The Pittsburgh Gazette.

OFFICE:
GAZETTE BUILDING, 84 AND 86 FIFTH AV.

OFFICIAL PAPER
Of Pittsburgh, Allegheny and Allegheny County.

TUESDAY, NOV. 23, 1869.

U. S. BONDS at Frankfort, 89⅛@89¼.

PETROLEUM at Antwerp, firm at 61f.

GOLD closed in New York yesterday at 126¼@126⅜.

COAL ROADS.—Is not the time fast approaching when the coal trade of such valleys as the Youghiogheny and the Chartiers will have to have special railroads for its transportation, with machinery and appliances specially adapted to that business? Such enormous tonnage ought to be moved at comparatively slow speed, and that speed be as uniform as possible. Things will come to that by and by; and such great thoroughfares as the Pennsylvania Central now is, and as the Connellsville road will be when completed, will be relieved from this incongruous burden.

WANTED, able bodied sympathizers, at Lake Winipeg! Freedom shrieks, at Selkirk, for redemption from the thraldom of British oppression. Alas, our Fenians hear the despairing cry and won't budge an inch. That is a wretchedly cold region, and there would be no fun in wearing the green in the face of a Northern winter. No, decidedly, that would not be the way to make Ireland free. This charming result will be reached, if at all, much more safely and comfortably by peaceful parades at a prudent distance from the perilous border, in the streets of our cities, handy to warm fires, with a saloon at each corner and the bright-eyed and admiring girls who are not to be left behind, filling the windows and side-walks. Is that the Fenian idea?

THE PEOPLE of New York have amended their Judiciary system at the recent election. The new system provides for seven Appeal Judges holding office for fourteen years. The existing Supreme Court, the judicial districts and the number of Justices as fixed by law, are continued. General Terms of this Court are provided for, but no Justice shall sit therein, or in the Appeals, in review of a decision made by himself, or by any Court of which he was at the time a sitting member below. The local courts in the counties of New York, Kings and Erie are continued as at present; also the county courts throughout the State. No judge or justice can hold office after his seventieth year. The judges in counties of less than forty thousand population are also to act as Surrogates. The Constitution provides for three years' trial of the new system, but the question shall be submitted to the people in 1873 whether these judicial offices shall continue elective, or be filled by appointment.

WE are told that people are getting to be all one way of thinking about the income-tax, which they propose to have totally repealed. If this be so, it is really unfortunate that the Administration should fail to realize the popular situation. The President, with Messrs. Boutwell and Delano, are sadly obtuse to the clamor of all our wealthy tax-payers. Something should be done about it, before Congress meets, or those misguided officials will go and recommend the effective retention of this tax, and that tea, coffee, sugar and salt, and such little trifles, should be first exempted from any share of the public burthens. Nice programme, isn't it, this which all the "press and the people" want? Let off the rich citizens who have such a dreadfully honest way of returning the last penny of their incomes, keep up the tax on every article of prime necessity, for the poor as well as the rich, and levy thirty millions more of duties upon foreign importations! And that is what is called "a wise management of the question." Of course it is likely to be popular, but why don't the Administration see it?

THE SUEZ CANAL.

This great work, which opens a new maritime route to India, via the Mediterranean and Red Seas, is a great success, and henceforth the heaviest commerce between Europe and Asia will be carried by this route instead of around the Cape of Good Hope.

The French engineer, Ferdinand de Lesseps, has made an island of Africa, for it is now entirely surrounded by water. The narrow isthmus of Suez has been cut through, and the waters of the Red Sea, famous only in the earliest and most sacred annals of the race, and those of the Mediterranean, have been made to flow together across one of the most inhospitable, solitary and deserted tracts on the globe.

Yesterday morning our readers, at their breakfast tables, had a dispatch from Suez, at the head of the Red Sea, not far from the place where Moses led the Children of Israel through that sea, almost within sight of Mount Sinai, and a little beyond the road over which the funeral cortege of the patriarch Jacob passed more than thirty-five centuries ago, dated only the day before, giving a detailed and satisfactory account of the opening of the canal and of the passage of the fleet through it. It read as though the affair had happened in the neighborhood instead of on the opposite side of the globe.

But distance is not so much measured by miles, as by time. In eastern countries it is customary to say that it is so many hours to such a place, and really that is the true method of reckoning. On this principle, this affair did take place in our neighborhood; for, measured by the telegraph, it is only half an hour, or an hour at most, from here to Suez—not quite so far as to some of the villages within the bounds of this country. So smoothly and naturally have these achievements of science developed themselves, that we can hardly realize their grandeur. But however we may regard them, whether as common, every-day occurrences, or as so marvelous as to border upon the miraculous, certain it is that telegraphs under running oceans, railroads spanning continents, and canals uniting hemispheres, are making neighbors of all the families of the earth; and we may reasonably anticipate that these things will be quickly followed by intellectual, moral and political changes equally wonderful. The world is moving as it never moved before; and were it not that we are guided by an All-wise and All-powerful hand, we might feel apprehensive of danger.

We shall not speculate upon the probable effects of this great enterprise upon the commerce and progress of the world, further than this, that the heavier carrying trade will be through this channel; while the travel, the mails, and the richer commerce will be across this continent. We have one road now, and it will not be many years before we shall have at least two more. The course of the Star of Empire will still be westward, notwithstanding the union of the Mediterranean and Red Seas.

CRIMES BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.

The entire population of a large city, in one of our adjoining States, were shocked, a week since, by the announcement that a well-known and highly esteemed young citizen had that morning committed a deliberate suicide, in the midst of his family. It was at the same moment whispered about, and then openly talked of, that the self-murderer had sought this way to escape the odium of another crime. The trusted officer of a financial corporation, he had, for weeks, perhaps months, been steadily betraying the confidence of his employers, preferring at last the suicide's grave to the shame of his exposed "defalcations." Scarcely yet in the prime of life, this man had risen, by industry, intelligence and an integrity which was never before doubted, from a boyhood of the humblest poverty, until he had been made the custodian of the vast wealth of employers who supposed uncounted millions to be safe in his hands. Two days before the perpetration of his culminating crime, he found that, as a matter of form, the periodical examination of his accounts would take place. That the formality would be thorough in its quest, he knew to be the business habit of his official superiors, and that, in two days more, an inevitable exposure of his misconduct would leave no longer a place for him in the world's esteem. The cashier who had weakly yielded to one temptation had not the manhood to resist another, and so he left, like a craven, the wife and children whose good name he had already wronged enough, to face the exposure alone, and shot himself dead, that he might alone escape the scorn of the world.

