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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.

☞ 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.

George Pfleger, jr.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE in rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Samuel Behm, deceased, and opposite to the Black Horse Hotel, Cumberland Street, Lebanon.
August 26, 1863.

GRANT WEIDMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE, in Cumberland street, a few doors east of the Eagle Hotel, in the office late of his father Capt. John Weidman, dec'd.
Lebanon, Sept. 9, 1863.

REMOVAL.
A. STANLEY ULRICH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Has removed his office to the building, one door east of Laudermilch's Store, opposite the Washington House Lebanon, Pa.
BOUNTY and PENSION claims promptly attended to. [April 8, '63.—3m.

REMOVAL.
S. T. McADAM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAS REMOVED his office to Market Street, opposite the Lebanon Bank, two doors North of Widow Rise's Hotel.
Lebanon, March 25, '63.

JOHN H. BOWMAN,
DISTRICT ATTORNEY, has removed his OFFICE to the ROOM lately occupied by Dr. Geo. P. Linaweaver, in Cumberland Street, Lebanon, a few doors East of the Eagle Hotel, and two doors west of Gen. Weidman's Office.
Lebanon Dec. 17, 1862.

CYRUS P. MILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.—Office in Walnut street, nearly opposite the Buck Hotel, and two doors south from Karmany's Hardware store.
Lebanon, April 9, 1862.-1y.

BASSLER BOYER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.—Office with A. R. BOUGHTER, Esq., Cumberland Street, opposite the Court House, Lebanon, Pa. [Oct. 28, 1863.]

ARMY AND NAVY
PENSION, BOUNTY, BACK PAY AND BOUNTY LAND AGENCY.
BASSLER BOYER,
Attorney-at-Law.
THE undersigned, having been licensed to prosecute claims, and having been engaged in the Bounty and Pension business, offers his services to all those who are thereto entitled, in accordance with the various acts of Congress. All such should call or address at once, and make their applications through
BASSLER BOYER, Attorney at-Law,
Office with A. R. BOUGHTER, Esq.,
Cumberland street, opposite the Court House.
October, 28, 1863. Lebanon, Pa.

WM. M. DERR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Stichter's Building, Cumberland street, nearly opposite the Court House. [Lebanon, May 6, 1863.—tf.

Dr. Samuel S. Meily
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Lebanon and vicinity. OFFICE at the residence of Mrs. L. Buch, two doors West of Office of Dr. Samuel Behm, dec'd, in Cumberland street.
Lebanon, April 15, 1863.

Dr. Abiah H. Light.
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of the Borough of Lebanon and vicinity. Office in Walnut street, two doors north of the Lutheran Parsonage.
March 4, 1863.

WEIGLEY & DEWALT.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
FOR THE SALE OF
Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Tallow, Lard, Poultry, Game, Dried Fruits, Grain, Seed, &c.
No. 170 READE STREET,
One door above Washington, NEW-YORK.
O. Weigley,
R. Dewalt.

REFERENCES:
Robb & Ascough, New York; Allen & Brother, do W. W. Selfridge, Esq., do; Jones & Shepard, do; Stanson, Labach & Farrington, do; Samuel G. Johnson, do; W. M. Breslin, Esq., Lebanon, Pa.; L. Betz, Canton, Ohio; W. C. Curry & Co., Bankers, Erie, Pa.; Hon. John Stiles, Allentown, Pa. [Jan. 14, 1863.

SAMUEL REINOEHL. ADOLPHUS REINOEHL. CHAS. H. MEILY
A Friendly Invitation

To all desirous of purchasing
LUMBER & COAL
To the best advantage, at the old established and well-known
LUMBER YARD
OF
REINOEHLS & MEILY
At the UNION CANAL, on the East and West sides of Market Street, North Lebanon Borough.
THE subscribers take pleasure in informing the citizens of Lebanon, and surrounding counties, that they still continue the LUMBER AND COAL BUSINESS, at *their old and well known stand*, where they are daily receiving additional supplies of the
BEST AND WELL SEASONED LUMBER, consisting of White and Yellow Pine BOARDS, PLANK and SCANTLING.
Hemlock BOARDS, PLANK and SCANTLING.
RAILS, POSTS, PALINGS and FENCING BOARDS.
ASH, from 1 to 4 inch; CHERRY, from ⅝ to 3 inch.
POPLAR, from ¾ to 2 inch.
Poplar and Hardwood SCANTLING.
Oak and Maple BOARDS and PLANKS.
Roofing and Plastering LATHS.
SHINGLES! SHINGLES! SHINGLES!!!
Also, Pine and Hemlock SHINGLES.
COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!
A large stock of the best quality of Stove, Broken, Egg and Limeburners' COAL; and also, the best Allegheny COAL for Blacksmiths.
☞ Thankful for the liberal manner in which they have heretofore been patronized, they would extend a cordial invitation for a continuance of favors, as they are confident that they now have the *largest, best and cheapest* stock of LUMBER on hand in the county, which will be sold at a reasonable per centage.
☞ Please call and examine our stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.
REINOEHLS & MEILY.
North Lebanon borough, May 7, 1862.

