

**Vogon's**  
**MARSHMALLOW**  
**WHIP**

Mix with Milk for a Rich Sauce

If you want to see the hidden force light up, serve pudding with Vogon's Marshmallow Whip for dinner tonight. It looks so good. And tastes so much better than it looks.

Cuts less than sugar and cream. Made in our spacious clean, sanitary, auxiliary kitchen from purest ingredients.

Wholesome, delicious and satisfying Try it

Vogon Candy Company Portland Oregon

E. K. PIASECKI, Lawyer, Dallas, Ore. Probating of Wills and Settlement of Estates a Specialty, if

FOR SALE: 100 bu. White Oats; Also one Milk Cow. Jay F. Powell, 4tp

OAK WOOD, 4 ft. and 16 in. for sale. Also Kale plants. L. I. Bursell.

PRUNE LAND and Prune orchards for sale. Well located. Boothby & Chesebro.

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The largest Fire Insurance Company west of New York, and others; also Automobile, accident insurance and Surety Bonds.

The Monmouth Cooperative Shipping Association will save farmer's money in the sale of live stock. Ship with us and cut out middleman's profit. If you have stock to ship notify G. T. Boothby, Mgr. if

## The Light in the Clearing

A Tale of the North Country in the Time of Silas Wright

By IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden," "Dad and I," "Dad's of the Blessed Isles," "Keeping Up With Lizzie," Etc., Etc.

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"Wal, ye know, mister, I jes' shook my head an' never let on that I knew what he meant an' let him wiggle an' twist like a worm on a hot griddle, an' beller like a cut bull 'til he fell back in a swoon.

"Damn him! It don't give him no rest. He tries to tell everybody he sees—that's what they say. He bellers day an' night an' if you go down there he'll beller to you an' you'll know what it's about, but the others don't.

"You an' me are the only ones that knows the secret, I guess. Some day, fore he dies, I'm goin' to take up that headstun an' hide it, but he'll never know it's done—no, sir—not 'til he gets to the judgment seat, anyway."

The old man rose and straightened himself and blew out his breath and brushed his hands upon his trousers by way of stepping down into this world again out of the cloze and dusty loft of his memory. But I called him back.

"What has become of Enoch?" I asked.

"Wal, sir, Enoch started off West 'bout three year ago an' we ain't heard a word from him since that day—nary a word, mister, I suppose we will some time. He grew into a good man, but there was a kind of a queer streak in the blood, as ye might say, on both sides kind o'. We've wrote letters out to Wisconsin, where he was p'intin' for, an' to places on the way, but we ain't git no news 'bout him. Nebbe

he was killed by the Injuns." We walked out of the graveyard together in silence.

I could see a glimmer of a light in the thicket of pines down the valley. I unhitched and mounted my horse.

"Take the first turn to the right," said the old man as he picked up his scythe.

"I'm very much obliged to you," I said.

"No ye ain't, nuther," he answered. "Leastways there ain't no reason why ye should be."

My horse, impatient as ever to find the end of the road, hurried me along and in a moment or two we were down under the pine grove that surrounded the house of old Squire Fullerton—a big, stone house with a graveled road around it. A great black dog came barking and growling at me from the front porch. I rode around the house and he followed. Beyond the windows I could see the gleam of candlelight and moving figures. A man came out of the back door as I neared it.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

"My name is Barton Baynes from St. Lawrence county. Kate Fullerton is my friend and I wish to see her."

"Come up to the steps, sor. Don't git off yer horse—'til I've chained the dog. Kate'll be out in a minute."

He chained the dog to the hitching post and as he did so a loud, long, wailing cry broke the silence of the house. It put me in mind of the complaint of the damned which I remembered hearing the minister describe years before at the little schoolhouse in Lickitysplit. How it harrowed me!

The man went into the house. Soon he came out of the door with a lighted candle in his hand, a woman following. How vividly I remember the little murmur of delight that came from her lips when he held the candle so that its light fell upon my face! I jumped off my horse and gave the reins to the man and put my arms around the poor woman, whom I loved for her sorrows and for my debt to her, and rained kisses upon her withered cheek. Oh God! what a moment it was for both of us!

The way she held me to her breast and patted my shoulder and said "my boy"—in a low, faint, treble voice so like that of a child—it is one of the best memories that I take with me into the new life now so near, from which there is no returning.

She led me into the house. She looked very neat now—in a black gown over which was a spotless white apron and collar of lace—and much more slender than when I had seen her last. She took me into a large room in the front of the house with a carpet and furniture, handsome once but now worn and decrepit. Old, time-stained engravings of scenes from the Bible, framed in wood, hung on the walls.

I told all that I had heard from home and of my life in Cobleskill but observed, presently, a faraway look in her eyes and judged that she was not hearing me. She whispered:

"Sally?"

"She has been at school in Albany for a year," I said. "She is at home now and I am going to see her."

"You love Sally?" she whispered. "Better than I love my life."

Again she whispered: "Get married!"

"We hope to in 1844. I have agreed to meet her by the big pine tree on the river bank at eleven o'clock the third of June, 1844. We are looking forward to that day."

A tall, slim woman entered the room then and said that supper was ready. Kate rose with a smile and I followed her into the dining room where two tables were spread. One had certain dishes on it and a white cover, frayed and worn. She led me to the other table which was neatly covered with snowy linen. The tall woman served a supper on deep blue china, cooked as only they could cook in old New England. Meanwhile I could hear the voice of the aged squire—a weird, empty, inhuman voice it was, utterly cut off from his intelligence. It came out of the troubled depths of his misery.

So that house—the scene of his great sin which would presently lie down with him in the dust—was flooded, a hundred times a day, by the unhappy spirit of its master. In the dead of the night I heard its despair echoing through the silent chambers.

