Job Printing:

DO 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,
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Invitations, Tickets, &c., &c.

☞ BLANKS 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.

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, Nov. 30, 1859.

For Rent.

A DWELLING HOUSE with two Rooms on the first floor, and three on second, with yard, garden, &c., for rent. Apply to
L. K. LAUDERMILCH.

Lebanon, May 9, 1860.

FOR RENT.

A FINE BUSINESS ROOM, suitable for a hardware or clothing Store or any other kind of business, near the corner of Cumberland and Plank Road streets, lately occupied by H. K. Dundore's Cabinet Ware, is offered for rent by the undersigned.

Possession of the above given at any time. Apply to

Lebanon, Jan. 25, 1860. JOHN B. RAUCH.

Private Sale.

A NEARLY NEW TWO-STORY BRICK DWELLING HOUSE, with Summer-kitchen is offered at a low price at private sale. The property is in a good neighborhood, in the eastern part of this borough, has a never-failing well of wholesome water, with pump, different kinds of Fruit Trees, and other improvements on the premises. For other information and particulars apply at the ADVERTISER Office.

Lebanon, May 30, '60.—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 25 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 59½ 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, 1860.—Apply to J. H. KEIM, Photographer.

Lebanon, Aug. 3, 1859.—tf.

For Sale or Rent.

2 NEW BRICK HOUSES and ONE FRAME. A Double TWO STORY BRICK HOUSE on the corner of Centre and Chestnut Streets, not quite finished, and a SINGLE TWO STORY BRICK, on Chestnut Street now occupied by John Krick, and a frame 1½ Story in North Lebanon, near John Arnold, are offered at Private Sale, and will be sold cheap and upon easy terms. Possession given of the two brick in August next, by SIMON J. STINE.

Lebanon, June 29, 1859.

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 Doubert 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.

Orphans' Court Sale.

IN pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Lebanon county, will be sold at public sale on the premises, on

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1860,

the following real estate, late of JOHN STOVER, sr., dec'd., to wit:—No. 1—A TRACT OF LAND containing

101 *Acres and some Perches,*

of excellent land, situate in North Lebanon township, about 1 mile from Lebanon, on the road leading to Gasbert's, adjoining lands of David Light, Abraham Keeldey, Got. Light, G. W. Kline, Henry Spahn, and No. 2.

No. 2—The improvements are a double two-story BRICK DWELLING HOUSE, SWEITZER BARN, and other out-buildings. About 8 acres of the above tract is Woodland. There is running water through the barn-yard. An excellent Apple Orchard. There is a well (with pump) of never failing water near the door.

This plantation will be sold in the whole, or in two parts, or, about 53 acres will be cut up into three acre lots, and sold to suit purchasers.

No. 2—A TRACT OF LAND containing

10 *Acres and* 54 *Perches,*

adjoining No. 1, lands of George W. Kline and Henry Brandt. The improvements are a small Barn. Running water adjoins this tract.

Possession and good title will be given on the 1st day of April, 1861.

Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, M., of said day, when terms will be made known by
JOHN STOVER, Trustee.

Y. EMRICH, Auctioneer. [Aug. 30, 1860.

Out-Lots at Private Sale!

WILL be sold at Private Sale,
8 ACRES OF LAND,
situated in Long Lane, near the borough line, in Cornwall township. It adjoins the land of Widow Fulmer, on the North, Wm. Atkins and John Krause on the East. There is a one story LOG HOUSE, weather boarded, erected on the land, and a good WELL in the garden.—The land has fine stones for quarries. This tract will make a nice home for a small family.

☞ It is free from Ground Rent. Good title will be given.
ADAM RITCHER.

N. B.—This tract is now covered with fine grass, half of which will be given to the purchaser.

Lebanon, June 13, 1860.

VALUABLE BOROUGH PROPERTY AT
PRIVATE SALE.

THE subscribers offers at Private Sale, the following Real Estate, situate on Mulberry street, in the Borough of Lebanon, viz:

A PART OF OR PIECE OF GROUND, fronting 25 feet 8 inches on said Mulberry street, and running back to an alley, on which is erected a new
BRICK HOUSE,
21 by 48 feet including a two-story back building, with necessary out-buildings. The house is finished in the best style and the location is a very pleasant one. It will be sold on easy terms. For particulars apply to

Lebanon Aug. 13, 1859. D. S. HAMMOND.

Private Sale.

