## 

## RAWDON'S RAID.

## A STORY OF THE SNOW.

From London Society. I.-In the Loose-Box;

6

The ancient hostler of "The Jocelyn Arms" hed the way across the hard-frozen stable-yard to the loose-box in the corner; the two men \* from the Court followed.

"Fyle have gone out, Major," old Spavin grunted to the elder of the pair; "but he said 't were likely you'd be down to see the mare; and so he left the key with me."

"All right!" the Major modded between two little blue clouds of Cavendish. "Yes, I've brought down Mr. Jocelyn to look at her. Let Pyle know I'm here when he comes backwill you!" he added, when the old man had unlocked the creaking door.

Mr. Spavin took the hint and his departure-The Major and his friend, Dick Jocelyn, passed into the well-warmed and littered loose-box.

"There she is, Dick!" the mare's owner remarked, when the biting breath of that bitter winter's day had been shut out once more; "there she is! Worth coming here to look at, ain't she?"

Dick Jocelyn, usually a man of few words, wagged his handsome head affirmatively. The

wagged his handsome head amrinatively. It is mare was rubbing hers, with a low whinning of delight, against the Major's shoulder. "Ah I Lucia, mia bella," Rawdon Daring-ham apostrophized his pst, patting her glossy neck; "you'll show them the way to-night won't you ?"

Lucia dropped her ears, and whinnied again for answer. The Hussar looked meaningly in his companion's face as he whistled a bar of "Young Lochinvar." Dick Jocslyn seemed to understand, and responded with an eloquent grin.

Then, from sheer habit, the two fell to diacussing the mare's points for the next five minutes, offering sacrifice, as it were, to the genius loci. For both were thinking about a very different matter all the time. At last they made an end of all that, and were standing, the one leaning against the manger, the other sgainst the wall, meeting each other's eyes, very much like a pair of Augurs. "Well !" Dick Jocelyn said, breaking the

silence with rather an injured air at its being left to his taciturn self to break it; "you'll have to do it, you know !"

"I think so," Daringham responded; "shortest way, and best way too. She couldn't stand another week of this buter's persecution. And I don't see how else I'm to put a stop to it, unless I have a row with him, which would be a bore, and might do no good after

"Make it all the worse !" Dick affirmed. "Jeff wouldn't fight you, you know; and he'd simply take it out of her, the cad !"

Daringham's dark face grew darker, and his teeth closed ominously hard on the thick grey amber between them.

know that," he said; "I know that, Dick. That's what has made me quiet with the fellow so long. But that was before I knew she hated him, and-you understand ?' Jocelyn nodded. The other went on.

"Now it's different. I've a right now to interfere if he annovs her: and I mean to, once for all. Only, as you say, the man won't fight; and I shall put it out of his power to revenge himself on her. There's only one way to do it, and that's this."

Dick signified assent in his favorite fashiou. "Of course," Daringham continued, "I'm sorry to cause any annoyance to Lady Hope: to have to upset her plans, and deprive her of her chosen beau-fils; but, under the circum-stances, I don't see what else we're to do, your cousin and I. Lady Hope, you know, does me the honor to hate me very cordially. Natural enough she should when Mr. Marsden is her standard of perfection. I should have, as far as she is concerned, no chance whatever of winning in the usual way. Now I happen to have set my heart on winning this time, Marsden or no Marsden; and I simply mean to adopt my lady's motto, 'Every one for himself,' and act accordingly.'' Rawdon pointed his words by a few more bars of "Young Lochinvar," while he knocked the tobacco-ash from the brown meerschaum bowl. "Fancy I see the 'puir fulish bridegroom's' expressive countenance when he discovers yon've bolted !" the grinning Dick felt constrained to say. "It was a simply heavenly idea of mine, this !"

Ashbridge about 4 A. M.; and Mr. Fyle had taken upon himself to secure a compartment for his master. Below Ashbridge the rails were reported free; so that if the train got as far as that station there was no likelihood of its being blocked up again further on.

