AN EPISODE OF THE PRESENT WAR. BY F. M. F. SKENE.

In the month of July of this last fateful year, there did not exist a more tranquil, sunny spot in all France than the little village of Vaux Vilaine. Very rural and primitive it was, and the echoes from the great tumultuous world without came few and faint smong the green fields and purple vineyards, where the birds sang so merrily and the summer winds sighed so softly through the rustling trees.

It possessed several substantial farm-houses among its humbler cottages, and a pretty little church, served by an old cure, who, in his broad hat and black soutane, walked breviary in hand from house to house, and was a veritable father and friend to every man, woman, and child in the place. The population was entirely agricultural, and the magnates of the village were a few thriving farmers, who sent their sons to the cure for a few hours' daily teaching, which gave them some intellectual advantages above the rest of the jeunesse of Vaux Vilaine.

Among these farmers' sons were three young men about the same age, who were for some years under the good priest's tuition, and who had at that period of their boyhood contracted a friendship for each other, which they had preserved intact through the years that had intervened since then.

Sunday, the 10th of July, 1870, was a glorious summer day, but intensely hot, and when the benediction service, at which the cure generally gave his people a little address, was finally over that evening, these three young men, Martel Lepelretier, Jules Desmarets, and Evariste Rossel, sauntered away to a large tree which stood in a retired part of the churchyard, and threw themselves down under its spreading branches to enjoy the soft evening air, while they conversed together in free and happy confidence.

Now, their talk was of the future; it is not often of anything else with most of us in those hopeful days of youth, when the unknown life is full of golden pessibilities, and no shadow from failure or disappointment has dimmed the sunshine which expectant fancy sheds on all that is to come.

"How gloomy the bon pere was in his sermon to-night!" said Martel, a stalwart youth, with blue eyes and curling fair hair, and a bright, frank expression of face; "he could talk of nothing but the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of preparing ourselves for all sorts of possible trials and troubles. Ma foi! I see no uncertainty in it, and I do not anticipate any trials. My fate is settled for me, and I am very well contented with it."

"I should think so, indeed!" said Jules, who was tall and slender, with keen dark eyes, and a look of great intelligence and vivacity. "Who would wish anything better than to have that gentille Vevette for fiances, and the prettiest farm in Vaux Vilaine for your home and possession; your father gives his home up to you when you marry, does he

"Yes, he means to retire to my grandfather's old house, and leave me to manage the farm, and you shall see what success I mean to have. I have some famous plans, which will astonish all our eld farmers not a little, I expect."

"And your wedding is to be on All Saints' day, is it not?

Yes, on the 1st of November, without fail. I wanted it sooner, but Vevette's mother declared she could not possibly, before that date, get ready the fine store of linen she means to give us for our new menage. "In the meantime you see Vevette every

day, so you are not much to be pitied, mon

"No, indeed, nor you either, for the matter of that, Monsieur Jules. I suppose you will be off to your uncle as soon as my marriage is over.

"That I shall! Paris! Paris!" exclaimed Jules, starting up, and taking a flying leap over the nearest grave, as an outlet to the excitement which the very name of the gay capital woke in him. "I promised to dance at your noce, Martel, so I will wait for that, but I do not stay here a day after it. My uncle said I might come in November, and he will have the honor of receiving me on the 2d of that month."

"Is it true that he means to make you his

"So he hints, and he is rich. Ah! delightfully rich; he is a horse-dealer, you know, and he gets guineas without number from the Milors Anglais, who come to Paris for their amusement. I shall have horses to ride whenever I please; that is the glorious part of it. I am to take them out for exercise, and I shall take good care they have enough of that, I promise you," and Jules looked at his friends with a roguish smile.

"It is a pleasant prospect, I must say," re-plied Martel. "Well! the cure had surely no need to talk to us of the trials and miseries of life-unless you have reason to anticipate them, Evariste," he added, turning to the third young man, who had not yet spoken.

