### VING TELEGRAPH-PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1869. THE DAILY E

# RAWDON'S RAID.

A STORY OF THE SNOW. From London Society.

[CONCLUDED FROM YESTERDAY.]

6

"What's been the matter, Mignonne?" Helen whispered as she came up to Hilds by the fire, and Marsden stalked away stridently in his varnished boots. "Have you told him ?" Huda shook her head.

"He has been telling me that I wasn't to go to-night, that's all," she answered. "Ordered me not to go; and, he said, for the last time !" "Now then !" Dick Jocelyn broke in, "come

and be wrapped up, you two. Lady Jocelyn's carriage stops the way. Perhaps you'll give my lady your arm Marsden. Don and I will see after the girls."

"Really, Richard," began that "faded beauty of the baths," Lady Hope, "I think they'd better let the carriage come back for them !"

"Wait till it gets there, first, chore tante ! You don't know what the roads are like tonight. Better let us come back for you. But dan't keep the horses standing, if you mean to go, I advise you. Now, Marsden, look alive, will you?" the irreverent youth went on. "Ah! here's Don, in his Canadian get

np." Rawdon came in with a fur pelisse over his hall dress, and another over his arm.

"I think this won't orush you very much, Miss Jocelyn," he said, in his tranquil way, going straight up to Hilda: "it is very warm and very light. Let me put it on for you." He wrapped the glossy seal skins about her tenderly, under Marsden's hostile eyes and my lady's.

The Lombard street plutocrat cared as much, I verily believe, for the girl as he could care for anything but himself; though to "form" her for his wife he had, in his eternal selfasertion, tyrannized over her till she simply hated him; and, seeing another perform what should have been his duty-watching her face when she met Rawdon's look-a feeling of simple dislike he had always been conscious of for the Sabreur grew sharply into a stronger, and to him a very strange one - jealousy. Yes, Jeffrey Marsden hated the man jealously now. Was it he who had undermined his authority over his future wife ? Did he actually dare to -----?

He tries to stifle that half-formed thought his overweening pride revolted at so augrily. "But there shall be no more of this !" ĥe said to himself as he led Lady Hope out to the

carriage. The Pierrepoint women and the other four followed. Dick was right about the night: it was

splendid. Clear, calm, moonlit, with the thermometer down a dozen degrees below zero. A sparkling snow mantle covered the deer-park and the hills beyond; feather flakes of snow draped every tree. Just the night for a sleigh drive, as Dick remarked.

The two sleighs were waiting just behind my lady's family ark of a carriage. Lucia's silver collar-bells rang out musically as the mare tossed her head and snorted, hearing her master's voice.

"Keep close to us, Richard," my lady said, as she settled herself in her corner; "and take care of Hilda, mind." The family ark moved on a little, and then waited till the others were ready.

Dick Jocelyn lifted his charge in his strong arms, and carried her down the steps to her place in his own sleigh, and rolled the great buffalo-robe round her. Miss Carew followed, on the foot-cloth, under Don's escort. "All right !" Dick inquired, taking his

reins. "All right !" came from the rear.

"Go on, Johnson !" and the expedition star ted.

The great ark lumbered along with a tortoise-like deliberation; the two sleighs slid smoothly after. Down the Long Avenue, through the Lodge gates, into the iron-bound road, with a wall of snow a dozen feet high

I shall be waltzing with her, and looking ont for you. When I see you I'll stop, and get her out of the room in the general sorimmage without being noticed. Then on with those sealskin swaddling clothes, into the sleigh, and—jouette cocher / We ought to be half-way to Calais before any one but you and Miss Carew's the wiser. Understand ?" "All right !" Dick nodded. "But, I say,

Don, she won't hang back at the last moment, eh ? It's now or never for you, you know. You won't get a chance like this again. And women are queer cattle."

