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hith If at any time goods cought a ware in the second prive to be not what they were represented, they can be returned and the moner or goods will be given in exchange.

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of the latest importations. The best styles, and at prices that decompetition Eric, Oct 25, 1856. T. R. BLAKE. A FARM TO LET. Triff E undersigned will leave for a term of years a farm actual in North Fast Township, known as the Newton Farm. The an about one hundred and staty acres of improved land—and watasted to the dury and grading business: For terms apply the Nov & 1845—28 tf. JAMES C. MARSHALL. CORN TARCH, Chocolate and pury Spices at RINDERNECHT & JUSTICE'S

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| RIVER Ed. Dustine, Scrub, Paint, Whitewash, Graining, and Shore Brushes, may be found at STEWART & SINCLAIRS COTOS ALE and London Porter, just received and selling.
Cheen at HOORE'S BRANT PAY STORE. CLD Double Distilled Whisty, by the Barrel or less quantity, by the Barrel or less quantity, by the Barrel or less quantity, and be had at MOORC'S Ready Pay Store

Oysters! Oysters!!
(HEAPER PILAN THE CHEAPEST, by the Can or K. C. Call and get some and see if they are not nice. No. 20, 18M.

Select Poetry.

TO MATTIE. in my room the lamp is burning, With a sweet and cheerful light

Smiling as a star that tremblet, in the deep blue rault of night. All around the silver arrows At the sunbeams on the sea. Or se April shadows glanning, Sport se beautiful and free.

in my beart a light is burning. Ab ! how asfully and wild, As a golden dream which pessen Through the famcy of a child,

Thou ! O bright and goatle maides. With thy fond and loving eyes, Thou sions must tell me truly, Whence these phantom thoughts; and why

Many years ago ! know thee, Floring on with shining waters. Then the sky with seraph beauty,

seemed to woo the earth to love And the morning air was blimfel With the sound of larks above But thy eyes to me were levisor, Thea the tial of cloud or sky,

And the voice to me was dearer. In the grand old hills I met then Where the water bubbles onward,

On the emerald slopes I uset the As the summer breates bless

Luading with the happy face. To the idle current flowing, a erect picture fall of grace. Years have down, and that bright childhood

Never more our come again. Veter mire up in the rooftop Will-the patter of the rain Fiff the seal with pleasing fanales Like the dreams of that old time Yor the Livers on the greensward,

Nor the village church bell's chime Thus have gone the foud illusions, But the present still is hepoful

With rich memories in store, By this isospess quaintly burning By the stars in yonder bine, By the mans of my dreaming,

Mattie -even now I see theefeel the glory of thy glasses, and thy love lip provided with smiling Wraps my soul is sweetest transa. Be a vesper star to lure From the way side paths of oril

To the location of the sare. While the lamp is dissly burning And the music yet is southing As the moments hesten by. Take my wish O: happy molder Wish of all bright things for thes

As the Heaven growns the sea-Miscellang

THE DEAD SECRET. BY WILKIE COLLING

The Twent-third of August, 1899.

Will she last out the night, I wonder?"

dark time, counting out the minutes that our mistress is left to live!"

"R bert," said the other, lowering his voice to a whisper that was barely audible, "you have been in service here since you were a boy-wild lery.

The room in which Mrs Treverton lay dying, the chair in which her attendant was sitting, and the chair in which her attendant was sitting, and the chair in which her attendant was sitting, and the chair in which her attendant was sitting, and the chair in which her attendant was sitting, and the chair in which here in a voice which had when our master married ber?" "How came you to know that?" inquired the

elder servant absorpty.
"Hush!" cried the other, rising quickly from his chair A bell rang in the passage outside. "Is that for one of us?" asked Jaseph.

"Cin't you tell, by the sound, which is which tuously "That bell is for Sarah Lesson. Go out into the passage and look."

The younger servant took a candle and obeved. When he opened the kitchen door, a long row of it, which he had shed by his wife's bedside. bells met his eye on the wall opposte. Above each of them was painted in neat black letters | does not want the nurse to attend; she only wishes the distinguishing title of the servant whom it was specially intended to summon. The row of faltered, and he harried away without attemptletters began with Housekeeper and Butler, and ing to finish the sentence.

Sarah I weson, instead of entering her mistress's ended with Kitchenmaid and Footman's Boy.
Looking along the bells, Joseph easily discov-

Joseph, turning to his fellow servant in the kitch-

the other. "Go up and tell her that she is want: ed by her mistress."

