THE LIGHT IN THE CLEARING

A TALE OF THE NORTH COUNTRY IN THE TIME OF SILAS WRIGHT

By

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EBEN HOLDEN, D'RI AND I, DARREL OF THE BLESSED ISLES, KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE, ETC., ETC

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

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So saying he handed me this letter:

"Canterbury, Vt.,
"June 1.

"Dear Sir.—I am interested in the boy Barton Baynes. Good words about him have been flying around like pigeons. When school is out I would like to hear from you, what is the record? What do you think of the soul in him? What kind of work is best for it? If you will let me maybe I can help the plans of God a little. That is my business and yours. Thanking you for reading this, I am, as ever,

"God's humble servant,
"KATE FULLERTON."

"Why, this is the writing of the Silent Woman," I said before I had read the letter half through.

"Rovin' Kate?"

"Roving Kate; I never knew her other name, but I saw her handwriting long ago."

"But look—this is a neatly written, well-worded letter an' the sheet is as white and clean as the new snow. Uncanny woman! They say she carries the power o' God in her right hand. So do all the wronged."

"I wonder why Kate is asking about me," I said.

"Never mind the reason. She is your friend and let us thank God for it. Think how she came to yer help in the old barn an' say a thousand prayers, my lad."

Having come to the first flight of the uplands, he left me with many a kind word—how much they mean to a boy who is choosing his way with a growing sense of loneliness!

I reached the warm welcome of our little home just in time for dinner. They were expecting me and it was a regular company dinner—chicken pie and strawberry shortcake.

How well I remember that hour with the doors open and the sun shining brightly on the blossoming fields and the joy of man and bird and beast in the return of summer and the talk about the late visit of Alma Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln!

While we were eating I told them about the letter of old Kate.

"Fullerton!" Aunt Deel exclaimed. "Are ye sure that was the name, Bart?"

"Yes."

"Goodness gracious sakes alive!"

She and Uncle Peabody gave each other looks of surprised inquiry.

"Do you know anybody by that name?" I asked.

"We used to," said Aunt Deel as she resumed her eating. "Can't be she's one o' the Sam Fullertons, can it?"

"Oh, prob'ly not," said Uncle Peabody. "Back East they's more Fullertons than ye could shake a stick at."

A week later we had our raising. Uncle Peabody did not want a public raising, but Aunt Deel had had her way. We had hewed and mortised and bored the timbers for our new home. The neighbors came with pikes and helped to raise and stay and cover them. A great amount of human kindness went into the beams and rafters of that home and of others like it. I knew that The Thing was still alive in the neighborhood, but even that could not paralyze the helpful hands of those people. Indeed, what was said of my Uncle Peabody was nothing more or less than a kind of conversational firewood. I cannot think that any one really believed it.

We had a cheerful day. A barrel of hard cider had been set up in the dooryard, and I remember that some drank it too freely. The he-o-hee of the men as they lifted on the pikes and the sound of the hammer and beetle rang in the air from morning until night. Mrs. Rodney Barnes and Mrs. Dorothy came to help Aunt Deel with the cooking and a great dinner was served on an improvised table in the dooryard, where the stove was set up. The shingles and sheathes and clapboard were on before the day ended.

Uncle Peabody and I put in the floors and stairway and partitions. More than once in the days we were working together I tried to tell him what Sally had told me, but my courage failed.

The day came, shortly, when I had to speak out, and I took the straight way of my duty as the needle of the compass pointed. It was the end of a summer day and we had watched the dusk fill the valley and come creeping up the slant, sinking the bowlders and thorn tops in its flood, one by one. As we sat looking out of the open door that evening I told them what Sally had told me of the evil report which had traveled through the two towns.

"Damn, little souled, narrer contracted—" Uncle Peabody, speaking in a low, sad tone, but with deep feeling, cut off this highly promising opinion before it was half expressed, and rose and went to the water pail and drank.

"As long as we're honest we don't care what they say," he remarked as he returned to his chair.

"If they won't believe us, we ought to show 'em the papers—ayes," said Aunt Deel.

