtJ12

SPECIAL NOTICES.

BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE.—THIC spleudid Hair Dye is the best in the world; the only true and perfect Bye; harmless, reliable, lostantaneous; ac disappointment; no ridiculous sints; remedies the ill effects of bad dyes; invigorates and leaves the Hair soft and benutiful, black or broten, boid by all Druggists and Perfumers; and properly applied at Batchelor's Wig. Factory, No. 18 BOND birect, New York.

ONE POUND OF ELASTIC SPONGE will go as for as one and a half pound of curled hair. The latter after short usage becomes matted and hard, while the former always retains its elasticity and can be used again after hav

SKATING AND SKATES.

CHESNUT ST. RINK ASSOCIATION

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