Time passed on, and Katy did not come back Mr. Gonrlay sternly forbade any search being made. He did not know whether she was Richard Hale's wife or not. He did not care, he said. She had brought dishonor and shame upon herself and him, by her conduct, and she was now to him a stranger, and, for all he cared, an out. cast and a wanderer on the face of the earth. the had chosen her lot, and now let her accept it, and if she had sowed bitterness and tribulation. et her est the fruit thereof, for he disowned her forever. So John Gourlay talked when the blow first fell, and then he commanded silence upon the subject in his household. But away down in his heart the grief was intense, and remained unclosed, although he shut his lips and tried manfally to stifle the

Upon Mary the blow fell with double force. She not only lost her eister, but her lover had proved false and been taken away from her, and t was her sister who had done the cruel deed. It was not in her nature to complain, or to give wayto violent outbursts of grief, even if it had been permitted so to do, but she felt the hurt even more keenly because of this, and its effect was more deadly. I do not believe a great deal in in broken hearts; there is very much nonsense written about them, but there are gentle, sens tive women, such as Mary Gourlay, whose vital is almost bound up in their affections, and who under the effects of severe depression and unendng heartache, will wither and droop and die fary was calm and patient beneath her heavy burden, but it was plain to see that it was more than she could bear. Her pale face grew whiter. her cheeks lost their roundness, and her frail orm shrunk away, day after day, until it became ainful to see her clowly moving about the house. ttending to her duties./ Her mother's keen eyes watched with polgnant distress the feeble efforts which she made to smile and to be cheerful, when in her company. At last she took to her room and then to bed, and her malady, so often, size! tered. A magistrate was sent for, late as it was, termined to brave it through for the child's sake, the fourth Christmas eve within the scope of Also selections from incurable, seemed gradually eating away her

The windows of her room opened out upon the quiet, grass-covered street, and thence it looked eyond to the graveyard, where multitudes of the ancient people of the town lay reposing in their final slumber, and from the midst of which th little church held aloft its snow-white spire, to point the way their soule had gone. And the spire seemed to do more. Every day when the sun rose across the water, and tinged the restles waves with purple and vermillion, the shadow of the spire fell into Mary's window, and slowly receding until it crept across the tomb-stones, up to the foot of the tower, seemed to point the way the pale sufferer soon must go, and to indicate he place where her poor, wasted body must rest ntil that second Christmas morning of the

But happily for this story, for her father and mother, for you and I, and for another, the shadowy prophecy proved false. If there is a cure for a broken heart it is a homeopathic one. It consists simply in the application of another. to supply the place of that which caused the disease. The tendrils rudely torn from the support around which they clung, feel out for or any of the multitude of divisions into which itself. He believed that his duty was to preach the Gospel in its purity, to rich and poor alike; to do whatever good thing his hand found to do; to live without fear and without reproach, (albeit he had a very small salary to live upon), and to minister to the sick, the weary and the distressed among his people. The Rev. Mr. Slimmer rightly concluded that if he attended to his duty manfully and well. he would have quite enough to do, without quarrelling with his neighbors about the special routes each of them had selected to travel to Heaven upon. In the performance of his office, he had been

called in to minister to the spiritual wants of the fair girl who lay, as all thought, stretched upon her dying bed. It was a sad trial for a man in his position, and he felt it the more, because h had an inward consciousness that the invalid could lead him through fields of religious experience, untrodden before by him. But he went. day after day, and performed his duty, and, as i appeared to give comfort to the girl, he at last ook absolute pleasure in it, and he would bring a bunch of flowers for her table, or some dainty delicacy every day, and she always seemed to be ery grateful for them. Poor Slimmer's lips were always devout, but I am sadly afraid his cyes must have told that old story of his heart, fo Mary felt drawn towards him unconsciously, and began to realize, in the purity and beauty of his character, what a good and true man might be, even without the dashing grace and spirit of Dick Hale, which now seemed coarse and mean by the side of Slimmer's shy sensitiveness an

