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Address, War. M. Draxler, Lebanon, Pa.

REAL ESTATE.

Public Sale

Will be sold at Public Sale, on Saturday, October 3, 1858, at the public house of Henry B. Carmony in the Borough of Lebanon, the following Real Estate, viz:—

A LOT OF GROUND, in the Borough of Lebanon, on Pine Street, nearly opposite Wm. Miller's Machine Shop, adjoining lot of Daniel M. Smith, and the whole of it in parcel.

Said lot will be sold in the whole or in parts.

For particulars apply to Mr. DAVID BOWMAN, in Lebanon, Pa., on Saturday, Sept. 26, 1858.

For Sale or Rent.

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, between Centre and Pine Streets, in a frame 1 1/2 story in North Lebanon, near John Arnold, are offered for sale. The above are well built and upon good lots. Possession given of the two brick in August next, by SIMON J. STINE, Lebanon, Pa., Sept. 26, 1858.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE 25 MILES FROM PHILADELPHIA

Soil among the best for Agricultural purposes, being a good loam soil, and well watered. A large tract, divided into small farms, and hundreds from all parts of the country, now available for building. The climate is delightful, secure from frost, and the soil is rich and fertile. The farms are situated on the road leading from Myerstown to Shillington, about 2 1/2 miles from Myerstown, and 2 1/2 miles from Shillington. It is all under good fence, and an excellent state of cultivation.

For particulars apply to JOHN WITMOYER, at Myerstown, Pa., or to JOHN WITMOYER, at Shillington, Pa., on Saturday, Sept. 26, 1858.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Beautiful Story.

GOING DOWN HILL.

"A 'GIC' VS. A 'LIT'."

"That looks bad," exclaimed farmer White, with an impressive shake of the head, as he passed a neglected garden and broken down fence, in one of his daily walks.

"Bad enough," was the reply of the companion to whom the remark was addressed, neighbor Thompson appears to be running down hill pretty fast. I can remember the time when everything around his little place was prim and tidy.

"It is quite contrary now," returned the farmer. "House, out-building and grounds all show the want of the master's care. I am afraid Thompson is in the downward path."

"He always appeared to be a steady industrious man, rejoined the second speaker. "I have a pair of boots on and they have done me good service."

"I have generally employed him for myself and family," was the reply, and I must confess he is a good work-man, but nevertheless I believe I shall step into Jack Smith's this morning, and order a pair of boots that I need. I always make it a rule never to patronize those who appear to be running some risk in helping those who do not help themselves."

"Very true; and as my wife desired me to see about a pair of shoes for her this morning, I will follow your example and call upon Smith. He is no great favorite of mine, however—an idle, quarrelsome fellow."

"And yet he seems to be getting ahead in the world," answered the farmer, and I am willing to give him a hit. But I have an errand at the Butcher's—step in with me for a moment, I will not detain you."

At the butcher's they met the neighbor who had been the subject of their previous conversation. He certainly presented rather a shabby appearance, and in his choice of meat there was a regard of economy, which did not escape the observation of farmer White. After a few passing remarks, the poor shoemaker took his departure, and the butcher opened his account-book with a somewhat anxious air, saying, as he charged the bit of meat.

"I believe it is time that neighbor Thompson and I came to a settlement. Short accounts make long friends."

"Indeed! Have you heard of any worse neighbor White?"

"No, I have heard nothing; but a man has the use of his own eyes, you; and I never trust any one with my money who is evidently running down the hill."

"Quite right, and I will send in my bill this evening. I have only delayed on account of the sickness the poor man has had in his family all winter. I suppose he must have run behind hand a little, but still I must take care of number one."

"Speaking of Thompson, are you?"

"Observed a by-stander, who appeared to take an interest. "Going down hill, is he? I must look out for myself then. He owes me quite a snug sum for leather. I did intend to give him another month's credit; but on the whole I guess the money is safe in my own pocket."

Here the four worthies separated, each with his mind filled with the affairs of neighbor Thompson, and the probability that he was going down hill and the best way of giving him a push.

In another part of the village similar scenes were passing.

"I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Bennet, the Dfessmaker, to a favorite, as she hastily withdrew her head from the window, whence she had been gazing on the passers-by; "if there is not Mrs. Thompson, the shoemaker's wife coming up the steps with a parcel in her hand. She wants to engage me to do her spring work I suppose. Every one says they are running down hill, and it's a chance if I ever get my pay."

