Daily Evening Bulletin.

GIBSON PEACOCK, Editor. | OUR WHOLE COUNTRY. | F. L. FETHERSTON, Publisher.

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THE EVENING BULLETIN
PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING
(Sundays excepted),
AT THE NEW BULLETIN BUILDING,
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BY THE
EVENING BULLETIN ASSOCIATION,
PROPRIETORS,
GIBSON PEACOCK, ERNEST C. WALLACE,
F. L. FETHERSTON, THOS. J. WILLIAMSON,
CASPER SOUDER, Jr., FRANCIS WELLS.

The BULLETIN is served to subscribers in the city at 18 cents per week, payable to the carriers, or $8 per annum.

NEW YEAR PRESENTS.—THE STOCK OF FANCY Goods, Juvenile Books, Albums, Diaries and Writing Desks, closing out at very low prices.
W. G. PERRY,
de4tf 728 Arch street.

MARRIED.

MURPHY—HOWARD.—On the 2d inst., in Baltimore, by the Rev. D. W. Schurcman, J. H. Murphy, of Baltimore, to Miss Martha Howard, of Montgomery county, Maryland.

DIED.

ANDERSON.—On Sunday evening, the 5th inst., Anne Anderson, aged eighty-four years.

Her friends are respectfully invited to attend her funeral, from the residence of her son-in-law, John H. Harkness, No. 243 North Seventeenth street, on Wednesday next, the 8th inst., at 2 P. M.

FITHIAN.—Suddenly, on the 3d instant, in Baltimore, Ephraim Fithian, aged 77 years.

LAUCHLEN.—On the 6th instant, Mrs. Elizabeth S. Lauchlen, wife of John M. Lauchlen, and daughter of Margaret and the late John Cope.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from her brother's residence, Elmo G. Cope, Germantown, on Thursday, the 9th inst., at 10 o'clock. Carriages will be waiting at the Wayne Station to convey friends to the residence.

PATTERSON.—Suddenly, on the 3d inst, Jonathan Patterson, Jr. His relatives and male friends are respectfully invited to attend his funeral from his late residence, 1626 Girard avenue, on Tuesday morning next, at 10 o'clock, without further notice.

SHARPE.—Suddenly, on the evening of the 4th inst., Matilda, wife of Jacob L. Sharpe, in the 67th year of her age.

Due notice will be given of the funeral. [New York papers please copy.]

TUNIS.—This morning, at 5 o'clock, Thomas R. Tunis, of this city.

Due notice will be given of the funeral.

BURIAL CASKET.
PATENT FOR DESIGN GRANTED JULY 9, 1867.
E. S. EARLEY, UNDERTAKER,
S. E. CORNER OF TENTH AND GREEN STREETS.

I claim that my new improved and only patented BURIAL CASKET is far more beautiful in form and finish than the old unsightly and repulsive coffin, and that its construction adds to its strength and durability.

We, the undersigned, having had occasion to use in our families E. S. EARLEY'S PATENT BURIAL CASKET, would not in the future use any other if they could be obtained.

Bishop M. Simpson,	Rev. J. W. Jackson,
J. H. Schenck, M. D.,	E. J. Crippen,
Com. J. Marston, U. S. N.,	Jacob S. Burdsall,
Rev. D. W. Bartine, D. D.,	Geo. W. Evans,
Benj. Orne,	Wm. Hicks,
J. W. Claghorne,	D. N. Sinn.

oct2-3mrp

CARD—JANUARY 1, 1868.—EYRE & LANDELL, fourth and Arch, are prepared to suit families with,
HOUSEHOLD DRY GOODS,
GOOD LANNELS AND MUSLINS,
GOOD TABLE LINENS AND NAPKINS,
GOOD BLACK AND COLORED SILKS.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

QUAKER CITY EXCURSION
AT
CONCERT HALL.

CAPTAIN DUNCAN, Manager of the Great Excursion, will deliver a Lecture in Concert Hall on

Monday Evening, January 6,

at 8 o'clock, under the auspices of the YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.
Subject—"OVER THE MEDITERRANEAN TO TURKEY, THE CRIMEA AND HOLY LAND."
The Lecture will embrace all the important incidents of the voyage, and will be illustrated by a LARGE MAP DRAWN BY DANYARD.
Four hundred seats only will be reserved.
Sale of tickets will begin at Concert Hall, Thursday morning, at 11 o'clock. Admission, 25 cents. Reserved seats, 50 cents. ja2 4t

GOPSILL'S PHILADELPHIA CITY
DIRECTORY FOR 1868.

The Subscriber takes this method of informing the Inhabitants of Philadelphia that he is about closing the compilation of the City Directory, and would thank all parties who have or are about making changes in their firms, place of business, or residence, to notify him immediately, so as to enable him to make the necessary alterations.

