MY ONLY ROMANCE.

From Appleton's Journal. I have often wondered whether the four walls of the sleepy, solemn old granite structure, towering far above all surrounding buildings, and facing the equally sleepy old square, have endeared themselves to the other inmates as they have to me. Every stone in them, from door-step to pinnacle, is precious to me. Every breath of air that stirs the ivy leaves, clinging with an almost human devotion to the ancient gray sides and twining tenderly round the little Gothic

windows, seems to murmur a fresh, sweet song to my ears. I admired it first as a boy, when I used to go there for daily lessons, and standing on the sidewalk, would look up to the roof, trying to fancy how long the old pile would stand there after I was dead, and after others who should follow me were dead also. When the other streets about the deserted square

should awake into busy life, eclioing to the tread of hurrying feet, and the fine old residences be turned into gay shops, or be torn down, to make room for rows of costlier and more commodious storehouses, would it stand there still, wrapped in impenetrable

dulness, quietude, and repose?

You see my liking for the place grew with my growth and strengthened with my strength. Therefore, it was quite natural on reaching man's estate—the estate, in my case, consisted of a much-bedaubed pallet, a few brushes, and a quantity of canvas-and, deciding to make landscape-painting my profession, that, looking about for a shelter for my, as yet, fameless head, my thoughts should fix upon the roof which, in years agone, had so often covered my curly pate while listening to the dreary old professor endeavoring, with praiseworthy diligence, to instil into my unappreciative brain the elements of Latin and Greek. In two days after the idea entered my head, I was established with all my worldly possessions—a small trunk and an easel-in a delightfully musty, dark old room full of the weird charm that hangs over and penetrates even the very stones of the outer walls.

Another reason why I love the sombre and antiquated place I haven't mentioned yet. There my little romance, the one romance of my life, began, continued, but will not end. I had lived an uneventful bachelor-life in the building for more than two years, vagabondizing during the warm months among the mountains, and along the coast with a few brother artists; and working hard in winter filling out, copying, altering, and improving the summer sketches with which my portfolio was always laden to overflow-

One evening at dusk, late in October, I had returned from a day's trip to the country. I had had a last look at the magnificent wealth of searlet, and orange, and crimson, and green glory of the woods, where every leaf had danced and played, infiltrated through and through with the warm drops of golden light the sun was showering down. An autumn picture was on my easel, and I felt that, for a day at least, I must steep my senses in the intoxicating mystery of color before I could venture to add the last touches and pronounce

I bade the janitor's wife good evening, took my key off the nail in her small sitting room, | moved towards her, saying: -- "It seems to and started to go up stairs, when I met with a great surprise. Not at all a disagreeable surprise, for it wore a soft, gray dress, a thick shawl, a round hat with a veil thrown back over the crown, and was toiling up the long staircase with a couple of bundles of wood in one hand, and a tin pail in the other.

Numerous brown-paper bundles protruded in all directions from under its round arms, or rather what I immediately fancied were its round arms. A woman in that place was such a rare vision that I was impelled to follow her, and raising my hat to say:—"I beg pardon, madam; pray allow me to assist

Two large, startled eyes looked up into mine as I spoke, and then, seeming reassured, a sweet, modulated voice answered : "Thank you, sir: I will accept your kind offer, for I am continually stepping on my dress; and, at this rate, I shall never reach my

"Your room!" I involuntarily exclaimed. as I took the pail and bundles of wood. It was a very odd idea that a lady should have a room in that out-of-the-way place.
"Yes, my room," she said. "I live in

number twenty-eight, north corridor, third floor. My brother was too ill to go out tonight, so I am going to get tea for us there." Then we are neighbors; my room is numbertwenty-seven, same corridor," I remarked,

more and more mystified.
"Oh!" she exclaimed; "then you are the gentleman whose picture old Margaret praises "Indeed," I said, laughing, "I had no idea

our good janitress admired my poor work." You are her greatest favorite among all the artists in the building. But here we are at my door. If you will excuse me while I step in and put these bundles down, I won't detain you a moment longer."

