

Pamphlets, Checks, Business Cards, Handbills, Circulars, Labels, Bill Headings, Blanks, Programs, Bills of Fare, Invitations, Tickets, &c., &c.

REAL ESTATE. A fine business Room. FOR RENT. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

Store Room, &c., for Rent. A large store room, basement and two floors, in the new brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

For Rent. A two-story brick dwelling house, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

Private Sale. A fine lot of land, situated in the township of Lebanon, Pa., containing about 10 acres.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

Private Sale. A fine lot of land, situated in the township of Lebanon, Pa., containing about 10 acres.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

Private Sale. A fine lot of land, situated in the township of Lebanon, Pa., containing about 10 acres.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

Private Sale. A fine lot of land, situated in the township of Lebanon, Pa., containing about 10 acres.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

Private Sale. A fine lot of land, situated in the township of Lebanon, Pa., containing about 10 acres.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

Private Sale. A fine lot of land, situated in the township of Lebanon, Pa., containing about 10 acres.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

Private Sale. A fine lot of land, situated in the township of Lebanon, Pa., containing about 10 acres.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

Private Sale. A fine lot of land, situated in the township of Lebanon, Pa., containing about 10 acres.

REAL ESTATE. FOR RENT. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

For Rent. A two-story brick building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

A Thrilling Tale.

THE HANGING GUEST.

It is a grand discovery of our day, and one that has furnished the material for many a distinguished author's renown, that nothing in the world is more interesting, admirable, dignified and edifying, than the life of a respectable robber. The jail is your only real palace of romance; blood is the lemonade of modern literature.

Two versts from— You must allow me to promise that my robber is none of your virtuous sort. I tell my tale only for the amusement of my readers, perhaps, also for their instruction, but by no means for the purpose of acquiring for myself the reputation of a philosopher of the "young school" of literature; moreover, I rather pride myself on not being able to comprehend their philosophy.

Early on Sunday morning in the month of August, my worship Gaurila Michailowitch, with his honored lady Parekoyta Yegorovan, set off for the city in a britschka, to transact sundry urgent matters of business, viz, to go to church, to drink with his reverence and protopope, to eat and be convicted with the District Attorney, to hear the town news from the commandant's lady, to read the St. Petersburg papers at the District Treasurer's, and to play boston at the Governor's.

PHOTOGRAPHS. HELLO, BOY, where are you going that you are dressed up so? I. H. KELLY in Adam Rice's Building, corner of 2nd and 3rd streets, Lebanon, Pa.

James H. Kelly, 210 N. MAMMOTH WCH, LEBANON, PA. OFFERS TO THE PUBLIC elegant and extensive assortment of PARIS STYLES OF FINE JEWELRY.

Stove, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware. In Market Street, next door to the Lebanon Bank, W. H. KELLY has the largest and best assortment of COOKING STOVES, RANGES, &c.

"Not at all. But what do you mean by pocketing the key?" Instead of answering, he went up to her, and patted her on the cheek. She sprang from him.

"Why do you lock the door? Give me the key, or I will cry out." "That will do you no good. I know very well there is no one in the house."

"I never visit acquaintances," he replied, with an altered look, and a tone that froze the poor girl's blood.

"Who are you, I say?" she cried in despair, but with an assumption of courage, with a fire that was gradually extinguished by her gushing tears.

"Who I am?" "Yes, who you are? Your calling? Your name?" "I am a thief."

"Thief!" she echoed, alteringly, turning as white as snow. "I am a thief by name and a robber by station," he said, with a smile, and looking tenderly into her blue eyes.

"I have no breakfast for you; there is nothing to eat in the whole house. Go, breakfast in the public house, if you have a mind. By the same token, you smell of brandy enough to knock one backward; I dare say you have made a very good breakfast already."