Evariste was smaller and more delicately made than either of his companions, and had very refined features and soft hazel eyes, which were shaded with a certain pensiveness that hardly amounted to melancholy; as he turned to Martel a peculiarly sweet smile lit up his face.

"No," he answered, "I have no fears, nor any special plans formed for life; but I have day-dreams," he added, in a lower tone.

"Ah! let us, hear them, then," exclaimed Jules. "You are somewhat poetic, Evariste, mon ami, and perhaps you mean to go about the country like a troubadour, winning the hearts of all the fair ladies with your sweet songs.

Evariste shook his head, smiling, but did not answer.

"Come, tell us what your ambition is," said Martel; "I am sure you have some great "You will mock yourselves of me if I do

tell you," said Evariste, while a faint tinge of color spread over his face. "No! no!" they both exclaimed, "why

"You know you are far more learned than either of us," said Jules; "we never studied as you did in the old days when the oure labored so bard to hammer a little knowledge into our brains. I dare say you have flown far over our heads in your dreams. Come!

give us the benefit of them." "Well," said Evaniste, somewhat reluc-ntly. "I only want to do something for my fellow-creatures before I leave the world. I do not want to live just to amuse myself, and then die to be forgotten. I should like to follow the example of the heroes of old who died for their country; or, better still, of the martyrs who died for Christ." And his face became flushed with a glow of enthu-

"Tiens! that is an idea which would not have come to me," said Jules. "I prefer to

"Well, I should not object to die a glorious death," said Martel, "but I must first live a

THE THREE FRIENDS OF VAUX long, happy life with Vevette, bien entendu.

It would be pleasant enough to know that one's name would be honored by posterity; but let me take my pleasure out of existence

> "But, Martel," said Evariste, "it is not in old sge, for the most part, that we can make a sacrifice. Life has come to an end by that time anyhow.

> "Sacrifice! old age! death!" exclaimed Jules; "why, Evariste, you are worse than the cure, with your gloomy ideas; but happily they are only ideas after all. With all these fine sentiments, mon ami, I think I know pretty well what will be your fate—you will be a bon pere de famille, like your father before you. Do you think I did not observe Leonie Michen's pretty blue eyes glancing your way all through Benediction this evening? And you love her, Evariste. You need not deny it.

"I do not wish to deny it," he answered "I do love her better than my life. Still I think I could give up love, with life, if I were chosen by Heaven to be a hero or a

"But if you are not so chosen, which does not seem likely in these commonplace times, you will marry Leonie and rock the baby's cradle in due course, will you not?" said Jules, looking at him laughingly.

"I dare say I shall," he answered with a bright smile, "and be thankful enough that I was allowed to be happy in life, instead of glorious in death.

"So! we are all three provided for, in spite of the cure," said Martel, "et pas mal, I must say;" and after a little more conversation on indifferent subjects, the three friends separated, and walked away to their different homes.

A few more days-during which the birds still sung among the sunlit trees, and the grapes ripened on the vines, and the inhabitants of Vaux Vilaine went to and fro in happy security and talked of the prospects of the harvest as the most important subject in the world-and then the pastoral quiet of even that most peaceful home was awfully broken by the stunning thunders of the great war news, which all knew to be, in truth, the death-knell of thousands upon thousands of the bravest hearts in France.

Was there a spot in all that fair and pleasant country, however secluded and remote, to which the dreadful tidings failed to bring anguish and terror, even before a shot had been fired or a single life sacrificed? Surely not one; and Vaux Vilaine was no exception, though, for the first two months, the tide of war rolled far away from its green fields and tranquil homes. But there was scarcely a family who had not a relation with the army; and day after day brought tidings which told of beloved faces that would be seen no more -of national disasters, and heroic self-devotion that courted death, but failed to retrieve the terrible disgrace.

Jules, Martel, and Evariste had each a brother in the army, but they themselves, for various reasons, had as yet been held exempt, greatly to their indignation and annoyance; for even the special ties which bound Martel and Evariste to the homes that held Vevette and Leonie did not prevent them feeling quite as strongly as Jules did the burning desire to throw their young lives into the balance, and help to turn the scale in favor of their beautiful and unfortunate France, in whose ultimate success and glory they could not cease to believe, in face of the worst reverses.

