A STRING OF GHOST STORIES.

The writer has, has in common with many

others, great curiosity in all matters con nected with the supernatural. Without desiring to prove logically that it is often more difficult to doubt than to believe,

the writer cultivates a mind in abeyance, ready to believe what is supernatural, on the same proofs, and with the same faith, as what is natural.

Direct ocular evidence, or the strongest circumstancial evidence, being the rule in courts of law, nothing is hereafter stated on the warrant of the writer that would not be considered good legal evidence. The facts come direct from the witnesses themselves, and were by them related to the writer.

Sir W. S. was a general officer, well known in the Indian service. He died lately at Florence. His widow is alive, and she related what follows:-

They had been living for many years in India, with a sister, to whom Lady S. was tenderly attached. Both had arranged to return to England about the same time, but Lady S. left first, much against her wish. Her sister was to follow as soon as possible. On reaching England, Lady S. anxiously looked for letters with news of her sister's plans. In this state of anxiety she dreamed one night that her sister appeared before her, in long white trailing clothes, dripping with wet, her face ghostly pale, her fair hair, which was remarkably long and beautiful, falling around her, save on the right side of her head, which was closely cut.

The dream was so shocking, and so distinct, that Lady S. became greatly alarmed. She carefully noted the date of its occurrence. Her anxiety to receive letters increased. They came at last. Her sister had embarked shortly after her, and died at sea. By her own request a portion of her beautiful hair was cut off before she died, to be sent to Lady S. She was buried at sea at the precise hour of Lady S.'s dream.

Captain Campbell, of S., is well known as a spirited writer on Indian field sports. He and his wife were staying with me in the Highlands of Argyleshire, when he related the following circumstances:-

S. Castle, his family place, stands on the coast of Kintyre, that wildest part of Argyleshire facing the sea. It is a regular feudal stronghold, small, square-turreted, placed on a pile of rocks, lapped by the sea. Behind rise barren hills in long monotonous lines, broken below into grass-fields divided by walls, or dykes, as they are called in Scotland. There are no trees, nothing but the clouds, the hills, and the sea. Under the old castle, along the shore, nestle a few grey hovels. These, with the grey castle above, form the village of S.; a place that, even in summer, chills one with its suggestive look of wintry blasts and roaring sea storms,

One special autumn morning Captain Campbell started to shoot grouse on the moors far away beyond the hills. His path lay along the shore by a little pier and a low wall raised as a barrier to the waves. Under this wall lay moored the fishing boats of his tenants, who, on the borders of Loch Fyne, look to the famous herrings of those waters for their support.

As he passed this low wall he saw four men, well known to him, preparing their nets for a start. The day was boisterous, the wind moaned along the shore, and the whitecrested waves rode in, angrily striking against the wall. Captain Campbell halted for a few moments to speak to the men and to wish them a good haul.

All day he was out on the moors, inland. The wind had risen, and stormy gusts of rain swept over the water and the land. As he returned he again took the coast road, although it was further round. He felt, he said, a strange necessity to do so he could not explain to himself at the time. The sea was now very rough and lashing furiously against the low wall; the sun was setting in a bank of lurid clouds opposite. Leaning against the wall, as if resting, the sickly sunshine lighting up distinctly their forms and faces, which he fully recognized, he saw the same four men with whom he had spoken in the morning. Being late, he did not stop, but merely bade them good night in passing, and scarcely noticed that they neither raised their caps nor replied to him.

As he entered the enclosed court of the castle, his wife ran out to meet him, exclaiming, "Oh, Campbell, how thankful I am you are returned! The most dreadful accident has happened. The boat, with So-and-so on board (naming the four men he had just seen), has capsized in a sudden squall near the shore, lower down; they are all drowned, and their poor wives are almost mad with

"Impossible, my dear!" replied Captain Campbell; "I have this instant seen those very men by the low wall at the jetty."
"Seen them!" oried she. "It is but an

hour ago their bodies began to drift on the beach, and one still is missing, but the morning tide is expected to bring it in! As the boat capsized in the bay, it was all distinctly seen by the watchers." Then Captain Campbell understood that

the forms he had seen were the wraiths of the drowned men, standing there to bid goodby to the laird, and he went down to the village to comfort the widows.

