# Lebanon Advertiser.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 11—NO. 1. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1859. WHOLE NO. 522.



## 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. Schools 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—4 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 Blank Road, near the Lebanon Valley Railroad. Apply immediately to
Lebanon Feb. 2, 1859. GEO. W. KLINE.

### Private Sale.

THE subscriber offers at Private Sale his new two-story brick DWELLING HOUSE, situated in Elizabeth street, Lebanon. The House is 32 feet in front by 28 feet deep, has 2 rooms on the first floor and 2 on the second. The other improvements are a good WASH-HOUSE, Bake-oven, Cistern and Garden. The Lot is 63½ by 66 feet. The above property is all new and in a good condition, and will be sold on easy terms, and possession will be given on the 1st day of April, 1859.—Apply to J. H. KEIM, Photographer.
Lebanon, Nov. 24, 1858.

### Private Sale.

THE Subscriber offers at private sale all that certain farm or tract of land, situate partly in Pinegrove township, Schuylkill county, and partly in Bethel township, Lebanon county, bounded by lands of Eckert and Guilford, Benjamin Ayering, Daniel Dunkelberger and others, containing one hundred and forty-eight acres and a quarter, with the appurtenances, consisting of a two story log dwelling-house, (weather boarded,) a 1½ story log dwelling house, a new bank barn, other out-buildings, and a new water power saw mill. For terms, &c., which will be easy, Apply to G. W. MATCHIN, Agent.
Pinegrove, April 20, 1859.-tf.

### FOR RENT.

A BRICK HOUSE, with SIX ROOMS and HALF A LOT OF GROUND, on Plank Road Street. Apply to JACOB RŒDEL.
Lebanon, May 25, 1859.

### 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, 1859.

### 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,
Lebanon, May 12, 1858. GEORGE GLEIM.

### 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 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

A DAM 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, CUBAN, 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, |
| NICHOLAS DESH, | JEFF. SHIRK, |
| JOHN C. SEITZER, | 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.

### Cheap Groceries and Queensware.

SUGAR for 7, 8, 9, 10, &c. cents; Coffee, Tea, Chocolate &c.; Molasses from 10 cents, upwards, a variety of qualities, and everything else you want, you can buy cheap at RABER & BROS.

### TAKE NOTICE.

*The old stone worn is come to life again.*

JOHN PETER MOYER would respectfully inform the public that he continues the business of LIMESTONE SAWING AND DRESSING by horse-power, in Chestnut Street, East Lebanon. He finishes the following articles out of the best and soundest limestone that can be procured in this neighborhood, viz:—DOOR SILLS and PARTFORMS, SEATS, WINDOW SILLS and HEADS, CELLAR DOOR CHEEKS, CURB-STONES, Shoe Scraper blocks, as well as any other article that can be manufactured of limestone. His Curb-stones are from four to five inches thick; and his prices in accordance with the quality.

He was the first person that introduced the lime-stone into this place, and is now prepared to finish off lime-stone so as to give it an appearance very little inferior to that of the handsomest Marble, in proof of which assertion he directs the public to the finished work at his establishment. He respectfully invites all those who intend erecting new buildings, to call at his establishment and convince themselves of the excellent finish of his work as also of the cheapness of his prices.
Lebanon, April 25, 1859.-1y.

Sardines, Ketchup, Pure Worcestershire Sauce and Pickels in quart Bottles, all sold cheap by
OVES & MILLER.

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.

### 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 Quarters, 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.

### OCEAN TELEGRAPH!
*CALL & SEE THE NEW STOCK*
—OF—
### Dry-Goods, Grocery & Crockery,
—AT THE—
### FARMERS' STORE.

LEONARD ZIMMERMAN informs his friends and the public that he has just received a new stock of

*Goods for the Winter Trade,*

which will be found as cheap as any stock of the kind in this town, consisting of all such GOODS as are usually kept in a first-class store.

Particular attention is given to Staple Goods for the country trade, not neglecting the fancy articles for LADIES' WEAR—such as Laces, Lawns, Edgings, Undersleeves, Handkerchiefs, &c.

GENTLEMEN are invited to examine his CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Cashmets, Tweeds, Fancy and other Vestings, Velvets, Cords, &c.

In the GROCERY department may be found a splendid assortment of every need in the Family: Coffee, Sugar, Spices, Teas, Mackerel, &c. In CROCKERY the stock is well selected.
LEONARD ZIMMERMAN.