Still, though there were lamentation and disquiet in Vaux Vilaine, and many a significant notice on the church door asking the faithful, of their charity, to pray for the soul of some brave soldier lying in his last cold sleep on the blood-drenched soil of Woerth or Weissenburg, yet the ordinary life of the villagers went on much as usual; no one prevented them from continuing their accustomed employments; the harvest and vintage were gathered in with a little additional toil because the numbers of the men who remained to accomplish that pleasant task were so much fewer than they had ever been before. And the domestic events in the various families proceeded as they had ever done; children were christened, young maidens given in marriage, and old men peacefully buried, whose last sigh had been for their dear and fair France, so sorely worsted in the gigantic conflict.

Among other plans which had undergone no alteration, the marriage of Martel was still to take place on the day originally fixed; but he and Vevette were not alone in their happiness now. Evariste and Leonie were to be united on the same day; and Jules often declared that of the three he was the only victim of the war, as it was, to say the least, very doubtful whether he would be able to join his uncle in the besieged capital at the time he proposed; though, with the irrepressible buoyancy and confidence of a Frenchman, he declared that Trochu and his brave soldiers would have broken through the Prussian lines. and utterly routed the enemy long before November came.

After the investment of Paris had taken place, however, the surging waves of the great combat that was flooding France began to draw nearer and nearer to Vaux Vilaine.

Prussian troops, hastening down to join the besieging army, constantly passed quite close to the village. Occasionally some of the nondescript stragglers who followed in the rear would make a raid upon the little shops in the main street, and carry off all they could lay their hands upon. This exasperated the peasants, already furious at the national-disgrace; and the curs in vain preached patience. and impressed on his people that the forgiveness of injuries was the noblest of Christian virtues. There were not a few turbulent spirits who declared that if they could get the chance, they would have their revenge on these "maudits Prussiens," and knock the life out of seme of them, at least. These threats gave great anxiety to the wiser and more experienced inhabitants; for rumors had reached the village of the terrible reprisals exacted by the Prussians, for every attempt at defense on the part of the peasantry.

At length one evening, when the autumn days were growing dark and cold, an unusually large number of Prussian troops marched past the village, and bivonacked for the night within a quarter of a mile from Vaux Vilaine. They had never been so near before, and searcely was their presence known when a Prussian colonel, with a small escort, rode baughtily up to the house of Lepelletier, Martel's father, who acted as Mayor, and made a requisition of food and wine for his men, which could only be obeyed at the cost of impoverishing the whole inhabitants of the village for some

months de. Remonstrances and entreaties were all in vain, and every family sullealy yielded up of their best, till the exorbitant demand was satisfied, and then the Germans rode away, followed by the curses of every man in the place. There were some, however, who were not content with maledictions, and muttered ominous threats, which caused Lepelletier, as the chief personage in the place, to make an earnest harangue to the assembled people, in

to bring down upon their unprotected village the wrath of the whole vast host who lay encamped so pear them. He could see that some of the younger men listened to him with ill-suppressed impatience; but he could do no more, and, calling to his son, who was standing near with Jules and Evariste, he made them all three enter his house with him, lest they should be led away by any of the ill-advised proposals which were circulating among the crowd.

Several of the principal inhabitants of Vanx Vilaine, both men and women, followed Lepelletier into his sitting-room, and remained in sorrowful conversation for some time over the disasters of their unhappy country and their own present wrongs. Among them were Vevette and Leonie, with their parents; and their presence tended greatly to reconcile Martel and Evariste to the inaction to which they were doomed, even with the hated enemy lying so near to them.
Jules, meanwhile, who was naturally elo-

quent, was talking eagerly with Lepelletier and some of the gray heads of the village on the remedies which, in his inexperience and self-confidence, he thought might rectify the dreadful state of matters in France.