"I don't think she will," Rawdon said, looking up the room towards her. "She might under other circumstances, perhaps, but not now. Marsden has managed matters too well for that. The pompous bully would drive a woman to anything. He was hector ing her about coming here to-night before we started, just as if she didn't hate him already The man's been playing my game all through my last move will checkmate him. It's time to play it. You've ten minutes to see to the sleigh, and I to dance number nineteen. Go

along, old boy !"" "Now tread me a measure, quoth young Lochinvar,'" hummed Dick, as he turned to "Wonder whether he's ever heard of go. "Wonder whether he's ever heard of that song, old-? Ah! beg your pardon, Marsden," he ejaculated with unwonted civility, as he ran against the Crossus, returning from his hunt for Lady Hope's "Hope I didn't hurt you? All carriage. right, Don !"

And the guardsman moved off to fulfil his part in the plot, chuckling at intervals over old Jeil's approaching discomfiture. Rawdon went straight towards Hilda. Maraden followed.

"Well, dear," Helen whispered in her cousin's ear rather anxiously, "will you ?" A pressure of the hand she clung to was all

the other's answer. Then Helen felt her start nervously, and saw her turn pale, and then flush feverishly. She had caught sight of Don making his way round the outside of the circle to where they three were still standing. Miss Carew's own pulse quickened sharply. The decisive moment was all but

"Where can Mr. Marsden be?" snapped Lady Hope, querulously. "What a time he is seeing about the carriage ! Ah ! there he is at last."

There he was, close behind Rawdon; whom Lady Hope overlooked till she heard him speaking to Hilda.

"Numbar nineteen," Don was saying, "our valse, you know, Miss Jocelyn."

Poor child ! How much those quiet commonplace words meant to her ! The crisis had arrived. If she took his arm now she gave consent to that plan for saving her he had proposed. If she refused it-what was left to her

"You had better let me take you to the cloak-room, I think," rasped Marsden's saw of a voice, wonderfully apropos; "the carriage will be ready directly, I believe," it added, as the speaker turned to my lady. "Then we had better go,"

Lady Hope assented. "Will you take Hilda ?"

This was pointedly at Rawdon, who showed no signs of giving way. Marsden advanced a little. It was with his most insufferable air of proprietorship that he thought fit to say-

"Excuse me, Major Daringham. Now, Hilds, come !" And he put his arm out stiffly for her to take.

As Don had said, the man couldn't help playing his opponent's game. That  $t\bar{c}tec\bar{c}t\bar{c}te$ in the drawing-room at Dane Court just now even hadn't taught him better than to take this tone to the girl a second time that night. He fancied, perhaps, that with my lady to back him, she must submit to him this time, and give him a pleasant triumph over the man he hated. So his tone and manuer towards her were simply unbearable. If she ever had hesitated, hesitation was past now. If he ever could have kept her, he had lost her in that

| looking about her anxiously a little in the | vehemently; could hear him calling to them rear.

"Miss Jocelyn passed through the hall this moment," Marsden added. "You must have seen her; and—and—Major Daringham." The last words seemed to choke him.

"Yes," Dick nodded; "I saw 'em all right." "Where are they, then ?" Lady Hope snapped. "I can't find Hilds in the cloak-They say she's not there. Where can room. she be ?"

Dick faced the two, stroking his mustache calmly, but with an odd twinkle in his eyes. V.-Young Lochinvar.

"Gone !"

The same word from all three, but in very

different keys. "Really-" began Marsden with a portentous severity that hugely amused Dick. The plutocrat didn't understand. My lady, with the clairvoyance of a woman of the world, and out of half-formed suspicions of her own, understood everything in a moment. She glanced round her first to see that no one was within hearing; then she said in savage staccate to her nephew, "I'll never forgive you for

this, sir, as long as I live." "Dear me, chire tante! What have I done?" returned the guileless youth, not quite certain whether, as he expressed it, "my lady was fly to all the little game yet."

She wasted no time on him. Her hand grasped Marsden's arm with an energy that startled that emotionless man. Emotionless, though, no longer; for her words startled him even more.

"Don't you see ?" my lady was whispering impatiently. "She's gone-with him. They've eloped! Now listen !"-for he stared at her as though she had suddenly gone mad. He really thought she had. What ! His promised wife dare so far forget what was due to him as to elope !