THE subscriber offers at private sale, his valuable Tract of Land, containing 22 Acres and 25 Perches of SAND-LAND. There are about 3 Acres of HEAVY TIMBER on this tract, situate in Londonderry township, Lebanon county, on the road leading from Colebrook to Campbelstown, about ½ mile West of the former place. The improvements thereon are a good
STONE BARN, LOG HOUSE,
HOG-PEN and other necessary Out Buildings. A never failing SPRING of Water near the house, with a good SPRING-HOUSE. Besides a running stream of water through the tract.

ALSO, a good APPLE ORCHARD, besides Peaches, Plums and Cherries. If the above property is not sold before *Saturday, October* 6, 1860, it will be offered on that day at Public Sale. Possession will be given on the first day of April 1861, with a good and indisputable title.
JACOB YOUTZ.

May 23, 1860.

Orphans' Court Sale.

PURSUANT to an alias order of Orphans' Court of Lebanon county, will be exposed to sale, by public vendue or out cry, on *Saturday the 6th day of October,* 1860, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, a certain Messuage and Tract of Land, situate in the townships of North Lebanon and Swatara, adjoining lands of Benjamin Blouch, Geo. Steckbeck, and others, containing,

106 ACRES AND 61 PERCHES,

strict measure, of which twenty to twenty-five Acres is WOODLAND, be the same more or less. There is erected on the premises a
HOUSE,
Barn, Spring House, Tenant house, with appurtenances. The spring near the main house being never-failing. The premises are also well provided with Orchards and a variety of Fruit Trees, &c.

ALSO, A Tract of Land, situate in the borough of Lebanon, adjoining lands of Jacob Louzer, Jacob Mc Connel, and others, containing 16 Acres and 63 perches, strict measure, with the appurtenances.

ALSO, Another small Tract of CHESTNUT TIMBER LAND, situate in the township of Bethel, said county, adjoining lands of Henry Riddle, and others, containing 2 Acres and 101 Perches, strict measure, with the appurtenances, situate and being in the said county, late the estate of JACOB ARNDT, dec'd.

The sale will be held at the public house of Henry D. Carmony, in the Borough of Lebanon, and the terms made known by
GEORGE GLEIM,
Trustee appointed of the said estate.

By the Court:—JEFFERSON B. LIGHT,
Clerk of the Orphans' Court.

Lebanon, Aug. 29, 1860.

THE following named property will also be offered for sale at the same time and place, viz:—

A Tract of land situate in Swatara township, Lebanon county, adjoining land first named above, and lands of George Steckbeck, and others containing

9 *Acres and* 144 *Perches,*

A HOUSE, and piece of ground belonging to said house, situate in the borough of Lebanon, adjoining on east lot of Julianna Rise, on the west Old Forge Road, on the south Water St. The Quittapahilla Creek running through the end of said piece of ground, on the north. The appurtenances are a Barn, Barn yard, said Quittapahilla Creek running through said Barn yard; adjoining lands of Joseph Uhler, on the west, and Old Forge Road, on the east.

A lot or piece of ground situate in the borough of Lebanon, adjoining lands of Dr. C. D. Gloninger on the south, John R. Hiester, Esq. on the west, R. W. Coleman on the North, North Lebanon Rail Road and Plank Road on the east. Containing about Five Acres more or less.

Indisputable title will be given, and Terms made known by GEO. GLEIM.

Aug. 29, 1860.

Rags! Rags! Rags!

THE undersigned will pay the highest price, for White, Mixed and Colored RAGS, in exchange for Books, Stationary, Wall Paper, Window Shades, &c., at his Book Store, in Walnut st., near the Jail.

Lebanon, May 9, 1860. S. HENRY MILLER.

Lebanon Advertiser.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 12—NO. 14. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1860. WHOLE NO. 587.

Orphans' Court Sale.

IN pursuance of a precept to us directed from the Orphans' Court of Lebanon county, will be exposed to public sale on

SATURDAY, September 29, 1860,

at the public house of Daniel Bubb, in the borough of Lebanon, the Real Estate of PETER MOYER, dec'd., comprising a weather-boarded DWELLING HOUSE, one and a half stories high, with Lot fronting 32 feet on Elizabeth street, and 95 feet deep, situate in the borough of Lebanon. Said property adjoins on the north lot of George Gasser and others, and south lot late of John Clouse.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M., when conditions will be made known by SOLOMON HAUER, Adm'r.

By the Court—J. B. Light, Clerk.

September 5, 1860.

PUBLIC SALE
Of the Lebanon Valley Institute.