Joseph ascended three flights of stairs-passed half way down a long arched gallery and knocktolerably visible the dim light. The cabinets,
the signal was answered. A low, clear, sweet the wardrobe, the full length looking glass, the

solute than ever, already. "Stop!" said the voice from the bed, more rethe wardrobe, the full length looking glass, the
solute than ever, already. "Stop! Come back, voice inside the room, inquired who was waiting high backed arm chair, these with the great and prop me up higher on the pillows." Sarah without? In a few hasty words Joseph told his shapeless bulk of the bed itself, towered up put her hand on the bolt. "Come back," reiterat-

to spite of all these disadvantages, was a woman were hushed at that first dark hour of the day ported the dying woman's head and shoulders.—

who in it was impossible to look at without a feel. I uside the room the our andible sound was the While this was being done, the bedeinthes he ing of curiosity, if not of interest. Few men, at slow, tollooms breathing of the dying woman, came a little discomposed. Mrs. Treverton first sight of her, could have restated the desire raising itself in its model frailness, awfully and shudderingly drow them up to their former posito find out who she was; few wenid have been distinctly, even through the far thunder breathsatish I with receiving for answer. She is Mrs. ing from the bosom of he everlasting sea. Trey rion's maid; few would have refrained from the attempt to extract some secret information to the curtains, but us undrawing them-"mi for themselves from her face and manner, and master has left the rom, and has sent me here none, not even the most patient and practised of in his place" the retre, could have succeed in discovering more than that she must have passed through the or ness of mortal sickness was in the voice; but the st pped, as if some sudden suspicion had crossed deal of some great suffering, at some former per accent of the speaker-ounded resolute even yet; her used, and asked what the writing materials T W. MOKE. rind of her life. Much in her manner, and more doubly resolute by antrast with the heritation of were wanted for.

COTTON BATTIME.—A large mesh on hand at the store of hand a life face, said plainly and sadly: I am the the tones in which firsh had spoken. The strong "Bring them, a large at large and a large a large a large."

liked to see; a wreak that can never be repaired; that must drift on through life unneticed, up. to be guided, unpitied—drift till the fatal shore is touched, and the waves of Time have awallowed up these broken relies of me for ever. This was the maid came out even in that short interchange of a death bed.

Sarah lit two condles with a wavering hand—placed them besitatingly on a table by the bed to be waiting maid, as the pen touched the paper; the paper was dipped into the ink, and given to ber was dipped into the ink, and given to ber.

Sarah lit two condles with a wavering hand—placed them besitatingly on a table by the bed to ber waiting maid, as the pen touched the paper; and writed a pression of its was placed upon Mrs. Trevertor's kneed to not it, was placed upon Mrs. Trevertor's kneed to not it, was placed upon Mrs. Trevertor's kneed to not it, was placed upon Mrs. Trevertor's kneed to not it, was placed upon Mrs. Trevertor's kneed to not it, was placed upon Mrs. Trevertor's kneed to not it, was placed upon Mrs. Trevertor's kneed to not it, was placed upon Mrs. Trevertor's kneed to not it. the story that was told in Sarah Leeson's face | side-waited for a moment, looking all round this, and no more.

No two men interpreting that story for themselven, would probably have agreed on the nature of the suffering which this woman had under. gone It was hard to say, at the outset, wheth er the past pain that had set its ineffacable mark men are especially subject-and one which od her, had been pain of the body or pain of the undermines life, without, in most cases, showing mind. But whatever the nature of the affliction any remarkable traces of its corroding progress she had undergone, the traces it had left were in the face. No uninstructed person, looking at deeply and strikingly visible in every part of her Mrs. Treverton when her attendant undrew the face. Her cheeks had lost their roundness and local current, could possibly have imagined that their natural color, her lips, singularly flexible she was past all rescue that mortal aid could offer in movement and delicate in form, had faded to to her. The slight marks of illness in her face, an unbealthy paleness; her eyes, large and black the inevitable changes in the grace and roundness, you can't tell it to him. Let me go on hearing and overshalowed by unusually thick lashes, had of its outline, were refidered hardly noticeable what I have borne so long already. Let the contracted a strangely auxious startled look, by the marvellous preservation of her complexion scoret dis with you and die with me, and he never which never left them, and which pitcoasly ex- in all the light, the delicacy, the brilliancy of its known in this world-never, never, never!" pressed the painful acuteness of her sensibility, the inherent timidity of her disposition. So far the marks which sorrow or actions had set on the cap, softly crowned by her shining black hair must know it. I tried to tell him, and my courber, were the marks common to most victims of mental or physical suffering. The one extraor dinary personal deterioration which she had undergone, consisted in the unnatural change that Leeson, who had watched ber all through her Take the psu, and write what I tell you." had passed over the color of her hair. It was as | malady, would hardly believe, as she looked at of a young girl: but it was as gray as the bair of an old woman. It seemed to contradict, in the of Death was signing to her already from the age," Mrs. Treverton went on. "You have been