On this Mr. Fyle had certain orders given him; and then Rawdon Daringham, Major of "Ours," and his friend, Dick Jocelyn the Guardsman, walked, talking rather earnestly together, through the straggling streets of the Kentish village where the last red rays of the wintry afternoon sun were gleaming on frosted window panes, and so through the lower lodge-gates and the long avenue of snowdraped elms back of Dane Court.

Ex-private John Fyle watched them a brief while, stroking his moustache as he had seen his master stroke his.

"Ah !" he thought aloud, as he turned away; "that's the Major's little game, is it ? And a very pretty little game, too !"

II.-Senle a Senle. "Hilda! You love him ?"

"O Helen !"

Miss Jocelyn's confession in two words, made with such a piteous little sigh, such a tell-tale hiding of a blush-rose face in her confessor's lap! The said confessor looked grave, but stroked the penitent's fair hair fondly and forgivingly enough, notwithstand-

ing. Then there was silence for a space in that little chamber where the cousins sat that wintry gloaming over the log-fire. Cousin Helen's room, they called it at Dane Court. It looked over the lawn upen the park and the great elms of the Long avenue, up which Dick Jocelyn and his friend were walking just then, after their visit to Lucia's loose box.

It was of one of those two out there in the snow that Helen Carew and Hilda Jocelyn had been talking for the last half-hour, till their talk had ended in that last question and answer we have overheard. It began again, of course, in a minute or two. Naturally it couldn't be let to die there. "My poor darling!" Helen said, bending

over the golden head nestling in the folds of her dress. "Since when ?"

"Always, I think. Always, since that first night I saw him. Oh, Nell, I couldn't help it !"-as though the child anticipated rebake,

and were trying to deprecate it. But the other hadn't, apparently, the heart to be hard with the criminal. Nay, she bent over her pet closer, and put her hands under the oriminal's cheek and chin, and lifted up the flushed, tear-stained little face, and kissed it. That kiss was absolution in full. Hilda felt that; so the tears fell faster. Helen let them have their way awhile before she said :-

"That was six months ago, Mignonne. 1 remember; at that ball at Princes Gate. Dick brought him there. Just after you had let them tie you to the other it must have been. O Hilda, why did you ever let them ?"

As if Mignonne had ever had a chance against mamma. That match between her daughter and Jeffrey Marsden, the city banker, had been a pet project of Lady Hope's always; it was so likely any objection on the child's part to the arrangement would have carried weight! Mylady's word, as she proclaimed to all the world, was law; Hilda had never in all her life dared dream of disobedience, as she

told her confessor now. "What could I do?" she pleaded. "Mamma said I was to take him; and he asked me-O Nell, his cold, hard voice made me shiver !-and I did as I was told. And then he came-Rawdon. And then I knew what I had done. We went away to Homburg, mamma and I; and I tried not to think about him. It was no use, Nell. He came to Homburg, too, with Dick. Mamma was terribly apgry with me because he did. And I deserved it, for I was so happy ! He never said a word to me any body mightn't have heard; but I thoughtbut I knew he cared for me before we went away. I don't know whether Mr. Marsden fancied anything; but in his icy way I know he hated him. Mamma said cruel things to me about him. I didn't mind; I was so hsppy-happy in such a strange painful way, dear !-- to think he cared for me, my brave strong Rawdon! Then we came home. O Nell, I thought I should have died that night I said good-bye to him; the last night I should ever see him, perhaps ! We came home. I think if I hadn't got ill, and you hadn't come down here to nurse me and fight for me, mamma would have had me married to Mr. Marsden in the autumn. As it was, I got a respite till now. And now I can't do it ! I won't do it !'' poor Hilda sobbed out.

"But Rawdon says she mustn't be told yet, 1 nor Mr. Marsden.

"Yet ! Have you forgotten what this day fortaight was to have been ?" Mignonne gave a little shudder. "You would have been Mrs. Marsden by this time, poor child ! He thinks yon are to be, still. He's a right to think so, Hilds, till you tell him you've changed your mind. And you must tell him."

Hilda shook her head. "Don says no!" she replied, dutifally.

"He says mamma is too strong against us as it is.' "What are you going to do, then ?" Miss

Carew asked, rather impatiently.

"Whatever Don tells me, dear," Mignonne said. "I leave it all to him." "I must have a little talk with this auto-

oratic Don," Helen said to herself. There came a knock at the door.