I heard a weak and tremulous call inside the room:-"Gervaise, is that you, dear? It seems," in a half-querulous tone, "a long time since you went out."

"Poor Bertie," the sweet voice I already knew replied, "I was just as quick as I could be, darling. I'll try not to be so long another

Then, as she opened the door wider to take her things from me, the light poured out, and she cried, "Oh, oh, oh, how beautiful!" as she looked at a great bunch of gorgeous leaves I held, and which she had not observed in the dim halls.

"Please step in one moment, and show them to my brother. Bertie, this is Mr. Churchill, our next door neighbor, who has very kindly helped me to bring up my packages." Then, turning to me, she said:—"You see, sir, we know your name very well. This

is my brother, Mr. Dale. "And I hope you will know me, as you do my name, very well, some time," I answered, bowing to the sick man in the arm-chair. "I have been out in the woods all day, filling my brain and being with the marvellous beauty of the season; and I have, as usual brought home twice as many branches as I need; for I could not leave them behind. I dare say I should have tried to bring a cartload, had not my conscience warned me that it was positively inhuman to break off any more. I see you enjoy them as much as I do, and," turning so as to see her full face, "I am going to ask your brother to do me the favor of taking care of half these leaves. My bachelor establishment affords but one vase, which will hold only a few of them. and I was wondering what I should do with

the rest. A certain dignity in the manner of the young lady, while it was extremely gracious, repelled the slightest deviation from the most formal courtesy, and prevented me from offering the leaves to her. I feared she would decline them, and I had taken an odd fancy that it would be very satisfactory to know

that my visit to the woods had given pleasure to some one besides myself. Indeed, it must have been almost the only time within my recollection that I had ever given any satisfaction to anybody; for my life then was almost wholly isolated. As I divided my woodland treasures, the invalid raised his long, slen-der hand, and, offering it to me, said:—"I thank you very much, sir, for both my sister and myself. I am sure we shall enjoy them enough to repay you for the sacrifice of giv-

ing them away."
"But the gain is mine," I replied, smilingly;
"for now, you see, I shall have the pleasure of knowing that these beauties will be pro-perly cared for. Just look at that scarlet maple with the perfect gradation of color to the orange veins, and the sumachs; perhaps they and the golden beeches are the hand-somest, after all. If I had kept them they certainly must have withered in a few hours. In two days my picture will be finished. Will you and your brother do me the honor of looking at it before it goes to the exhibi-

I turned so quickly towards her in saying this, that the lady was startled into accepting the invitation, though I believe to this day she intended to decline.

"Thank you," I said; "when it is all ready, I shall call for you. Good-night." When the door closed behind me, I struck a match, and, holding the little, quivering flame quite close to a small white card, tacked upon the middle panel, read:-

"G. DALE, "Engraver on Wood."

Whether I had suddenly grown more fastidious and critical, or whether my practised fingers had all at once lost their cunning. cannot determine; but I do know that the two days allotted in my mind to the completion of the autumn-scene upon my easel stretched out into three, four, five; and finally a week passed before I was willing to say "Finished!" and put it in the frame.

But one thing should be considered in extenuation of the delay. My brain had played me the most extraordinary tricks during those seven days. Would you believe that, on awaking from a highly-artistic and analytic reverie one afternoon, I discovered under a group of oaks and beeches, where a dwarf gum-tree should have been, a slight figure in grey dress, shawl, and hat, with a veil thrown back over the crown?

I see, by your smile, you don't credit the story, but, I assure you, it is true. The picture was finished, however. I took it off the easel to hang it on the wall; pulled it down from there, and, bracing it up on the table with a pile of books, I at last replaced it on the easel, where it properly be-longed, before I sould be satisfied with the light. After all this, I found myself at number twenty-eight, ready to escort my visitors to my studio.