PRIVATE SALE
OF
BOROUGH PROPERTY.
THE subscriber offers for sale the *Lot of Ground* on Market street, Lebanon, ½ square south of Hill, west side, 33 feet front by 199 deep, formerly occupied by George Hess, sr. The improvements are a two story weather boarded DWELLING HOUSE and other improvements. For further information, and terms, apply to
GEORGE S. GASSER
Lebanon, Sept, 9, 1863.

READING RAIL ROAD!
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM THE NORTH AND North-West for PHILADELPHIA, NEW-YORK, READING, POTTSVILLE, LEBANON, ALLENTOWN, EASTON, &c., &c
Trains leave Harrisburg for Philadelphia, New-York, Reading, Pottsville, and all intermediate Stations, at 8 A. M., and 2.00 P. M., passing Lebanon 9.13 A. M., and 3.08 P. M.
New Express leaves Harrisburg at 2.15 A. M., passes Lebanon at 3.15 A. M., arriving at New York at 9.15 the same morning.
Fares from Harrisburg: To New-York $5 15; to Philadelphia $3 35 and $2 80. Baggage checked through.
Returning, leave New-York at 6 A. M., 12 Noon, and 7 P. M., (PITTSBURG EXPRESS). Leave Philadelphia at 8.15 A. M., and 3.30 P. M., passing Lebanon at 12.17 noon, 7.17 P. M., and Express at 1.00 A. M.
Sleeping cars in the New York Express Trains, through to and from Pittsburgh without change.
Passengers by the Catawissa Railroad leave Tamaqua at 8.50 A. M., and 2.15 P. M. for Philadelphia, New York, and all Way Points.
Trains leave Pottsville at 9.15 A. M., and 2.30 P. M., for Philadelphia, Harrisburg and New York.
An Accommodation Passenger train leaves Reading at 6.00 A. M., and returns from Philadelphia at 5 00 P. M.
☞ All the above trains run daily, Sundays excepted.
A Sunday train leaves Pottsville at 7.30 A. M., and Philadelphia at 3.15 P. M.
Commutation Tickets, with 26 Coupons at 25 per cent. between any points desired.
Mileage Tickets, good for 2000 miles, between all points at $46 25—for Families and Business Firms.
Season and School Tickets, at reduced rates to and from all points.
80 pounds Baggage allowed each passenger.
Passengers are requested to purchase their tickets before entering the cars, as higher Fares are charged if paid in cars.
G. A. NICOLLS,
April 29, 1863. General Superintendent.

Lebanon Advertiser.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 15—NO. 20. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1863. WHOLE NO. 750

NOT ALCOHOLIC.
A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED
Vegetable Extract.
A PURE TONIC.
DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
PREPARED BY
Dr. C. M. JACKSON, Philad'a Pa.
WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE
Liver Complaint,
Dyspepsia,
Jaundice.
Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach.
Such as Costiveness, Inflammation, Fulness or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.
And will positively prevent *Yellow Fever, Bilious Fever, &c.*
THEY CONTAIN
No Alcohol or Bad Whiskey?
They WILL CURE the above diseases in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

