

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

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Select Poetry.
A TRAGIC LOVE STORY.
BY THE BARD OF TOWER HILL.
I knew a gentle youth,
Who broken-hearted died,
Because a fickle maiden
His earnest suit denied.
Long years had passed away
Before the cause was known,
Why she that youth rejected,
And bade him hopeless roam.
But when the long grass waved,
Above his lowly bed,
Remove her heart had visited,
And then she sighing said:—
"Oh, Edward, had you been
As wise as you were good,
The reason of my coldness
You might have understood
"Tis woman's common fault,—
(With sorrow I confess.)
To see in man no virtues,
Beneath a homely dress,
"Had you at Tower Hill
A handsome suit obtained,
Another suit, oh Edward,
You surely would have gained.
"Alas! thus ill-starred youth,
It makes my bosom smart,
To think how little money
Had saved a broken heart!"

BEECHNUT FARM;
OR
THE DEEP DARK SHADOW.
BY EMMA EGLISON.
CHAPTER IX—CONTINUED.
"I have come to a place where there is no shadow, and the sun shines forever," said she dreamily. Then observing the sorrowful faces of William and Cameron's, the truth seemed to break suddenly on her mind. "I see it now she murmured, faintly. "It is heaven I am going to enter, for it was, there Cameron, that I should always see bright sunbeams. But the deepness of the shadow I shall leave here with you, will dim your eyes so that you cannot see my happiness till you come to me."
"You do not fear to go, do you, darling?" said William gently.
"No, my fear, fright and pain are all gone.—I shall never suffer any more," and a beautiful smile lit up Carrie's face as she gazed at her brother and sister.
"Sit behind me Willie, and put your arms around me, so that I can lean my head on your shoulder," she continued, and as William complied with her request, she whispered to Cameron—"Comfort poor mother and father when I am gone, and keep the shadow away from them, won't you?"
Cameron nodded assent, brushing away the silent tears that trembled thickly on her long lashes, and pressing Carrie's hand in her own.
"The girl's breathing grew shorter and more faint, and she closed her eyes wearily, but presently opened them again.
"I am going now. Good by."
The death shade was already on her brow, and with a gentle pressure of Cameron's hand, a sad sweet smile played on her lips, and a tender glance towards William, poor little Carrie breathed her last.
Deep silence reigned throughout the chamber of death, broken only by William's voice, after a moment's pause, as he laid the form of his dead sister reverently on the pillow.
"She suffers no longer. Thank heaven for that. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. May she rest in peace."
And the young man encircled Cameron's waist with his arm, and drew her head down upon his shoulder, where she sobbed quietly for some time.
An hour afterwards, and James Southwick was pronounced out of danger. The crisis had passed favorably, and with skillful nursing he would recover his health once more. A feeling of undefinable gratitude and gladness arose in Cameron's breast, as these words were repeated to her by her mother, who had left the invalid with William, and sought the bedside of her dead child.
"God has been merciful to us, dear mother," said she, in a voice tremulous with emotion; more merciful than I had dared to hope for. I had thought we should meet with a double be-

reavement, and two graves should be made, instead of one."
"You are right, Cameron; God has spared us from an affliction that would have been truly grant. I have a mother's heart, a mother's love, and I mourn with the sorrow of a mother for my departed Carrie, but I feel that in the tenderness and solicitude of His love, Our Father has done this. Her short life has been one of pain and sorrow; it is better that it is closed on earth and her spirit removed to a brighter world where she has often told me there is no shadow."
There was a long pause and then Cameron spoke hesitatingly—
"Mother, I have often asked you of the influence that Noyes Willard's presence exerted over Carrie, and you have often promised to tell me when the time came in which you could. Has the time come in which you can?"
A look of pain swept over Mrs. Southwick's face at this question, but she answered firmly—
"It has come daughter, and I will tell you tonight; and, in after years do not forget that, though your mother has committed wrong, she has atoned for it, by deep suffering and humiliation of heart.