THE VALUABLE PROPERTY known as the "LEBANON VALLEY INSTITUTE," situated in ANNVILLE, Lebanon county, Pa., will be offered at Public Sale, on

SATURDAY, the 6th day of October, 1860,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., being a LOT OF GROUND of 100 feet front and 198 feet deep, on the Berks and Dauphin Turnpike, on which is erected a handsome NEW THREE-STORY BRICK HOUSE, 52 by 42 feet, with extensive Back Buildings, all under slate roof, and in first-rate condition. The Building contains TWO SCHOOL ROOMS, 34 by 27 feet, and 12 Rooms suitable for BOARDERS, beside the family department; and the neighborhood itself would support a FIRST-CLASS SCHOOL.

☞ ANNVILLE is situated on the Lebanon Valley Railroad, and is accessible from Philadelphia, Reading and Harrisburg, twice a day, making it a most desirable situation for an *Academy or Select Boarding School.*

Possession will be given, with a good title, on the first of April next. For further particulars, address

LAVINA BALSBAUGH,
J. S. KILLINGER,
Administrators, &c., of Daniel Balsbaugh, deceased,
Annville, Lebanon county, Pa.

By the Court—JEFFERSON B. LIGHT,
Sept. 5, 1860. Clerk of Orphans' Court.

For Rent,

A BEAUTIFUL and large building in Cumberland street, the most popular business place in the Borough of Lebanon. The front house containing a large Store room, by-room and cellar; a large Basement, by-room and cellar; five rooms on the Second, and five rooms on the Third story, and a large garret and cellars.

Also a back building, Kitchen, Shed, &c., &c. as a dwelling for a family, with one of the best growing gardens in the borough.

Of the Store Room, *Basement Room, and the rooms* on the third story, possession can be immediately given; but of the whole property, or in parts, as it may suit, on the first of April next. WILLIAM AULT.

For further information please inquire of the owner or

Lebanon, Sept. 5, 1860. J. C. REISNER.

Orphans' Court Sale.

PURSUANT to an order of the Orphans' Court of Lebanon county, will be sold at PUBLIC VENDUE, on *FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5th,* 1860, at the Public House of J. W. ADAMS, in East Hanover township, Lebanon county, the following REAL ESTATE, late the property of JACOB B. WEIDMAN, dec'd, viz:—

A certain Tract of TIMBER-LAND, situate in East Hanover township, aforesaid, adjoining lands of George Hedrich, John Datter, Elizabeth Stuckey, Jno. A. Shirey and others, containing about 52 ACRES. The timber is heavy White Oak, Black Oak and Chestnut, and is perhaps as valuable timber land as any in that section of the country, and a considerable portion of the land can be farmed after it is cleared.—It will be sold together or in lots as will best suit purchasers. The lots are marked and numbered on the ground, and persons wishing to view the same will please call on the above named J. W. Adams.

ALSO on Saturday, the 6th day of October, 1860, will be sold at the Public House of HENRY SIEGRIST, in the Borough of Lebanon, the following Real Estate, the property of said decedent, to wit:

No. 1—A Tract of CHESTNUT TIMBER-LAND, situate in Union township, Lebanon county, west of the Big Dam, adjoining lands late of Joseph Light, dec'd., and others, containing about 55 ACRES. The timber on the above land is fit to cut for rails and posts, being from thirty to forty years' growth and equal to any that can be found along the Blue Mountain.

No. 2—A Tract of CHESTNUT SPROUTS, situate on the little Mountain near Union Forge, in Lebanon county, containing about 186 ACRES. The Sprouts are from ten to eighteen years' growth, and among the finest in Lebanon county. Both tracts will be sold in lots or together, to suit purchasers. Persons wishing to view the above properties will please call on JOSEPH LONGNECKER, at Union Forge.

No. 3—A certain two-story HOUSE AND LOT OF GROUND, situate in the Borough of Lebanon, fronting on High street 66 feet. This property is situate near the centre of town, and convenient for persons doing business on Cumberland street. It will be sold together or in lots to suit purchasers.

☞ Sale in each case, to commence at one o'clock, P. M., when terms will be made known by

ISAC HOFFER, Agent for
ELIZABETH O. WEIDMAN, Administratrix,
ROBERT W. COLEMAN, Administrator.
Of the Estate of JACOB B. WEIDMAN, dec'd.

Lebanon, September 12, 1860.

NEW GOODS AT THE PEOPLE'S STORE,
Corner of Market and Chestnut Sts.,
LOUSER & BROTHERS

Beg leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they have just received from the City, a large and carefully selected assortment of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, HARDWARE, HOLLOW WARE, STOVES, &c.

which they will sell at the lowest prices for cash, or exchange for Country Produce. They would respectfully solicit the continued favors of their old friends and the public.