when Mary began to grow better, Brother Slimmer discontinued his visits, until the time when she at last could come down stairs, and sit propped up with pillows, by the fireside. Mr. Slimmer then deemed it incumbent upon him as a elergyman, to drop in frequently upon the extent upon these occasions. But Mary seemed satisfied, and Slimmer's conscience did not upbraid him, until that night, weeks afterwards, when, sitting by her elde, as she half reclined in the great arm chair, he took her little, pallid hand in his and blurted out an honest confession of the existence of the old flame, which now Mary's face, as her mind recalled the false lover, Mary's heart, and she bowed her head, while a about obtaining employment for it.

III.

through Katy's excited brain. "By this time her she had been happy and contented, and had away from her by Mrs. Gourlay, who looked into Time passed on, and haty un not come take, fight was discovered. She could see the an- scarce realized it, or given it a thought. Now, a its pinched and pallid face, and saw that hunger guish upon her kind mother's face, and the pale, and disheartening experience brought the and cold had done their work, and that its brief, sad countenance of the dear sister, whom she whole iniquitous truth to her comprehension, unconscious life was ended. The mother recowas robbing of the man she, best loved. What and she found how very hard a thing it is, for a vered and, turning to her sister, said: would be the effect upon her father? She feared woman to be honest, and win her daily bread. "Mary, he was my husband. He is dead, and I that he would instantly purshe her, and drag her She obtained clothing to make, and found that am dying. I cannot stay here, and I have no back, to face her acquaintances who would learn of her flight. The company at the house would she could earn, by toiling steadily, from fifteen know it instantly, and would spread the news through the tears came into her eyes once more. through the town. She could never bear the ached, and her tired fingers refused to do their her dishevelled hair with a gentle hand and shame and mortification of a return. Yes, she office. Her employers could do no better, they lobked beseechingly at her father, as Mrs. Gourin her heart, her love for the kind parents who more women seeking for work, than there was now, he walked quickly over to Katy and took and had made her home so happy, until this to the store; the trades, the arts, clerkships, and welcome back to her home, and should stay there man came there, to despoil and darken it. Re-morse and foreboding filled her mind as she re-flected upon the misery she had brought upon man's place is by the domestic hearth; she would freshed, with the tears coursing down her cheeks, irreside, with the tears coursing down her cheeks, those to whom she had always been bound by be robbed of her gentleness and purity, if she and they took the child away and hid from he tender ties, and, as the utter helplessness of were permitted to mingle with coarse; rough the fact that it was dead, and Mary's busy hands effecting reconciliation, or obtaining forgiveness, | men," as if "coarse, rough men," did not associ- prepared food and clothing for her; and, with dawned upon her, she shut her teeth with despe- ate with women at home, and in society, and loving and tender hearts around her, she ration, and thought of her wild and fierce love were not better for it. for Dick, as she placed her trembling hand upon | But Katy, like many another poor and lonely troubles and wanderings were at an end, and his arm, and received from him words of comfort | woman, had no "domestic hearth." She had a | that she had come to perfect and enduring peace

with the belief that he was to clope with the endurance could not long withstand the effects of became loveller than over. daughter of a censelessly obdurate man, they such ceaseless, unremitting, toil, and Katy was | Her old friends flocked once more around her had agreed to assist him. So all was in readiness compelled, for the sake of her fast-failing health, and what could be more probable than that, and Katy trembling and pale, with a vague un- although the pale, wan cheeks, and the sunken this history, the Gourlay mansion grew bright rest in her mind, stood up and accepted Dick as eyes, with great rings about them, warned her with something of its old glory, and how Mary her husband.