The slight color that flushed Herbert Dale's face told me, before his words, that he liked and admired my work; but I was not so sure of his sister's approval. For full five minutes she stood leaning over the back of her brother's chair, saying nothing, while I had the background watching the flickering western sunlight play over her soft, blond hair and delicate sweet face. At last, as with a sigh of mingled longing and regret, she turned and took the chair I silently me as perfect as any human hand can make You can't imagine how it makes me wish

for the country and the woods. Then she was silent again; but I think my eyes must have said more to her than my lips, for they only uttered, "I thank you."

Of course, we naturally began speaking of pictorial art in all its departments. She told me her brother and herself both drew, and that she engraved their pictures. And I gathered, though she didn't say so, that she supported the two in that way. My interest in this couple, who seemed as much alone in the world as myself, grew every moment they remained; and, long before she exclaimed, Why, Bertie, dear, it is nearly dark! we must go home this minute," I determined to follow up the acquaintance that had begun so propitiously. Rising to help Herbert back to their room, I asked, 'Miss Dale, have you ever seen the 'Seasons,' illustrated by Ludwig Richter?"

"No. I never had an opportunity; though I have often read about them. I hope some time to be able to buy the set; for I think they would be very helpful to me."
"I think they would be very suggestive to

you in many ways, while they are also exceedingly entertaining. When mine are returned by another friend"—I laid the slightest possible accent on the two last words, to see what effect it would have upon her-"may I bring them to you? I rarely open them now, for

know every line and every group by heart."
"Thank you; I should be very glad to see them," she replied, without seeming to notice my emphasis. And then I went out, and stood alone in the gloomy corridor, as I had stood a week before, on the evening when I

first met Gervaise Dale. In a few days my books came back, and I seized the first moment of leisure—it was in the evening-and carried them next door. The call was delightful. The loan of more books, the exhibition of a sketch or two, led to another and another visit; and at last it became a habit with me to spend three or four evenings a week with the Dales.

Up to the time I made the acquaintance of my new friends my life had been utterly selfish. Every sensation and circumstance had been interesting to me only as it affected my own personality. Every thought and every hope centred in my own advancement success. Therefore, the self-sacrifice and devotion of Gervaise Dale to her sick brother awoke in me a feeling of surprise and admiration that at the time was almost inexplicable. As a revelation of nobility of character, it appeared in my eyes super-

human. Herbert and I became much attached to each other as our acquaintance grew; and frequently, in the short winter afternoons, while Gervaise was out carrying home her work, I read aloud to the unfortunate youth. One day we were quietly watching the sun sink behind the leafless trees in the lonely

park, when he suddenly burst out with:-"Mr. Churchill, I suppose you've often wondered why Gervaise and I should be alone here. I think you ought to know our history, or at least whatever will interest you in it. and I am going to tell it to you."

"Don't tell me anything you would rather not speak of, Bertie," I said, laying my hand on his; for I knew how hard it is for sensitive natures to open their souls even to their nearest and dearest, and I could not bear he should think me vulgarly curious about their past life.

"I want to tell you. In the first place,

Gervaise is an angel.' My heart echoed that, as I looked toward the table in the window where her blocks and pencils and tittle instruments lay, and thought how cheerfully and uncomplainingly she toiled there, hour after hour, and day after day, to provide for their small needs.

He continued: -

"It is the old story of parents dying penniless who are supposed to be wealthy, and of children left to the charity of rich relatives who could hardly have been less generous to watching you as I have. But I will tell you

their bitterest enemy." The hot blood rose in his wasted cheek, and burned in his sunken eyes, as he uttered the last sentence; and it spoke more strongly than a thousand words of the indignities out upon them in the home to which they were

"My uncle, who was left our guardian, is a passive easy-going man, entirely under the control of his clever and unscrupulous wife. I have had hip-disease ever since I can remember, and so, of course, when we were taken to our guardian's house, I was looked upon wholly as a burden, to be endured, not enjoyed. But Gervaise, who was always well and strong, they made slave herself nearly to death, and she cheerfully submitted for my sake. Again and again I im-plored her to run away with me somewhere, if it were only to die in the street, for the sake of getting out of that house. Oh, you can't conceive how I loathed the place, how I longed to get away with Gervaise! I don't know whether it would have been solved to this day, had not my uncle and family decided to go abroad. Of course, we were left behind. I was glad of it, but Gervaise was not, though she thought travel would have

"I knew then just as well as I do nowthough I didn't tell her so-that nothing in this world could ever help me, and life in its best state has never been such a blessing that I would try to keep it if I felt it slipping

He smiled a sweet, melancholy smile that pierced my heart; and I could only press the

thin fingers that lay in mine.