☞ All are cordially invited to call and see for themselves, that they do not say they have the largest and most extensive assortment of goods, and that they will sell them at much cheaper prices than any other house in town.

☞ Thankful for past liberal patronage, they would respectfully solicit the continued favors of their old friends and the public.

P. S.—Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods.

Lebanon, May 30, '60. LOUSER BROTHERS.

New Goods! New Goods!
AT THE
CHEAP STORE
OF
RAUCH & LIGHT,
At the Corner of Cumberland Street and Plank Road,
LEBANON, PA.

MESSRS. RAUCH & LIGHT take pleasure in informing their friends and the public generally that they have opened with a large and carefully selected assortment of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, &c.,

to which they respectfully invite the attention of the public. Their

DRY GOODS,

have all been selected with the greatest care from the largest Importing Houses in Philadelphia.

GROCERIES,

A large stock of cheap Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Chocolate, and all kinds of Spices. Also, a large assortment of

QUEENSWARE,

among which are the newest patterns, together with almost an endless variety of Goods in their line of business, which will be sold very cheap for cash, or Country Produce taken in exchange.

April 18, 1860.] RAUCH & LIGHT.

REMOVAL.
NORTH LEBANON
Saddle and Harness Manufactory.

THE undersigned has Removed his Saddlery and Harness Manufactory to a few doors South of the old place, to the large room lately occupied by Billman & Bro. as a Liquor store, where he will be happy to see all his old friends and customers, and where he has increased facilities for attending to all the departments of his business. Being determined to be behind no other establishment in his abilities to accommodate customers, he has spared neither pains nor expense to obtain and make himself master of every modern improvement in the business and secure the services of the best workmen that liberal wages would command. He will keep a large stock on hand, and manufacture at the shortest notice, all descriptions of *HARNESS,* such as

Saddles, Bridles, Carriage Harness, of all kinds: heavy Harness, Buggy Whips of the best Manufacture, Buffalo Robes, Fly Nets,

such as Cotton, Worsted, Linen, and a new kind, lately invented; *WHIPS* of every kind, such as Buggy Whips, Cart Whips, &c.; *HAMMOCKS* of all descriptions; *HALTER CHAINS,* home-made *TRACES,* &c., &c., all of which he will warrant to be equal to any that can be obtained in any other establishment in the country. All he asks is that those desiring anything in this line, should call at his place and examine his stock. He feels the fullest confidence in his ability to give entire satisfaction.

☞ All orders thankfully received and promptly attended to. SOLOMON SMITH.

North Lebanon Borough, Jan. 25, 1860.

NEW LIVERY STABLE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has opened a NEW LIVERY STABLE, at MRS. RISE'S Hotel, Market street, Lebanon, where he will keep for the public accommodation a good stock of HORSES and VEHICLES. He will keep gentle and good driving Horses, and handsome and safe Vehicles. Also, careful Drivers furnished when desired. Also OMNIBUS for Parties, &c.

Lebanon, April 21, 1858. JAMES MARCH.

IF YOU WANT
A No. 1 AMBROTYPE, very cheap, go to DAILY'S Gallery, next door to the Lebanon Deposit Bank.

Miscellaneous.

TWO HOURS WITH A
MADMAN.

It happened one time that in traveling across a tract of country where I had business, I got benighted, and about 8 o'clock, my horse and myself being tired and pretty nearly worn out, I drew rein before the door of a comfortable looking farm house, and dismounting, knocked at the door with the handle of my whip. It was opened by a little girl who stood in the doorway, holding a candle in one hand, and keeping back her thick curly hair with the other, while she looked at me half shy, as if demanding my business.

'My dear,' I answered to that questioning look, 'is there any one in the house besides yourself?'

'Yes, there is,' she answered; 'father and mother, and the boys.'

'Well, ask your father to come here a moment, I want to speak to him.'

She retreated and entered the room behind her, and in about half a minute the farmer came out. I made known my business, explained that I had been overtaken by the night, that my destination was several miles distant, and that both my horse and myself were unfit for further traveling till we had procured food and rest.

With the hospitality common to all farmers, especially American ones, my host for the night bade me welcome, conducted me into a large kitchen, with a floor so white that you involuntarily pitied the hands and arms that had brought it into such a state of cleanliness, and bade me seat myself before the blazing fire while supper was being got ready; and then, not forgetting my horse, he told one of the boys to feed him and take him to the stable.