Suddenly, as they were all thus engaged and the conversation was waxing more and excited, there came a sound, clear and ringing, though distant, which caused the voice of the speakers to cease as suddenly as if a thunderbolt had fallen among them. It was a shot coming from the direction in which the Prussians lay, and followed in quick succession by one or two more, as if from the discharge of a revolver. There was consternation on every face as the sound died away, and for a few minutes no one spoke; and then one of the women hazarded, in a trembling voice, the remark that perhaps one of the maudits Prussiens had killed some of their people; and while the other women cried out in horror at the idea, Lepelletier shook his head and answered gloomily:-

"If only it be nothing worse than what you fear. But I doubt there is that in the sound we have heard which may cause our whole village to be burned over our heads. Stop!" he exclaimed, as Jules and one or two others sprang to the door with the intention of ascertaining what had happened-"Stay where you are, one and all, I charge you. Let not a man from Vaux Vilaine be seen near the spot where that shot was fired, if you would have any one of us left alive by this time to-morrow!'

Suppressed shricks from the women followed these words as the young men drew back from the door. Vevette threw herself into Martel's arms, and Leonie lifted up her blue eyes, swimming in tears, to Evariste, and became suddenly awed and tranquillized by the peculiar expression of his face. His soft hazel eyes, wide open, appeared to be looking far away into scenes unperceived by others, and his lips were parted with a calm, sweet smile, which seemed full of hidden meaning. All agitation, she felt, was misplaced in the presence of such a look as Evariste wore, yet Leonie trembled with some dark, mysterious foreboding, even as she gazed, and wished with all her heart that he would look less beautiful and noble, and more like the joyous, light-hearted fiance with whom she hoped to pass all the years of her earthly life.

For an hour or so the persons assembled at Farmer Lepelletier's remained talking together, the women in tears, the men sulled and disquieted; and then in groups of two or three they crept away silently to their

Before day broke over Vaux Vilaine next merning it was known throughout the village -none could have told how-that the Prussian Colonel had been shot dead by an unseen foe as he rode round the outposts the evening before, and it was whispered cautiously that two of the hottest spirits among the young men of Vaux Vilaine were missing from their homes.

From the moment that this was known, but one thought filled the anxious minds of every inhabitant of that once happy village -what vengeance in blood or fire would the Prussians require for this ill-advised and cruel deed? They were not long left in sus-

A beautiful sunrise it was which brought the light of day to Vaux Vilaine on that fair autumn morning. The heavy dews which had fallen the night before glistened like scattered gems in the early sunshine, and the air was sweet with the breath of flowers, yielding up their perfume to the soft, warm breeze. The bleating sheep and cattle, lowing in the fields, seemed to call the people to their usual peaceful occupations, and the little church bell, with its silvery tone, gave notice that the cure meant to celebrate an early mass on behalf of their dear patrie, so sadly in need of aid from heaven. All things were as they had been many and many a morning before, when the people of Vaux Vilaine rose to carry on the gentle, peaceful life which made so sweet an existence for them, and nature still was doing her part in beauty and beneficence. The skies failed not to shed on all their brightest smile, but there were human passions at war upon earth; and truly the records of this tremendous struggle might well lead one to believe, that if all the demons of hell had been let loose they could hardly have made more terrible havoc in God's fair world.

While yet the peaceful church bell rung, and the sunbeams streaming through the lattice windows of the cottage woke the children in their cradles, there was heard coming, ever nearer and nearer, the heavy tramp of a large body of mounted Uhlans, galloping down upon the village. In a moment more they were swarming, a fierce and merciless crowd, in the main street, and in every lane and alley in the place. A certain number were told off, who dismounted, and, entering into all the houses, from end to end of the village, they dragged out every man they could find, and drove them in a mass into the church, where a very different scene was to be enacted from the quiet holy service the good cure bad intended to hold.

The women, who would have followed their husbands and brothers, were driven back with blows and curses by the Uhlans, and the church doors were shut upon the whole male inhabitants of the village. What would be done to them there? The poor women shricked and wept, as they asked themselves that question.