☞ The highest market price will be paid for COUNTRY PRODUCE. [Lebanon, Sept. 22, 1858.

### American Watches.

JUST received a lot of fine AMERICAN WATCHES, at the Eagle Jewelry Store of JAMES H. KELLY.
Lebanon, Nov. 3, 1858.

DARKNESS DISPERSED!
*A GREAT REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF*
### COAL OIL LAMPS.

WE are now prepared to furnish those, that wish to use this *safe, brilliant and Cheap Light*, with LAMPS, at a *reduction of 30 per cent*, on former prices. We are enabled to do this by having our Manufacturing facilities increased. *Every* family that studies their own interest will buy them: they are so well known that a description of their many virtues is unnecessary.

We will also, have a supply of the best COAL OIL on hand, so that no difficulty can arise from that source.

THE LAMPS ARE ALL WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

When you come to the City, call and see them, and you will not regret your visit. Wholesale Dealers will at once see the advantage of buying from the Manufacturing Depot. Send for a Price List, or we will forward samples by express.

Also, Manufacturers of the LARGEST STYLE of
### GAS-FIXTURES,
comprising Chandeliers, Pendents, Entry lights, Brackets and Portable Lights.
THE NON EXPLOSIVE GAS LAMP,
which is the best Lamp of the kind extant. LARD OIL and CAMPHENE LAMPS. Committees of Churches, Halls, and other Public Edifices, can select from a large and varied assortment, at a lower rate than elsewhere.

☞ All persons sending orders by mail, by distinctly writing for what they want, will have them attended to as advantageously as if they favored us with a personal visit. HORNING & REIDRICK, Agents.
No 321 North Second Street, above Vine, Philad'a.
March 30, 1859.

NEW GOODS AT THE
### PEOPLES STORE
Corner of Market & Chestnut Streets.
LOUSER & BROTHERS

Beg leave to inform their Friends, and the public generally, that one of the firm has just returned from the City, where he has carefully selected a heavy and cheap supply of GOODS, GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, STOVES!

All are cordially invited to call and see us at our New Store, and examine the large and extensive Stock, which will at all times be shown with much pleasure, and we will sell at prices to suit the times.

☞ Thankful for past liberal patronage, they would respectfully solicit a continuance of their old friends and the public.
P. S.—Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods.
Lebanon, March 24, 1859. LOUSER BROS.

### W. G. WARD,
(Successor to J. M. Good,)
### Bookseller and Stationer,
MARKET SQUARE, LEBANON.

WARD has always on hand the latest publications. Histories, Biographies, Sketches of Travels, the Poets of Europe and this country, Classic Literature of the German, English, French, Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and light reading matter, can be obtained at his store, also, Biblical histories of various authors, on Church and other subjects. The Preacher, Teacher, Doctor, Lawyer, Mechanic, everybody, can be accommodated at WARD'S BOOKSTORE.

School Books, Blank Books and Stationery of every description on hand, and sold at the lowest possible CASH PRICE.

Also, Piano, Flute, Violin, and Guitar Music, and Instructors. The great feature of WARD'S BOOKSTORE

Is that you can get all the Monthly Magazines of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and all the DAILY AND WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS Of every city and town of importance in the United States.

PAPER HANGING'S
Of every variety of patterns and prices; also *Window Shades*,
a new article, and sold at a little advance on cost price. WARD'S

the place, in short, to go to for all you want in his line. *He* does not think it too much trouble to wait on his customers; he is obliging, and what is better than all, his customers will get what they want, and at prices that will suit them.

Country Storekeepers and Retailers can be supplied at WARD'S

and will save 25 per cent. by purchasing from him, instead of at Philadelphia or elsewhere.

☞ ORDERS for books, periodicals, &c., will receive prompt attention.

REMEMBER—Ward's Bookstore is the place. Anybody can direct you there on inquiry.
Lebanon, March 24, 1859.

### New Tailoring Establishment.

THE Subscriber, direct from Philadelphia, has opened a *Fashionable Tailor Shop*, in the room lately occupied by G. W. Daly as a barber shop, where he invites all of the citizens of Lebanon, and surrounding vicinity, to call and see him, particularly if they want a good fitting Coat, Pants or Vest. Having had long experience in his Business, he flatters himself that he will be able to satisfy the most fastidious. Boys' Clothing made to order. ☞ Also CUTTING in all its various Branches.

