Lebanon Advertiser.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 10—NO. 47. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1859. WHOLE NO. 516.

Job Printing:

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
Neatly and Promptly Executed, at the
ADVERTISER OFFICE, LEBANON, PENN'A

This establishment is now supplied with an extensive assortment of JOB TYPE, which will be increased as the patronage demands. It can now turn out PRINTING, of every description, in a neat and expeditious manner—and on very reasonable terms. Such as

Pamphlets, Checks,
Business Cards, Handbills,
Circulars, Labels,
Bill Headings, Blanks,
Programmes, Bills of Fare,
Invitations, Tickets, &c., &c.

☞ DEEDS of all kinds, Common and Judgment BONDS. School, Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, printed correctly and neatly on the best paper, *constantly* kept for sale at this office, at prices "to suit the times."

*** Subscription price of the LEBANON ADVERTISER One Dollar and a Half a Year.

Address, WM. M. BRESLIN, Lebanon, Pa.

REAL ESTATE.

FOR RENT

8 ROOMS—1 on the second, and four on the third story—of which 2 rooms with GAS LIGHT can be let together, and a LARGE BASEMENT, with a small room and cellar, on Cumberland street, in the Borough of Lebanon, are offered for Rent. Apply to

Lebanon, January 26, 1859. JOHN C. REISNER.

A fine Business Room.

FOR RENT

A fine business Room in S. J. Stine's new building, two doors east of the Buck Hotel, near the Court House. Inquire of S. J. STINE

Lebanon, Feb. 2, 1859.

Store Room, &c., for Rent.

A LARGE STOREROOM, BASEMENT, and TWO Business or Office ROOMS on the second floor, in the new brick building lately erected by the subscriber, on Cumberland street, east of Walnut, are offered for Rent. The above will be rented separate or together, as may be desired. Apply on the premises, to S. P. KENDALL,

Lebanon, March 9, 1859.

House to Rent.

ONE of the new two-story brick houses on the Plank Road, near the Lebanon Valley Railroads. Apply immediately to GEO. W. KLINE.

Lebanon Feb. 2, 1859.

For Rent.

A STORE ROOM, or Business Room for Rent, N. E. corner of Cumberland and Market streets. Possession can be given immediately, if required. Inquire of

Lebanon, Feb. 9, 1859. CHRISTIAN HENRY.

Valuable Borough Property FOR SALE!

IS offered at private sale, that valuable half-lot or piece of GROUND, situate at the north-east corner of Water and Walnut streets, Lebanon, fronting 33 feet on Walnut street and 80 feet of Water street, at present occupied by John Farrell's Marble Yard, on which are a FRAME House, &c. It is located within a square of the Lebanon Valley Railroad Depot, between the Depot and the centre of town. For further particulars apply to John Farrell on the premises. June 24, 1857.

FOR RENT.

THE 3d Story of Graff's New Brick Building, in Cumberland street, west of Market, is for rent. It can be arranged into one or more rooms as parties may desire. Possession given at any time.

JOHN GRAEFF.

Lebanon, Dec. 15, 1858.–tf.

Private Sale.

THE subscriber offers at Private Sale his new two-story brick DWELLING HOUSE, situated in Elizabeth street, Lebanon, Pa. The House is 17 by 28 feet, has 2 rooms on the first floor and 3 on the second. The other improvements are a good WASH-HOUSE, Bake-oven, Cistern and Garden. The Lot is 50½ by 66 feet. The above property is all new and in a good condition, and will be sold on easy terms. Possession will be given on the 1st day of April, 1859.—Apply to J. H. KEIM, Photographer.

Lebanon, Nov. 24, 1858.–tf.

Reigart's Wine and Liquor Store,

CORNER of *Market and Water streets*, Lebanon, Pa., in the room formerly occupied by Jacob Weidle, Esq., where he still continues to keep an assortment of the very best brands of WINES and LIQUORS that can be got. To those who are acquainted with his LIQUORS, it is not necessary for him to speak, as the Liquors will speak for themselves. To Hotel Keepers, and all others, he would state that it is merely necessary for them to call and examine his stock to satisfy themselves, as he warrants to render full satisfaction. EMANUEL REIGART.

N. B.—Remember at Weidle's Corner.

Lebanon, May 5, 1858.

NATIONAL HOTEL,

RACE STREET, ABOVE THIRD,
PHILADELPHIA.

PETER SIDES, CYRUS CARMANY. SIDES & CARMANY. May 19, '58.–3m.

Lebanon Deposit Bank.

Cumberland street, one door east of Reinhard's Hotel.

WILL pay the following RATES of INTEREST on DEPOSITS.