Leonie and Vevette, united by the anguish of their common suspense and terror, crept, hand in hand, nearer to the church than any of the others dared to go, and hid themselves behind the very tree beneath whose branches the three young men had held their conversation on that bright, peaceful evening, before even the shadow of war had cast its gloom on the earth, and when they were looking forward so gayly to the fulfilment of their various plans of happiness.

Meanwhile, a strange scene was taking place in the church. The cure, already robed for mass, was thrust rudely aside by the Uhlans, and knelt down in a corner, praying fervently, while the commanding officer of the troop of avengers went and stood on the steps of the altar. There, in a loud ringing which he implored them not, by any rash act, I voice which was heard over the whole church,

he announced the tribute of blood which the clemency, as he expressed it, of his superiors would alone exact for the murder of the colo-

They would not burn down the village, as would have been but just, nor would they put the inhabitants to the sword, richly as they deserved it, but they would be satisfied with the lives of three men out of those now assembled in the church, who must be executed instantly, before the troops resumed their conquering march through France-not an hour's delay could be accorded. The officer added that the choice of the victims might be made by lot, among themselves, but it must be done then and there, without loss of time. As he concluded, he held up his watch before

"In ten minutes," he said, "your choice must be made; if you delay longer than that, I choose for myself, and I shall take the first three on whom I happen to lay my hands, and have them shot at once.'

It was but too plain there was no appeal, and that it would be only wasting the precious moments to attempt it. Lepelletier, with some of the older men, began in silence, and with trembling hands, to prepare the lots with the three fatal numbers, which would be drawn by the men on whom the deom of death should fall.

But, suddenly, there was a movement in the crowd, and a young man came forward with a light, active step, and, laying his hand on Lepelletier's arm, to prevent him continuing his dreadful task, he made a sign that he wished to speak. There was silence over the whole church in an instant, and all eves were turned on Evariste Rossel. Familiar as his features were to most of them, they looked on him now as though they had never seen him before, so completely was his thoughtful face transfigured by the pure heroic resolution that shone in his soft eyes and thrilled in his clear young voice, as he spoke, with the utmost simplicity, words death-laden to himself.

"Mes amis," he said, and every individual in the sad assembly heard him distinctly, "if we cast lots for the victims of the enemy, it may be that the doom will fall on fathers of families who would leave widows and orphans to mourn them not only in sorrow, but in poverty and destitution. It is not well, therefore, that such as they are should be taken from the homes they support and protect, while there are others who have not, as yet at least, formed ties so close and binding. Of these I am one-my mother has other sonsmy fiancee will find many a worthier man to seek her love, and I offer myself freely to die that the husbands and fathers may be spared. I am sure that there are others, situated as I am, who will no less willingly give their lives to make up the number."

Evariste carefully avoided looking at Jules and Martel as he spoke, for he would not seem to summon them, but they needed no other call save his bright example. Instantly they started forward and ranged themselves at his side.

"We, too, give ourselves freely to the death," they exclaimed; "the number is complete.

Lepelletier had been on the point of remonstrating with Evariste, because he could not bear the thought of that young life quenched in blood; but when he saw that Martel, his own son, was among the offered victims, the words died on his lips, and he turned his face to the wall, groaning in unspeakable anguish. He felt, Brutus-like, he could not ask that a father of a family should die to spare his own unwedded son. No time was given him, however, to struggle with his heart. The Prussian officer held up his watch, exclaiming that the ten minutes were expired-he must have three men instantly for execution.

'We are here, we are ready!" said the three friends, coming forward with firm step and dauntless look.

"One moment only," exclaimed Evariste, and taking his two companions by the hand, he drew them down on their knees before the cure, saying, "Father, absolve us; bless us in this supreme moment!"

The good man, appalled and bewildered. turned towards them his eyes streaming with tears. He seemed too much overwhelmed to know almost what he was doing; but, upheld by the habit of priestly functions, he murmured the form of absolution, made the sign of the cross, and blessed them in the threefold name of Him before whom they were about to appear.