"Years ago," when I was a girlish girl of eighteen, I was called handsome. I was the only daughter of wealthy parents, and the spoiled plaything of my affectionate brothers. Wayward and impulsive in disposition, and with a thoughtless heart, I was a coquette in the truest sense of the word. I flirted with and engaged myself to every handsome and agreeable gentleman of my acquaintance, for sport, and for sport I threw the chains of fascination around Noyes Willard, who was then a young man of twenty-one.— Looking back upon that time now, I see how wrong, how foolishly wicked, my conduct was; but then I never allowed myself to think of this. We walked beneath the moonlight together, and my lips uttered sentiments that my heart was a stranger to. I told him that at some future day I would be his wife, that as soon as he had won a certain amount of property, and arisen to a certain standard of worldly distinction, my hand and heart should be his reward for his toil. I do not think, even while I uttered these words, that I really intended he should take me in earnest. But I reasoned with myself that, if he loved me well enough to labor years for my hand, I would give him respect and esteem in return for his ardent affection, and would fulfil my promise should he return to claim me.
"Noyes Willard went away soon after this, and before he had gone six months I met your father. For the first time in my life, I was awed by superiority of intellect, heart and soul.— I loved James Southwick, and the entrance of that holy affection into my nature wrought a change in me. Gradually I began to see the errors of my conduct, and, one by one I dismissed my train of admirers, until I had none left. I was not wooed and won like most girls; my lover came to me and talked calmly and soberly. He told me of my numerous faults, suggested improvement, and then encouraged me with the assurance of his affection. And I tried to make myself worthy of him, but it was not me. It was he who put out his hand and drew me up to him by the powerful magnetism of love. In a year from our first acquaintance we were married and came to Beechnut Farm.— I had forgotten Noyes Willard except as evidence of my folly, and I did not remember my promise to him, only as one of many such that I had sincerely repented of.
"After William was borne, he came to Holly, and our interview was a stormy and reproachful one. I could not justify myself—I could only listen with horror to his dreadful threats of vengeance, but I assured him of my sorrow for the folly of my past life in as mild terms as possible when he became more quiet.
"I went to my husband with the tale of my youthful error on my lips, and, oh, Cameron, like the noblest and best of men, he did not reproach me, but tried to comfort me, and make me forget the past; but I could not. As years rolled by, I heard frequently of Noyes Willard, and I knew that he had not forgotten his vow of revenge. His last words to me were, 'I shall live and breathe only for this purpose; to crush you and yours to the earth. For this I will amass wealth, and then I will devote my whole time, to your slow destruction.'
"Reports stated that he was growing rich, and, once or twice, he sent messages to my husband exactly like the one he sent to you on the morning when you met him in the maple hollow, but I did not see him until a short time before Carrie's birth.
"It was a warm summer afternoon, and, with some light sewing in my hand, I had gone out into the orchard and seated myself beneath a peach tree to enjoy the calm deliciousness of the air. I do not know how long I had sat there, but I was aroused from a deep reverie by a rustling of the grass; and, as I slowly raised my eyes they fell first on the shadow of a man before me, then upon the substance. To my alarm I recognized Noyes Willard, and I arose quickly to my feet.
"What has frightened you," he demanded with a sneer.
"She shadow," I murmured hardly knowing what I was saying.
"And my shadow frightens you into hysterics now when once you did not fear to walk beside my form. Good! I like that; it is an emblem of your love changed to hatred, and my hate shall be a shadow that shall follow you and yours as long as we both shall live."
He approached nearer to me, and then I saw that he had a long slender dagger in his hand.— I could hear the terrific beating of my own heart but in vain I tried to move. I had no power to

stir from the spot as he placed the sharp point at my throat, and hissed in a low tone—
"I could kill you now, as easily as I could raise my finger to my head, but I shall not do it. I shall torture you with pain more exquisite than that, for I will haunt you like a 'deep shadow.' I will hang around your path like a serpent, waiting to destroy every blossom of hope or joy, that will bloom for you. I go now, but remember, when you hear these words, 'Beware of the deep shadow,' that trouble is near."