For 1 year, and longer, 6 per cent. per annum;
For 6 months, and longer, 5 per cent. per annum;
For 3 months, and longer, 4 per cent. per annum;

requiring a short notice of withdrawal. Interest paid in full for the Deposits from the date of deposit to the date of withdrawal. We will also afford a liberal line of accommodation to those who may favor us with Deposits, payable on demand. Will pay a premium on SPANISH and MEXICAN DOLLARS, and also on *old Mexican Dollars* and *Half Dollars*. Will make collections on and remit to all parts of the United States, the Canadas and Europe; Negotiate Loans, &c., &c., and do a general EXCHANGE and BANKING BUSINESS.

G. DAWSON COLEMAN, President.

GEO. GLEIM, Cashier.

The undersigned, MANAGERS, are individually liable to the extent of their Estates, for all Deposits and other obligations of the "LEBANON DEPOSIT BANK."

SIMON CAMERON, G. DAWSON COLEMAN,
GEORGE SMULLER, LEVI KLINE,
JAMES YOUNG, AUGUSTUS BOYD,
DAVID M. RANK, GEORGE GLEIM.

Lebanon, May 12, 1858.

Blinds, Blinds, Blinds!

ROBERT THOMPSON, Venetian Blind and Shade Manufacturer, No. 630 North 2nd street, 3 doors below Coates, west side VENETIAN BLINDS, of every description, made to order in a superior manner at lowest cash prices. OLD BLINDS repainted and repaired equal to new. [Jan. 19, 1859–6 m.

Swatara Collegiate Institute

Jonestown, Lebanon Co., Pa.

THE Edifice being finished, the Summer Term will commence on *Monday, 4th of April*. Males and Females of the age of eight years and upwards, will be instructed by a competent board of teachers. Pupils from abroad will board with the Principal. For circulars containing particulars, address any one of the subscribers.

JOHN BRUNNER, Esq., Pres't of the Board.
HENRY J. MEILY, Secretary.
I. D. RUPP, Principal.

Jonestown, Feb. 16, 1859.

GRAIN WANTED.

50,000 Bushels Wheat.
50,000 Do. Rye.
50,000 Do. Oats.
50,000 Do. Corn.

AT the Store House of the subscriber, on the Union Canal, below Walnut street, in the borough of N. Lebanon, for which the highest Market price will be paid in Cash.

As I have been many years in the business and have always been found to deal fairly and pleasantly with my customers, I trust that our dealings may also continue in the future. JOHN IMMEL.

N. Lebanon, Feb. 9, 1859.–6m.

1858 NEW STYLES. 1858

ADAM RISE, in Cumberland Street, between Market and the Court House, north side, has now on hand a splendid assortment of the New Style of HATS AND CAPS, for men and boys, for 1858, to which the attention of the public is respectfully invited. Hats of all prices, from the cheapest to the most costly, always on hand. He has also just opened a splendid assortment of SUMMER HATS, embracing such as STRAW, PANAMA, PEDAL, PEARL, HORN, LEGHORN, SENATE, CUBIAN, and all others.

☞ He will also Wholesale all kinds of Hats, Caps, &c., to Country Merchants on advantageous terms.

Lebanon, April 21, 1858.

Feed---Feed!

PERSONS in want of Feed for Cows or Pigs, can obtain it daily at the Lager Beer BREWERY of the subscriber, in North Lebanon township. Price, 10 cents a bushel. HENRY HARTMAN.

Lebanon, Feb. 2, 1859.

Lebanon Mutual Insurance Company.

Incorporated by the Legislature of Pa.

CHARTER PERPETUAL!

OFFICE AT JONESTOWN, LEBANON COUNTY.

GUARANTEE CAPITAL $55,000!

THIS COMPANY is in full operation, and ready to make *Insurance* on all kinds of property, in *Town or Country*, and on as favorable terms as any well governed and safe company, either on the Mutual or joint stock principle.

President—JOHN BRUNNER, Esq.
Vice President—D. M. RANK.
Treasurer—GEO. F. MEILY.
Secretary—WM. A. BARRY.

DIRECTORS:

JOHN BRUNNER, Esq.	GEO. ROSS,
GEO. F. MEILY,	D. M. KARMANY,
NAPOLEON DESH,	JEFF. SHIRK,
JOHN C. SELTZER,	S. K. TREICHLER,
DAVID M. RANK,	DAVID RANK,
DANIEL H. BIEVER,	WM. A. BARRY.

ANTHONY S. ELY, *Agent for Lebanon and vicinity*

Jonestown, Feb. 23, 1859.

GRÆFF'S Boot & Shoe Store Removed.

New Spring and Summer Stock!

THE Undersigned would respectfully inform the public that he has REMOVED his BOOT and SHOE STORE to the room lately occupied by *John Graff's Confectionery store*, where he has opened a beautiful stock of *Spring and Summer Boots and Shoes*, for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children. ☞ His assortment is very complete, and embraces all the latest styles, which he can *sell out at low prices*. The public will please call and examine. DANIEL GRÆFF.

