NED BUNTLINE'S GREAT STORY :

THE GREAT LIVING SCOUT!

FFA OBILL.

THE KING OF BORDER MEN!

The Wildest, Truest Story Ned Buntline Ever Wrote!

An easis of green wood on a Kansas prairie— a bright stream shining like liquid silver in the noonlight a log house built under the limbs of great trees-within this humble home a

happy group. This is my first picture.

Look well on the leading figure in that group. You will see him but this once, yet on his sad fate hinges all the wild and fearful realities which are to follow, drawn to a very great ex-tent, not from imagination, but from life itself.

A noble-looking, white-haired man sits by a rough table, reading the Bible alond. On stools by his feet sit two beautiful little girls, his twin daughters, not more than ten years of age while a noble boy of twelve or thirteen stands by the back of the chair where sits the hand-

some, yet matronly-looking mother.

It is the hour for family prayer before retiring for the night, and Mr. Cody, the Christian, always remembers it in the heart of his dear

He closes the holy book, and is about to kneel and ask Heaven to bless and protect him and his dear ones.

Hark! The sound of horses gallowing with mad speed towards his house falls upon his ear.
"Is it possible there is another Indian alarm?" he says, inquiringly.

Alas, worse than the red savages are riding in

hot haste towards that door.
"Hallo—the house!" is shouted loudly, as a large cavalcade of horsemen halt before the

"What is wanted, and who are ye?" asked the good man, as he threw wide open the door and stood upon its threshold.

"You are wanted, you black-hearted nigger-worshipper, and I—Colonel M'Kandlas—have come to fetch you! And there's the warrant!" As the ruffian leader of the band shouted these words, the pistol already in his hand was raised, levelled, fired, and the father, husband, and Christian fell dead before his horror-stricken

family. them gals was a little older-but never mind, boys, this will be a lesson for the sneaks that come upon the border-let's be off, for there's plenty more work to do before daylight! continued the wretch, turning the head of his horse to ride away.

It was but a single word—spoken, too, by a boy whose blue eyes shone wildly in a face as white as new-fallen snow and full as cold spoken as he stood erect over the body of his

dead father, weaponless and alone. Yet that rufflan, aye, and all of his mad, reck-less crew, stopped as if a mighty spell was laid upon them.

You, Jake M'Kandlas, have murdered my father! You, base cowards, who saw him do this dark deed, spoke no word to restrain him. I am only Little Bill, his son, but as God in Heaven hears me now, I will kill every father's

son of you before the beard grows on my face!" 'Hear the little rooster crow. He'll fight when his spurs grow, if we don't cut his comb now," cried the leader, with a mocking laugh, and he raised his pistol once more. "Monster, you have robbed me of a husband;

you shall not kill my boy," shricked the mother, as she sprang forward and drew her son up to

"Colonel, there's a big gang of men comin' over the prairie. We'd better git, "cried a scout, riding in at this moment. "Aye! For I don't want to kill a woman, if I can help it. Column to the right, boys, and

In a minute, at full speed, the party dashed away after their leader, and the wretched family were left alone with the dead.

Frozen with terror and awe, the beautiful twins, Lillie and Lottie, crapt out to the doorway, where their mother and their knelt over the stiffening form of him who had been so good and kind-their dear father.

Oh, what a picture! Grief was still. Nor sob, nor tear, not even a moan arose. were dumb with agony-paralyzed with a sense of utter bereavement.

It is now 1861. The old log house has disappeared, but in the same noble grove a pretty white cottage is seen. Barns and haystacks all tell a story of good farming and profitable re-

On the embowered porch of this cottage sits the widow, still in her mourning garb, worn for him whose death we have already pictured, and near her stand two lovely girls—the twin sisters, Lillie and Lottie, now in the early bloom of

beautiful womanhood. They look alike, are dressed alike, and are exceedingly beautiful. Lillie held a letter in her hand which the mounted mail carrier had left as he swept by.

"Oh, mamma, mamma! brother is coming He says he will be here before the sun sets on the twenty-fifth! The letter is from Fort Kearney, and has been long in coming."
"Is not to-day the twenty-fifth?" asked Lottie.