My head swam, violently, a feeling of numbness prevailed my whole body, and as the cold steel was withdrawn from my throat, and his hand relaxed its hold on my arm, I became unconscious. When I awoke to reason it was four months later, and I was lying in my own room on the bed. The windows were darkened, and in the dim uncertain light that glimmered through the half open door, I saw a nurse sitting near me with something in her lap. I called her to me, and she placed Carrie on my arm. I do not think that I ever felt as I did when I gazed at the helpless infantile face before me. A tide of yearning pitying tenderness went out for my little one, as if I had a faint foreknowledge of the darkened life that awakened her; and as I clasped her to my heart, I prayed that I might have patience and resignation to support me in any coming trial.
"You were very young then Cameron, but I presume that you have an indistinct recollection of my long and dangerous illness, and the little baby sister you thought was so beautiful. The first words Carrie ever lisped were 'the shadow,' and she echoed it after her father, I shuddered with dread. When she was three years old I knew that the curse had fallen upon my youngest child; the pet and the darling of the household circle was a hopeless victim of her mother's fright.
"Oh, Cameron I can never tell you what I at first suffered. I can never convey to you an idea of my sorrow and pain. I would have gladly given my life if the sacrifice would restore to my poor Carrie the keen faculties of mind, the perfect health and strength this shadow had impaired. But as time passed on, I grew more reconciled to the great affliction that had fallen to her lot, and I have striven to make her life as pleasant as possible, while she remained on earth. Now this lifeless form is all that remains to me, and this will soon be buried from my sight; but I feel that the soul of our beloved one is now at rest in that land of eternal light, where no clouds can dim the heavenly lustre of the day."
Mrs. Southwick's voice had grown more tremulous as she alluded to Carrie's death, and when it ceased the long pent up fountain of tears burst forth, and she wept copiously.
"To Cameron the sight of these tears was a relief. Since her father's illness no moisture had dimmed her mother's eyes, and throughout Carrie's last convulsions she had maintained a calmness that was painful as well as unnatural; and the thoughtful girl rejoiced when she saw her mother give vent to her grief.
"The preparations for the funeral were made, and on the third morning from that on which Noyes Willard had met Carrie in the orchard, she was laid to rest in the quiet village churchyard. And in a few weeks a slender monument marked her grave; on which was inscribed in elegant chiselling—
"DARLING CARRIE;
Her home is in Heaven."
James Southwick recovered slowly from his severe sickness, but Beechnut Farm was a gloomy place. The shadow was settling down closer over the old homestead. Debt and poverty stalked them in the face, and friends turned coldly away from the aching hearts that dwelt beneath the broad roof of the old mansion. The darkness was great; would the sunlight ever smile on the ill-starred family again?

CHAPTER X.
A thriving inland town, celebrated for its industry and the number of its factories, lay snugly nestled between the hills of the old Bay State, and the spires of its four churches rose gracefully above the tall elms and towered against the blue sky.
It was four o'clock on a November afternoon, and Frederic Southwick left the store where he was engaged as clerk, to proceed to the hotel, where he boarded, and where an early tea awaited him. As he ascended to the piazza steps the obsequious landlord hurried to meet him.
"My dear young gentleman, I have the honor to inform you that a young lady came in on the three o'clock train, and is waiting in the parlor to see you."
Proceeding through the hall in advance of Frederic, the worthy host threw open the door, and, as he entered, the lady arose from her seat, and turned her face towards him. The sombre of her mourning robes had at first disguised her figure, they could not her face, and in a moment brother and sister were clasped in each other's arms, Cameron murmuring through her tears, "Oh, Fred, this is no dream; it is a blissful reality. How often have I pictured such a meeting and sighed to think it was all a vision; but it is not so now; I am here with you once more. I can see your dear face, I can hear your voice. Oh, Fred, this is joy almost divine."
He kissed her forehead, her cheeks and her lips, then gazed at her earnestly.
"You have grown poor since I saw you last," said he, with a sad smile. "I little imagined when I left home, that so many changes would transpire before I saw you again. I did not think of the possibility of death entering our family circle and taking our pet away. Poor Carrie!—and the tears of both mingled freely together, as, in compliance with Frederic's request,

Cameron related every particular of Carrie's death.
"And how did you leave father and mother?" asked Frederic, when she had finished.
Cameron shook her head mournfully.
