ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

...DAN & MOORE, PUBLISHERS. $1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

VOLUME 28. ERIE, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 11, 1857. NUMBER 9.

...E ERIE OBSERVER,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

...F. SLOAN AND M. M. MOORE,

...AST OF STATE AND FIFTH ST'S.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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SEILER & WARREN, ...Exchange, No 1, American Block. Colle-...the Principal Cities of the United States and ...promptly remitted. Bank Notes, Gold ...Interest paid on time deposits. Mo-...and Warrants bought, sold and located ...terms 33

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SHEALS, HAYES & CO., ...DEALERS in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, ...Cloths, &c., No. 1 Brown's Block, Erie, Pa.

MAGILL & CO., ...Grocers, continue their office in Beatty's Block, ...side of the Public Square, are prepared to ...compete with all other operators in prices, estim-...work according to its quality and real value.

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THOMAS M. AUSTIN, (Late of the firm of G. Loomis & Co.,) ...Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Musical In-...Glasses, Lamps and Fancy Goods, wholesale 32

ROGERS & KENNEDY, (successors to Cadwell and Bennett.) ...Retail Dealers in Hardware, Crockery, Glassware ...11 and 12 Empire Block, corner of Fifth and ...Erie, Pa. 33 J. KENNEDY,

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T. HERRON STUART, ...Office, Fifth street, a few doors East of ...Fourth street, one door East of the old ...33

BOOTH & STEWART, ...Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods and ...the Reed House and Brown's Hotel. 33

GEORGE H. CUTLER, ...Erie, County, Pa. Collections and ...with promptness and dispatch. 33

CARTER & BROTHER, ...Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, ...Reed House, Erie, Pa. 33

JOHN SWEENY, ...Office in Beatty's Building, up-stairs, ...

JOHN HEARN & CO., ...Commission Merchants, dealers in Coal, Flour, ...Line of Upper Lake Steamers, Public ...33

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C. B. WRIGHT & CO., ...and Dealers in Gold and Silver Coin, uncur-...Warrants and Certificates of Deposit. Also, ...specialties in the Union, and all parts of ...Office, Beatty's Building, on the ...Beatty & Cochran, North side of Park 33 ...BAILEY. C. E. GRINNION.

T. R. BLAKE, ...Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and ...Artificial Flowers, Ribbons, Silks, Laces, ...Millinery, No. 6 Reed's Block, State street, Erie, ...Pa. Prompt attention paid to Orders.

CAUGHEY & CLARK, ...Dealers in Domestic and Imported Wines ...Tobacco, Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents ...Brownell Block, State street Erie, ...23 N. J. CLARK.

JOHN W. AYRES, ...and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Fancy, ...Office and Dining Chairs, No 4 Key-...23.

JAMES C. MARSHALL, ...up-stairs in Tammany Hall building, ...Erie, Pa. 33

W. C. BRALEY, ...and Farrier, Livery Dealer, Trainer ...offers his services to the public. He will ...Canal landing, where he will be glad to ...favors in the west W. C. BRALEY. 46

J. J. LINTS, ...Monthly Magazines, Cheap Publica-...Newspapers, Gold Pens, Pocket Cutlery, &c. ...Reed House, Erie 32

L. W. OLDS & CO., ...and Retail dealers in Well and Cis-...the cheapest and best now in use. ...Peach, Erie, Pa. ...carrying water for family, farm or mechanical ...33 P. AKERLEY, M. L. LOW

JAMES CROOK & Co. ...of Sash, Doors and Blinds, Punch st., ...Hugh Jones.

S. R. CHURCHILL, ...dealer in Double Rectified Whiskey, in the ...

WILLIAM S. LANE, ...AT LAW—Office Northeast Corner of ...33

CLARK & BALDWIN, (Successors to Barten & Herron,) ...Druggists in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, ...Brushes, Perfumery, Fine Soaps and ...No. 5 Reed House, Erie, Pa. 33 S. A. BALDWIN.

GRAY & FARRAR, WHOLESALE GROCERS, and dealers in West India Goods, Powder, Shot, Caps, Safety Fuse, Tobacco, Cigars, Fish, oil, &c., &c., No. 7, Brownell Block, State street, Erie, Pa. A. H. GRAY. F. P. FARRAR.

