

DEC. 9 LITTLETON. 1905

AS BETWEEN sixty and seventy floral pieces were contributed in loving remembrance to Annie Hartwell last week, it is thought best to make no special mention of them through the medium of this paper.

One pathetic incident connected with the funeral was the body of affectionate friends, sixteen in number, all associates in the Chandler planer company, who walked ahead of the procession to Westlawn. Reaching there they parted on either side, while the long train of mourners passed into the cemetery. "Love dwells not in life depths. If she is gone, her memory is in our hold; her character lives with us; her white soul has left a fragrance in our memory, which is shrined in an eternity of silence. Her sincere eyes, her pleasant voice, her sweet remembrance are ours. A light for memory to turn to when it wishes a beam upon its face."

THE FUNERAL of Annie Whitcomb Hartwell, one of the twin daughters of F. C. Hartwell, was held at the Unitarian church on Wednesday afternoon. The services were conducted by the pastor, Rev. John F. Malick, assisted by Rev. W. C. Brown, former pastor of the church. There were present many townspeople, a large family connection, former school-mates and young friends. Fifteen were present who were her associates in the Chandler planer company, where she has been employed as stenographer for about two years. Other friends from Ayer who came to pay their last respect swelled the number from that town to about fifty. A quartet, Mrs. C. A. Priest, Miss Elizabeth Houghton, F. A. Patch and E. A. Cox, rendered Whittier's "Eternal goodness," "I cannot think of them as dead, who walk with me no more," and "By cool Siloam's shady rill."

Mr. Malick very feelingly spoke of "our fellowship of common suffering that day, owing to the terrible disaster; but through that suffering they were brought to think of that faith which must be held with true fidelity. The sting of death is not in the grave. Death is merely a process in life, and afterward there is no strife, competition, sickness or pain. The real sting is in the aching hearts that are left behind. But one supreme being is ruler of all human destinies and this one assurance should be the adequate support in any calamity in life."

Tender, comforting words were spoken to parents, sisters and the affianced husband, and a very large circle of sorrowing relatives. It was such a comfort to all that the fair young face and form were not mutilated in the terrible wreck at Baker's Bridge on Sunday evening last, and all were able to take their last long look at the dear familiar face.

The beauty and overflowing numbers of the floral tributes seems beyond description, and no list can be given this week. They were arched above the white casket and surrounded and gracefully covered it. If ready tears in nearly every eye, and the ready tribute of flowers are tokens of sorrowing affection, then little Annie Hartwell had love in plenty. She was a graduate of the Littleton high school, 1902, and her death is the first break in the line. The interment was in Westlawn.