"Listen !" Lady Hope repeated, actually shaking him in her impatience. "This must be prevented. They must be overtaken, stopped ! At any risk; at ence ! You must do it."

"I ?" Jeffery Marsden gasped. "You. Who else is there ? Richard is in the plot. In another hour it may be too late. Quick, man ! quick !"

He was beginning, electrified by this languid woman's fierce, unwonted energy, to understand now. He had been robbed, and by the man he hated most. For the second or third time that night the snow-water in his veins ran almost warm. She saw his face change.

"Will you go? To save her - to defeat him, remember! There may be time yet." "Yes !" he muttered between his blanched, lean lips; "you're right. There may be time yet; and if I overtake him-! I'll go ! But,

how-where ?" She had thought of everything, this clever

Lady Hope, omniscient almost in her self-interest.

"The other sledge 1" she answered: "it's ready down there, by this time. Didn't you hear him order it? Follow the track. They have gone to Ashbridge, I am nearly sure. There is no train yet; you must prevent this ! But don't waste time! You have your coat and hat ! Quick !"

"Never fear!" he returned; and the blanched lips were actually guilty of an oath; "I'll do it !'

He flung his coat about him, and hurried through the inner glass doors out on to the steps

Dick, explaining matters to Helen sotto voce, had kept an eye on him all the time.

"Let me see about the carriage, Aunt Hope !" he observed. "Poor dear old Jeff will catch his death of cold if you trot him about on a night like this."

He moved away in pursuit; though rather wondering what Jeff could possibly do, you know, after all.

Lady Hope caught him just as he was pushing open the doors that Marsden had just swung back. Through them he saw the latter ush down the steps nd leap (actually leap ! into his (Jocelyn's) sleigh, in readiness, as my lady had foreseen, below; saw the horse plunge and spring forward under the whip; saw his the snow-time last year I heard from those man get knocked backwards and loose his same two people the story of RAWDON'S RAID ! hold on the reins, and Jeffrey Marsden drive

to stop-Marsden's voice, they both said. "He'll break his neck directly !" Rawdon observed with a grim sort of smile; "and we must leave him to it, I'm afraid !" He looked at his watch as he spoke. "Yes; we've no time to waste. Allons !"

The mare laid herself out fairly now. The speed at which they tore along almost took Hilda's breath away. They leit the other sleigh as if it had been standing still.

They were on the high ground now. Straight before them, yonder, where the lights were twinkling, lay the Ashbridge station; right and left the snow-mantled country could be seen for miles. Rawdon's eye rau along a thread-like dark track he knew where to look for-the line of rails down which the Paris

mail was coming. "She ought to be in sight, if they told Fyle the truth !" he muttered; "awkward if she's been blocked up anywhere, now we've got this fellow be hind us !"

Again his eye ran along the line of the embankment. It stood out well against the white background; nothing was visible on it. All this time Lucia's speed never slackened

they were close on the station now. Where was the Mail ? He caught sight of something at last. A red

light; a gleam of other lights, dull through frosty window panes. Then the shriek of a whistle reached them. It was the Dover mail running into Ashbridge. Other eyes beside Don's had caught sight of it. Again that cry to them to stop came from the other sleigh behind. Don laughed.

"Rather a sell for him, you know! He'll come up just in time to see us start !" he remarked.

So it seemed, for they were passing through the gate of the station yard almost as he spoke. It was a tall, heavy gate, usually held open by a catch, but on this occasion by a man mufiled up to the eyes-Mr. Fyle.

"All right, sir !" that individual reported, as Don pulled up a moment. "The Frenchwoman is here with the baggage and the tickets; Mail's signalled. You're just in time, sir."

Don leaned forward and said a brief word such faverable auspices." The Company now have in in the man's ear. Mr. Fyle grinned. "I'll take care, sir !" he returned. The use 137 locomotives and nearly 2000 cars of all de crip-

sleigh moved up the little incline to the station entrance. Mr. Fyle hurried the next moment up after it. Mademoiselle Fanchon rushed out to meet her mistress. The Dover mail ran alongside the platform.