"May I come in, Helen ?" Dick Jocelyn's voice asked.

"Of course," Helen answered; and Dick entered.

He went straight up to the log-fire and stirred it into a blaze. Then he leaned tran-quilly against the low mantel-piece and warmed himself.

"Cold, ain't it ?" he said. "Come in to tell you we've arranged about the sledges for to-night. Don will drive one of you, and I

"What did she say ?" questioned Helen,

you know. However, I managed to convince her that she couldn't get more than four people into the carriage-herself, old Jeff, and the two Pierrepoint women. She couldn't very well offer to send them in a sledge; besides, Don and I wouldn't have 'em at any price. We don't mind driving you two. I told my lady so."

might think herself lucky if it got her to the Boodles' on a night like this, with the snow wouldn't go. Needn't, I told her; but we meant to go-you should have seen Jeff's face when I said that, Hilda ?-for the fun of the thing. And, besides, what would the Boodles' think if she stopped away, when they came to her with four horses and a snow-plough? At last she dropped into my plan. You and Hilds are to be sleighed over. Old Jeff, it seems, has more confidence in my skill than in Don's, so I'm to take Mignoune, and you'll have to trust yourself to him." "Oh!" remarked Helen, seeing an opportu-

nity for her little tale. "Yes," Dick returned. "Crumple your

ball-dresses a bit the buffalo-robes will; but it's the only way of getting there to-night, I do believe. Suppose you want to go !" "Yes, of course !" both girls cried quickly.

"All right; then. Start at ten. Don's had a mare he had in Canada sent over from the Barracks expressly for the occasion; and it's a

splendid night." Dick moved away from the mantel-piece as if he were going. Instead of that, however, he dropped into a chair, as though the unwonted eloquence he had indulged in had knocked him up. He smoothed Hilda's golden hair rather more fondly than usual, too, as he said :--

"Go and get me a rosebud for my coat out of the conservatory, Mignonne, will you ?" She looked up at him inquiringly. He drew her head closer, and whispered in her

ear. A stage whisper, though; Helen heard what he said. "Don's there, darling ! My lady's dress-ing; so are the other women; and old Jeff's

writing in the library for his life to save the post. Don wants to speak to you."

She gave a little cry, and ran out of the room.

"Dick !" Helen said, reproachfully. "Pooh !" returned that individual. "Hasn't

she been telling you all about it ? Thought And you don't suppose I'm g her marry that grey old icicle, Jeff Marsden -do you? I'd have stopped that little game of my lady's at first if I'd been on the "I'm going to stop it now. Awful fun spot. it'll be !!!

tell me at the last moment that I am not to go to-night for no better reason than to parade your authority over me-an authority to which you have no right either.'

He turned very white, but stood speechless. She went on-"An authority you claim, I know, but

which you have done nothing to gain. What have you ever been at the pains to win from And now you 'command' me ! It is me? too late !"

Flat rebellion this, beyond question. Fool that he was to try and crush it with the

heavy hand as he thought he could do ! "Enough, if you please !" he said, with

what he flattered himself was irresistible severity; "I can listen to no more of this. Once more, and for the last time. I distinctly and formally forbid your going to this ball to-night. Be good enough to let that suffice." How little he knew what he was really doing at that moment ! Couldn't he almost see, though, in the face she turned towards him 7

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"It shall suffice !" she said. "Distinctly and formally I refuse to be forbidden. For the last time, as you say.'

Before he could find his voice again, there came a sound of other voices from beyond the porticires. The other women had come down. This pleasant little tôte-d-tête was going to be interrupted. And she had defled This penniless child he thought he him ! had broken so thoroughly to his hand had defied him, Jeffrey Marsden, the millionaire, who had actually condescended to ask her to be his wife! What did it mean ? What could have come to har? And what was he to do? She had set his express commands at naught; she evidently was determined to have her own way and go.

His cold blood ran almost warm under the sense of his defeat. But he was so utterly taken by surprise that he could only mutter awkwardly enough something about "Lady Hope" and "to-morrow" before the others were in the room. To-morrow ! He remembered afterwards the smile that crossed the girl's pale face when he talked of that.