At Walton-on-Thames, close to the river, was a villa, long the property of the T. family. It was the favorite residence of a certain eccentric countess of that house, known as "the bad countess," who was so fond of the place that, being of a violent and strange temper, she declared that she would, after her death, haunt the house should any one dare to destroy or alter it, specially should they meddle with her own private room. In the course of years the villa was sold to wealthy people, who entirely disapproved of its small size and gloomy rooms, and unmindful or ignorant of the threats of Lady T., pulled down most of the old house, and built a very fine modern mansion in its place. This family, immensely rich, whom we will call S. R., were happy, merry people, with many sons and daughters, happy and merry also. Visitors always filled the house; the rooms were large and spacious, the furniture new and showy; in fact, it was the very last place in the world to be connected with the supernatural. Yet, very soon after the new villa was built, Mrs. S. R., the mis tress of the house, came to be aware that a particular bedroom, forming part of the old house, was haunted by the countess on one special day of the year. Year after year the same appearance of a little old woman, strangely dressed, occurred to different visitors occupying this room, until Mrs. S. R. could not doubt the fact. The room was, of course, used as little as possible, but, one dsy, some American friends landing unexpectedly, and making a sudden visit to Wal ton, were, for want of space, placed in it. In the night, before the fire had gone out, the husband and wife were aroused by the door opening, and an old woman appearing, dressed in an antique costume. She crossed the room, stood for some time looking at the bed, and then disappeared before either of them could follow her. Not in the least pre-

pared for a ghostly visitor, the Americans got | up, and tried to trace the figure, but in vain. The next morning they asked Mrs. S. R. who could possibly have entered their room in the middle of the night, describing the strange dress and appearance of the visitor. Mrs. S. R. started and turned pale. She remembered that very night was the date of the yearly appearance of Lady T., which, in the sudden arrival of her friends, she had forgotten.

The following incident occurred in Rutlandshire about twenty years ago, and was related to the writer by the wife of one of our bishops:

Mr. and Mrs. E. were then young people. and the future episcopus was glad to accept a country curacy near his father's residence. A small house was taken in the parish on a four years' lease. After six months' residence, Mrs. E. one Sunday morning accidentally remained at home during church hours, and was sitting in her bedroom. All the household had gone to church save the cook, who was in a distant part of the house, cooking. Under Mrs. E.'s bedroom was a drawing-room, which was only partially furnished, and therefore rarely used. It was at that time locked up, the windows fastened, the shutters shut, and the blinds drawn down. Suddenly Mrs. E. was disturbed by hearing a confusion of noises in the room below; the door slammed repeatedly, the windows thrown up and down, the blinds noisily pulled, the furniture drawn about the room, in fact every evidence of the presence of a large and noisy party. Mrs. E. at once rang the bell, which was duly answered by the

"Who on earth is in the room below? Who has unlocked the door?" she inquired. "No one, ma'am," replied the cook: "no

one is in the house but myself, and I am busy in the kitchen." "Impossible, go down and see; there is a large party in the drawing-room."

The cook went and returned. "The door, ma'am, was locked; I unfastened it; the windows and shutters are shut, the blinds down, the furniture unmoved.'

Mrs. E. dismissed the cook, and pondered. Some time after this she sat more in the drawing-room, the season being summer. When alone there she heard the same noises in the room overhead, that is, in her bedroom; chairs were dragged about, the fire (when there were no coals in the grate) violently poked, and the sound of feet was plainly audible walking in and about the room. Mrs. E. had not the courage to investigate these noises as the cook had done, but when she did go to her room everything was in its accustomed place.