"To be sure it is, and he will be here. William is wild, but he never tells a falsehood. He is too proud for that! Heaven bless him!" said the mother, in a low, carnest tone. "He is not coming alone," said Lillie. "He brings two friends with him."

'It lacks scarce a half hour of sunset," said the mother. At the same instant Lillie, who had been glancing through an avenue which led westward in the grove, cried out:-

"They are coming! They are coming!"
And three minutes later, their horses frothy and hot, three horses at full speed dashed up to

the gate fronting the cottage.

"Oh! brother! brother!" cried the two sisters, joyously, and all heedless of the stranger eyes now looking on them, they rushed out to embrace and kiss him.

Buffalo Bill, for this was he, had learned to lide all his feelings, but with a gentle tenderness he shook himself out of their embraces, and presenting his two friends by name, hurried on to meet the dear mother, who, with glistening

eyes, waited to greet her idol and her pride.
"My good mother!" was all he said, as he pressed his manly lips to her white forchead.
"My dear son!" was all she said, but pages would not describe the reverence in his tone, or the undying love in her look.

Bill now presented his friends in more form to his mother than he had deemed necessary in the case of his sisters. "This, mother," said he, presenting a young

man who, in form and appearance, resembled himself very closely, though he was an inch taller and hardly so muscular, "this is my mate—this is Bill Hitchcock, the best friend I ever had, or ever will have, outside of our own family. Three times has he saved me from being wiped out. Once by the Ogalialas, once when I was taken with the cramps in the ice-cold Platte, last winter, and once when old Jake M'Kandlas and his gang had a sure set on me. He and I will sink or swim in the same river, and that's a safe bet. Bill, that's my mother, and a better never trod the footstool!

Wild Bill, with a natural grace, bent his proud head and took the hand of the lady, saying, in a

"I'm glad to see you, ma'am, for I've got a good old mother that I haven't seen this many day, and this rayther brings her up afore me!"
"And this other," continued Bill, "is Dave Tutt. He is good on a hunt, death on the reds, and as smart as bordermen are made nowadays. Now, boys, you're all acquainted, make your-

*This is the nom de chasse of William F. Cody, the greatest hunter, guide, and scout in the far West, now employed in that capacity in General Augur's department, and a great favorite with Generals Caster and Sheridan. A man who has killed sixty-nine bumploes in one day's hunt has earned that name, I think.

selves at home. The darkey out there has got the horses, and he'll see them all right." Three more perfect men in point of personal

beauty never trod the carth.

Wild Bill, aix feet and one inch in height, straight as an ash, broad in shoulder, round and full in chest, slender in the waist, swelling out in muscular proportions at hips and thighs, with tapering limbs, small hands and feet, his form was a "study." His face, open and clean, had regular features, the nose slightly aquiline. His large bright eyes, now soft and tender in expression, were a bluish grey in color, shaded by lashes which often drooped over his bronzed check as he looked down, somewhat confused in temale society, to which he was unused. His long brown hair fell in wavy masses over his shoulders, but it was fine, soft, and glossy as

The same picture will do for Buffalo Bill, only this difference noted. The eyes of the latter were nearer a blue in color, his height one inch less, and his hair a little more wavy and a shade

Dave Tutt, nearly of the same height, was equally well formed, but there the resemblance

His eyes were black as jet, and deeply set, though his features were perfect, and, when he chose, his expression soft and winning. His hair, curling slightly, was black and glossy. But with all his beauty, there was a sensual expression about his mouth, so utterly different from that in the other two, and a fierce, passionate longing in his eyes, which made the two girls, instinctive in their purity, shrink from him.

After supper the reunited family and their guests were cosily seated in the sitting-room, when Mrs. Cody, whose face was towards the window, screamed out in sudden terror, and rose to her feet with a face so deathly pale that t seemed as if she was death-stricken.