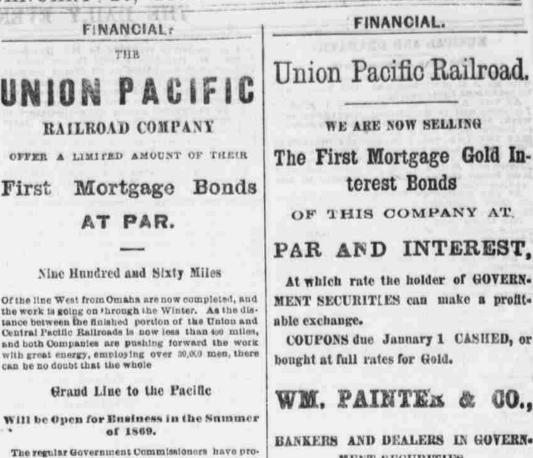
Just at that moment the pursuing sleigh reached the gate of the yard. The pursuer shouted for some one to open it, in vain. With an oath, he leaped out and fumbled with frostbitten fingers at the latch. In vain, too, the latch was immovable; Mr. Fyle perhaps knew best why. The pursuer saw the train run in, heard the doors slam as its passengers took their seats, heard the whistle sound for its departure. And this infernal gate wouldn't open! At last the undignified motion of climbing over struck him. He put it into immediate practice, slightly incommoded by the severely strapped evening nether garments. It was a sight to see that tall gaunt figure cheval upon a gate-bar!

Just as it got there the train began to move

slowly off. "I'll telegraph, though !" the figure mut tered aloud with a vicious expletive, and pre-paring to descend on the other side. Not carefully enough, unfortunately. His foot slipped and turned awkwardly on the middle bar, and Jeffrey Marsden, Esq., came heavily to the ground with a badly sprained ankle, where Mr. Fyle presently found him. The Paris Mail reached its destination with-

out mishap, and Don and his Mignonne got to the Avenue de l'Impératrice in capital time for dinner, as he had prophesied.

material for construction. The income from the Two days afterwards my lady-she had great passenger travel, the China freights, and the managed to survive her disappointment-read her daughter's marriage in the Times. So did Marsden, in bed with incipient rheumatic fever bilities. No political action can reduce the rate of d a sprained ankle. So did Dick Jocelyn



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Of the line West from Omaha are now completed, and the work is going on through the Winter. As the distance between the finished portion of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads is now less than 400 miles, and both Companies are pushing forward the work

of 1869.

nounced the Union Pacific Railroad to be FIRST

CLASS in every respect, and the Special Commission

"Taken as a whole, THE UNION FACIFIC RAIL-ROAD HAS BEEN WELL CONSTRUCTED, AND

THE GENERAL ROUTE FOR THE LINE EX-

CEEDINGLY WELL SELECTED. The energy and

perseverance with which the work has been urged

forward and the rapicity with which it has been

executed are without parallel in history, and in grau-

deur and magnitude of undertaking it has never been equalied." The report concludes

by saying that "the country has reason to con-

gratulate itself that this great work of national im-

portance is so rapidly approaching comple ion under

tions. A large additional equipment is ordered to be

ready in the Spring. The grading is nearly completed,

aud ties idistributed for 120 miles in advance of the

western end of the track. Fully 120 miles of iron for

new track are now delivered west of the Missouri

River, and 90 miles more are en route. The total ex-

penditures for construction purposes in advance of

the completed portion of the road is not less than

Besides a donation from the Government of 12,500

acres of land per mile, the Company is en itled to a

subsidy in U.S. Bonds on its line as completed and

accepted, at the average rate of about \$29,000 per rolls.

according to the difficulties encountered, for which

the Government takes a second lien as security. Th.

Company has already received \$24,078,000 of this

subsidy, being in full on the 940 raties that have been

Government Aid-Security of the Bonds.

