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NUMBER 14.

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

J. C. BURGESS & CO.
GROCERIES,
FLOUR,
PORK, &c.,
AT WHOLESALE.

E. P. MIDDLETON & BRO.
COGNAC & ROCHELLE BRANDIES,
HOLLAND GIN,
Scotch and Irish Whiskies,
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CHAMPAGNE WINES.

J. N. KLINE & CO.,
IMPORTERS OF
Wines, Brandies, Gins, &c.,
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J. O. BURGESS & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS
Agents for
FAIRBANK'S SCALES!

DR. FOREST, ARMSTRONG, & CO.
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
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WAMSUTTA PRINTS!
A NEW PAPER, WHICH SELLS IN THE COUNTRY
FOR THE BEST OF ANY OTHER.

FLEMING BROS.,
GEORGE W. SMITH,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers
in Groceries, Groceries, Groceries.

WALL PAPER, &c.,
PARK ROW BOOK STORE,
GROCERIES! GROCERIES!
THE subscribers have now on hand the
largest and most varied stock of

GIVE EAR YE DEAF!
A LADY who has been using
Carter's Ear Remedy, writes
that she has been cured.

PAPER HANGINGS
For the Spring Trade!
I HAVE IN STORE
and on order a large stock of
the latest styles of

WRIGHT'S BLOCK,
STATE STREET, ERIE, PA.
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
Domestic and Foreign Fruits.

A NEW THING!
THE
CHAMPION
AND
AMERICAN BOY
FINE CUT
Chewing Tobacco!

A. MORRISON,
Sole Wholesale By
J. C. BURGESS & CO.,
ERIE, PA.

BUTTER! BUTTER!
We will pay
cash for Butter in Families of no quantity, during
the season.

THE LIFE CLOCK.
What is this within my being,
That ticks away so fast,
And tells me that I'm dying,
Before I'm half my age?

CHOICE LITERATURE.
My Neighbor, the Prophet.
FROM THE ATLANTIC.

CONCLUDED.
We walked to the station, and found our
party waiting for the Boston train.

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me that Doctor Potter had disappeared—
So he had. I think that he was ashamed
to meet me again, and therefore ran away.
The doctors thought that I was a mad
man, and that I had been driven mad by
the conclusion, that like Enchanted
before him, he had been translated. They
cried for him a good deal more than he
was worth, quarrelled scandalously among
themselves, sold their house at a loss, and
departed. I know nothing more of them.
Neither do I know anything further of my
neighbor, the prophet.

A ROMANCE OF BALTIMORE.—The Baltimore
Courier relates the following suggestive and
poetic romance, the scene of which is laid
in the city.

A little incident characteristic of good
fortune, flowing from economy, prudence
and perseverance, came within range of my
notice during the recent year, which, if
properly portrayed, may prove of some
benefit to others. The story is yet unwritten. I will
endeavor to present it briefly. Less than a
semi-decade ago, there might have been
seen in our city, seated at some public cor-
ner of a crowded street, a young, poorly clad
Italian woman, with a sunken face, black-
eyelid child in her arms. Beneath
blackened hair and a sun-burnt face, could
be discerned lineaments of beauty, height-
ened into sympathetic attraction by the
sweet smile of innocence. Tho' the gar-
ments of both mother and infant were
an tattered, yet cleanliness and an air of
neatness always told that a careful hand
adjusted them. Day after day, veiling far
into evening shades, passed, giving place
to new mornings, and still this apparently for-
saken pilgrim of the Italian clime, sat at her
post and the moving, busy throng, mod-
estly begging a sustenance for herself and
tender offspring.

A year had made its revolution, and still
she was there, constant, unchanging, ex-
cept to a browner hue. The baby grew
its full eyes brightened into sweet ex-
pression, whilst waves of sunlit happiness
now and then illumined the mother's bosom.
Another annual round, and she, with her
tender charge, disappeared. The lonely
place that knew them once, knew no other
occupants. Time passed, and they were
forgotten. The sequel, however, has re-
cently come to my knowledge. Some days
ago there appeared in our metropolis an
opulent Southern merchant. He came to
purchase goods, and pay cash for a bill of
several thousand dollars. "Who is my
strange though fortunate customer?" in-
quired the gentleman with whom he dealt.
"I will tell you," replied the stranger. "I
know you, but you have not the same ad-
vantage with me, excepting my name. I
was the husband of your sweetest, my
wife, who sat in your streets with an infant
in her arms, and to whom you often—very
often—as she has since told me, gave alms."

