CETT TERMS.

WANT OF SLEEP .- Oplum or morphine is usually prescribed as a soporific. Both are violent remedies, and react violently; producing nauses, headache, and prostration. They are often given when they are not needed; and not unfrequently they increase the irritation of the brain instead of soothing Probably in seventy-five cases out of a hundred in which they are administered, PLANTATION BIT-TERS, given in moderate doses and at proper intervals, would have the desired effect. Persons who find it difficult to compose their minds to sleep after lying down at night, or whose slumbers are disturbed by bad dreams, or are too brief to afford due nourishment, are advised to try the Plantation BITTERS as an anodyne; for this comprehensive medicine is not only a tonic and alterative, but a delightful sedative-a "balm of hurt minds" as well as a revivider of enfeebled frames.

Its use, as a means of producing healthful sleep, involves none of the unpleasant secondary conseouences of a resort to the former narcotics. They all, without exception, excite the stomach, while the effect of the Bitters is to tone, and without irritating that sensitive organ.

Boys, Boys, Boys.

We are selling for \$5 Boys' Overcoats that far surpass anything ever offered for the price. Examine them at ROCKHILL & WILSON'S Great Brown Stone

Hall, Nos. 603 and 605 CHBSNUT street. N. B .- Our \$10, \$12, and \$15 suits are going off by

MR. WILLIAM W. CASSIDY, the jeweller at No. 8 South Second street, has one of the largest and most attractive stocks of all kinds of Jowelry and Silverware in the city. He has also on hand a fine assortment of fine American Western Watches. Those who purchase at this store at the present time are certain to get the worth of their money.

BURNETT'S KALLISTON-The best cosmetic.

Sozopony.-All dentrifices had their drawbacks until the salubrious bark of the Soap Tree was brought from the Chillan valleys to perfect the fragrant Sozodont, the most wholesome, reliable, and delightful article for the teeth that a brush was ever

VERTICAL RAILWAYS have removed a great objection to large hotels. One of the finest in the country is that in the AMERICAN HOUSE, BOSTON, Messrs, Rice have left nothing undone for the comfort of their patrons. SEA MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss, for Bianc

Mange, Puddings, Custards, Creams, etc. etc. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the

BEDDING, best in the city, lowest price, and guaranteed, by ALBERTSON & Co., No. 1435 Chesnut street.

"SPALDING'S GLUE," always up to the sticking point."

BURNETT'S COCOAINE-A perfect hair-dressing.

NEA BERREEN.

LINDLEY-GREAVES .- January 12th, at the Parson age of the Front Street M. E. Church, No. 1013 North Front street, by Rev. T. W. Simpers, Mr. GEORGE LINDLEY to Miss JANE GREAVES, all of this city. VANKIRK-WEISS. January 17th, at No. 1119 Ogden street, Philadelphia, by the Rev. Dr. F. J. Clerc, John Vankirk, Jr., to Miss Katik A, daughter of George Weiss, Esq., both dear mutes, all of Allentown, Pa.

DIED.

ANDREWS, -- Cu the 17th instant, Miss KATE ANDREWS, daughter of Catharine and the late Daufel Andrews, in the 22d year of her age.

The relatives and friends, and Martha Washington Tent, No. 4, i. D. of R., are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her mother, back of No. 116 Carpenter street, on Friday after-noon, at 2 o'clock. Interment at Lafayette Ceme-

CLAY .- On the 17th instant, ALFRED LAUSSAT CLAY, infant son of Alfred L and Helen F. Clay, Funeral from the residence of Cornelius O'Cal-

laghar, Esq., No. 1521 Spruce street, on Thursday, the 19th instant, at 12 o'clock M. COLWELL On Sunday evening, 15th instant, Mr. STEPHEN COLWELL, in the 71st year of his age.
His friends and the friends of the family are in-

vited to attend the funeral, from his late residence, No. 1519 Locust street, on Wednesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. EPLEY .- On the 17th instant, DANIEL EPLEY, son

of the late Jacob and Margaret Epley, in the 35th year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family, and Ame-

rica Hose Company, No. 17, Franklin Circle, No. 4, B. U. (H. F.) C. of A., America Lodge, No. 15, K. of P. and Radiant Star Lodge, No. 232, I. O. of O. F., are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from his late residence, No. 330 Dean street, above Pine, on Friday afternoon, January 20th, at 2 o'clock.