"Thunder an' Jehu! I wouldn't go 'round the town tryin' to prove that I ain't a thief," said Uncle Peabody. "It wouldn't make no differ'nce. They've got to have somethin' to play with. If they want to use my name for a bean bag let 'em as long as they do it when I ain't lookin'. I wouldn't wonder if they got sore hands by an' by."

I never heard him speak of it again. Indeed, although I knew the topic was often in our thoughts it was never mentioned in our home but once after that, to my knowledge.

We sat for a long time thinking as the night came on.

That week a letter came to me from the senator, announcing the day of Mrs. Wright's arrival in Canton and asking me to meet and assist her in getting the house to rights. I did so. She was a pleasant-faced, amiable woman and a most enterprising house cleaner. I remember that my first task was mending the wheelbarrow.

"I don't know what Silas would do if he were to get home and find his wheelbarrow broken," said she. "It is almost an inseparable companion of his."

The schoolmaster and his family were fishing and camping upon the river, and so I lived at the senator's house with Mrs. Wright and her mother until he arrived. What a wonderful house it was, in my view! I was awed by its size and splendor, its soft carpets and shiny brass and mahogany. Yet it was very simple.

I hoed the garden and cleaned its paths and mowed the dooryard and did some painting in the house.

The senator returned to Canton that evening on the Watertown stage. He greeted me with a fatherly warmth. Again I felt that strong appeal to my eye in his broadcloth and fine linen and beaver hat and in the splendid dignity and courtesy of his manners.

"I've had good reports of you, Bart, and I'm very glad to see you," he said.

"I believe your own marks have been excellent in the last year," I ventured.

"Poorer than I could wish. The teacher has been very kind to me," he laughed. "What have you been studying?"

"Latin (I always mentioned the Latin first), algebra, arithmetic, grammar, geography and history."

He asked about my aunt and uncle and I told him of all that had befallen us, save the one thing of which I had spoken only with him and Sally.

"I shall go up to see them soon," he said.

The people of the little village had learned that he preferred to be let alone when he had just returned over the long, wearisome way from the scene of his labors. So we had the evening to ourselves.

Mrs. Wright, being weary after the day's work, went to bed early and, at his request, I sat with the senator by the fire for an hour or so. I have always thought it a lucky circumstance, for he asked me to tell of my plans and gave me advice and encouragement which have had a marked effect upon my career.

I remember telling him that I wished to be a lawyer and my reasons for it. He told me that a lawyer was either a pest or a servant of justice and that his chief aim should be the promotion of peace and good will in his community. He promised to try and arrange for my accommodation in his office in the autumn and meanwhile to lend me some books to read while I was at home.

"Before we go to bed let us have a settlement," said the senator. "Will you kindly sit down at the table there and make up a statement of all the time you have given me?"

I made out the statement very neatly and carefully and put it in his hands.

"That is well done," said he. "I shall wish you to stay until the day after tomorrow, if you will. So you will please add another day."

I amended the statement and he paid me the handsome sum of seven dollars. I remember that after I went to my

I Remember My First Task Was Mending the Wheelbarrow.

room that night I stitched up the opening in my jacket pocket, which contained my wealth, with the needle and thread which Aunt Deel had put in my bundle, and slept with the jacket under my mattress.

CHAPTER XV.

I Use My Own Compass at a Fork in the Road.

Swiftly now I move across the border into manhood—a serious, eager, restless manhood. It was the fashion of the young those days.

Mr. Wright came up for a day's fishing in July. My uncle and I took him up the river.

While we ate our luncheon he described Jackson and spoke of the famous cheese which he had kept on a table in the vestibule of the White House for his callers. He described his fellow senators—Webster, Clay, Rives, Calhoun and Benton. I remember that Webster was, in his view, the least of them, although at his best the greatest orator. We had a delightful day, and when I drove back to the village with him that night he told me that I could go into the office of Wright & Baldwin after harvesting.

"It will do for a start," he said. "A little later I shall try to find a better place for you."