After supper, as I felt unusually tired, I asked to be shown the place where I was to pass the night, and was conducted to a comfortable room with a downy bed, white counterpane and curtains, upon the second floor, by my host himself, after bidding me good night, he left the candle with me and departed, closing the door after him.

Tired and sleepy as I was, I hurriedly undressed, went to bed, and in five minutes was soundly sleeping. A grinding sound awoke me—at what time I don't know—but the moon, which did not rise till very late, was fully up, its bright rays streaming in through the window, from which I had purposely looped back the curtain, that the first streak of day light might wake me, as I was anxious to proceed on my way. There, sitting full in the moonlight was a man with a long carving knife in his hand, which he was sharpening upon a piece of grindstone, which I now perceived made the sound that had awaked me. I thought surely I was dreaming; or, if I was awake, what in the name of heaven meant what I saw? And still the man leisurely ground the blade of the knife, and in a perfect stupor of amazement I lay perfectly quiet with wide open eyes looking at him.

In a few minutes he stopped grinding, and passing his finger carefully along the edge of the knife, he nodded and shook his head knowingly, to intimate to himself that he had brought the blade to a proper degree of sharpness. My blood ran cold; a kind of panic seized me when I saw that action, and the cool, calculating smile with which he held the knife up between him and the moonlight, looking at it with the air of a connoisseur. Then he leisurely got up, stepped over the table where I had left the candlestick and commenced looking around for something—a match, I conjectured.

While his back was turned, the idea of slipping from the bed and bolting out the door suggested itself to me; but before I had time to act upon it, the match was found, and holding the candle in one hand, the match in the other, and the handle of the knife between his long, wolfish teeth, he came over towards the bed. Even then I might have attempted to escape by rushing at him, wrenching the knife from between his teeth, and so getting the advantage; but even that I was not capable of, so overcome was I by the surprise and horror of my situation, and through all, such an insatiable curiosity possessed me to know what he was about to do, for as yet I could only conjecture that his purpose was to murder me.

He struck the match against the wall and lighted the candle, and then took the knife from between his teeth, and took firm hold of the candle in his hand. I felt faint and sick, when I fully realized then that my last chance of escape was gone. He bent over me, flashed the light full upon my eyes, and perceiving that I was awake, exclaimed, with a wild kind of laugh,—

'Ha! ha! Awake, eh?—Ha! ha! Glad of it, sir; I meant to awake you, if you hadn't done it yourself. I consider it cowardly to kill a sleeping man.'

And he laughed at me again, and peered into my face with his red-hot burning eyes.

I could see at once that he was mad, and I saw the horror of my situation was increased. At first, I had thought—but now, I knew that he was a madman. From his own words, he intended to murder me, and I felt that little short of a miracle could save me.

After he had taken a good look at me, he sat down upon the bed, and to my intense horror began slowly running his finger, with great care, along the edge of the knife—evidently he had no intention of suffering by the experiment. And then he said,—

'I don't intend to kill you just now—perhaps not for an hour—but I guess that's about the longest you have to live. First, I mean to have a talk you. Do you known where I came from?'

I did not, indeed, and I told him so wishing within myself, with all my heart, that he would take into his crazy brain to find his way back there and leave me, to sleep in peace.

'You don't know, eh? Well, I don't mind telling you. Don't you see that spire away there to the left?

No, I didn't see the church spire, nor anything else in the world at that moment but the burning eyes of the maniac. So I told him I didn't see the object he spoke of.

'Don't see it eh? How blind?—Why see there?' And to aid me in discerning this imaginary object, he rose and went toward the window and looped back the blind still farther back. There—see it now?

'No,' I said, 'I don't see it yet,' and I hoped he would try to pull the curtain still further back, or pull it down, or something—anything to divert his attention from me a moment longer, that I might leap from the bed and bolt out of the room.

I was already sitting up, and to glide down upon the floor was the work of an instant; but that moment the madman, annoyed that I couldn't see the church spire, dropped the blind, turned around quickly, muttering,—'blind, blind;' and instantly comprehending my intention to escape, bounded toward me with a spring like a wild-cat, and catching hold of me with his bony hand, waved the gleaming knife over me in such close proximity to my face as to be anything in the world but pleasant.

'Oh, you will, will you? Just lie down there—still now—still, or I'll kill you before even the half-hour is up. Lie down!'

And with herculean strength he lifted me up with his one hand—and I was no feather in weight, I can tell you—and bounced me down with a force that shook the whole bed.

I did lie down, and seeing that I was inclined to obedience, he directed my attention to the window again, by inquiring—

'Do you see the church spire now.'