At first these noises were of rare occurrence; as time went on hardly a week elapsed without their occurrence, and Mrs. E., though by no means a nervous woman, felt really uncomfortable. Noises, too, came to be heard in other parts of the house, and the servants became alarmed. There was a small room, intended for a school-room, near the offices, where the servants sat; at one end was a window and on the left side a door; along the window side of the wall a curtain. drawn at night, covered both window and wall. The servants were sitting in the room one evening by candle-light, when the curtain rustled in a manner to draw their attention, and as they looked, behind it was distinctly seen by all the impress of a form, passing between the curtain and the wall, and holding off the curtain by the left arm. As this unseen form passed the opening of the curtains a hand appeared for an instant on the dark stuff, and a moment after all those present were conscious that a something which rustled in moving had passed out of the room by the door from the curtain, and that the room on that side became intensely cold. The servants all saw and heard this visitation. The lease of the house being nearly ended, the E.'s left it. Mrs. E. says that nothing would have induced her to remain there any longer, for that both her husband and herself believed that the house was haunted.

The writer cannot of course guarantee what the servants saw; but, as forming a sequel to Mrs. E.'s story, it has been related. What follows is given in the words of the lady herself, Miss Jones, now Mrs. Harford, of Stapleton Manor-house, near Bristol:-

"I live in a large, rambling, old house in the country, built some time in the fourteenth century, according to a date found on an old beam in the roof some years ago by a workman who was employed to repair it. The two lower floors are wainscoted, and a blow on the walls causes a hollow sound, suggestive of places of concealment, which doubtless would be discovered if the panels were removed. The house has the character of being haunted. Indeed, strange and unaccountable noises are at times heard in various parts of it. Singular lights have also been seen, not only by the domestics, but by visitors. I shall, however, confine myself to one instance, of which I was a spectator. The bed-room, which I still occupy, where this circumstance took place, is on the third floor. It is a large room with bow windows, and at that time contained two beds. An invalid sister and I shared the larger and another sister occupied the smaller bed. We always burned a night-light in the room. At the end of October in the year 1854, I was one night awakened suddenly by some noise, and being perfectly awake, I saw a female figure pass slowly across the foot of the bed, going towards the windows. It moved so deliberately that I had time to consider who it could be, while it was before my eyes. A slight figure, and a fair sad face. dressed in a white cap, and apparently a white night-dress. It was sufficiently like the sister in my bed to make 'me think it was she, as I had no idea of its being anything supernatural, and I only thought she was taken ill. But I checked the intention I felt at first to speak to her, as she had a great dislike to being watched, and turned round, not to have the appearance of doing so, when to my surprise and alarm I saw her calculy sleeping by my side. I then got immediately out of bed, and earefully searched the room. The door was bolted, and I looked behind the curtains. This room is papered, and there was no place of concealment where any one could hide. I then saw that my other sister also was quietly sleeping. I did not like to wake my sisters, fearing to slarm the invalid, but I mentioned the circumstance the next day, though, of course, no one could offer any suggestion on the subject, as none but my-

when it disappeared. "I afterwards heard that a new servant who had arrived at the house only the previous night, had seen a similar figure, and I believe on that morning. She had risen a little after 5 o'clock to get through her work, when she heard a door open near to which she was passing, and saw a female figure dressed in white come out of the door, and pass along the passage leading to my bedroom. It was about 5 o'clock that I saw the

self had seen the figure. Some years after-

wards I again saw the same apparition stand-

ing by my bed, and apparently gazing at me.

I was then alone, and immediately started up,

apparition by my bed, but being in February, the morning was still dark. When the housekeeper heard the girl relate the circumstance, she tried to persuade her that she had seen one of the servants coming out of the room; but she persistently declared it did not resemble any one in the house. I have not heard of the same apparition having been seen by any person since that time, though noises still continue to disturb at times the members of our household."

C. Abbey, in Cheshire, the ancestral seat of the C. Family, is the next scene to which the writer will invite the reader's attention. The old part of this fine old mansion has

been made into bedrooms and offices, not being in keeping with the splendor of modern requirements. Thus, what used to be called the "coved saloon" was first degraded into a nursery, and is now used as a bedroom. When the late Lord C. grew old, this room, in which he had played as a child, was occupied by his niece, Miss P., who before her marriage resided in the house, Lady C.'s dressing-room was only divided from the "coved saloon" by a short corridor,

One evening Miss P. was alone dressing for a very late dinner, and as she rose fro a her toilet-glass to get some article of dress, she saw standing near her bed-a little iron one, placed out in the room away from the wall—the figure of a child dressed in a very quaint freek, with an odd little ruff round its neck. For some moments Miss P. stood and stared, wondering how this strange little creature could have entered her room. The full glare of the candles was upon its face and figure. As she stood looking at it, the child began running round and round the bed in a wild distressed way, with a look of suffering in its little face.