When the cashier abused his trust, and stole the money which no suspected thief could have touched, he did not think of the act as either a defalcation or embezzlement, much less that it was the meanest and most contemptible of larcenies. No doubt, he persuaded himself that it was merely an irregular loan, which he was sure to be able to repay, with abundant interest, and without the transaction being known beyond his own breast. He was in haste to get rich, and he beheld the ready means to that end awaiting his grasp. How little he then realized the delusion which came to crush him, ere long, into a miserable grave! When the blow of retribution hung over his head, then he terribly understood that his breach of trust, call it by what name the world might, was the most contemptible and criminal of thefts. Society guards against the common and vulgar forms of that crime, but erects no barriers to withstand a simple breach of trust. Hence this latter phase of the offense, being the more dangerous, is morally the more criminal.

We wish it could be seen, by every one who is trusted by others, whether as clerk, cashier, or guardian of individual or of corporate funds, that this form of stealing, which a mock delicacy sometimes calls a misappropriation or a defalcation, is really the most sly and sneaking, the most cowardly, the most abject of larcenies, certainly the least manly and infinitely less capable of even a show of justification than the open violence of the footpad or the reckless dash of the petty thief, who show a shadow of manly courage in taking their risks. And we wish this truth could be appreciated, by every one so trusted, with a perception as clear and as sharply convincing as it must have come to the brain and heart of that wretched suicide, in the two days which intervened between his first consciousness of the impending exposure and his last look upon the light of earth.

It is time that some of these quite too common crimes were known by their right names. Words too often take the place and confuse our ideas of things. A clearer perception of the thing and less of readiness to be deluded by a merely conventional phrase, which represents too often a thief's excuse and society's apology, would certainly have saved a man of naturally honorable impulses from the one fatal error which has blackened the record of a life and filled a dishonored grave. The press can no better do its duty now, than by inviting the attention of all whom it may concern to the real gravity of the offense. This will effect far more of public good, and perhaps of individual profit for the living, than to quicken still more a false public sentiment by its mawkish sympathies for a dead criminal, who has shown himself false to every duty, of business, of society or of the family.

IN THE Philadelphia Court of Quarter Sessions, on Saturday, Judge Ludlow delivered an opinion in the case of Hugh Marrow and James Dougherty, the parties convicted of an attempt to assassinate Revenue Officer James Brooks, in September last. The *Bulletin* says, "profiting by the experience gained in Haggerty's case, the two prisoners were first searched in prison, and were then placed in the van in company with a number of policemen. When they reached the Court they were received at the entrance by another guard of policemen, while the Court room itself was filled with the blue coats, who occupied positions in various parts of the room, to be prepared for any outbreak or attempt at rescue." The motion for a new trial was overruled, and each of the prisoners sentenced to pay a fine of $1000 and to undergo an imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary of six years, eleven months and twenty-three days. They were then conveyed in the van, under a strong guard, to the Penitentiary, and when delivered into the hands of the Warden, both remarked, "these fellows have gone back on us!"

Judge Ludlow, in pronouncing sentence, commented with severity upon the enormity of the offense, and deduced from the trial thus ended, the wholesome lesson that "no assassin can live in Pennsylvania outside of the Penitentiary." The *Bulletin* comments thus: "But must justice stop here. These men were but the willing tools of a desperate combination of law-defying scoundrels, some of whom are said to be men of considerable means and even of prominence in the community. Can none of these men be reached? The government spent money with commendable liberality in hunting down the actual assassins; it will do well to spend more, if necessary, in ferreting out and exposing and punishing this whole infamous whisky ring. The sentence of Marrow and Dougherty is hailed with intense satisfaction by every decent citizen of Philadelphia; but the eyes of the people look eagerly beyond these two hired bullies with an unsatisfied desire to see the law take hold of those who are as yet screened from the arm of justice and the withering scorn and reprobation of a virtuous and law-loving people."

THE CONFESSION made by Godfried Bonner, one of the murderers of the Peightal family, at Pleasant Grove, near Huntingdon, last week, is in substance: that the crime was first suggested by his companion, Bordenburg, at Altoona, in September; that they went to Huntingdon, from Altoona, on Monday, the 15th, and walked thence to Peightals, at Pleasant Grove, sleeping that night in the stable on the premises; that the next day they inquired in the neighborhood for work, and that night slept in a barn; Wednesday they went to Huntingdon, and Bonner expressing a desire to participate no further in the design, Bordenburg threatened to shoot him if he did not go back to Peightals; they went back, arriving about seven o'clock. Bonner says he remained on the railroad, while Bordenburg went to the house, and that he heard only one shot; that Bordenburg remained in the house about an hour; that when he came out he brought two bags of gold, and giving one to him (Bonner), remarked, "Now, let's go." Bordenburg, it is stated, corroborates this statement, with the exception that he alleges he remained on the railroad while Bonner went to the house.

PITTSBURGH DAILY GAZET

THE BROKEN HOME.

“Truth Stranger than Fiction.”

In San Francisco, on the north side of Folsom street, overlooking Mission Bay, stands a palatial residence.

The interior of this house is even more beautiful than its exterior, every apartment being in its way a gem of magnificence and refinement.

The library especially realizes the most perfect ideal of an elegant and cultured home.

And yet, at the moment we look in upon him—one August afternoon, as he occupied his library—the proprietor of all this wealth appeared of all men the most miserable.

He was Mr. Morton Preble, for many years a leading banker of San Francisco.

It was in vain that the broad bay-window at the south end of the room had been opened, giving ingress to the sunshine and the fragrance of rare flowers—in vain that the walls were lined with richly carved book-cases and paintings—in vain that soft couches and luxurious chairs had been gathered around him.