J. W. DOUGLASS, ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office removed to new building west of State Street, on the north side of the Park, over Clark & Metcalf's Exchange office. 33

JOSEPH RICHENLAUB, Jr., MANUFACTURER of Boots and Shoes, and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Oak and Hemlock Sole Leather, French and American Calf Skins, Morocco, Linings, Findings and Splits, Thread Webs, Gords, Laces, Lastings, Tacks, Pegs, Awls, Hammers, Pincers, Rasps, Tacks, Pegs, Nails, &c. American Block, State Street, Erie, Pa.

BENNETT, BARR & CO. IRON FOUNDERS, Wholesal and Retail Dealers in Stoves, Hollow-Ware &c., State street, Erie, Pa.

S. A. DAVENPORT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office nearly opposite the new Court House, Erie, Pa. 46

CANAL MILLS, ERIE, PA. JAMES G. JACKSON, Wholesale and Retail Manufacturer of FLOUR, CORN, MEAL, MILL-FEED, BRAN, &C. &C. Cash paid for all kinds of Grain. 36

Park Hall.

A LARGE and commodious Hall for Concerts, Lectures, and Public Meetings of all kinds, East side of the Park. Enquire at the Banking Office of M Sanford & Co., No. 8, Reed House, Erie, Penna.

Erie, Sept. 22, 1856. 20tf

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURG RAILROAD LINE!

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

Trains run through to Wheeling & Pittsburg.

ON and after Monday, March 9th, 1857, trains run daily, Sundays excepted, according to the following

TIME TABLE.

Trains Leave.			Stations.	Trains Arrive.		
A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
7:55	2 50	5 14	Cleveland	11:18	4.53	9 50
8:21	—	5:52	Bedford,	10:50	4:18	9:1
8:32	3.44	6:26	Hudson,	10:00	3:44	8.43
9:23	4:12	6 44	Ravenna,	9:27	3 13	8 13
9:50			Atwater,		2:43	7:49
10 3	4:50		Alliance,		2:22	7 22
10:48	5.19		Bayard,		1:45	6:50
11:04	—		Hanover,		1:15	6:28
11:34	5:58		Sallisville		12:40	5:54
12.10	6. 6		Yellow Creek		12:10	5:26
12.20	6.36		Wellsville		11:50	5 13
12:31	6:48		Liverpool,		11:44	4:57
12:43			Smith's Ferry,		11:32	4 45
12:50	—		Industry,		11:16	4 30
1:20	7:37		Rochester,		10:55	4 10
2:25	8:40		Pittsburg		9:45	3:00

Trains Leave.			Stations.	Trains Arrive.	
A. M.	P. M.			P. M	P. M
9 00	1 15		Belle Air	4 15	3:00
9 18	1 35		Bridgeport.	3:55	7:45
9.54	2:23		Portland.	3:00	7 18
10:06	2:45		Rush Run	2:45	7:10
10:24	3:06		Lagrange.	2:25	6:54
10:51	3.50		Steubenville.	1:50	6:45
11:22	4:23		Jeddo.	1:10	6:06
11:40	4:48		McCoy's.	12:50	5:50
12:10	6:26		Yellow Creek	12:15	5:20
12:20	6:36		Wellsville.	11:50	5:20
12:31	6:48		Liverpool.	11:44	4:57
12:43			Smith's Ferry.	11:32	4:15
12:50			Industry.	11:16	4:30
1:20	7:37		Rochester,	10:55	4:10
2:25	8.40		Pittsburgh,	9:45	3:00

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.

Train leaves New Philadelphia 7:45 A. M., Dover at 8.50, Warsaburg at 9:25. Arrives at Bayard at 10:20, connecting with Train on Main Line, for Cleveland, Pittsburg and Wheeling. Leaves Bayard at 1:45 P. M., on arrival of Trains from Cleveland, Pittsburg and Wheeling, Warsaburg at 2:45 P. M. Arrives at Dover at 4:00, and New Philadelphia at 5 P. M.

No change of Cars between Cleveland and Pittsburg and Wheeling and Pittsburg.