The canvass for the Business Directory will commence on Tuesday, the 7th inst., when all business men are requested to give the canvasser such information as he may seek.

ISAAC COSTA, Compiler,
ja6-6t§ Office 201 South Fifth street, third floor.

OFFICE OF THE SPRING GARDEN INSURANCE COMPANY, N. W. COR. SIXTH AND WOOD STREETS.
PHILADELPHIA, January 6th, 1868.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Spring Garden Insurance Company will be held at the office of the Company, on MONDAY, January 13th, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

After which an election for Seventeen Directors, to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the same place, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M., and 2 o'clock P. M.

THEO. M. REGER,
ja6 6t Secretary.

CITY TREASURER'S OFFICE,
PHILADELPHIA, January 3, 1868.

NOTICE.—School Teachers' warrants will be paid on January 7th, 8th and 9th, and in the following order: Sections First to Eighth, on Tuesday; Sections Ninth to Eighteenth on Wednesday; Sections Nineteenth to Twenty-seventh on Thursday.

JOSEPH N. PETERSON,
ja4 8trp City Treasurer.

THE INDUSTRIAL HOME FOR GIRLS HAS been removed to No. 616 South Broad street, below South street. Poor girls over twelve years of age, who are orphans or are neglected by their parents, are received and instructed in housewifery, and finally bound out in families. Donations in fuel and provisions will be thankfully received at the Home, and in money by the Treasurer, JAMES T. SHINN, S. W. corner Broad and Spruce streets. ja3 6trp§

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
PHILADELPHIA, January 3, 1868.

The Board of Directors, considering it desirable to change the Dividend period of this bank from May and November to January and July, have this day declared a Dividend of Two Per Cent. for the past two months, payable on demand, clear of tax.

MORTON McMICHAEL, Jr.,
ja4-6t§ Cashier.

THE ENTERPRISE INSURANCE COMPANY, OFFICE, 400 WALNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, January 1st, 1868.

The Directors have this day declared a dividend of Three Per Cent. on the Capital Stock of the Company for the last six months, payable on demand, free of all taxes.

ALEX. W. WISTER, Secretary.
ja6 6t

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY
REOPENS THURSDAY, January 2d, 1868.

For Circulars apply to
COL. THEO. HYATT,
dc19-1mrp§ Chester, Delaware county, Pa.

SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED LECTURES! MANIKINS and MODELS costing over $25,000.
Dr. GLEASON will commence his celebrated course of lectures on "Physical Culture; or, How to Acquire Health, Strength, Grace, Beauty and Long Life," at ASSEMBLY BUILDINGS,
MONDAY EVENING, January 6th.
First Lecture, Seats Free. ja2 4trp

BENEVOLENT.—THE MECHANICS' BENEVOLENT Relief Association for Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Twentieth Wards, will hold a stated meeting on TO-MORROW EVENING, 7th January, 1868, at 7½ o'clock, at S. W. corner Girard avenue and Eleventh streets (third story) when the inhabitants of said wards are requested to attend. 1t

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.—THE ANNUAL Meeting of Stockholders of the MERCANTILE LIBRARY COMPANY, will be held in the Library room on Tuesday evening, the 21st inst., at 7½ o'clock.
The annual taxes are now due and payable at the Librarian's desk.
JOHN LARDNER,
ja6 m w f 7trp§ Recording Secretary.

BANK OF NORTH AMERICA,
JANUARY 6th, 1868.

The Directors have this day declared a Dividend of the profits for the last six months of Seven and a half Per Cent., and an Extra Dividend of Ten Per Cent., clear of United States Tax, payable on demand.

J. HOCKLEY, Cashier.
ja6-6t§

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF "THE SOCIETY FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT AND SUPPORT OF CHARITY SCHOOLS" will be held in room No. 11 "Ludwick Buildings," Walnut street, above Sixth, on 1st mo. 7th, 1868, at 7½ P. M. ja6-3t§

HOWARD HOSPITAL, NOS. 1518 AND 1520 Lombard street, Dispensary Department.—Medical treatment and medicines furnished gratuitously to the poor.

NEWSPAPERS, BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, WASTE Paper, &c. Bought by E. HUNTER,
de17 1m§ No. 613 Jayne street.

