

SLOAN & MOORE, PUBLISHERS. VOLUME 26. THE ERIE OBSERVER. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING. One square 3 months \$2.00. One square 6 months \$3.50. One square 1 year \$5.00.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY. CHANCERY OFFICE. BANKING. INSURANCE. REAL ESTATE. STOCKS AND BONDS.

WILLIAM WELLS. BERNARD MCGILLI. GEORGE J. MORRISON.

Pierce's Superior Percussion Matches. 100 PIANO FORTE. MANN'S PIANO FORTE.

PARKER, GRAY & DAVIS. REAL ESTATE BROKERS. LAND, INSURANCE AND GENERAL AGENTS.

WELLS, THOMPSON. THOMAS MOOREHEAD. WILSON & COMPANY.

W. J. LINTS, INSURANCE AGENT. J. W. LITTLE, REAL ESTATE.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL MILLINERY. T. R. BLAKE. A. R. BELL.

ROUSE & KENNEDY. ROBERT W. SPENCER. W. H. JAMICK.

WILLIAMS AND GUNTON'S. EXPRESS & TRANSPORTATION CO.

WILLIAMS AND GUNTON'S. JAMES C. HARRISON. JOHN W. HARRIS.

JAMES C. HARRISON. JOHN W. HARRIS. JAMES C. HARRISON.

Select Poetry. MINSTER ALDA.

When the evening drops her mantle On the glowing pine hills, And the purple night comes stealing, Light the soft and gentle rain...

Choice Miscellany. BERTHA.

Under a group of fragrant lindens, at a little German maid, sitting at her spinning wheel, The morning sun glaced brightly on the... "This is my father's house, and I must go."

of the town, and listening I discover in her a love of music uncommon in so young a girl. She is richly gifted with a rare and lovely voice...

"You will agree to my proposal, I trust," said the stranger, as the old woman paused to wipe away the tears that fell at the memory of her faithful son.

"Your grandmother will tell you pleasant news; and when I come again I shall not leave you when I bid adieu."

"Bertha took the generous hand that looked so delicate in both her little unburned ones, and kissed it, saying timidly, 'Ah! dear sir, how can we thank you for your kindness...'

"I am not your friend," she replied, turning to the paper he had given. "I am your father's friend, and I must go."

"Dear grandmother, tell me now what does it mean? Who will be come again? and why does he give me all this gold for a poor song?"

"Ob, child, it is all true, and shall I really learn to sing the beautiful strange songs the voice murmur in my ear..."

"I do not wonder at your joy, for my own heart is running over with delight to think that you are to be married to a rich and noble young man."

"I have never felt them," answered Bertha, shaking down upon the mossy ground. "Let me sit here and think, it is so dark and cold within here..."

"I cannot leave this little nightingale to sing unheeded, she must fulfill the destiny so plainly here, and Heaven grant she never may have cause to reproach me for what I am about to do."

get the past, the quiet years in this old home, and perhaps even the simple friends you give to leaving now," he added, half in jest, half in earnest.

"Do not say that I shall ever cease to cherish, above all other passions, thoughts, and feelings, a deep love and gratitude for those who gave to the orphan child a happy home..."

"This hope had often haunted him before as he beheld her blooming into womanhood; but, fearing lest she should be blighted by her generous affection, and in her gratitude should sacrifice her future happiness..."

"So, banishing each tender look or word that might trouble her, he drew her to his side, saying in his low, earnest tones, 'Bertha, if I wondered you, it was an idle, selfish fear...'

"You are a child no longer, and I cannot treat you as one," Bertha replied, drawing her up, and giving a startled glance at her grandfather's face...

"No, in the gathering twilight, with the murmur of the fountain mingling with their voices, the first true glances of dawn shone in the east, as standing by the fountain with a few scattered thorns upon his cheek..."

"I am content with this, and will not ask for more yet," said Ernest, looking down in her upturned face with a change of expression...

"Dear friend, take all, take anything I own if it can give you pleasure," she answered warmly. "There is nothing I possess I would not freely offer you who have given me so much."

"The light and glow had vanished from Ernest's face, leaving it colorless and wan as the moonlight stealing into the dim room. But his happy dream was broken, and a shadow had fallen suddenly upon his life..."

"I have never felt them," answered Bertha, shaking down upon the mossy ground. "Let me sit here and think, it is so dark and cold within here..."

"I cannot leave this little nightingale to sing unheeded, she must fulfill the destiny so plainly here, and Heaven grant she never may have cause to reproach me for what I am about to do."

had yet never felt your fatherly affection deepen into something fonder still. A sudden look of bitter pain and sorrow swept over Ernest's face; but it was calm again when Wilhelm looked with a wondering smile into the depths of his eyes...

"I can teach you very little, Wilhelm, I have many a hard lesson yet to learn. Your own hands will teach you best; be true to that and Bertha cannot ask for more..."

"So leaving happiness and hope where he found fear and doubt, Ernest left his brother wrapt in bliss-dreams and went silently away into the garden."

"His love for Bertha had sprung up like a flower, and through the long years had passed together her childhood had nourished in her frank affection those like sunshine, giving it fresh bloom and fragrance, till its blossomed forth into a passion flower, filling his life with a beauty he never knew before."

"And now when it was in its full prime he felt it was his duty to protect and cherish it, lest it should be trampled underfoot by the rude and selfish world."

"The first true glances of dawn shone in the east, as standing by the fountain with a few scattered thorns upon his cheek..."

"I am content with this, and will not ask for more yet," said Ernest, looking down in her upturned face with a change of expression...

"The light and glow had vanished from Ernest's face, leaving it colorless and wan as the moonlight stealing into the dim room. But his happy dream was broken, and a shadow had fallen suddenly upon his life..."

"I have never felt them," answered Bertha, shaking down upon the mossy ground. "Let me sit here and think, it is so dark and cold within here..."

"I cannot leave this little nightingale to sing unheeded, she must fulfill the destiny so plainly here, and Heaven grant she never may have cause to reproach me for what I am about to do."

"I cannot leave this little nightingale to sing unheeded, she must fulfill the destiny so plainly here, and Heaven grant she never may have cause to reproach me for what I am about to do."