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its own FIRST MORIGAGE BONDS to the same

amount as the Government Bonds, and no more.

These Bonds are a First Mortgage upon the whole

road and all its equipments. Such a mortgage upon

what, for a long time, will be the only railroad con-

necting the Atlantic and Pacific States, takes the highest rank as a safe security. The earnings from

the way or local business for the year ending June 30,

1868, on in average of 472 miles, were over FOUR

MILLION DOLLARS, which, after paying all ex-

penses, were much more than sufficient to cover al

interest liability upon that distance, and the earn

ings for the last five months have been \$2,385,870.

They would have been greater if the road had not

been taxed to its utmost capacity to transport its own

supplies for the new Rocky Mountain States and Ter-

ritories, must be ample for all interest and other lia-

examined by the United States Commissioners.

eight million dollars

on either side, stretching and winding away yonder like a narrow white ribbon. In the ark, the Pierrepont women did all

the talking; my lady was sulky with cold, and Marsden sulky with wrath.

"Well, Mignonne !" Dick said presently, to his silent companion, "it's all settled, ain't it ?"

"O Dick," she whispered out of her furs, "how can 1?"

"You will, though !" was the wise youth's mental reply.

"And so, my dear Miss Carew," was how Don finished a long answer to certain objections-urged, half of them, it must be con-fessed, merely pro forma-which Helen had raised. "And so I really don't see what else we are to do-do you, now? Hilda's no chance with my lady if she stays here, nor have I. They'll marry her to this-this man, Marsden. Think what that would be for both of us! My plan saves us both. Everything's arranged. If she says yes, you won't say no ?"

I don't think Miss Carew did. In due time the Dane Court expedition arrived at Boodle Para.

## IV.-"Number Nine,"een."

Three A. M. The Boodles' ball began to manifest symptoms of dissolution. Faterfamilias, with a ten or fifteen mile drive befo," him through cross-country roads, where the snow was up to his horses' withers in places, began to growl and look at his watch; Materfamilias, supped and sleepy, began to cluck impatiently to gather her brood round her out of the milie. The circle was getting freer, and the pace too. The band of the "County Crushers," rather wild and uncertain in its tempo, had just commenced attacking the last valse, number nineteen.

Rawdon and Dick Jocelyn were standing near the doorway. Marsden had that moment stalked out between them. They could hear him asking about Lady Hope's carriage in the

hall; my lady was going. "Ain't much time to lose, Don," Diok said in the other's ear; "my lady'il carry her off directly. Better go and get your valse, hadn't you? She's looking for you, you know."

Hilda was looking for him, as, pale with some unusual excitement, she stood beside my lady, with her trembling little hand olinging secretly to Helen's. The three were at the upper end of the room, where Maraden had left them to order up the ark, and couldn't see Don in the doorway.

"Time enough," the latter replied, coolly, to Dick's suggestion; "I'm waiting for-shi ! here it is-a despatch from Fyle."

A servant save ' with his name scrawled upon it in pencil.

"Boy's just brought this for you from ashbridge, sir," George explained. "1ou were to have it immediate, he said."

"All right."

Don tore open the missive, glanced at the single line in Fyle's writing it contained, and

passed it to Dick. "Baggage and us is here," wrote Mr. Fyle; "fine clear. Mail expected at four."

"Admirable !" Dick ejaoulated, grinning. "'Us' means Fanchon and himself, I suppose. But you must look sharp, old man. It's three

"I know. But Lucia will do the five miles in less than twenty minutes; and I don't want to have to wait at Ashbridge, you understand. Now, look here-you have the sleigh all ready at the half hour. At five and twenty past, just show yourself here in this doorway.

moment. She lifted her head: her eyes met Don's; and Don read her decision plainly in them.

A light came suddenly into his; but it was in his usual impassible fashion that he struck in, sure of winning now.