"She always has paid us promptly," was the reply.

"True but that was in the days of her prosperity. I can not afford to run any risks."

The entrance of Mrs. Thompson, prevented further conversation. She was evidently surprised at the refusal of Mrs. Bennet to do any work for her; but as great pressure of business was pleaded as an excuse, there was nothing to be said, and she soon took her leave. Another application proved equally unsuccessful. It was strange how busy the village dress-makers had suddenly become.

On her return home, the poor shoemaker's wife met the teacher of a small school in the neighborhood, where two of her children attended.

"Ah! Mrs. Thompson, I am glad to see you," was the salutation. "I was about calling at your house. Would it be convenient to settle our little account this afternoon?"

"Our account?" was the surprised reply. "Surely the term has not yet expired."

"Only half of it, but my present rule is to collect my money at that time. It is a plan which many teachers have adopted of late."

"I was not aware that there had been any change in your rules, and I have made arrangements to meet the bill at the usual time. I fear it will be in my power to do so any sooner."

The countenance of the teacher showed great disappointment, and as

Beautiful Story.

she passed on in a different direction he muttered to himself.

"Just as I had expected. I shall never get a cent. Everybody says they are going down hill in some way. Perhaps I may get a pair of shoes or two for payment for the quarter, if I manage it right; but it will never do to go on in this way!"

A little decomposed by her interview with the teacher, Mrs. Thompson stepped into a grocery store to purchase some trifling articles of family stores.

"I have a little account against you. Will it be convenient for Mr. Thompson to settle it this evening?" asked the civil shop-keeper, as he produced the desired article.

"Is it his usual time for settling?" was again the surprised inquiry.

"Well, not exactly, but money is very tight just now, and I am anxious to get it all that's due me." In future, I intend keeping short accounts. Here is your little bill, if you would like to look at it. I will call around this evening. It's but a small affair."

"Thirty dollars is no small sum to us just now," thought Mrs. Thompson, as she thoughtfully pursued her way toward home.

It seems strange that all these payments must be just now, while we are struggling to recover from the heavy expense of the winter. I cannot understand.

Her perplexity was increased upon finding her husband with two bills in his hand, and a countenance expressive of anxiety and concern.

"Look, Mary," he said as she entered.

"Here are two unexpected calls for money, one from the doctor, and the other from the dealer in leather from whom I purchased my last stock. They are both very urgent for immediate payment, although they have always been willing to wait a few months until I could make arrangements to meet their claims. But misfortune never comes singly, and if a man once gets a little behind hand, trouble seems to pour in upon him like a deluge."

"Just so," replied the wife. "The neighbors think we are going down hill, and every one is ready to give us a push, here are two more bills for you—one from the grocer and the other from the teacher."

Reply was prevented by a knock at the door, and the appearance of a lad, who presented a neatly folded paper and disappeared.

"The butcher's account, as I live?" exclaimed the astonished shoemaker.

"What is to be done, Mary? So much money to be paid out, and very little coming in, for some of my best customers have left me, although my work has always given satisfaction. If I could only have as much employment as usual, and the usual credit allowed me, I could soon satisfy their claims; but to meet them now is impossible; and the acknowledgment of my inability will send us still further on the downward path."

"We must do our best, and trust in Providence," was the consolatory remark of his wife, as a knock at the door aroused the fear that another claimant was about to appear.

But the benevolent countenance of Uncle Joshua, a rare but ever-welcomed visitor presented itself. Seating himself in the comfortable chair which Mary hastened to hand him he said, in his somewhat eccentric but friendly manner.

"Well, good folks, I understand that the world does not go quite as well as formerly. What is the trouble?"

"There need be no trouble sir," was the reply, "if man would not try to add to the afflictions which the Almighty sees to be necessary for us. The winter was a trying one; we met with sickness and misfortunes, which we endeavored to bear with patience. All would now go well, if those around me were not determined to push me into the downward path."

"But there lies the difficulty, friend Thompson. This selfish world; every body, or at least a great majority, care only for number one. If they see a poor neighbor going down hill, their first thought is whether it will affect their own interests, and provided they can secure themselves, they care not how soon he goes to the bottom. The only way is to keep up appearances—shows no signs of going behind hand, and all will go well with you."

"Very true, Uncle Joshua; but how is this to be done? Bills which I did not expect to be called upon to meet for the next three months are pouring in upon me, my best customers are leaving me for a more fortunate rival—in short, I am on the brink of ruin, and nothing but a miracle can save me."