My life went on with little in it worth recording until the letter came. I speak of it as "the letter," because of its effect upon my career. It was from Sally, and it said:

"Dear Bart: It's all over for a long time, perhaps forever—that will depend on you. I shall be true to you, if you really love me, even if I have to wait many, many years. Mother and father saw and read your letter. They say we are too young to be thinking about love and that we have got to stop it. How can I stop it? I guess I would have to stop living. But we shall have to depend upon our memories now. I hope that yours is as good as mine. Father says no more letters without his permission, and he stamped his foot so hard that I think he must have made a dent in the floor. Talk about slavery—what do you think of that? Mother says that we must wait—that it would make father a great deal of trouble if it were known that I allowed you to write. I guess the soul of old Grimshaw is still following you. Well, we must stretch out that lovely day as far as we can. On the third of June, 1844, we shall both be twenty-one—and I suppose that we can do as we please then. The day is a long way off, but I will agree to meet you that day at eleven in the morning under the old pine on the river where I met you that day and you told me that you loved me. If either or both should die our souls will know where to find each other. If you will solemnly promise, write these words and only these to my mother—Amour omnia vincit, but do not sign your name.

"SALLY."

What a serious matter it seemed to me then! I remember that it gave Time a rather slow foot. I wrote the words very neatly and plainly on a sheet of paper and mailed it to Mrs. Dunkelberg. I wondered if Sally would stand firm, and longed to know the secrets of the future. More than ever I was resolved to be the principal witness in some great matter, as my friend in Ashery lane had put it.

I was eight months with Wright & Baldwin when I was offered a clerkship in the office of Judge Westbrook, at Cobleskill, in Schoharie county, at two hundred a year and my board. I knew not then just how the offer had come, but knew that the senator must have recommended me. I know now that he wanted a reliable witness of the rent troubles which were growing acute in Schoharie, Delaware and Columbia counties.

It was a trial to go so far from home, as Aunt Deel put it, but both my aunt and uncle agreed that it was "for the best."

How it wrung my heart, when Mr. Purvis and I got into the stage at Canton, to see my aunt and uncle standing by the front wheel looking up at me. How old and lonely and forlorn they looked! Aunt Deel had her purse in her hand. I remember how she took a dollar out of it—I suppose it was the only dollar she had—and looked at it a moment and then handed it up to me.

"You better take it," she said. "I'm 'fraid you won't have enough."

How her hand and lips trembled! I have always kept that dollar.

I couldn't see them as we drove away.

The judge received me kindly and gave Purvis a job in his garden. I was able to take his dictation in soundhand and spent most of my time in taking down contracts and correspondence and drafting them into proper form, which I had the knack of doing rather neatly. I was impressed by the immensity of certain towns in the neighborhood, and there were some temptations in my way. Many people, and especially the prominent men, indulged in ardent spirits.

We had near us there a little section of the old world which was trying, in a half-hearted fashion, to maintain itself in the midst of a democracy. It was the manorial life of the patroons—a relic of ancient feudalism which had its beginning in 1629, when the West Indies company issued its charter of privileges and exemptions. That charter offered to any member of the company who should, within four years, bring fifty adults to the New Netherlands and establish them along the Hudson, a liberal grant of land, to be called a manor, of which the owner or patroon should be full proprietor and chief magistrate. The settlers were to be exempt from taxation for ten years, but under bond to stay in one place and develop it. In the beginning the patroon built houses and barns and furnished cattle, seed and tools. The tenants for themselves and their heirs agreed to pay him a fixed rent forever in stock and produce and, further, to grind at the owner's mill and neither to hunt nor fish.

Judge Westbrook, in whose office I worked, was counsel and collector for the patroons, notably for the manors of Livingston and Van Rensalaer—two little kingdoms in the heart of the great republic.

Mr. Louis Latour of Jefferson county, whom I had met in the company of Mr. Dunkelberg, came during my last year there to study law in the office of the judge, a privilege for which he was indebted to the influence of Senator Wright, I understood. He was a gay Lothario, always boasting of his love affairs, and I had little to do with him.

One day in May near the end of my two years in Cobleskill Judge Westbrook gave me two writs to serve on settlers in the neighborhood of Baldwin Heights for nonpayment of rent. He told me what I knew, that there was bitter feeling against the patroons in that vicinity and that I might encounter opposition to the service of the writs. If so I was not to press the matter, but bring them back and he would give them to the sheriff.