"I am your man," replied a deep husky voice, as there cautiously entered through the open door a big-bellied fellow in a tattered frieze cloak and faded cap, with a swarthy face, much in want of the barber's office.

veal with ravenous voracity, and squinting sideways at his companion, "I gave you a jolly start, didn't I?" "I believe you did! I wonder who would not be frightened so?"

"There's another bottle in the cupboard." "Have the goodness to bring it here." "There it is."

"Thank you. By your leave I'll give you a kiss for it." "Duna no longer dared to resist; she submitted with the best grace she could to the rude kiss, contenting herself with wiping the place where his sharp beard had scratched her soft skin till it almost bled."

"To let you see that I am up to a thing or two," he went on, after he had gulped his third glass of brandy, "I will tell you that a clerk brought your master 1500 roubles yesterday from the Ivanovitch V, whose case was brought last week before the district court. Is not that true?"

"What is your pleasure?" "I wish, my love, you would be so obliging as to come with me to the public house, to see my friend."

"What pleasure can you take in plaguing me so cruelly?" said Duna, not crediting that the ugly jester with the red nose could be in earnest.

"Why don't you answer?" he said examining the secretary and the lock. "I should be glad to know—whether you would rather—be hanged, or—"

your choice? Waste no time; but tell me what death will you die?" "Well, I'm sure! Am't you ashamed, sir? It is a very ugly joke this. I'm not joking at all, my sweet one."

"What have I done to you? You have taken whatever you pleased; I did not hinder you." "That's very true; but do you see, I can't abide leaving eye witnesses behind me; I wash my hands of them by all means. With others I do not stand on ceremony; but as you, my love, are such a nice, good-natured, amiable little dear, I will give you your choice of death. I love politeness; I too have been brought up in St. Petersburg."

"Still she would not believe that he was in earnest." "Now, then, let's have it at once; I have no time to lose. Let us put compliments aside. I am extremely sorry, but you must die by my hand. I am not going to be such a fool as to let you live to tell what sort of monstrous eyes, nose, clothes, &c., I have got—what I did here and there way I went. Now, Avdotya Yermeyevna, answered me quickly."

"Every word of her cold blooded torturer was a dagger stroke to her; her whole blood, all the warm current of her life, surged back upon her heart; her limbs grew icy cold, and floods of tears poured over her inanimate face. She tottered and fell to the floor. In her fall she caught the robber's foot, and kissed it. "Have mercy on me!" she shrieked.

"Oh, spare my life, I implore you! I swear to you, before the Holy Virgin, I will not say a syllable to any one. May I never see heaven if I do! For the sake of the blessed St. Nicholas, have compassion upon me! I will pray all my life for you, as for my own father, my brother—"

"The inexorable miscreant shook off from his foot, kicking her in the breast. In vain she raised her imploring looks and arms towards him; in vain she thought to touch his stony heart with all that intense despair, and the clinging love for a youthful, joyous existence, could breathe into the words, the voice and the tears of a helpless being. The villain, harder than granite, grew every moment more savage. Raging with impatience, he caught her by the hair, forced back her head, drew his knife from his boot, and was about to plunge it in her throat."

"Do me a favor, sweet, sweet Duna! Fetch a knife—cut the cursed rope! I am dying with pain!" The girl jumped off the table, and ran to the pantry. Poor creature! she little knew the return the red nosed guest was prepared to make for her kindness of heart. She found a knife; she hurried back; she was on the threshold of the scene of torture, when the table on which the robber had rested his foot, turned over with a loud noise. He had upset it in endeavoring to change his feet. Once more he was swinging with all his weight in the air. A piercing yell told the sudden renewal of his former tortures. Duna stooped short at the door. Her hideously distorted face struck her with involuntary horror; she thought it was Satan's own features she beheld. The sight riveted her to the spot where she stood; she shuddered, and dared not move a step forward.

Lebanon Advertiser. A FAMILY PAPER FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY. IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY W. H. KELLY, 210 N. MAMMOTH WCH, LEBANON, PA. 33 Story of Funch's New Building, Cumberland At One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year.