early train, and Richard procured rooms for him- | could do no work, and lying upon her bed, with | marriage ceremony was performed, in the pre- | WTTH BELLS, "#OLIAN" AND PIANO FORTE self and wife at a fashionable hotel. He had a | death tor herself and baby staring her in the | sence of many of the company who had been small fortune, and upon this it was his purpose | face, her mind reverted, as it had so often done | there when the elopement took place. I might to live, and support his wife in that style which of late, to her father's house, where there was also relate how both sisters were happy in their Richard Hall thought becoming to the wife of so plenty for her, and where, if he would only re- choice, and how, in Katy's case, as the years Offered at Reduced Prices by the fine a gentleman as himself.

allithat lay in man's power to do, to recompense gone. But would they so receive her? She who chosen to make her a better and a nobler woman, her for the sacrifices she had made. But Katy had dishonored and disgraced them? Indeed, and she even came to regard her suffering as a hever rid her mind of that self-reproachful feel- she did not know if her conduct had not by this blessed thing, for the contrast it formed with ing, which was born in her when she took her | time killed both father and mother. But to re- | the joyful present. For if it be true farewell of her father's house. She gave her-if it was refused, she would go away, and give up tappier things," She had forsaken all for him-father, mother, hope, and faith, and life, and succumb to starva- how much truer is it, that the crown of joy is the sister, home and friends. He was all she had in | tion and cold. So, when she could summon | memory of great tribulation long past and for sister, home and friends. He was all she had in the nough, she rose from her bed, and, ever unreturning. and frantic affection, feeling that if she lost him, | taking her baby in her arms, she turned her steps or was separated from him, she would have once more, hungry and weary, toward that far nothing more to live for in this world.

irredcemable past, Mr. Dick began to grow weary of his wife's importunate love. That which had ther and a better one. If they do not reach d at first seemed so tender and beautiful, and had t they shrivel up and die, but if it comes, they filled him with intensest delight, was now diswill wind around it, and grow as strong and as tasteful. He was tired of her, and he began to ment. The snow of the street was flecked and uxuriantly as if they had clasped it from the be- seek more congenial society among the dissolute. | barred with the yellow light from the houses and ginning. It was a long, long while before Mary in whose companionship he had once before bund healing in anything. The anniver- taken so much pleasure. Poor little Katy was the bitter cold, were pressing their noses against sary of that fatal Christmas eve had passed, left alone now, many and many a night, and her the panes, and gazing with envious eyes upon and the bright summer garments of earth bright black eyes often brimmed over with tears, begun to grow rusty and threadbare as she was overcome with a sense of her lonell- sion within. The street were lined with wagons, in the autumn winds, before she rose from her sick-bed, restored to health. The physician who worked this wondrous cure was no other than the young clergyman, Mr. Slimmer, who pro-sided over the little sanctuary across the way he was called "away by business and in from the country, bearing huge loads of cedar in from the country, bearing huge loads of cedar in from the country, bearing huge loads of cedar in from the country, bearing huge loads of cedar in from the country, bearing huge loads of cedar in from the country, bearing huge loads of cedar and who, having long ago been an unsuccessful that the warmth of his affection had not been suitor for Mary's hand, determined, like a true chilled. Alas! she knew better, and she redouand valuant lover, to remain single and prove bled her efforts to make herself pleasing to him. the height and depth of his affection. Brother But Master Dick would not be pleased. He Slimmer was a first-rate fellow, with no predilec-squandered his substance in gaming hells and in tion for High or Low Church, old or new school, or any of the multitude of divisions into which into his room in a state of wretched intoxication: the Church militant arranges itself, for war upon And then his funds ran low, and he announced who carried on the work kept pace with their to Katy that he could no longer maintain her in to Katy that he could no longer instants at a here is a second in the longer instants at a here is a second in the longer instant at a here is a second in the longer instant at a here is a second in the longer instant at a here is a second in the longer instant at a here is a second in the longer instant at a here is a second in the longer instant at a here is a second in the longer instant at a here is a second in the longer instant at a here is a second in the longer is a second furnished room. Here, within a few days of the antiversary of the unhappy evening of their blem of the perennial freshness and beauty of flight, Katy's child was born, and the forlorn | religion. But Mr. Slimmer was not present to mother, filled with anguish at the thought of her | superintend the work upon that evening. He was husband's brutality, clasped the baby to her breast, and felt at last, that it might be that they two, the poor, weak, broken-hearled woman and the helpless babe, would have to fight their showed no sign of merriment and festivity, as way through the world alone.