"A miracle which is very easily wrought, then, I imagine, my good friend. What is the amount of those debts which press so heavily upon you? And how soon, in the common course of events could you discharge them?"

"They do not exceed one hundred dollars," replied the shoemaker, "and with my usual run of work I could make all right in three or four months."

"We will say six," was the answer. "I will advance you one hundred and fifty dollars for six months. Pay every cent you owe, and with the remainder of the money make some slight addition of improvement to your shop, and in its usual order—by the grounds, in its usual order—we will see what effect it has upon our worthy neighbors. No, no, never mind thanking me. I am only trying to help you."

"I know you of old, and have no doubt that my money is safe in your hands."

Weeks passed by. The advice of Uncle Joshua had been followed, the change in the shoemaker's prospect was indeed wonderful. He was now spoken of as one of the most thriving men of the village, and many marvelous stories were told to account for the sudden alteration in his affairs. It was generally agreed that distant relative had bequeathed to him a legacy, which had entirely relieved him of his pecuniary difficulties.

Old customers and new ones crowded in upon him. They had never before realized the beauty and durability of his work. The butcher selected the best pieces of meat for his inspection, as he entered, and was indifferent as to the time of payment. The dealer in leather called to inform him that his best hides awaited his orders. The teacher accompanied the children home to tea, and spoke in high terms of their improvement pronouncing them among his best scholars. The dress-maker suddenly found herself free from the great press of work, and in a friendly tone expressed her desire to oblige Mrs. Thompson in any way in her power.

"Just as I expected," exclaimed Uncle Joshua, rubbing his hands exultingly as the grateful shoemaker called upon him, at the expiration of six months, with the money which had been loaned in the hour of need.—"Just as I expected. A strange man up hill if he seems to be ascending, and just as ready to push him down if they fancy his face is turned that way. In the future, neighbor Thompson let everything around you wear an air of prosperity, and you will be sure to prosper."

And with a cheerful air, Uncle Joshua placed his money in his pocket-book, ready to meet some other claim upon his benevolence, whilst he whom he had thus befriended, with light steps and cheerful countenance returned to his happy home.

Beautiful Story.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUD.

Andrew Lee came home at evening from the shop where he had worked all day, tired, and out of spirits; came home to his wife, who was also tired and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife and a cheerful home—what a paradise it would be!" said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down, with knitted brows, and a hoody aspect.

"Not a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband.

There was an invitation in the word only, none in the voice of Mrs. Lee. Andrew arose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself, and kept silent. He could find no fault with the chop, nor the sweet homemade bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered the inward man, if there had only been a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife.

He noticed that she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?" The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellant, that he feared an irritating reply. And so, in moody silence, the twin sat together until the world doors had gone out, and Andrew had finished his supper. As he pushed his chair back, his wife arose, and commenced clearing off the table.

"This is purgatory," said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their little breakfast room, with his hands thrust desperately away, down in his trousers pockets, and his chin almost touching his breast.

"After removing the dishes, and taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee placed a green cloth on the table, and spreading a fresh trimmed lamp thereon, went out, and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings. He took a long, deep breath, as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still for some moments, and then drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet, and commenced reading: Singularly enough the words upon which his eyes rested, were, "Praise your wife." They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment. But his eyes were on the page before him, and he read on:

"Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper, and muttered, "Oh, yes.—That's all very well. Praise is cheap enough. But praise her for what? For being sullen, and making your home the most disagreeable place in the world?" His eyes fell again to the paper.

"She has made your home comfortable, your heart bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake, all her you thank her, if she will make her eyes open wider than they have for ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you, too."

It seemed to Andrew as if his sentence were written just for him, and just for the occasion. It was the complete answer to his question, "Praise her for what?" and he felt it also as a rebuke. He read no further, for thought came to busy, and in a new

Beautiful Story.

direction. Memory was convicting him of injustice toward his wife. She had always made his home as comfortable as for him as hands could make it, and had offered the light of praise or commendation? Had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known, or the comfort experienced?—He was not able to recall the time, or the occasion. As he thought this, Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work-basket from a closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down, without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw that it was the bosom of a shirt, which she was stitching neatly. He knew that it was for him that she was at work.