He was wretched.

He lay on a sofa, in the depths of the great bay window, the wreck of a once powerful man. His figure was thin and guant; his face white as marble; his eyes having an expression of woful apprehension, of harrowing anxiety, of dreadful expectancy.

It was evident at a glance that no merely physical ailment had made him what he was,

By what withering secret, by what destroying affliction, had he been thus agonized? thus haunted? thus hunted? he so noble and good! he so wealthy and distinguished!

As he moved restlessly upon his luxurious cushions the pretty clock on the mantel-piece struck five, every stroke seeming to fall like a hammer upon the heart of the nervous invalid. He aroused himself, struggling feebly to a sitting posture.

“Oh, will this fatal day never, never pass?” he murmured, “nor bring us relief?”

Noticing with a nervous start that he was alone, he touched a bell upon a table before him, and called:

“Helen, Helen! where are you?”

Before the echoes of his voice had died out a step was heard, and his wife entered his presence.

“I left you only for a moment, Morton,” she said, advancing to the banker's side. “You were dozing, I think. I wished so send for the doctor!”

She was a beautiful woman, of some six and thirty years, graceful, with broad white brows, and loving eyes, in which the brightness and sweetness of a sunshiny nature were still perceptible, under a grief and anxiety no less poignant than that evinced by her husband.

“The doctor!” he echoed, half reproachfully.

“Yes, dear,” she said, in a calm and cheerful voice, as she drew a chair to the side of the sofa, and sat down, stroking the corrugated forehead of the invalid with a magnetic touch. “He will be here immediately. Your last nervous crisis alarmed me. You may become seriously ill!”

Mr. Preble bestowed an affectionate look upon his wife, but said despondently:

“The doctor! He cannot ‘minister to a mind diseased.’ Oh, if these long hours would only pass! If I only knew what the day has yet in store for us!”

“Look up, Morton!” enjoined Mrs. Preble, with a reverently trustful glance upward through the open window at the blue sky, and as if looking beyond the azure clouds therein. “Let us appeal from the injustice and wickedness of earth to the goodness and mercy of Heaven!”

The banker gave a low sobbing sigh.

“I *cannot* look up, Helen,” he answered, with a passionate tremor in his voice—“only down, down at the grave that is opening before me!”

Mrs. Preble continued to stroke his forehead softly, while she lifted her pale face to the sunlight streaming into the apartment.

“Look up, Morton—always look up!” she again enjoined upon the invalid. “During these fourteen years of agony, I have not once doubted either the goodness or the justice of Heaven. ‘Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.’ I believe that we shall yet rejoice more keenly than we have mourned. and we shall come to a glorious day of joy beyond all this long night of sorrow!”

The face of the invalid lighted up with an answering glow, and he murmured:

“Glorious faith! My wife, you are indeed a blessed comforter! Perhaps, after all, you are right!”

A knock resounded on a side door at this juncture, and the next moment Dr. Hutton, the family physician, for whom Mrs. Preble had sent, entered the room.

He was an old man, portly in figure, with white hair and beard, but with a fresh and ruddy complexion, a pair of shrewd blue eyes, and with an exuberant boyishness of manner that sat well upon him. He had a kind heart and a clear head. He approached the sofa, after greeting the husband and wife, and lifted the thin restless hand of the invalid, feeling his pulse.

“Quite a high fever,” he said, after a brief pause. “Worrying again, eh, Mr. Preble? You are wearing yourself out. Medicine will do you no good so long as your mind is in its present condition. I must give you an opiate—”

“Not now, doctor,” interposed the banker. “I cannot—must not—sleep today! I need to be broad awake now, for I cannot tell at any moment what the next may bring forth. I am looking for the culmination of all my years of anguish—for the crowning agony of the whole. Perhaps even now— Ah, what was that?”

He started up wildly, and then, as the sound that had disturbed him was not repeated, he sank back again on his cushions, pallid and panting.

The doctor looked at Mrs. Preble with an anxious, questioning glance.

“It is the anniversary,” she replied to his unspoken inquiry—“the anniversary of our loss.”

“Ah, yes,” said the doctor. I remember.”

“Yes, it's another of those terrible days,” cried the banker, in a hollow whisper. “Sit down, doctor, and I will tell you the whole story. I can think of nothing else to-day, and am almost wild with apprehension and anxiety. Sit down.”

Dr. Hutton drew up a chair and seated himself, his face expressing the double solicitude of a friend and physician.

“You knew us fourteen years ago, doctor,” said Mr. Preble. “We lived then where we do now, in a cottage on the sight of this great mansion. There were but the three of us—Helen and I, and our three-year old Jessie. And it was fourteen years ago to-day that our little Jessie was stolen from us.”

“I remember it,” said the doctor softly. “Yet might she not have been lost Mr. Preble? She went out to play in the garden, if I remember rightly, and was never seen by you again. She might have strayed away—”

“So we thought for a whole year, doctor,” interrupted the banker. “We never dreamed that she had been stolen. We searched everywhere for her and offered immense rewards for her recovery. I employed detectives, but all to no purpose. When our little Jessie ran down the steps into that flower-garden,” and he pointed to the front of the house, “as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up, we never saw her again.”

“She must have found the gate open, and wandered out,” suggested Dr. Hutton. “She might have strolled down to the waters and been drowned.”

The banker fixed his burning eyes upon the physician's face, and whispered:

“I said we never saw the poor child again. I did not say we had not heard of her. She was lost on the 9th of August, 1854. For a year we thought her dead. But on the anniversary of our loss we received a written message concerning her.”

“A message!” cried Dr. Hutton, starting.

“A mere scrawl—a single line in a hand evidently disguised,” said the banker. “Here it is.”

He produced a dingy scrape of paper from a drawer in the table, and held it up to the view of the physician, who read as follows:

“August 9, 1855. *Jessie, ha, ha! Jessie.*”

Dr. Hutton looked, with a puzzled air, from the scrap of paper, which he turned over and over, to the countenance of the banker.

“I can make nothing of this,” he declared.