EFF UNION LEAGUE HOUSE, Jan. 17, 1871 At a special meeting of the Board of Directors of the Union League, held this evening, the following minute and resolution were unanimously adopted :-The Board of Directors, in view of the special relations which have been sustained towards the Union League of Philadelphia, from its very origin, by STEPHEN COLWELL, Esq., who died suddenly on the evening of the 16th inst., feel it to be due no less to themselves than to the memory of the deceased, that some marked notice should be taken of his death and placed upon their records.

With an intelligent and thoughtful mind fully convinced of the necessity and usefulness of such an organization, and a heart warmly alive to its encouraging influences, it was peculiarly fitting that at the first formal meeting which led to the establishment of the Union League, Mr. Colwell should be called upon, as he was, to preside. His name thus heads the list of the signers of the constitution of the League; and he grew with its growth, ever in the forefront of whatever movement was planned for giving aid and comfort and support to his country and its Government throughout the course of its struggle for existence, in resisting by force of arms a causcless and wicked armed Rebellion.

We desire to bear testimony to those virtness which manifested themselves in all his intercourse with us; to the singleness and unselfishness of his purpose; to his courteousness and urbanity in our varied relations; to his firmness, cautiousness, and wisdom in the deliberations of our counsels: to his patience, unwearying industry, and cheerful devotion of time, abilities, and means in aid of the cause so dear to all our hearts; to his constant, unwavering joy and faith and trust in the overruling providence of the God of our fathers amid the darkest hours of the country's peril, as well as in times of success and victory.

Of his private character, his abilities as a scholar. especially in the fields of political economy and social science; of his love of the beautiful in art and nature; of his uprightness and integrity as a man and a citizen; of the bright example of his Christian character, there are others who may more fittingly bear record.

God in His wisdom has taken from us our friend and counsellor, after a life of usefulness and blessing, when he had attained the full measure of his years. We mourn his loss to ourselves; we rejoice in his unspeakable gain, for we sorrow not as without hope. Yet grieving and sorrowing that we shall see his kindly and benignant face no more among ns, we join our sympathies and our tears with those of all his mourning friends.

We direct the above minute to be placed upon our records and published in the newspapers, and a copy to be sent to the family of Mr. Colwell, and as an additional mark of respect to his memory it is Resolved, That the Board of Directors attend his

funeral in a body.

GRORGE H. BOKER, Secretary.

SPECIAL NOTICES. For additional Special Notices see Inside Pages,

DISPENSARY FOR SKIN DISEASES, NO.
216 S. ELEVENTH Street.
Patients treated gratuitousiy at this institution daily at 11 o'clock.

BEAUTY, ACCURACY, TASTE, AT HELFENSTEIN & LEWIS Ratiroad and Commercial Printing House, FIFTH and CHES-AUT Streets.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

BY GRORGE MACDONALD.

DOY" LOST ON THE ROOF OF MOLDWARP HALL. A STORY,

The moment Mrs. Wilson was gone, I expected to see Clara peop out from behind the tapestry in the corner; but as she did not appear, I lifted it and looked in. There was nothing behind but a closet almost filled with books, not upon shelves, but heaped up from floor to ceiling. There had been just room and no more for Clara to stand between the tapestry and the books. It was of no use attempting to look for her-at least I said so to myself. for as yet the attraction of an old book was equal to that of a young girl. Besides, I always enjoyed waiting-up to a certain point. Therefore I resumed my place on the floor, with the Seven Champions in one hand and my chamber-candlestick in the other.

I had for the moment forgotten Clara in the adventures of St. Andrew of Scotland, when the silking of her frock aroused me. She was at my

"Well, you've had your dinner? Did she give you any dessert?

"This is my dessert," I said, holding up the book "It's far more than-"Far more than your desert," she pursued, "if you

prefer it to me." "I looked for you first," I said defensively,

"Where ?" "In the closet there."