"Praise your wife?" The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving.—The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-nature, and with ill-nature he had no patience.—His eyes fell upon the newspaper which lay spread out before him, and he read the sentence:

"A kind, cheerful word, spoken in a gloomy home, is like the rift in a cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself a while longer. His own ill-nature had been conquered first; his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued. But he was coming right, and at last, got right as to how he should begin. He thought of many things to say, yet feared to say them, lest his wife should meet his advances with a cold rebuke. At last leaning towards her, and taking hold of the linen bosom upon which she was at work, he said, in a voice carefully subdued with kindness.

"You are doing that work very beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply. But her husband did not fail to observe that she shot, almost instantly, that rigid correctness with which she had been sitting, nor that the motion of her needle had ceased.

"My shirts are better made, and whiter than those of any other man in our shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?" Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw that she leaned a little towards him. He had broken through the ice of reserve, and all was easy now. His hand was among the clouds, and a few feeble rays were already struggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered softly; "did I've heard it said more than once, what a good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face towards her husband. There was a light in it, and light in her eye. But there was something in the expression of the countenance that a little puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked quite soberly.

"What a question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up, and going around to the side of the table where his wife was sitting. "What a question, Mary!" he repeated, as he stood before her.

"Do you?" It was all she said.

"Yes, darling," was his warmly-spoken answer, and she stooped down and kissed her. "How strange that you should ask me such a question!"

"If you would only tell me so now and then, Andrew, it would do me good." And Mrs. Lee arose, and leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept.

What a strong light broke in upon the mind of Andrew Lee. He had never given to his faithful wife even the small reward of praise for all the loving interests she had manifested daily, until doubt of his love had entered her soul, and made the light around her thick darkness. No wonder that that face grew clouded, nor that what he considered moodiness and ill-nature took possession of her spirit.

"You are a good and true Mary. My own dear wife. I am proud of you—I love you—and my first desire is for your happiness. Oh, if I could always see you face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth."

"How precious to me are your words of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling up through her tears into his face. "With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in shadow."

How easy had been the work for Andrew Lee. He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon of his home, and now the bright sunshine was streaming down, and flooding that home with joy and beauty.

Every Word True.—It is a great and prevalent error, that children may be left to run wild in every sort of company, and temptation for several years, and that it will be time enough to break them in. This mistake makes half our spendthrifts, gamblers, thieves, and drunkards. No man would deal so with his garden lot; no man would raise a colt or puppy on such a principle. Take notice, parents—you till the new soil, and throw in the good seed, the devil will have a crop of poisoned weeds before you know what has taken place. Look at your dear children; and think whether you will leave their safety or ruin at hazard, or whether you should train them up in the way they should go.

REPENTANCE.—True repentance has a double aspect; it looks upon things past with a weeping eye, and upon the future with a watchful eye.

Lebanon Advertiser.

A FAMILY PAPER FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY. IS PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETOR, BY WM. M. BRESLIN, At One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. The friends of the establishment, and the public generally, are respectfully solicited to send in their orders.

REMARKS.—This paper is published on a basis of economy.

HATINGS OF POSTAGE.

In Lebanon County, postage free. In Pennsylvania, out of Lebanon county, 2 1/2 cents per quarter, or 10 cents a year. In this State, 5 1/2 cts. per quarter, or 20 cts. a year. If the postage is not paid in advance, rates are doubled.

REAL ESTATE.

FOR RENT.

A BRICK HOUSE, with SIX ROOMS and HALF A LOT OF GROUND, on Plank Road, near the corner of Chestnut Street, in Lebanon, May 25, 1858. JACOB KIBBEL.

A fine Business Room.

FOR RENT. A fine business room, with a new building, two floors out of the Buck Hotel, near the Court House, in Lebanon, Pa., Sept. 26, 1858. S. J. STINE.

Store Room, &c., for Rent.

LARGE STORE ROOM, BASEMENT, and TWO BUSINESS OFFICE ROOMS on the second floor, in the new brick building lately erected by the subscriber, on Chestnut Street, between Walnut and Pine Streets, in Lebanon, Pa. The above are offered for rent. The above will be rented separately or together, at reasonable prices. Apply on the premises, to S. P. KENDALL, Jr., Lebanon, Pa., Sept. 26, 1858.

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A TWO STORY BRICK DWELLING HOUSE, with a large lot of ground, situated in the Borough of Lebanon, Pa., near the corner of Chestnut and Pine Streets, in Lebanon, Pa., Sept. 26, 1858. JOHN WITMOYER, Jr., Real Estate Agent.

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