Kate said little as we ate, or as we sat together in the shabby, great room after supper, but she seemed to enjoy my talk and I went into the details of my personal history.

The look on her face, even while I was speaking, indicated that her thoughts wandered, restlessly, in the gloomy desert of her past. I thought of that gay, birdlike youth of hers of which the old man with the scythe had told me, and wondered. As I was thinking of this there came a cry from the aged squire so loud and doleful that it startled me and I turned and looked toward the open door.

Kate rose and came to my side and leaned toward my ear whispering:

"It is my father. He is always thinking of when I was a girl. He wants me."

She bade me good night and left the room. Doubtless it was the outraged, departed spirit of that golden time which was haunting the old squire. A Bible lay on the table near me and I sat reading it for an hour or so. A tall clock in a corner solemnly tolled the hour of nine. In came the tall woman and asked me in the brogue of the Irish:

"Would you like to go to bed?"

"Yes, I am tired."

She took a candle and led me up a broad oaken stairway and into a room of the most generous proportions. A big four-post bedstead, draped in

# THE THINGS THAT COUNT!

Liberty--  
Humanity--  
Justice--  
Right Living--  
Holsum Bread!

Good bread! Made of pure, wholesome materials--  
A plain loaf—the kind of a loaf that is made in the homes of the country  
Plain Virtues—Plain Living—Plain Food—are the things that count and win out in the long run.

IT HAS BEEN DEMONSTRATED.

## Cherry City Baking Co.

WHITE, STOOD AGAINST A WALL. The dog, sheeted in old linen, had quitted cover. The room was noticeably clean; its furniture of old mahogany and its carpet comparatively un worn.

When I undressed I dreaded to put out the candle. For the first time in years I had a kind of child-fear of the night. But I went to bed at last and slept rather fitfully, waking often when the cries of the old squire came flooding through the walls. How I longed for the light of the morning! It came at last and I rose and dressed and went out of doors.

Kate met me at the door when I went back into the house and kissed my cheek and again I heard those half-spoken words: "My boy." I ate my breakfast with her and when I was about to get into my saddle at the door I gave her a hug and, as she tenderly patted my cheek, a smile lighted her countenance so that it seemed to shine upon me. I have never forgotten its serenity and sweetness.

Continued next week

**CHRISTIAN CHURCH**  
Sunday School, 10.00 a. m.  
Preaching Service, 11.00 a. m.  
Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting, 6.30 p. m.  
Prayer Meeting, 7.30 p. m.  
Prayer Meeting Wednesday 7.30 p. m.

### DON'T RISK NEGLECT

Don't neglect a constant back-ache, sharp, darting pains or urinary disorders. The danger of dropsy or Bright's disease is too serious to ignore. Use Doan's Kidney Pills as have your friends and neighbors.

Riley I. Rugg, retired farmer, 404 S. Fourth St., Corvallis, Ore., says: "I would have to get up perhaps a dozen times a night, so badly was I bothered by kidney and bladder trouble. When I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, I could soon see they were acting with good effect, for my kidneys began acting regularly and I could get a good night's rest. Three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills made a marked improvement in my condition and all symptoms of kidney and bladder trouble disappeared." (Statement given April 2, 1913.)

On April 5, 1916 Mr. Rugg said: "What I have said in my former statement recommending Doan's Kidney Pills still holds good. I take them when I feel in need of a kidney medicine and they always do me good." 60c. at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Representing the  
**"PENNSYLVANIA"**  
**Fire Insurance Co.**  
of Philadelphia  
Notary Public  
Blank Deeds, Mortgages, Etc.

Swope & Swope, Lawyers,  
I. O. O. F. Bldg.  
Independence

### Delinquent Accounts

ARE BAD INVESTMENTS  
WE MAKE THEM PAY YOU  
CASH DIVIDENDS  
NO COLLECTIONS  
NO EXPENSE TO YOU

**Knight Adjustment Co.**  
J. N. HELGERSON, MANAGER  
DALLAS, ORE.

# Headache

**THOUSANDS OF WOMEN** suffer miserably from periodic attacks of headache, never dreaming that a permanent cure may be had. Headache nearly always results from some disorder of the stomach, liver or bowels. Take Chamberlain's Tablets. They will correct these disorders and there will be no more headache. Many have been permanently cured by Chamberlain's Tablets.

**Chamberlain's Tablets**

"Surest Thing You Know," says the Good Judge

It's a cinch to get a real quality chew and save part of your tobacco money at the same time.



A small chew of this good tobacco gives real lasting satisfaction.

**THE REAL TOBACCO CHEW**  
put up in two styles  
**RIGHT CUT** is a short-cut tobacco  
**W-B CUT** is a long fine-cut tobacco

### Italian Prune Trees Grafted Franquette

We have a fine block of prune trees, and have at this time a large number of these booked for Fall, but still have a limited number to sell, before we quit taking orders. As soon as this limited surplus is sold we will have to quit booking.

You all know the shortage in prune trees, that many planters who wait will have to hold over, for lack of trees. Protect yourself. Order right now. There will be no relief in sight for next year owing to greater shortage that will exist because of seed failure this year. We have a full line of nursery stocks. Get our booklet on GRAFTED WALNUTS. 'Tis valuable

**Carlton Nursery Co. Carlton Oregon**

# HARVESTERS

It is more expensive to hire help than to equip with up to date machinery.

I am selling two STANDARD MAKES this year:

**The Deering and The John Deere**

Tried and tested thru years of service they have been improved until they lead the world in efficient work and simplicity of operation.

Time flies. If you need anything in this line you should act AT ONCE.

## Plymouth Twine

None better. I have an ample stock and can supply your needs in this line.

**MONMOUTH HARDWARE**  
J. E. Winegar Proprietor