# THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

A. J. GERRITSON, Publisher. | MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, NOV. 26, 1863. | VOLUME XX. NUMBER 47.



## BUSINESS CARDS.

### H. GARRATT

DEALER in Flour, Feed, and Meal, Barrell and Dairy Salt, Timothy and Clover Seed, Groceries, Provisions, Fruit, Fish, Petroleum Oil, Wooden and Stone Ware, Yankee Notions, &c. &c. Opposite Railroad Depot, New Milford, Pa. feb 5, 1863.

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Feb. 3, 1863.—1y10

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### WM. H. COOPER & CO.,

BANKERS.—Montrose, Pa. Successors to Post, Cooper & Co. Office, Lathrops' new building, Turnpike-st.

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### McCOLLUM & SEARLE,

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Montrose, Pa., July 4th, 1862.—tf

### P. LINES,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop in Phœnix Block, over store of Read, Watrous & Foster. All work warranted, as to fit and finish. Cutting done on short notice, in best style. jan. '60.

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### L. B. ISBELL,

REPAIRS Clocks, Watches, and Jewelery at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms. All work warranted. Shop in Chandler and Jessup's store, MONTROSE, Pa. oct25 tf

### WM. W. SMITH,

CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER.—Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. aug tf

### C. O. FORDHAM,

MANUFACTURER of *BOOTS & SHOES*, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Dewitt's store. All kinds of work made to order, and repairing done neatly, je3 y

### ABEL TURRELL,

DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Glass Ware, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Window Glass, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Jewelry Perfumery, &c.—Agent for all the most popular PATENT MEDICINES.—Montrose, Pa. aug tf

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New Milford, July, 17, 1861

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LATE GRADUATE of the MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF YALE COLLEGE, have formed a copartnership for the practice of Medicine and Surgery, and are prepared to attend to all business faithfully and punctually, that may be intrusted to their care, on terms commensurate with the times.

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Montrose, Pa., May 7th, 1862.—tpf

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CHARLES PLATT, Sec'y. ARTHUR G. COFFIN, Pres.
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LIABILITIES, " " 43,068.68.

J. Milton Smith, Sec'y. Chas. J. Martin, President.
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nov29 y BILLINGS STROUD, *Agent.*

### S. M. Pettengill & Co.,

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39-'63 Montrose, Pa.

## J. B. HAZLETON,

Ambrotype and Photographic Artist, Montrose, Pa.

Pictures taken in all kinds of weather, in the best style of the Art. oct10


## KITTY CLARK'S WILL.

A complimentary and (in their way) sympathizing throng were assembled in the room where old Kitty Clark lay dying. Dying now, there was no doubt.—The wolf, so often cried causelessly during the preceding years of her long life, was at last growling at the door. From this attack it was certain she would not recover.

She herself was aware of it. The hand of Time, which had stolen from her all the vigor of life, leaving her like a dry and sapless tree, had not quenched the active mind and dauntless spirit which for seventy years she had possessed. She well knew she was dying. It was understood that she had made a will, which was lodged in the hands of Mr. Crocks, who, as merchant, postmaster, and member of the council, was undoubtedly the proper person to have charge of such an important document. Great curiosity was felt, and many now beneath Kitty's roof hoped to get from her, or those who nursed her, some intelligence as to what that will contained. But she had made no confidents; and as evening drew on, she had fallen into an apparent stupor, from which she only awoke by sudden starts, when she would utter a groan of pain, or occasionally a word or two of prayer.