THE STUDENTS.—The arrangements for a students' magazine are now complete, and the *London Student* will enroll itself among next year's periodicals.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

PARIS, Tuesday, December 17th, 1867.—We are at last beginning to turn our attention from matters abroad to things at home. Parties in the Chamber, having had their fill of talking and abusing each other, are manifesting an intention of transacting the business for which the Legislature was specially called together at this early season. The three bills on the reorganization of the army, and on the extension of the liberties of the press, and the right of public meeting are now before the House, and the first-named of these is set down for discussion on Thursday next. The report of the Commission on the Government bill has just been printed and distributed. It is a document of great length, and no doubt of much interest to the French population, whose social and family relations the questions of the conscription and recruiting of the army so nearly concern. But a slight notice of its contents and of the few changes it proposes in the government measure will be sufficient for your readers. The original bill had itself fixed the effective force of the army at 800,000 men. But it was represented that this manner of proceeding was an intrusion upon the prerogative of the Chamber, whose right it was to fix yearly, by vote, the amount of the contingent upon which the actual numbers of the army must depend. The paragraph in question was therefore struck out. The next point to be decided was the period of service. This was fixed by the proposed bill at nine years, five in the active army, and four in the reserve. Here were two novelties upon the old system, under which the term of enlistment was eight years, and no formal mention made of a reserve, though, as a matter of fact, men were sent home on limited or unlimited leave. Now, at the end of five years, the soldier is sent home and cannot be called out again for active service, except in case of war. There was great division of opinion in the Commission with regard to the time of service, a strong minority wishing to reduce it to eight years, viz., five in active service, and three only in the reserve. The longer period, however, was eventually maintained, chiefly on the ground that it was a lighter burden on the laboring population to require from it a year's more service in the ranks of the reserve, where the interruption to its domestic occupation is trifling, than to be obliged occasionally to add an additional call of 10,000 men to the yearly contingent, in order to maintain the effective force at the requisite elevation. Five years as an active conscript, therefore, and four years as a veteran in the reserve, is henceforth to be the training of the French soldier.

The most delicate question of all, however, was that relating to marriage. In a general way the French population is by no means given to early marriages, in any rank of life. The young journeyman loves dearly to vagabondise and roam about for some years after he is out of his time; and the young gentleman, the *jeunesse dorée*, insists upon a period of liberty, *pour s'amuser*, and almost universally incurs debts, which he expects his future wife's *dot* to pay, before he goes into matrimonial harness. But there is hardly any point on which the French peasant is more tenacious than that of being at liberty to marry when he likes, though he may very probably be in no hurry to avail himself of the license. Now the government army bill grants permission to the engaged soldier to marry only two years before the expiration of his entire term of nine years' service. This brings him, the Commission calculates, to the age of twenty-seven without being able to take a wife, a condition, which, in many circumstances of life, will render his two previous years in the reserve almost useless to himself, to say nothing of the injury in a social point of view. There exists already a general indisposition amongst the population, says the Commission, to marry. This is not the right moment therefore to throw more difficulties in the way of so doing. Other countries, says again the Commission, double their population in fifty-five years (?); in France it requires one hundred and fifty years to effect the same result. It is highly desirable to present this law to the population as exacting less from them than the existing one; whereas you present it with a year's increase of service and a year's longer impediment to marriage. The Commission, therefore, proposed to allow young men in the reserve to marry three years before the expiration of their service. This amendment the Council of State flatly refused to accede to. But the Government proposed, of its own accord, two years and a half. The Commission, however, stand out for the full three years, and the Chamber is therefore called upon to decide the difference.

The Emperor has ordered 300,000 copies of M. Rouher's speech, containing the celebrated declaration of "never, never, never," to be printed at his expense and distributed all over the country, thereby completely identifying himself with the action of the Chamber and his minister.

A magnificent suite of apartments are being newly fitted up and decorated sumptuously, at the Tuileries, for the Prince Imperial, whose separate "household" and officers are now to be arranged for him. The imperialists remind you that before another Chamber shall have run its course, *their* heir apparent will be of age; after which they seem to think that the fourth dynasty will be fairly set on its legs. Well, it may be so; and one would be far from wishing ill to the poor boy, who has so perilous a course set before him, even under the most favorable point of view. But, methinks, the life of a delicate child, not yet in his teens, is but a poor sheet anchor of safety, not merely for a great nation, but even for a family, to depend on.

We hear good accounts from Brussels of the health of the hapless consort of Maximilian. The Empress Charlotte, as she is still absurdly called, as though to keep up the remembrance of that "mad-cap" enterprise, as M. Thiers called it, is now able to walk or drive every day. She pays constant visits to the King, her brother, and is much attached to his wife, her sister-in-law, whom she sees daily. She can now also occupy herself constantly with music, painting and other recreations, which divert her mind from painful thoughts, and seem gradually to soothe and tranquilize her. It appears, however, doubtful still whether she is fully aware of all that has befallen her, and especially of the death of her husband and the manner of it.

The severe weather we lately experienced in France, and almost all over Europe, has vanished as suddenly as it came, and given place to quite a spring-like and most unseasonable temperature. There has ensued a difference of at least twenty-five degrees within the last two or three days, and if this continue, the Jour de l'An is likely to put on a most brilliant aspect. The Court is now daily expected to take up its residence at the Tuileries, in preparation for the usual ceremonies of the opening year, and the commencement of the winter season. There are hosts of Americans now in Paris, the report of the severe cold and snow storms in the South having prevented many, who intended so doing, from turning their faces in that direction.