Miss P., still more and more surprised, walked up to the bed and stretched out her hand, when the child suddenly vanished, how or where she did not see, but apparently into the floor. She went at once to Lady C.'s room, and inquired of her to whom the little girl could belong whom she had just seen in her room, expressing her belief that it was supernatural, and describing her odd dress and troubled face.

The ladies went down to dinner, for many guests were staying in the house. Lady C. thought and thought over this strange appearance. At last she remembered that Lord C. hadtold her that one of his earliest recollections was the grief he felt at the sudden death of a little sister of whom he was very fond, fourteen years old. The two children had been playing together in the nursery-the same "coved saloon," running around and around the bed-over-night. In the morning when he woke he was told she had died in the night, and he was taken by one of the nursery-maids to see her laid out on her little bed in the "coved saloon." The sheet placed over her was removed to show him her face. The horror he had felt at the first sight of death made so vivid an impression on him that in extreme old age he still recalled it. The dress and face of the child, as described by Miss P., agreed precisely with his remembrance of his sister. Both Lady C. and Miss P. related this to the writer.

Dr. Gason, a physician resident at Rome, a very old and esteemed friend, told the writer what follows: -

"I was called to attend an English girl in Rome, Miss P., living with her aunt, Mrs. Evans. From the first I saw it was a case that in my patient, and attended her more as a friend, at last, than as a doctor. When she became worse my wife and I took turns to sit up during part of the night, so as to allow Mrs. Evans to have some hours' rest. "I was sitting, about 2 in the morning, in

the salon of the apartments occupied by these ladies. Like many small apartments abroad, the bedrooms opened from this central room. On my left was Mrs. Evans' room, where she then lay asleep. the right was my poor patient's room. Both doors were open to enable me to hear the one and call the other. I was sitting in the furthest part of the salon, which was lighted by a lamp. I was as wide awake as I am now. I had just turned up the lamp, thinking that it grew dim, when I saw a figure dressed in white pass out from Mrs. Evans' door into Miss P.'s room. As it slowly moved along the other end of the salon from where I sat, I did not distinctly see the face or features, but the unusual dress, and a shadowy look about the figure, which glided rather than walked, surprised me. I concluded, however, as I sat looking at it in the somewhat dim light, that it must be Mrs. Evans who had gone to look at her poor niece, dressed in some bedroom toilet new to me.

"But, as she did not return, I rose and looked into her door. Mrs. Evans was fast asleep in her bed. I then went into Miss P.'s room, who lay in a troubled doze.

"I was shocked at the sudden change in her appearance since I saw her ap hour before. Death was in her face, which had from white turned now to an asby grey color. About 5 o'clock I called up her aunt to take

"On retiring about ten o'clock in the morning, I could not help questioning Mrs. Evans as to whether she had gone late into her niece's room. 'It was not I,' she replied. 'I never moved from the time I lay down until you called me.

"When I went into Miss P.'s room, she was sinking rapidly. She clasped my hand with all her remaining strength, and began speaking quickly, but very indistinctly. I understood her te say, 'Oh, Dr. Gaston, I am so glad you are come-I can die now-I have something to tell you-a white figure the night-the figure of-. do try and understand me-the white figure These words were repeated many times; but the poer girl spoke so low, and she breathed with such difficulty, that it was impossible for me to catch her meaning. Most painful was the struggle to tell me what was on her mind. To the last she held my hand, and her lips moved, but no sound came from them, and in half an hour she was dead."

Mrs. P. is a family convexion. She was living with her husband at their countryplace during the autumn of a certain year. She was in good health, as was her husband no trouble or agitation harassed her mind; she lived in luxurious ease, rich, quiet, and contented. She is, moreover, rather of a reserved and silent temper, not in the least sensitive, or imaginative, or ontward.