"My one sorrow is in leaving Gervaise all alone; but time heals almost any wound, and I hope some time she will be loved as she deserves by one who can be more than a brother to her.

"But to go back. My guardian's family went away, leaving Gervaise in charge of the house and to take care of me. We felt that that was the time to act, and we revolved a hundred plans by which Gervaise was to learn

as many different means of making money.
"Yes, that was the bitter fact. I, the man, the natural provider, must sit with folded hands and wait. You may imagine how I cursed the malignant fate which made me impotent to support the darling girl I loved so well," he went on, vehemently; "you don't know how I have learned to sympathize with women since I've been sick all these years. Great Heaven! I wonder they will consent to live at all, for they must always be the watchers and waiters, and rarely the actors in

"Well, nothing that we thought of seemed feasible, and I was nearly desperate from disappointment, when the doctor who attended me suggested that Gervaise should go to the institute and learn wood engraving. You see we were both already proficient in drawing, my sister especially; for, as long as our parents were alive, we had the best of instruction, and had natural talent for it besides. Of course we received the idea with delight, and after the doctor, who was and is our only friend besides yourself, had made the necessary arrangements, Gervaise began the lessons.

"Perhaps you know what a wonderful aid to all labor necessity is. If you do not, we do; and not many months elapsed before Gervaise could cut her own designs on the blocks with great skill. When she began to be paid for her work I begged her to leave that house with me; but her sense of honor, which in that case I confess was greater than mine, would not allow her to consent; so we stayed till our guardian returned from Europe last spring.

"Gervaise, meanwhile, had become of age, and it was not very difficult to persuade my uncle"-this with a bitter smile round the thin, drawn lips-"to let her take me, a useless burden, off his hands. The doctor found this place for us-that little lower room, you know, is mine-where we could live absolutely to each other, and not be annoyed by

"At first I could help Gervaise a good deal in drawing: but I am slowly growing weaker, and less and less able to do so. And I can't go out to our meals as I used to. She thinks it is only the winter weather, and that when the robins and the violets come again, I shall be as well as I have been; but I know that the next violets will blossom on my grave, and the rebins will sing my requiem.

After this we sat quiet a long time, till the red, western flames faded into yellow and then into gray, and at last Gervaise came in.
Bertie's little history had opened the door of my heart as with a magic key, and looking in I found there a great love for these two lonely and homeless ones, like myself, without ties. But the love for each was quite different. I felt for Herbert a strong, brotherly affection; but for Gervaise—ah, yes, for Gervaise!—the utterly longing, thrilling tenderness a true man feels for the woman into whose hand he wishes to lay the treasures he holds most dear-his happiness, his honor, and his name.

The days slipped by. I could see how rapidly Herbert Dale lost his hold on life; how swiftly he was sinking into eternity. My visits to them were more frequent than before. I was filled with a fierce desire to keep the truth about her brother's health as long as possible from Gervaise. If she suspected it, she did not speak. I felt that it was no time to tell Gervaise my love, to speak of another future. These last days of her life with Bertie, which I could see so well would be few, very few at most, should be wholly theirs. I determined to control my heart till she needed its tenderest ministrations in the dark days of darkness and sorrow

that were certain to come. A raw, gusty afternoon in February, Bertie and I sat again alone. He had been reading "Dombey and Son;" and, as the fading light grew dim, I closed the book after the chapter about Paul's death. We were filled with the sweet pathos, the tender grief of the scene, and perhaps tracing in our minds a resem-blance between the loves of Pauljand Florence and Bertie and Gervaise, when he suddenly asked, laying his hand on mine, and searching my face with his eyes as if he would read my soul:—"Charles"—you see he and I used each other's Christian names altogether then-"do you love Gervaise? Not as I love her, I mean, though, Heaven! how love could be greater than mine! but as a man loves the woman he wants to make his