I didn't see it any clearer than before, it being slightly impossible, as no church spire existed within ten miles. But I saw that the maniac was getting irritated at my want of capability to see what did not exist; so I thought it might be as well to keep upon good terms with him, and to his question this time I admitted I die see the spire.

'Ah, good, good. Well, under that spire is a church, and around the church is a grave-yard. There I live, and there I came from. It's very lonesome sleeping there in the damp, cold ground; and the grave worms—ugh! to feel them creeping along, over one's skin—so slimy, and slippery, and cold, banqueting upon the warm flesh of the dead! They say the dead are cold; it's a lie, sir, a lie! Feel my flesh; is it cold?'

He bared his skinny arm and forced me to lay my hands upon it.

'There, is that cold?'

I told him no.

'Is it warm?'

I replied that it was, and he continued—

'They make it cold—the grave worms do. They make it cold and slimy as they crawl over it. Did you ever feel the grave-worms on your flesh?'

I shuddered with disgust as I told him, 'No.'

'You didn't oh? Lucky dog, lucky dog! But you're not dead yet; wait a while, and you'll feel them, just as I do, pretty soon.'

And he whirled the carving-knife round and round his head, and then brought it down with a sudden swoop till he grazed my throat.

With a groan of agony, not for the slight scratch, but the horror of mind under which I was I recoiled from the glittering blade, shuddering as if I would have sunk down through the bed—down, through the floor. How I wished in my soul that I could have done so—down anywhere out of that horrible presence! With a loud laugh the maniac observed my terror, and then he said,

'Frightened, eh? frightened! I will not kill you for half an hour yet. I'm going to experiment upon you. I think I'll bleed you to death, just to try how long it will take you to die, eh? what do you think of it?'

What did I think of it? My God! I thought nothing, only that I would soon be dead, or mad as my companion, if some deliverance was not soon opened up. I never prayed much—God forgive me! but just then, I breathed something, I scarcely knew what, for aid, for deliverance. I knew that I dared not attempt to escape.—My first movement would have been the signal for my death blow; and if I called aloud, I might not awaken any one in the house, but merely infuriate the madman to such an extent that he might immediately butcher me. What under heaven to do I knew not, and if the maniac, in his desire to 'experiment,' should open a vein, I would inevitably bleed to death. Meantime he was waiting for an answer to his question, he repeated, rather angrily,—

'What did I think of his proposal to bleed me to death?'

I was about answering something desperate, and giving myself up for lost when a bright idea flashed across my troubled brain. Oh, how devotedly I thanked heaven that I had read the 'Arabian Nights' in my boyhood! There was my idea, which as yet, only heaven knew whether it would be successful or not; I would tell him stories, and beguile his fancy till morning, and then surely, I would have some means of escape. I answered his question by another.

'Suppose I tell you a story about bleeding to death—or rather about a man supposed he was being bled to death, and died from the fright?'

'Died from the fright, eh? Let us hear it.'

Very gladly I began, making it long, and adding as much as I possibly could to the original, which was something I recollected long ago to have heard about some one who wished to 'experiment,' and had a man blindfolded, his arm bandaged, and gently pricked, but not sufficiently to bring the blood, and then heard the regular, drop, drop, of blood—or what he supposed to be his own blood, though in reality only water, till he died from the mere supposition that he was being bled to death. I forget the story now, but it is familiar to every one. When I concluded, I suggested to the maniac that he should try this model experimenting, and see how long I would take to be frightened to death.

'Yes, yes,' he answered, with a sly, cunning laugh; 'very good, very good,' and seeing through the device, with the cunning of madness, he laughed again as he said—'Very good, sir, very good. And you would take till morning to die, and meanwhile I want a companion in the church yard yonder; down among the grave-worms. Come, bare your arm, and let me do as I said. I'll bleed you. I intended to have taken your head off first, but I've changed my mind, because I wouldn't like to have a headless companion. Bare your arm.'

God! what was I to do! I felt my brain seethe and whirl, as though I, too were going mad. With a desperate effort to be calm, I said:

'Suppose I tell you another story first?'

'Oh, no you can tell while you bleed.'

'But I shall want to watch the blood flow too,' I said, with an effort to refrain from shuddering.

'True, true,' he said, 'Well, let's hear your story—quick, begin.'

I waited for no urging. I was too glad to find him in the humor to listen; so I began and related every story I could think of—as soon as one was done beginning with another—and in this manner nearly two hours passed. As I was about to begin another story, he stopped me peremptorily—

'No more; no more! I won't listen! I've listened too long already, and I've no time to bleed you, either! I may take your head off as I first intended, disagreeable as it is to have a headless companion?'