“It is merely a date, with the name of your lost daughter. It tells me nothing.”

“Nor did it us at first,” said Mr. Preble. “Then that name and date, with the demon laugh connecting them, set us to thinking. A whole year we agonized over the dreadful problem, and then we received another message, which you shall see.”

He thrust a second slip of paper, identical in shape and appearance with the first, before the gaze of Dr. Hutton, who read it aloud:

“August 9, 1856. *Your Jessie still lives.*”

The physician started as if electrified.

“Ah! this is something definite—something decisive,” he muttered. “It convinced you that your daughter was still living.”

“Yes, doctor,” said Mr. Preble, “and every anniversary of that day has brought us some message. The disappearance of the child, mysterious as it is, does not seem to me half so strange as that the villian who took her away could contrive to communicate with us every year since, and always on a particular day—the anniversary of that on which she was stolen—without our being able to discover who he is. And a still greater wonder to me is what can be his motive. It seems incredible. If it was stated in a novel many people would not believe it. But ‘truth is stranger than fiction.’ ”

Mrs. Preble drew from her husband's breast-pocket his note-book, opened it to the proper page, and presented it to the physician.

Dr. Hutton adjusted his spectacles, glanced over the page, and then slowly read the group of entries aloud. The entry the first year is as follows:

“August 9, 1855. *Jessie, ha, ha! Jessie!*”

And the next year it is—

“August 9, 1856. *Your Jessie still lives!*”

And the next—

“August 9, 1857. *She is in good hands!*”

And the next—

“August 9, 1858. *She is well as ever!*”

And the next—

“August 9, 1859. *I saw her yesterday!*”

And the next—

“August 9, 1860. *She's growing rapidly!*”

And the next—

“August 9, 1861. *She continues to do well!*”

And the next—

“August 9, 1862. *I've seen her again!*”

And the next—

“August 9, 1863. *She's becoming a woman!*”

And the next—

“August 9, 1864. *Your child is thirteen!*”

And the next—

“August 9, 1865. *She's lovelier than ever!*”

And the next—

“August 9, 1866. *She's really charming!*”

And last year it is—

“August 9, 1867. *My reward is at hand!*”

And what shall we get to-day!

The physician looked up and fixed his thoughtful gaze upon the bereaved husband and wife.

“How did these messages come to you?” he demanded.

“Invariably by post,” replied Mr. Preble. “Usually to the house, but sometimes to the office!”

“And you have never seen their author?”

“Never!”

“The last of them is dated, I see, a year ago to-day!”

“Yes, yes,” faltered the banker, “and the time has come for another message. This is the 9th of August, 1868!”

“I see,” said Dr. Hutton. “And this is the secret of your terrible excitement! You are expecting to receive to-day another of these strange messages!”

There was a brief silence. Mrs. Preble's hand fluttered in its task, and her face grew very pale. The banker breathed gaspingly. The physician regarded them both in friendly sympathy.

“We shall hear of her again to-day,” said Mr. Preble; “and what will the message be?”

The mother averted her face. Her brave heart faltered as that question echoed in her soul.

“The writer of these letters is unquestionably the abductor of your child!” said Dr Hutton. “Have you any suspicion as to his identity?”

“Not the slightest,” said Mr. Preble. “We have puzzled over the problem for many years, but we cannot guess who he is.”

“Think,” said the doctor. “Have you no enemy? I do not mean people with whom you are not friendly—every stirring man has plenty of these—but a downright enemy! Is there no man whom you knew in the East who hated you? No one against whom you were called upon to testify—no one whom you possibly injured?”

The banker shook his head. He had asked himself all these questions repeatedly.

“I have no such emeny,” doctor, he answered with sincerity of voice and manner.

“And Mrs. Preble?” suggested the doctor, turning to her. “Have you no rejected suitor who might be revengeful enough to desolate your home?”

“No,” said the lady. “I was married early. Morton was my first lover!”

“This is strange—very strange!” muttered the doctor. “You are not conscious of having an enemy in the world, and yet you have an enemy—a hidden foe—a fiend in human form—who is working out against you a fearful hatred! And you have not the slightest suspicion as to whom he is?”

“Not the slightest,” declared the banker.”

“Not the slightest!” echoed Mrs. Preble. “My husband had a step-brother who might have been capable of this infamy—but he is dead!”

“The handwriting is not familiar?”

“No. It is merely a rude scrawl, as you see,” said the banker. “It suggests nothing—except that it is evidently disguised!”

Again there was a profound silence.

“Our child is seventeen years old now,” at length murmured Mrs. Preble, her voice trembling. “She is on the threshold of womanhood. No doubt, during all these years, she has yearned for us, wherever she may be, as we have yearned for her!”

“But where is she?” asked the physician—and now his voice was broken by his deep sympathy with the agonized parents. “Where can she be?”

“Heaven only knows,” answered the mother. “Perhaps in San Francisco—perhaps in some rude hut in the interior, with some obscure farmer, and under a name that is not hers! I think her abductor would have carried her to some lonely region of the interior, among the valleys and mountains. Yet I never see a young girl in the streets without turning to look at her. I never hear a girlish voice without listening eagerly, half fancying that it may prove the voice of my lost Jessie!”

“Oh, pitying heaven!” sighed Dr. Hutton, dashing a flood of tears from his eyes. “Will this long agony never be over?”

“We hope so, and even believe so,” answered Mrs. Preble, with the firmness of an unfaltering trust in God's mercy. “The last message we received from our enemy seems to point to some kind of a change.”

“True,” assented Dr. Hutton, looking at the message in question. “It is unlike the others. It says that his ‘reward is at hand.’ He means either that he intends to marry your daughter, or that he intends to demand money of you for bringing her back—or both.”

“We shall soon know,” said Mrs. Preble, with forced calmness, “To-day we shall have another message, no doubt. What will it be?”

The banker turned restlessly on his sofa, and his face grew even paler.

“Whatever it is let it come!” he murmured. “Anything can be borne better than this awful suspense. Let it come!”

As if his impatient words had precipitated a crisis, a step was heard on the walk at this moment, and a ring at the front door followed.

“Another message!” breathed the banker.