☞ Country produce, taken in exchange for work.—
Call and See G. K. REEDER.
Lebanon, April 6, 1859.-2t.

### Coal, Coal, Coal,

WE, the undersigned, would respectfully inform the citizens of Lebanon county, that we are now prepared to supply the community with COAL, either Wholesale or Retail, as we will keep all kinds of COAL on hand, such as *red and gray ash, Pea, Chestnut, Nut, Stove, Egg and Broken COAL, while,* which we are constantly receiving from some of the best Collieries in the Coal regions, and would here say that we will sell our Coal as low as they can be sold by any Person in the county, which we will sell at our Mill, or any part of the two boroughs. MYERS & SHOUR.
Genesse Mills, Lebanon, Feb. 3, 1858.

### Stoves, Stoves, Stoves.

Selling cheaper than at any other Stove Store in Lebanon for CASH!

THE Subscriber is determined to sell Stoves at from 15 to 20 per cent cheaper than any other establishment in Lebanon. Call and see my stock, next door to the Lebanon Bank. I charge nothing for examining. Thankful for past favors he hopes to still receive a share of public patronage. JAMES N. ROGERS.
Lebanon, Nov. 24, 1858.


## Miscellaneous.

### MY MYSTERIOUS NEIGHBORS.

They had the next room to mine. My boarding house was one of a row—all boarding-houses, where the same carts came, all in a row, too, with meat and vegetables, where the landladies sometimes stood—all in a row—all in caps—to inspect the interior of said carts.

My landlady was decidedly the best looking of the whole. Most of them were (as my brother once facetiously observed) "an air of pinch," as if hard times had turned an extra screw on them, as indeed everything about them had an extra something—except their tables.

As I said before, or should have said, my mysterious neighbors had the next room to mine. They came in a carriage, the lady close veiled, and when we sat all agog at the supper table, expecting to meet them face to face—expecting to have the exquisite pleasure of passing our comments on the color of their eyes, and the style of their general make-up—lo, and behold! we did not see them at all—for they took supper in their own room. The next they absented themselves in the same way, not only at supper, but at breakfast and dinner, and finally we ascertained that they did not intend to be on exhibition for our benefit.—Of course, we did not like it; who could be expected to like it? We had received our share of inquisitorial inspection, and wanted to put others through the same course of—vegetable tops.

Very well, if they avoided their fellowboarders in that style, it was very likely, yes, it was more than probable that they were no better than they should be.

"A runaway match," suggested one.

"A couple of spiritualists—free lovers," chimed in another.

"Something wrong, any way," said a third, and there we left it, satisfied that something was wrong, of course.

Day after day, I tried to get a glimpse of the mysterious couple.—Sometimes I saw him come in, though it was always at that interesting time just before the hall lamps were lighted, and an indistinct figure passed by whose immense whiskers and bushy beard suggested a resemblance to Kossuth. Once or twice I saw her. She was a beautiful figure, further than that this deponent saith not.

Our boarding-house was an old building—the whole square was decrepid—whose large rooms contained more comfort in the way of air and breathing space than new-fangled edifices they put up now-a-days have in their whole interior. I had a front chamber, which to make as much like a parlor as possible and divest of all the common-places of boarding life, I had fitted up with a bedstead that took the shape of a well filled secretary during the day. There I wrote and dreamed in quiet, contented way, except when thoughts of my mysterious neighbors forced themselves upon me.

One night, as I took my bed from the perpendicular, I felt a cold current of air rush past me. It was as cold as the month—February—and although the room was kept up to a temperate heat, it seemed to blow steadily, that cold rush, and tingle through my veins. Scanning closely, I saw a small aperture, which I had never noticed before. I was satisfied, as I examined it, that by some means I had opened a sliding panel, and I tried to increase the space, but it would not budge an inch, one way or the other. Determined to inspect more thoroughly on the morrow, and satisfied that—what had often been declared—my boarding-house was really haunted, I stuffed the crevises with paper, and composed myself to rest. I heard the clock strike twelve; I had been sitting up unusually late, and was just conscious of gliding into a dose, when there seemed to be voices close to my head. In a moment I was wide awake, sitting bolt upright in bed, for these were the ominous words I heard:

"You know you held him till his breath was gone."