Very strange, to unaccustomed eyes, would have been the scene, lit up by the red glow of the fire of bark and pine wood blazing on the broad hearth; for, though the season was May, the night air was chill, and the rough log walls by no means forbade its entrance. In one corner was the bed, where lay the invalid, uncurtained and unscreened; while on and around it were the two or three women at present in office as nurses, one holding a flaring candle, another a spoon and phial, while a third supported the pillows on her arm. Filling the rest of the room were about a dozen female figures, among whom the seven ages of woman might have been sought and found, from the infant in the cradle to the old crone of three score and ten. There was the child creeping on the floor, in charge of one just emerging from childhood; young girls in freshness and beauty; by the fireside, a young mother fondling her first born with exultant pride, as she talked to the sedate matron who watched the gruel simmering on the glowing coals; while the old women compared notes as to the death-beds they had attended and the funerals they had seen. The men were mostly gathered in the "stoop" outside, but the masculine element was not entirely wanting within; it was represented by old Silas Doyle, who had "the *gift of grace*," and had come to pray with the invalid; and handsome Martin Foyle, leaning over the shoulder of pretty Amarylla Dollman, who looked up into his face with such a languishing expression in her great soft eyes. Each and all felt for Kitty, and would have aided her by any means in their power, but their sympathy did not in the least prevent them from attending to their own affairs; nor did any seem to remember that as she was now, so they all in their turn must be. The peculiar hum of many voices speaking low sounded in the room, while over all the red fire shed a lurid light, and cast fantastic shadows on the smoky walls.

Now and then the creaking door would open, and give entrance to a new visitor, and the crazy floor would rock under even a careful tread, as the new comer advanced to the bed, held the candle so as to throw the light on the sick woman's face, and made audible remarks on her appearance, and the change for the worse perceptible since the last visit. It was Saturday evening, and the week's work was done and put away; this accounted for the unusual gathering, where there were generally only those who were needed or had nothing to do at home; but all were now free to make inquiries and to indulge, at a common rendezvous, in a little friendly chat; Kitty's was not the only sick room in Crocksville; Abel Blunt's wife was almost given over, and was, moreover, a very interesting case, as she was delirious; the interest therefore was somewhat divided, but Kitty's was the favorite resort. Abel Blunt lived in a substantial house with various rooms, and only a privileged few were admitted to the presence of the invalid; but Kitty Clark's one-roomed shanty, where the visitor had nothing to do but to open the door and walk in, gave free access to all.

II.

Let us listen to some of the scraps of the stray conversation, and learn how matters stand in Crocksville, such having been the name given to the place when it arrived at the dignity of possessing a post office, and received a name at all. First, let us take Martin Foyle, who is whispering in low tones to Amarylla: "So you think there's no chance he'll change his mind, Am'rilly dear?"

"Not a bit. He wouldn't let Nelly marry Robert until he had a farm of his own, and he won't let me. We'll have to wait a while."

"I spose we must; but it's awful hard to have patience."

"Well, we're both young, and we can afford it. Besides, you'll have time to consider whether, you'll change your mind. Better before than after."

The reply to this woman-like and aggravating speech is lost in the remark of Belia Jones: "I guess she won't get over it this time."

"It's hard to say," replied Mrs. Jackson, to whom she had spoken. "My mother used to have just such turns, and she lived to be ninety."

"I wonder who she's left the farm to," pursued Miss Jones.

"Neither you nor me, I guess. It'll be sure to go to some one as don't want it. Crocks'll get it, because he's rich already."

"How's Abel Blunt's wife, to-day?" asked Mrs. Sands, interrupting Mrs. Jackson's sarcastic observations.

"Awful bad. They had two doctors there, to-day."

"She's violent, I heard," said another.

"They had to shave her head, to keep her from tearing out her hair."

"I heard it was rheumatic fever, but it don't seem like that."

"No," said Mrs. Sands, "'taint that.—They give her too much opium, and it set her kind o' wild."

"My opinion is," said Silas Doyle, joining in from his seat at the bed-head, "that she's under conviction. Her symptoms are all that way."

"Anyhow, she's in awful suffering," said Mrs. Sands.

"Ah!" rejoined Silas, with a shake of the head, "it's a blessed thing to be under conviction of sin."