its haggardness and paleness, no one could have looked at it and supposed for a moment that it was the face of an elderly woman. Wan as they might be, there was not a wrinkle in her cheeks. Her eyes, viewed apart from their and prevailing expression of unensiness and timidity, still preserved that bright, clear moisture which is never seen to the eyes of the old. The skin about her temples was as delicately smooth as the skin of a child These and other physical signs which ed thirty years of age. From the eyes upwards, the effect of her abundant grey hair; seen in conspection with her face, was not simply incongruone-it was absolutely startling; so startling as to make it no paradox to say that she would have looked most natural, most like herself, if her hair had been dyed. In her once, Artwould

have seemed to be the truth, because Nature looked like falschood. What shock had stricken with the bue of an unnatural old age? Was it give: a serious ilineas, or a dreaded grief, that had dered a little suspicious of her as well, by an inveterate babit that she had of talking to herself | the doctor? not even my master?" Sirah Invent a mistress badkong arose for builden - farme and the unexpectation of the second and the second an

momentous morning of the 23d of August, before "Have you told my master?" the servant who summoned her to her misrress' "No," was the answer. "I sent for him, to sentences in which entreaties, expressions of the servants, entered the room; and, hurrying to death-bed; the light of the candle flaring brightly tell him—I tried hard to speak the words. It penitence, and exclamations of fear were all the bedside. and at a clamatic that the servants. These words were spoken in the kitchen of a tinguisher lying lease in it rattled increasantly—ed of the child. Sarah! he did nothing but talk large country because were two of the ment touble and fear in her voice, as she spoken. Sarah, with a forgetfulness of her station seemed to add to its accustomed sweetness; the mich mage the mage talk in the most large of the child. Sarah! he did nothing but talk over, and, taking the pen, signed her name at the end of it. With this effort, her powers of registerants composing the establishment of Captain seemed to add to its accustomed sweetness; the mich might have appeared extraordinary even at the fail her again. The deep flush here is er, and looking round expectantly towards the differing from the or heavy pattern (within his herself-"O, what will happen what will happen d or whenever the talk flagged between them. experience) of professional ladies maids, was on new."

> before him quickly on her way out of the gal- and by the painful contraction of her eyebrows. was on the floor beneath. Sarah heaitated twice, spoke again-this time, in a voice which had before she knocked at the door. It was opened sunk to a whisper.

by Captain Treverton
The instant she saw her master, she started it." back from him If she had dreaded a blow, she could hardly have drawn away more suddenly, of obedience brushed away the tears that were or with an expression of greater alarm. There rolling fast over her thecks. of these bells yet?" exclaimed Robert, contemp- was nothing in Captain Treverton's face to warrant the suspicion of ill treatment, or even of doctor." barsh words. His countenance was kind, hearty. and open; and the tears were still trickling down | cine '

"Go in," he said, turning away his face. "She for you. Call me, if the doctor-" His voice

room, stood looking after her master attentively. ered that one of them was still in motion. Above as long as he was to sight, with her pale cheeks it were the words. Lady's Maid. Observing turned to a deathly whiteness—with an eager, this, he passed quickly along the passage, and knocked at a large, old fashioned oak door at the he had disappeared round the corner of the galend of it No answer being give, he opened the lery, she listened for a moment outside the dior door and looked into the room. It was dark and of the sick room-whispered affrightedly to heropty
"Sarah is not in the housekeeper's room," said the door, with a visible effect to recover her self control; and, after lingering suspiciously on the ter whether I die in an hour's time, or a weak's.

threshold for a moment, went in. Mrs. Treverton's bedichamber was a large, The bell rang again as Joseph went out
"Quick!—quick!" cried Robert. "Tell her she is wanted directly. Wanted," he countinued the corners of the room. The bed was of the old same moment Mrs. Treverton raised the bottle of the corners of the room. view. The night light burning by the bed side, weit till I get a glace." to himself in lower tones, "perhaps for the last fashioned pattern, with heavy hangings and thick to her lips, drained it of its contents, and flang time?" in the chamber, only those of the largest and

Not tall, not handsome, not in her first youth sultriness of the August night—there peured eyes.