(Concluded to-morrow.)

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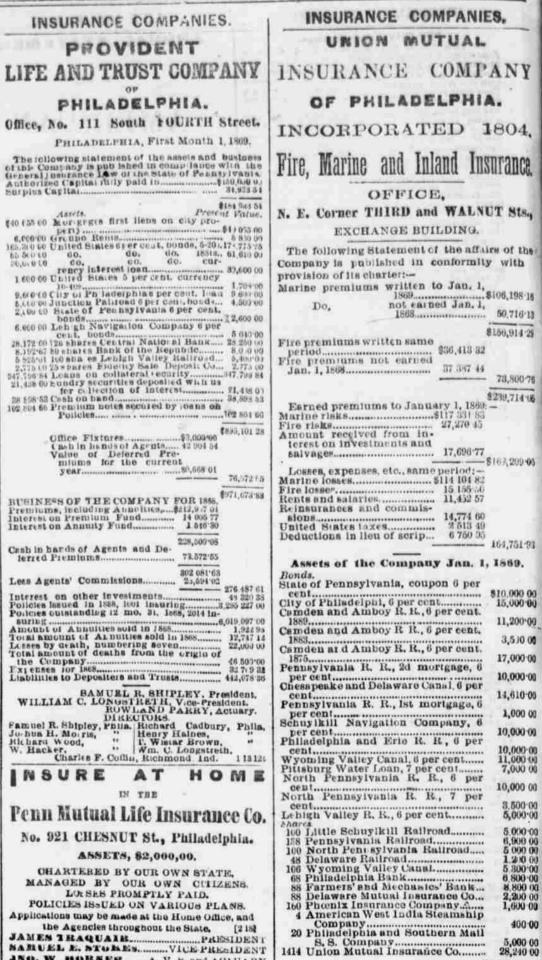
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NORTH AMERICA,

the other. I've told my lady about it." glancing at Hilda. "Objected, of course. She always objects,

"On n'est plus flatteur, Monsieur !" "No, is one? Well, my lady suggested the carriage should come back for you. I said she

He chuckled fondly over the "heavenly idea," and the vision he had conjured up, for a minute or two. Then, relapsing into his wonted impassibility of demeanor, he inguired :

"To-night, eh ?"

"That depends," the other answered, "on Fyle's report. I've sent him over to the Ashbridge Station to know if they will try and get the Paris mail through to-night. The line's blockaded heavily between Ashbridge and Dover; but as they 've been at work for the last two days, and there has been no wind today to make a fresh drift, there is just the chance they will manage it. If they do, we're all right; if they don't, partie remise, that's all !"

"You're a jolly cool hand, Don !" Dick muttered, admiringly. "Said anything to her yet?

"Not advisable till I've seen Fyle. No use in troubling her before her time, poor child ! But I've had a little conversation with Mademoiselle Fanchon, who quite understands what she's got to do, and will be only too delighted to do it. The notion of a trip to Paris won her at once."

"Good girl that," observed Dick; "hates old Jeff like poison too."

"Most women generally do manage to hate Mr. Marsden, somehow," Rawdon responded, "like most men. Well, Fanchon is all right, and will see about baggage. She'll join us at Ashbridge under Fyle's escort, if the business is to be done to-night."

"And the way we arranged holds good ?"

"Barring accidents or anything unforeseen in Fyle's report presently-yes. There's some one riding into the yard now. He's come back, I dare say."

The Major pushed open the door and looked out.

"I thought so, Dick," he said. "Here be is.'

A man in a groom's undress, with "soldier" stamped upon him unmistakably, was swinging himself off his horse and bawling for Mr.

Spavin. "Here, Fyle !" Rawdon called, as the anelent hostler came shivering and shambling out of the warm tap-room and took the huzsar's bridle. Mr. Fyle turned, made his appearance in Lucia's loose box the next minute, and, subsequently, his soldier-like report. The line would be clear enough of snow, the Ashbridge station-master had told him, by an early hour the next morning to admit of an attempt, at all events, being made to get the lorg delayed Paris mail through to Dover, supposing, of course, no fresh fall took place and no wind came on to occasion a fresh drift. The mail was expected in such case to reach

The elder girl's soft voice and loving hands soothed her tenderly.