'What is it, mother?" cried Bill, springing to her side. "The window-he was there!" she gasped,

and then she swooned away.
"He? Girls, look out for mother. I'll see what he was at the window!" cried Bill, and he sprung to the open casement. As he did so, a bullet whistled past his ear and struck the opposite wall, while a hundred wild

yells proclaimed that Indians had surrounded Wild Bill, cool and collected, instantly blew

out both the lights, exclaiming:—
"Darkness here and moonlight out thar!
We'll be all right in a shake. Jump for your tools, boys: mine's handy. Gals, lay low out o' range; we'll soon let the reds know old hands

The three young men, reinforced by three negroes and one white man, the farm hands, were ready for work in less than a minute, and as the Indians did not seem disposed to make a rush for the inside of the house, crept quickly to points where from the doors and windows they could pick the fiends out from their coverts

among the trees around. Meantime the twins had succeeded in restoring the mother to consciousness, and to the hurried inquiry of her son as to whom she had seen at the window, replied that she had recognized the face of Jake M'Kandlas, the murderer of her husband, glaring in with a look so full of hate and vindictive cruelty that she was completely horror stricken.

"There's too many reds out there, or I'd make a rush and settle his hash!" said her son. "If he'll only stay 'till we thin 'em down a few, I'll accommodate him with a private entertainment. Look out for yourselves, girls—the boys are giving 'em Jessie, and it's about time my hand was

A rapid firing had been going on from the mo-

ment Wild Bill got to the door, the Indians shooting at random, for all in the house was dark except the flash of the guns, but every now and then a yell of agony told that the attacking party were not going unpunished. They could only be seen as they sprang from

tree to tree for cover, but their terrible yells ringing through the air told that in numbers they were at least ten to one of the defending "Whar's the stock? Won't they try to run

that off?" asked Wild Bill, as his mate, standing by his side, sent a Red to eternity with a shot from his favorite long rifle. "I expect they will. I would almost as soon ose my hair as to lose Powder Face, for the insect has carried me through more bad scrapes than I've time to count," said Buffalo Bill, refer-

ring to his favorite horse. "And I will lose my hair afore I'll lose Black Nell, for she never deserted me. She'll kick the head off any Red that tries to mount her. But can't we get to the horses?'

"Wait till I give Dave and the boys in here their orders, and then you an' me will get to the horses and come in on 'em like as if we were fresh hands in the fight."
"That's the talk, Bill—that's the talk. Only let me and Black Nell and you and Powder

Face give 'em a charge in the rear and they're 'Pepper into 'em then, till I tell the boys here

where we're goin', so they'll be keerful how to shoot when we're a comin' Buffalo Bill now hurriedly told Dave Tutt and the men, who were firing at everything they saw move among the trees, what he and Wild Bill intended to do. The girls and his mother were to know nothing of it till it was all over, for the two Bills felt as sure of driving off the foe by their plan as if they were already in full chase of them.

Dave Tutt did not express any wish to go along, which rather surprised Buffalo Bill, for it was a duty that brave men would surely court. But there was a reason for this, as there is indeed for everything, as the reader will learn by-and-by.

The two friends, carrying their arms and bending low in the shadow of the garden bushes, crept away from the house until they reached a grain-field beyond the trees, into which they moved swiftly. They had but a little distance now to go to reach the stock pasture, and they got to the last in the very nick of time. A half-dozen dusky figures were already there, and the horses, disturbed by the firing, were

very uneasy as these advanced. Two shrill calls, understood well by the animals for which they were intended, brought two noble animals, "Black Nell" and "Powder Face," to the edge of the grain-field. The next instant, needing neither saddle nor bridle, the two men were mounted, and without a word, both dashed forward upon the Indians who were

after the stock. So suddenly and unexpectedly were these overwhelmed-not a shot being fired, only the tomahawk used-that there was no alarm in the grove. Then the two men sped on, not noiselessly now, but whooping and yelling in wild concert, and urging their steeds faster by their cries, till they were upon the rear of the aston-ished redskins, pouring out shot after shot with

deadly effect on the enemy.

Wheeling and circling here and there, never missing a shot—it seemed as if there were twenty, rather than two-Wild Bill and our hero dashed

on, carrying death at every leap.