"I do not insist on your taking this task upon you," he added. "I want a man of tact to go and talk with these people and get their point of view. If you don't care to undertake it I'll send another man."

"I think I would enjoy the task," I said in ignorance of that hornet's nest back in the hills.

"Take Purvis with you," he said. "He can take care of the horses, and as those back-country folk are a little lawless it will be just as well to have a witness with you. They tell me that Purvis is a man of nerve and vigor."

I had drafted my letters for the day and was about to close my desk and start on my journey when Louis Latour came in and announced that he had brought the writs from the judge and was going with me.

"I wouldn't miss it for a thousand dollars," he remarked. "By Jove! I think we'll have a bully time."

"I don't object to your going but you must remember that I am in command," I said, a little taken back, for I had no good opinion either of his prudence or his company.

"The judge told me that I could go but that I should be under your orders," he answered. "I'm not going to be a fool. I'm trying to establish a reputation for good sense myself."

We got our dinners and set out soon after one o'clock. I had read the deeds of the men we were to visit. They were brothers and lived on ad-

A Big, Rough Dressed, Bearded Man Stood in the Middle of the Road With a Gun on His Shoulder.

joining farms with leases which covered three hundred and fifty acres of land. Their great-grandfather had agreed to pay a yearly rent forever of sixty-two bushels of good, sweet, merchantable, winter wheat, eight yearling cattle and four sheep in good flesh and sixteen fat hens, all to be delivered in the city of Albany on the first day of January of each year. So, feeling that I was engaged in a just cause, I bravely determined to serve the writs if possible.

I rode in silence, thinking of Sally and of those beautiful days now receding into the past and of my aunt and uncle. I had written a letter to them every week and one or the other had answered it. Between the lines I had detected the note of loneliness. They had told me the small news of the countryside. How narrow and monotonous it all seemed to me then! Rodney Barnes had bought a new farm; John Axtell had been hurt in a runaway; my white mare had got a spavin!

"Hello, mister!"

I started out of my reveries with a little jump of surprise. A big, rough-dressed, bearded man stood in the middle of the road with a gun on his shoulder.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RANK HIGH IN POLITENESS

Belgians Unable to Forget Courtesies Though Death in Appalling Form Was Imminent.

The Belgians are the most polite people in the world. Yesterday seven correspondents traveled to Audenarde. We were informed that we might cross the Escaut and proceed in the direction of Ghent. As our two motor cars came over the ridge before entering the town they were spotted by an eagle-eyed observer in the German lines, and as we reached the entrance of the town and left from our cars, preparing to enter on foot, a shell whizzed over our heads and exploded dully in a rain-soaked field 50 yards beyond the road. Another followed about the same distance short. Then they came so fast that I lost count. Gas shells they were, and we donned our masks and made for the cars.

The lieutenant in charge of our party bowed to the oldest correspondent and bade him enter the car. The latter, being Belgian, in turn bowing to his neighbor, motioned him into the car. He demurred, and then followed some Alphonse and Gaston moving pictures until someone motioned to me to enter the car. I did. Then they all piled in. And as we raced down the road two Thielt shells spitefully spluttered along the muddy road.

Editor's Joke.

A budding author sent a humorous paragraph to the editor of a daily paper. Not finding it printed within a reasonable time or hearing from the editorial department, he wrote to inquire about it. "I sent you a joke about ten days ago. I have heard nothing respecting its safe receipt and should be glad to hear whether you have seen it." The editor's reply was as follows: "Your joke arrived safely, but up to the present we have not seen it."

Western Samoa.

German Samoa or Western Samoa, as it is called since September, 1914, when British occupation took place, comprises the islands of Savaii and Opolu with the town of Apia as the head of the political and commercial life. The islands are the remains of a semisubmerged volcanic range, heavily clothed with tropical verdure which to a great extent prohibits agriculture or farming; hence the principal industries are the planting of coconuts, cacao and rubber.