"I begin to think you musn't, Mignonne," Helen said. "And if you mustn't, you shan't! But let me hear the end of it. How came Major Daringbam down here this Christmas ?" Migno nne smiled through her tears.

"Dick brought him again," she answered. "Dear old Dick ! He's been so good to me, in

his quiet, cool fashion, all through. I think he and Rawdon are bosom friends, you know, like you and me; they've no secrets from each other; and-"

"I see !" Helen nodded. "And, moreover, Dick detests the Crossus. Yes, I quite understand."

"And you know," Hilds went on, "mamma never quarrels with him, somehow; and Dane Court really belongs to him; so when she found Rawdon in the drawing-room one day, just before you came back, dressed for dinner, and Dick told her he'd brought him down for the shooting, why, she had to accept the situation. Only she wrote off to Mr. Maraden, I think, to come down too, a fortnight sooner than had

been arranged. And before he came -" Mignonne made pause here. The fair little face paled and flushed; the golden head began to droop again. It was clear enough to Miss Carew what had happened before Jeff Marsden came.

"He spoke to you ? You let him, Mignonne /

"Let him ! Do you think I could stop him, Helen ? I hadn't the power-nor the will, perhaps. Yes, he did speak to me; he did tell me he loved me! And I listened to him."

She lifted her head up with a sudden, prond little gesture, and looked her questioner fairly in the eyes.

"I listened to him," she went on-"listened to every word that made me thrill, and shiver, and grow faint, to every low passionate word he spoke, as you would never think his voice could speak. He loved me, my own ! His own lips were telling me so; how could I not listen ? I was his, he said; no other man's. His own-was it not so? Ah! he had no need to ask. I was his! I am his, not this other man's."

Passion transformed the child's face so that there was opon it something of my lady's "determined" look while she spoke those last words.

"You never can be the other man's now, Mignonne," Helen said presently, when the Major's wooing had been circumstantially described, and there were no more questions to be asked. "But you must tell Aunt Hope what has happened."

"Tell mamma? I daren't, Helen. She's set her heart on my marrying her Crossus. And, besides, she can't bear Rawdon."

"For all that, if you don't tell her, Rawdon must. Or I; I'm not afraid of her."

"What do you mean ?"

"Going to tell you. You're a sensible girl, Helen, and worth the trouble. Sit down and listen.'

Miss Carew sat down, and did listen. Dick began to unfold a conspiracy. When the dressing-bell rang, Mignonne hadn't come back, and Dick was talking away still.

III .- The Boodles' Ball.

"I think it a most objectionable proceeding, and I repeat that it is my wish that you do not go !'

He who spoke was a grim, gaunt, grizzled personage, with a voice that grated on your nerves like a hand saw: with thin, bloodless lips and freezing, steel-blue eyes; clothed in severe evening-dress; in a choking collar and a creaking cravat, and a decidedly bad temper. He was Jeffrey Marsden, banker, of Lombard street and Roehampton; and, having managed to catch her alone for five minutes in the Dane Court drawing-room before the expedition started for the Boodies' ball, he was haranguing the fair-haired child, whom he connted on having in another fortnight undisputed right to harangue for the rest of her natural life, in his most autocratic manner. though with hardly the same effect as usual. Hilda stood where he had stopped her, rather pale, and with her little gloved hands

clasped tight upon each other, but neither trembling nor submissive.

"My wish, my request, that you give up this ball, under the circumstances !" enunciated Crossns, after an emphatic pause, and setting down an empty coffee-oup. "Give up this ball ?" Hilds repeated-and

he was vaguely conscious that she spoke in a different way, somehow, to her usual one towards himself-"why ?"

Mareden looked at her over the creaking cravat as one who finds a difficulty in understanding what he hears, or fancies he can scarcely hear atight.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in his most icily rasping tone; "you asked me - ?"

'I asked you why I should give up this ball ??? She met his hard eyes quite steadily. He

looked at her in real anyprise. "Did you not hear me say it was my wish,

my request? You can require no better reason.

"A plainer one, at all events." "Huda !"