Mr. P., a complete country gentleman (and s very affectionate husband, be it said), was in the full enjoyment of the sporting season; he hunted, shot, and fished, and farmed, and gardened; he was, indeed, as jovial as heart could desire.

One memorable day Mr. P. went out early to shoot with two friends. They went to a distant cover, and were not expected back until late, so that Mrs. P. dressed herself for dinner, and sat in the drawing-room, opening from the hall, ready to receive them. There was sufficient light not to require candles before dinner. The gentlemen entered the house by the stables and offices, so that Mrs. P. neither saw nor spoke with her husband

until he came down dressed for dinner with his two friends. Mr. P. introduced them to his wife, and they made suitable apologies for being late. While they were sitting round the fire talking, Mrs. P. remembered that she had left her pocket-handkerchief on the toilet-table in her room, and went out to fetch it. The drawing-room led into the hall, and in the hall, opposite the entrance-door, was the principal staircase, large and broad, with a spacious landing halfway up, lighted by high windows. On this staircase Mrs. P. saw a gentleman ascending; his back was towards her. He was dressed in a velvet suit of such a peculiar form and pattern that Mrs. Ps'. attention was specially attracted. He slowly mounted the stairs. She paused in the hall to observe him, wondering who he was, and why he was so dressed. As she stood, the gentleman passed into a small dressing-room on the janding, to the right of the large windows, called "the yellow dressing-room." Mrs. P. followed him up stairs, got her bandkerchief, concluded that he was another guest picked up out of doors, and returned to the drawingroom. Mr. P. turned to her and said, as she entered, "My dear, are we never to have dinner? We are very hungry. Will you not ring the bell?"

"Had you not better," said she, "wait so as to give your other friend a little time to dress? I have just seen him go up stairs into the yellow dressing-room. He wore such a curious dress. I want you to tell me who

he is. Mr. P. turned very pale, and looked strangely moved. At first he did not reply: then he turned to her and said, in a sharp, angry manner, very unusual with him, "You must be out of your senses. What are you talking about? Pray ring for dinner at Let me hear no more of this stuff once. about the gentleman in the yellow dressingroom. My two friends here are our only guests.

Mrs. P. began, in a low voice, asseverating that she had seen some one, who was then in the yellow dressing-room, begging Mr. P. to go up at once and convince himself. But he checked her by so stern and strange a look that she dropped the subject and they went to dinner.

At night, after the two guests were gone. Mrs. P. said, "My dear, why were you so savage before dinner? I really did see most distinctly that strangely dressed gentleman on the stairs. I so particularly noticed his velvet dress-a kind of plum-color, with steel buttons, and such an odd cut."

Her husband again looked agitated and angry. "I beg you earnestly," said he, "not to revert to this subject: it is a delusion; you see I do not like it.'

Mrs. P. felt there was some mystery she could not fathom. Her husband's manner was rough and unusual, he looked pale, and was silent and dull. The subject dropped. She went into the yellow dressing-room, however, found everything untouched, and heard through her maid no one had been there.

A couple of days after Mrs. P. drove to a rather distant part of the county, to visit some relations of Mr. P.'s. She had often been there before; but now, as she sat in the dining-room at lunch, she became at once conscious that among some family pictures hanging on the walls there was one of a gentleman in a plum-colored velvet suit of antique cut, precisely similar to the figure she had seen on the stairs. Turning to her stess, "Whom," said she, ture represent?"

"A common ancestor," was the reply. "The picture, indeed, ought to be in your house, as your husband is the head of the family, but it got into our branch by marriage; and, perhaps, on the whole, it is better that it should be here." "I ask you," said Mrs. P., "because two

days since I saw a gentleman in our house exactly resembling it, with that odd coat, and no one saw him but me; and I cannot understand what became of him." "Pray," whispered the cousin, "say no-

thing about it. I thought you must have known that there is a tradition that whenever the head of our family is to die, that figure is said to appear; but, indeed, I don't believe it (seeing Mrs. P. turn very pale), I have no faith in such things. Thank God, we are all well. I wish I had not told you. Do not mention it, however, to Mr. P., for it is a painful subject with him, I believe."