The Picturesque Millinery of Midsummer

It is glorious summer in millinery showrooms. Garden and field flowers make wide-brimmed, graceful hats radiant with color and headwear more joyous than it has been for many a year. For a long time flowers were all but banished as a decoration for hats—a peevish-minded public would not have them. A conviction grew and became settled that there lovely trimmings would not return; yet, of all things, flowers are the most logical crown for beautiful heads. When a season of real rejoicing arrived, along with victory, they sprang into bloom. The beloved rose and violet and all the friendly little flowers and fruits are restored to favor and are fairly frolicking all over the picturesque millinery of midsummer. If flowers happen to be not represented, then ribbons that reflect their beautiful colors and surface take the place of the new hats.

There are four hats for the heart of summer shown in the group above. At the top a broad-brimmed shape is covered with crepe georgette in white; this beautiful fabric, which seems akin to flowers, makes a perfect background for the clusters of small grapes that clamber about the crown. They are in several colors, ranging between pale green and a soft purplish red, colorings of the natural grape. This is an adorable hat and suited to matrons as well as younger women.

Just below a distinctly youthful leghorn appears at the right of the group. Very wide satin ribbon in rose color is draped about the brim and crown in a sash that is knotted at intervals. This provides the color and sheen of flowers and ends in a bow which droops from the brim-edge at the back.

It would be a bleak midsummer in the millinery world if there were no big black hats, more or less transparent, to flow in perfect lines about the head of the summer girl. This summer will boast many of them. At the left of the group above there is a hat having a crown of milan straw and a brim of lace braid. Its edge wire is covered with velvet. There is a sash of black ribbon about the crown and a glorious rose is posed against it. A smaller black hat has a braid crown, partly transparent, and a brim of malines. It has also a sash of ribbon, but a cluster of garden flowers shares the glory of a rose set in their midst.

Something New in All-Day Dress

Now enters a rival of the tailored dress and the tailored suit, by way of making a pleasant variety in the all-day garb of the busy woman of affairs. This rival is very chic and very new and is bound to have many followers. It is the "all-day dress," sturdy enough to stand up to the tests of endurance that make the tailored dress an essential in the wardrobe and smart enough to fit in with almost any background which the day's rounds may provide for it. There is chance for the exercise of one's individuality in selecting or designing the all-day dress; it is an affair of individual taste and is successful in the proportion in which it is tasteful and original. Here is something each one may think out for herself.

The chic model shown in the picture appears to have a cloth skirt which is plain except for a border of cordings at the bottom. Ten rows of this cording are set in with tailored precision and the skirt is cut to slope in a little toward the hem. Over it there is a jacket of light weight satin, which would be effective in other silks as well. The satin is plaited in narrow knife-plaits pressed and steamed so that they will remain. They are not sewed down anywhere, but are caught in the seams and where the jacket and girdle are tacked together. Pockets of the corded cloth are set on at the front. There are plain sleeves, elbow length and a fairly high round neck. A small choker of fur provides warmth when it is needed. The jacket is loosely confined at the waist with a crushed girdle of satin edged with a narrow plaiting of it and fastens with a handsome buckle. Taking it altogether, one can hardly expect to see a more attractive all-day dress than this. The smart hat worn with it matches it in character with its simple, winglike bow across the front. The whole outfit will set off the young matron immensely well.

Julia Bottomley

Bravard county, Florida, has a woman tax assessor, Mrs. Frances Clark Ball.

New Hats for Children.

Heavy linen is used in these models in large floppy shapes, mushrooms and rolling sailors. In the smaller shapes the high-crowned mushrooms are very effective. Stitched brims, with an edge in a contrasting shade of linen, have colored linen crowns to correspond. White is effectively combined with blue, pink and lavender. A narrow band and tied bow at the side furnish the trim. A Scotch Highlander cap is effective in the combination of silk plaid and white linen, the plaid appearing on the top of the crown and as a narrow band around the headsize. A white linen eight-pieced tam is trimmed at the tip of the crown with a large white silk floss tassel. The straw tam is a big feature of this line in different shades of fine Italian milan.

Accessories in Red.

One of the new contributions to colorful accessories are collar and cuff sets of bright ruby red. These are made of satin.

FINE CROPS SURE

Outlook in Western Canada Never More Favorable.