"Ah, Frederic, you can hardly realize the alteration that has taken place on the farm and in our parents. Peculiarly everything is going to ruin. Father is feeble and unable to work, and the whole responsibility rests on William, who does everything as near right as possible. He is to stay at home and teach the district school in our neighborhood this winter, as father's health will not permit him to return to his business.— Mother is cheerful, that is, outwardly; but her troubles are knitting at her heart and threatening to undermine her constitution."
"The farm is mortgaged for the sum of eight hundred dollars, and other debts press heavily on father, so I can see already how things will end. The mortgage will be foreclosed, and our parents be driven from the roof that has sheltered my father from infancy. I have become quite accustomed to this idea, and have given up the hope that we shall be able to redeem the old homestead; but I can never think of poverty, hunger and cold coming to father and mother.— So I have come here to work in the factory, and save my wages for them."
"I can get you a place in the same room with an old friend," said Frederic.
"Who is it?" asked Cameron.
"Hattie Grey. She has been here at work ever since she left Holly, and is doing well. One of the girls in the same department has left her place, and gone home, so I think I can easily get it for you."
"Dear Hattie, I shall be rejoiced to see her again," said Cameron affectionately.
"And the rejoicing will be mutual, for she of ten speaks of you in enthusiastic terms," returned Frederic, as he arose to leave the room. "I am going out now, Cameron, but shall be here again in an hour."
When he returned, he brought intelligence of a fine situation in the factory, and good wages accompanying the light work. The next morning Cameron commenced her new employment, cheered by the presence and encouragement of Hattie Grey, and she soon became accustomed to it, performed her daily routine of duties with comparative ease. Life in the factories is monotonous in the extreme, with but few exceptions, and the winter passed away without any extraordinary event to vary the common place incidents of each day.
To Cameron's unbounded thankfulness, Nelson Scofield did not discover her retreat, and she was left to labor on unmolested, with many sad thoughts of Ralph Graham and her past life, as well as fears for the future. But spring came and she heard nothing from from Mr. Scofield, and began to cherish the hope that she should never see him again. The tidings that came from Beechnut Farm were very discouraging.— Noyes Willard had purchased every note against Mr. Southwick, and his entire demand including the mortgage was, sixteen hundred dollars.— When Mr. Southwick became aware that his debts were in the hands of his worst enemy, he gave up all hopes of becoming free from them by ordinary means. Misfortunes had crowded thickly around the farm through the winter. His stock died as mysteriously as they had the year before, and the past twelve months had convinced him that it was useless to think of remaining on the farm. So with a heavy heart, James Southwick did that which was like parting with life. He deeded his farm to Noyes Willard, thus anticipating the foreclosure of the mortgage, and hoping, though had lost much by this step, to escape from the persecution of his foe. And, with a dark future lying before them, the family prepared to leave Holly.
The few firm friends who had stood by them in adversity as well as prosperity regretted their departure. Ellen Chapelle more deeply than the rest, for a great trial was laid upon her. Herbert, her idolized husband, had left her, and forever. The calamities of Noyes Willard had had poisoned her heart with strange tidings of her duplicity and unfaithfulness; and, writing a hasty letter in which he bade her a final farewell, the easily influenced man left home for the far West, where no traces could be found of him.
Mrs. Chapelle did not complain. She bore this as she had her other sorrows, in silence; but it preyed upon her life, causing her to become prematurely old and faded in appearance. True her large dark eyes were as beautiful in expression as ever, but her raven hair was interspersed with a broad band of silver, and lines of care furrowed her high, pale forehead and settled around her mournful lips. It was a fearful parting scene that took place between this noble woman and Mrs. Chapelle's tortured heart for the welfare of her friends, as the cars bore them from her sight. Slowly she turned towards her lonely dwelling, feeling more desolate than before, but with a look of patient endurance on her calm face that was touching and sublime.
There are many like Ellen Chapelle in the world, who are martyrs, though silent and uncomplaining. Many hearts like hers suffers in secret until the painful tension of its heavy grief snaps around the last cords that bind it to earth and rest is found in the quiet of the grave. But how seldom we heed them: how rarely do we feel, when we gaze upon their dead forms that the rest of heaven must be doubly sweet to the overtaxed soul so long exposed to the merciless buffetings of winds and tempest, so long adrift on the sea of woe.
