

Job Printing:
We have established a new supply of an extensive assortment of JOB TYPE, which will be increased as the demands of the trade require. We can turn out Pamphlets, Circulars, Brochures, Booklets, etc., in any quantity, and at a very reasonable price. We also print and bind all kinds of books, and have a large stock of blank books, and all the latest styles of bookbinding. We also print and bind all kinds of books, and have a large stock of blank books, and all the latest styles of bookbinding.

AT WEIDLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office North West corner of Water and Market Streets.
Lebanon, Pa., Sept. 14, 1864.

GRANT WEIDMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the building formerly occupied by his father, John Weidman, at the corner of Water and Market Streets.
Lebanon, Pa., Sept. 14, 1864.

REMOVAL.
A. STANLEY ULRICH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Has removed his office to the building formerly occupied by his father, John Ulrich, at the corner of Water and Market Streets.
Lebanon, Pa., Sept. 14, 1864.

JACOB WEIDLE, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the building formerly occupied by his father, John Weidle, at the corner of Water and Market Streets.
Lebanon, Pa., Sept. 14, 1864.

REMOVAL.
H. T. BIGGHAUS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the building formerly occupied by his father, John Bigghaus, at the corner of Water and Market Streets.
Lebanon, Pa., Sept. 14, 1864.

CYRUS P. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the building formerly occupied by his father, John Miller, at the corner of Water and Market Streets.
Lebanon, Pa., Sept. 14, 1864.

REMOVAL.
S. T. MACADAM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the building formerly occupied by his father, John Macadam, at the corner of Water and Market Streets.
Lebanon, Pa., Sept. 14, 1864.

BASSLER BOYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the building formerly occupied by his father, John Bassler Boyer, at the corner of Water and Market Streets.
Lebanon, Pa., Sept. 14, 1864.

ARMY AND NAVY
PENSION, BOUNTY, BACK PAY AND BONUS.
We have a large stock of blank books, and all the latest styles of bookbinding.

BASSLER BOYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the building formerly occupied by his father, John Bassler Boyer, at the corner of Water and Market Streets.
Lebanon, Pa., Sept. 14, 1864.

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 stitches, and that is done by the use of the "FLORENCE" system.

Removal of
Parrel's Marble Yard.
JOHN PARREL has removed his Marble Yard to the corner of Water and Market Streets.

New Boot and Shoe Store!
We have a large stock of blank books, and all the latest styles of bookbinding.

Lebanon Advertiser.

VOL. 16—NO. 12. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1864. WHOLE NO. 794

Wistar's Balm
OF
WILD CHERRY.
ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST REMEDIAL BLE REMEDIES IN THE WORLD FOR
Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup and every affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest.

CONSUMPTION.
Wistar's Balm of Wild Cherry.
No general use of this remedy is necessary to account its virtues. It works upon the system, and is a powerful agent in the cure of the many who have been long suffering and suffering from the disease.

THE REV. JACOB SECHLER,
Well known and much respected among the German population in this country, makes the following statement for the benefit of the afflicted:
"I have used Wistar's Balm of Wild Cherry for several years, and it has cured me of my asthma, and I can now breathe freely."

From Hon. John E. Smith, a Distinguished Lawyer in Westminster, Maryland.
I have on several occasions used Dr. Wistar's Balm of Wild Cherry for severe colds, and always with decided benefit. I know of no preparation that is more efficacious in the cure of general colds.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE.
Forty Years' Experience.
Has fully established the superiority of REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE.

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

AMERICAN HOUSE,
Market Street, Lebanon.
JOHN MATTHEWS,
Proprietor.

Free Exhibition.
Geo. L. Atkins,
DESIRING OF EXTENDING HIS
BOOT & SHOE BUSINESS.

George Hoffmann
LEBANON OUNCEY
TRANSPORTATION LINE.
By Lebanon Valley Railroad.

Valuable Three Story Brick House at Private Sale.
The house is situated on Walnut Street, corner of Fall Alley, opposite the Jail, and is a very desirable place for business or as a private residence.

Wheeler & Wilson's
Sewing Machines.
This is a new and improved machine, and is a very desirable one for business or as a private residence.

THE INSURANCE AGENT

MANHATTAN BLON-UP.
Facing the Mississippi lay Browns-ville, as yet was not, and the place therefore was at that epoch inhabited by an ancient family of frogs, a select circle of water snakes, many creatures that be born of the slime, and Fever and Ague. To this flourishing spot came a broken-down New Englander, his sons, and a half score of Irish laborers. They, out drains and raised, dug butts, fished, and cleaned away some, grew some pigs and many ducks, caught fish and alewife, wrought hard for a living, and died of the Fever and Ague.

Two hours after, Kronheim went down to the levee where the Southern steamers were lying. He went to the ticket office, and engaged a passage for New Orleans in the "Manhattan," a famous Mississippi racing boat, that was running in opposition to the "General Cobb" from Brownsville to New Orleans.