N. B.—TRAVELERS, now is your time if you wish to see a large assortment of *Trunks, Valises*, and different kinds of Bags. Come one, come all!

Lebanon, April 7, 1858.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

ANOTHER NEW LOT OF
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
JUST RECEIVED BY
J. W. ACKER,
Cumberland St., next door to Dr. Lineaweaver's.

CLOCKS.
Thirty Day,
Eight Day,
Thirty Hour,
CLOCKS,
Just Received at
J. J. BLAIR'S Jewelry Store,
Lebanon Pa.

First Premium and Diploma Awarded by the Lebanon County Agricultural Society to the celebrated

AMERICAN WATCHES.

THIS endorsement of the merit and character of the Watch should prove a sufficient recommendation to those who contemplate purchasing a good and reliable time-keeper. They disclaim any part of foreign mechanism in *movement or case*, and in regard to *Time* and *durability* distance all competition. These Watches are on exhibition at J. J. BLAIR'S Watch and Jewelry Store, corner of Market and Cumberland streets, opposite the Market House, Lebanon, Pa. Nov. 9, 1858.

1,000 Reward! Look Out.

JAMES H. KELLEY, *Watch-Maker & Jeweler*, has just opened at the EAGLE BUILDINGS, in the town of Lebanon, a beautiful assortment of Gold Railroad Time-keepers in hunting cases; eight-day Watches, gold Duplex, gold Anchors, gold cylinder Watches, &c. Silver railroad hunting Watches, duplex, anchors, cylinder, English patent Lever, English Swiss Quartiers, and Boys' Watches. Large Music Boxes, 4, 6, and 8 tunes; gold Fob, Vest and Neck Chains; gold Armlets, Brooches; gold Thimbles, Ear-rings, Breast-pins, Necklaces, shirt-Studs, Spectacles, Medallions, Miniature Cases, gold pen and pencil cases, gold Key Seals, &c. Silver Tea and Table Spoons, Soup Ladles, fob and neck Chains, Spectacles, Portmonaies, fine pocket and pen Knives, Violins, Violincelos, Bass Violins, Accordeons, Polkas, Brass Instruments, Drums, Fifes, Flutes, Clarinets, Guitars, Banjos, Tamborines, Ladies' Cabins, Colt's Rifles, Sharp's Rifles, Volcanic Rifle, shoots 25 shot in a minute; Colt's Allen's Volcanic and Damascus Pistols, eight-day and thirty-hour Clocks, &c., the whole comprising the most extensive assortment ever offered in Lebanon county, and will be sold at the lowest cash prices.

Watches & Clocks carefully Repaired and Warranted.

*** Mrs. Kelly has opened a Fancy Millinery Store in the same room with Mr. Kelly's Jewelry store, Eagle Buildings. [Lebanon, April 14, 1858.

Daguerreotypes.

WHO takes the best LIKENESSES in LEBANON?—Why J. H. KEIM, in the third story of *Rise's New Building*.

He has the best room, best sky-light, best fixtures, and has made it his entire business for the last six years. He always gets the latest improvements; he has always the latest style of cases on hand; he takes pictures in every style of the art; his STEREOSCOPE PICTURES are wonderful to behold. All his pictures are sharp, correct, and of the highest finish. Give him a call and you will not regret it. His terms are very moderate.

☞ His rooms are open every day (except Sundays, from 8 o'clock, A. M., till 6 o'clock, P. M.

Nov. 25, 1857.

IF YOU WANT GOOD PICTURES GO TO

BRENNER'S

SKY LIGHT GALLERY, over D. S. Raber's Drug Store, on Cumberland street, Lebanon, Pa. AMBROTYPES, MELAINOTYPES, FEROTYPES, PAPYROTYPES and PHOTOGRAPHS, taken daily, (Sunday excepted.) Prices reasonable and in accordance with the size, style and quality of the cases. Rooms opened from 8 A. M., to 4 o'clock, P. M.