Perfect Weather Conditions Enabled Early Seeding and Wheat Has Long Been Above Ground in the Land of Opportunity.

The greatest optimism prevails throughout every district in Western Canada. From the eastern boundary of Manitoba to the slopes of the Rocky Mountains the farmers have been busy for three weeks in seeding operations. Last fall, even for Western Canada, was an exceptional one. Threshing was completed at an early date and the amount of fall plowing made ready for crop from fifteen to twenty-five per cent more acreage than in any year in the brief history of the country. Therefore there was ready for seeding this spring an acreage away beyond anything ever before experienced in that country.

On April 20 Calgary (Alta.) reported that in south country points there was a notable spirit of optimism amongst the farmers there. Moisture and weather conditions were good, while land in most places was in the best possible condition. More tractors were being put into operation than in any previous year. In some parts of the south country, however, there was a marked shortage of labor, but in the consideration of the country as a whole the labor outlook was bright.

Seeding operations were well under way in every part of Western Canada by the fifteenth of April. The practice of the farmers in that country is to commence as soon as the frost is out of the ground enough to allow the few inch seed bed to be worked up well. Beneath this the ground may still be frozen, but from this frost the young and tender wheat roots get the moisture at first so necessary to its existence. The warm days of spring and the long hours of sunlight that are ushered in with it thaw the frost out day by day and pay to the growing plant the moisture as it is needed. Nature's way of producing moisture to the young wheat plant is one of the chief reasons why Western Canada has become world famous as a wheat-producing country. What may be said of wheat can as truly be said of oats and barley, and yes, in fact, corn, too. Rapid and strong growth is stimulated in this manner. Heavy spring rains usually occur after seeding is over and the grain well above ground.

Already a report has been received, dated April 20, that a farmer near Cabri, Saskatchewan, had 180 acres of wheat showing above the ground.

A good, strong and sturdy wheat plant is necessary when it is expected that there will be produced a forty-bushel-to-the-acre crop of wheat of a quality that will weigh out its sixty-five pounds to the measured bushel.

These spring wheat conditions represent but one of the reasons why Western Canada has been able to produce, with so little effort, world's record grain crops, wheat and oats that have carried off all championship awards at America's largest expositions.

Western Canada has this spring shipped ten thousand bushels of Marquis wheat, the variety that holds most of the world's championships, to Australia, where it is to be tried out. Seventy-five thousand bushels of the same variety has been sent to France to be used for seed.

The wheat lands of Western Canada are probably the most undervalued of any on the continent.

A comparatively small acreage of Western Canada's lands has been sold as high as $60 an acre. The greater portion of the best farming land in its unimproved state may be purchased at $25 an acre. The comparison between these prices and an annual revenue derived from grain-growing alone, with big yields and present prices, can but more firmly impress one with the certainty of a rapid increase within the next few years.—Advertisement.

A writer says that money is always seasonable. Perhaps it's sort of a mint sauce.

A single application of Roman Eye Balsam on going to bed will prove its merit for inflammations of the Eyes, external and internal. Adv.

The colored baby is born to blush unseen.

WAS IN MISERY

Mrs. Jobes Was in Serious Condition From Dropsy. Doan's Made Her Well.

"I don't think many have gone through such misery as I," says Mrs. C. Jobes, 139 Federal St., Burlington, N. J. "That awful pain in my back felt as though my spine were crushed. My head ached and I had reeling and falling sensations when everything would turn black. Though the kidney secretions passed ten or fifteen times in an hour, only a few drops came at a time and they felt like boiling water. I soon found I had dropsy. I bloated all over. My face was so swollen I could hardly see out of my eyes. My ankles and feet felt as though they would burst if I put any weight on them. My night clothes became wringing wet with sweat and I would get chilly and shake all over. *Doan's Kidney Pills* soon had me feeling like a different woman. My kidneys were regulated and all the swelling went away. The aches and pains left me and after I had finished my eighth box of *Doan's*, I was as well as ever. My kidneys have never bothered me since *Doan's Kidney Pills* cured me."

MRS. JOBES

Subscribed and sworn to before me,

J. LEEDOM SMITH,
Notary Public.

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