PARIS, Christmas Eve, 1867.—We are on the eve of a great holiday, and, as usual, everything around speaks of the influence of the season. Serious business is allowed to slacken for a moment, and festive occupations to reign paramount during a brief interval. The whole city is *en fête*. The Boulevards are turned into a gigantic Fair, and suddenly lined with hundreds of tiny green booths, or stalls, all of the same pattern, and which surely recall something with which we are already familiar. Yes, certainly, we have seen before these miniature stores which now stand in long, close ranks from the Church of the Madeleine to the Place de la Bastille, running thus through the entire length of the busiest thoroughfare of the city—the "Broadway" of the Imperial metropolis. And now we recollect that they are the same material which occupied the new Place of the Trocadero, *vis-à-vis* Champ de Mars and the Exhibition, on the last celebration of the national Fête of the 15th August; and which our shrewd Prefect of Paris, with that natural turn for earning a dollar which is peculiar to him in all city operations, has now brought out a second time and rented to a few thousand itinerant merchants at the rate of a franc per day during the ensuing fortnight. Pray heaven these small speculators may have the chance of fair, or at least mild weather in their favor; for on that depends mainly for them the alternative between success and almost starvation. The money for them, which must be paid in advance, is generally borrowed; and the great aim and end in view by the adventurers is to gain enough to cover the last quarter's rent of their ordinary habitations. This last has doubled and trebled itself of late years for the *petit marchand* of Paris; and it is on this account that he is only too ready to fling himself recklessly into any speculation which holds out to him the hope of covering the amount. His best customers are of course the rising generation, who just now rule the hour in Paris, and are the great object of demand in all circles. I have said above that there was no "serious business" doing at this moment. But I must make an exception. There *is* a very serious business doing in one branch of affairs, and a most serious and active competition going on in it. The demand for "live children" is unprecedentedly great; and as the supply of the real genuine Christmas article, in the shape, that is, of "American children," is, of course, by no means so unlimited in Paris as would be the case at home in New York, or any other large city of the Union, all sorts of devices are had recourse to by a manœuvring mamma to attract a large assemblage of youngsters around her Christmas tree, for the special amusement of her own darlings. When the "genuine article," as I have said, cannot be secured in sufficient quantities, it can, of course, be replaced to a certain extent by the "mock production" in the shape of "French children." But then these, though remarkably well dressed and *très-gentils*, are greatly deficient in the rollicking qualities of the true Yankee breed, and in that predisposition for "noise" which constitutes half the fun of a Christmas tree for all who are engaged in it, whether old or young. And even French children are at a premium just now, for who has not a tree this year, from the Empress downwards? Never was there known such a bewilderment of attraction. The Empress has "commanded" the attendance of I know not how many diminutive guests at the Tuileries, to dance with the heir apparent of the throne, under the branches of a tree too high to stand under any roof save that which covers the Salle des Marechaux. Mme. Drouyn de L'huys "entices" an army of little ones into the splendid saloons of her hotel in the Rue François Premier. There is scarcely a minister or foreign ambassador who, through the influence of my lady, is not at this moment thinking more about Christmas trees than about his despatches. How can I, then, avoid scribbling on the subject with such examples before my eyes? More especially when I am myself due at this moment at a similar entertainment, where our own worthy representative and his lady will be the honored guests of the occasion, and where "Young America" will scream with delight in a louder tone, with more intense enjoyment and in larger numbers than, perhaps, in any other house in Paris, on the Christmas Eve of 1867!

I wish my letter could reach the eyes of your readers as soon as it is written, for then it would drop in upon you engaged, probably, in the same "serious" thoughts and occupations as ourselves, and would require neither excuse nor apology. But now the thought comes across me that it will arrive only after Christmas, 1867, and even New Year's Day, 1868, are gone by and well nigh forgotten, with the merriment which doubtless accompanied them. So I must add a postscript of graver matter, by way of ballast, to suit the different mood of a fortnight later in the lapse of time.