Lebanon, June 2, 1858.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

A compound remedy, in which we have labored to produce the most effectual alterative that can be made.—It is a concentrated extract of PURE Sarsaparilla, so combined with other substances of still greater alterative power as to afford an effective antidote for the diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. It is believed that such a remedy is wanted by those who suffer from Strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove of immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow-citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experiment on many of the worst cases to be found of the following complaints:—

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS, ERUPTIONS AND ERUPTIVE DISEASES, ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, TUMORS, SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, SYPHILIS AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS, MERCURIAL DISEASE, DROPSY, NEURALGIA OR TIC DOULOUREUX, DEBILITY, DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION, ERYSIPELAS, ROSE OR ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, and indeed the whole class of complaints arising from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

This compound will be found a great promoter of health, when taken in the spring, to expel the foul humors which fester in the blood at that season of the year. By the timely expulsion of them many rankling disorders are nipped in the bud. Multitudes can, by the aid of this remedy, spare themselves from the endurance of foul eruptions and ulcerous sores, through which the system will strive to rid itself of corruptions, if not assisted to do this through the natural channels of the body by an alterative medicine. Cleanse out the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find it is obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it whenever it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Even where no particular disorder is felt, people enjoy better health, and live longer, for cleaning the blood. Keep the blood healthy, and all is well; but with this pabulum of life disordered, there can be no lasting health. Sooner or later something must go wrong, and the great machinery of life is disordered or overthrown.

Sarsaparilla has, and deserves much, the reputation, of accomplishing these ends. But the world has been egregiously deceived by preparations of it, partly because the drug alone has not all the virtue that is claimed for it, but more because many preparations, pretending to be concentrated extracts of it, contain but little virtue of Sarsaparilla, or anything else.

During late years the public have been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any, Sarsaparilla, but often no curative properties whatever. Hence, bitter and painful disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself is justly despised, and has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. Still we call this compound Sarsaparilla, and intend to supply such a remedy as shall rescue the name from the load of obliquy which rests upon it.—And who think we have ground for believing it has virtues which are irresistible by the ordinary run of the diseases it is intended to cure. In order to secure their complete eradication from the system, the remedy should be judiciously taken according to directions on the bottle.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO.
LOWEL, MASS.

Price, $1 per Bottle; Six Bottles for $5.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

, has won for itself such a renown for the cure of every variety of Throat and Lung Complaint, that it is entirely unnecessary for us to recount the evidence of its virtues, wherever it has been employed. As it has long been in constant use throughout this section, we need not do more than assure the people its quality is kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all it has ever been found to do.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

FOR THE CURE OF

Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach, Erysipelas, Headache, Piles, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Tetter, Tumors and Salt Rheum, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, and for Purifying the Blood.

They are sugar-coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best aperient in the world for all the purposes of a family physic.

Price 25 cents per Box; Five boxes for $1.00.

Great number of Clergymen, Physicians, Statesmen, and eminent personages, have lent their names to certify the unparalleled usefulness of these remedies, but our space here will not permit the insertion of them. The Agents below named furnish gratis our AMERICAN ALMANAC in which they are given: with also full description of the above complaints, and the treatment that should be followed for their cure.

Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with other preparations they make more profitable. Demand AYER's, and take no others. The sick want the best aid there is for them, and they should have it.

All our Remedies are for sale by

J. L. Lemberger and D. S. Raber, Lebanon; J. A. Harper, E. Hanover; E. K. Horning, Obo; H. D. Reiver & Bro., Annville; Bowman & Son, Campbelltown; M. H. Gotthe, Myerstown; and by all druggist.

April 27, 1859.–1y.

REMOVAL!

Coach-Making Establishment!

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the public that they have REMOVED their COACHMAKING ESTABLISHMENT to *High st., between Hill and Chestnut ½ squares* north of G. M. Rauber's Store, in the Borough of Lebanon, where they intend carrying on the business in all its branches, as heretofore. Each of us having served regular apprenticeships to the business, and having had much experience therein, we feel confident of our ability to give satisfaction. Every article manufactured at our establishment will be under our personal supervision. We shall keep on hand, READY-MADE,

ALL KINDS OF VEHICLES,

which will be warranted of the most superior quality.—We have now a fine stock on hand, to which the attention of those wanting anything in our line is invited. We will also attend to REPAIRING, at short notice.

☞ None but the best workmen will be employed in any branch of the business. We cordially invite the public to give us a call, and we will guarantee satisfaction.

☞ Thankful for the past liberal patronage of a generous public, we solicit a continuance of the same.

RAUBER & YOUNG.

Lebanon, December 22, 1858.—6m.

Choice Poetry.

BREAKING A HORSE.

"I want you to take my horse to break,"
Said a man to Jockey Pat;
"He has a trick of showing his heels,
And you must break him of that."
Pat took the horse, and the next day met
It's owner upon the street;
"Arrah!" said Pat, "I've the horse well broke;
I've stopped that trick of his feet."
"Good!" said the man, here's a ten for you!
How did you break him so quick?"
"He kicked me Sir, and I broke his neck!
Bedad! that broke up the trick!"

☞ A Southern Poet thus sings the exploits of two blood-thirsty individuals on the field of honor:

SCHOTT VS. KNOTT.

One Mr. Knott with Mr. Schott
Into some quarrel got,
The cause was what?—No matter what,
Their anger waxed hot.

Then Mr. Knott called Mr. Schott
Hard names—no matter what;
And Mr. Schott replied to Knott
In terms—no matter what.

