

ERIE OBSERVER. PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY J. M. MOORE, PUBLISHERS. VOL. 11, NO. 18. SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 11, 1875.

CLEVELAND & ERIE R. R. After Monday, March 23, 1875, Passenger Trains will run as follows: EASTWARD. Leave Cleveland for Erie at 8:00 A. M. and 10:00 P. M.

Buffalo & Erie Railroad. CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD LINE. SPRING ARRANGEMENT. Trains run through to Wheeling & Pittsburgh.

Table with columns: TRAINS LEAVE, STATIONS, TRAINS ARRIVE. Lists train schedules for various routes including Buffalo & Erie and Cleveland & Pittsburgh.

TSICARAWA BRANCH. Trains leave at 8:00 A. M. and 10:00 P. M. for Ticonderoga, N. Y.

THE DELAWARE MUTUAL SAFETY INSURANCE COMPANY. Fire Insurance. Capital \$1,000,000.

JOHN B. BOKER'S HARDWARE. 107 N. Pearl Street, Erie, Pa.

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

THE INSURANCE FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY. Fire Insurance. Capital \$1,000,000.

BLAKE'S BONNET ROOMS. 107 N. Pearl Street, Erie, Pa.

CANAL MILLS, ERIE, PA. JAMES G. JACKSON, Proprietor.

Select Poetry.

GENIUS. Far out at sea the sun was high. While roared the wind and flapped the sail. We were a sea-white butterfly. Dancing before the gale.

Choice Miscellany.

THE DEAD SECRET.

Towards the close of the evening, on the day after Mr. Orville's interview with Mrs. Norbury, the dead-faced coachman, running through Cornell as far as Truro, set down three inside passengers at the door of the looking office, on arriving at its destination. Two of these passengers were an old gentleman and his daughter; the third was Mrs. Joseph.

The father and daughter collected their luggage, and entered the hotel; the outside passengers branched off in different directions with a little delay.

He stopped to stir up his tea for the second time, and to drink his attention to it, by tapping with the spoon on the edge of the cup.

"Yes, ma'am," said the cheerful man, pointing with a smile toward the door that led into the parlour.

"A lady to speak with you, sir," said the cheerful shopman. "That is Mr. Buschmann, ma'am," he added, in a low tone, seeing Mrs. Joseph's apparent uncertainty on entering the parlour.

"Will you please to take a seat, ma'am?" said Mr. Buschmann, when the shopman had closed the door and gone back to his counter.

"You are in trouble, Sarah," he said, quietly. "You tell me that, and I see it is true in your face. Are you grieving for your husband?"

"I grieved that I ever met him," the answer came. "I grieved that I ever married him. Now that he is dead, I cannot grieve. I can only give him."

Some tea, then? So, so, she will have some tea to be sure. And we won't talk of your troubles—at least, not just yet. You look very pale, Sarah, very much older than you ought to look—no, I don't mean that I don't mean to be so.

Speaking these words with abundant gentleness and amazing volubility, Mr. Buschmann poured out a cup of tea for his niece, stirred it carefully, and patting her on the shoulder, begged that she would make him happy by drinking it all up directly.

"I have three to give him," he stopped to stir up his tea for the second time, and to drink his attention to it, by tapping with the spoon on the edge of the cup.

"No," he exclaimed, stopping him as he was about to stir. "Give it me, I like it cold. Let nobody else come in—I can't speak if anybody else comes in."

"I told you I had hidden the letter, because I could not bring myself to deliver it, because I would rather die a thousand times over than be questioned about what I knew of it."

"There are candles and a matchbox in my cupboard," answered Uncle Joseph. "But look out of the window, Sarah. It is only twilight—it is not dark yet."

"In that corner, let us have the candles in the room," said Uncle Joseph, looking all round the room, inquiringly, and smiling to himself as he took two candles from the cupboard and lighted them.

"You are a good girl, Sarah," he said, patting her on the cheek. "You are a good girl, Sarah, when you say that. Tell me, Sarah, when you say that. Tell me, Sarah, when you say that."

"I grieved that I ever met him," the answer came. "I grieved that I ever married him. Now that he is dead, I cannot grieve. I can only give him."

Sarah half reached her hand out to the old man again—then suddenly pushed her chair back and changed the position in which she was sitting. "It is true that I was poor," she said, looking about her in confusion, and speaking with difficulty.

"I had no excuse of love: I had no excuse of poverty," she said, with a sudden burst of bitterness and despair. "Uncle Joseph, I married him because I was too weak to persist in saying 'No'."

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There was very near her grave, when she made me take my oath on the Bible. She made me swear never to destroy the letter; and I did not destroy it. She made me swear not to take it away with me, if I left the house; and I did not take it away.

"I can't tell what possessed me—I seemed to lose my senses when I heard her talking so innocently of amusing herself by searching through the old rooms, and when I thought of what she might find there."

"I will tell you now—"
She passed, looked away distrustfully towards the door leading into the parlour, listened a little, and resumed: "I am not at all at all of my journey to Portgenova Tower—on my way to the Myrtle Room—on my way, step by step, to the place where the letter lies hid. I dare not destroy it; I dare not remove it; I dare not risk it; I must take it out of the Myrtle Room."

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"And there are many rooms in the house?—And the letter in one of the many rooms? Why should she hide it on that one?"

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