"Afraid I can't forego my engagement and lose number nineteen, if Miss Jocelyn decides for me," he said. "I don't think the carriage can get up for ten minutes or so, you know, Lady Hope," he added, blandly; "and 80-"

"Excuse me," Marsden said, with his severest, iclest hauteur, "but Miss Jocelyn really cannot-"

Hilda put her hand on Rawdon's arm at the "cannot."

"I decide for number nineteen, at all events," she answered, just in the way she had answered him before the ball. The child's blue eyes looked at him again in that defiant way that had so angered him then. Marsden bit his thin lips, and looked at my lady. My lady looked fairly astonished for once.

"Really, Hilda"-she was beginning in her "punishment" tone. Hilda shook her head.

"I have promised, mamma. It is too late." others could speak again Rawdon had carried her off.

'My own Hilda now !'' he said to her when his arm." were round her in that last valse. "You will \*rust yourself to me, darling ?"

"O Don, "ske me away!" she answered, passionately. "Take me away from him. Anywhere with you !"

He made no reply in words; and she had no more to tell him after that.

Round and round they swept; past my lady's avgry eyes and Marsden's scowling face again and again. Each time they went by the doorway, llawdon looken for Dick Jocelyn's signal that all was ready for the raid. At last Dick appeared.

"Now for it !" muttered Don. He checked his partner, and brought her up close to where Jocelyn was waiting. It was a trying moment; fortunately it was but a moment. All passed so quickly that poor trembling little Hilds had no time to break down.

Rawdon got her through the little crowd near the door without notice. Then sne was in the hall, and Dick was w"opping the furs about her.

"Good by, my pet !" he said to her, rather touched at the sight of her white, wistful face: "Good by, Mignonne ! Take care of her, Don 112

Then she was going down the steps into the icy air, holding Don's arm. Out of the ruck of carriages, the slign and Lucia were waiting. Then Don, muilled in his pelisse, was lifting her into her seat; then Lucia (without her silver grelots this time) was whirling her swiftly down the frozen drive; and Daringham of "Ours" has fairly carried off old Marsden's fiancee. Dick, on the steps, turned to his

own man, who, suspecting nothing, was watching Rawdon's raid mechanically. "You'd better get my sleigh up, Tom," he remarked; "we shall all be starting directly. Well 1 it's done," he soliloquized, as the man went off on his errand; "I'm devilish glad of it. She'll be now happy with Dan; and old

Jeff will be-"Richard !" my lady's voice said sharply b hind him, as he crossed the hall. "Where's Hilda ?"

There stood my lady and Marsden, Helen

furiously off and disappear. "Oh ! by Jove ! you know-" Dick began.

Lady Hope stopped him. "Silence, sir !" she said; "do you want all the world to know this? I sent him to stop

them. And he will." "Will he ?" thought Dick; "he'll probably

break his own neck in the first live minutes, that's all !" Then the thought of Jeffrey Marsden driving a sleigh about the country in the dead of night, and coming to frightful grief against a gate-post or in a side-drift, caused Ensign and Lientenant Richard Jocelyn to laugh aloud.

"Take us to the carrisge, sir !" his relative said, majestically; "whatever happens, we had better not stay here."

They were all back again at Dane Court when they heard what had happened.

Swiftly, smoothly, finging up a little shower of snow spray, and leaving a straight track behind it, that did credit to Don's steering, faster and faster, as Lucia warmed to her work, between the high snow walls on either hand, the sleigh that carried La Mignonne and her Lochinvar whirled along the white solitary road that led straight to the Ashbridge station, four or five miles off.

Mufiled in her furs, and with the great buffalo robe over her, Hilda lay back, only answering her lover's attempts to reassure her by a little sob now and then. The excitement of the last hour or two had been a little too much for the child.

"But it's all' right now, darling !""Rawdon said pleasantly, taking a pull at the mare as he topped the one long hill that lay between Boodle Park and Ashbridge-"it's all right, now. We shall be at the D'Arbleys by dinnertime, comfortably. I've telegraphed to her to meet u" at the Nord terminus. She's about the only relation I've got left; and, as she's fond of me, she'll simply worship you, you know !] We've managed beautiful, haven't we? Got away, and no one that mathers the wiger ! Jove ! though, I -Louid like to see the city man's face to morrow, or rather this morning, when he discovers- Eh, what's that ?"