Around and around his hand again went the glittering knife, coming done in a direct line with my throat, and then as the edge, sharp as a razor, touched my skin, I forgot the prudent considerations that had hitherto kept me silent, and gave vent to my horror and terror in a cry so loud and long, so shrill and ear-piercing, that the maniac started back in affright, and actually trembled at the unearthly sound. No wonder! I tremble this moment myself, when I think what an awful cry it was; and I almost fancy I can still hear the sound of it, when I close my eyes, and shudderingly look back to the hour.

The effect upon the madman was not of long duration. A third time he waved the knife around his head, and was just preparing for a spring forward, when the farmer and his eldest son burst into the room. The effect that these new actors upon the scene produced upon the madman was strange and almost incredible. The knife remained uplifted, and the hand in which it was held seemed suddenly petrified and unable to move. He cowered beneath the gaze of the farmer, as a child might do under the eye of a master, and without the slightest resistance, allowed the knife to be taken from his hand and himself quietly led from the room by the farmer and his son.

Then, when I was left alone, the reaction after all my terror, horror and excitement, overpowered me, and I sank back upon the bed almost insensible. I thanked God for my escape and hardly conscious of my own feelings and actions, I lay quite still, awaiting what was to follow. I felt that there was no farther cause for alarm, and in a dreamy sort of way, I tried to account for the adventure. I looked around upon the room, and all seemed so like a dream that I could almost have persuaded myself that I was the victim of an unpleasant illusion; but then, to bring me back to the realities of all that had transpired, there was still the light burning upon the table, and I knew I had put out the light before retiring; and another proof that I was awake, and had been for a couple of hours past, was the scratch upon my throat, where the knife had grazed it, and I shuddered to think how nearly my thread of life had been cut in two.

Presently the farmer and his son returned, and I was informed that my terrible and most unwelcome visitant was an unfortunate brother-in-law of the farmer, who had been crazed for some years past; that during certain seasons, especially at that phase in which the moon then was, he was quite mad and dangerous, though at other times harmless.—Unfortunately for me, his door had been neglected that night, and instead of being locked had been left open. I listened to all these explanations, and received my host's apologies and expressions of regret for my disturbance and peril, by making a mental vow never to sleep with my door unlocked in a strange house, and if ever placed so that I should be obliged to crave the hospitality of strangers, to make particular inquiry whether any mad person, brother-in-law of other, dwelt in the house.

☞ A correspondent of the N. Y. *Times* writes racy letters. The following are extract from them:—

CAPT. ROE.

Capt. Roe is an old North River steamboat captain; his antecedents are capital. Give him your hand, gentlemen, he is a good old fellow, as well as a thorough gentleman, and tells a good story. He is proprietor of a house at West Point, called—after him, I suppose—Roe's Hotel. Shakespeare has said that "a Roe's by any other name would smell as sweet," but in this instance I doubt the truth of that assertion. The Captain will give you the best that he can; but he is no respector of persons, and when his house is full all have to share alike. It is only a short time since that he had a judge, a professor of astronomy, and a clergyman sleeping side by side. It is due to justice to say that they lay peaceably together and did not quarrel.

Having no better place to put the correspondent of the *Times*, he gave him a cot-bed in the front parlor, warned him against breaking one of the big pier-glasses by looking into it, and wished him good night. Your correspondent, before retiring, noticed that a shepherdess' hat, with gloves and a parasol, lay upon the centre-table, but trusting that they would not be wanted at a very early hour in the morning, gave but a passing thought to the consequences and went to sleep. In the morning he had just risen in bed, and was rubbing his eyes to brush away cobwebby dreams, when the shepherdess came bolting into the room. But she didn't stay long; a hurried "Oh, dear," a gentle uplifting of hands, and the shepherdess was gone. What she meant by the exclamation has never been satisfactorily explained; but she could not have referred to your correspondent as 'dear,' for he felt, and must have looked rather cheap. The worst of the matter was that the shepherdess, in her hurried exit, left the door wide open—it looked upon the public hall;—and to shut it necessitated a bound and a spring on the part of your correspondent *en dishabille.* All I have to say to the shepherdess is this: Entering a gentleman's room by accident of a morning, is not an unpardonable crime; but to go out and leave the door wide open is an offence of great magnitude, and I hope that some day an elephant will tread on her hat, by way of retribution. There, Captain ROE, when I complained of the shepherdess to you, after breakfast, you said it served me right. I have published this story with the deliberate intention of ruining your business; for who do you think will stop at a hotel where they are liable to be disturbed by shepherdesses early of a morning.