The Chamber is deeply immersed in the discussion of the unseasonable subject of the New Army bill. It is one which is evidently unpalatable to the Chambers, to the constituencies, to the whole country. After all, it is pleasanter to provide Chassepots and rifle guns than the *chair à canon*—the human "food for powder," which is their natural but horrible aliment. One honorable member, himself a military man, shows that France has sacrificed four or five millions on the battle-field since the beginning of the century. M. Jules Simon reprobates the immoral consequences inevitable from a law which allows a multitude of young men of six and twenty years of age to return home to their villages, their families, perhaps, their sweethearts, yet compels them to remain unmarried for a couple of years. Is it to be wondered, he cries, if a paucity of general population, and an exaggerated proportion of illegitimate offspring are the result of such a military régime as this! Still, I presume, the bill must pass pretty much in its present shape; the "blood-tax," as some one called it the other day, must be paid, in one way or another, by the people. Indeed, Marshal Nell, the Minister of War, told the Chamber yesterday that he must either have the present measure or a yearly contingent of 130,000 instead of 100,000 conscripts. Some alarming words were given utterance to by M. Gressier, the reporter on the bill, who said that the present disquietude of Europe would never pass away or be settled without war. There are still many others who think the same. The news from Italy is not reassuring. The Menabrea Cabinet has been beaten, though only by two votes, and has resigned. France goes on arming to the teeth, and so, it is said, does Italy. The Prussian Minister had, yesterday, a long conference at the French foreign office. Preparations are said to be renewing at Toulon, and a fresh advance upon Rome to be contemplated. These are not pleasant subjects for Christmas nor do they afford a promising prospect for the opening year.

THE TICKET ON THE HEARTH.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, JUNIOR.

[Written Expressly for the Evening Bulletin, the only authorized publisher of C. D. Jr.]

CHAP. I.

It was Dolby began it.

Don't undertake to tell me that Ticket began it, for I was there all the time watching it, and it was nobody but Dolby.

Why, bless me! Dolby was there months and months before Ticket was born—Dolby was; and of course he began it. But perhaps you don't know Dolby? more's the pity. I'll tell you all about it, only don't go to tell me that Ticket began it.

The firm was Dickens, Dolby & Ticket, and the business was Shows. Dickens was the old fellow in the firm who had traveled to all the places where queer things are to be found, and collected the curiosities. A little wiry fellow, grizzled about the head and chin, always looking as if he saw something ahead, which was his part of the business. No use of giving you a list of his curiosities. My own belief is that he didn't travel for them at all, for he had a great huge Dust Heap in his back yard and he dug the things up, often late at night when other people were fast asleep. But he didn't begin it, you know.

As for Dolby, of course, if *he* began it, you want to know how it came to pass. It was this way.

Dolby was a jolly fellow. Frivolous people would say he was a right good John Bull all over, partly because he was, and partly because everybody thought so, and when the Show was to come to America, I say Dolby began it. For the whole Show was to come, and who but Dolby, portly and jovial to behold? Not Codlins and not Short, but Dolby, the managing partner in the great firm of Dickens, Dolby & Ticket.

Now about Ticket.

Ticket was the junior, a fussy, square-built young fellow, affecting as many colors as Joseph's coat. Ticket always managed to come in just when the excitement was up—when Dolby had been going it like forty. Ticket always kept the door, and everybody made friends with him, and the way he used to get himself talked about before-hand! He was in everybody's mouth, in the street, in the banks, in the cars, in the shops, at the opera, in the church porch, on 'Change, at tea-parties, in bar-rooms, in court, at breakfast, at dinner, at tea, everywhere. He got to be a sort of Household Word, and made himself so at home at the fireside, that he got to be called THE TICKET ON THE HEARTH.

Nevertheless, Dolby began it.

CHAP. II.

There is no time to tell about all the Hearths where Ticket walked in and made himself at home. It was mostly where the senior of the firm, old Dickens, had called during his travels—if he ever did travel. It was at the Hearth that they had all learned about the Great Show, the young folks and the middle-aged folks, and the old folks. They knew every one of the curiosities by heart, just from reading about them, and now the Show was coming, and Ticket was the boy for your money. Everybody wanted to see Ticket, for he was a love of a fellow, being that he always stood at the door, you know, and was a person to be cultivated for all his coat of many colors. Everybody meant Everybody this time, and no mistake. Stately old papas, who had grown rich out of army-blankets, were beset by unstately young daughters, who had fallen in love with the Great Show. Quiet little school-marms, not with sharp noses, and not a bit more prim than was becoming, nodded their determined little faces, and vowed they would see the Show, or perish in the attempt. Sam. Chirk had promised Katy Darling that she should go to the Show, and he went for young Ticket with a vengeance. In fact, Everybody was looking up young Ticket, sink or swim, survive or perish, and all that sort of thing.

Even old Roarman came on.

Old Roarman was Hawker General for All Places of Public Amusement in New Gomorrah.

Old Roarman knew well enough that there was a pretty penny to be turned out of young Ticket, and he came on to Little Pennville—that was where the show was to be—in the very same train with Dolby, my boy.

Roarman meant to buy up the whole Show, Dickens, Dolby Ticket, and all the curiosities, but Dolby had begun it and he meant to put it all the way through.

Ticket, cunning young dog! Ticket kept himself out of the way. He came down to Little Pennville by an accommodation train, and Old Roarman and his staff looked round for him without any very eminent success. It was all on account of Dolby, you see, who didn't want to be outwitted by old Roarman, if he could help it.