CONNECTIONS.

The Trains connect at Pittsburg with the Pennsylvania Railroad for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York and Boston.

At Steubenville with the Steubenville and Indiana Railroad for Cadiz, Cosheton, Newark, Columbus and Cincinnati.

At Wheeling with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for Cumberland, Fredrickstown, Washington and Baltimore. Also, with Steamers for Marietta, Parkersburg and points on the Ohio River.

At Cleveland with the Lake Shore and Cleveland & Toledo Railroads for Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Canada and New York; Toledo, Chicago, Burlington, Rock Island, Davenport, Galena, Rockford, Milwaukee, St Paul and the North West.

Tickets can be purchased at the Office on the Line, also at all the principal Ticket Offices of the various connecting Roads.

Fare as low as by any other Route.

J. DURAND, Sup't

Superintendant's Office C. & P. R. R.,
Cleveland, March 6, 1857. 43tf

BEFORE offering these Wafers to the Public, they were thoroughly tested, and the Proprietors can now confidently recommend them as a certain Remedy for

EXPELLING WORMS FROM THE SYSTEM.

They contain no Calomel or Mercury in any form, or any other injurious ingredients, and may be given to the youngest infant with perfect safety. The Wafers are free from the objections to most other Vermifuges, as they are PLEASANT TO THE TASTE. "Children will eat them as readily as Candy."

They have been before the public less than one year, and within that time have won for themselves a reputation unprecedented in the annals of medicine. They are used and recommended by our FIRST PHYSICIANS and most respectable families with the most marked success.

Prepared and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by CLARK & BALDWIN, (Successor to Barten & Herron,) Wholesale and Retail Druggist, No. 5 Reed House, Erie, Pa.

STEPHEN PAUL & Co. 149 Chambers Street, N. Y. Wholesale Agents.

Price 25 Cents per Box. Dec. 13, 1856—1y.

ERIE, Dec. 12th, 1856.

Messrs. Clark & Baldwin —GENTS—I have for some time past been prescribing your "Anthelmintic Wafers," and I want my that in my long practice I have never yet found as certain, safe and pleasant remedy for worms" as the Wafers prove themselves to be! I am daily recommending them to my friends and patients and am happy to say in every instance with the most marked success. They have never failed in a single case, operating as effectually upon adults as children. They have the advantage over vermifuges being as "pleasant to the taste that children will eat them as readily as candy." Being personally acquainted with their composition I unhesitatingly pronounce them the most worm specific now in use, and it can be administered to the youngest infant with perfect safety. I most confidently recommend them to the patronage of the public. P. FAULKNER, M. D.

For sale in Girard by J. A. White and John S. Foster; Waterford by Copp & Curtis; Edinboro by H. R Terry and W. S Proudfit; Millcreek by S. N. McCreary; Lockport by J. M. Barnes and Wm. Tyler. Albion by Davenport & Flowers; Concord by J. M. Fay; Springfield by Reeder; Girard by Wm. H. Townsend; West Springfield by Riley Potter; Fairview by R. Pettis; North East by Jones & Jewett, and by Druggists generally.

PLASTER AND COAL DEPOT.

THE undersigned thankful for the general patronage which the citizens of Erie and vicinity have heretofore given him, would respectfully inform the public that he now has and will keep constantly on hand

Plaster in Bulk or Barrel,

of the best quality, at the Fairmont or Canal Mills, or at his Coal Yard on Eighth Street, East of King's Malt House. Farmers, now is the time to

DOUBLE YOUR CROPS,

by using plenty of this fertilizing gypsum. It will pay your mone back with large profits. Also the best

Blacksmith or House Coal!

Kept constantly on hand; warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded, and pay for all trouble, on return of the coal. The position for a Coal Yard is the very best in the city; being on a level with the town, there is no long and steep hill to encounter in hauling.

Eighth Street and the Canal,

East of King's Malt House,

Is the place to buy your Coal, where you can have it weighed on a pair of Fairbank's Hay Scales, and save one Handling.