The Indians, who were Cheyennes, supposing this to be a reinforcement to those who had defended the house so well, soon gave way and fled

in every direction, but not before full half their number had fallen. "Curse them, why do they shoot so careless from the house—this is the second graze I have had from there," cried Wild Bill, as he wiped the

blood from a wound grazing his cheek. "There's a hole in my hat from the same quarter," said Buffalo Bill. "I'd like to know what they mean. It can't be but they know where we are. Never mind—I must haut up old M'Kandlas now, for if mother saw him he must be here. Let's chase them, Bill, as long as we

The two men dashed away, and again a bullet, evidently from the house, passed so close to Buffalo Bill's head that he felt its wind. The Indians scattered far and wide, but the two men succeeded in knocking over a half dozen more, when the thought struck them that it

was better not to go far from the house lest some lurking behind would continue the attack, and they rode back. The search for a white man among the bodies of the slain was unsuccessful, so Bill decided in his mind that if M'Kandless had been in the party he had escaped this time.

As they approached the house they took pains to make their individuality known by signals which could not be misunderstood, therefore they were spared the perils which it seemed friends rather than their foes had cast upon them during the charge.

In a short time, their horses left close in the shadow of the house, the two brave friends were in it once more. "You can light up, I reckon," cried Buffalo Bill when he entered. "The Reds, or what's left of 'em, are off to their tribes on the ran."

"Thank Heaven, you are safe" said Mrs. Cody, as she heard the voice of her son. "I hope you and your brave friend are unharmed?"
"All right, mother, but a scratch or two that
cold water will heal—but are you sure you saw the face of Jake M'Kandlas at the window

"Yes, my son-I never can forget his face. I surely saw it." "Then he has got off this time. I knew most of his gang had gone under, but I didn't think he had taken up with the Cheyennes. They say that every tribe in the West but the Pawnees are going with the South. If they are, we border folks will nave our hands full. But we're good for 'em, aren't we 18312"

or 'em, aren't we, Bill?" "I reckon we are, if we know ourselves," said Wild Bill. The moon had gone down before day dawned

but the repulsed Cheyennes never bated in their headlong speed until a couple of hours after sunrise, when they had reached a thick cottonwood grove on the south bank of the Republican

Here, at the call of their chief, they dismounted and gathered around him. By his side, with a scowl of anger and some show of distrust, too, in his face, stood Jake M'Kandlas, the white rut-flan who had planned this foray.

Looking sternly at him, after counting the

warriors left, the old chief said:-"There will be a great cry among the squaws in the lodges of the Cheyennes. Many warriors have gone down—their scalps are in the belts of our enemies, and we have not a scalp to show that has been taken in return for ours.

has the Hawk of the Hills to say to this?"

"That which the Great Spirit wills to be, will be!" said M'Kandlas in reply. "If we had fought as white men fight, and charged right in on them, we would now have their scalps in our belts. Big Maple would not listen to my words.

He fought his way and lost half his warriors. It is not my fault. I have spoken."
"The Hawk of the Hills has spoken with a single tongue. His words are true. But the faces of the tribes will be black when we go

back without scalps. What has my brother to say to that?" asked the chief.
"That if we go back without scalps, we are fools!" said M Kandlas, quietly. "If the gun of Big Maple misses fire, does he throw it away, or night the fint and try it scalps." pick the flint and try it again? There are more days and nights than one, and plenty of pale faces are scattered about the plains. The Hawk of the Hills knows other settlements which we can reach in two or three days' journey. can go there for plunder and scalps and then come back here, and when the fighting men are not here or are asleep, we can sprinkle the bones of our dead with the blood of vengeance

where they fell." "The Hawk of the Hills speaks like a man. The heart of Big Maple was weak. It is strong again. The warriors will cook meat, and eat while their horses rest and feed."

Light blazing fires, emitting scarcely any smoke were now made from dry twigs, and the warriors made a hearty meal, the first for twentyfour hours. It was not finished when an alarm was given by a scout. White men mounted and armed were coming in from the South.

"They are not those we fought last night!"
said M'Kandlas. "They have not had time to
get to this side of the river. I will ride out
alone and see who they are. Let my red brothers remain where they are, ready to fight or to flee, if they see that I am among their enemies." The Hawk of the Hills is a great brave. His

words are good and his deeds go with them, said the Chevenne chief. M'Kandlas now mounted his horse, put a oit of white cloth on the ramrod of his rifle, and rode out from the shelter of the grove towards the group of advancing horsemen, some ten or

a dozen in number. They halted as soon as he was observed and seemed to look to their arms.