We came to America young but poor, and
I think honest, I was a poor emigrant,
and could find nothing to do. From the
little my good Signora had saved, I pur-
chased a hand organ, and set out on a mu-
sical expedition. I made a tour, passing
through several States, going far West and
South—was gone many months, and found
my wife all the time. My Signora still
maintained herself upon charitable dona-
tions. I finally returned to Baltimore with
three hundred dollars, found my wife and
little one, and departed for the South—
sailing in Virginia, commencing business
in a small way, fortune smiled on me, and
we are now the owners and occupants of a com-
fortable home, possessing wealth, abun-
dantly and happily."

Such is in substance the story of these
parties, founded upon facts all cognate
to many who still recall them. It is a
commentary upon the unfeeling way of
perseverance, and shows what may be ac-
complished even under the most adverse
circumstances. Only a few days ago this
now ennobled merchant, in our city,
purchased a hand organ, the amount of several
thousand dollars, and paid for them in
cash.

A LOST HUSBAND AND A LOST WIFE.—A
scene occurred on the seven A. M. train
from New York south on Tuesday morn-
ing, which, for a time, created quite an
excitement among the passengers. Among
those on the train was a lady about thirty
years of age, who was good looking and
attracted much attention from her air of
melancholy. At Princeton, a sum-burnt but
very handsome gentleman entered the car
in which the lady in question was seated.
No sooner had the parties glanced at each
other than the lady exclaimed, "I recog-
nize myself! It appeared that the gentle-
man in question was her husband, whom
she had not seen for ten years. He had
started for California when first the gold
fever broke out. The parties at that time
resided in Princeton. The husband was
a member of the family, and had been
married for a long time. Prior to his con-
valescence the lady had gone South in the
company of a governess, and wrote that fact
to her husband, who, unfortunately, did
not receive her letter. His friends re-
spected him, the husband informed, and he
returned to the States a few days ago—
Meantime the lady had fallen heir to a
large Southern estate, left her by a
member of the family, who had been
teaching. The explanations being
made, the once more united couple started
on a Southern tour together.

A GLASSY BRAND.—Don't hurt any
body. You know a person, you don't
know a highlander, a specimen of man-
kind, but you know a highlander. He had
no bearing of spirit, or he is one of our
menial creatures. His face wears the hue
of health, and now, at the age of fifty odd,
he has the quick look of age, of young
men of twenty five, in none more full of
life and vigor. He is a highlander, a high-
lander, and he is a highlander, and he is
never goes to bed without a terrapin or oys-
ter supper with plenty of champagne and
more than that he never knew to be
drunk. So here is a living example and
proof of the fact that a highlander is
the dangerous nature of an effect of those
who are never drunk nor even out of li-
quor. He left his six children and had
ships on every sea, and credit at every
corner, which he never had occasion to
use.

For months before he died—he was a
year dying—he could eat or drink nothing
without distress, and at his death the whole
alimentary canal was a mass of disease—
in the midst of the millions, he died of man-
na. This is not half, really. He had
been a steady drinker, a daily drinker,
for twenty eight years. He left a lega-
cy to his children which he did not mean
to. Scotland had eaten upon daughter
for fifteen years; another in the mad-
house; the third and fourth of uncharity
Tourette; there was a kind of grandeur
in that beauty, but they lighted, and he
faded into heaven, another, in their
sweetest teens, another is tottering on the
verge of the grave, and only one of them is
left with all the senses, and each of them
as weak as I am. Why, he came from
the dissecting room and made a note out
it was so horrible—Halt's Journal of Health.

A LITTLE INCIDENT.—A gentleman from New York, married
and wealthy, visited the Springs last week with his
nephew "Charley"—a bright handsome young
man, who attracted the envy of the men, and the at-
tention of the ladies. Charley rode, smoked,
drank, and did many other fashionable things,
and was what may be called "fast." One day
he drank too much, and in consequence talked
too much, stating among many funny things
that he was a slave—and that "Charley" was a
woman. This proved to be a fact, and on the
development the married New Yorker, and the
female, Charley, left for elsewhere.