BROOKFIELD & MANNING'S

Coals Kept, and no other, which are the best in the market.—GIVE US A CALL. Orders can be sent through the Post Office, or to the Coal Office of

Erie, March 7, 1857.—1y. 43 V. M. THOMPSON

FLOORING! FLOORING!

WANTED, 200,000 feet of good WHITE WOOD and CUCUMBER FLOORING, 1¼ inches thick and from 6 to 20 inches wide at our Planing Mill on Eleventh street.

Erie, Feb 28, 1857. CARTER & MALLERY.

To all whom it may Concern.

ALL persons who know themselves indebted to the subscribers either by Note or Book Account, are notified that unless payment is made on or before the first day of April next, their notes or accounts will be left with a Justice of the Peace for collection.

Erie, March 21, 1857. BENNETT, BARR & CO.

New Grocery and Provision Store,

In Beatty's Block, West Park Row

I AM now receiving an entire Fresh and New Stock of GROCERIES, direct from New York, which I offer to sell to the public at prices that can't be beat by any other establishment in the City. I shall also keep on hand a general supply of all kinds of PROVISIONS, PRODUCE, VEGETABLES, &c., &c. Having had some experience in the Grocery and Provision Business, I flatter myself I am fully capable to be up with the times.

April 4, 1857. WM. F. BIDDERNECHT.

Groceries, Provisions, Cigars, &c.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has removed to Chespeake one door north of the corner of 6th street and the Park, where he is now in receipt of a large and splendid assortment of GROCERIES and PROVISIONS, consisting of every article in that line, among which may be found

Coffees, Teas, Sugars, Syrups Spices, &c.,

of every variety and description. I would call especial attention to my stock of

CHOICE SEGARS,

comprising the various brands and qualities, which will be sold at reasonable rates. Determined to do a fair business, I respectfully solicit a call from purchasers.

Erie, April, 4.—47. P. A. BECKER.

ORANGES & LEMONS, for sale by the box or dozen, at

April 25. J. JOHNSTON & BRO'S.

HAM.—A very choice article of Cincinnati Sugar Cured Ham, just received and now opening and for sale at

Erie, May 30, 1857. HANSCOM'S.

JUST RECEIVED and for sale, a general assortment of Wood and Willow Ware, comprising Tubs, Pails, Market Baskets, &c., &c., at J. JOHNSTON & BRO'S.

FIRKINS Cincinnati Sugar cured hams on hand at No. 3 Bonnell Block and for sale by

Erie, June 27, 1857. J. McGARRER.

Select Poetry.

LITTLE FOOLS AND GREAT ONES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

When at the social board you sit,
And pass around the wine,
Remember though above is vile,
That man may be divine;
That heaven, in kindness, gave the grape
To chase both great and small—
That little fools would drink too much,
But great ones none at all.

And when in youth's too fleeting hours
You roam the earth alone,
And have not sought some loving heart,
That you may make your own;
Remember woman's priceless worth,
And think when pleasures pall—
That little fools will love too much,
But great ones not at all

And if a friend deceived you once,
Absolve poor human kind,
Nor rail against your fellow man
With malice in your mind;
But in your daily intercourse,
Remember that you fall—
That little fools confide too much,
But great ones not at all

In work or pleasure, love or drink,
Your rule be still the same—
Your work not toil, your pleasure pure,
Your love a steady flame,
Your drink not maddening, but to cheer—
So shall your bliss not pall—
For little fools enjoy too much,
But great ones not at all

Choice Miscellany.

THE DEAD SECRET.

BY WILKIE COLLINS

CHAPTER XXVI

THE CLOSE OF DAY.

THE night, with its wakeful anxieties, wore away at last; and the morning light dawned hopefully; for it brought with it the promise of an end to Rosamond's suspense.

The first event of the day was the arrival of Mr. Nixon, who had received a note on the previous evening, written by Leonard's desire to invite him to breakfast Before the lawyer withdrew, he had settled with Mr. and Mrs. Frankland all the preliminary arrangements that were necessary to effect the restoration of the purchase money of Porthgenna Tower, and had dispatched a messenger with a letter to Bayswater, announcing his intention of calling upon Andrew Treverton that afternoon, on private business of importance relating to the personal estate of his late brother

Toward noon, Uncle Joseph arrived at the hotel to take Rosamond with him to the house where her mother lay ill.