Induced by the extensive sale and universal popularity of Hoofland's German Bitters, (purely vegetable,) hosts of ignorant Quacks and unscrupulous adventurers, have opened upon suffering humanity the flood gates of Nostrums in the shape of poor whiskey, vilely compounded with injurious drugs, and christened Tonics, Stomachics and Bitters.
Beware of the innumerable array of Alcoholic preparations in plethoric bottles, and big bellied kegs, under the modest appellation of Bitters: which instead of curing, only aggravate disease, and leave the disappointed sufferer in despair.
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS!
Are not a new and untried article, but have stood the test of fifteen years trial by the American public; and their reputation and sale, are not rivalled by any similar preparation.
The proprietors have thousands of Letters from the most eminent
CLERGYMEN, LAWYERS,
PHYSICIANS, and CITIZENS,
Testifying of their own personal knowledge, to the beneficial effects and medical virtues of these Bitters.
DO YOU WANT SOMETHING TO STRENGTHEN YOU?
DO YOU WANT A GOOD APPETITE?
DO YOU WANT TO BUILD UP YOUR CONSTITUTION?
DO YOU WANT TO FEEL WELL?
DO YOU WANT TO GET RID OF NERVOUSNESS?
DO YOU WANT ENERGY?
DO YOU WANT TO SLEEP WELL?
DO YOU WANT A BRISK AND VIGOROUS FEELING?
If you do, use HOOFLAND'S GERMEN BITTERS.
From Rev. J. Newton Brown, D. D., Editor of the Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge.
Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects; I yet know of no sufficient reasons why a man may not testify to the benefits he believes himself to have received from any simple preparation, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.
I do this the more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years, under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, and for encouragement to try them, when suffering from great and long continued debility. The use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident relief, and restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining. I therefore think God and my friend for directing me to the use of them J NEWTON BROWN.
PHILAD'A, JUNE, 23 1861.

Particular Notice.

There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest whiskey or common rum, costing from 20 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander Seed.
This class of Bitters has caused and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of the drunkard. By their use the system is kept continually under the influence of Alcoholic Stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for Liquor is created and kept up, and the result is all the horrors attendant upon a drunkard's life and death.
For those who desire and *will have* a Liquor Bitters, we publish the following receipt. Get *One Bottle Hoofland's German Bitters* and mix with *Three Quarts of Good Brandy or Whiskey*, and the result will be a preparation that will *far excel* in medicinal virtues and true excellence any of the numerous Liquor Bitters in the market, and will *cost much less*. You will have all the virtues of *Hoofland's Bitters* in connection with a *good* article of Liquor, at a much less price than these inferior preparations will cost you.

Attention Soldiers!

AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.
We call the attention of all having relations and friends in the army to the fact that "HOOFLAND'S German Bitters" will cure nine tenths of the diseases induced by exposures and privations incident to camp life. In the lists published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. Diseases resulting from disorders of the digestive organs are specifily removed. We have no hesitation in stating that, if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise will be lost.
We call particular attention to the following remarkable and well authenticated cure of one of the nation's heroes, whose life, to use his own language, "has been saved by the Bitters:"
PHILADELPHIA, August 23rd, 1862.
Messrs. Jones & Evans.—Well, gentlemen, your Hoofland's German Bitters has saved my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouched for by numbers of my comrades, some of whose names are appended, and who were fully cognizant of all the circumstances of my case. I am, and have been for the last four years, a member of Sherman's celebrated battery, and under the immediate command of Captain R. B. Ayres—Through the exposure attendant upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with inflammation of the lungs, and was for seventy-two days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, heightened by an attack of dysentery. I was then removed from the White House, and sent to this city on board the Steamer "State of Maine" from which I landed on the 25th of June. Since that time I have been about as low as any one could be and still retain a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarcely able to swallow anything, and if I *did* force a morsel down, it was immediately thrown up again.
I could not even keep a glass of water on my stomach. Life could not last under these circumstances; and, accordingly, the physicians who had been working faithfully, though unsuccessfully, to rescue me from the grasp of the dead Archer, frankly told me they could do no more for me, and advised me to see a clergyman, and to make such disposition of my limited funds as best suited me. An acquaintance who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinbron, 2 Sixth below Arch Street, advised me, as a forlorn hope, to try your Bitters, and kindly procured a bottle. From the time I commenced taking them the gloomy shadow of death receded, and I am now, thank God for it, getting better. Though I have but taken two bottles, I have gained ten pounds, and I feel sanguine of being permitted to rejoin my wife and daughter, from whom I have heard nothing for 18 months: for, gentlemen, I am a loyal Virginian, from the vicinity of Front Royal. To your invaluable Bitters I owe the certainty of life which has taken the place of vague fears—to your Bitters will I owe the glorious privilege of again clasping to my bosom those who are dearest to me in life. Very truly yours, ISAAC MALONE
We fully concur in the truth of the above statement, as we had despaired of seeing our comrade, Mr. Malone, restored to health.
JOHN CUDDLEBACK, 1st New York Battery.
GEORGE A. ACKLEY, Co C 11th Maine.
LEWIS CHEVALIER, 82d New York.
L. E. SPENCER, 1st Artillery, Battery F.
J B FASEWELL, Co B 3d Vermont.
HENRY E JEROME, Co B do.
HENRY T MACDONALD, Co C 6th Maine.
JOHN F WARD, Co E 5th Maine.
HERMAN ROCH, Co H 72d New York.
NATHANIEL B THOMAS, Co F 95th Penn.
ANDREW J KIMBALL, Co A 3d Vermont.
JOHN JENKINS, Co F 106th Penn.
Beware of Counterfeits!
See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON," is on the WRAPPER of each bottle.
PRICE PER BOTTLE 75 CENTS,
OR HALF DOZ. FOR $4 00.
Should your nearest druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward securely packed, by express.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY,
NO. 631 ARCH ST,
Jones & Evans.
(Successor to C. M. JACKSON & Co.)
Proprietors.
☞ FOR SALE by DR. GEO. ROSS, opposite the Court House LEBANON, Pa., and by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States.
[May 27, 1863.—1y.