He checked Lucia a moment and turned his head to listen. The ringing of grelots behind, plain enough. Round a slight bend car,e something dark against the snowy roadway at a furious rate after them. Another cleigh.

"Dick, perhaps !" Don mutter ed; "but no, he wouldn't come after us; be atdes, he wouldn't yaw about so frightfully. That fellow's never driven a sleigh before, ' should say !"

"O Don !" Hilda s", ggested, nervously; "sup-pose it should be \_ ?"

"Marsden | By Jove, it is! My lady's found us out, and sent him, I suppose, to bring w8 back dead or alive ! What a joke-15H '# 11 911

Mignonne didn't seem to see it in that light at all. "For Heaven's sake, Don, don't let him overtake us! I couldn't bear to see him again," she said.

"No chance of his overtaking us, Mignonne !" Don laughed. "Is there, Lucia ?" The mare tossed her head, and sprang away like an arrow, as the reins dropped on her back again. A hoarse cry came from the pursning sledge. It was so close behind them now that they could see its occupant gesticulating

and Helen, lingering over their tete-à-tête breakfast in the Oak Parlor at Dane Court. It was in that very room, by the by, that in

# LEGAL NOTICES.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF PHILADEL-PHIA WILLIAM WEIGHTMAN, Assignee, vs. Dr. LEWIS P. GEBHARD, Vend. Exp. June Term.

WILLIAM WEIGHTMAN; Assignee, vs. Dr. LEWIS P. GEBHARD. Vend. Exp. June Term. 1868. No. 68 and 69. The Auditor appointed by the Court to make distri-bution of the fond in Court produced by the Sheriff's sale, under the above write of All that certain lot of ground, beginning on the porth side of Coates street 18 feet cartward is feet, thence extending along Coates street eastward is feet, thence the street is feet of a 5-feet wide alley, leading loto Eleventh street, 5 feet, thence weetward of feet 9 boches to the place of beginning. Also, all that certain lot of piece of ground sitnate on the N. E. corner of Coates and Eleventh streets, in the City of Philacephia aforessid. Containing in front on Coates street is feet, and in depth on the cast line of ite by inches, and on the west line 57 feet, and on the short by inches, and on the west line 57 feet, and on the othe duties of his appointment on TUESDAY, Jan. 26, ISFeet at 0-flock P. M., at his Office, No. 524 WALNUT Street, in the City of Phila-delphia, when and where all pattes interessed are required to make their claims, or be debarred from coming in apon said fund. JOHN E. COLAHAN, 115 fm wölf

1 15 fm w5t#

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF PHILA.

IN THE COURT AND COUNTY OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF THE COURT AND COUNTY OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF THE COURT OF

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT FOR THE CITY

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA. Estate of HEE RY W. E ENNEDY, M. D. deceased. The Auditor appointed by the Court to audit, settle, and adjust the account of C. H. REN WEDY, Executor, and to report distribution of the balance in the hands of the accountant, will meet the parties interested, for the purpose of his Spontament, on WEDNESLAY, January 27, A. D 1889, at 11 o'clock A. M., at the office of WILLIAM F. JUDAON, Esq., No, 706 WALNUT Street, in the city of Phila-delphis. 115 mw5t<sup>o</sup>

delphis. F15 fmw5t\* F16 of HENRY STERLING, deceased, State of HENRY STERLING, deceased, and adjet the account of ROBEST STERLING and I.FRANKLIN STERLING Executors of Henry Stering, deceased, and to report distribution of the share in the hands of the account auts, er, meet the parties interested for the purpose, of als appointment, on WEDNESDAY, the 27.4 Cay of Japumery, A.D. 1889, at 4 o'clock P. M., as the office of EDWARD OLMSTEAD, ESG, NO, 17. 5, F1FTH Street, in the city of Pailadeiphila, 1 if is 20 2225

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