—shy and irresolute in manner—simple in dress into the room the dull, still, distant roaring of Sarah came back; and, with shaking hands,

"Mistruss," said Solah Louson, standing close

"Light .- give mo more light." The fachle

wreck of something that you might once have anture of the mistress and the weak nature of the

her with a kind of suspicious timidity—then

andrew the curtains. The disease of which Mrs. Treverton was dying was one of the most terrible of all the maladies that afflict bumanity-one to which w Her cheeks had lost their roundness and bed curtain, could possibly have imagined that thick and soft, it grew as gracefully, as the hair her mistress now, that the Gales of Life had bed-cover, and wept bitterly. closed behind her, and that the beckoning hand

on the counterpane of the bed. As soon as the listen to me. On your peril, refuse to take the curtain was drawn aside, Mrs. Treverton ordered pen. Write, or I shall not rest in my grave .her attendant by a gesture to remove them. They Write, or as true as there is a Heaven above us, were plays, undersecred in certain places by ink I will come to you from the other world." lines and marked with marginal annotations referring to entrances, exits, and places, on the stage. The servants, talking down stairs of their fixing her eyes on her mistress's face with a stare on the fingers of the white, delicate hand getmistress's occupation before her marriage, had of superstitious horror. At the same instant, ting crooked as they reached over towards the not been misled by false reports. Their master, the overdose of the stimulating medicine began table on which the medicine bottles were placed. mistress's occupation before her marriage, had of superstitions horror. At the same instant, not been misled by false reports. Their master, the overdose of the stimulating medicine began after he had passed the prime of life, had, in to affect Mrs. Treverton's Brain. She rolled her never mislead, showed that she was still, as to very truth, taken his wife from the obscure stage | head restlessly from side to side of the pillowyears, in the very prime of life. Sickly and of a country theatre, whos little more than two repeated vacantly a few lines from one of the old gesture. "Mistress, dear mistress, you drank it every downwards, a woman who had barely reach public. The dogs earned old plays had been bed—and suddenly held out the pea to the ser- me go—let me gwand call—." siations; and during the latter part of her illness, they had remained on her bed for days and

to her mistress; and with more of dread and be- feeble imitation of the old stage gesture. wilderment in her face than grief, opened her lips to speak Mrs Treverton held up her that was thrust between them, Sarah, with her

"Bolt the door," she said, in the same ena serious iliness, or a dreaded grief, that nad turned her grey in the prime of her womanhood? feebled voice, but with the same accent of resordance of the particular of her womanhood? In the prime of her womanhood? In the prime of her womanhood? In the same accent of resordance of the particular of her womanhood? In the prime of her womanhood? In the prime of her womanhood? In the particular of her womanhood? In the prime of her womanhood? In the prime of her womanhood? In the particular of her womanhood? In the prime of fellow servants, who were all struck by the per request to have more light in the room. "Bolt scious of the effect which the medicine was pro culiarities of her personal appearance, and ren. the door. Let no one in, till I give you leave."

m in phrase, touchy on the subject of her grey action of it, there was no mistaking the action

every one, from her husband downwards, to ruffle the beside, fixed her large, eager, startled eyes her maid's tranquility by inquisitive questions inquiringly on her mistress's face, and, suddenly the direction by beginning immediately to dictate out the light of life, in one quiet justant, from She stood for an in-tant speechless, on that bonding over her, said in a whisper:

over her large, startled, black eyes, and the lux shock me to my very soul, Sarah, only to think strangely mingled together; our sale wrote on his at order in minutes of the new day. She has lasted minutes of the new day. She has lasted minutes of the new day. Then minutes of the candidate over her large, startled, black eyes, and the lux -ho k me to my very soul, Sarah, only to think strangely mingled together; but she wrote on his attendance there had passed away forever.

Treveriou, an officer in the navy, and the eldest agitation of her manner took nothing away from in the eyes of the most lenient of mistresses, tinge her cheeks once more, and she spoke male representative of an old Cornish family.— its habitual gentleness, its delicate, winning flung herself back in a chair when the first word burriedly and unsteading the restraint of the servants communicated with each other restraint. Joseph, who, like the other of Mrs. Treverton's reply was uttered, clasped per back to ber maid.