Wondering if with all my care I had betrayed my heart-secret, I laid my hand over the thin, trembling fingers, and answered:-'Who could see Gervaise as I have seen her, know her as I have known her, and not love her, Bertie? You know not how I long to make her my wife; to take her in my arms and fold her away from all sorrow and trouble for evermore. But how did you find me out, dear boy? I had resolved not to breathe it to her till-"checking the words upon my lips.
"Till after I am gone," said Herbert, finish-

why I spoke first about it. It would be the greatest satisfaction to me if you and she could be married before I say good-by to you both. I should die absolutely happy if I left ber your wife. A few weeks at most is all of life that remains to me. Go out and meet Gervaise, tell her your love-I am sure she

returns it—and my wish. Go, Charles, now."
Stooping to kiss his pallid cheek, I whispered:—"Thank you, Bertie, for sending me.
I would not speak without your consent, but now I can hardly wait to find her."

The lamps were beginning to be lighted when I descried the little gray figure far down the street, and hurried towards it. My heart was full, my mind was full of the one thing I had come to say; but I began in the most commonplace way by offering my arm, and saying:—"You are late to-night, Miss

"Rather," she replied, absently. And then, speaking no more, we walked rapidly on. We had almost reached the old equare when, plucking up courage, I said:-Gervaise, I came to meet you to-night, to tell you something which has been in my heart to tell you many a night before when I had come to meet you. But I fancied it was right it should remain unspoken until-until what I have to say would not make even the slightest barrier between you and Bertie. But now I have his consent to tell you of my love, and ask you to be my wife. Do you love me, Gervaise?

We had wandered into the park by that time, and I drew her under one of the scattering lamps, and with both hands turned the sweet face upward to the flickering light, and read in the speaking eyes the answer I longed

After we had paused in silence-how eloquent that silence was!-under the gaunt, eafless trees, I told Gervaise, as gently and tenderly as I could, that Bertie's death was very near, and that he was as anxious to leave her my wife as I was to make her so, and pressed her to say when we should be wedded.

"Don't ask me to-night, Charles, please, she pleaded, clinging convulsively to my arm, "there is such a strange mingling of suprem happiness and bitter grief in my mind and heart that I cannot think. I have known so long, dear, that Bertie must go, and yet I have tried to deny the evidence of my own eyes, and to school myself to bear it at the same time. Let us go to Bertie. Every minute with him is precious to us both

Three days later, on a beautiful afternoon, when the glimmering sunbeams fell lovingly on my darling's golden hair, we were united by the sweetest and solemnest of all ceremonies. Ere our wedded happiness was a week old, we were called upon to mourn over a gentle spirit, who, though dead to the world, will always live to me, and to her I am as happy now to call my wife as on the day I first pillowed her blessed head upon my loving heart.

LILIAN GILBERT BROWNE.

FINANCIAL.

KAILKOAD

SEVEN PER CENT. BONDS

Free of Taxes.

We are offering \$200,000 of the Second Mortgage Bonds of this Company

AT 821 AND ACCRUED INTEREST.

For the convenience of investors these Bonds are issued in denominations of

\$1000s, \$500s, and \$100s.

The money is required for the purchase of additional Rolling Stock and the full equipment of the

The road is now finished, and doing a business largely in excess of the anticipations of its officers. The trade offering necessitates a large additional outlay for rolling stock, to afford full facilities for its prompt transaction, the present rolling stock not being sufficient to accommodate the trade.

WM. PAINTER & CO..

BANKERS.

No. 36 South THIRD Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

ELLIOTT, COLLINS & CO. BANKERS.

No. 109 South THIRD Street.

MEMBERS OF STOCK AND GOLD EX-CHANGES.

DEALERS IN MERCANTILE PAPER,

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, GOLD, 4 265 ETC. ETC.