So the winter passed, and spring came on, with Dick going from bad to worse. Intexication was a daily and nightly matter with him now, and the landlady, for decency sake, was compelled to turn them out, to seek for other quarters. A step lower they went this time, and Dick, with the bare remnant of his means left, behaving nothings which lovers have said over and over . more cruelly than ever. At last he came home one evening drunk, and, seeming excited and The memories of that night were painful to angry, at the continued crying of his child, he them all. Each remembered what it had been, lifted his arm, and with his clenched fist, smote the fair face of the woman he had once loved, folly of that lost and nameless child, who had and then staggered out of the room, leaving hor. flung herself away. There had not been a gath-lying with her face burled in the pillows where ering in the house since that fatal night, and to her child rested, sobbing as if her poor; distracted them it seemed likely there would never be little heart would break.

morning contained the following parapraph : RUN OVER.-Last night the body of a man, | and made the window-panes ruddy and bright. While they sat there, a poor woman, clad in thin named Richard Hale, was found lying upon the and tattered garments and clasping a baby to his skull crushed by the wheels of the cars. It is slippery pavement, and stopped in front of the supposed he fell upon the track in a drunken ft, house. Mary Gourlay, chancing to look around, nd was run over by a coal train. The Coroner will hold an inquest to-day.

pite his brutality, he was her husband, and she heart was touched. She was strangely had loved him, and she now gave way to intense interested in it, and she went out to call the a elergyman, to drop in frequently upon the family, although there is great reason to belleve that spiritual thinks were not discoursed to not as best she could, to the pauper's grave, in which charity to a poor homeless creature. She went 1 as best she could, to the pauper's grave, in which 1 it was placed by the unkindly hands of the ap-pointed officials. Then she tarned away full of misery and with a sense of niter desolation, and d in which she was to become a combatant for the 13 as best she could, to the pauper's grave, in which has best she could, to the pauper's grave, in which pointed officials. Then she tarned away full of misery and with a sense of niter desolation, and d in which she was to become a combatant for the life of herself and her child. She had no money, w we have the target to target the target to target the target to target the target target to target the target target to target to target the target target to target the target target to target the target burned more brightly than ever in his heart. Then, when he saw the pang which shot across peal for council or assistance. She must obtain sister's face, as if a fraid she would not recognize Mary's face, as her mind recalled the false lover, the dishonored and betrayed sister, and all the dark and gloomy past, he regretted his hasty for there was no one to care for her child during her absence. Her only resource then, was the meet her, and clasped her in her arms, and action, and prepared to hear another refusal of his request. But the old love was dead now in men in her situation, her needle, and she set wildered Slimmer stood in the doorway, not

I need not state the result. It is the old, old which lay in her way, of the thousands who, Katy come back, and the excited Slimmer story which half the world known old, old like her, were battling for life wielding with drew them both into the house and was almost which half the world knows already, and whet hie other half should know some day or other. learned, of the accursed system, which, while it in her arms, afraid to enter further, both father When Katy got into the sleigh with her lover, honors woman in society, and forces men to so and mother sprang up to rush toward her. But chivalrous and obsequious in their treatment of mother sprang up to rush toward her. honors woman in society, and forces men to be and mother recognized her instantly, and the she cast one hurried glance back upon the old her, makes her less than a responsible human. John Gourlay laid his hand upon her arm and house, with the lights shining from the familiar windows, and she took it all in with the con-fased reflection that she was looking woon to a light of the projection which "Who is this woman?" he said, sternly." faced reflection that she was looking upon it for men, laboring men cepechilly, have in the ballot the last time. Then, with palpitating heart, she in them, crouched close by the man who had led hor into this desperate scheme. He, bent upon fashed his horse and dashed madly down the stread, piek hodge rows, and fences, and farm. read, piek hodge rows, and fences, and farm. the last time. Then, with palpitating heart, she box: and in the working world, underrates her swered Mary, pleadingly.""She has come home geiting far away before he could be pursued, would not the would be because you are a defenceless honored her and me, and take with the hand instreet, and out from among the houses, into the voinan, without political power, we will pay of the street, and out from among the houses, into the voin one-third the price, exclude you from all bat periously. read, pass hedge rows, and fences, and farm. allew overcrowded departments of labor, and re- She turned to go without a word, but before