"You didn't think I was going to wait there, did you? Why the very spiders are hanging dead in their own webs in there. But here's some dessert for you-if you're as fond of apples as most boys," she added, taking a small rosy-cheeked beauty from her pocket.

I accepted it, but somehow did not quite relish being lumped with boys in that fashion. As I ate it, which I should have felt bound to do even had it been less acceptable in itself, she resumed -

"Wouldn't you like to see the company arrive? That's what I came for. I wasn't going to ask Goody Wilson."

"Yes, I should," I answered, "but Mrs. Wilson told me to keep here, and not get in their way." "Oh! I'll take care of that. We shan't go near them. I know every corner of the place-a good deal better than Mrs. Wilson. Come along, Wilfrid -that's your name, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. Am I to call you Clara?" "Yes, if you are good-that is, if you like. I don't

care what you call me. Come along." I followed. A great clang of the bell in the paved court fell upon our ears. "Don't you hear the music?" she said, half indig

nantly. "I hear it now," I answered.

"Come along," she interrupted, eagerly. "We shall just be in time to see them go across from the drawing-room to the ball-room. Come, come, Leave your candle."

I put down my book with some reluctance. She led me into the armory, and from the armory out on the gallery half encompassing the great hall, which was lighted up, and full of servants. Opening another door in the gallery, she conducted me down a stair which led almost into the hall, but, ascending again behind it, landed us in a little lobby, on one side of which was the drawing-room, and on the other the ball-room, on another level, reached by a few high semicircular steps.

"Quick! quick!" said Clara, and turning sharply round, she opened another door, disclosing a square-built stone staircase. She pushed the door carefully against the wall, ran up a few steps, I following in some trepidation, turned abruptly and sat down. I did as she did, questioning nothing: I had committed myself to her superior knowledge.

In a few minutes thereafter the door of the drawing-room opened; when, pair after pair, the company, to the number of over a hundred and fifty, I should guess, walked past the foot of the stair on which we were seated and ascended the steps into the ball-room. The lobby was dimly lighted, except from the two open doors, and there was little danger of our being seen.

Last of all came Lady Brotherton, Sir Giles's wife, a pale, delicate-looking woman, leaning on the arm of a tall, long-necked, would-be-stately, yet insignificant-looking man. She gave a shiver as, up the steps from the warm drawing-room, she came at once opposite our open door.

"What a draught there is here!" she said, adjusting her rose-colored scarf about her shoulders, "It feels quite wintry. Will you oblige me, Mr. Mollet, by shutting that door? Sir Giles will not allow me to have it built up. I am sure there are plenty of ways to the leads besides that.

"This door, my lady?" asked Mr. Mollet. I trembled lest he should see us. "Yes. Just throw it to. There's a sprink lock on it. I can't think ---

The slam and echoing bang of the closing door cut off the end of the sentence. Even Clara was a little frightened, for her hand stole into mine for a moment before she burst out laughing. "Hush! hush!" I said. "They will hear you."

"I almost wish they would," she said. "What a goose I was to be frightened, and not speak! Do you know where we are?" "No," I answered; "how should I? Where are

My fancy of knowing the place had vanished utterly by this time. All my mental charts of it had got thoroughly confused, and I do not believe I could have even found my way back to the library. "Shut out on the leads," she answered. "Come

along. We may as well go to meet our fate." I confess to a little palpitation of the heart as she spoke, for I was not yet old enough to feel that Clara's companionship made the doom a light one. Up the stair we went-here no twisting corkscrew, but a broad flight enough, with square turnings. At the top wasja door, fastened only with a bolt insideagainst no worse housebreakers than the winds and rains. When we emerged, we found ourselves in the open night.

"Here we are in the moon's drawing-room!" said

The scene was lovely. The sky was all now-the earth only a background or pedestal for the heavens. The river, far below, shone here and there in answer to the moon, while the meadows and fields lay as in the oblivion of sleep, and the wooded hills were only dark formless masses. But the sky was the dwelling place of the moon, before whose radiance, penetratingly still, the stars shrunk as if they would hide in the flowing skirts of her garments. There was scarce a cloud to be seen, and the whiteness of the moon made the blue thin. I could hardly believe in what I saw. It was as if I had come awake without getting out of the dream.