Wrote Mr. Knott straightway to Schott
And Schott wrote back to Knott;
Wrote Mr. Knott again to Schott,
And Schott wrote back to Knott.

So Mr. Knott from Mr. Schott
A deadly challenge got;
And Mr. Knott sent back to Schott
That he declined it not.

Now Mr. Knott and Mr. Schott
Their tried revolvers got,
The friends of Schott, the friends of Knott,
All went into the lot.

Big Mr. Knott, big Mr. Schott,
Three glorious rounds there fought;
Our Mr. Knott he got the shot,
And Schott he got it not.

As Mr. Knott had missed his Schott,
And Schott had missed his not,
So Knott was shot, and Schott was not.
And Schott the glory got.

MORAL.—'Tis better to be Schott than Knott.

Miscellaneous.

[From the Records of a French Detective.]

THE MYSTERIOUS DEATHS AT CASTELLANE.

I had some renown as a successful rogue-catcher, and I had some experience, too. My field of operations, as a usual thing, lay within the confines of the department of the Lower Alps; and though I served under the Sub-Prefect of the third Arrondisement, yet the Prefect of the Department called upon me when he chose. One morning—it was in the latter part of May—I received a note from the Prefect, ordering me to come to Digne, and see him with all possible dispatch. The missive came through the office of our Sub-Prefect, so I had nothing to do but get ready and start. I took an early dinner; assumed the dress of a peasant; browned my face and hands, and set forth. I reached Digne just at nightfall, and as soon as it was dark I waited upon the Prefect. He seemed to be relieved when he saw me, and at once took me to his private closet.

"Now," said I, "have you got work for me?"

"Yes," he replied, "sit down and listen."

We sat down, and having tasted a glass of wine, he proceeded.

"Within a few months past, there have been some of the most mysterious murders committed in this Department, and the Department of Var, that have ever come under my notice. They are done mostly on the road from Castellane to Aups. The first victim was a Marseilles merchant, who had come up to Castellane to purchase preserved fruits. His body was found on the roadside, near the line between the two Departments; and at first it was supposed that he must have fallen there and died in a fit, as no mark of violence could be found upon him. His pocket had been rifled, however. The next one was found near Annot, and under the same circumstances. He was a merchant also, and from Nice. Since then, five or six more have died upon the road in the same mysterious way; and no marks of ill-usage have been found upon any of them; but they have all been robbed."

"Have most of them stopped at Castellane?" I asked.

The Prefect told me that they had.

"And I suppose they must have put up at some inn there?" I remarked.

"Yes," said the Prefect.

I then supposed that some of the landlords must be concerned. But my companion informed me that they had been narrowly watched, and that no shadow of evidence rested against them.

"But," said I, "is there not some poison in this matter? Some innkeeper may administer the potion, and then send an accomplice after the victim." No, returned the Prefect with a shake of the head. "Experienced physicians have examined the stomachs of several of the dead men, but no trace of poison has been found.—It is a mysterious affair. The Sub-Prefect has done all he could, but without effect; and we mean to give the whole thing into your hands. You must go to Castellane at once, and there you can get such further information as the Sub-Prefect can give you." After conferring a while longer with the Prefect, he let me have a suit of ordinary tradesman's clothing; and thus habited, I went to a hotel and put up for the night. In the morning I procured a horse and set out, reaching Castellane before noon. During the day I pretended to be doing business. I went to the woolen factory and examined a lot of stuff; and also visited several places where preserved fruits were put up. I learned that most of the people who came there on business stopped at an inn kept by a man named Juan Fontaix; so I left my horse there, and engaged lodgings.

After dark I called upon the Sub-Prefect. He told me that he had used all the means within his power, but had been able to gain no clue to the guilty party. Most of the murdered victims had been from Marseilles, and the excitement in that city was intense. Gendarmes had been sent out upon all the roads, and secret police had also been upon the watch. The last victim had fallen only four days before, and the deed was done fifteen minutes after the policemen had passed the spot.

I asked the Sub-Prefect if he had any suspicions. He answered that all the suspicions he had held were fastened upon Juan Fontaix, the inkeeper. Nearly all the murdered men had stopped at his house, and he must have known something of their business.

I bade the officer keep perfectly quiet, and not even to let one of his men know of my presence. Then I returned to the inn, and finally entered into a conversation with my host upon the subject of the mysterious deaths. He pronounced it wonderful, and assured me that it had injured him more than he could tell.

"Parbleu!" he exclaimed, "they'll be suspecting me next, if they have not done so already."

I was soon satisfied that Juan Fontaix knew nothing of the guilty party. He was very fearful, and at times blanched, and trembled at the thought of being apprehended for the crime. Most people would have seen in this signs of guilt; but I thought differently.