A servant soon entered, bearing a letter, which he extended to Mr. Preble, saying:

“The bearer is in the hall.”

With an eager gaze, the banker glanced at the superscription of the missive.

“It is from *him!*” he faltered.

He tore the envelope open.

It contained a slip of paper, of well-known shape and appearance, upon which was scrawled a single line, in an equally well-known handwriting, which the banker exhibited to his wife and the physician.

This line was as follows:

“August 9, 1868. *“At six I will call.”*

A shock of wonder and horror shook the three simultaneously.

“Will call!” cried Mr. Preble, starting to his feet, and glaring wildly around.

“Is coming here!” cried Mrs. Preble, also arising.

“It seems so,” said Dr. Hutton, his eyes again reverting to the message. “He will be here at six o'clock, and see! it is six already!”

Even as he spoke, the clock on the mantel-piece commenced striking the appointed hour, and at that instant heavy footsteps resounded in the hall, approaching the library.

“It is *he!*” cried the doctor, also arising.

As the last stroke of the hour resounded, the door leading from the hall again opened.

One long and horrified glance cast the banker and his wife in that direction, and then she fell heavily to the floor.

Her senses had left her. The above we

publish as a specimen chapter; but the continuation of this story will be found only in the N. Y. Ledger. Ask for the number dated December 4th, which can be had at any news office or bookstore. If you are not within reach of a news office, you can have the Ledger mailed to you for one year by sending three dollars to Robert Bonner, publisher, 182 William street, New York. The Ledger pays more for original contributions than any other periodical in the world. It will publish none but the very, very best. Its moral tone is the purest, and its circulation the largest. Every body who takes it is happier for having it. Leon Lewis, Mrs. Harriet Lewis, Mrs. Southworth, Mr. Cobb, Professor Peck, Mary Kyle Dallas, Fanny Fern and Miss Dupuy will write only for the Ledger hereafter.

Mr. Bonner, like other leading publishers, might issue three or five papers and magazines; but he prefers to concentrate all his energies upon one, and in that way to make it the best. One Dexter is worth more than three or five ordinary horses.

One science only can one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

DR. KEYSER

May be consulted every day until 1 o'clock P. M. at his Great Medicine Store, 167 Liberty street, and from 6 to 6 and 7 to 9 at night,

Deafness,
Discharge
from the Ears,
Polypus,
Buzzing and
Singing Noises
in the head,
Diseases of
the Eye,
Blindness,
Catarrh
of the Head,
Laryngitis,
Rachitis,
Bronchitis,
Asthma, and
Consumption,
as well as Diseases
of the Heart and
the Digestive
Apparatus,
Necrosis,
Ulcerated Limbs,
Tan Morphew,
Scrofula,
and the various
Diseases of
the Skin and Hair.

Dr. KEYSER would respectfully invite those who have failed to get Relief from other sources to inquire into his mode of treatment.

IMPAIRED DIGESTION.

All the organs of the body are, so to speak, the pensioners of the stomach. In that living laboratory is prepared the nourishment required to sustain them and by the vessels and ducts connected with the digestive apparatus, that nourishment is conveyed to every part of the system. Upon the quality and quantity of this element of life, and upon the manner it is distributed and apportioned, physical health mainly depends, and as the mind inevitably sympathises with the body, the vigor of the one is absolutely necessary to the well-being of the other.

It is because HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS accomplishes this double object that it enjoys a reputation as a preventive and curative never heretofore attained by any medicinal preparation. But its direct beneficial operation upon the weak or disordered stomach is not its sole recommendation. It is the most comprehensive of all known remedies. It tones, strengthens and regulates the discharging as well as the assimilating organs; gently moving the bowels, promoting healthful evaporation through the pores, rousing the inert liver from its torpor, and inducing harmonious and natural action in the whole animal machinery. This benign result is not produced by any reactionary drugs which are used so lavishly in the old school practice, founded by Paracelsus; but by mild safe and agreeable vegetable agents intermixed with a pure and mellow stimulant which diffuses their influence through the system and renders their sanitary properties active and effective.

NOTICES.

OFFICE PITTSBURGH AND CONNELLSVILLE RAILROAD COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, November 11th, 1869.

☞ PITTSBURGH AND CONNELLSVILLE RAILROAD ANNUAL MEETING.—Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Pittsburgh and Connellsville Railroad Company, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, will be held at their Office, corner of Grant and Water streets, Pittsburgh, on the FIRST MONDAY, SIXTH DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT, at 10 o'clock A. M.

JOHN H. PAGE, Jr.,
Secretary.

no 3:q61

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CONTROLLER'S OFFICE,
CITY OF ALLEGHENY, Nov. 18, 1869.

BONDS FOR SALE.

In pursuance of an Act of Assembly authorizing the issue of Sewerage Bonds, Councils, by date of October 14, 1869, authorized the said issue, and Bonds have been prepared and are now ready for sale.

These Bonds are of the denomination of

$500 AND $1,000,

and have ten years to run, bearing

SEVEN PER CENT.

interest, payable semi-annually at the Treasurer's Office. The faith credit and property of the city is pledged for their redemption. Parties desiring investment will find this a good opportunity. Apply to

W. H. PORTER,
CITY CONTROLLER.

ELEGANT CARPETS.

The latest and most beautiful designs ever shown in

TAPESTRY OR BODY

BRUSSELS.

Just received by direct importation from England.

DRUGGETS

Of the latest styles in large quantities.

OLIVER
McCLINTOCK
& CO.
23 Fifth Avenue.
oc1

CARPETS.

NEW FALL STOCK.

Oil Cloths, Window Shades,

DRUGGETS.

DRUGGET SQUARES,

Ingrain Carpets,

At the Lowest Prices Ever Offered.

BOVARD, ROSE & CO.,

21 FIFTH AVENUE.

no11:d&T

RIESICK & BRO.,
FIRE & BURGLAR-PROOF

SAFES AND VAULTS.

NO DAMP, NO MOULD.