We were on the roof of the ball-room. felt the rythmic motion of the dancing feet hake thee building in time to the music. "A low melodious thunder" buried beneath-above, the

eternal silence of the white moon! We passed to the roof of the drawing-room. From it, upon one side, we could peep into the great gothic window of the hall which rose high above it. We could see the servants passing and repassing, with dishes for the supper which was being laid in the dining-room under the drawing-room, for the hall was never used for entertainment now, except on such great occasions as a coming of age, or an

election feast, when all classes met, "We musn't stop here," said Clara. "We shall get our deaths of cold." "What shall we do then?" I asked.

"There are plenty of doors," she answered—"only Mrs. Wilson has a foolish fancy for keeping them all bolted. We must try, though,"

Over roof after roof we went; now descending, now ascending a few steps; now walking along narrow gutters, between battlement and sloping roof; now crossing awkward junctions-trying doors, many in tower and turret-all in vain! Every one was boited on the inside. We had grown quite allent, for the case looked serious.

"This is the last door," said Clara, "the last we can reach. There are more in the towers, but they are higher up. What shall we do? Except we go down a chimney, I don't know what's to be done."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Still her voice did not falter, and my courage did not give way. She stood for a few moments silent. stood regarding her, as one might listen for a doubtful oracle.

"Yes, I've got it!" she said at length. "Have you a good head, Wilfrid ?" "I don't quite know what you mean," I answered,

"Do you mind being in a narrow place, without much to hold by?" "High up?" I asked, with a shiver,

"Yes." For a moment I did not answer. It was a special weakness of my physical nature, one which my imagination had Increased tenfold-the absolute horror I had of such a transit as she was evidently about to propose. My worst dreams-from which I would wake with my heart going like a fire-engine. were of adventures of the kind. But before a woman, how could I draw back? I would rather lie broken at the bottom of the wall. And if the fear should come to the worst, I could at last throw myrelf down and end it so.

"Well?" I said, as if I had only been waiting for her exposition of the case.

Well!" she returned-"Come along, then." I did go along-like a man to the gallows; only I would not have turned back to save my life. But I should have hailed the slightest change of purpose in her with such pleasure as Daniel must have feit when he found the lions would rather not eat him. She retraced her steps a long way-until we reached the middle of the line of buildings which divided the

two courts. "There!" she said, pointing to the top of the square tower over the entrance to the hall, from which we had watched the arrival of the guests; it rose about nine feet only acove where we stood in the gutter-"I know I now left the door open when we came down. I did it on purpose. I hate Goody Wilson. Lucky, you see!-that is, if you have a head. And

if you haven't, it's all the same: I have." So saying, she pointed to a sort of flying buttress which sprung sideways, with a wide span, across the angle the tower made with the hall, from an embrasure of the battlement of the hall, to the outer corner of the tower, itself more solidly buttressed.

Could she mean me to cross that hair-like bridge? The mere thought was a terror. But I would not blench. Fear I confess-cowardice if you will:-poltroonery, not. "I see," I answered. "I will try. If I fall, don't

blame me. I will do my best." "You don't think," she returned, "I'm going to let you go alone! I should have to wait hours before you found a door to let me down-except indeed you went and told Goody Wilson, and I had rather die where I am. No, no. Come along. I'll

show you how." With a rush and a scramble, she was up over the round back of the buttress before I had time to understand that she meant as usual to take the lead. If she could but have sent me back a portion of hor skul, or lightness, or nerve, or whatever it was, just to set me off with a rush like that! But I stood preparing at once and hesitating. She turned and looked over the battlements of the tower.

"Never mind, Wilfrid," she said; "I'll fetch you presently."

"No, no," I cried. "Wait for me. I'm coming." I got astride of the buttress, and painfully forced my way up. It was like a dream of leap-frog, prelonged under painfully recurring difficulties. I shut my eyes, and persuaded myself that all 1 had to do was to go on leap-frogging. At length, after more trepidation and brain-turning than I care to dwell upon, lest even now it should bring back a too keen realization of itself, I reached the battlement, seizing which, with one shaking hand, and finding the other grasped by Clars, I tumbled on the leads of

the tower. "Come along!" she said, "You see, when the firls like, they can beat the be games. We're all right now.' "I did my best," I returned, mightily relieved.