They thanked him, adding, "Adieu, mon pere," and rose from their knees. Instantly the Uhlans surrounded them, bound their hands, and hurried them to the door. One moment those gathered in the church saw their shadows darken the threshold as they passed out into the dazzling sunshine, and the next instant they were gone, to be seen of men no more forever. Then, with a simultaneous impulse, the whole assembly fell upon their knees, and as the cure, turning to the altar, intoned the "De Profundis," the wailing voices joined in the funereal chant with one deep, heart-wrung cry that rose in mournful appeal to the listening heaven.

Meanwhile, across the sunlit church-yard the doomed men were hurried by their executioners; but their terrible march had a momentary interruption. Suddenly, from be-neath the spreading branches of the tree which the victims knew so well, the graceful figure of a young girl bounded forth, as if her feet were winged; and Leonie, flinging berself on the breast of her flance, exclaimed, in a tone of horror, "Evariste, que, va-t-on faire de toi?"

"Adieu, mon ange!" was his only answer; but the instinct of her woman's heart told her all the dreadful truth. She flung up her hands with a bitter ery, and, as his bound arms could not hold her, she sunk at his feet as if she had herself already sustained the death-blow he was about to meet. Vevette, who had followed her, was clinging to Martel, uttering shriek on shriek.

"Remove these women," exclaimed the commanding officer, with angry impatience, and the soldiers instantly tore Vevette from Martel's arms, while others lifted up the senseless form of Leonie, and both were roughly flung aside upon the church-yard grass, and the captives hurried on without another moment's delay. Then indeed did the bitterness of death pass into the hearts of Martel and Evariste, while Jules, turning to them with a pathetic smile, said softly:-"I may well be thankful that I have no fiancee!

Yes, truly, that hour had come to them, as come it will to all of us, when those are happiest who have fewest earthly blessings, and whose best treasures are garnered in that realm where all that has been brave and sweet and good, like the self-devotion of those three young men, will have a place throughout the eternal ages, among the imperishable things of God.

There was an open field just below the church-yard wall, which had been the favorite playground of Evariste and his companions through all their happy boyhood. There were they taken by the soldiers, and placed with their eyes bandaged, facing the sun they were never to see again!

A few minutes more, and through the wail of the De Profundis, rising and falling amid the sobs of men grown weak as women in their anguish of pity, there went the sharp, ringing report of the volley which told that the sacrifice was consummated, and that if the brief earthly life of the noble young men was over, on the roll of the glorious army of martyrs their names would live forever more.

The story we have told is no fiction. It is but a few weeks since the village of Vaux Vilaine witnessed the execution of the three friends, who, lest the lot should fall on the fathers of families, volunteered to satisfy the blood-claim of the Prussians for the death of their Colonel. We have given this little record of their fate, not to harrow the feelings of our readers by the mere recital of a tragedy, but to afford them another instance of that glorious springing of good out of evil, which has been the deathless consolation of the human race since the first man

woke to the mystery of suffering. Amid the horror and anguish and aching helpless compassion with which this dreadfal war has filled the world, such deeds rise up full of sweetness and refreshment, like the fragrance of flowers which only give forth their richest perfume when they have been crushed and beaten down under the foot of the destroyer .- Temple Bar.

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May 30, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the Exchange:
TWENTIETH and ARCH STREETS, S. E. corner—
Blegant double Residence.
TOWNSHIP LINE and NEW STREET, Chesnut Hill— Pointed-stone Residence, with 15 acres ground.

CHESNUT STREET, No. 1924 — Handsome Resi-DOCK and GOLD STREETS, S. E. corner-Brick

DOCK STREET, No. 223—Brick Building. FOURTH STREET (South), No. 255—Modern Resi-SANSON STREET, No. 1784—Brick Dwelling. RACE STREET, No. 217—Frame and Brick Build-

ings.