He came in, talking, in the highest spirits, of the wonderful change for the better that had been wrought in his niece, by the affectionate message which he had taken to her on the previous evening. He declared that it made her look happier, stronger, younger, all in a moment; that it had given her the longest, quietest, sweetest night's sleep she had enjoyed for years and years past; and, last, best triumph of all, that its good influence had been recognized by the hour since, by the doctor himself. Rosamond listened thankfully, but it was with a wandering attention, with a mind ill at ease When she had taken leave of her husband, and when she and Uncle Joseph were out in the street together, there was something in the prospect of the approaching interview between her mother and herself, which, in spite of her efforts to resist the sensation, almost daunted her If they could have come together, and have recognized each other without time to think what should be first said or done on either side, the meeting would have been nothing more than the natural result of the discovery of the Secret. But, as it was, the waiting, the doubting, the mournful story of the past, which had filled up the emptiness of the last day of suspense, all had their depressing effect on Rosamond's impulsive disposition.—Without a thought in her heart which was not tender, compassionate, and true, toward her mother, she new felt, nevertheless, a vague sense of embarrassment, which increased to positive uneasiness the nearer she and the old man drew to their short journey's end. As they stopped at last at the house door, she was shocked to find herself thinking, before hand, of what first words it would be best to say, of what first things it would be best to do—as if she had been about to visit a total stranger, whose favorable opinion she wished to secure, and whose readiness to receive her cordially was a matter of doubt.

The first person whom they saw after the door was opened, was the doctor. He advanced toward them from a little empty room at the end of the hall, and asked permission to speak with Mrs. Frankland for a few minutes. Leaving Rosamond to her interview with the doctor, Uncle Joseph gayly ascended the stairs to tell his niece of her arrival, with an activity which might well have been envied by many of half his years.

"Is she worse? Is there any danger in my seeing her?" asked Rosamond, as the doctor led her into the empty room.

"Quite the contrary," he replied. "She is much better this morning; and the improvement I find, is mainly due to the composing and cheering influences on her mind of a message which she received from you last night It is the discovery of this which makes me anxious to speak to you now on the subject of one particular symptom of her mental condition, which surprised and alarmed me when I first discovered it, and which has perplexed me very much ever since. She is suffering—not to detain you, and to put the matter at once in the plainest terms—under a mental hallucination of a very extraordinary kind, which, so far I have observed it, affects her generally toward the close of day, when the light gets obscure. At such times there is an expression in her eyes as if she fancied some person had walked suddenly into the room. She looks and talks at perfect vacancy, as you or I might look or talk at some one who was really standing and listening to us. The old man, her uncle, tells me that he first observed this when she came to see him (in Cornwall, I think he said) a short time since. She was speaking to him then on private affairs of her own, when she suddenly stopped, just as the evening was closing in, startled him by a question on the old superstitious subject of the reappearance of the dead, and then, looking away at a shadowed corner of the room, began to talk at it—exactly as I have seen her look and heard her talk up stairs. Whether she fancies that she is pursued by an apparition, or whether she imagines that some living person enters her room at certain times, is more than I can say, and the old man gives me no help in guessing at the truth. Can you throw any light on the matter?"

"I hear of it now for the first time," answered Rosamond, looking at the doctor in amazement and alarm

"Perhaps," he rejoined, "she may be more communicative with you than she is with me.—If you could manage to be by her bedside at dusk to-day or to-morrow, and if you think you are not likely to be frightened by it, I should very much wish you to see and hear her when she is under the influence of her delusion. I have tried in vain to draw attention away from it at the time, or to get her to speak of it afterward. You have evidently considerable influence over her, and you might, therefore, succeed where I have failed. In her state of health I attach great importance to clearing her mind of every thing that clouds and oppresses it, and especially of such a serious hallucination as that which I have been describing. If you could succeed in combating it, you would be doing her the greatest service, and would be materially helping my efforts to improve her health. Do you mind trying the experiment?"

Rosamond promised to devote herself unreservedly to this service or to any other which was for the patient's good. The doctor thanked her, and led the way back into the hall again. Uncle Joseph was descending the stairs as they came out of the room. "She is ready and longing to see you," he whispered in Rosamond's ear.