and the pang of their loss more intense and houses, upward towards the great city which lay fuse to legislate for you. Katy, had, perhaps, she reached the doorway she trembled, staggere miles away. The horse sped rapidly along, and like other women, heard something of this atromiles away. The horse sped rapidly along, and like other women, heard something of this atro-kept pace with the thoughts which whirled clous system of economy, in her prosperity; but support of her sister's arm. The baby was taken VIENNESE SKATE BAGS 1867.

and encouragement. On they dashed through the night, with unabated and she was willing to work day and night, if she child and herself, to feed and clothe and house, at last. that she must change her mode of life or be and Mr. Slimmer, and Katy and Tom Simpson ceive her back and forgive her, she could live passed on, each exceeding the other in the con-They lived happily and pleasantly enough for | and die in peace, and her child would have kind | tentment and happiness they brought, the came a while, for Dick was kind and indulgent, and did | and gentle hands to minister to it, when she had | at last to look back upon her trials as the means off home from which she had flown, a bright and But as month after month sped away into the beautiful girl, only two years before. IV.

> It was Christmas Eve again, and the town of the shop windows. The eager children, despite and pine, and laurel, the larger trees often trailing out upon the ground and sweeping a broad pathway through the snow. Some of these were on their way to church, where busy hands were

quick fingers. The Rev. Mr. Slimmer was an advocate of

content to leave it to more skillful hands, while he made his accustomed visit to the fair Mary Gourlay. The Gourlay mansion upon this night. was the wont in every year, save one, gone by. By the blazing grate in the parlor sat John Gourlay and his wife, side by side, both gazing into the fire, and thinking, doubtless, of the sad and melancholy past. Upon the other side sat Mary Gonrlay and Mr. Slimmer, she with her hand i his, and both speaking in whispers those soft

and what it might have been, but for the mad another, while the Gourlays lived there. No Ard Dick never came back. The papers next lamp burned in the room, but the warm, steady light from the fire filled it with a pleasant glow, caught sight of a pale, wan face, with This filled the cup of Katy's bitterness. Des-and looking so sad and sorrowful that her knowing precisely whether Mary had not sudfaint flush brightened her check as she answered Little did she know, poor girl, of the obstacles denly gone mad. Then Mary said that it was

had gone forever." She could not retrace her said, competition was great with rival houses, lay begged him, for her sake, to relent. John steps, though sorrow, and distress and despair and they could not venture to raise the prices of Gourlay's heart was not hard, and it had been for this should be her lot; and then there welled up their goods. Other men said the same; there were difficult for him to carry his purpose this far. So had been so Indulgent and affectionate to her, work to do. Everybody took to the needle, or her in his arms, whispered to her that she was

sat there and felt that all her sorrows, and

But this veracious history must be brought to velocity until, many miles from Oldcastle, they en- might do it, to sustain herself, so that her baby a conclusion. The months rolled away, and tered the streets of a small town, and drove up to the door of a hotel. At the sound of the bells the door opened, and three or four persons came the pittance which barely supported her life, and with all that cloud of trouble and atilictions out and greeted Dick cordially, while Katy sat in | not daring to ease the pain at her heart with the | hanging over her past life. But she gradually the sleigh. Dick had arranged to be married in tears which sprang up now and then into her regained something of her old beauty, the roses the hotel that night, and, having previously im- dark eyes, for fear that she would lose a moment came back upon her cheeks, and the light appressed some of his friends, resident in the town, of time from her wearisome labor. But human peared in her eyes and, purified by suffering, she

The next morning they went to the city in an taken away. Then she gave out entirely, and stood up in one end of the room, while a double

CHRISTMAS REVERIES.