ENGINES AND MACHINERY,

BREWERY WORK, REPAIRING AND PUTTING-UP MACHINERY,

Cor. 17th and Pike Sts., Pittsburgh, Pa.

no18:q66

LARGE SHIPMENTS OF ALL kinds of fresh lake fish are received daily at Benj. Palpress' popular fish stand, No. 63 Diamond Market, Pittsburgh, and at the Twin City Stand, Allegheny City, corner of Federal and Ohio streets. Our long experience in the business enables us to always have on hand a first class article, and can sell White Fish, Salmon, Herring, Black Bass and White Perch all at very low prices. Give us a call, we will insure a fine article. Wholesale or retail. All orders filled promptly.

WEATHER STRIPS.
WOOD AND RUBBER.

Warranted to exclude cold, wind, snow, dust, &c. For sale, and applied, by

J. & H. PHILLIPS,
26 and 28 Sixth Street.

no17

HENDERSON J. & BROTHERS, 366 Liberty street, Dealers in Drugs, Paint and Patent Medicines. jal:36

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.

OFFICE OF FISK & HATCH,

Bankers and Dealers in

Government

SECURITIES.

No. 5 Nassau Street, N. Y.

NOVEMBER 8, 1869.

To our Customers and Correspondents:

The surprising development of our national resources and the rapidity with which the Government is now enabled to reduce the national debt, by weekly purchases, render it apparent that the time is approaching when the Five-Twenty bonds may be funded at not over four or four and a half per cent. interest.

Meanwhile their high price, as compared with other classes of securities, paying an equal rate of interest, is leading to general inquiry for more profitable forms of investment in which money may be safely invested.

During the war the necessities and peril of the Government, and the consequent cheapness of its securities, rendered them so attractive that from this cause, combined with the patriotic faith of the people in their safety, they absorbed almost the entire floating capital of the country, and diverted attention from other classes of securities which had been before deemed sufficiently conservative and sound to meet the wants of the most cautious investors.

The Government is no longer a borrower. It no longer needs the country's capital, but desires gratefully and honorably to repay it.

The rapid accumulation of capital for investment, and the reduction of the national debt and improvement of the national credit—rendering it certain that hereafter but a comparatively low rate of interest can be derived from investment in Government bonds—is compelling the search for other safe and well-guarded channels into which capital not employed in business may wisely flow.

The enterprises of Peace, no less needful in their time and place, for the common welfare, than were the waste and cost of War, now call for the capital which the Government no longer needs, and offer for it a remuneration which the Government need no longer pay, and in some cases a security as stable and enduring as the nation itself.

The desire to capitalize the premium which may now be realized upon Five-Twenty bonds, and which a material decline in Gold toward par, and the ability of the Government to fund them at a lower rate of interest, may at any time extinguish, is held by many holders who desire some satisfactory assurance as to which of the many low priced securities in the market would afford the necessary safety to justify an exchange.

The applications for information and advice which are addressed to us daily, show how universal is the desire for this assurance, as to what forms of investment more profitable than Government securities at present market rates, are entitled to the confidence of the investors.

The pressure of this want has led us to feel the importance of directing our own attention as bankers, our large experience and our facilities for obtaining reliable information—to the work of supplying it in some measure, and to offer the result of our inquiries to those who may be disposed to confide in our good faith and judgment.

We are unwilling to offer to our friends and the public anything which according to our best judgment is not as secure as the national obligations themselves, with which we have hitherto principally identified ourselves.

Since closing the GREAT CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD LOAN, which meets all these requirements, we have carefully examined many others, but have found no other which would fully do so, until the following was placed in our hands:

FIRST MORTGAGE

Six Per Cent. Gold Bonds

OF THE

WESTERN PACIFIC R. R. CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

The Western Pacific Railroad connecting Sacramento with San Francisco, furnishes the final link in the extraordinary fact of an unbroken line of rail from the shore of the Atlantic to that of the Pacific.

It is 150 miles in length, including a short branch, and it will be the

METROPOLITAN LINE

Of the Pacific Coast,

connecting its chief cities, and traversing the garden of the rich and growing State of California, receiving, in addition to an immense and lucrative local traffic, the through business over the Union and Central Pacific Railroads—between the Eastern States and Sacramento.

It is completed, fully equipped, and in successful operation, and its earnings in October, the first full month, amounted to $128,000 in coin. The net earnings will, by a moderate estimate, amount to $500,000 per annum, in coin, while the interest on its Bonds will be but $168,000.

The value of the property and franchises is not less than

Ten Millions of Dollars,

and the amount of the mortgage is

$2,800,000.

The Bonds are $1,000 each, have thirty years to run, and will be sold at

Ninety, and Accrued Interest,

in currency. They are made payable, PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST, IN GOLD COIN, in the city of New York. Coupons due January and July 1st.

The near approach of the time when the United States can probably fund the greater portion of its six per cent. debt, is naturally causing inquiry for other forms of investment, which will afford satisfactory security with the same rate of interest. THE WESTERN PACIFIC RAILROAD FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS must have an immense advantage over all other securities based upon merely local or uncompleted railroad, and may be held with as much confidence as Government bond, or as first-class mortgages on New York City property.

The loan is small in amount. Its claims to confidence are apparent. It will be rapidly taken. Bonds will be delivered as the orders are received.

Government Bonds received at their full market value in exchange.

FISK & HATCH.
BANKERS.

We buy and sell Government Bonds and receive the accounts of Banks, Bankers, Corporations and others, subject to check at sight, and allow interest on daily balances.

no20:d78

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AT

WILLIAM SEMPLE'S,

Nos. 180 and 182 Federal Street,

ALLEGHENY CITY.

Another Lot of those Superior

DOUBLE WIDTH CORDED POPLINS

At 50 Cents,

The Best Dress Goods at the Price Offered This Season.

At 25 Cents,

DOUBLE WIDTH

ALPACAS AND POPLINS.

At 12 1-2 Cents,

GOOD DARK DELAINES.

At 87 1-2 Cents,

WATERPROOF CLOTH.

At $1,00.

Waterproof Cloth.