Sign!" she cried, best once the face, and ground to Sign!" she cried, best once the face, and ground to Sign!" she cried, best once the face, and ground to Sign!" she cried, best once the face, and ground to Sign!" she cried, best once the face, and ground to Sign!" she cried, best once the face, and ground to Sign!" she cried, best once the face, and ground to Sign!" she cried, best once the face, and ground to Sign!" she cried, best once the face, and ground to Sign!" she cried, best once the face, and ground to Sign!" she cried, best once the face, and ground to Sign!" she cried, best once the face, and ground to Sign!" she cried, best once the face, and ground to Sign!" she cried, best once the face, and ground to Sign!" she cried, best once the face, and ground to Sign!" she cried to the face, and ground the face, and grou

"li's an awful thing," said the elder of the this particular occasion, so subdued by her man. Mrs. Treverton's eyes had softened and moismen. "for us two to be alone here, at this dead, per and her tone as she thanked him, that he tened when she spoke of her love for her husoffered to carry her candle for her to the door of band. She lay sitent for a few minutes; the workher mistress's bed chamber. She shook her ing of some strong emotion in her, being exhead and than ted him again, and then passed pressed by her quick, hard, labored breathing.

"Look for my medicine," said she. "I want Sarah started up, and with the quick instinct

"The doctor," she said. "Let me call the

"No! The medicine-look for the medi-"Which bottle? The opiate, or-

"No. Not the opinte. The other."
Sarah took a bottle from the table, and looking attentively at the written direction on the label, said that it was not yet time to take that medicine again. "Give me the bottle."

doctor said it was as bad as dram-drinking, if you took too much "

Mra Treverton's clear, deep grey eyes began to flash; the rosy flush deepened on her cheeks; the commanding hand was raised again, by an effort, from the counterpane on which it lay.
"Take the cork out of the bottle," she said, "and give it to me. I want strength. No mat-

Give me the bottle."
"Not the bottle," said Sarah, giving it up, lofty room, situated in the western front of the nevertheless, under the influence of her mistress's Treverton, her eyes beginning now to wander house, and consequently overlooking the sea look. "There are two doses left. Wait, pray

"She has killed herself !" eried Sarah, run-

crand. Before he had done speaking, the door heavily and gloomily into view. Other object of Mrs. Treverton "While there is life in me, was quietly and quickly opened, and Sarah Lee- were all merged together in the general obscuri. I will be obeyed. Come back." The color beson confronted him on the threshold, with her candle in her hand.

Was quiterly and quiterly and quiterly and quiter the son confronted him on the threshold, with her ty. Through the open window—opened to ad gan to deepen perceptibly all over her face, and mit the fresh air of the new morning after the the light to grow brighter in her widely-opened

-shy and irresolute in manner—simple in dross justo the room the dull, suit, distant roaring of justice came need; and, with santing hands, to the utmost limits of plainness, the lady's maid, the surf on the sandy test. All outer noises added one more to the many pill we which suption, close round her prek.

"Did you unbolt the door?" she asked. " No

writing case, and the pen and ink, from the cabinet near the window." Sarah went to the cabinet and opened it; then

"Bring them, and you will see."

The writing-case, with a sheet of note-paper trust you on your promise. I'll have your outh.

" Look."

she cried, catching at her mistress's hand—but tains fell to again heavily, the wavering flame of anddenly letting it go again the moment Mrs.

Treverton looked at her.

the candle grew steady once more, and the awful silence in the room sank deeper than ever.

The pen went on; and more slowly, more fee-bly, formed words enough to fill a line—then

Sarah, instead of obeying, hid her face in the

"You have been with me ever since my marrian old woman. It seemed to contradict, in the joi peach was against most startling manner, every personal assertion Gates of the Grave.