At the united entreaties of his children Mr. Southwick had selected Millville as the place for

his future residence; and Frederic, with Cameron's advice, had rented a neat little cottage, not far from the factory where she was at work. The furniture had been boxed up and sent on before the arrival of Mr. Southwick and his wife, William accompanying it; and the three children arranging it in the snug little house, so that when their parents came it was the picture of neatness and comfort. They had left Holly without giving the address of their future abode, and tried to avoid the possibility of Noyes Willard discovering it. For a time they succeeded in this, and peace seemed to return to the home circle once more, when, in early June, Frederic was startled at the sight of Noyes Willard's face through the car window as the train came near the platform. He alighted from the cars, and, after ascertaining that a gentleman was with him, Frederic proceeded home with his unpleasant news. Scarcely half an hour had passed when Cameron received a message from Nelson Scofield, who was at the hotel, stating that he had come to claim her as his wife, and hoped for her own sake, that she would make no resistance.
"Poor Cameron! This was a heavy blow, and for a time it well might crushed her; but as the evening passed away she grew more calm and composed.
"That some infernal scheme was on foot the family did not doubt, and each looked forward to the morrow with a sickening anxiety of expectation. But the ways of Providence are mysterious and inscrutable, and that night was destined to witness the doom of Noyes Willard and his unprincipled confederate in crime.
Their rooms were adjoining each other, and situated in the east wing of the hotel, on the first floor. For hours they sat conversing of their plans for the future, and a thunder storm had arisen in great fury.
Nelson Scofield arose and went towards the window. He held a pocket knife in his hand, and, as he gazed upon the storm, said to his companion—
"Come here uncle Noyes, and see this lightning. I never saw such vivid flashes before."
Mr. Willard went forward, asking, with a contemptuous smile—
"Are you afraid?"
"Afraid!" echoed the nephew, with a fierce oath. "What should I be afraid of?"
"The old gentlemen who holds the lightning, as the parson says."
"I have not seen him yet, and I can't be scared at anything I haven't seen," answered Nelson.
His uncle laughed.
"I don't believe there is any such a thing as a God who rules my destiny," said the man lightly. "I have taken my own course all my life time, and he hasn't interfered yet."
"I know it," returned the other speaking unconsciously; "but perhaps he is waiting until the judgment."
"Nonsense; I do not fear the judgment," said Noyes Willard.
Those were the last words he spoke.
A blinding sheet of flame rolled through the angry heavens and darted down toward the earth followed by an instantaneous peal of thunder, that seemed to crash open the skies, and shake the foundations of the earth.
There was a moment of stillness, broken only by the beating of the rain, and the landlord hurried from the main part of the building to the door of the room where the two strangers were. There a thrilling sight met his eyes. The tall, majestic elm tree that stood directly in front of the window was stripped of its branches, and stood swaying its broken top to and fro. The whole side of the room next the tree was torn completely away, and the storm came pouring in with unabating violence upon two prostrate bodies. Tremblingly he approached them and gazed with awe upon their blackened bodies.— The hand of Nelson Scofield, which held the pocket knife, was nothing but a crisp stump, and above Mr. Willard's breast a dark line showed the track of the lightning.
Assistance was summoned, and the two lifeless forms were carried into another room and laid upon the same couch together. Many horrified faces came in to look at the work of destruction. Many awe stricken hearts went out with a prayer of thankfulness for their own safety, ascending silently to heaven; but all the crowd that gathered there within the next two hours there was not one whose feelings were of such intense and peculiar magnitude as were those of William Southwick. Before him lay two men who were the cause of his family's happiness. The destroyer of his sister's peace and his more desperately wicked uncle had both been stricken in the same night; and as he turned from the scene he repeated half unconsciously to himself.
"Vengeance is mine, I will repay it, sayeth the Lord."

THE END.

The uncle and nephew were not removed to Holly, but, at Mrs. Willard's request, were buried in a remote corner of the Millville grave yard.
The widow hastily disposed of her property in Holly, and removed to an Eastern city, where she had formerly resided, to meet her friends.