Then the time came for Ticket. Of course, he didn't begin it, but he kicked up all sorts of a dust when he did begin.

Says Ticket—"I shall be happy to see my kind friends at Concert Hall (that's where the Show was to be) on Monday morning, at nine o'clock precisely."

Says Roarman—"Boys," says he, "the dear public don't understand these 'ere Shows. Just you drop in at Concert Hall bright and early, and we'll clean Ticket out before Mr. Public is quite awake. Only be early."

And they were early.

I was half-past eleven o'clock, on Sunday night, when old Dolby took a little walk down Chipmunk street with a friend or two. It was cold a bit, but the pavements were dry, and there stood a string of fellows—what you might call The Roarman Brigade, if you wanted to be military. They didn't look positively warm. If you wanted to be absolutely accurate, you'd say they looked chilly. But there stood fifty of them, all in a line, and mostly with pipes. It was only ten hours to wait, and if it was January, it wasn't as cold as some Januaries. Old Dolby and friends walked down the line, surveying his personal effects. He knew about how fast that queue would grow in ten hours, and he calculated that several of Old Roarman's merry men would have colds in their heads before morning.

Then Dolby, of Dickens, Dolby & Ticket, went home and went to bed. Old Roarman's men didn't.

CHAP. III.

Half-past eight in the morning when Ticket makes his bow to the Pennville public. The public was ready for him, a long snake of a public, looking torpid in the frosty morning and twisting away down one street and up another, blowing its nose frequently, and stamping its toes, but in a good humor withal.

As usual, Dolby began it.

A squad of the Municipal Stars guarded the approach to the august presence of young Ticket. And when all was ready the door quietly opened and the business began.

Old Roarman himself wasn't there. Of course he wasn't. But there was a party or two near the head of the snake who hadn't quite the intellectual look of the regular Dickens, Dolby and Ticket audiences. But Every body walked in, made his bow, and Ticket exchanged cards with him. Only now and then old Dolby, who smoked his cigar all the time, without letting a bit of the smoke get in his own eyes, lighted suddenly on some naughty boys who had run away from Hubtown to do a little speculation on their own account, and invited them to step out. That particular part of the snake wriggled a bit, but it was no use. For Dolby had begun it and out they went, and never saw Ticket any more, at least, not that time.

About this time the snake began to change his skin. It must have been the sun-rise that did it, for instead of looking rough and unshaved and ugly, his joints began to drop out, one after another, and other joints to take their place, and by the time he had been wriggling along for an hour, he was quite another snake. He was brushed, and smooth, and wore a heavy overcoat and looked as if he had had his breakfast. And so he wriggled and wriggled along toward the little square window where young Ticket was holding his levée.

As he came up, it was good fun to hear the little speeches he made to Ticket.

He always wanted Ticket to do his very best for him in particular. He represented a lady who was deaf, or a lady who was near sighted, or a lady who was blind, or the Rev. Obsuble Cope who must have a seat looking to the East, or an old party who mustn't be in a draft, or a party who must be near a door, or who mustn't. The whole snake wanted the front seat, and of course he partly didn't get it.

People generally kept cool. It was so easy. Some parts of the snake only wanted to get a single interview with the gay young Ticket, but mostly six or else two. Ticket is a young aristocrat, and he sat up on a mahogany table, while his rosy-cheeked boy Gillett did the introductions for him.

And he did them as if he knew how.

"Six Tickets," says snake; "Rattle! Rattle! Rattle! Rattle! Rattle! Rattle! Slap! *Bang!*" goes Gillett. Twenty-four dollars tumble into a box, like heads into a guillotine basket, and on comes snake again.

It was a nice, quiet, decent reception for young Ticket, and he liked it.

Dolby liked it too. So did the old man, the senior, Dickens, you know. He had the Show just then in Hubtown, and Dolby saunters down to the telegraph (Old Roarman cut him dead, as he went down Chipmunk street, but that was because he had some dodge of extraordinary magnitude on foot), and says he to the chief in Hubtown, "Hot cakes for breakfast this morning—Dolby," Dickens knew what that meant. So did Fields. So did Osgood.

It took the snake hours and hours to crawl along Chipmunk street and get at Ticket. And the other public that was not snake made a crowd and chaffed the snake a good deal. But he didn't mind it a bit, for he was bound to see the Great Show, anyhow.

At last Ticket got tired, and said he was played out, used up, exhausted, gone, done, finished, positively dead. Rosy-cheeked Gillett couldn't deny it. Smoky Old Dolby couldn't deny it. Snake himself had to acknowledge that there must be a limit to human endurance.

So Ticket said "BANG!"

That was the signal for going home, and Gillett disappeared, like a Jack in the Box.

When he did that, Old Roarman came out and showed his hand.

It wasn't much of a hand, after all. But he had a few Tickets to sell, and he means to get *such* whopping prices. Only he won't.