"I am sure I need not impress on you again the very serious necessity of keeping her composed," said the doctor, taking his leave. "It is, I assure you, no exaggeration to say that her life depends on it"

Rosamond bowed to him in silence, and in silence followed the old man up the stairs

At the door of a back room on the second floor Uncle Joseph stopped

"She is there," he whispered, eagerly "I leave you to go in by yourself, for it is best that you should be alone with her at first I shall walk about the streets in the fine warm sunshine, and think of you both, and come back after a little Go in; and the blessing and the mercy of God go with you!" He lifted her hand to his lips, and softly and quickly descended the stairs again

Rosamond stood alone before the door. A momentary tremor shook her from head to foot as she stretched out her hand to knock at it — The same sweet voice that she had last heard in her bedroom at West Winston answered her now. As its tones fell on her ear, a thought of her child stole quietly into her heart and stilled its quick throbbing. She opened the door at once and went in.

Neither the look of the inside, nor the view from the window, nor its characteristic ornaments, nor its prominent pieces of furniture; none of the objects in it or about it, which would have caught her quick observation at other times struck it now From the moment when she opened the door, she saw nothing but the pillows of the bed, the head resting on them, and the face turned toward hers. As she stepped across the threshold that face changed; the eyelids drooped a little, and the pale cheeks were tinged suddenly with burning red.

Was her mother ashamed to look at her?

The bare doubt freed Rosamond in an instant from all the self-distrust, all the embarrassment, all the hesitation about choosing her words and directing her actions, which had fettered her generous impulses up to this time She ran to the bed, raised the worn, shrinking figure in her arms, and laid the poor weary head gently on her warm, young bosom. "I have come at last mother, to take my turn at nursing you," she said. Her heart swelled as those simple words came from it; her full eyes overflowed; she could say no more.

"Don't cry!" murmured the faint, sweet voice, timidly. "I have no right to bring you here and make you sorry Don't, don't cry!"

"Oh, hush! hush! I shall do nothing but cry "Let us forget that we have ever been parted. Call me by my name Speak to me as I shall speak to my own child, if God spares me to see him grow up Say 'Rosamond!' and—oh, pray, pray—tell me to do something for you!" She tore asunder passionately the strings of her bonnet, and threw it from her on the nearest chair "Look! here is your glass of lemonade on the table. Say 'Rosamond, bring me my lemonade!' say it familiarly, mother! say it as if you knew that I was bound to obey you!"

She repeated the words after her daughter, but still not in steady tones—repeated them with a sad, wondering smile, and with a lingering of the voice on the name of Rosamond, as if it was a luxury to her to utter it

"You made me so happy with that message, and with the kiss you sent me from your child," she said, when Rosamond had given her the lemonade, and was seated quietly by the bedside again. "It was such a kind way of saying that you pardoned me. It gave me all the courage I wanted to speak to you as I am speaking now. Perhaps my illness has changed me, but I don't feel frightened and strange with you, as I thought I should at our first meeting after you knew the Secret. I think I shall soon get well enough to see your child. Is he like what you were at his age? If he is, he must be very, very—" She stopped. "I may think of that," she added, after waiting a little; "but I had better not talk of it, or I shall cry, too; and I want to have done with sorrow now"

While she spoke those words, while her eyes were fixed with wistful eagerness on her daughter's face, the old instinct of neatness was still mechanically at work in her weak, wasted fingers. Rosamond had tossed her gloves from her on the bed but the minute before; and already her mother had taken them up, and was smoothing them out carefully and folding them neatly together, all the while she spoke.

"Call me 'mother' again," she said, as Rosamond took the gloves from her and thanked her with a kiss for folding them up; "I have never heard you call me 'mother' till now—never, never till now—from the day when you were born!"

Rosamond checked the tears that were rising in her eyes again, and repeated the word.

"It is all the happiness I want, to lie here and look at you, and hear you say that! Is there any other woman in the world, my love, who has a face so beautiful and so kind as yours?" She paused, and smiled, faintly.