Considering the proofs adduced, some people might have been skeptical as to the blessedness of Mrs. Blunt's condition, but no one present expressed a doubt on the point. As if roused to the sounds familiar to every Methodist ear, the dying woman stirred, and muttered some words, of which "help me, save me," were alone audible.

"She's been that way all day," whispered Mrs. Green, the nurse with the candle, to Mrs. Sands, praying when she was sensible, or in most pain."

"Ah!" returned Mrs. Sands. "Well, I've no doubt it'll be all right with her, if she is called away. She's always been a professor."

"Profession and practice don't always go together," muttered Mrs. Jones over the gruel saucepan.

Here Kitty again spoke, and Mrs. Green bent down to listen. "Her mind's running on the scriptures; she's saying something about Jepthah's daughter."

Mrs. Jones and another woman exchanged glances across the hearth, and both shook their heads. "Ah!" says Mrs. Jones, "'taint the scriptures she's thinking of when she talks of Jepthah's daughter."

"What else?" said rosy little Mrs. Blake, a new comer to Crocksville, restraining a sudden leap of her infant towards the blaze.

Mrs. Jones looked up. "Did you never hear?" she asked in a low stone.

"Do tell! I never heard a mention of anything."

Mrs. Jones lowered her voice to a solemn whisper, and began her tale.

III.

"There ain't many left here that remembers what happened thirty years ago. I was a lump of a girl then, about fourteen or so, and one of the first things I remember was old Kitty Clark and her husband. They always lived just here in this shanty; I don't believe there's been a morsel done to it since it was built, and it's fit to tumble down. She was always a queer sort of body. I've heard my mother say that if you went in as she was setting the table, she'd clean the things right off again, and pretend she was washing up the dishes, just as if she was afraid you'd want to eat with her; and if her man or boys (she had two sons) came in, she'd keep them waiting till you was gone—she was so curious and secret. Sam Clark her husband, was a shiftless sort of a man; not that he was not fond enough of money, or didn't try to make it, but he wasn't fond of hard work, and had a turn for trading and speculating, and when a man's that way, instead of sticking to his regular work, the money goes faster than it comes. They never get on. They worked this land on the shares, and kept on year after year, and didn't seem to improve, till the boys was big enough to leave home, and then they went off to work on their own hook.

"Well, thirty years ago this place was a sight different from what it is now; there was no store then within fifteen miles, and the roads was bad, so we was dependent on peddlers for the most part of the things we wanted. They used to come round regular—the grocery peddler, and the dry goods peddler, the tinman, (he carried hardware mostly too,) and others besides, just as they do now, only a deal oftener, and their stocks was quite as good. They was always a familiar sort of men, and they brought the news of the town they came from, so people was generally glad to see them. They used to stop for the night at the last house they got to after dark, and pay for their board in some article of their trade when they was going away.

"I recollect one of them, by the name of Jepthah Murney.

He came from Williamsburg, and dealt in Jewelry and such like trash. I didn't call it trash in those days though, and I believe the girls thought more of Jepthah's visits than any one else's, and spent most of their savings with him. He was a foolish kind of man, if he had a little money about him, he was sure to let you know just how much, and what he was going to do with it, and so on, as if he wasn't quite wise. 'You'd better emit that cable you have got of talking of your money, Jepthah,' says my mother to him one day, 'or you'll chance on some one who will save you the trouble of carrying it.' But Jepthah only laughed, and went on just the same.

"He came the last time in January, thirty two years ago. I mind it well, for there'd been an awful snow-storm, which kept me for two days and nights over at old uncle Jake Fitcher's. When I came home on the third evening, mother told me that Jepthah had been there. Well I was real sorry to have missed him, for I'd been reckoning on a pair of gold ear-rings that he'd got, ever since his last visit, when I hadn't money enough to buy them—but mother comforted me. 'You can get them in the morning,' said she, 'for Jepthah calculated he wouldn't get further than Kitty Clark's to-night, on account of the drifts, being so bad.' Well, she continued talking of Jepthah. 'He'll be robbed some day as sure as life,' says she, 'I never heard a man talk as foolish as he does, to be in his right mind. He told me to-day he had two hundred dollars on him, besides his stock, and he was going to buy some land and leave peddling.—But he'll be robbed first, if there's a ha'porth of roguery left in the world.'