"Well, it was your wish. Such a thought would never have entered my head but for you."

"My wish! You cruel wretch?"

"Yes, your wish; your expressed wish. Was I not to take you to wife as my reward? Better it had taken me to the halter."

"Be easy on that score," said the feminine voice; "it may carry you there yet."

"I wish no taunts, madam; if I go, you go too, sure as—" The word need not be written here, but at that moment I felt the place signified was very near. My blood curdled. Was I living day by day next door to a murderer—to a brace of murderers?—Suppose they should take a fancy to hold some of their neighbors till their breath was gone? The voice of the women was wondrous sweet—that of the man harsh and unmusical; both were low. There seemed to come after that, penitence, a soft whispering of words, and then, for a moment there was silence.

"Pshaw!" I said to myself, "I have been dreaming. The excitement of finding a panel in the room, like those in the old stories, has bewitched my brain. This will do for a romance.—I'll get up and take notes. Hist! there it was again, the same murmurous sound."

"Will you not give me the ring now. Leisdale—the one, I mean, with the three garnets and the small diamond in the centre? There are more rings like that in the world, besides he bought it for me."

"Perdition! Why do you keep talking of him? Don't you know walls have ears? Woman keep your tongue."

"Nonsense, I do not fear, fear is not in my composition. I looked round after it was done, mercy, I never saw such a face; it was more frightful than his. I on the contrary, smiled because it was over."

"Great Heaven! is this to be my punishment? What in the neme of Deity has set your thoughts running that way to-night, of all nights?"

"Because, perhaps, it is just three months this hour, since you held him under water."

"Perdition! I should forget it, if you would let me."

"But I won't, till I have the ring and certainly one of the five thousand. If, as you say, I shared in the work, I ought surely to share in the profits. That ring costs $300, and I want it before we go."

"A foolish vanity, woman, let us sell it. Three hundred dollars would pay our passage to Europe, and there's so much clear gain. Absurd! to wear three hundred dollars on your finger."

"Absurd, to risk your life for a pitiful sum like that. I tell you that I have set my heart upon having that ring, and I will have it. They told me of your miserly habits. Miserly," said she, "wait till he gets me; I think his disposition will change very soon."

"Change! You would make the devil blacker," growled the other fiercely. "If I had the courage to finish him—remember."

"That you have the means to despatch me. Don't think I shall accept the invitation if you ask me to a moonlight boat ride—and there is no other means quite so secret. Will you give me the ring?"

"Woman, will you be quiet? Don't you know the whole name is there—Eugene A. Maryfield? Will you ruin yourself?"

"Why, no. I think it would be safer on my finger than in the hands of a Jew peddler, who might possibly know to read. Eugene A. Maryfield, you mean—don't you know A. stood for Augustus? Come, now, be magnanimous, say that you will give it to me, and half of the five thousand beside. I promise you, if you will do this, never to mention the circumstance to you again, or to speak even his name. But remember I shall be satisfied with nothing less."

"Will not the ring satisfy you?"

"No: not alone."

"The ring, say then, and one thousand?"

"No, nothing less than the ring and two thousand five hundred. I am not going to Europe like a beggar."

"But I have already given you a splendid wardrobe."

"It will be out of fashion there."

"Wait till to-morrow—I will decide it then."

"You are cunning. What if you took it into your head to run off with the whole?"

"Bah, do you think I would go without you, most peerless of women?"

"Bah, back again, I think I understand a sneer. I ought to by this time," was the reply.

"Give me an hour to sleep on it then."

"No, not a moment. I want the green desk immediately. I am going now to strike a light."

Then followed a bustle, a springing to the floor, a moving cautiously with hands, and then a sound as if friction match had been rubbed. It seemed as if the very smell of brimstone floated towards me.

It took me some time to realize what had actually transpired. I had been so horror-struck; indeed, at times I was almost furious at their cool, deliberate villainy, and their comments, that I longed to give a smart blow on the panel, as an evidence that I heard them, but prudence prevented me. I sat in bed, bolt upright, thinking. The papers I had torn from the crevice that I might listen more readily strewed the pillow in confusion. I was very cold, exposed constantly to that icy current of air, but I did not heed that. I had no doubt that a real murder had been committed, and after a long deliberation with myself, I got up softly, mended the fire, and sitting at my table, wrote what was indelibly stamped upon my memory.

