

Job Printing:

ADVERTISING OFFICE, LEBANON, PENN. This establishment is now supplied with an extensive assortment of JOB TYPE, which will be increased as the business demands.

To Rent: TWO Rooms in 2d Story, Walnut Street, formerly occupied by A. J. Atterbury's.

Notice: WORKS needed longer than thirty days, are required to make payment.

Real Estate: 5 ACRES OF LAND, situated in Long Lane near the borough, in Cornwall county, Pennsylvania.

For Sale or Exchange: I have a desirable house and lot of ground in the East End of Lebanon.

Howard Association: PHILADELPHIA, Pa. THE UNDERSIGNED has for sale or exchange a SMALL Farm.

Removal: S. T. McADAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has removed his office to the Lebanon Bank, two doors North of Widow King's Store.

A. STANLEY ULRICH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has removed his office to the Lebanon Bank, two doors North of Widow King's Store.

JOHN H. BOWMAN: ATTORNEY AT LAW, has removed his office to the Lebanon Bank, two doors North of Widow King's Store.

CYRUS P. MILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has removed his office to the Lebanon Bank, two doors North of Widow King's Store.

Dr. Abiah H. Light: OFFICE at the old residence of Dr. Geo. Reidman, in Lebanon, March 25, 1863.

Dr. Geo. F. Bismeyer: OFFICE at the old residence of Dr. Geo. Reidman, in Lebanon, March 25, 1863.

SOLDIERS' PENSIONS: DR. W. M. GULLFORD, Examining Physician for the Government.

1862 NEW STYLES: DAM RIBB, in Cumberland Street, between the Lebanon and Court Houses.

CLOCKS: Thirty Day, Eight Day, Thirty Hour, CLOCKS, Just Received at J. BLAIR'S Jewelry Store.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY: D. C. DISSINGER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in the BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.

WALTZ & HOUCK: A NEW FIRM, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in the BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.

TAKE NOTICE: BUILDERS will be well called on by J. H. Bessman, D. Agent, in regard to all kinds of TIN-ROOFING, SHOOTING and JOB WORK.

HENRY & STINE: HAVE NOW OPENED THEIR LARGE and VERY WELL ASSORTED STOCK of Groceries.

L. R. DEEG'S LIQUOR STORE: Corner of Market and Water Streets, Lebanon, Pa.

Lebanon Advertiser.

VOL. 14--NO. 41. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1863. WHOLE NO. 719.

Notice: THE undersigned having disposed of his Lumber & Coal yard, all persons indebted to him, are requested to call on or before the 1st of APRIL, 1863.

BLANK RECEIPTS: For Collectors of State, County and Militia Tax, for sale cheap at the printer's Office.

George Hoffmann: TRANSPORTATION LINE, By Lebanon Valley Railroad.

NEW GOODS!: JUST RECEIVED AT THE STORE OF L. K. LAUDERMILCH, in Cumberland Street, Lebanon, Pa.

READY MADE CLOTHING: CARPETS! QUEENSWARE! GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

Enemey is Wealth!: CURE YOUR COUGH FOR 13 CENTS. The Best and Cheapest Household Remedy in the World.

Madame ZADOC PORTER'S GREAT COUGH REMEDY: Madame ZADOC PORTER'S Great Cough Remedy, is a simple and effective cure for all kinds of Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma and Affections of the Throat and Lungs.

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BOROUGH ACCOUNT: JOSEPH KAROH, Esq., Treasurer, in account with the Borough of Lebanon, from March 20, to March 9, 1863.

To cash received from D. E. Miller, collector for 1860, in full 470 24 To cash received from Geo. W. Miller, do. do. do. 1947 12 To cash from J. B. Light, for 1862 402 83

To cash from Owen Laubach, Potter's field rent, 1862 3 00 To cash from 2 Circus Licenses 20 00 To cash from D. M. Karman, balance left of R. C. Stock 24 93

To cash for rent from Market House, and Carriage 205 65 \$840.77 By balance due to Treasurer March 20, 1862 4196 32

By cash paid sundry persons, on orders issued for debts contracted by former council, as follows: Wm. Bent, Leathers 41 37 H. H. Reagle, stationery 12 75 Geo. Waltz, do. 9 00

Geo. W. Shay, work at Per. Fire Com. 3 50 D. Walter, Carpenter work 4 00 J. H. Krick, do. 7 12

By cash paid sundry persons or orders issued, as follows: P. F. McCully, Executor of S. McCully, 1/2 Bond in full 300 00 Henry Brand's Estate, Bond in full 104 31

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Choice Poetry: KELLER'S SONG. They tell me I must die, mother, Like as the roses die, mother, They tell me I must die, mother, Within the silent night.