"Well, the next morning, bright and early, I went over to Kitty Clark's. It was real cold, and I ran most of the way, as fast as I could for the deep snow.—When I opened the door I heard a scuttery kind of noise inside, and I had to knock again before Kitty said, 'come in.' When I opened the door, she was throwing something into a cupboard; she had an everlasting fire on the hearth, and a big pot over it, and there was an awful smotherin' smell like burned feathers or scorched woollen rags."

Here Mrs. Jones paused to stir the gruel. Something in the last words had made Mrs. Blake clasp her baby closer, and glance fearfully round.

IV.

"Well, I looked around," continued Mrs. Jones, "but I didn't see no signs of Jepthah. Where's Jepthah Murney, Mrs. Clark?" I asked.

"That's more'n than I can tell you," says she. "He quit here this morning at daylight."

I was disappointed, but that wouldn't bring him nearer; so I said I'd have to wait till he came round next time.

"When Jepthah Murney comes round again, you'll get ear-rings for nothing," says Kitty. "He's going to quit peddling and buy a farm,"

"Yes," says I, "he told mother he had two hundred dollars yesterday."

"Well," says she, "he didn't say here how much he had, only just what I tell you."

"I didn't stay long, for she seemed to think me in the way; she kept fussing round, but somehow she managed to be all the time between me and the cupboard door. Early as it was, the floor was fresh filled off, and the place red up as if it was afternoon.

"I guess it was four or five days after there was an alarm raised, where was Jepthah Murney? His horse and cutter was found loose on the road between this and Hawleyburg; but he was never seen or heard of again. Of course, there was a great inquiry made, and Sam and Kitty Clark, being the last people that had seen him, were examined very close; but they stuck to their *story*; and though the shanty was searched all over, and up and down, nothing was found to show that they made way with him; but yet the notion got abroad, and for a long time they were suspected. A store in Williamsburg was robbed of about two hundred dollars a few days before Jepthah's last trip, and some thought he did it, and absconded to the States. Maybe he did; but it's always been my opinion, and a good many other's too, that if he did hook the money he never carried it further than Kitty Clark's, I don't know why, but it always rested on my mind the look of the shanty on that morning; the scuttery noise, the fresh-washed floor, and the awful suffocatin' smell.

"It turned out that Jepthah had left one child, a girl about twelve years old.—All he had was on him, and the child was destitute. She boarded with a woman who used her very bad, and one day that old Andrew Foyle went to Williamsburg, he took pity on her, and brought her back as bound girl. She was a pretty child, if it hadn't been for a scared look in her eyes; but she grew out of that, and when she was about nineteen, Andrew's son, Martin, took a fancy to her. She was a smart girl, and so Andrew made no objection to the match," and she made a good match for the little time she lived. She was very like her son Martin there, carrying on that way with Am'rilly Dollman."

"That'll be a match some day, I should think," said Mrs. Blake.

"'Twould have been before this, if Martin had a farm of his own, but while he lives with his father, old Dollman won't allow it."

"And so nothing was ever heard of the peddler?"

"Not a word. The Clarks got on better for a while. They seemed to have money, which looked queer, seeing how poor they'd always been, and they bo't this farm. But then everything went wrong; the two boys died—one of them was killed by a tree falling on him, and Sam had a stroke which kept him to his bed for the rest of his life, which wasn't long. He was out of his head at the end, and Kitty never let any one near him but herself. Since he died she has lived alone and shared the land. It's good land, and I should think she must have saved money. I wonder who she's left it to."

