

Petroleum Centre Daily Record.

Pet. Centre, Tuesday, June 15.

A. E. FAY, Editor.

Time of Closing Mails.

P. O., PETROLEUM CENTRE, PA.

JULY 25th, 1868.

Until further notice the mails will arrive & depart from this office as follows:

ARRIVE.

South and East, via. Irvinston, 10.18 A. M.

South and West, " Mendville, 5.18 P. M.

North and East, " Corry, 2.55

DEPART.

South and West, 8.45 A. M.

South, East and West, 2.30 P. M.

North, East and West, 10.00 A. M.

Divine Services.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7:30 o'clock P. M.

REV. J. T. OXTON, Pastor.

M. E. CHURCH.

Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath School at twelve o'clock. Seats free. A cordial invitation extended to all.

REV. C. N. HEARD, Pastor.

STS. PETER AND PAUL'S (Catholic) CHURCH.

Mass at 10:45 a. m.

Vesper and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 4 p. m.

Catechism at 2 p. m.

JAMES DUNN, Pastor.

The Pioneer school opened yesterday with seventy pupils. Mr. Alcorn is principal and Miss Wright assistant.

A sixty barrel flowing well was struck last night on the Evans Tract, Cherrytree Run. It is owned by Jones, Harding & Smith.

THE RACES.—A large number of people are in town to-day attending the races.—The lateness of the hour when the races take place will not permit us to make a report until to-morrow.

Prof. Johnny Sweeny, proprietor of the gymnasium finds himself compelled to seek more commodious quarters for his business. We will announce when he makes the change, and until then, he will be found at the old place, in Aken's block.

SKIFF AND GAYLORDS MINSTRELS performed at the Opera House last evening before a large audience. They are one of the best minstrel troupes now travelling. Their friends will be pleased to know that they will again visit Petroleum Centre on the 24th inst.

FRESH VEGETABLES.—Every Day.—H. C. Wachter, grocer, Petroleum Centre, receives fresh every day, all the vegetables usually sold in the market, and keeps on hand choice flour, and a general assortment of groceries. Johnny Felter, is an indispensable acquisition to this establishment, will attend to the wants of customers.

President Grant will attend the opening ceremonies of the Peace Jubilee, and be the guest of the city of Boston the first and second days. Gov. Clifton has ordered a military escort for the occasion. The city government will give the President a banquet during his stay.

The following is an extract from a recent letter written by Senator Sherman: "I have always favored the most liberal laws for women's rights, so far as property is concerned. In these respects they ought to stand on the same footing as men; but I have seen no reason to convince me that they would be better off, or that society would be improved by their having the right to vote. At all events, until a majority of the women concur in demanding it, the men may properly stand aloof on this question."

How a Wife Killed Her Husband.

When two weak-minded persons marry, the result is anything than a pleasant household. A sad case of suicide near New York city, the other day, presents a sad illustration. The wife of the unfortunate suicide had a sister residing in the same town with herself, who was married to a well-to-do merchant, and who lived befitting her means. This was a source of bitter reflections to the less fortunate one, who was constantly wanting to know of her husband why it was she could not live in as good style as her sister. And he weak man, to gratify her, involved himself beyond his means and was, in consequence contingently in pecuniary hot water. He had not the strength of will to bear up against his wife's extravagances and his own business embarrassments, and so took his own life. Frivolous spendthrifts, who don't earn the money they squander, little know the bear-ches they caused to those who are charged with their support. And when the latter as well as the former are very strongminded, an unhappy home, misery, and often crime, are the fruits of efforts to live in a style not warranted by their pecuniary circumstances.

The Hollow Eye Mystery.

By H. C. WACHTER, Petroleum Centre.

Book Hall.

PAGE.]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1]

"Good Heavens! that lady's mistaken charge has put us all off the scent, and allowed the murderer to escape. But it may not yet be too late! Some clue may be left in her room by which we may trace the criminal! Come, neighbors and let us search the premises."

And Lyon Berners, leaving the shudder-

ing women of the party in the room with

Sybil and the dead, and followed by all

the men, went to search the house and

grounds for traces of the assassin.

But the search proved fruitless. No trace

of an intruder could be found, nor was there

any evidence of robbery. Furthermore, all

the windows were found fastened on the in-

side. There had been no way of entering

the murdered woman's room except by the

stairway leading from Sybil's chamber.

Captain Pendleton, an old lover of Sybil's

and a brother of Beatrix, saw that there

was no safety except in instant flight. He

whispered Lyon to take Sybil to her room,

and then to meet him on the back piazza.—

This was done, and then the captain unfolded

his already matured plans. Lyon adopted

them at once; and under the skillful

management of Captain Pendleton and Bea-

trix, they got out of the house unseen, and

were soon on their way towards a place of

concealment, known as the Haunted Chap-

el, where new and unexpected horrors await-

ed them.

"Sybil struggled in terror, and the gipsy girl cried out:

"Men! why don't you interfere? He is rude to the lady!"

"We never meddle between other men and their sweethearts. Do we mates?" called out one.