GOOD BARGAINS IN

WHITE COUNTRY BLANKETS,
WHITE EASTERN BLANKETS,
COUNTRY FLANNELS,
SHIRTING FLANNELS,
CASSIMERES, &c., &c.,

Wholesale and Retail,

AT

WILLIAM SEMPL'S,

Nos. 180 and 182 Federal Street,

ALLEGHENY CITY.

BATES & BELL'S

For Shawls.

BATES & BELL'S

For Cloaks.

BATES & BELL'S

For Plaids.

BATES & BELL'S

For Blankets.

BATES & BELL'S

For Velveteens.

BATES & BELL'S

For Silk Velvets.

BATES & BELL'S

For Cloakings.

BATES & BELL'S

21 Fifth Avenue.

nod

CLOSING OUT SALE!

Owing to the death of the Senior partner, Mr. J. M. BURCHFIELD, the entire stock of goods will be sold

REGARDLESS OF COST.

The Stock is New and Complete,

CONSISTING OF

Silks, Black and Colored,
Alpacas, Valencia Poplins,
Irish Poplins,
Black Cloths, Cloakings,
Brocha Shawls,
Plaid Shawls, Cassimeres,

And a Full Line of Domestic Goods, at

J. M. BURCHFIELD & CO.'S,

52 SIXTH STREET.
oc27

RARE AND

FASHIONABLE CONFECTIONS

FOR PRESENTS.

GEO. BEAVEN,

118 FEDERAL STREET, Allegheny City.

CARR, McCANDLESS & CO.,
(Late Wilson, Carr & Co.,)
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,

No. 94 WOOD STREET,
Third door above Diamond alley,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AT

WILLIAM SEMPLE'S,

Nos. 180 and 182 Federal Street,

ALLEGHENY CITY.

NEW ASSORTMENT OF

Striped Woolen Shawls,
Plaid Woolen Shawls,
Paisley Shawls,
Thibet Shawls,
Children's Shawls,

Ladies' and Children's Underwear,
Men's Undershirts and Drawers,
Stockings and Gloves,
Handkerchiefs and Collars,
Cloth and Balmoral Skirts,
Hoop Skirts and Corsets.

Ladies' and Children's Hats,
Ribbons, Plumes and Flowers,
Embroideries and Laces.
Trimmings and Buttons,
Hair Switches, &c., &c.,

Wholesale and Retail,

WILLIAM SEMPLE'S.

Nos. 180 and 182 Federal Street,

ALLEGHENY CITY.

JUST OPENED

BY

JOSEPH HORNE & CO.

Woolen Goods,

SCARFS, HOODS, SACQUES,
MITTS, SHAWLS, LEGGINGS,
and WRISTLETS.

HOSIERY.

All sizes and qualities WOOL AND MERINO RIBBED BALMORAL.
TARTAN AND FANCY STRIPED,
FLEECED COTTON.
GENTS' WOOL AND MERINO ½ HOSE.

SHAKER KNIT SOCKS.

CLOVES,

REAL BUCK GLOVES AND MITTS,
FUR TOPPED K.D,
WOOL KNIT GLOVES AND MITTS,
CLOTH, BERLIN LINED & SILK GLOVES,
GENTS' DRIVING GLOVES,
LADIES', MISSES AND BOYS' GLOVES of all kinds,

AT LOWEST PRICES.

Wholesale Rooms up Stairs.

77 and 79 MARKET STREET.
no

DRUGGETS,

CRUMB CLOTHS,

EXTRA QUALITY,

BRUSSELS CARPETS,

Direct Importations,

M'CALLUM BROS.,

No. 51 FIFTH AVENUE,

ABOVE WOOD STREET.

oc1

WOOLEN DRUGGETS

AND

FELT CARPETS,

1¼, 1½, 2, 2½, 3, 3¼, 3½ and 3¾

YARD WIDE.

BORDERED SQUARES

Suitable for Parlors.

DINING ROOM CRUMB CLOTHS,

Woolen, Linen and Cotton,

AT LOWER PRICES THAN LAST SEASON

Notwithstanding the undiminished tariff on these goods.

M'FARLAND & COLLINS,

71 and 73 Fifth Avenue.

oc29:d8

CHESTNUT & TWELFTH STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA,

BAILEY & CO.,

Jewelers.

GRAND OPENING!!

For the FALL and CHRISTMAS TRADE of a MAGNIFICENT STOCK of all the novelties in Watches, Jewelry and Silverware.

FANCY GOODS, &C.

Bridal Gifts a Specialty.

BAILEY & CO. have the handsomest Store in the World, and will at all times be pleased to receive and show visitors through their establishment.

BAILEY & CO.,
NEW MARBLE STORE,
CHESTNUT AND TWELFTH STREETS,
Philadelphia.

oc7:p35 TEST

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

INCORPORATED 1835.

OFFICE OF THE

Delaware Mutual Safety INSURANCE COMPANY.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1869.

The following Statement of the affairs of the Company is published in conformity with a provision of its charter:

PREMIUMS RECEIVED FROM NOVEMBER 1, 1868, TO OCTOBER 31, 1869.

On Marine and Inland Risks	$943,795 34	
On Fire Risks	161,905 95	$1,105,701 29
Premiums on Policies not marked off November 1, 1868		460,634 92
		$1,566,335 31
Premiums marked off as earned from Nov. 1, 1868, to October 31, 1869:		
On Marine and Inland Risks	$914,216 29	
On Fire Risks	149,629 90	$1,063,927 81
Interest during the same period—Salvages, &c.		115 027 65
		$1,178,873 64
Losses and expenses during the year as above:		
Marine and Inland Navigation Losses	$418,100 39	
Fire Losses	94,244 81	
Return Premiums	49,626 10	
Reinsurance	41 277 84	
Agency Charges, Advertising, Printing, &c.	64,687 15	
Taxes—United States, State and Municipal Taxes	52,390 84	
Expenses	23,927 08	$744,254 01
		$434,619 63

ASSETS OF THE COMPANY.
November 1st, 1869.