It was now the 8th of February, therefore, on the 8th of November, exactly three month ago, a man by the name of Eugene. A. Maryfield was in some manner exposed to death by drowning, and held under water by the man who was my next door neighbor, till life was gone. I wrote the particulars about the ring and the money, and then marked out my course. Hearing nothing more, I went the next morning to my cousin, an eminent lawyer, and laid the case before him. To my surprise, he had known Maryfield, and was under the impression that he had gone some time ago to England. Once, he said, he had transacted a little business for him, and he remembered his appearance perfectly. He thought it was right for me to attend to the matter, and advised me to communicate immediately with officer Welsh, a competent, detective, who would not fail to ferret out the mystery. "By all means," he said, "see to it as quickly as possible, for there is no knowing how soon they may start, and that will make more trouble."

At the breakfast table next morning, it was the unanimous opinion of the company that I looked a little "strewed." Miss Crout, a sour-visaged single lady, smiled sideways into her tea, as she remarked that "perhaps I hadn't slept well."

"Ah, he was out too late," cried Major Jolly, whose two bluff daughters tried to blush. "These girls, these girls! Mr. Morrison, they play the dickens with the young men's hearts."

"I'll defend him;" it was my pleasant faced landlady who came to my assistance—"to my certain knowledge he was not out of the house last night."

"And how with that pretty daughter of yours?" asked the major slyly.

"For shame!" said little Abby—she is a pretty girl—blushing crimson (she had no paint to blush through,) while her mother deigned not to speak.

I am not vain, but I think Abby would have married me in a moment at that time, and perhaps the neat widow would have given heart and hand to the major; *perhaps* I said. I bore their bantering with the air of a man who has heavier business on his hands than attending to jokes.

"What time do your—do the folks up stairs breakfast?" I asked of my landlady, Mrs. Upshur.

"La! you're as solemn as an owl.—Mr. Wells—excuss me; they don't breakfast till half past nine. Mary is making their coffee now."

"And does he—does the gentleman go out before breakfast?"

"La! mercy, no; he's too well off I guess to work for a living, though to be sure he's gone all day. But what makes you so particular?"

"I have my reasons—I mean curiosity prompted me to inquire. Never mind, Mrs. Upshur. By the way, where is Miss Abby! Will she hem a couple of handkerchiefs for me do you think?"

"Certainly, with pleasure. Doesn't she hem beautifully?"

"Indeed she does; she's a most remarkable girl, Mrs. Upshur."

Having thus diverted the widow's mind from my mysterious neighbors, I went up into my room and made a signal at the window. Thereupon a man wrapped up to the chin, the vizor of his bear-skin cap almost touching his immense, upturned collar, came into my boarding house, and was soon closeted with me. I showed him the aperture, which had not been closed, and which I took good care to keep from discovery.

"They are stirring," said Welsh, in a whisper.

I trembled from head to foot, but he was as calm and collected as if he had been going to take breakfast instead of a brace of murderers.

"I'll give them time to dress and sit down to breakfast," said Welsh.—"The sheriff will be here immediately and we three will surprise them at the table: there is nothing like taking a man off his guard, especially if there is anything cowardly about him."

Very soon I had another visitor—two, I should say. The sheriff brought his brother along. The decisive moment came. We saw Mary, the servant, take the coffee in their room, and come out again. She started at the question.

"My good girl, do they sit with their backs or their faces to the door?

The question had to be repeated.

"Their backs are this way," she replied, gave us one earnest look, and then rushed down the stairs.

The door was opened slowly and noiselessly, and almost before they had turned their heads they were arrested for the murder of Eugene A Maryfield on the eighth of November.

"My God! how did they know?"

Her question condemned her.—Her white checks and large, hollow eyes almost starting from their sockets, condemned her. The man was a ghastly white as she—his pale lips blundered out,

"I deny it! It is false!"

The woman—I pitied her. I do not know but what my sympathy was strongly enlisted because she was so supremely beautiful. I think in all my travels I never saw a lovelier face. I could not bring myself to realize that this was she who had talked so calmnly, so resolutely of a foul deed. Her aspect of extreme terror haunted me long after. She could not command either her features or her limbs, but almost groveled on her seat. They were driven to jail.