I spent all of the next day in the town, ostensibly engaged in business with the factories, but in reality hunting some clue to the object of my mission. Night came again, but I had found nothing new. I was perfectly satisfied that the murderer had laid his plans so deeply that no circumstantial clue could be found. If I would find him I must catch him with the proof upon him.

I had given an assumed name at the inn, and stated that I belonged to Toulon. On the next morning I called for my bill, and informed my host that I was off for home. Then I went to the fruit preserver, and told him the same, stating that I must confer with my partner before I concluded my bargain. After this, I went to the woolen factory and saw the business agent. His name was Louis Cazaubon, and he had come to Castellane about a year before. He seemed to be a straightforward business man, and yet he was the only one I had seen whom I really wished to suspect. In conversing upon the murders he had been a little too free and off-handed, treating the subject more coolly than a man with a heart would be apt to do. But still I had, thus far, been able to find nothing against him. On the present occasion I told him, as I had told the others, that I must return to Toulon.

"If you have not the ready money with you, we can give you credit," he said.

I told him I had plenty of money, but I was not fully prepared to pay the prices he demanded. He said, "Very well," and added that he should be happy to sell to me when I came again. I bade him good day, and then departed. As soon as I was alone, I began to suspect Monsieur Louis Cazaubon in earnest. When I told him that I had money, but did not purchase because he charged me too much, why did'nt he banter me? Simply because he wished me to leave town with my money in my pocket. At least so it appeared to me. This was sufficient ground for me to work upon, and I resolved to watch the man a little while; so I rode to an out-of-the-way place, and left my horse and then returned and concealed myself in a position where I could see the movements of Louis Cazaubon.—In a few minutes he came out from his factory and walked away. His step was hurried and eager. I felt sure that he was not the man who did the direct work of death. The plot was deeper than that, or he would have been discovered ere this. So I resolved to wait a while and see if he returned. I would have followed him if I could have done so with safety; but he might have detected me, and that would not do. However, in less than fifteen minutes he came. He walked now with a sober, innocent air. It seemed to say, "Oh, I havn't been up to any mischief, as you can see!"

I saw Cazaubon at his desk again, and then I returned to my horse. I knew that I had a risk to run now, but I was ready for it. If the factory agent was at the bottom of the crime, and meant to have me robbed, he had already set his machinery in motion, and the next developement would be upon the road. I examined my pistols and then left the town, taking the road along the river, towards Aups.

At the end of half an hour I came to the slopes of the Barjols mountains, and soon afterwards entered the wood. I now began to be very careful, and keep my eyes about me. I will not say that I was wholly without fear; for the mysterious manner in which the murders had been done, verged so closely upon the marvellous, that a sort of superstitious dread attached to it. Had the victims been shot, or run through with a sword, or had their throats cut, I should have felt no sort of dread. But this was new ground. Death had come here, nobody knew how. It might have come from an invisible hand, and in dead silence. Yet, when I reasoned upon the subject, I felt sure that the murderer must approach very near to his victim ere the blow was struck, since it must be some direct and powerful agent that could cause death in so strange a manner.

I had crossed the little cascade of St. Esprit, and was descending a short steep hill side, when I saw a boy by the roadside, at the foot of the descent, engaged in whipping a mule. He was a slightly built fellow, not more than fifteen years of age, and his coarse garment were covered with meal. I knew that there was a mill upon a branch of the Verdon, not far back, and I supposed he might be the miller's boy. As I came nearer, I saw a large sack upon the ground, close by where the mule stood.

"What's the matter, my boy? I asked, as I drew up near him.

"This ugly mule has thrown both me and my bag of corn from his back," the boy answered.

"Are you hurt?" I continued.

"My left shoulder is hurt," he said, "and I can't lift this sack. If Monsieur would help me, I would be very grateful."

Until this moment the idea of suspecting the boy had not entered my head; but the suspicion flashed upon me now. He was altogether too keen a looking fellow for a miller's apprentice. He gave me a glance from a pair of quick, sharp eyes, that meant more than he had spoken. And then if I had not been very much mistaken I had seen him holding his mule firmly with that left hand.

I leaped from my saddle, and moved towards the boy, being careful to watch his every movement.

"Now," said he, "if you will take hold of that end, we will put it on." He lifted at the other end, and pretended that it hurt his shoulder; and he begged of me to lift it on alone.

I professed to be willing to comply, and stooped down for that purpose, keeping my head in such a position that I could watch him by a sidelong glance. As I bent over and took hold of the sack, I saw him carry his hand to his bosom and draw something out. I saw his dark eye flash, and heard his quick, eager breathing. In an instant I seized his wrist, and bent it upward, and as I did so, I heard a sharp report like the explosion of a percussion cap, and saw a tiny wreath of smoke curl up from the hand I held. He struggled to free himself from my grasp, but I held him with a grip of iron, and fastened my gaze upon him.