I'm not an angel, you know. I can't fly like She seemed to appreciate the compliment.

"Never mind, I've done it before. It was game of you to follow." Her praise elated me beyond measure. And it was well.

"Come along," she added.

She seemed to be always saving Come along. I obeyed, full of gratitude and relief. She skipped to the tiny turret which rose above our heads, and lifted the door-latch. But, instead of disappearing within, she turned and looked at me in white dismay. The door was bolted. Her look roused what there was of manhood in me. I felt that, as it had now come to the last gasp, it was mine to comfort her.

"We are no worse than we were," I said. "Never mind."

"I don't know that," she answered mysteriously. Can you go back as you came? I can't." I looked over the edge of the battlement where I stood. There was the buttress crossing the angle of moonlight, with its shadow lying far down on the wall. I shuddered at the thought of renewing my unspeakable dismay. But what must be must. Besides, Clara had praised me for creeping where she could fly; now I might show her that I could creep

where she could not fly. "I will try," returned I, putting one leg over the battlement. "Do take care, Wilfrid," she cried, stretching out

her hands, as if to keep me from falling. A sudden pulse of life rushed through me. All at once I became not only bold but ambitious,

"Give me a kiss," I said, "before I go." "Fo you make so much of it?" she returned, stepping back a pace. How much a woman she was even then! Her words roused something in me which to this day I have not been able quite to understand. A sense of wrong had its share in the feeling, but what else I can hardly venture to say. At all events, an inroad of careless courage was the consequence. I stepped at once upon the buttress, and stood for a moment looking at her-uo doubt with reproach. She sprang towards me.

"I beg your pardon," she said. The end of the butress was a foot or two below the level of the leads, where Clara stood. She bent over the battlement, stooped her face towards me, andikissed me on the mouth. My only answer was to turn and walk down the buttress erect; a walk which, as the arch of the buttress became steeper, ended in a run and a leap on to the gutter of the hall. There I turned, and saw her stand like a lady in a bailad leaning after me in the moonlight. I lifted my cap and sped away not knowing whither, but fancying that out of her sight I could make up my mind better. Nor was I mistaken. The moment I sat down, my brains began to go about, and in another moment I saw what might be attempted.

In going from roof to roof, I had seen the little gallery along which I had passed with Mrs. Wilson on my way to the library. It crossed what might be called an open shaft in the building. I thought I could manage, roofed as it was, to get in by the open side. It was some time before I could find it again; but when I did come upon it at last, I saw that it might be done. By the help of a projecting gargoyle, curiously carved in the days when the wall to which it clung formed part of the front of the building, I got my feet upon the wooden rail of the gallery, caught hold of one of the small pillars which supported the roof, and slewed myself in. I was almost as glad as when I had crossed the buttress, for below me was a paved bottom, between high walls, without any door, like a dry well in the midst of the

building. My recollection of the way to the armory I found, however, almost obliterated. I knew that I must pass through a bed-room at the end of the gallery, and that was all I remembered. I opened the door, and found myself face to face with a young gir with wide eyes. She stood staring and astonished but not frightened. She was younger than Clara, and not so pretty. Her eyes were dark, and so was the hair she had been brushing. Her face would have been quite pale, but for the rosy tinge of surSPEDIAL NOTICES.

prise. She made no exclamation, only stared with her brush in her hand, and questions in her eyes. I felt far enough from comfortable; but with a great effort I spoke.

"I beg your pardon. I had to get off the roof, and this was the only way. Please do not tell Mrs. Wilson,"

"No," she said at once, very quietly; "but you must go away."

"If I could only find the library!" I said. "I am so afraid of going into more rooms where I have no

business. "I will show you the way," she returned with a smile; and laying down her brush, took up a candle and led me from the room.