DUNN BROTHERS. BANKERS,

Nos. 51 and 53 S. THIRD St.,

Dealers in Mercantile Paper, Collateral Loans, Government Securities, and Gold. Draw Bills of Exchange on the Union Bank of London, and issue travellers' letters of credit through Messrs. BOWLES BROS & CO., available in all the cities of Europe.

Make Collections on all points. Execute orders for Bonds and Stocks at Board of Brokers. Allow interest on Deposits, subject to check at

JOHN S. RUSHTON & CO.,

BANKERS AND BROKERS.

NOVEMBER COUPONS WANTED

City Warrants BOUGHT AND SOLD.

No. 50 South THIRD Street, PHILADELPHIA.

FINANOIAL.

A RELIABLE

Investment Home

THE

Sunbury and Lewistown **Railroad Company**

7 PER CENT. GOLD

First Mortgage Bonds.

Interest Payable April and October, Free of State and United States Taxes.

We are now offering the balance of the loan of \$1,200,000, which is secured by a first and only lien on the entire property-and franchises of the Company,

At 90 and the Accrued Inte rest Added.

The Road is now rapidly approaching completion, with a large trade in COAL, IRON. and LUMBER, in addition to the passenger travel awaiting the opening of this greatly needed enterprise. The local trade alone is sufficiently large to sustain the Road. We have no hesitation in recommending the Bonds as a CHEAP, RELIABLE, and SAFE INVESTMENT.

For pamphlets, with map, and full information, apply to

WM. PAINTER & CO.,

BANKERS, Dealers in Government Securities,

No. 36 South THIRD Street,

PHILADELPHIA. **JANUARY 1, 1871,**

THE COUPONS OF THE SECOND

COUPONS

Wilmington and Reading wilmington and Reading Railroad Company,

MORTGAGE BONDS OF THE

DUE FIRST OF JANUARY.

Will be paid on and after that date at the Banking House of

WM. PAINTER & CO., No. 36 SOUTH THIRD STREET, EST

> PHILADELPHIA. WM. S. HILLES, Treasurer.

AY OOKE & O. PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, and

WASHINGTON.

BANKERS.

Dealers in Government Securities.

Special attention given to the Purchase and Sale of Bonds and Stocks on Commission, at the Board of Brokers in this and other cities. INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS. COLLECTIONS MADE ON ALL POINTS.

Reliable Railroad Bonds for investment, Pamphlets and full information given at our office,

No. 114 SOUTH THIRD STREET.

PHILADELPHIA.

SALE

PHILADELPHIA.

Six Per Cent. Loan of the City of Williamsport, Pennsylvania,

OR

Free of all Taxes, At 85 and Accrued Interest.

These Bonds are made absolutely secure by act of Legislature compelling the city to levy sufficient cax

to pay interest and principal. P. S. PETERSON & CO., No. 39 S. THIRD STREET,

D. C. WHARTON SMITH & CO.

BANKERS AND BROKERS,

No. 121 SOUTH THIRD STREET, Successors to Smith, Randolph & Co.

Every branch of the business will have prompt at-

ention as heretofore. Quotations of Stocks, Governments, and Gold. constantly received from New York by PRIVATE WIRE, from our friends, Edmund D. Randolph &

530 HARRISSON GRAMBO. BANKER.

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS RECRIVED AND INTEREST ALLOWED ON DAILY BALANCES.
ORDERS PROMPTLY EXECUTED FOR THE PURCHASE AND SALE OF ALL RELIABLE SECURITIES. COLLECTIONS MADE EVERYWHERE.
REAL ESTATE COLLATERAL LOANS NEGO.

No. 580 WALNUT St., Philada.

FINANCIAL

A LEGAL INVESTMENT

Trustees, Executors and Administrators

WE OFFER FOR SALE \$2,000,000

Pennsylvania Railroad Co.'s

GENERAL MORTGAGE SIX PER CENT. BONDS

at 95

And Interest Added to the Date of Purchase.