It may be noted here that the great race came duly off. The "Manhattan" was ahead of the "General Cobb" at a bend in the river some hundred miles down the smart captain saw his rival gradually drawing ahead. The smart captain could not turn on all steam for that was already a great deal of steam in the furnace, and the "General Cobb" was plowing where it should have been.

Leaving the ticket clerk's office, Karl Kronheim went about the city, did some business, and mentioned casually in several quarters, that his brother Louis was going down next day to New Orleans to see about some large arrivals of bones there.

He went home, and thought and waited for the night. The man had no fear in him, no remorse, no mercy; in fine, no conscience. He sat him down to think out what he was going to do. He dined with Louis at the usual hour, and drank rather less than usual.

Towards evening the brothers were in the counting house together, when Kronheim who was sitting silently before the stove, turned round to the desk where Louis was at work at his ledger, and said:

"Before the men leave off work, Louis, will you get me to make up the furnaces, fill the vats, and set the boilers? I think we had best sit up to-night and get all the accounts made out for the past half year. We can give an eye to the furnaces ourselves, and if you want sleep, you can get it on board the steamer to-morrow, when you have nothing better to do."

Louis laughed quietly, but got down from his stool and went out to the yard to give orders. Closing hour arrived just as he had seen all prepared, and the men filed out at the sound of the bell. As the manager bade him good night, Louis said to him:

"By the way, Dixon, I may send you down the river the day after to-morrow, so get your traps ready; only don't tell any one of your journey. It's business that you can do as well as I can, and I want it done quietly. Don't say anything about it; perhaps you may not be wanted, after all; but still be ready. Good night."

And so the yard gates were closed; and with a look round the fed-up furnaces and the row of shimmering vats, Louis Horn went back to the counting house. The machinery was in oil all sides by high walls, closed up by heavy iron gates. A narrow court on which the crates, fuel for the furnaces, material of various kinds, behind this was a second wall, or rather palisade of timber, with a wicket door opening into the counting house, and communicating by a back door with the long line of buildings which held the vats and boilers.

ed. I will never give her up, as I am a living man." He turned on his heel and left the room.

Then he said to Karl Kronheim: "I am looking after his brother as he went. Then I shall kill you."

Two hours after, Kronheim went down to the levee where the Southern steamers were lying. He went to the ticket office, and engaged a passage for New Orleans in the "Manhattan," a famous Mississippi racing boat, that was running in opposition to the "General Cobb" from Brownsville to New Orleans.

It may be noted here that the great race came duly off. The "Manhattan" was ahead of the "General Cobb" at a bend in the river some hundred miles down the smart captain saw his rival gradually drawing ahead. The smart captain could not turn on all steam for that was already a great deal of steam in the furnace, and the "General Cobb" was plowing where it should have been.

Leaving the ticket clerk's office, Karl Kronheim went about the city, did some business, and mentioned casually in several quarters, that his brother Louis was going down next day to New Orleans to see about some large arrivals of bones there.

He went home, and thought and waited for the night. The man had no fear in him, no remorse, no mercy; in fine, no conscience. He sat him down to think out what he was going to do. He dined with Louis at the usual hour, and drank rather less than usual.

Towards evening the brothers were in the counting house together, when Kronheim who was sitting silently before the stove, turned round to the desk where Louis was at work at his ledger, and said:

"Before the men leave off work, Louis, will you get me to make up the furnaces, fill the vats, and set the boilers? I think we had best sit up to-night and get all the accounts made out for the past half year. We can give an eye to the furnaces ourselves, and if you want sleep, you can get it on board the steamer to-morrow, when you have nothing better to do."

Louis laughed quietly, but got down from his stool and went out to the yard to give orders. Closing hour arrived just as he had seen all prepared, and the men filed out at the sound of the bell. As the manager bade him good night, Louis said to him:

"By the way, Dixon, I may send you down the river the day after to-morrow, so get your traps ready; only don't tell any one of your journey. It's business that you can do as well as I can, and I want it done quietly. Don't say anything about it; perhaps you may not be wanted, after all; but still be ready. Good night."

ber Dodd, a large farmer and wheat grower some miles from Brownsville, sent in a sample of ground bones to Dr. Sharpe, for analysis and a report thereon: for the keen eyed old agriculturist suspected (though without just cause) that the last supply he had ordered from Horn and Kronheim had been adulterated. The second event was, on that same day Karl Kronheim made a claim on the company for immediate payment of the large sum insured on the life of the late Louis Horn, lost in the Manhattan explosion.

One of the weak points in Dr. Sharpe's disposition, was a most positive and rooted antipathy to the payment of claims, whenever his company would thereby be a loser, this was very wrong, of course; but Dr. Sharpe, couldn't help it; it was his nature; and so the first thing he always did himself to think about, when such a claim was made, could it be resisted? and how? The Doctor, moreover, was an analyst of mind as well as matter, and liked experiments on human nature. Full of these thoughts, Dr. Sharpe went to a room which he kept fitted up as a half laboratory; half-workshop, on his table he found old Jabez Dodd's sample, and rather listlessly set about arranging his apparatus for the analysis.