"No, no, no!" answered the others.

"Oh, if Satan were here!" cried the girl, in despair.

"SATAN IS HERE!" responded a voice close by.

And the robber captain stood among them as it he had risen from the earth.

Moloch dropped Sybil, and cowered in the most abject manner.

Sybil looked up, and turned cold from head to foot; for in the handsome, stately, graceful form of the brigand chief, she recognized the finished gentleman who, in the character of "Death," had danced with her at her own mask ball, and—the probable murderer of Rosa Blondelle.

While the walls of the cavern seemed whirling around Sybil, the robber captain calmly came up to her, lifted his hat, and said:

"Spirit of Fire, I am happy to welcome you to your own appropriate dwelling place;" and then, without expecting an answer, he turned to Moloch, and said in his smoothest tones:

"Be so good as to give me this seat, sir."

But Sybil saw that the giant turned pale and trembled like the fabled mountain in labor, as he left the seat by her side, and slunk into another at some distance.

The wine passed freely at the robbers' table, and the men grew merrier, wilder, more uproarious. Sybil became very much charmed; and not so much by the noisy orgies of these rude revellers, as by the dreadful gaze of Moloch fixed upon her from the opposite end of the table where he sat, and the offensive language of Satan's eye whenever they turned towards her.

But oh! how good it was to sit by the fire, and talk with the girl, and be comforted by her smile.

The fugitives felt so depressed, that even the cheerful supper supplied by Joe could not relieve them of the overshadowing gloom which had settled on their hearts. A strange drowsiness soon oppressed them, and they sank into a deep sleep, as though they had been drugged with some powerful narcotic. Mr. Berners was aroused before daylight by Joe, who instantly drew him outside the chapel in alarm.

Sybil, left alone in the Haunted Chapel, continued to sleep soundly. How long she had slept she never could tell, when she was suddenly and fearfully aroused.

She felt hands at work about her person. They were creeping under her shoulders and under her limbs; they were lifting her from her mattress. Her eyes flared open in wild affright, and she saw two black shrouded forms, the one at her head the other at her feet.

She tried to cry out in her agony of terror; but her voice died away in her bosom, and all her powers seemed palsied. They raised her up, and bore her on—great heavy blood was fast welling.

She opened her bloodless lips, now paling in death, and gasped forth the words:

"She—Sybil—your wife. I told you she would do it, and she has done it. Sybil Berners has murdered me," she whispered.

Then raising herself with a last dying effort, she cried aloud. "Hear, all! Sybil Berners has murdered me." And with this charge upon her lips, she fell back dead.

Even in that supreme moment Lyon Berners, first thought almost his only thought, was for his wife. He looked up to see who was there—who had heard this awful, this fatal charge.

All were there! guests and servants, men and women drawn there by the dreadful shrieks. All had heard the horrible accusation.

And all stood panic-stricken as they shrank away from one who stood in their midst.

It was she, Sybil, the accused, whose very aspect accused her more loudly than the dying woman had done; for she stood there, still in her gay masquerade dress, her face pale, her eyes blazing, her wild black hair loose and streaming, her crimsoned band raised and grasping a blood-stained dagger.

"O, wretched woman! most wretched woman! What is this that you have done! groaned Lyon Berners in unutterable agony— agony not in the dead beauty before him, but for the living wife whom he felt that he had driven to this deed of depredation.

"Lyon Berners, do you believe me guilty?" she asked.

He looked up, and their eyes met. If he had really believed her guilty, he did not now. He answered briefly and firmly.

"No, Sybil! Heaven knows that I do not—but explain this horrible business—if you can!"

"The explanation is this," she said, emphatically. And then her voice arose clear, firm, and distinct, as she continued:

"I was in my chamber, which is immediately above that occupied by Mrs. Blondelle. My chamber is approached by two ways, first by the front passage and stairs, and secondly by a narrow staircase running up from Mrs. Blondelle's rooms. I do not know how long I had sat there, when I heard a piercing shriek from some one in the room below. Instinctively I rushed down the communicating stairs and into Mrs. Blondelle's room, and up to her bed, where I saw by the light of the paper she was dying. Her eyes were closed, and I thought at first that she had fainted from fright until, almost at the same instant, I saw this dagger—where Sybil stopped and picked up the dagger that she had dropped a few minutes before—driven to its hilt in her chest. I drew it out. Instantly the blood from the opened wound spurted up, covering my hand and sleeve with the crimson stains you see! With the flowing of the blood her eyes flew open. She gazed affrightedly at me for an instant, and then with the last effort of her life, for which her strength was failing, she started up and fled shrieking to this room, still holding the dagger that I had drawn from her bosom, followed her here. And—you know the rest," said Sybil; and ever come with excitement, she sank upon the nearest chair to rest.

Her story had evidently made a very great impression upon the company present. But Lyon Berners suddenly exclaimed:

"Good Heavens! that lady's mistaken charge has put us all off the scent, and allowed the murderer to escape. But it may not yet be too late! Some clue may be left in her room by which we may trace the criminal! Come, neighbors and let us search the premises."

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