Some dogs' eared books in paper covers lay my last request? You do! Pool! look up and listed to me. On your neril, refuse to take the

Sarah started to her feet with a faint scream. "You make my flesh creep!" she whispered, once her tressured dramatic library; she had al vant, with a theatrical wave of the hand, and a ways retained a foodness for them from old asso- glasse upward at an imaginary gallery of spec- fore she could utter another word. The lips of

"Writel" she oried, with a hollow, awful mimicry of her old stage voice. "Writel" And Having put away the playe, Sarah went back | the weak hand was waved again with a forlorn,

Closing her fingers mechanically on the pen her hair, in the very maturity of its luxuriance, hand, as a sign that she had another order to eyes still expressing the superstitions terror swear to give it. which her mistress's words had aroused, waited for the next command. Some minutes elapsed lips that had been forming them so laboriously ducing on her, and to be desirous of combating the bedside, caught up the sheet of note paper "No one?" repeated Sarah, faintly. "Not its further progress before it succeeded in utterly on which she had written from her mistress's confusing her ideas. She asked first for the dictation, and hid it in her bosom. The last Inquire as they might, however, their curiosity "Not the doctor. Not even your master," smelling bottle, next for some Eau de Cologne. look of Mrs Treverton's eyes fastened sterally and representation an applied to her forehead, seemed to prove successful in partially clearing her faculties again. Her mentary distortion of the rest of the features, eyes recovered their steady look of intelligence; for one breathless moment. That moment pass in quite, deliberate, determined tones. Sarah's all the face. tears fell fast; her lips murmured fragments of

penitence, and exclamations of fear were all the bedside, saw at a glance that the time for burriedly and unsteadily when she handed the

Sign!" she cried, beating her hand feebly on the bedclothes. "Sign Sarah Leeson, witness. lo!-write accomplice. Take your share of it; I won't have it shifted on me. Sign, I insist on it! Sign as I tell you."

5: Sign as 1 ten you.
Sarah obeyed; and Mrs. Treverton, taking the paper from her, pointed to it solemaly, with a cturn of the same sad stage gesture which had scaped her a little while back. "You will give this to your master," she said,

"when I am dead, and you wil answer any questions he puts to you as truly as if you were be. Clasping for hands fast together, Sarah regard-

ed her mistress, for the first time, with steady eyes, and spake to her for the first time in steady "If I only knew that I was fit to die," she said, "Oh, how gladly I would change places with

"Promise me that you will give the paper to your master," repeated Mrs. Treverton. mise-no! I won't trust your promise: I'll have it, or I shall not rest in my grave. Get it, or I will come to you from the other world."

The mistress laughed, as she reiterated that threat. The maid shuddered, as she obeyed the "O, pray don't ask me. Pray wait. The command which it was designed to impress on

> continued Mrs. Treverton, vacantly, after the book had been produced. "The clergyman-a good, weak man-I frightened him, Sarah. He said, 'Are you at posce with all the world?" and I mid, "All but one. You know who." "The captain's brother. O, don't die at

> enmity with anybody. Don't die ag comity even with him," pleaded Serah. vith him," pleeded Serah.
> "The clergyman told me the," childishly round the room, her tones growing anddenly lower and more confused. "'You mus forgive him,' the clergyman said. - And I said, 'No. I forgive all the world, but not my husband's brother.' The clergyman got up from

> praying for me, and coming back. Will be come back?" "Yes, ves," snewered Sarah. "He is a good man-he will come back-and O ! tell him that you forgive the captain's brother ! Those vile words he spake of you, when you were married, will come home to him some day. Furgive him

> the bedside, frightened, Barah. He talked about

--- forgive kim before you die !' Saying those words, she attempted to Amove the Bible softly out of her mintress's sight .-The action attracted Mrs. Treverton's attention and roused her sinking feculties into observation of present things.
"Stop!" she cried, with a gleam of the old

resolution flashing once more over the dying dimnoss of her eyes. She caught at Sarah's hand with a great effort, placed it on the Bible, and hold it there. Her other hand wandered a little over the hed elethes, until it encountered the "No" written paper addressed to her husband. Her "I forbid you to go near it again. Got my fagers closed on it, and a sigh of relief escaped from her lips. "Ab!" she said. "I know what I wanted the Bible for, now. I'm dying, with all my senses about me, Sarah; you can't deceive all my senses about me, Carsh; you can't decrive shipwrecked somewhere in the Feel-an groups, the steeped again, smiled a fit; he will have the consolation of knowing that he the, whispered to herealf rapidly, "Wait, wait," will not be cut into steak, and buried without wait!" then added aloud, with the old stage voice littingy in the unconscerated stomach of a canai-and old stage gesture again: "No.! I won't ball.

curtains a little, and wafted a breath of its sweet Serah peered anxiously over her shoulder, and fragrance joyously into the sick room. The and the pen slowly and feebly form these three beavy beating hum of the distant burf came in words: To my Husband.