Three months after this, the man, on the woman's confession, was condemned to death. A coward at the least, she doomed her companion in guilt to the hangman's rope. It seemed that in substance the story was as follows:

Julia Weeks was married to Maryfield, an Englishman, with no connexions in this country. They were to travel soon, when by some chance, Leisdale became acquainted with Julia, and a guilty passion, which they wickedly called love, sprang up between them. Maryfield had money; Leisdale had none. Little by little the guilty pair lost all shame, and finally they plotted the death of the unsuspected and good-hearted Maryfield. They planned to go on a journey together. They crossed a river, and when they arrived at the place where the current ran with furious swiftness to the sea, Leisdale knocked his friend overboard, and then like a fiend as he was, to prevent him from saving himself, he held him under water till he was dead. The solemn heavens alone knew where that poor drenched body was carried. It was probable never found.

Leisdale was hung. The guilty woman escaped death but not imprisonment. I visited her cell. Her face was changed; it was demoniac. She cursed me with terrible malediction.

I still retain my chamber at the old boarding-house. The panel is permanently replaced, and a pretty woman hemming a very fine ruffle, occupies my twin arm chair. She is my wife and her first name is Abby.

### TRADITIONS OF THE EAST.

Ever since the third and fourth centuries, all Palestine has been covered with ecclesiastical traditions, many of which are absurd and utterly at variance with the ancient typography of the kind and the assertions of authentic historians. It is a singular feature of these traditions, of which there are four—the Christian, Jewish, Mohammedan, and the Samaritan—that they will frequently differ concerning the locality of a particular event: for instance, the Samarians point out the summit of Mount Gerazim as the spot where Abraham built the altar for the sacrifice of his son Isaac, while according to the Jewish tradition, that event transpired upon Mount Moriah at Jerusalem. Again, with wonderful accuracy, they will agree, as in the case with Jacob's well in Samaria; and there can be no doubt but that it is the identical well of Jacob, as it answers the exact description given of it in the Scriptures.

Mr. Banvard, the artist and traveler, relates an amusing adventure of his while in the East, in the explanatory lecture of his panorama of the Holy Land, and which forcibly illustrates how much reliance may be placed upon the traditions of East:

"When I was at Jerusalem I had a Mohammedan guide, who was showing me up the lions of the city, as we would say out here; in the Jaffa gate one day, he pointed up to the tower of Hippicus, say, 'Do you see that tower? that is the castle of King David—that is where David lived when he ruled over Jerusalem. Do you see that window up there at the north? that is where David looked out when he saw Bathsheba bathing?' He then took me up into the tower and showed me the print of David's elbow; and by the way, David must have been a long time gazing at Bathsheba, judging from the large hole his elbow wore in the window sill—stone at that. He then pointed opposite to the house of Solomon, and next door the house of Napoleon. It seems the ignorant natives associate the name of Napoleon with the calender saints, from the fact that when he was in Syria, although he was never in Jerusalem, he fought one of the battles upon the plain of Esdelon, where most of the important battles recorded in the Old Testament transpired; and from the fact that Napoleon fought there, they think he must be a saint.—Hearing this man mix up Solomon, King David, Bathsheba, and Napoleon altogether, I thought I would question him, and see what he knew about ancient history. 'Ah,' said I, when was Napoleon in Jerusalem?—I never knew Napoleon was here.'—The man looked at me with astonishment. 'Why, Howadji Banvard, don't you know?' 'No,' said I, 'the Howadji Banvard don't know.' 'Why,' don't you never read your bible? Yes I read my Bible; but my Bible says nothing about Napoleon.' 'Ah, yes, I had forgotten, the Howadji Bible ain't true; you ought to read the Koran—that will tell you all the particulars.' He then continued to enlighten my ignorance by opening a new chapter which I had never read before. 'Why, Howadji' said he, swelling from the importance of the knowledge he was about to impart, 'Napoleon was here when Solomon was; he was the Commander in Chief of King David's forces, and took Zion from the Jebusites.'"—*Home Journal.*