Miscellaneous.

The Old House at Brocklehurst.

We were together in the parlor—my wife and I. It was not much past nine, but people kept early hours in those days, and supper had long been over; the children were in bed, and the house was quiet. I was leaning back in my easy chair, wearied with my long day's work, and half asleep, when I was aroused by my wife's voice saying, as she laid down her sewing: 'Have you thought or done any thing yet, Alfred, about our going to the country?' Now, to tell the truth, I had thought a great deal, and done nothing. I knew that Dr. Flawyn had said that little Philip would never grow up a healthy boy in our close London house, and I was as anxious as any father need be about my child, but I knew too, by sad experience, how little a poor drawing master with seven children had to spare for country trips. All this I said now to the wife, who always bore her full share of my heavy cares; but in her the mother's love conquered all else, and as I looked in to her eyes, I saw, though she spoke little, that she would never rest until our boy was breathing the fresh country air he needed.

But the weeks pased away, and her worn face, and the few words she dropped from time to time, told me how constantly and vainly she watched for any chance of this. They had grown to months, when one evening she met me at the door radiant with gladness, and drawing me into the parlor, put into my hand a letter, exclaiming:—'Only read that Alfred, and tell me if it will not do.' It ran thus: 'Not three miles from here is a large house, Brocklehurst Grange, which having been empty many years is now to be let at a very low rent.—I could hardly advise Mr. Sainsbury to take much trouble about it, for it looks so dreary and comfortless, that you would never like to live there.—Still, in case my description does not alarm you, and you wish to hear more, I send the address of the agent in whose hands it is.' My wife hardly waited for me to read to the end. 'My aunt does not know,' she said anxiously. 'Think; it is large and cheap; and it must be near a coach-road, and near London, since it is close to Leckford, and that is such a healthy place. Oh, Alfred, dear, we don't care for fine houses, and we could make it cheerful soon, I know, if you only think that it will do.' That was too much to say; but in pity for her imploring face, I promised at least to see the agent. I called at the office the next day, and found him, and evidently glad to hear of a possible tenant. The house, he said, had belonged to a Mr. Abbot, who had lived and died abroad. The nephew, who had just inherited his property, preferred receiving rent, however small, to spending money on the place. The agent could not help discoursing a little on the short sighted economy of his proceeding, since the building was in fair repair, and only needed the outlay of a few hundreds to make it comfortable; but it was, he added, no affair of his, and he had only to obey orders. In conclusion, he pressed me to inspect it for myself. I felt inclined to do so, but as I could not well spare a whole day, there was a difficulty. The agent himself resolved it by proposing that I should go down by an afternoon coach, the time of which he mentioned, and return the following morning. There were, he said, living in charge of the house, two old servants of Mr. Abbot's with their son, who had been there for many years. 'I cannot promise you a warm reception,' he added, smiling; 'at least if they treat you as they did me. Still, if you don't mind sour looks, they can, I know, provide you with a bed, and, as the village is only two miles off, with supper also.'