Green Street, Rising Sun—Frame Cottage.
GOODMAN STREET, Rising Sun—4 Lots.
GOODMAN STREET, Rising Sun—2 Frame Cottages.
FOURTH STREET (North), Nos. 1339 and 1332—6
Brick and Frame Dwellings and Large Lot.
FORTY-FIRST and Westminster Avenue, Southwest corner—Residence and Stable.
REED STREET, No. 1407—Modern Dwelling.
LANCASTER AVENUE, above Forty-eighth street.

LANCASTER AVENUE, above Forty-eighth street— Bick Coach Factory, Dwelling, Shop, etc. QUEEN STREET, Germantown, No. 108—Stone Re-sidence. dence. Sunset Avenue, Chesnut Hill—4 Desirable Lots. FRANKLIN STREET, No. 2221—Genteel Dwelling. BAINERIDGE STREET, No. 1937—Genteel Dwelling. RACE STREET, No. 806—Building, Columbia Hos

House.
Thompson Street, No. 1209-Modern Dwelling. RICHMOND STREET, NO. 422—Dwelling and Stable RICHMOND STREET, NO. 418—Brick Dwelling. ALLEN STREET, NO. 422—Frame Dwelling. BEACH STREET, NO. 1368—Brick Dwelling. WARREN STREET, NOS. 919 and 921—Two Brick Dwellings.
SHARSWOOD STREET, No. 2220—Gen teel Dwelling.
TWENTY-SECOND STREET (South), No. 906—Genteel

Dwelling.
THIRTEENTH STREET, below Washington avenue— PASSYUNK ROAD, No. 1333-Dwelling and Stable. MARSHALL STREET, south of Washington avenue CHRISTIAN STREET, No. 1838-Brick Dwelling. SEVENTEENTH and REED, N. E. corner-Store and

SEVENTEENTH STREET (South), Nos. 1303 and 1305 Two Dwellings, ELLSWORTH STREET, No. 2131—Brick Dwelling. ELLSWORTH STREET, No. 2131—Brick Dwelling.
SECOND STREET (SOUTH), No. 1822—Brick Dwelling.
GROUND RENTS—6, each \$35 a year.
MONTGAGES—2 \$3000 and 2 \$1500 each.
CUBA STREET, No. 1744—Brick Dwelling.
40 shares West Laurel Hill Cemetery Co.
\$2000 Huntingdon and Broad Top Consolidated.
\$250 scrip Huntingdon and Broad Top Conv.
\$500 Belvidere Delaware Railroad 6 per cent.
200 shares Delaware Mutual Insurance Co.
\$220 octip Delaware Mutual Insurance Co.

\$520 scrip Delaware Mutual Insurance, 1868. \$685 scrip Delaware Mutual Insurance, 1869. 50 shares Reliance Insurance Co.
27 shares Merchants' Hotel Co.
8 shares Continental Hotel Co.
25 shares Commercial National Bank.
15 shares Washington Mapufact'g Co., Gloucester. 1 share Philadelphia Library Co. 80 shares Pacific Mutual Ins. Co., Trenton.

300 shares Kenkald Off Co. 2 shares Natatorium Institute. Pew No. 110 Sixth Presbyterian Church. 634 shares Vinton Furnace and Coal Co. of Ohio. 1 share Point Breeze Park Association. Stalls Nos. 14 and 40 Point Breeze Park Asson.
200 shares Empire Transportation Co.
1 share Academy of Fine Arts.
20 shares Third National Bank.
5 shares West Philadelphia Bank.

100 shares Pennsylvania Railroad Co. 25 shares National Bank of the Republic. 7000 shares New Creek Coal Co. 100 shs. American B. H. Sewing Machine. 5 26 3t 50 shares Philadelphia Trust and Safe Deposit Co. Lot 847 Monument Cemetery. 1000 shares McClintockville Petroleum Co. 1886 shares Karthaus Coal and Lumber Co. 60 shares Girard National Bank.

Sale No. 670 N. Tenth. Estate of Mrs. Tacey R. Pancoast, deceased, NEAT FURNITURE, CARPETS, ETO. May 20, at 2 o'clock, by catalogue, the neat fur-

40 shares Western National Bank.