All Free from State Tax, and Issued

in Sums of \$1000. There bonds are coupon and registered, interest on the former payable January and July 1; on the latter April and October 1, and by an act of h

Legislature, approved April 1, 1870, are made a LEGAL INVESTMENT for Administrators, Executors, Trustees, etc. For further particulars apply to

E. W. Clark & Co.,

W. H. Newbold, Son & Acrisen. C. & H. Borie.

SUCCESSORS TO

P.F. KELLY & CO., BANKERS AND DEALERS IN

Gold, Silver, and Government Bonds, At Closest Market Rates,

N. W. Cor. THIRD and CHESNUT Sta Special attention given to COMMISSION ORDERS in New York and Philadelphia Stock Boards, etc.

Bowles Brothers & Co.,

PARIS, LONDON, BOSTON.

New York,

Credits for Travellers

IN EUROPE.

Bank of London,

CITY OF BALTIMORE \$1,200,000 six per cent. Bonds of the Western Maryland Railroad Company, endorsed by the City of Baltimore. The undersigned Finance Committee of the Western Maryland Railroad Company offer through the American Exchange National Bank \$1,200,000 of the Bonds of the Western Maryland Railroad Company, having 30 years to run, principal and interest guaranteed by the city of Baltimore. This endorsement having been authorized by an act of the Legislature, and by ordinance of the City Council, was submitted to and ratified by an almost unanimous vote of the people. As an additional security the city has provided a sinking fund of \$200,000 for the liquidation of this debt at maturity An exhibit of the financial condition of the city shows that she has available and convertible assets more than sufficient to pay her entire indebtedness.

These bonds are offered at 87% and accrued inte-

MOSES WIESENFELD.

PROPOSALS FOR PUBLIC PRINTING AND BINDING. Notice is hereby given that Sealed Proposals for the Public Printing and Binding for the State of Pennsylvania, for the term of three years from the first day of July, 1871, will be received by the Speakers of the Senate and House of Hepresentatives from this date to the fourth Tuesday of January, 1871. in compliance with the act of Assembly entitled "An act in relation to Public Printing," approved 9th of April, 1856; said proposals to be accompanied bonds, with approved securities, for the faith-

Printing," approved the 9th day of April, 1856. F. JORDAN, Secretary of the Commonwealth. 1 2 18t

THE AMERICAN STOVE AND HOLLOWWARD COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA,

SON'S LONDON KITCHENER, TINNED, ENA MELLED, AND TON HOLLOWWARK

FOUNDRY, Second and Millin Streets. OFFICE, 209 North Second Street.

INO. EDGAR THOMSON,

OUTLERY, ETO. RODGERS & WOSTENHOLM'S POCKET beautiful finish; Rodgers', and Wade Butcher's Razors, and the ociebrated Le-coultre Razor; Ladies' Scissors, in cases, of the finest quality; Rodgers' Table Cutlery, Carvers and Forks, Razor Strops, Cork Screws, etc. Ear instruments, to assist the hearing, of the most approved construction, at P. MADEIRA'S,
No. 115 TENTH Street, below Chesnut.

Jay Cooke & Co.,

19 WILLIAM Street,

ISSUE

Excharge on Paris and the Union

IN SUMS TO SUIT. 11 7 3mt

To investors looking for absolute security no loan offered in this market presents greater inducements. GOLD AND SILVER BOUGHT AND SOLD.

> rest, coupons payable January and July. WILLIAM KEYSER, JOHN K. LONGWELL,

Finance Committee.

PROPOSALS.

ful performance of the work, as required by the act of 25th February, 1862, entitled "A further Supplement to an Act in relation to Public

HARRISBURG, Jan. 2, 1871. STOVES, RANGES, ETO.

IRON FOUNDERS, (Successors to North, Chase & North, Sharpe & Thomson, and Edgar L. Thomson,) Manufacturers of STOVES, HEATERS, THOM.

FRANKLIN LAWRENCE, Superintendent. EDMUND B. SMITH, Treasurer.

President. JAMES HOEY, 6 27 mwf 6m General Manager.

B. K. JAMISON & CO.,