

A FAMILY PAPER FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY. IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY. By WM. M. BRIDGES.

Lebanon Advertiser.

VOL. 16--NO. 11. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1864. WHOLE NO. 793

Job Printing. We have established a new office with extensive facilities for printing all kinds of business cards, handbills, circulars, labels, bill readings, blanks, programs, etc.

A. T. WEIDLE, Attorney at Law. Office North West corner of Water and Market Streets, Lebanon, Pa.

GRAND WIDMAN, Attorney at Law. Office in Chamberland street, near the depot, Lebanon, Pa.

A. STANLEY ULRICH, Attorney at Law. Has removed his office to the building on the corner of Lehigh and Water streets, Lebanon, Pa.

JACOB WEIDLE, Jr., Attorney at Law. Office, north-west corner Market and Water streets, Lebanon, Pa.

H. T. BIBIGHAUS, Attorney at Law. Office in St. Nicholas building, Chamberland street, near the depot, Lebanon, Pa.

CYRUS P. MILLER, Attorney at Law. Office in Walnut street, nearly opposite the Bank Hotel, Lebanon, Pa.

S. T. McADAM, Attorney at Law. Has removed his office to Market street, opposite the Lebanon Bank, two doors north of the Bank Hotel, Lebanon, Pa.

BASSLER BOYER, Attorney at Law. Office removed to Chamberland street, one door east of the Lebanon Valley Bank, opposite the Bank Hotel, Lebanon, Pa.

ARMY AND NAVY PENSION, BOUNTY, BACK PAY AND BOUNTY LAND AGENCY. BASSLER BOYER, Attorney at Law.

DENTISTRY. Having returned from Philadelphia, I would say to the good people of Lebanon and vicinity that I have taken rooms at Mrs. BAKER'S (one door east of Dr. G. H. GIBSON'S) where I can be consulted at all hours of the day or night.

DR. B. A. YEAGER, Cures, without the use of Instruments, CANCERS, TUMORS, PROSTRATIONS, &c. No Cure, no Pay.

FLORENCE Sewing Machine. The Only Machine capable of making More than One Kind of a Stitch and the Only VERIFIABLE FEED.

Jacob E. L. Zimmerman's FIRST CLASS HAIR-DRESSING AND HAIR-DYEING SALOON, Market street, near Chamberland street, Lebanon, Pa.

Miscellaneous.

A Detective's Story.

The Left-Handed Assassin.

I was called down from London to Ipswich on a grand peculiar case, one of my profession. I reached the inn where I was to meet a fellow detective, who had expanded both time and patience in attempting to ferret out a mysterious murder. But it appeared to be one of the singular cases that defy human detection, and which are generally abandoned by those appointed to discover the culprit, and left to divine vengeance.

He communicated this discovery to his legal adviser, and mentioned the suspicious that had entered his breast. The attorney said it looked remarkably suspicious, yet still there might have meant no harm. The attorney added: "I wish a plot did exist it exists no longer, at least it cannot affect you; for what would Morris Obydke gain by your death?"

Next morning the woman had gone before any one else had arisen, and strange to say she had left the black valise lying in some bushes in the rear of the house. It was not discovered until after the departure of Mr. Crofts, the detective. I instantly asked to see the valise; it was produced and I broke open the lock without hesitation, hoping I might get some further clue to the

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perpetrators of the crime, for I now strongly suspected that this (probably pretended) mendicant was an accomplice. The valise, absolutely contained nothing; it was empty. I was on the point of throwing it aside, when I felt the rustling of a paper in the lining; it fished in some hidden place; it proved to be a letter; its date was three weeks old. The envelope had no address on it, nor had the letter any signature. It ran thus:

"Call on me, No. 35 Hollings Court and ask for me; I have a fat job for you, and your girl. Call between the hours of nine and ten in the evening. Upon this letter after you have read it."

This was all the letter contained; no names were mentioned. It was evident that the request to destroy the note had not been complied with. I thought it prudent to keep it for further use, for I had been lost sight of for what I found it; it was imbedded within the folds of the coarse lining of the valise in such a manner, as almost to escape the notice of any one, but that of a detective bent upon getting every clue he possibly could to ferret out a murderer. The reader has seen how I came very near throwing away this (perhaps) important document.

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He must have been many hours before the servants discovered him, and the strangest part of the affair was that none of them heard the report of the pistol or gun.

All these particulars Mr. Crofts related to me, and he had little faith in my ability to make any more out of the affair than what he had done. I reached the mansion and at once entered upon the business that had brought me there. I examined the room where the murder had been committed, and discovered that Mr. Simmonds had been sitting with his back towards the window at the time he was shot, and so there had been no sign of a ladder having been placed there; not a trace of footmarks were visible, and I came to the conclusion that the assassin had recourse to the spout.

I procured a ladder and placed it beside the water spout, and made a careful examination of it from the ground up to the library window. I was soon assured that the murderer had made use of that means to reach the window. The lead was soft and yielding, and it bore the finger marks of the assassin—each finger had made an impression on the metal.

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When I had finished this part of my examination I sat down and pondered well over the matter. I had made two important discoveries: One was, the assassin must have fired the weapon with his left hand; I was perfectly convinced that no man could have held himself by the water spout, with the left hand and reached the window with the right, so as to enable him to fire at an object in the middle of the room, where Mr. Simmonds invariably sat while reading, and where he was found seated when discovered in the morning.

Now, what could I deduce from this circumstance but the fact that the assassin was left-handed? My reason for this conviction was a good one. None but a left-handed person could have made so fatal a shot from the position he must have necessarily have occupied at the time, and that he knew how to use the weapon was also manifest, for no chance shot could have been so fatal in a thousand trials. This then was conclusive evidence, and though I made the discovery, I communicated it to no one.

The other discovery was not less important. The man who climbed up the spout had but three fingers on the right hand! This was plainly seen by the finger marks on the metal, and I started for the door. I gave instructions, not to allow any one to meddle with the spout, and deputized a constable to see that all my orders were strictly obeyed. I next questioned the servants of the late Mr. Simmonds—four in number—and elicited the following information.

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On the evening previous to the finding of the dead body of Mr. Simmonds, a female mendicant, stopped at the mansion and requested permission to stop over night. The woman a delicate looking creature, seemed much worn out by her tramp during the day, and the kind hearted cook bade her stay, at the same time asking her to take a cup of tea and something to eat.

The poor creature was apparently half starved and sat ravenously; after satisfying her hunger, she laid down on a bed the cook had prepared on the floor for her, and in a short time fell asleep. The woman had a small black traveling valise with her, which she placed under her head before lying down.

Next morning the woman had gone before any one else had arisen, and strange to say she had left the black valise lying in some bushes in the rear of the house. It was not discovered until after the departure of Mr. Crofts, the detective. I instantly asked to see the valise; it was produced and I broke open the lock without hesitation, hoping I might get some further clue to the

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