As the summer passed by, Frederic resumed his medical studies, and William entered a merchantile house in Millville, while Cameron still remained a factory girl. The handsome little fortune that was left Hattie Grey by her dead father, had been recklessly squandered by her guardian, and she was now a poor girl; but she worked on as cheerfully as ever, endeavoring herself to all who knew her by her sweet and gentle ways.
It was in August that Cameron received a letter bearing a strange post mark, and directed in a bold, masculine hand. With tremulous eagerness she opened it, and her cheeks grew crimson, and her blue eyes sparkled with joy as she read it. A world of happiness was contained in that brief epistle, and the reply that went out by the next mail was penned from the fullness of a heart overladen with joy.
Ralph Graham had not forgotten her, and he had seen the newspaper account of the death of Nelson Scofield, so he knew that she was free. Six weeks later witnessed her arrival in Millville, and preparations were immediately made for a wedding, in which Cameron was to act the most important part, if we except Mr. Graham; but every one realizes that brides are of infinite more importance than bridegrooms.
The ceremony took place in October, and after a short bridal tour, Ralph Graham informed Cameron that he had sold his plantation and purchased a residence near her old home in Holly. But to all other inquiries he refused an answer, telling her that she would become acquainted with its situation when she arrived there.
He insisted that Mr. and Mrs. Southwick should accompany him and make their home with Cameron; and, after some words of reluctance, they yielded, and the four set out together for their future abode.
It was dark when the close carriage that conveyed them from the railroad station drew up before their place of destination, but, as they alighted an exclamation of delight burst from Cameron; and, with the words 'Home sweet Home,' upon her lips, she bounded up the path followed by her husband, father and mother.
It was Beechnut Farm repaired and elegantly furnished; and, in the hall of the old stone mansion Sabrina stood waiting to welcome her old employers.
"Bless you for this," ejaculated the warm hearted domestic to Mr. Graham, after she had greeted her former friends; and an echo went up from every heart, at her earnest words.
"This is the happiest moment of my life," said Cameron, as she stood by the window and looked out in the moonlight at the ivy-mantled garden wall and familiar beeches that stood in front of the yard.
"And of mine also," rejoined the husband who was standing by her side.
"My children, may we rightly enjoy the blessings God has given us, and the remembrance of our past sorrow add perfect felicity to our future enjoyment," spoke James Southwick in a voice of emotion.
"And in the midst of our enjoyment let us not forget to thank God for the deep shadow that haunted us so long has at last departed, leaving a subdued and peaceful sunlight beaming over our old and much loved homestead, Beechnut Farm," added Mrs. Southwick, thoughtfully.
But Cameron as she pressed her mother's hand, wondered if such perfect joy was ever known before.
Years have passed since the marriage of Ralph and Cameron, and brought with them many changes. William had settled in Millville, and Hattie Grey his own little wife, while Frederic is still unmarried, and a successful physician in Boston. Twice a year he visits Beechnut Farm, where his parents and Cameron reside; and a blue eyed little fairy, with pouting cherry lips and soft chestnut curls, clings upon his knee and asks if uncle Fred isn't an old bachelor; upon which he tells her little girls should not ask questions.
From the circle of her friends Cameron misses one face, and a grave in the little church yard is marked by a plain, white stone not far from the tomb of Carrie Southwick, on which is carved the name of Ellen Chapelle. The weary heart is at rest, and the cluster of mourning violets upon her grave, show that she is not forgotten by all.
Dr. Lawson lives in the village of Holly yet, but Fanny is married to a promising young lawyer, and lives in the shire town not far distant, where her father spends one half of his time.
And, as time moves on, building up the New England village in which the scene of our story is laid, into a large and flourishing town, the incidents I have related are nearly all forgotten by the surrounding community. But in the memory of the Southwick family they remain firmly fixed, and from the lips of Cameron I received the story of Beechnut Farm, or the Deep Shadow, as I have written it here.
My task is done. I have traced the unfortunate family through the darkness and clouds of affliction into the light of earthly happiness, and here I leave them, feeling that a higher power than any on earth made their trials to result in good at last.
THE END.