$200,000	United States 5 per cent. Loan, ten-forties	$216,000 00
100,000	United States 6 per per cent. Loan, (Lawful Money)	107,750 00
50,000	United States 6 per cent. Loan, 1881	60,000 00
200,000	State of Pennsylvania 6 per cent. Loan	213,950 00
200,000	City of Philadelphia 6 per cent. Loan, (exempt from tax)	200,925 00
100,000	State of New Jersey 6 per cent. Loan	102,000 00
20,000	Pennsylvania R. R. First Mortgage 6 per cent. Bonds	19.4
25,000	Pennsylvania R. R. Second Mortgage 6 per cent. Bonds	23.62
25,000	Western Pennsylvania Railroad Mortgage 6 per Bonds (Pennsylvania R. R. guarantee)	20,000
30,000	State of Tennessee 5 per cent. Loan.	15,000
7,000	State of Tennessee 6 per cent. Loan.	4,270
12,500	Pennsylvania R. R. Company, 250 shares stock	14,000 00
5,000	North Pennsylvania R. R. Company, 100 shares stock	3,000 00
10,000	Philadelphia and Southern Mail Steamship Co., 80 shares stock	7,500 00
246,900	Loans on Bond and Mortgage, first liens on City Properties	246,900 00

$1,231,400 Par. Market value,		$1,255,270 00
Cost, $1,215,622 27.		
Real Estate		36,000 00
Bills Receivable for Insurances made		323,700 75
Balances due at Agencies—Premiums on Marine Policies, Accrued Interest and other debts due the Company		65,097 95
Stock, Scrip, &c., of sundry Corporations, $4703. Estimated value		2,740 20
Cash	$168,318 88	
Cash in Drawer	972 26	169,291 14
		$1,852,100 04

PHILADELPHIA, November 10, 1869.

The Board of Directors have this day declared a CASH DIVIDEND of TEN PER CENT. on the CAPITAL STOCK and SIX PER CENT. interest on the SCRIP of the Company, payable on and after the 1st of December proximo, free of National and State Taxes.

They have also declared a SCRIP DIVIDEND of THIRTY-FIVE PER CENT. on the EARNED PREMIUMS for the year ending October 31, 1869, certificates of which will be issued to the parties entitled to the same, on and after the 1st of December proximo, free of National and State Taxes.

They have ordered, also, that the Scrip Certificates of Profits of the Company, for the year ending October 31, 1865, be redeemed in Cash, at the office of the Company, on and after the 1st of December proximo, all interest thereon to cease on that day. By a provision of the charter, all certificates of Scrip not presented for redemption within five years after public notice that they will be redeemed, shall be forfeited and cancelled on the books of the Company.

No certificate of profit issued under $25. By the act of incorporation, "no certificate shall issue unless claimed within two years after the declaration of the dividend whereof it is evidence.

DIRECTORS:

Thomas C. Hand,
John C. Davis,
Edmund A. Souder,
Theophilus Paulding,
James Traquair,
Henry Sloan,
Henry C. Dallett, Jr.,
James C. Hand,
William C. Ludwig,
Joseph H. Seal,
Hugh Craig,
John D. Taylor,
George W. Bernadou,
William C. Houston,
Samuel E. Stokes,
William G. Boulton,
Edward Darlington,
H. Jones Brooke,
Edward Lafourcade,
Jacob Riegel,
Jacob S. Jones,
James B. McFarland,
Joshua P. Eyre,
Spencer McIlvain,
J. B. Semple, Pittsb'h,
A. B. Berger, "
D. T. Morgan, "

THOMAS C. HAND, President.
JOHN C. DAVIS, Vice President.
HENRY LYLBURN, Secretary.
HENRY BALL, Assistant Secretary.

Branch Office, 68 Fourth Avenue,

PITTSBURGH.

P. A. MADEIRA, Agent.

no15:q63

DR. WHITTIER

CONTINUES TO TREAT ALL private diseases, Syphilis in all its forms, all urinary diseases, and the effects of mercury are completely eradicated; Spermatorrhea or Seminal Weakness and Impotency, resulting from self-abuse or other causes, and which produces some of the following effects, as blotches, bodily weakness, indigestion, consumption, aversion to society, unmanliness, dread of future events, loss of memory, indolence, nocturnal emissions, and finally so prostrating the sexual system as to render marriage unsatisfactory, and therefore imprudent, are permanently cured. Persons afflicted with these or any other delicate, intricate or long standing constitutional complaint should give the Doctor a trial; he never fails.

A particular attention given to all Female complaints, Leucorrhea or Whites, Falling, Inflammation or Ulceration of the Womb, Ovaritis, pruritis, Amenorrhoea, Menorrhagia, Dysmenorrhoea, and Sterility or Barrenness, are treated with the greatest success.

It is self-evident that a physician who confines himself exclusively to the study of a certain class of diseases and treats thousands of cases every year must acquire greater skill in that specialty than one in general practice.

The Doctor publishes a medical pamphlet of fifty pages that gives a full exposition of venereal and private diseases, that can be had free at office or by mail for two stamps, in sealed envelopes. Every sentence contains instruction to the afflicted, and enabling them to determine the precise nature of their complaints.

The establishment, comprising ten ample rooms, is central. When it is not convenient to visit the city, the Doctor's opinion can be obtained by giving a written statement of the case, and medicines can be forwarded by mail or express. In some instances, however, a personal examination is absolutely necessary, while in others daily personal attention is required, and for the accommodation of such patients there are apartments connected with the office that are provided with every requisite that is calculated to promote recovery, including medicated vapor baths. All prescriptions are prepared in the Doctor's own laboratory, under his personal supervision. Medical pamphlets at office free, or by mail for two stamps. No matter who have failed, read what he says. Hours 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays 12 M. to 2 P. M. Office, No. 9 WYLIE STREET, (near Court House,) Pittsburgh.

DREKA

Importer and retail dealer in

FINE STATIONERY,

WEDDING, VISITING, PARTY AND BUSINESS CARD ENGRAVING,

MONOGRAMS, ARMS, ILLUMINATING &c.

Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Send for samples.

1,033 Chestnut St., Phila.

EXTREMELY LOW PRICES

For Entirely New and Fashionable

DRESS GOODS,

AT

J. W. BARKER & CO'S,

No. 59

MARKET STREET.