HENRY W. & B. SCOTT, JR., AUCTIONEERS, No. 1129 CHESNUT Street (Girard Row). THOMAS BIRCH & SON, AUCTIONEERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 1110 Ches. NUT Street; rear entrance No. 1107 Sansom street.

CARD,-We call particular attention to the large stock of new and second-hand Household Furni-ture and Carpets. Also, 37 gilt and walnut-framed mantel, pier, and chamber Glasses to be sold on Friday next, at our store, No. 1110 Chesnut st. 5 27 2t BUNTING, DURBOROW & CO., AUCTIONERRS Nos. 232 and 234 MARKET street, corner of Bank street, Successors to John E. Myers & Co.

LARGE SALE OF FRENCH AND OTHER EUROPEAN DRY GOODS. On Monday Morning.

May 29, at 10 o'clock, on four months' credit. 5 23 54 SALE OF 2000 CASES BOOTS, SHOES, TRAVEL-LING BAGS, HATS, ETC.

On Tuesday Morning, May 30, at 10 o'cik, on four months' credit. [5 24 5t LARGE SALE OF BRITISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, On Thursday Morning, June 1, at 10 o'clock, on four months credit. 5 26 5

SALE OF CARPETINGS, OIL CLOTHS, 500 ROLLS WHITE AND RED CHECK CANTON MAT-TINGS, ETC., On Friday Morning, June 2, at 11 o'clock, on four months' BY BARRITT & CO., AUCTIONEERS CASH AUCTION HOUSE, No. 230 MARKET Street, corner of Bank street.

No. 230 MARKET Street, corner of Dalla extra Cash advanced on consignments without extra 11 245 charge. LARGE SALE DRY GOODS, HOSIERY, READY-MADE CLOTHING, Table and Pocket Cutlery Balmoral Skirts, Etc.

On Tuesday Morning, May 30, at 10 o'clock. STRAW GOODS. Also, 100 cases men's and boys', indies and misses straw hats; also, 150 cartons fine artificial flow-

SALE 1000 CASES BOOTS, SHOES, AND BRO-GANS, MEN'S AND BOYS HATS, CAPS, ETC. On Wednesday Morning, May 31, at 10 o'clock, on four months' credit. 527 3t L PPINCOTT, SON & CO., AUCTIONERRS, Nos. 221 MARKET and 210 CHURCH Street.

CONCERT HALL AUCTION ROOMS, No. 1918
CHESNUT Street.
T. A. MCCLELLAND, AUCTIONEER. Personal attention given to sales of household furniture at dwellings.

Public sales of furniture at the Auction Rooms,
No. 1219 Chesnut street, every Monday and Thurs-

day.
For particulars see "Public Ledger." N. B .- A superior class of farniture at private sais HENRY MOLTEN. AUCTIONEER
BY HENRY MOLTEN & CO.,
Salesroom, Nos. 21 and 23 MERGER Street,
New York.

REGULAR TRADE SALE FUR AND WOOL HATS,
LADIES' AND GENTS' READY-MADE FURS,
STRAW, FELT, AND VELVET GOODS,
Every THURSDAY during the season. Cash advances made on consignments withou additional charges.

QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, UNITED STATES ARMY,
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 26, 1871.
SEALED PROPOSALS in triplicate will be received at this office until 18 o'clock M. on MONDAY, June 26, 1871, for bulleling a brick or stone wall, with one double and one single from gate, at the following named NATIONAL CEMETRRIES,

Chipeper C. H., Va., Fort Harrison, near Richmond, Va., and Beverly, N. J.

The rubbish resulting from the excavation for the walls to be remeved from the grounds of each come tery at the expense of the successful bidder.

Bidders will be required to specify the price per linear foot, and no bid will be entertained that does not conform to this requirement.

Plans, specifications, and blank forms for bids furnished by the undersigned.

Plans, specimental furnished by the undersigned, HENRY J. HODGES, 5 26 5t Major and Quartermaster U. S. Army.