Mrs. P. not being, as I said, imaginative, was not (as she told me) as much alarmed as might have been expected. She thought it strange, specially in connection with her husband's irritated, angry manuer. On her return home she found Mr. P. in his usual health; but that very night he was taken suddenly ill, and a week from the time she had seen the figure on the stairs, he died.

Mrs. Brook related to me the following particulars, in presence of her daughter:-She and her family were living at Southampton, in a small house, somewhat out of the town. Her establishment consisted of a butler and two maid-servants. Whenever she spent the evening out, she took the house-key with her, and desired the butler to place on a table in the hall a candle and some matches and to go to bed, so that her return might not disturb the rest of the

One evening some friends accompanied Mrs. Brook to the door, and having seen her safe inside, took leave, and left her. The moon was shining, and it was a fine night. While Mrs. Brook was holding the matches in her hand, and in the act of lighting the

candle, she saw a man come down the staircase into the hall, opposite to where she stood, still busy lighting the candle.

Thinking it was the butler who had awaited her return, she said:-"Oh! how can you be so foolish as to sit up, when know I have ordered you to go to

bed, and do not wish it? Why did you do 80 ? As she spoke the figure slowly moved along the hall, and began to descend the kitchen stairs.

Not receiving any answer, and the candle being now well alight, she looked up more attentively, and wondered to herself why the butler did not speak, and why he wore a cutaway coat and brass buttons; for, from the dimness of the candle and the uncertain moonlight, she noticed nothing otherwise singular in his appearance. As it was late, she went up at once to bed, leaving her door open in order to hear the butler return upstairs to his room. She undressed and went into her daughter's room, who was awake. "I cannot conceive," said she to her, "why James should have sat up for me to-night against my express orders, and now he is staying the most unaccountable time in the kitchen. I must go and wake Jane" (the maid), "and make her go and see what he is

about. It is very odd."

The maid was called and asked to go down and look after James. "James, ma'am!" said she; "he is in bed up-stairs, and I am sure he has not moved, or I should have heard him overhead and on the stairs, I am such a light sleeper." Miss Brook had heard nothing either. Mrs. Brook was aghast.

"There was a man in the house, then, for he passed close to me in the hall. I did not look at his face, for I was lighting my candle, but I took it for granted it was James. And the odd coat, too. There is a man concealed below, and we must make James get up at

once. James was found fast asleep in his bed; he had never stirred. He got up and went down stairs, followed by Mrs. Brook and the maid. The doors were all barred and locked, the windows fastened. Every hole and corner searched, no one was found, not a chair even had been moved. Mrs. Brook began to feel uncomfortable; the singular dress struck her, and something strange in the motion of the figure, which in the harry of the moment she had not remembered.

At last, tired out and very much frightened, they all went to bed. Next morning a police-man was sent for, and Mrs. B. described the whole occurrence and the appearance of the figure. "Oh," replied the policeman "that was the ghost-many have seen that ghost in this house before. He walks down those stairs from the top of the house. Years ago his master murdered him below, at the foot of the stairs near the kitchen, and his body was found there, If you take up the matting you will see the stains of blood in the flooring, which no washing will remove." Mrs. Brook did see some dark marks on the spot indicated. She left the house almost immediately .- All the Year Round.

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suing year will be held on the same day between the hours of 11 A. M. and 2 P. M. 1 2 mw 10t T. H. TROTTER, Treasurer. THE ENTERPRISE INSURANCE COM-PANY OF PHILADELPHIA. COMPANY'S BUILDING, No. 400 WAINET STREET,

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NOTICE BY VIRTUE AND IN EXECUTION of the powers contained in a Mortgage exc cuted by
THE CENTRAL PASSENGER RAILWAY COM-PANY
of the city of Philadelphia, bearing date of eigh teenth of April, 1863, and recorded in the office for recording deeds and mortgages for the city and country of Philadelphia, in Mortgage Book A. C. H., No. 56, page 465, etc., the undersigned Trustees

recording deeds and mortgages for the city and country of Philadelphia, in Mortgage Book A. C. H., No. 56, page 465, etc., the undersigned Trustees named in said Mortgage