This is the way Dickens, Dolby and Ticket came to Little Pennville. The Ticket on the Hearth was a new thing. Dickens had been on all the Hearths. Dolby had been storing up the snake for months. But Ticket! Hurrah for Ticket, my boy! And when we get him won't we all go to see the Great Show?

Rather.

THE END.

Can Consumption be Cured?

Is a question which is daily asked by thousands, all over the land. I answer, it can. How? is the next interrogation. But before answering this question, let us ask, What is Consumption? It is a general wasting of the whole body. Patients having diseased and ulcerating lungs, hectic fever, heavy coughs, especially in the morning, night sweats, constipated bowels, sometimes diarrhœa, a furred tongue, deficient appetite, low spirits, and some others, which need not now be referred to. Now, what causes these various symptoms of disease? A defective state of blood, which was induced by the fact that the food which was taken into the stomach was not there prepared so as to fit it for making good, healthy blood. The inner coat of the stomach secretes a fluid—the gastric juice, which, when properly mixed in quantity and quality with food, prevents its undergoing decomposition in the stomach. Everyone knows when indigestible food is taken into the stomach, that gases pass upwards into the mouth, accompanied with acid fluids. Now, the explanation of this is simple—it is because the food has decomposed just as it would do out of the stomach, if exposed to a heat of nearly 100 deg. Fahn. for several hours. Decomposed food acts also upon the inner lining of the stomach, and irritates and inflames it so that the person has pains and uncomfortable sensations in that region. In consequence of this irritation of the stomach and the absence of properly prepared food from which to make blood, there arises sympathetic irritation and inflammation of other parts of the body, and hence we see the lungs affected, the bowels torpid, or excessively moved, bronchial tubes inflamed, night sweats, &c. Now we have shown that these diseases of the parts and organs just named are sympathetic—in a word, that consumption is caused by badly prepared blood, the effect of imperfect nutrition. This impoverished blood will not nourish and give a "supply" to the body which will balance the "waste" which is constantly going on; hence, to treat Consumption, we must not doctor the symptoms, we must not stop the night sweats, arrest the cough, or stop the diarrhœa, for they are the avenues by which nature is trying to get rid of diseased matter. These symptoms may be alleviated or arrested temporarily, but *not* with safety, for they return sooner or later with redoubled energy.

But to treat Consumption successfully the great first cause must be reached—*Digestion must be improved, the blood must be made richer.* To accomplish this the appetite must be improved, while the diseased fluid in the different organs must be removed by some gentle influences. The liver must be induced to act more and secrete a greater amount of bile. What medicine, with good, rich food, will produce this result? I answer that years of experience on thousands of cases has demonstrated that Consumption can be cured by the judicious use of the three medicines prepared by me, viz.: Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills. Their action on the system diseased with consumption is as follows: The Mandrake Pills will unlock the duct of the gall bladder, will increase the action of the liver, and induce a healthy secretion of bile; the diseased mucus secretions which lined the mucus coats of the stomach and intestines, the whole length of the alimentary canal, will be thrown off by their stimulating action, and as a consequence the mucus coat of the stomach is in a better condition to secrete gastric juice; the appetite will now commence to improve, expectoration will be increased, while the expectorated mucus will show less evidence of disease. The Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic, gently stimulate the coating of the stomach, and at the same time unite with food, preventing decomposition before the completion of the digestive process, thus favoring and hastening the digestion, enabling food to be so thoroughly and efficiently prepared that good blood material may be extracted from it. The claim is not made that these medicines cure consumption except so far as they aid nature, first, to rid herself of poisonous properties in the system; second, to assist her in the preparation of food, so that it will nourish, and not pass out of the bowels, as heretofore, without having its blood material extracted.

One of the most common methods of treating consumption is to send patients on a sea voyage, and in some cases it is successful. But what causes this result? An equal temperature, the general stimulation induced upon the stomach by change of food, upon the mind through the medium of sight and hearing by constant change of scene. In a future letter I will give further instructions in my method of treating consumption.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—Dickens declined church-going at the Hub.

—Russia is hard at work on breech-loaders.

—Florence is overrun with Americans.

—Menken dedicates to Swinburne.

—The remains of eight hundred Union soldiers are now being interred at Arlington Cemetery.

—Max's brother, Austrian Archduke Louis Victor, is in Seville.

—*Heaven's Journal* is the name of a new Paris paper.

—Two seals were seen on a cake of ice in Newport (Rhode Island) harbor, a day or two since.

—Mrs. Stanton walked forty-three miles in eleven hours the other day.

—Kennedy, the Scotch vocalist, has just been banqueted in Washington.

—Vigilant internal revenue officers are about to prosecute Longfellow for neglecting to take out a poetic license.—*Boston Paper.*

—It is fashionable in Milwaukee to smoke, wear the hat, and sit with the feet higher than the head, at the theatre.