It seemed my wisest plan, since I could thus judge of the daily journey I might have to make, and see the house under its morning, and its evening aspect; so mindful of my wife's anxiety, I determindd to lose no time, and obtained from the agent a letter to the old man in charge. With this letter, I made my way to the coach office the following afternoon; but when there, found, much to my vexation, that the agent had mistaken the time of the coach's startling, and that we should not be off in two hours.—There was nothing for me but to wait patiently; but through this delay, it was nearly 6 o'clock instead of four when I was set down at a village inn two miles from Brocklehurst. I was just about to inquire my way of some of the boys lounging about the inn door, when it occurred to me that it might be wiser to hire one of them as guide. The short February afternoon was closing in, and I might miss my road alone, and so lose time, and besides from these country lads I might learn something of the house and neighborhood; so I chose out a bright faced, active youth, who readily closed my offer, and started off with me at once along the village street, and down a lane, and then over a style into the fields, his tongue going incessantly all the while. He could tell little, as it seemed, about the Grange; only that, within his memory, no one had ever lived there but the Pearces, 'a queer, crusty set,' he said. The son got work sometimes with the farmers near, but the old people rarely left the house, and even when they went abroad, exchanged few words with any they might meet. But if his information on that point was small, on all others it was most abundant; the names and histories of the neighboring squires, and who prospered and who did not; the land owned by each farmer, and the character he bore among his men; this, and much more, he told me as we trudged onward.

'There,' he said, as we came out of a thick fir plantation, and stood on the edge of a dreary, broken bit of common, covered with gorse and heath—'do you see the red brick house yonder by the gravel-pit?' I looked the way his finger pointed, and through the gathering twilight just discerned a long, low building.—'I tell you what, sir,' he said in a low tone, and coming closer to my side, 'there's not a lad in all the village would venture round there after nightfall, if there was murder done at the house not long ago.'

'Murder!' I exclaimed.

'Yes, and the cruelest murder it was, too. An old gentleman used to live there—not so very old either, not much past sixty, I've heard say; but however that might be, he lived there quite alone except for one young servant woman, who kept his house.—A pleasant spoken lass Ann Forest was, many's the kind word she's said to me when she's been to mother's shop. She seemed to take great care of her old master, no wonder, for he was the best old man that ever lived, and a good master to her; but he had money laid by, and that must have tempted her, for one morning some laborers going past found the front door open, the house deserted, and the poor old gentleman lying covered with blood at the bottom of the garden. They say he used to go down there to smoke his pipe at night, and she chose that time, when she knew he could lay hold of nothing to defend himself with. An old iron box, in which the old man kept his money and which only she knew where to find, was lying, turned bottom upwards and empty, in the passage; and there were clothes and many other things scattered about the floor of her room, and in one of her drawers they found a long knife that she had hidden there. But they never found her; and from that day to this no one has heard of her.'

It was a horrible story to listen to with the black darkness closing round us, and the lonely house close by. We hastened on in silence across the common, down a dark steep road, and through some meadows, until, as we passed from the free air into the shadow of a wood, the boy said, in his former cherry tone: 'There sir, now you can see the old warren through the trees.' A faint dark outline—that was all that I could make out, as my companion unfastened a gate, pointed the way up a neglected drive, and saying that he should run across the fields, and so home by the high road, bade me good night. The old gate swung to with a dismal creak, and I was left to grown my way alone. On I went, brushing past shrubs, whose long boughs swept the ground, and stumbling over ruts and stones, until I reached an open space that had once been gravel, but now was overgrown with moss and weeds, and crossing this, stood in front of the old house itself. The walls, as I could see, even by that dim light, were weather stained and darkened to a dull brown, three sharp gables high above cut into the grey sky; and higher still there rose a sort of dome from the centre of the building.—The rising moon cast a faint gleam on the latticed oriel windows, and the quaint stone carvings round the entrance door, and gave a strange and weared aspect to the solitary dwelling. The clang of the bell echoed through the stillness within, then silence settled down once more. I waited long, then rung again, and at length there was a sound of steps and voices; at first, far away, then nearer.—A key grated in the rusty lock, and the door was partly opened by an old man, whose short thick set figure at once filled up the way, as though to prevent a hasty entrance. Behind him stood a woman, somewhat bent by age, and holding in her hand a lantern. Both started at me in silent wonderment, as, addressing myself to the old man, I told my errand.—It was well I was prepared for sullenness, for his furrowed brow darkened as, still standing in the door-way, he spelled out the agent's letter.

'A strange thing,' he muttered. 'We might have had some notice, I should think; we want no gentle folks here.'