In a few moments I was safe. My conductor vanished at once. The glimmer of my own candle in a further room guided me, and I was soon at the top of the corkscrew staircase, I found the door very slightly fastened; Clara must herself have unwittingly moved the bolt when she shut it. I found her standing all eagerness, waiting me. We hurried back to the library, and there I told her how I had effected an entrance and met with a guide.

Copied by permission from the advance sheets of "Wilfrid Cumbermede," George Macdonald's serial

story in Scribner's Monthly, GEORGE MACDONALD'S story in Scribner's Monthly bids fair to be the best story of him who is the best of living story-writers. Let us put it a little differently, and say that he will be among novelists what wordsworth is among poets. But he is more poet than novelist. The present installment of "Wilfrid Cumbermede" is extremely fascinating; but it is the fascination of noethy rather than of the present in the fascination of noethy rather than of the present in the fascination of noethy rather than of the present in the fascination of noethy rather than of the present in the fascination of noethy rather than of the present in the fascination of noethy rather than of the present in the pre fascination of poetry rather than of story. It may be enjoyed almost in perrection by one who has not read the beginning, and who will never read the sequel; and it will remain in the memory like a beautiful song.—New York Independent.

CORN EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 17, 1871.
At the Annual Riection for Directors of this Bank. held on the 10th inst., the following gentlemen were unanimously elected to serve the ensuing year:— Hon. Alex. G. Cattell,

Samuel T. Canby,
William Massey,
Joseph W. Bullock,
H. W. Catherwood,
C. J. Hoffman,
William P. Cox, Hon. Alex. G. Catten,
Deli Nobili, Jr.,
Hugh Craig,
Alexander Whilidin,
John F. Gross,
Philip B. Mingle,
Henry C. Howell,
Middle B. Howell,
Middle B. Howell,
Middle B. Howell,
Middle

Henry C. Howell,
and at a meeting of the board held this day, Dell
Noblit, Jr., Esq., was elected President in place of
Hon. Alexander G. Cattell, declining.
H. P. SCHETKY, Cashier.
Whereas, Our former President, Hon. Alexander
G. Cattell, has felt constrained to decline re-election as President of this bank on account of protracted ill health, therefore Resolved, That while we bow to the will of a Divine Providence, we cannot but express our earnest hope for his restoration to health and use-

fulness, and express our high appreciation of his services to the institution since its organization, resulting in its present prosperity and high standing Extract from the minutes. H P. SCHETKY, Cashier, EIGHTH NATIONAL BANK.

At the annual election held on the 10th inst, the following stockholders were elected Directors for the ensuing year:--Jacob Naylor, S. Custer, Heary S. Ziegler, James Long, John F. Norcross, W. W. Adams, Jacob Grim, James Irwin, Jacob G. Neaffe, Charles N. Childs, harles H. Craige, William King,

A. Lincoln. At a meeting of the Directors this day, the following officers were unanimously re-elected:

JACOB NAYLOR, Esq., President.
CHARLES H. CRAIGE, Esq., Vice-President.
And ROBERT H. WILL AMS, Cashier.
JOHN ROBERTS, Esq., was elected Solicitor.
1 18 wfm3t R. H. WILLIAMS, Cashier.

THE PHILADELPHIA SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

SPECIAL MEETING

HALL OF THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY, On THURSDAY, January 19, at 8 P. M.
Mr. LORIN BLODGET will read a paper on "Compulsory Education," and that subject will afterwards be open to discussion.

Members and the public generally are invited to BOY LOGAN IRON AND STREL COMPANY.

A meeting of the Stockholders of this Company will be held at its office, No. 230 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia, on THURSDAY, the second day of February, 1871, at 12 o'clock M., for the election of five Directors, and for the transaction of any other business which may then be presented.
By order CHALLES WESTON, Jr., Secretary of the Corporators 1 18 13t

A MEETING OF THE CONTRIBUTING MEMBERS OF THE YOUNG MEN'S HOME of Philad lphia will be held at No. 400 WALNUT Street, on THURSDAY, the 2d of February next, at 11 o'clock A. M. SAMUEL ASHHURST,

Secretary pro tem. 1 17 14t Philadelphia, Jan. 16, 1871. REV. A. B. EARL, THE EVANGELIST, will preach every evening this week, except Saturday evening, at the BROAD STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, Corner BROAD and BROWN

THE FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE LINCOLN INSTITUTE will be held at No. 308 South ELEVENTH Street, TO-MORROW (Thursday), the 19th inst. at 11 A. M. 1t JOHN L. REDNER, Secretary.