With his mind quite absorbed in the deep consideration whether there might not be some means of saving the office and his own managerial reputation from the loss with which they were threatened, he mechanically threw some handful of the bones out of the bag, which was branded "Horn & Kronheim," and spread them out before him. Then he got a powerful magnifier out of its case, and whilst abstractedly rubbing it with a bit of wash leather, his eye caught a small white object glistening in the heap on the table. He picked it up, looked at it for a moment, gave a little start, brushed his eyes nervously, and then said, in a very low, grave voice:

"By—! it's the mineral tooth that I made not two months ago for Louis Horn!"

Dr. Sharpe spent the rest of the day shut closely up in his room, thinking. In the evening he sent notices to all the directors of the Phoenix Insurance Company, requesting them to come to a private meeting the next day.

The meeting took place. The members couldn't exactly understand what their manager was driving at, but they had confidence in him: were not at all reluctant to save the company a heavy claim, if they could do so safely; and finally agreed to place the settlement of the claim for the amount insured on the life of the late Louis Horn unconditionally in the hands of Dr. Sharpe. As the meeting broke up, the chairman said to one of the other members of the Board, that Sharpe was a deep old fellow, but that he was playing a risky game in the present case.

"Never you mind," said the other. "Trust old Sharpe to keep it all square. He'll save the claim if he can; and if he can't he'll settle it without compromising the office. After all, it can only come to paying the money. I can't even conceive what grounds he can have to go on; but when Sharpe says he has reason to think he can get us out, and prevent a swindle, I for one, say, let him be trusted to manage it as he likes, and no questions asked by us. It will not be the first time that old Sharpe has saved the Phoenix from being plucked."

The chairman, who liked little jokes, laughed, and went about his business.

It was an hour after, the following letter was delivered to Karl Kronheim: "Office of the Phoenix Insurance Company: The Manager wishes to see Mr. Kronheim this evening, to arrange his claim for payment of the life of the late Mr. Louis Horn, at six o'clock."

Six o'clock came. Dr. Sharpe in his office, at his desk. Mr. Kronheim shown in; he takes his seat by request of the manager on the other side of the desk, in full face and front of the light.

"Good evening, Dr. Sharpe. I've come, as you appointed, to receive payment of the amount of that policy."

With a very peculiar smile on his very peculiar countenance, the manager lifted his eyes, caught Kronheim's looked at him very fixedly and then made reply only.

"Indeed," Kronheim looked surprised, but never flinched; returned the manager's stare without a shadow of variation in color and expression, and waited for further observations which did not come; and then Kronheim got impatient.

"Well, Dr. Sharpe?" "Well, Mr. Karl Kronheim?" "You know what you brought me here for, sir, I suppose."

"Yes, rather," replied the manager. "Well, sir, I have no time to waste. I'll thank you to get to business."

Kronheim was getting irritable, which pleased the manager; who, with most provoking leisure, rubbed his chin thoughtfully, never taking his eyes off Kronheim's for a moment, and made no answer.

Kronheim flushed up, and said, with heat, "Dr. Sharpe, I don't understand this kind of treatment. You have brought me here by appointment, and now you refuse to pay me. Let me see to it at once. You had better hand me over the money, and let me go. Here's a receipt for it, which, as I value my time, I brought with me."

As he spoke the keen eyes that were always fixed upon his, saw something fast, and threatening to overflow. Then the manager played his first move.

"Mr. Kronheim," said he, slowly and distinctly, "we don't intend to pay this claim."

"What!" cried Kronheim, startled but not frightened, (that he never was); "do I understand you, Dr. Sharpe, to say that you refuse to pay me the money?"

The Advertiser:
A FAMILY PAPER FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY.
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
By WM. M. BRISLEY.
2d Story of Frick's New Building, Cumberland St.
At One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year.
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.
No Advertisements printed at an hour's notice.
RATES OF POSTAGE:
In Lebanon County, out of Lebanon county 5 cents per quarter, or 20 cents a year.
Out of this State, 10 cents per quarter, or 40 cents a year.
If the postage is not paid in advance, rates are double.

hand me over the money, and let me go. Here's a receipt for it, which, as I value my time, I brought with me."

As he spoke the keen eyes that were always fixed upon his, saw something fast, and threatening to overflow. Then the manager played his first move.

"Mr. Kronheim," said he, slowly and distinctly, "we don't intend to pay this claim."

"What!" cried Kronheim, startled but not frightened, (that he never was); "do I understand you, Dr. Sharpe, to say that you refuse to pay me the money?"

"Of what grounds?" "I decline to state my grounds."

"You will not state your grounds of refusal, and yet you refuse to pay the claim?"

"Then, sir, you and your company are swindlers, and I will sue you at the law."

"As you please," said the manager. "I will expose you in every paper in the States as a gang of swindlers. I will proclaim you insolvent and fraudulent, and smash you up."

"As you please," was still the reply of the deliberate doctor. Kronheim was fairly out of temper now. The manager moved again.

"No, Mr. Kronheim; I tell you we will not pay you the money insured on the life of your late brother, Louis Horn; I tell you we will not pay it, and I will not tell you why we refuse."