My spirit rose at this insolence, but remembering his age and surly temper, I restrained myself, and said that I had meant to arrive sooner, but need give little trouble, as some bread and cheese and a bed for the night, was all that I should require. The man stood doubtful, as though half inclined to shut the door in my face; then his mind changed, and without a word, he took the lantern from his wife's hand, and signing to me to follow, let the way across a bare and empty hall, and along two stone passages, to a large kitchen, where a fire was blazing. Setting down the lantern on the table, he turned round and said, 'You'll maybe see that this is the kitchen. If you're too proud to sit here, there are other rooms in plenty, but you'll find no fire or candles; and without waiting for a reply, he walked away. I turned to the woman, who had followed us, and now stood by the fire, and asked some questions; but she answered me briefly, with a hurried glance at her husband; and weary of attempting to conciliate, I said, abruptly, that as my time was short, I would see the house at once.

"There's very little you'll be able to see this time of the night,' old Pearce said gruffly from the window where he stood.

'At least,' I answered, 'I can go through the rooms and get some notion of their size,' and I made a move.

For a moment, it seemed as though they meant to let me go alone: then Pearce stept suddenly forward, and harshly calling to his wife to bring his keys, caught up the light. Preceded by my unwilling guides, I traversed long passages, our foot steps sounding hollow on the stone floors, mounted staircases and crossed landings. We stopped from time to time while the woman unlocked the doors of empty and unshuttered rooms, where dust lay thick, and the feeble glimmer of the lantern only served to make the gloom and desolation more apparent. No word was spoken by either of the two, save in answer to my questions, until we reached a large chamber, once a drawing room, as I could guess by the gilt mouldings

As I entered and looked round, the old man drew his wife out side the door, and when they had exchanged some words, sent her down stairs, and, coming to my side, began to tell me how, thirty years before, in Mrs. Abbott's days, grand balls were often given in this very room, and how a portrait of her dressed for one still hung in the library beyond; and then let me in to look at the pale faded face in gold and crimson turban, gazing fixedly upon us from the wall. As I turned from it, the woman again joined us, resumed her keys, and the man's sullen humor coming over him once more, we went on in the old silence until we reached the foot of a narrow winding staircase. My conductors had begun to mount it, when I touched a door upon my right, and said, 'Surely we have not been in here?' The man, half way up, stopped and looked down at me. 'No,' he said; it is only a lumber room; the key has been lost this long while; if you wish to get in, you must have a fresh key made before you come again;' and he went on. It was a large, rambling house, where you came suddenly upon cupboards and corners, and bits of winding stairs, or a step up here and down there, and passages with such queer turns and twists, that one wondered whither they would lead; still there was something quaint about it that took my fancy greatly. When at last we got back to the kitchen, a man sat by the fire unlacing his boots with his back towards the door. He turned as I entered and displayed a muscular form and heavy face, like enough to old Pearce's to mark him as his son. He returned my greeting with a silent stare, resumed his seat, and pulling at his fateer's sleeve, muttered angrily, 'And who on earth may be be?' I did not catch the answer, but the gruff snort that followed was sufficiently expressive.