He rode boldly on until within two or three hundred yards, when a shout of recognition rose on both sides and men rode rapidly to meet him. They were his own men from the Black Hills, whom he had left there to carry on his business of pillaging emigrants, while he came down on an expedition on his own private account.

"Why are you here?" he asked, as they rode up. "What did you leave Cave Canyon for?" "Because we got sarched out, and scorched out and whipped out!" said one, who seemed to

head the party.

"Well, boys, I'm glad you are here, for now I'll do the work I failed in last night. That infernal fiend, Buffalo Bill, with Wild Bill and Dave Tutt, wiped out over twenty Chevennes that I piloted down to the Cody place last night.' "Dave Tutt? Why he is one of us—one of our sort, at any rate!" said Frank Stark, the one who

had spoken first. "Yes-he used to be, but he's with them now. couldn't get to see him alone, or I would have known what it meant. I had my own idea that he was after one of the gals, for they were purtler than any pictur that was ever painted, and I know he's death after that kind of game. But ride on, boys, and get something to eat, and then we'll plan for a nice bit of work to-night. There's between twenty and thirty Cheyennes left, and they'll fight like blazes for revenge." M'Kandlas now turned and rode back with

his men to the grove, so busy in talking with them that he did not notice a single person on a hill beyond the river, who had evidently seen all his movements, and who rode off swiftly when the ruffian leader entered the grove. There are warriors from my band in the

Black Hills, come to fight by the side of their chief!" said M'Kandlas to the Cheyenne chief, as he and his men rode up among the camp-fires. They are welcome as the rain when the earth

s dry. Big Maple is glad to see them here."
"Now cook and eat, boys," said M'Kandlas,
and let your horses rest and feed till we are right. We'll then wipe out Buffalo Bill and his party, and make a raid down the river as far as we can and then strike for the Platte for a rest." The continuation of this wild, true, and exciting story will be found in the New York Weekly, No. 7, which can be purchased from all News Agents on and after Tuesday, December 14. Specimen copies sent free. The terms to mail subscribers are:—Single copy, one year, \$3; Four copies (\$2.50 each), \$10; and Nine copies (money all sent at one time), \$20. Getters up of clubs can afterward add subscribers at \$2.50 each. All letters must be directed to STREET & SMITH, P. O. Box No. 4896, N. Y.

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Freight HANDLED BUT ONCE, and taken at LOWER BATES THAN ANY OTHER LINE. The regularity, safety, and cheapness of this route commend it to the public as the most desirable medium carrying every description of freight.

No charge for commission, drayage, or - ny expense

No. 12 S. WHARVES and Pier I N. WHARVES.
W. P. PORTER, Agent at Richmond and City Point.
T. P. CROWELL & CO., Agents at Norfolk.

NOTICE.—FOR NEW YORK, VIA
DELAWARR AND RARITAN CANAL
EXPRESS STEAMBOAT COMPANY.
The CHEAPEST AND QUICKEST water communication between Philadelphia and Now York.
Steamers leave daily from first wharf below Market
street, Philadelphia, and foot of Wall street, Now York.
Goods forwarded by all the lines running out of Now
York, North, East, and West, free of commission.
Freight received and forwarded on accommedating
terms.
No. 12 S. DELAWARE Avenue, Philadelphia.
JAMES HAND, Agent,
No. 119 WALL Street, New York.

NEW EXPRESS LINE TO
Alexandria, Georgetown, and Washington, D.
Connections at Alexandria from the most direct route for
Lynchburg, Bristol, Knoxville, Nashville, Daiton, and the

Southwest.
Steamers leave regularly every Saturday at noon from the first wharf above Market street.
Freight received daily.
WILLIAM P. OLYDE & CO.,
No. 14 North and South wharves.
HYDE & TYLER, Agents, at Georgetown; M.
ELDRIDGE & CO., Agents at Alexandria.
615 NOTICE.—FOR NEW YORK, VIA
Delaware and Raritan Canal, SWIFTSURE
TRANSPORTATION COMPANY,—DESFA'CH AND SWIFTSURE LINE.
The susiness of these lines will be resumed on and after FA'ICH AND SWIFTBURE LINE.