JOSEPH SURFACE.

That tall, elderly gentleman, with grey eyes, grey hair, and rather stooping in his gait, is the celebrated Solomon Surface. He is very rich, and has the reputation of being very eccentric. His richness is real, but his eccentricity is affected—it gives him the opportunity of occasionally saving a dime on some whimsical pretence. It is certain that his eccentricity always runs into meanness; no one ever knew it to betray him into the opposite extreme of generosity. I said he was rich. To express what he is worth in the world you would have to use a unit, followed up by a comet-like tail of ciphers. To express what he is worth to the world, the ciphers alone would be sufficient. His annual income exceeds $100,000—not a very large amount, it is true, but yet a comfortable sum—yet, to my certain knowledge, he does not give $100 in charity. This may surprise you, for charity is his favorite theme; he discourses thereon with great unction, and is continually saying he considers himself simply a steward, holding property in trust for his Lord and Master. Of a verity, for safe-keeping, the money could not be in better hands. He never neglects an opportunity of giving advice to the poor—it is the only thing he ever gives—and he is fond of impressing upon young men that the only way to become rich is to deprive themselves of all the luxuries and half the necessaries of life, forgetting that had every one followed his plan, he would have accumulated the wealth that he possesses; for Solomon Surface originally was a country merchant and sold ribbons as well as tapes, velvets as linsey-woolseys. The contrast between his theoretical charity and his practical stinginess, affords a very fair illustration of what Hood meant when he said it was no sign that a stomach was full of food because he talked with victuals in his mouth. I hope that the subject of this sketch will repent in time to be saved; for else, it will be more tolerable in the last great day for that loseling who filched a stick of peppermint candy from the hands of a sick child, than for thee, oh, Solomon Surface!

Do you know that lady with many brilliant finger-rings, which she always takes especial pains to display? No? Well, neither do I—but I know she's a lady by a remark she made. She swore at a waiter the other day. Not a mild, mitigated oath, such as ladies are apt to indulge in; a 'Good Gracious!' and 'I vow!' or a 'Plague take that thing!' but a regular meat-axe oath, with beveled edge and a short handle. Profanity from a pretty pair of lips is not pleasing. It startles one by its unexpectedness, for one would as soon expect a bullet from a rose-bud as an oath from a woman's mouth.

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THE TOUGHEST OF TURKEYS—THE EFFECT OF BLOOD PILLS.

Cuff was a gentleman's gentleman down in old Virginia and a darkie of most undoubted honesty and truth; but he would sometimes tell tough stories. He met 'Kurnel Johnsing's nigg,' as he called him, the other day, and after cussing and discussing various matters appertaining to their masters, fell into the following conversation:

Sam—Well, Cuff, how you was?

Cuff—O, I isn't no wuss.

Sam—How is all de folks down at de house?

Cuff—O, dey is able to be round, 'cept de old man's darter; she had the doctor the other day. He come in, looked at her, kept lookin' at her; said she was bilyous, and guv her a box of Dr. Roback's Scandanavian blood pills. When de Doctor go, she up an' threw de pills out de window. *She* wouldn't take no pills, no *sah!*—Wal, de ole turkey cock cum, an' greedy kus—he gobbled down de pills, box an' all, wid de whole directions.

Next day we had company, an' had to kill dat turkey cock, yer see. Brought him on the table, biled wid ister sass; massa flourish his knife, and try to cut him up; couldn't get de knife into him.

'Cuff,' says he, 'how long did yer bile dis turkey?'

'Bile him an hour, sah.'

'Take him away and bile him *another* hour.'

So I took him away an' biled him another hour.

Sam—Did de company wait?

Cuff—O, yas; de company waited. Wal, I brought de turkey in, an' massa flourish his big knife agin an' try to cut him; but he couldn't do it, no sah!

'Take him away and bile him *another* hour.'

So I take him down into the kitchen agin.

Sam—Did the company wait?

Cuff—Of *course* dey waited. I brought in de turkey agin, an' massa try to cut. But it was *no go;* massa git mad.

'Take him away an' *bile him a week.*'

So I took him away an' biled him a week.

Sam—*Did the company wait?*

Cuff—O, yas, de company waited—bound to see the fun out, yer know. Wal, in a week I brought in dat turkey. Massa thought he got him dis time sure; but he couldn't cut a hole in him; de ole cock wouldn't be cut. Massa send for de doctor, to hab de turkey examined. De doctor come, look at de turkey—look all over him. Says he, 'It's no use; you can't bile dis turkey, for he has taken a box of dese Scandanavian