The woman sat about preparing supper, and presently a repast of bacon, eggs, and beer was put before me; and while I engaged upon it, she and her husband went away together. The son sat watching me in silence for a while, then followed them, leaving me alone for the first time since I had come into the house. He and his father soon came back, but a change had come upon them; their sullenness was gone, and they seemed most eager to hear my intentions about the place. It was evident how much they feared that I might take it, and so deprive them of their home; and in this fear, they caught at every doubt of mine, and tried to foster it. From their account, the place was hot in summer, cold in winter; it was ever tumbling to pieces; and it almost touched me, when, turning to the son, I said, 'And yet you seem to like to live in it,' to hear his curt answer: 'I've been bred up here, and that makes a deal of difference.'—When the woman at last returned, I saw that she had been crying very bitterly, and with a half-remorseful feeling, I took a candle from her trembling hand, and followed her up stairs. They had chosen for me one of the old state bed-rooms, on the first floor, and a long way from the kitchen and the hall, at the end of a wide gallery. She paused at the door to tell she hoped I might find all I wanted, but that if not, there was a bell, and giving me no time to answer, hurried off. The room was large and lofty, and must have once been richly furnished, for there were cushions of faded blue silk in the window seats, and blue silk drapery about the windows; but all its other furniture had disappeared, and it was bare and carpetless like the rest. At one end a trestle bedstead had just been put up, and near it stood a wash-stand and glass, and a couple of rickety chairs. That was all; and very meagre and comfortless it looked; but I could expect nothing else, and cared little. I sat long, noting down in my pocket-book all I had observed, and pondering on various things, until the dull tones of the far-off stable-clock aroused me, and I began to prepare for bed. Before lying down, I went instinctively across the room to secure the door, and found to my surprise, that I was without the means of doing so, for there was no bolt, and the key was not in the lock. For a moment, I was startled; then I remembered that the keys of all the rooms had been on one large bunch, and no doubt the woman had forgotten to take this one off. Should I ring for it? I paused undecided; but the hour was late, the people must long since have been in bed, and I was strangly unwilling to encounter those surly looks again to night. After all, it mattered little. Traveling as I did without money or luggage, and in simple, almost snabby dress, I had nothing to lose; and with health and strength in my favor, none would choose lightly to encounter me; and so, without disquietude, I blew out my light, and lay down in bed. Still I was not in darkness, for the moon shone full into the room, only obscured from time to time as a heavy cloud swept across, and passing, seemed to leave it more clear and beautiful than ever. I lay gazing, long through one of the two large windows on my right, at the soft radiance of its face, the hurrying clouds, and the bright stars that studded the dark sky, and thinking, as husbands and fathers are wont to think, of the wife and children at home—thinking of the little feet that might one day go dancing over these uncarpeted floors, of my wife and myself sitting together in that grand deserted drawing-room, planning busily how far our homely London furniture could fit it up. Gradually my plans soundly—for now—[illegible] minutes or hours, I cannot tell, but I woke in an instant, and with a sudden start and thrill. All was quiet—a cloud had veiled the moon, and the room was dark and still as death.—No, not so still; what was that which as I held my breath, came faintly on my ear? A rustling—so slight that I could scarcely catch it, yet surely a rustling in the far off corner of the room. I was a man of strong nerves. In my youth, I had been in perils both by land and sea, and I had kept my courage and composure. I did not lose them now. These men below might, despite the risk, be purposing to rob me; they might even, in their anger, and revenge at my mission here, meditate worse things; but if the absence of the key had been no accident, and they were now in my room, they should find harder work than they had looked for. I had no firearms; but a loaded stick, which went with me in all my journeyings, was by my side now. Slowly and cautiously my hand stole out in the darkness, and grasped it tight. Then I waited. For a while there was a perfect silence; then the sound began afresh, and here—there by the door, I could just see a moving form! On it came, and then stopped, as though listening, and hearing nothing but my steady breathing, came on again, nearer and nearer, until, as it reached the foot of my bed, I sprang up. My stick was raised, was ready to descend, when the moon shone out again, and my hand dropped to my side, for a woman stood before me—not the old woman I had seen, but one many years younger, clad in dark garments, with pale, haggard face and wild eyes. What was it? a spirit, an escaped mad woman, or some plot to frighten me? At last thought came to my mind, I summoned breath to ask, 'who, in heaven's name are you?'

'Oh hush, hush!' moaned out a voice feeble and piteous as a crying child's—'Don't speak, don't let them hear?'

'They! who are they, and who are you?'

'I will tell you—I came to tell;' and with sudden vehemence the figure seized my arm in a covulsive grasp. 'I am a poor creature whom, for eighteen months, these wretches had kept imprisoned in this house, away from all who might have given me help. You are the first living soul who has been here; and I vowed to myself, that if I died for it, I would come to pray you to protect me; and, oh, dear sir, kind sir, have pity on me!'

As she gasped out these words with passionate earnestness, yet in faint, faltering tones, something seemed to tell me that this was no insane delusion, and no concerted scheme.

'My poor woman,' I said soothingly, in a whisper low as her own, 'I will help you, if I can, but you must show me how. What is your name, and why are you here?'

'They brought me—I had seen them do it—no one else, and they dared not leave me behind to tell; so when they had murdered him, they brought me here, and shut me into the dreadful room up stairs. I am Ann Forrest.'

The boy's tale, the Pearce's reluctance to let the house be seen, the closed lumber room—those few words threw light upon it all, and in my horror, I could not speak at first—I could hardly even think. At last I asked her how she freed herself.

'There were three rusty broken keys—I found them one day under some rubbish in an old chest up there and I tried them all, and one fitted; but I dared not use it while they were always down stairs, and so I hid it again; they would have killed me long ago, but she—the woman—is kinder than the others, and would never let them, and to night she cried and talked about you being here, and her husband's anger, little dreaming how I heeded her, for they think me almost silly now. But I did heed; and I thought that you would help me perhaps; and so, when I knew that they must all be in bed, I brought out my key, and it unlocked the door and then I listened outside every room until I found you by your breathing.' She stopped at that last word, and looked at me, with a wistful, searching glance. 'I found you,' she repeated, 'and now, oh sir, you will not forsake me.'