"I've found you, have I?" I said, drawing one of my pistols and cocking it. "I will simply inform you that I am an officer of the Perfecture, and that I have been looking for you.—Just offer a particle more of resistance, and a bullet goes through your brain. Now give me that weapon."

The boy was frightened, and trembled violently.

"It is only a tobacco pipe." he said, as he handed it to me.

And certainly it looked like nothing more; but I had seen enough of it to know that evil was in it. It appeared to me to be an ordinary meerschaum pipe, the bowl being colored as though by long use, only the amber mouthpiece was missing. I did not stop to examine it then, but turned my attention to its owner. I saw that he was still trembling with fear, and I knew that now would be the time to work upon him.

"So you are selling your soul to Monsieur Louis Cazaubon?" I remarked, by way of letting him know I was thoroughly informed.

He started, and I saw very plainly that he knew just what I meant; but he tried to recover himself, and clumsily asserted that he did not know anything about the individual I had named.

"You needn't lie to me," I sternly replied, "for I know all about it.—Cazaubon has been watched by me, when he didn't dream of such a thing He thought I was a tradesman. But you are young, and I would save you. Confess everything to me, and I promise you that your life shall be spared."

I saw that the boy wavered, and I followed up my advantage; and ere long I had him bent to my wishes. I made him understand that I held his life in my hands; that I could protect him from the vengeance of any one whom he might criminate; and that he had everything to gain, and nothing to lose, by a full confession. He came to it gradually and reluctantly; but my wit finally triumphed, and I gained the secret.

His name, he said, was Henry Dupin. He went to live with Cazaubon when quite young, and had been with him ever since. He said Cazaubon used to be a chemist, and did some business in that line; and it was in Paris that he invented the infernal machine, which they had since used with such fatal effect. About two years previous to the present time they left Paris together, and spent nearly a year in traveling over the kingdom, murdering and robbing for a living. Finally they came to Castellane, where the master obtained his present situation, while the boy went into a mill close at hand. Cazaubon marked the victims that were to be robbed, and the boy then did the work. He used various artifices in carrying out his plan, but the usual one was the same that he had tried upon me.

The boy then explained to me the secret of the pipe. Only the outer surface was meerschaum. Within it was a pistol of the finest steel, and of the most exquisite workmanship.—The stem was the barrel, and the lock was concealed within the bowl, and covered with tobacco. A thin plate of metal protected the curiously contrived lock, upon this the tobacco rested. A pressure of the thumb or finger upon this plate discharged the weapon. In order to cock it the plate had to be removed. And now comes the infernal feature of the contrivance. The powder used in the little barrel was Cazaubon's own manufacture, and very powerful. For a wad a piece of felt was used, and on the top of this was placed the missile which did the mischief. The boy had two of them with him, stiched up in the lining of his cap. He took them out and showed them to me. This projectile was a tiny arrow, not larger than a cambric needle, with one end sharp, and the other beat down to a thin feather. It was of fine steel, but coated with a greenish yellow substance, which was the most virulent and speedy poison that the chemist's art could concoct. That needle once within the course of the blood, and death was already at the heart. Its wounds no mortal eye could detect. It punctured the skin not so palpably as the prick of a pin. He who sent it on its fatal errand made sure of his aim, generally striking the neck, and the victim would fall into insensibility ere he could comprehend what had hurt him.

I returned to Castellane with the boy; and having left him in charge of the Prefect, I took a gendarme along with me, and went to the factory.—Monsieur Cazaubon was surprised to see me back so soon; but he was more surprised when I asked him to take a walk with me; and when I called in the gendarme, and bade him put the handcuffs upon the agent, he was ready to sink to the floor. We had sense enough not to resist, and he was conveyed to the office of the Sub-Prefect without trouble. At first he denied everything; but when he found that this would not avail him, he swore he would kill the boy.

In due time Monsieur Louis Cazaubon was tried and condemned to death; and the Prefect of Digne took possession of the infernal machine.—Before the villian was executed he confessed his crimes—told how many years he had worked to perfect his fatal instrument, and produce the poison—and also owned that the boy Henry had been driven to help him through fear of his life.

So the rascal was executed. Henry Dupin spent two years in confinement, and was then set free, and commenced an honest life. As for me, I got all the praise I deserved, and perhaps more. At all events, I had done the country some service, and the people were not slow to acknowledge it.

THE LAST BULLET.

AN INCIDENT OF COMMODORE STEWART'S ALGERINE EXPERIENCE.

The United States ship-of-war Constellation, was anchored in the harbor of Algiers, whither she had proceeded under command of Commodore Preble, having on board among her other officers, Charles Stewart, then an acting lieutenant, and the man the old Commodore looked to for assistance in fighting the Algerines.