"O, no! no! For God's sake, don't write it!" music in loader tones. Then the window cur-

"Swear," said Mrs Treverton. Her voice failed her when she had pronounced that one stopped. The letters of the last syllable were all word. She struggled a little, recovered the pow-blotted together. er of utterance, and went on: "Swear that you will not destroy this paper, after I am dead." Even while she pronounced those polema words, even at that last struggle for life and strength, the ineradicable thestrical inctinct showed, with a fearful inappropriateness, how firmly it kept itself in her wind. Surah felt the cold hand that was still laid on hers lifted for a modest-saw it waving gracefully towards her -- felt it descend again, and clasp her own head with a trembling, impatient pressure. At that final appeal, she answered faintly-

"I swear it." "Swear that you will not take this paper away with you, if you leave the house, when I am

Again Sarah paused before she answeredagain the trembling pressure made ,itself felt on her hand, but more weakly this time-and again the words dropped affrightedly from her lips-"I swear is.

"Swear," Mrs. Treverton began for the third time. Her voice failed her once more; and, now, she struggled vainly to regain the command over t. Sarah looked up, and naw signs of convulsion beginning to disfigure the beautiful face-"You drank it all," she cried, starting to her feet, as she comprehended the meaning of that

me go-let me grand call-"
A look from Mrs. Treverton stopped her bethe dying wo man were moving rapidly. Sorah put her ear close to them. At first she heard nothing but panting, quick drawn breaths-then s few broken words mingled confusedly with

them: I "havn't done-you must swear-close, close, close, come close-a third thing-your master-

The last words died away very softly. The led into the passage for help-then ran back to ing the word "Write," she was able to selecte before the presence of death, stole up that sweet

> all the race.
>
> The doctor, followed by the nurse and one of He spoke first to the servant who had followed

"Go to your master," he said, "and beg him to wait in his own room until I can come and speak to him."

Sarah still stoul- mittout moving, or speak ing, or noticing any one-by the bed side. The nurse approaching to draw the curtains together, started at the sight of her face, and urned to the doctor. "I think this person had better leave the room

contempt in her tones and looks. "She seems unreasonably shocked and terrified by what has happened." "Quite right," said the doctor. "It is best that she should withdraw Let me recommend vou to leave us for a little while," he added,

sir?" said the nurse, with some appearance of

touching Sarah on the arm. She shrank back suspiciously, raised one of her hands to the place where the letter lay hidden in her bosom, and pressed it there firmly, while she held out the other hand for a candle "You had better rest for a little in your own room," said the doctor, giving her a casele.—
"Stop, though," he continued, after a moment's reflection. "I am going to break the ead news

to your master, and I may find that he is saxious

to hear any last words that Mrs. Treverson may

have spoken in your persence. Perhaps you had better come with me, and wait while I go into Captain Treverton's room." "No! no!-oh, not now,-not now for heavyour oath. Get the Bible-the Bible the clergy | en's sake!" Speaking those words in law, quick, man used when he was here this morning. Get pleading tones, and drawing back affrightedly, during their atterance, to the door, Serah disappeared, without waiting a moment to be spokes

te again. "A strange woman," said the doctor, address ing the nurse "Rollow her, and see where she gnes to, in case she is wanted and we are obliged to send for her. I will wait here until you some buk." When the nurse returned she had nothing to

to her own bed room-had seen her enter ithad listened outside, and had heard her lock the "A strange woman !" repeated the doctor... "One of the silent, secret sort." "One of the wrong sort," said the nurse. "She is always talking to herself, and that is a

report, but that she had followed Sarah Leecon

of her. I distrusted her, sir, the very first day I entered the house."

bed sign, in my opinion. I don't like the look

THE ADVANTAGE OF USING TOBACCO. - The following was communicated to Commodore Wil kes. of the exploring expedition, by a mrage of the Frice Islands: He stated that a vessel, the bulk of which was

still lying on the beach, had come ashore in a storm, and that all the crew had fallen into the hands of the Islandors.

"What did you do with them?" inquired Wilkes. "Killed 'em all," answered the savage. "What did you do with them after you had

killed them?" "Eat them, good;" returned the cannibal "Did you cat them all?" asked the half sick

"Yes, we eat all but one." "And why did you spare one ?" "Because he taste too much like tobacco

Couldn't eat him no how !" If the tobecoo chewer should happen to fall