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FINE ENOUGH

SUIT ANY TASTE

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EMBROIDERIES. Hamburg Edgings and Insertings. Guipure Edgings and Insertings. French Work Edgings and Insertings. WHITE GOODS.

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Have built and equipped, in first-class manner,

135 Miles of New Road in Eight Months An achievement never before equalled by any Com-

the railroads to the Pacific. This new road, in connection with the 45 miles of their line previously in operation, will open

The First Through Line Across the State. From North to South, giving a direct route from St.

Paul to St. Louis. The location of this line, through the richest and most thickly settled part of Iowa, assures to it a LOCAL TRAFFIC of great magnitude and unquestioned profit. Forming, as it does, the shortest and cheapest avenue of communication between the coal fields of Iowa and the lumber markets of Minnesota, it will also have its carrying facilities taxed to provide for the COAL AND LUMBER TRANS-PORTATION which the rapid settling of the country and the extension of the railroad system of the

Northwest will combine to increase far beyond its already large dimensions. In addition to these inevitable sources of profitable revenue, the CENTRAL RAILROAD OF IOWA will have peculiar advantages for TBROUGH BUSI-NESS. It is not only the most natural outlet for the bulk of the Northwestern carrying trade, but some of its largest stockholders being identical with the principal owners of the various railroads diverging from St. Paul and Duluth, the freight and passengers from the Lake Superior and Mississippi River, the St. Paul and Pacific, and the Northern Pacific Railroads will be mainly transferred to this line. Upon this railroad, thus favorably situated, there

First Mortgage

are issued

7 Per Cent. Gold Bonds

To the small amount of \$16,000 per mile, which are offered at the low rate of 90 and accrued interest, in

Nearly two and a half million dollars of these bonds have been sold, leaving about one million remaining, which are being rapidly taken by investors. The Company is composed of strong capitalists who have carried the work of construction rapidly forward, without being dependent upon the sale of the Bonds. The amount of money thus invested is a guarantee of the soundness of the Company's

A First Mortgage for so small an amount, upon a road so sure of large business, and in so strong hands, may well be considered a perfectly safe security. Holders of Government Bonds will find a decided advantage in exchanging them for Centra Iowas, and realizing the increase of interest, beside the difference of exchange.

> W. B. SHATPUCK, Treasurer, No. 32 PINE Street, New York.

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Receive subscriptions for these Bonds, Governments received in exchange at the highest market rates. We recommend these bonds as entirely safe, as well as profitable. (1 18 wfm3trp

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These bonds are secured, first, by a First Mortgage on the Railroad itself. Its rolling atoek and alequipments; second, by a First Mortagage on its entire Land Grant, being more than Twenty-two
Thousand Acres of Land to each mile of Road.

The Bonds are free from United States Tax; the
Principal and Interest are payable in Gold—the
Principal at the end of Thirty years, and the Interest
Semi-annually, at the rate of SEVEN AND THREETENTHS PER CENT. per annum.

They are issued in denominations of \$100, \$500,
\$1000, \$5000, and \$10,000.

The Trustees under the Mortgage are Messrs, Jay
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President of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad
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Company.

These Northern Pacific 7:30 Bonds will at all times before maturity be receivable at Ten per Cont. Premium (or 110) in exchange for the Company's lands at their lowest cash price.

In addition to their absolute safety, these Bonds yield an income larger, we believe, than any other first-class security. Persons holding United States 5-20s can, by converting them into Northern Pacifics.

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on or address the undersigned, or any of the Banl
or Bankers employed to sell this loan.
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5-29s can, by converting them into Northern Pacifics increase their yearly income one third, and still have a perfectly reliable investment.

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send money, or other bonds, directly to us by express, and we will send back Northern Pacific Bonds at our own risk, and without cost to the investor. For further information, pamphlets, maps, etc., call on or address the undersigned, or any of the Banks

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