'I will not,' I answered; but when I paused to think, a sense of our danger rushed upon me. Alone in this house, more than a mile from any human aid, how could I defend her or myself from men desperate, as these would be, if they only guessed that I knew their terrible secret. I, with a wife and children looking at me, had no right uselessly to peril my life. I must be cautious; and then if it came to the worst, I could but try what one strong arm in a good cause could do against two villians. So I spoke gently to the woman, holding her hand as she stood beside me, and trying to quiet her agony of terror and despair, while I said that I would save her, but to do it at this moment would not be possible. 'Only wait till morning. Go back now to your prison, and trust to me.'

She started and shuddered.

'The key stuck in the lock; it would not come out,' she said. 'They may find it there, and then they will murder me, as they have threatened.'

'Listen!' I whispered. 'There is no sign that they have heard us yet.—Go back and try—try with all your strength to loosen the key, and lock yourself in again; then you need fear nothing, for they cannot guess. I will watch; if you need me, cry out, for the morning that shall bring you safety and release; only go now, before they find us together.'

She seemed to understand, and moved towards the door submissively, and then stopped—'You would not deceive me,' she said. The look and tone were so imploring, so inexpressibly mornful, that my heart smote me for letting her go, for remembering anything but her misery. She gazed into my face: 'I know you would not,' she said in quite another voice and again turned away, I following her. Her fingers softly turned the handle, she crept into the passage, and I watched the tall, dark form flitting along the gallery, her bare feet moved noiselessly upon the boards. I listened breathlessly, but there was neither sound nor movement in the house. The old couple slept at the foot of the staircase and near the kitchen, the son in a small room close to the hall, never dreaming that the prisoner they had kept securely all those months would find means to force her prison on this very night—only the woman even knowing that she had heard of my presence in the house. If any chance noise awoke those sleepers, if any chance suspicion had turned them into watchers, then it might be a struggle of life and death. No, all was still as yet. The moonlight flooded the room, as, softly closing the door, I crossed to the window seat, and sat down there to listen and to think. Think—think of what? A horrible crime, a secret prison-house not 20 miles from London, the work that must be done to-morrow; all these things seemed crowded together wildly in my brain. By degrees, I grew calmer. I must release her, but how? Many ways flashed across me, and were cast aside again; so I sat motionless, gazing into the sky, my ear strained for any cry, until the first streak of dawn came into the east. No sound had broken the dead silence of the house, and now at last my plan was made, and might be tried. I dressed quietly, then awaited for a while, and as the red rim of the rising sun showed through the trees, trampled noisily down stairs. I meant that they should hear and see me, but no one appeared; so, crossing to the kitchen, I looked in. The old man was there cutting up wood; he did not hear my step till I was close upon him, then turned sharply around—'You rise early,' he said, in the old surly tone.

With all the blood in my veins curdlieg in sight of that wicked murderous face, I forced my lips to speak naturally. "Why yes,' I said; 'I want to see something of the grounds before I breakfast. Can you tell me the best way to take?'

'I know nought about it,' he answered, 'there's nothing worth seeing anywhere about here.'

'Where does the garden lie?' I asked. The instant I had spoken I felt that my question, meant to divert suspicion, had been a rash one. He looked up, a new expression in his eyes—was it fear or was it doubt?

'There is no garden now,' he said, 'it's a wilderness; and breakfast will be ready directly, if only that old idiot,' and he shouted his wife's name, 'was here, as she should be.'

The precious minutes were slipping fast away, and yet I dared not seem in haste. The old man had returned to his chopping, and the monotonous thud of the hatchet alone sounded through the room. Presently I said carelessly: 'Well, I'm just going for a turn in the wood now, and presently I shall get you to go round with me.' I had not done speaking when the old woman's door opened, and I heard her beginning slowly to ascend the stairs. Was she going *there?*—All might, perchance, be safe; but if that broken key *should* still be in the lock, the secret was betrayed. In desperation, I racked my brains for some device to bring her back: 'Stay,' I exclaimed to the old man; 'is not that your wife? I want her to get me, if she can, some eggs and vegetables to take to town; I will pay well.'

His eyes brightened, and absorbed in that promise, he never saw the agitation of my manner; he stepped to the door, 'Meg,' he called, 'the gentleman wants ye. Come down, will ye?'