"I can't look at those sweet, rosy lips now," she said, "without thinking how many kisses they owe me!"

"If you had only let me pay the debt before!" said Rosamond, taking her mother's hand as she was accustomed to take her child's, and placing it on her neck. "If you had only spoken the first time we met, when you came to nurse me! How sorrowfully I have thought of that since! Oh, mother, did I distress you much, in my ignorance! Did it make you cry when you thought of me after that?"

"Distress me! All my distress, Rosamond, has been of my own making, not of yours. My kind, thoughtful love, you said, 'Don't be hard on her'—do you remember? When I was being sent away, deservedly sent away, dear, for frightening you, you said to your husband, 'Don't be hard on her!' Only five words—but oh, what a comfort it was to me afterward to think that you had said them! I did want to kiss you so, Rosamond, when I was brushing your hair; I had such a hard fight of it to keep from crying out loud when I heard you, behind the curtains, wishing your little child good-night. My heart was in my mouth, choking me all that time. I took your part afterward, when I went back to my mistress. I wouldn't hear her say a harsh word of you. I could have looked a hundred mistresses in the face then, and contradicted them all. Oh no, no, no! you never distressed me. My worst grief at going away was years and years before I came to nurse you at West Winston. It was when I left my place at Porthgenna; when I stole into your nursery on that dreadful morning, and when I saw you with both your little arms round my master's neck. The doll you had taken to bed with you was in one of your hands; and your head was resting on the captain's bosom, just as mine rests now—oh, so happily, Rosamond!—on yours. I heard the last words he was speaking to you—words you were too young to remember. 'Hush! Rosie dear,' he said, 'don't cry any more for poor mamma Think of poor papa, and try to comfort him!' There, my love, there was the bitterest distress, and the hardest to bear! I your own mother, standing like a spy, and hearing him say that to the child I dared not own:—'Think of poor papa!' My own Rosamond, you know now what father I thought of when he said those words! How could I tell him the Secret? How could I give him the letter, with his wife dead that morning—with nobody but you to comfort him—with the awful truth crushing down upon my heart at every word he spoke as heavily as ever the rock crushed down upon the father you never saw!"

"Don't speak of it now!" said Rosamond.—"Don't let us refer again to the past. I know all I ought to know, all I wish to know of it.—We will talk of the future, mother, and of happier times to come. Let me tell you about my husband If any words can praise him as he ought to be praised and thank him as he ought to be thanked, I am sure mine ought, I am sure yours will! Let me tell you what he said, and what he did, when I read him the letter that I found in the Myrtle Room Yes, yes, do let me!"

Warned by a remembrance of the doctor's last injunctions; trembling in secret as she felt under her hand the heavy, toilsome, irregular heaving of her mother's heart, as she saw the rapid changes of color from pale to red, and from red to pale again, that fluttered across her mother's face, she resolved to let no more words pass between them which were of a nature to recall painfully the sorrow and the suffering of the years that were gone. After describing the interview between her husband and herself which had ended in the disclosure of the Secret, she led her mother, with compassionate abruptness to speak of the future, of the time when she would be able to travel again, of the happiness of returning together to Cornwall, of the little festival they might hold on arriving at Uncle Joseph's house in Truro, and of the time after that when they might go on still further to Porthgenna, or perhaps to some other place, where new scenes and new faces might help them to forget all sad associations which it was best to think of no more.

Rosamond was still speaking on these topics; her mother was still listening to her with growing interest in every word that she said, when Uncle Joseph returned. He brought in with him a basket of flowers and a basket of fruit, which he held up in triumph at the foot of his niece's bed

"I have been walking about, my child, in the fine bright sunshine," he said, "and waiting to give your face plenty of time to look happy, so that I want to see it always, for the rest of my life 'Aha, Sarah! it is I who have brought the right doctor to cure you!' he added, gayly, looking at Rosamond "She has made you better already; wait but a little while longer, and she shall get you up from your bed again, with your two cheeks as red, and your heart as light, and your tongue as fast to chatter as mine. See! the fine flowers of youth, and the fruit of all to put into your mouth. It is festival time with us today, and we must make the room bright, bright, bright all over And, then, there is your dinner to come soon; I have seen it on the dish—a cherub among chicken fowls! And, after that, there is your fine sound asleep, with Mozart to sing the cradle song, and with me to sit for watch, and to go down stairs when you wake up again, and fetch you your cup of tea. Ah, my child, my child, what a fine thing it is to have come at last to this festival day!"

