

THE ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER

VOLUME 36.

ERIE, PA. THURSDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 14, 1909.

On occasions, and Viola was... Where's Lizzy?

CHEAP GOODS! Wholesale and Retail. GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE.

F. & M. SCHLAUDECKER, are now receiving at their old stand, American Block, State street, a large and superior stock of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, WINES, LIQUORS, WOODEN, AND STONE WARE.

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Special Notices. TO THE NERVOUS, DEBILITATED AND DEPRESSED...

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING...

VALUABLE RECIPES—DRAINER: With your permission, I wish to say to the readers of your paper...

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TO THE NERVOUS, DEBILITATED AND DEPRESSED...

DEAR COMMERCIAL COLLEGE: You look me, William, from a girl, into your home and heart...

No; I would rather share your tear than any other's...

I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears grow dim...

There's only one return I crave...

And when at last I sleep...

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"Thank you, sir," he said, unconsciously. "As it is late, and I am tired, I will quit in the vicinity, I shall only say your hospitable offer."

"Oh, papa! is it true that Martin is?"

"She stopped short, and Blanche, a plump, languishing blonde, who was curled upon the sofa, with a novel in her hand, burst into a giggle as the confidential clerk's tall figure loomed up behind her portly parent."

"My dear," said Mr. Elliott, flourishing his hand, "this is Mr. Hartwell, the secretary—clerk—I scarcely know what to call him—except by Mr. Martin's name, but I shall call him Mr. Hartwell."

"Blanche bent her head stiffly. Blanche just nodded. Truly the confidential clerk felt that his greeting could scarcely be characterized as over warm."

"Papa," whispered Lizzy, following her you said: "Blanche said that you were a girl!"

"That's just a man's view of things," pouted the young lady. "You might know that Blanche and I had nothing to do with—must have our own pink dresses made against Mr. Martin's return—and the best bedroom must be prepared."

"No, papa, I don't forget anything of the sort," retorted Lizzy sharply. "But I am sure that it is no way to give Mr. Martin a favorable impression for him to see his daughter with her hair cut like a clerk. He will suppose—be must suppose—that our associations are of the very lowest! Papa, it is too bad!"

"And Miss Viola burst into tears. "I am astonished," she cried, added Blanche, who had entered to participate in the discussion. "Inviting a clerk—a common clerk—to our house! At any rate he must sleep in the little dark room over the kitchen. So you can have the best bedroom aspected just as if he were not here."

"Papa," resumed Lizzy, still brooding on the original grievance, "what did you see you to invite him here?"

"My dear," returned the perplexed father, "I am sure that you will see that Martin by every means in my power. Of course I don't care for the young man personally. We can get rid of him in a day or two."

"Confidential Clerk, standing in front of the bright red sparkle of the fire in the room beyond, smiled to himself even while a deep indignant flush mounted to his forehead, as he involuntarily overheard the little voice play-by-play in the other room."

"And this," he murmured to himself, "is all the welcome a wanderer receives, after twenty years spent upon the starling rocks of a foreign land! Home! The word has a pretty echo, yet it has something hollow in its sound after all!"

"Mr. Confidential Clerk," you are crying!"

"Crying! You needn't try to deceive me, sir," nodded Lizzy, who had been called to his side, with a white kitten in her arms. "I saw the bright dog sparkling on your eyelashes like a great diamond, and then I saw it fall upon the hearth. Why are you crying? It because you are poor and friendless, and of—of—what did you call it? Oh, of common-place extraction?"

"He did not answer. There was something in the soft, pitying shine of those black eyes that entranced his gaze. Lizzy came closer to him, with her hand to keep a sympathetic moisture from her own dark lashes."

"Don't cry!" she pleaded, softly. "Cheer up! I know papa is patronizing and that girls are cross, but I'll be your friend! I'm going to get a job, and I'll begin the world as poor and friendless as yourself, and yet have triumphed over fortune."

"He smiled. "My dear little girl—"

"I'm not a little girl," interrupted Lizzy, indignantly. "I was sixteen last November."