BY WILLIAM SAWYER. s the season changed ? Is the change in me? Christmas the joy that it used to be? re the berries as red, the leaves as bright? so, then my eyes are but dull to-nigh when my heart danced with the dance

I see them as they lightly fleet, Mocked by their shadows on t lows on the wall: But beat no measure with my feet, To me a change is over all. Is that alone in me?

Strangely incredulous of all, And see, while these are bright and gay, The shadow of the curtain fall Alike on them and me

ust now a mistletoe spray was cast By a heedless hand, as the dancers pass'd---Cast at my feet, and then dragged aside : 'Crush'd kisses!" the girls in their langhing cried. Ah! yes, and crush'd hearts, too, men have

I hear the music in a dream, The strings are throbbing dull and dead; My thoughts are back with thonghts of old, I hear through years that long have fied, And left a wreck of me!

A Christmas memory stirs my heart, Again in the past I play my part; The friends I have loved my pleasure share, The faces that youth and joy make fair; id gaily the joyous laughter rings, s bubbling freeh from the heart it springs; And from the midst a fragile form Trips forward with a glad surpris

And puts a little hand in mine, And looks up with her trustful eyes, Vhile smiling upon me. Those trusting eyes, that winning smile. dy life from loneliness they beguile: love-I am loved-oh, doubly blest!

boy's heart throbs in my happ A doy's feart throbs in my happy breast, Till swift! in an instant, my joy is fied; I am moaning alone, "Not dead? Not dead?" Since that dark hour I look on life. Through the distorting gloom of years, And happy faces, gentle forms, Scem wan and wasted through my tears, And have no joy for m

Still I ask my heart, "Is there truth in this. s the world as full of light and bliss, Is the work as this of light and bliss, By sorrow and suffering unsubdued? Is it I alone who am sad of mood?" (Sad, but, thank heaven! not bitter—no! I am not sourced by the touch of woe.)

And mournful answer still is mad "Delight is in the summer's days, And when the winter sunset fade The Christmas logs as brightly blaze The change is but in thee. t me depart, then, this joyous scene. est a sigh be heard or a tear be seen

Lest one face yield up a happy glance, One step drag wearly in the dance ; Taught by suffering, school'd in woe, ence and sadness let me go,---Sad, for the grief my face reveals ; Silent, because of choking tears, Yet wishing happiness to all, Aud love to light them through the years Dark evermore to me

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THE DAILY EVENING BULLETIN, -PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1867. -TRIPLE SHEET

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DRONZE INKSTANDS. ALUMETTES. OIGAR. Holders, &c. MABON & CO., GOLD PENS, GOLD AND RUBBER PENCILS. Toothpicks, &c. de 4 18t rps MASON & CO., * TATEDDING. INVITATION. AND VISITING CARDS MABON & OO., 907 Chestnut Biroot. Latest Styles. de4 18t rp3

THANESGIVING WEEK. TO GROCERS AND T Dealers.-Just received from Rochester, a superior lot of syster cider. Also, received from Vircinia, crab didar. F.J. JURDAN. Below Third and Walnut streets