With a bright look at Rosamond, and with both his hands full of flowers, he turned away from his niece to begin decorating the room.—Except when she thanked the old man for the presents he had brought, her attention had never wandered, all the while he had been speaking from her daughter's face, and her first words, when he was silent again, were addressed to Rosamond alone.

"While I am happy with my child," she said, "I am keeping you from yours. I, of all persons, ought to be the last to part you from each other too long. Go back now, my love, to your husband and your child; and leave me to my grateful thoughts and my dreams of better times."

"If you please, answer Yes to that, for your mother's sake," said Uncle Joseph, before Rosamond could reply "The doctor says she must take her repose in the day as well as her repose in the night. And how shall I get her to close her eyes, so long as she has the temptation to keep them open upon you?"

Rosamond felt the truth of those last words, and consented to go back for a few hours to the hotel, on the understanding that she was to resume her place at the bedside in the evening. After making this arrangement, she waited long enough in the room to see the meal brought up, which Uncle Joseph had announced, and to aid the old man in encouraging her mother to partake of it. When the tray had been removed, and when the pillows of the bed had been comfortably arranged by her own hands, she at last prevailed on herself to take leave.

Her mother's arms lingered round her neck; her mother's cheek nestled fondly against hers. "Go, my dear, go now, or I shall get too selfish to part with you even for a few hours," murmured the sweet voice in its lowest, softest tones. "My own Rosamond! I have no words to bless you that are good enough; no words to thank you that will speak as gratefully for me as they ought! Happiness has been long in reaching me—but oh, how mercifully it has come at last!"

Before she passed the door, Rosamond stopped and looked back into the room. The table, the mantle piece, the little framed prints on the wall were bright with flowers; the musical box was just playing the first sweet notes of the air from Mozart, Uncle Joseph was seated already in his accustomed place by the bed, with the basket of fruit on his knees; the pale, worn face on the pillow was tenderly lighted up by a smile: peace and comfort, and repose, all mingled together happily in the picture of the sick room, all joined in leading Rosamond's thoughts to dwell quietly on the hope of a happier time.

Three hours passed. The last glory of the sun was lighting the long summer day to its rest in the western heaven, when Rosamond returned to her mother's bedside.

She entered the room softly. The one window in it looked toward the west, and on that side of the bed the chair was placed which Uncle Joseph had occupied when she left him, and in which she now found him still seated on her return.—He raised his finger to his lips, and looked toward the bed, as she opened the door. Her mother was asleep, with her hand resting in the hand of the old man.

As Rosamond noiselessly advanced, she saw that Uncle Joseph's eyes looked dim and weary. The constraint of the position that he occupied, which made it impossible for him to move without the risk of awakening his niece, seemed to be beginning to fatigue him. Rosamond removed her bonnet and shawl, and made a sign to him to rise and let her take his place.

"Yes, yes!" she whispered, seeing him reply by a shake of the head. "Let me take my turn, while you go out a little and enjoy the cool evening air. There is no fear of waking her: her hand is not clasping yours, but only resting in it—let me steal mine into its place gently, and we shall not disturb her."

She slipped her hand under her mother's while she spoke. Uncle Joseph smiled as he rose from his chair, and resigned his place to her.—"You will have your way," he said; "you are too quick and sharp for an old man like me."

"Has she been long asleep?" asked Rosamond.

"Nearly two hours," answered Uncle Joseph. "But it has not been the good sleep I wanted for her—a dreaming, talking, restless sleep. It is only ten little minutes since she has been so quiet as you see her now"

"Surely you let in too much light?" whispered Rosamond, looking round at the window, through which the glow of the evening sky poured warmly into the room

"No, no!" he hastily rejoined. "Asleep or awake, she always wants the light. If I go away for a little while, as you tell me, and if it gets on to be dusk before I come back, light both those candles on the chimney-piece. I shall try to be here again before that; but if