"Young Martin, perhaps."

"I guess not. She's always had a singular dislike to his mother. May be, her conscience told her why. No; it's more likely to be Am'rilly Dollman. She took a fancy to her when she was a child, and kept to it."

"Well, it'll come to pretty much the same thing which has it, so that one of them gets it," says Mrs. Blake.

A shudder stir in the corner made all look towards the bed. The invalid had opened her eyes and raised herself, unaided, on her arm; for a moment or two she gazed round on the assemblage, as if not understanding their unwonted presence; then she broke out into a laugh, harsh and loud: "Ahal" she cried, in a shrill voice, "they looked everywhere but in the right place! Up and down, up chamber and down cellar, but they never thought of the north wall!" and sunk back exhausted.

A kind of shudder ran through the spectators. "My! ain't that awful?" said Belia Jones; while pretty Amarylla shrunk, as if for protection, a little closer to Martin Foyle, and the nurse's attention became absorbed in their charge.—She, however, had again subsided into stupor, and said no more.

"She'll go off that way," said Mrs. Green. "She may linger awhile, but she will sleep her life out so. And now, as it is getting late, I think I'll clear out."

The clock, indeed, by this time announced that it was a most dissipated hour for the inhabitants of Crocksville; nothing but the agreeable feeling that on Sunday morning there was no occasion for waking with the daylight, would have kept them so long from their rest. All now departed except the watchers for the night, and the shanty was left to comparative quiet and repose.

V.

No one was surprised the next morning to hear that Kitty Clark was dead.—She had never moved or spoken since the demonstration that had so alarmed her visitors the preceding evening, which had evidently been the last effort of expiring nature. "She just went out like the snuff of a candle," Mrs. Jones remarked to those who came with inquiries and offers of assistance. That lady had taken on herself the office of superintending the preparations for the funeral, and was arrayed in her robes of state, a black silk gown, which, as she had once observed, "was the convenientest dress you could have; it answered for everything from a wedding to a funeral;" the richness of the material adapting it for festive occasions, and its sober hue rendering it a suitable garb of mourning. There was considerable excitement in Crocksville this Sunday morning; it would perhaps be uncharitable to say the people were glad old Kitty had departed, but certainly they were glad that there was now the opportunity of gratifying the curiosity felt by all regarding the paper in Mr. Crock's hands.

It was a pity the contents could not have been known on this idle day, when there would have been nothing to do but to discuss them; but Mr. Crocks said that "*t'wordin to rule*, the will hadn't ought to be read till after the funeral," and announced his intention of not making them public till the proper time, rather enjoying, in the meanwhile, the consciousness of being the only person in possession of the secret. It was considered a most unnecessary piece of ceremonious formality. However, speculation and conjecture kept the interest alive.

It was surprising how many people found they could leave their work, "just for an hour or two," the next afternoon to to attend the funeral. Certainly, old Kitty was more "in her ashes honored" than she had ever been in life. As Mrs. Jones remarked: "It was 'mazin' what folks wo'd do for the sake of curiosity: there was old Jim White who had never been known off his place for six years; and Sally Black had left her washing half through to hear the news an hour sooner." As old Kitty had neither kith nor kin, every one deemed him or herself to have a chance of the inheritance, and a right to be present.—Whatever else she might have died possessed of, there was, at all events, the land, more than fifty acres, in first-rate condition; it was a prize to be coveted; and as the old woman was generally considered to have been "not quite right," no one could tell on what unlikely person her favor might have fallen.

Curiosity was gratified, and patience rewarded at last. Mr. Crocks opened that important paper, and read the contents aloud. It was short, and to the purpose, as Kitty had been wont to be. The land was left to Stephen Dollman, in trust for his daughter Amarylla till she should be of age; when it was to revert to her absolutely; the small stock of crazy furniture, the pig, the cow, and the money in the old leathern purse in the cupboard, amounting to about $15, were Amarylla's at once, unconditionally; and the farm itself, stripped of everything, was left to young Martin Foyle.