I am not afraid of death, mother, You taught me in my youth, That I should love my God, mother, In sincerity and truth.

I love your home full well, mother, This sweet with thistle live, But I love my Father more, mother, And the life he will give me.

I know you will love me, mother, With one of the stars, But parting is our lot, mother, To meet again above.

I know your household bonds, mother, And pray for me often, And I too, shall go, mother, The youngest of them all.

Oh, close my dying eyes, mother, And pray for me often, And take me to that shore.

I feel that I must die, mother, My Saviour bid me come, My Saviour bid me come, Until we meet in Heaven.

Miscellaneous: A STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS. Contentment is Better than Riches. A GERMAN WONDER-STORY.

On an open space upon one of the most thickly-wooded mountains of Germany may be seen, even now, the gray ruins of the Castle of Dummberg.

It was a warm summer evening that a poor wood-cutter, who had been at work in the woods, was passing the old castle on his way home.

Presently the monk arose, went round to the other side of the tower, and disappeared behind some stones.

Lightly as a cat and stealthily as a serpent the wood-cutter followed, and saw him stop at a door that he never remembered to have seen before.

The monk struck it lightly with his forefinger three times, and then called aloud: "Doorette, open!"

Immediately the door opened, slowly and without the least sound, though from appearances the hinges must have been very rusty.

The monk passed in, and the wood-cutter heard him call again: "Doorette, shut!"

After he was in bed, he began to think what a fool he had been. What could have happened to him more than to the Leuk?

He could not sleep for thinking of all this and of the chance he might have had of getting some of the great treasure that he had always heard was in the vault of that old tower.

was wrapped in a cloud. He groped onwards a few steps, and then remembered that he had left the door open.

"Stop!" said he, "that's not right!" whereupon he groped back again and called, "Doorette, shut!"

By this time, accustomed to the darkness, he could look about him, and saw the whole space crowded with sacks, bags, boxes, and chests filled with gold and silver money, diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of jewels.

"Oh!" exclaimed the poor wood-cutter, "if I had only one single handful of all this, it would give my eight little ones food and clothing for a whole year!"

With all his hard work, his family were almost starving. Just then a voice from the darkness called to him: "Take as much as you choose!"

The poor fellow was so frightened that he turned to run away, and would have fled out of the tower if he had not in his terror quite forgotten the word to open the door.

When they reached the tower, Martin was so agitated at the thought of the vast riches he was going to get, that he could scarcely utter the words that were to open the door.

He did, however, at last stammer them out, and open flew the door, with a noise that made them both tremble in every limb.

Now the curiosity of the neighbors began to be excited, for the wood-cutter's family not only lived and looked more comfortably than ever, but had something for every poor creature that came to their door.

One night after they were all in bed, the wood-cutter's wife said to him: "Hans, do you know how much money we have?"

"No," replied Hans; "I never thought of counting."

"But can you count?" persisted the wife.

"Neither can I," said the wife; "but we must know it."

"I know," said Hans, "that in the market sixteen pecks make a bushel. What shall we do?"

"Weigh it," said the wife. "Neither of us can count so much. We must send for our neighbor's scales."

"You are right," said Hans, and he sent to his neighbor, Martin, and borrowed his scales.

Now neighbor Martin was very miserly and very curious, and he put a bit of soft wax on the bottom of the scales before he sent them.

bags into one large one, threw it over his shoulder, and went for Hans to show him the place.

Hans tried hard to persuade him not to go, and even promised to give him half of what he himself had, but all in vain.

Though he did not say so then, he was resolved to have that; but he entertained the wood-cutter all the way with stories of what he was going to do with his treasures, and made it out a very good action to help him to get it.

He said, to give Hans half, one tenth to the Church, and untold sums to the alms-houses, while every poor man, woman, or child in the whole district was to be clothed from head to foot, and then fasted.

Hans was forced to show him the place, but he so worked upon his fears by telling stories of horrid things that had happened by taking others into such places with those who were seeking treasures, that Martin at last agreed to demand no further assistance from him, after they got the door open, than to take the sacks out after he had filled them and taken them home.

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