—A lunatic let loose on a Boston paper, says that the music of "Bach" is good, and it is good to hear it "Offen."

—Two negroes recently broke into a lottery office in Savannah and stole an immense number of tickets, supposing them to be money.

—Prairie chickens are so numerous in Iowa this winter that they are knocked down by the hunters with sticks, and bagged by the hundred.

—For four months the Great Eastern steamship has been lying wholly idle in the Mersey, though incurring expense and becoming less valuable all the time.

—The Pope has conferred on Count Kanzler, as a reward for his services during the late campaign, the cross of the Order of Pius IX. and an annuity of 2,000 francs.

—The American flag was raised on old Fort Cobb on the 20th ult., by Major Shanklers, for the first time since it was torn down by the rebels under Gen. Price, in 1862.

—Lockport, N. Y., is so destitute of water that the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department requests the citizens who attend fires to not fail in bringing buckets with them.

—The new bridge over the Susquehanna river at Nineveh is nearly finished. It is very light, although strongly built, and will only cost some eight thousand dollars.

—Dr. Mendelssohn, son of the composer, and himself a professor of history at Heidelberg, is about to publish the posthumous works of his father.

—The Kennebec (Me.) *Journal* says the storm of Sunday last week prevented several ladies from going to church, and several of them were seen on the ice engaged in the healthy occupation of catching tomcod.

—A literary being in Boston made profuse preparations to dine Dickens, and made ready gorgeous viands and many guests, but had his nose disarticulated by a regret received at the last moment.

—Some recent heavy damages for breach of promise of marriage, remind Jones of Spreadweasel's precaution. "When I courted her," he said, "I took lawyer's advice, and signed every letter to my love, 'yours, without prejudice.'"

—General Sherman says the accounts of the Indian war have been greatly exaggerated. The war was principally fought in the newspapers and in Congress, and the cost of the real war in the West was very much less than has been represented.

—A curious accident happened the other day to a butcher in Cleveland, Ohio. He was getting ready to kill a sheep, and held the knife in his mouth. The sheep gave a vigorous kick and knocked the knife upward, edge foremost, slicing off the end of the man's nose.

—Two men walking along in Arkansas last week, within twenty-five miles of Memphis, were followed for three miles by a catamount. The beast finally sprung upon one of the men, named Neely, and mangled him shockingly, before his companion succeeded in despatching the desperate varmint.

—It is reported from Paris that the Emperor is, of late, extremely petulant. None of the ministers is exempt from receiving tokens of his ill-temper, and affairs have come to that pass that they go on with the public business independently as far as possible, and submit to the Emperor only so much as is absolutely necessary.

—A rich old lady, ninety years of age, who has just died at Clifton, in Somersetshire, England, for a long time past believed that she never could sleep except in her carriage. She used, therefore, to ride out in her carriage every afternoon with the blinds drawn to take her daily rest. The carriage was seen daily traveling at a snail's pace over Clifton Downs.

—A Belgian newspaper published the two following advertisements on successive days: "A lady who said to an American gentleman that he resembled a dead gentleman, wishes to see him again."

"The American gentleman to whom a lady said that he resembled a dead gentleman, wishes to have the address of the lady."

—The Countess Martini della Torre informs the Florence newspapers that she went to Rome with lint and bandages to nurse the wounded Garibaldians, but was refused permission to do so, and was turned out of Rome by the Papal authorities as though she were the most degraded creature, a *gena d'esmes* being placed by her side in the cars until she reached the Italian frontier.

—There is great excitement in Vienna owing to the Emperor's having indicated his intention to attend a merchants' ball in citizen's clothes. This important event is hailed by some silly people as a proof that his imperial Majesty has definitely broken with his absolutist past, no other Austrian Emperor having made his appearance in public in any but military dress.

—The latest French idea is to print newspapers in chocolate ink on pie-crust. After the news is read, it is then eaten. It is easy to imagine the letters that will be received by the editors of this novel periodical:

"*Dear Sir:* Your news is fresh, your politics are sound, your stories are interesting; indeed, I would prefer that the pie-crust were better. In fact, I am now suffering from an attack of indigestion caused by your last number. It was slack baked."

"*Dear Sir:* I renew my subscription. Six months. I think your gazette would be improved by a little free thought and annisseed to the mind and stomach."—*N. Y. Mail.*

—There was a bloodless duel in Kansas county, Kansas, a few days ago, to the much amusement to the residents. The parties, that a Frenchman offered an insult to a prominent resident of Bellmont. The latter promptly challenged the Frenchman, and promptly accepted the same. The parties, however, were loaded by the seconds with ridges. The Frenchman fell, and a kerchief, close at hand, was promptly wound around his protrate form. The man of Bellmont, confident that he had killed his antagonist, took to his heels, and has not been seen since.