Every one was surprised, not at the first part, for Amarylla had always been thought rather a favorite with the old woman; but all wondered that she had not left more money. "She never spent much, and she had ought to have made more out of the farm." Then the strange legacy to Martin excited universal astonishment; no one could see any meaning in it except the freak of a crazy old woman, as Kitty had known nothing of Martin, had hardly ever seen him, and it could scarcely be thought she intended a joke at his expense after she was dead. Yet what else could the bequest of the worthless old shanty be considered? Martin laughed—he had expected nothing and was not disappointed. Some congratulated Amarylla, and some envied her; while old Mr. Dollman went forthwith to inquire into the state of the fallow, and to decide which were to be sown with barley and which with wheat.

It soon appeared that Mrs. Blake was wrong in her calculations. Old Dollman evidently considered that it made a great difference whether Amarylla or Martin possessed Kitty Clark's land. With the usual blindness of fathers, he refused to see that the marriage was more practicable now than it had been before, and contended (and it must be allowed with some reason) that the inheritance of four log walls and a crazy roof had in no respect advanced Martin's claim to his daughter, who was now an heiress, and a most desirable match for any one. The lovers sued in vain; the old man was not to be moved either by reason or entreaties. Amarylla endeavored to comfort her betrothed with the whispered assurance that, "as soon as the farm was quite hers, she would give it to him, and then"—But though there was some consolation in this, it was not much, for Amarylla was only nineteen, and there were still two years of probation to be gone through.

In the meantime the summer was advancing and Martin's shanty was a constant annoyance in Mr. Dollman's eyes. It was a blot on the fair surface of the land, a wretched, rickety eyesore, and was moreover very much in the way. During the slack time between hay and harvest, he suggested to Martin to pull it down, offering to perform the work if he might use such of the logs as were worth anything to mend the fence. Martin, who had almost forgotten that the shanty was his, readily agreed to the demolition, but declined to part with the logs; most of them were rotten and of no use, but some would do for a shed he was putting up at home.

The next day he began the work of destruction. Great was the disturbance of insects and reptiles that had enjoyed undisturbed repose for thirty years; great was the amount of rubbish, worm-eaten wood, cobwebs, and dust, brought to light in the process of removal; and great was the smoke that arose from the smouldering embers of the worthless logs. Martin and his man worked two days, and but one side remained to be pulled down—it was part of the north wall, the only one which had been lined inside, on account, as people supposed, of its being most exposed to the cold wind; as it would be more troublesome than the rest, it was left, till the last. Martin was pulling off the ragged smoky boards, when a blow of his axe caused something to fall down inside with a rattling sound; another blow and the board gave way, and there came tumbling at Martin's feet, what made him start. Being a young man of stout nerves, however, he examined the object, and found it to be a worn leather valise, which had broken open in the fall, and from which had escaped a paper parcel, addressed to himself, a stained handkerchief marked "Jepthah Murney," part of a peddler's stock of old-fashioned jewelry, and a quantity of human bones.

The secret was discovered. The mystery which had puzzled Crocksville 30 years before was explained. Sam and Kitty had managed their murder with more discretion than such things are usually conducted with, and had kept their secret well. How much they repented, or whether they repented at all, no'd never be known. Their ill-gotten gains had prospered little in Clark's hands, and his death, and that of her sons, had taken from Kitty all desire of enjoying them. Her life's savings were contained in the parcel for Mary Foyle; they amounted to $700, and were marked, "Martin Foyle, in payment of a debt to his mother." Kitty had made reparation, though in a strange and tardy fashion.

The discovery caused great excitement and wonder for a whole week. At the end of that time it became known that Mr. Dollman had reconsidered Martin's suit, and that the wedding was to take place as soon as a house could be put on the farm.

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The scene of this story is laid in Canada.