WILL SELL AT PUBLIC AUCTION, at the MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, in the city of Philadelphia, by

MESSES, THOMAS & SONS, AUCTIONEERS, at 12 o'clock M., on TUESDAY, the fourteenth day of February, A. D. 1871, the property described in and conveyed by the said Mortgage, to wit:

No. 1. All those two contiguous lots or pieces of ground, with the buildings and improvements thereon erected, situate on the east side of Broad street, in the city of Philadelphia, one of them beginning at the distance of nineteen feet seven inches and five-eights southward from the southeast corner of the said Broad and Coates streets; thence extending eastward at right angles with said Broad street eighty-eight feet one inche and a half to ground now or late of Samuel Miller; thence southward along said ground, and at right angles with said Coates street, seventy-two feet to the northeast corner of an alley, two feet six inches in width, leading southward into Penn street; thence west-ward, crossing said alley and along the lot of ground here in alley and along the lot of ground here in alley and along the lot of ground here in alley and along the lot of ground here in alley and along the lot of ground here in alley and along the lot of ground here in alley and along the lot of ground here in alley and along the lot of ground here in alley and along along and along and along and along and along along along along and along and along a ward, crossing said alley and along the lot of ground hereinsiter described and at right angles with said Broad street, seventy-nine feet to the east side of the said Broad street; and thence northward along the east line of said Broad street seventy-two feet to the place of beginning. Subject to a ground-rent of \$250, silver money.

No. 2. The other of them situate at the northeast

No. 2. The other of them situate at the northeast corner of the said Broad street and Penn street, containing in front or breadth on the said Broad street eighteen feet, and in length or depth eastward along the north line of said Penn street seventy-four feet and two inches, and on the line of said tot parallel with said Penn street, seventy-six feet are inches and three-fourths of an not to said two feet six inches wide alley. Subject to ground rent of \$12, silver inoney. No. 3, All that certainl of or piece of ground be-ginning at the southeast corner of Coates street and Broad street, thence extending southward along

the said Broad street nineteen feet seven inches an five-eighths of an inch; thence castward eighty feet one inch and one-half of an inch; thence normward, at right angles with said Coates street, nine feet to the south side of Coates street, and theace

feet to the south side of Coates street, and theace westward along the south side of said Coates street ninety feet to the place of beginning.

No. 5. The whole road, plank road and railway of the said The Central Passenger Railway Company of the city of Philadelphia, and all their land (not included in Nos. 1, 2 and 3), roadway, railway, rails, right of way, stations, toll-houses and other superstructures, depots, depot grounds and other real estate, buildings and improvements whatsoever, and all and singular the corporate privileges and franchises connected with said company and plank road and railway and relating thereto, and all the tolls, income issues and profits to accrue from the road and railway and relating thereto, and all the tolls, income issues and profits to accrue from the same or any part thereof belonging to said company, and generally all the tenements, hereditaments and franchises of the said company. And also all the cars of every kind (not included in No. 4), machinery, tools, implements and materials connected with the proper equipment, operating and conducting of said road, plank road and railway; and all the personal property of overy kind and description belonging to the said company.

Together with all the streets, ways, alleys, passages, waters, water-courses, easements, franchises, rights, liberties, privileges, hereditaments, and appurtenances whatsoever, unto any of the above-mentioned premises and estates belonging and appertaining, and the reversions and remainders, rents, issues, and profits thereof, and all the estate, right, title, interest, property, claim, and demand of every nature and kind whatsoever of the said company, as well at law as in equity of, in, and to the same and every part and parcel thereof.

said company, as well at law as in equity of, in, and to the same and every part and parcel thereof.

TERMS OF SALE.

The properties will be sold in parcels as numbered. On each bid there shall be paid at the time the property is "struck off—On No. 1, \$300; No. 2, \$200; No. 3, \$300; No. 5, \$100, unless the price s less than that sum, when the whole sum bid shall be paid.

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