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<text> alive. This unique relic was saved by one of the quarrymen while in the act of putting it on a cart to be sent away, and noticing a curious projecting mass at one corner he broke it off, and so saved it for the very val-uable collection in which it has now been placed. There can be no doubt of the rock at Alves being of the old red sandstone, and our English scientific friends will find it difficult it on a cart to be sent away, and noticing a curious projecting mass at one corner he-broke it off, and so saved it for the very val-uable collection in which it has now been placed. There can be no doubt of the rock at Alves being of the old red sandstone, and our English scientific friends will find it difficult to assign this fossil to any newer formation, as they have done with the other bone beds at Morayshire. This saurian, in fact, will likely establish that the seas of the old red with placed ad shores with large lagoons or estu-aries rich in a tropical vegetation, and ebounding in annhibious reptiles! We are

CITY BULLETIN.

best between the backbook of the prosiding petiting forms generative articles is the Sewing Machine. "But there are so many different Sewing Ma-chines," the people say, "all putting forth indis-putable claims to pre-cminent excellences, that we are in a quandary, and don't know which to buy." To choose finally in such a matter, is cer-tainly important, and we may be able to assist some of those who are unable to declide for them-selves. At any rate we will say frankly that the garded as one of the market. It is light, graceful, and simple: it sews rapidly, undeviatingly, surely: its stitch is compact and elegant, and never gives out: it does everything that can be done by any Sewing Machine, and excels all others in is adaptability for embroidery. The specimens of this branch ot needle-work are as wonderful as they are exquisite. The steadlest

toil. In addition to recommendations like these, it must by no means be forgotten that the Grover, & Baken Sewing Machine was the only one which received, at the Paris Universal Exposi-tion, the Cross of the Legion of Honor, that most sands who are looking about for the best Sewing Machine, as a holiday present for some dear friend, or some needy and deserving poor per-son, will do well not to lose sight of such facts as these.—Home Journal. **Discovery of Saurian Remains in Sect.**

period had shores with large ingoons or estu-aries rich in a tropical vegetation, and abounding in amphibious reptiles! We are glad to understand that, on the representa-tion of Sir Roderick. Murchison, the Royal Society of London have lately voted a hand-some sum towards the exploration of the bone beds at Lossiemouth; and other dis-puted or doubtful localities of Morayland." —The Prince of Wales, in addition to his de-bauchery, is a ritualist. Mo was badly scalded by the recent boller ox-plosion in the establishment, has since died from the effects of his injuries. Fine Stationery. —Among the many nice things for Christmas presents, few, are more generally acceptable than selections from such a stock of choice stationery as is to be found at toright the walls of the generally acceptable than selections from such a stock of choice stationery as is to be found at trapicty of all manner of pretty knick-knacks, suitable for Christmas glits.

45 00... Worth \$40 00 ... 30 00. Worth \$20 00.... ing House, under the Continental, VERT FINE OLD GOVERNMENT JAVA COPPER. Very Choice New Crop Tess. Mittonal. & Flatfiller. 1906 Chesting street.

HOLIDAY GIRTS! HOLIDAY GITTS (Of Fine and Fancy Furs, At reasonable prices. Oakfords', Continental Hotel,

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the 17th first, David W. Denison, of this city, in the follow for the struct on the wast side of Schnybill Sixtle factors in the struct of the

SLX VOLUMES are now ready, viz: CHRIS'I MAS STORIES. Price Twenty-five cents. LOMBEY AND SON. Price Twenty-five cents. MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. Price Twenty-five cents. PUCKWIGE PAPERS. Price twenty-five cents. OLIVER TWIST. Price twenty-five cents. AMERICAN NOTES. Price twenty-five cents.

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de21-3trps T24 Chestaut street. TVERY SATURDAY FOI: DECEMBER 28, CON-Distance A Round of Operas, Jack the Giant Killer, Part 2 by Miss THACKERAY: forenadees; Ten Years a Nue, by HERASTRETTON; Myore; The Heur-de-Loys; Forelan Notes; A Lost Vigl. by A. G. BWINETINE; Equality at Home. ** For Nate Ecceyuchere. TICKNOR. & FIELDS, Publishere, Boston. SKATING PARKS

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