THE STRONGEST MAN.—Dr. Geo. B. Winship, of Roxbury, a young physician, 25 years old, and weighing 143 pounds, is believed, by many persons who have examined into the question, to be the strongest man alive. He can raise a barrel of flour from the floor to his shoulder; can raise himself with either little finger till his chin is half a foot above it; can raise 200 pounds with either little finger; can put up a dumb bell of 141 pounds; exercises daily with dumb bells weighing 100 pounds each, which he can raise alternately above his head; can lift with his hands 926 pounds, dead weight, without the aid of straps or belts of any kind. Topham, the strong man of England, could only raise 800 pounds in the same way; and the celebrated Belgian giant could only lift 800. With straps it is supposed a person could lift nearly four times as much as by his hands alone. If this is so, Dr. W. can lift at least 2500 pounds. Dr. W. is a thorough gymnast; and when he graduated at Cambridge, five years ago, he was without a competitor.—*Salem Observer.*

LIMA BEANS.—We see that some of our brethren of the press are recommending the pinching off Lima beans when six feet high, instead of permitting the vines to run around poles of fifteen feet. This is an excellent practise, and was first suggested by ourselves, which seems to be forgotten by those who then repudiated and now adopt it. Such treatment causes the vine to grow to a much larger crop of fine fruit, and to perfect the beans before frost, instead of continuing to bear indefinitely and to perfect but few. This is an excellent crop when so managed, and always profitable. It only requires full fertilization and thorough disintegration of the soil to raise a pint or more of Lima beans per pole, and with such a crop, sold at six dollars per bushel in the dry state, the yield will equal $400 or more per acre in value.


## Lebanon Adv.

A FAMILY PAPER FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY,
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
By WM. M. BRESLIN,
Story of Funck's New Building, Cumberland St.
At One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year.

☞ ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates. ☞ The friends of the establishment, and the public generally are respectfully solicited to send in their orders.
☞ HANDBILLS Printed at an hours notice.

RATES OF POSTAGE.
In Lebanon County, postage free.
In Pennsylvania, out of Lebanon county, 3½ cents per quarter, or 13 cents a year.
Out of this State, 6½ cts. per quarter, or 26 cts. a year
If the postage is not paid in advance, rates are doubled.


### MIKE ROLLS DOWN HIS TROWSERS AND SLAMS TO THE DOOR.

—For the amusement of the boys who 'run with the machine,' we give the following racy sketch from the Philadelphia *North American*:

As everybody knows who has watched matters and things connected with the fire department, a certain class of firemen are devotedly wedded to the practice of rolling the bottoms of their trowsers above the tops of their boots. This is particularly the case with some of the companies down town, whose members, excepting on Sunday, are never to be seen with fullegged unmentionables. One of the most radical fire companies of this city is located in the vicinity of Southwark. Her men delight in red flannel shirts and blue trowsers—the latter rolled up at the bottom about eight inches.

"The "mersheen" in question is a down town bully, and does business on a platform peculiar to itself.—When a member wishes to resign, he doesn't send any paper to the secretary—he merely "rolls down his trowsers" and leaves the house. We recently dropped into the engine house and spent an evening with the 'boys,' just to see how they managed matters. One of the great questions that came up was a resolution by Jim Curley, that the engine "should have a new pair of pumps given to her."

This was opposed by a member named Mike Welling, and in the following stirring manner: "Look here boys, you musn't think that Mike Welling is a toofoo, and that you can make him swallow anything you take a notion to. No, you musn't. I've belonged to the company for ten years, and love the engine as I love my father, mother, and two little sisters. It's cause I love her that I'm down on them ginger-bread pumps. You've all heard that Jim Curley's motion. Now, all I've got to say is, if you adopt that motion, I roll down my trowsers, and leave you to your ate."

Having delivered himself in this manner, Mike took his seat, while the secretary took the vote of the members upon Jim's motion about the pumps.—The vote decided matters in favor of Jim's motion, when Mike rose and addressed the "cheer." "You voted me down, old fellers, and I'll keep my word. I rolls down my trowsers and slams to the door." Having said this, he, "rolled down his trowsers," and left the house. He will probably never again run with——engine in the whole course of his life. The next day his name was taken from the roll, his resignation being in keeping with the by-laws in such cases made and provided. Queer institutions, these rough and ready engine companies.

A CONSCIENTIOUS WIDOW.—A poor peasant on his death-bed made his will. He called his wife to him and told her of its provisions. "I have left," he said, "my horse to my parents; sell it, and hand over to them the money you receive. I leave to you my dog; take care of him, and he will serve you faithfully." The wife promised to obey, and in due time set out to the neighboring market, with the horse and the dog.—How much do you want for your horse?" inquired a farmer. "I cannot sell the horse alone, but you may have