The business of these lines will be resumed on and after the 5th of March. For freights, which will be taken on accommodating terms, apply to W. M. BAIRD & CO., 3 25 No. 122 South Wharves.

PATENTS. WILLIAM S. IRWIN,

No. 406 LIBRARY STREET. OUTCALT'S PATENT ELASTIC JOINT IRON AMERICAN CORRUGATED IRON CO.'S MANU FACTURES, FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS, ETC. TAYLOR & COALE'S PATENT AUTOMATIC BRADFORD'S LOW WATER INDICATOR, ETO.

GENERAL PATENT AGENT,

PATENT OFFICES. N. W. Corner FOURTH and WALNUT

PHILADELPHIA. FEES LESS THAN ANY OTHER RELIABL AGENCY. Send for pamphle on Patenta.

CHARLES H. EVANS. TATE RIGHTS FOR SALE. - STATE A Rights of a valuable Iron. Salars.—SIAIR.

Rights of a valuable Invention just patented, and for the SLICING, CUTTING, and CHIPPING of dried beef, cabbage, etc., are hereby offered for sale. It is an article of great value to proprietors of hotels and restaurants, and it should be introduced into every family. STATE RIGHTS for sale. Model can be seen at TELEGRAPH OFFICE, COOPER'S POINT, N. J.

5 27tf MUNDY & HOFFMAN.

OURTAINS AND SHADES.

CURTAIN MATERIALS. LACE CURTAINS, \$13.00 to \$50.00 a pair. NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS, \$2 to \$14 a pair

WINDOW SHADES, all kinds. SILK BROCATELLES, SMYRNA CLOTHS, PLUSHES, REPS, TERRIES AND DAMASKS, all TASSEL, GIMPS, FRINGES, ETC. RAILROAD SUPPLIES.

W. H. CARRYL & SONS, No. 723 CHESNUT STREET,

IN E. H. GODSHALK & CO.'S CARPET STORE, (TWO DOORS ABOVE OUR OLD STAND). HATS AND CAPS. WARBURTON'S IMPROVED VENTI WARBURTON'S IMPROVED VENTI-bated and ensyfitting Dross Hats (patented, in all the improved fashions of the season. OHESNUT Street next door to the Post Office.

AUOTION BALES. M. THOMAS & SONS, NOS. 139 AND 141

SUPERIOR DUTCH FLOWER ROOTS.

On Wednesday storming.

Dec. 15, at 1º o'clock, one case, comprising an assertment of very choice and superior Japan lities, hyacmibs, tulips, crocus, snow drops, etc., worthy the attention left forests and others. From J. A. E. Barnaart, Haarless, Holland.

SUPERIOR HOUSEHOLD PURNITURE, PIANO, MIRRORS, FIRE PROOF SAFE, HANDROME VELVET, BRUSSELS, AND OTHER CARPETS, BTC. ETC.

VELVET, BRUSSEIS, AND OTHER CARPETS, BTO. ETC.

On Thursday Morning,
Dec. 16, at 9 o'clock, at the auction rooms, by catalogue, an assortment of walnut parlor furniture, covered with plush, reps, and hair cloth; library and dining-room furniture; 3 walnut cliamber suits, cottage chamber suits, superior rosewood 7 octave piano-forte; fine French plate pier mirrors, 1925 each, gill frame; two superior walnut secretary and bookcases; walnut wardrobes, sideboards, extension and centre tables, etageres, hat, and umbrelia stands, lounges, arm chairs, superior office desks and tables, fine spring and hair mattrosses, feather beds, bolstern and pillows; china and glassware, Salamander safe, made by Evans & Watson; platform scales and weights, cabinetmaker's bench, sewing machines, counters, gas consuming and cooking stoves, handsome velvet, Brussels, and other carpets, etc.

Also, two sets Russian sable and French sable muffs and collars.