"Well, then, my young lady," resumed the confidential clerk, smiling, "I will accept your words as an omen of coming good fortune. Tell me about Martin's tower. Is it a pretty place?"

"It is a splendid place!" corrected Lizzy, with grave enthusiasm. "With marble mantels, you know all carved like ancient gods and goddesses, and floors of inlaid wood, and ceilings all painted to look like yellow sunsets and spots in the woods when the vines are growing over them. And there are lawns and wide gravel walks, and I once passed through the glass doors of the conservatory and saw great blue passion flowers and caudexes like tassels of flame, and orange trees with bright ripe oranges growing on them. It's like a fairy story."

"Lizzy! Lizzy! you are talking far more than is proper a child," interrupted Mr. Elliott, breaking in upon her tete-tete. "Put down that kitten and go to your French immediately."

"And as the plump blonde with the tangled curls obeyed, the older sister's eyes were cast upon the young girl, a "dignity of the family—nothing but a confidential clerk," reached Hartwell's ear, together with Miss Lizzy's pettish reply.

"Don't care—I like him!"

"The next morning the Confidential Clerk exchanged the "little room over the kitchen" for a more comfortable and spacious apartment in the village inn, whence superintended the projected improvement at Martin's tower, and all the Lizzy was in the course of her daily rambles through the Martin's tower woods. If Blanche and Viola had only known the rapidly cementing friendship that had sprung up between the two, with a shock their aristocratic tendencies would have received!

"Lizzy! Lizzy Elliott! I am ashamed of you."

"But, papa, he says he loves me!"

"Loves you!" echoed Viola, holding up both hands. "Papa, only listen to her! A paltry clerk, to dare fall in love with our Lizzy!"

"A mere child, too—not seventeen," chimed in Blanche, whose twenty-seventh birthday was looming darkly over her. "Papa, I wish you would buy Lizzy a doll and send her to boarding school."

THE DRY GOODS STORE. KNOWN AS MERRILL'S. WILL REMOVE THIS WEEK TO THE NEW AND ELEGANT STORE REED HOUSE.

LOOK OUT FOR BARGAINS! September 21, 1909-10.

Erie Ale Brewery, CORNER OF PARADE AND BUFFALO STREETS.

Erie City Lager Brewery, CORNER OF POPLAR AND RIDGE STREETS.

Erie Malt & Barley Warehouses, CORNER OF 7TH STREET & CANAL BASIN.

Pal and Amber XX and XXX Ales, The Best Quality and Loyal Varieties of Lager, Pilsener and Cereals, etc., for sale by A. KING.

AMERICAN HOUSE, SOUTH WEST CORNER OF THE PARK & STATE STS. ERIE, PA. JOHN DUNCAN, PROPRIETOR.

The undersigned having taken charge of the above well-known Hotel and resided in it superior style, respectfully calls the attention of the public to the same. They are acknowledged to be the best in use and are the cheapest in the market.

Sewing Machines! THE CHEAPEST & BEST. BUY EITHER THE EMPIRE OR SINGER.

The undersigned having been appointed agent in Erie for the above celebrated Machines, respectfully calls the attention of the public to the same. They are acknowledged to be the best in use and are the cheapest in the market.

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DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF GROCERIES, FRUITS, VEGETABLES AND PROVISIONS. FINE STREETS, BETWEEN STATE AND FRENCH, ERIE, PA.

Having purchased our stock before the late rise in prices, we are now able to sell our goods at very low prices and of the highest quality.

Country Produce of every sort bought and sold. Farmers are invited to call and receive the highest market prices for their articles.

DEALERS IN THE ADJOINING TOWNS. And on the Lines of Railroads, SUPPLIED WITH FRUIT, VEGETABLES, ETC. Give us a Call.

REMEMBER MAY & JACKSON'S MARKET DEPOT, FINE STREETS. 247-7.

ADMINISTRATIVE NOTICE: Letters of Administration on the Estate of Nathan Rathbun, deceased, late of Amity township, having been granted to the undersigned, all claims against the same are hereby notified to call and pay the same, and those having claims against the same to present them, within the time specified, for settlement.