It was the watch of young Stewart, and he was pacing to and fro on the deck, about half an hour after sunset, when he saw a small boat, containing a single person, coming off from the Old Port, as the western part of the town is called, and heading directly for the ship.

This person was rowing with all his might, and Stewart was not long in discovering the cause. Close behind the single boat was seen a large saltee rover, filled with men, whose presence was announced by a continual firing at him of whom they were in such determined pursuit—holding to their way until they were under the very guns of the ship.

"Now, by my soul," cried Stewart, "may I be shot if I do not teach those fellows a lesson. Stand by, Mr. Rogers," he added, addressing a favorite gunner, "to throw a little grape into that fellow."

An instant later, a wreath of smoke curled up from the shore side of the vessel, and as the report went booming over the water, the iron messenger sped on its way, crashing into the pursuing boat, severely wounding two or three of her crew. She instantly turned to put back, at the same time that the fugitive reach his destination, and came up the side into the presence of the officer of the deck.

He was an elderly man, with a stout frame and brownish features; but it required but a single glance from the Lieutenant, to see that he was of English or American descent. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered from his over-exertion, to breathe, he went on to tell his story, to which Stewart listened with much excitement and interest.

The new comer was an American citizen, named James Collins, a native of New York, who, with his wife and daughter, had been taken from an American vessel at the same time as its commander and crew, two years before, by an Algerine pirate. His wife had since died, and he and his daughter had been enduring, since his capture, all the horrors of a hopeless and aggravated captivity. But the worst part of the poor man's story, and that which moved Lieut. the most, was the announcement that his daughter, a gentle and beautiful girl was on the very eve of being forced into a detestable union with the very wretch who had bought her and her father as slaves.

"My agony at these circumstances culminated not two hours ago," finished the father, "when I struck the persecutor insensible to my feet, and fled. By dint of exertion, I managed to reach the water side, and embarked before the pursuers could prevent it. But, though I have succeeded in reaching this place of safety, my poor Alice is still in the power of her tormentor, exposed to his vengeance, and I am almost crazy at thinking that she may even now be subjected to a fate worse than death. If I could only guide a good boat's crew, under your orders——"

One moment," interrupted Stewart "Stay where you are till I have seen Commodore Preble!"

One moment the young Lieutenant was engaged with his commander in the cabin, and then he came forth with a stern smile of satisfaction on his features. Ten minutes more had not passed ere a cutter with twelve chosen men pushed off in the darkness with the Lieutenant and the stranger in the stern, and rapidly struck out for the shore.

"Our owner," said Mr. Collins, "resides in the western part of the city. There is a coast guard established, but I do not apprehend that we shall have any especial trouble from that source. I think we can land below, go up the streets to the house, and carry off my child, and all without losing a man!"

The boat landed, after twenty minutes of rapid progress, at a small wharf near the Galeta, in the western part of the town. The arrival was certainly witnessed, but not a great deal of attention was bestowed upon it by the stupid Algerines. Leaving part of his men in the cutter, with orders for them to lie low under the wharf, Lieut. Stewart and the remainder of his force followed the footsteps of Mr. Collins, who led the way rapidly up the intervening streets.

On arriving at his late prison, an old dingy looking structure, extremely spacious, having all the looseness of the Moorish style, the party discovered that silence and darkness were the principle features of the scene.—Not a sound was heard nor a word uttered. The whole building seemed deserted. The agony of the father was extreme.

"Oh, my child! my child! he cried, no longer able to control the terrible emotions which had been surging in his soul during the last hour; "shall I never see the more?"

A Moorish slave came around from the rear of the building, and assured his late fellow captive that the girl had been carried off by the master, and that no one was at home save himself. But even as the lying rascal uttered the concluding words, a wild shriek resounded throughout the chambers, and the next moment a beautiful girl of seventeen summers appeared at one of the front windows, looking like a spectre in her garments of spotless white.

"My child—my Alice! exclaimed Mr. Collins.

'Save me father!' was the response; and while shouts and groans were heard proceeding from the interior of the building, the maiden threw herself from the low window, falling into the arms of her father and Lieutenant Stewart.

The very moment of this reunion, was destined to be that in which a company of Algerine troops came around the nearest corner, marching up the street in the direction of Lieut. Stewart and his men. It was also at the same moment that the old Moor, who had so long considered himself the proprietor of Mr. Collins and his daughter came to the window through which the girl had just passed, and set up a startling yell.

"This way!" cried Mr. Collins, and he dashed open the front door of the building and conducted the entire party within. "Look to your weapons, and take the rascals off their pins the moment they halt!"

A sharp and determined struggle soon commenced, and in the course of which half the Moorish soldiers were killed, and the remainder fin