ELEGANT DIAMOND AND OTHER JEWELLY.
SUPERIOR WATCHES, MUSICAL BOX, OPERA
GLASSES, SHIP CHRONOMETER, ETC.
On Thursday,
Dec. 16, at 12 o'clock, at the anetion rooms, will be sold,
for account of whom it may concern, a large assertment of
diamonds, watches, etc., comprising in part—Pair solitaire
diamond earrings, weighing six carate; pair do. da. de.,
about 4 carats; set elegant cluster diamond carrings and
pin; several large and fine single stone diamond rings
and pins; fine cluster diamond rings and pins; pearl necklace; a variety of sets carrings and pins; addee and goute
rings; scarf pins; 20 opera glasses, etc.
Also, 70 ladies' and gonts' very superior watches, by the
most celebrated makers.
Also, very fine musical bex, six tunes, with drum and
bells; superior ship chronometer, made by John Monose,
London; surveyor's thoodolite, etc.
The above may be examined on Wednesday, from 16
until 3 o'clock, and on the morning of sale.

1213 34

BUNTING, DURBOROW & CO., AUCTION-BERRS, Nos. 282 and 234 MARKET Street, corner of Bank street. Successors to John B. Myers & Co.

LARGE SALE OF BRITIPH, FRENCH, GERMAN, AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, On Thursday Morning, Dec. 16, at 10 o'clock, on four months' credit. 12 16 54

IMPORTANT SALE OF CARPETINGS, OIL CLOTHS, ETC.
On Friday Morning,
December 17, at 11 o'clock, on four months' oredit, about 200 pieces ingrain, Venetian, list, hemp, cottage, and rag carpetings, oil cloths, rugs, etc. LARGE SALE OF FRENCH AND OTHER EURO-PEAN DRY GOODS. On Monday Morning, Dec. 20, at 10 o'clock, on four months' credit. 12 14 5t

MARTIN BROTHERS, AUCTIONEERS,—
(Lately Salesmon for M. Thomas & Sons.)
No. 529 CHESNUT Street, rear entrance from Miner. Sale No. 529 Chesnut street,
ELEGANT WALNUT CHAMBER SUITS; HANDsome Walnut Parlor Suits, covered with line reps and
hair cloth; Fine Large Mirrors; Large and Superior
Fire-proof Safes; Elegant Buffet Sideboards; Fine Velvet and Brussels Carpets; Handsome China; Rich Out
Glassware, etc.
On Wednesday Morring.
Dec. 15, at 10 o'clock, at the auction rooms, No. 529
Chesnut street, by catalogue, elegant walnut household
furniture, etc.

furniture, etc. ELEGANT BOOKCASE.

Also, elegant rosewood bookease, three doors.
VALUABLE PATENT RIGHT.

On Wednesday,
At 12 o'clock M., at the auction rooms, without reserve, the valuable patent right for the United States in an improved Steam Generator.

Model can be seen at the auction rooms.

12 13 2t

Model can be seen at the auction rooms.

EXTENSIVE PEREMPTORY SALE OF A. S. ROBINSON'S COLLECTION OF THE FINE ARTS.

VALUABLE OIL PAINTINGS, FINE FOREIGN ENGRAVINGS, ELEGANT DRESDRN ENAMELS, IN HANDSOME FRAMES.

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday,
December 15, 16, and 17, at 11 o'clock, at Robinson's Gallery, No. 910 Chesnut street, by catalogue, the entire very large and valuable collections of the fine arts, comprising 400 pictures, and including paintings by such artists as Brochart, of Paris, Bodington, London; Wilson, Glaggow; Hoffer and Schultze, Dusseldorf; Danke, tof Munich; Bonfield, Hicharde, Moran, and others, of America, fine foreign engravings; elegant Dresden enamels; painted photographs, etc. Each picture is framed in an elegant gold gilk or walnut frame. gilt or walnut frame.
The collection will be on free exhibition until sale.

AMPRICAN AETISTS' LARGE PEREMPTORY SALE OF VALUABLE MODERN OIL PAINTINGS. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Dec 17, 18, and 19,

At the auction rooms, No. 52h Chesnut street, a large and valuable collection of Modern Oil Paintings. Among the artists represented are Paul Ritter, George Y. Hartwick, Hart, Coates, Stonefield, Lotichious, Van Ney, and others equally celebrated.

The Pictures are all mounted in elegant gold-gilt frames. The collection will be on exhibition on TUESDAY, the 16th inst., and on the days of sale.