He had never called her by her name half-adozen times in his life; he was only startled into doing so now. What had come to her, that she dared speak in this way, dared meet his rebuking glance so-yes, so defiantly ! We must put an end to this once for all.

His thin lips shut close together once or twice. Then he said with his most offensively anthoritative air,-

"You oblige me to lay my commands upon you not to go."

He was preparing to stalk gravely to a chair, or out of the room, when she spoke again, still in that same changed voice.

"You have no right to do that !" Hilda said. "No right ?" he repeated, mechanically. "No. No right to 'command' me not to go.

No right to 'command' me at all. No right to speak to me as you do speak. No right to

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ready for delivery. RICHABD VAUX, President.	SAMUEL R. SHIPLEY.
MARTIN LANDENBERGER, Treasurer, MARTIN LANDENBERGER, Treasurer, MICHALL NISLET, Becretary, 111 0m	Vice-Fresident, William C. LOEGevrREY Actuary, ROWLAND FAI The advantages offered by this Company excelled.

J. S. Perot, John Moss, Lemuel Coffin, C. H. Cammings, J. H. Tilge, W. D. Winsor, James L. Bewley, Henry Lewis, J. C. Steiner, Edward L. Clark, tter, ke, ary, George Lewis, H. F. Robinson, 8. Samuel C. Cook, sident. RICHARD S. SMITH, President. Centra 1 257 JOHN MOSS, Secretary. 1 12 125 UAL DELAWARE MUTUAL SAFETY INSUR-ANCE COMPANY. Incorporated by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, 1825. e Co. Office S. E. corner of THIRD and WALNUT Bireets, Philadelphia. MARINE INSURANCES On Vessels, Cargo, and Freight to all parts of the world. REET. INLAND INSURANCES 68, On goods by river, caual, lake and land carriage to all parts of the Union. ,900.0 ,593.3 ,846.8 FIRE INSURANCES On Merchandisegeneraliy; on Stores, Dweilings, Houses, etc. DUR 180 00.00 ASSETS OF THE COMPANY, ASSETS OF THE COMPANY, November I. 1863. \$200,000 United States Five Per Cent. Loan, 10 40s...... 120,000 United States Six Per Cent. Loan, 103 Perfectle R). 200,000 State of Pennsylvania Six Per Cent. Loan. 58.58 \$208,500,00 Term 136,800.00 50.000.00 211,875 06 sident. 128,591 00 51,500 00 any ha 20,200.00 NY OF 24,000 00 ETUAL by 20,625 00 urniture, 21,000.00 for more 5,031 25 cipal and interest guaran-teed by City of Philas'a, W shares Stock ... 15,000 00 10,000 Penn'a Railroad Company, 200 shares Steck. 5,000 North Penn'a Railroad Co. ъ. 11,300 00 100 shares Stock 20,000 Phila and Southern Mall Steam.Co. Stabares Stock 207,900 Loans on Boild and Mort-3,500 00 aldeni, 8,283 15,000 00 THE gage, first liens on City Properties...... LUAL-NO BALLAND BALLAN 207.900.03 \$1,109,600 Par. Market value, \$1,130,325-25 Cost, \$1,093,604-26. Real Estate .... 36,000.00 322,486 94 on marine policies, accured inter-est, and other debts due the com-B Fund Stock and scrip of sundry corpora-40,178-88 mrity in 1,813.00 116,563 78 Pell. \$1,647,367 80 atd ent. Edmund A. Souder, Diker Thomas C. Hand, John C. Davis, James C. Hand, Treophius Paulding, Joseph H. Seal, Hnga Graig, John R. Penrose, Jacob P. Jones, Jsmes Traquair, AL. Samuel E. Mokes, Henry Sloan, William C. Ludwig, 00. Joseph H. Seal, Joseph H. Seal, John R. Penrose, Jscob P. Jones, James Traquair, Edward Darlington, H. Jones Brooke, James B. McFarland, Edward Lafourcade, Joshua P. Eyre, THOMAS C. HAND, President, JOHN C. DAVIS, Vice-President, HENRY BALL, Assistant Secretary. [10 6] REET. sucons JUW Gal THL RBY, Are 1371