SALE OF STOOKS AND REAL ESTATE,
At the Philadelphia Exchange, Third and Walnut
streets, on Monday, December 20, at 12 o'clock M.
Exceutor's Peremptory Sale—Estate of Ann Murphy,
deceased—STORE and DWELLING, S. E. corner of
Ridge road and Green street.
DWELLING, No. 519 Chippewa street, south of Lome
bard, west of Twenty-sixth street. [127.54]

MASON & CO.'S NINTH SALE OF A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF COINS, Pattern Pieces, Medals, Continental Money, etc.

On Tuesday Afternoon,
Dec. 21, at 3% o'clock, at the auction rooms, No. 529 Chesnut street, by catalogue, 625 lots very valuable Coins. Included will be found: - United States silver dollars of 1834 and 1839; also, 1842, 1851, and 1855; proofs United States cents of 1791, 1799, 1894, and 1857; very rare and fine Carolina Elephant cent, 1894; Chaimers' Annapolis three pence, 1783; United States proof sets of silver; pattern pieces; United States medals; political medals; rare Continental and Colonial paper money; rare relies; minerals, etc.

rals, etc. May be seen on the day of sale. THOMAS BIRCH & SON, AUCTIONEERS
AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 1116
CHESNUT Street, rear entrance No. 1107 Sansom street.

Sale at No. 1110 Chesnut street.

MARBLE STATUARY FRENCH BRONZES,
GROUPS, ETC.

Dec. 15, at 1036 o'clock, at the auction store, No. 1116
Chesnut street, will be sold, by order of G. B. Pandolfini & Co., elegant Carrara marble statuary, French bronze groups and figures, marble and bronze clocks from the best manufacturers of Paris, stone vasce, alabaster statuettes, agate vasce, Sienna tazzas and card receivers.

The sale will be continued in the evening at 756 o'clock. SALE OF A PRIVATE COLLECTION OF OIL AND WATER COLOR PAINTINGS, ETC.

On Thursday Evening.

Dec. 16th, at 7½ o'clock, at the auction store, No. 1116
Chesnut street, will be sold, about 90 oil and water color paintings by European and American artists. 12 14 2t

CONCERT HALL AUCTION ROOMS, No. 1219 CHESNUT Street. T. A. McCLELLAND, Auctioneer. PEREMPTORY SPECIAL SALE OF VERY FINE CABINET FURNITURE, at Concert Hall Furniture Emporium and Sales rooms, No. 1219 CHESNUT Street.

On Thursday Morning.

Dec. 16, will be sold, by catalogue, commencing at 1036 o'clock, a large assortment of superior cabinet furniture, manufactured by some of our first-class bonses for their best retail sales, and which must positively be sold to pay advances, including fine walnut chamber suits; side-boards; wardrobes; book-cases; hat-racks; marble-top tables; plush parlor suits; drawing room suits, in hair-cloth and terry.

N. B.—Our readers who are in want of furniture should attend this sale, as \$50,000 worth of furniture must be sold before the holidays, regardless of price.

LIPPINCOTT, SON & CO., AUCTIONEERS, LARGE SPECIAL AND ATTRACTIVE SALE

SCOTCH, IRISH, AND FRENCH EMBROIDERIES,
By order of Mr. ROBERT MACDONALD.
On Wednesday Morning.
Dec. 15, at 10 o'clock, on four mouths' credit.
Alzo, 25 pieces fancy dress silks and 8 pieces black BY BARRITT & CO., AUCTIONEERS.

CASH AUCTION HOUSE, [II 24]

No. 230 MARKET Street, corner of Bank street.

Cash advanced on consignments without extra charge.

FURS! FURS! FURS! FURS!
RLE-ENTH TRADE SALE OF AMERICAN AND
IMPORTED FURS. CARRIAGE AND SLEIGH
ROBES, AFGHANS, ETC.
Comprising 1: 60 lots, by catalogue, in large variety and
elegant quality, on Thursday morning, Dec. 18th, commencing at 10 o'clock. C. D. McCLERS & CO., AUCTIONEERS

EDUCATIONAL.

THE EDGEHILL SCHOOL A Boarding and Day School for Boys, Held in the new Academy Building at MERCHANTVILLE, NEW JERSEY.

Principal.

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ONE DOLLAR GOODS FOR 95 CENTS to laftual DIXON'S, No. 21 S. EIGHTH Street.