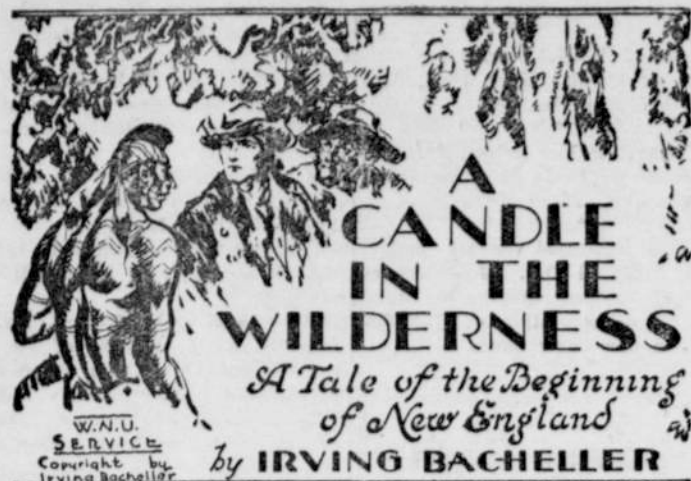




A CANDLE IN THE WILDERNESS

A Tale of the Beginning of New England
by IRVING BACHELLER

This was no sooner accomplished than the red men began to gamble with their new wealth in their favorite dish game. It was played with six plum stones, white on one side and black on the other. The players were divided in two opposing sides. A brave was chosen to shake the dish. They guessed on the number of white or black to appear when the dish was shaken and dumped. They bet heavily. In a little time a noisy contention arose between the opposing sides. Two men were chosen to decide the issue in a fight. They fought like fish-women, grabbing each other's hair. Each with fists full of hair they struggled and twisted and jerked in a frightful fashion. No word came from either. Being well-matched the encounter continued until the white men turned away worried by its brutality and went to the house of Madame Hebert, who lived with her daughter and son-in-law Monsieur Couillard. Built of logs and quite weather-proof it was the only real house in Canada. Madame had cleared and cultivated a tract of land. Her efforts kept her family and the Fathers supplied with grain, small fruits and vegetables. A cheery, kindly soul, she was like a mother to those lonely men who were giving their lives in a fruitless sowing among rocks and thorns.

She greeted Brebeuf fondly as Le Bon Pere Utile, his title at the Residence, and offered the hospitality of her house to the two Englishmen. With soap and towels they went down to the river with the Father for a bath. Returning at dusk by the way of the trading post, they saw the fighters still embraced and twisting and struggling in silence like a pair of bulldogs on the ground. Only two of the band remained to watch them.

"Let us go to the Indian cabin and find the chief and try to stop this," said the Father.

The cabin was built of poles covered with bark and wattle and with boughs at one end. It was for the accommodation of visiting Indians. Clean when the warriors arrived, it was now like a pigpen, stinking and the carpet of boughs covered with litter. Two fires were burning. A part of the smoke went up through holes in the roof, but much of it clouded the atmosphere of the long room and was a torment to the eyes of a white man. On every side were naked bodies, black and overhauled by the fires, mingled pell-mell with dogs just arrived with a band of hunters. Father Brebeuf found the young chief and prevailed upon him to go and stop the fight.

"They like us not to interfere in their affairs and we do it with restraint," said the Father. "The young chief has been baptized but, alas, their customs and superstitions are the growth of ages. Naturally they are deeper rooted than the new faith. It is more difficult than clearing and planting the wild land. You have seen how stubborn they are. We are patient. Some will yield to us and confess their

dream of the arrival of an Iroquois captive will turn them back to savagery. Still God can make the mountains to be a plain."

At the table of Madame Hebert the Englishmen sat with her family and three Fathers and two lay brothers. Three other Fathers were then out in the forest with the wild men. They had a dinner of roasted moose meat with wine and baked potatoes and good bread eaten with a conserve of dried berries.

"This is in honor of the kinsmen of our dear Father Brebeuf," said Madame. "We are wont to fare more simply. When the winter is far spent you would find us fasting or dining with a piece of bread and a little wine."

There was much talk of the sweet land of wheat and vines and of the good cooking to be found in Paris. It was a joy to these lonely people to hear Robert tell of the adventures of himself and his friend on their journey.

When they went to bed Robert read the letter to his wise old comrade, asking at the last word:

"What is the meaning of this?"

"That's as easy as lookin' through a window," said Amos. "The sweet gal is in love with ye. The whole town thinks ye're guilty and she don't. If she does she don't think it's anything to be hung for. There's a gal like them in the time o' Queen Bess. She believes in takin' her enjoyment while she's alive instead o' waitin' till she's dead. She's broke with Rosewell and she wants you. I'll tell ye what's behind all this. She coaxed her brother to come with her. That gal has studied the maps o' Hudson and Champlain in the governor's house. She knew that if we got to the big waterways from north to south we'd make for Quebec or New Amsterdam. I reckon she made up her mind that if she could find ye she'd lead ye to New Amsterdam and marry ye right there, by the grace o' God and ship ye off to Holland with her, and why not I'd like to know?"

"I can think of worse things that could happen to me," said Robert. "I wonder why she has turned against Rosewell. He's a much handsomer man."

"That all depends on the pair o' eyes that's lookin' at him. He was not the man for her. He's half dead—his body in this world, his mind in the hereafter. Argues about what it means to be justified and sanctified. How would a gal like Peggy get along with that for breakfast, dinner and supper? She'd get the cramps quick."

"Well, let's get away from here

and try to push down to that Dutchman's trading post," Robert proposed.

"As soon as ever we can," his friend answered. "I'm as anxious as a terrier at a rat hole. Amos is happier than he has been in the last two moons."

The comfort of being out of peril in a good bed was a thing that they loved to recall in the long days ahead. They overslept that night and were not awakened till Father Brebeuf came to the door. He said that a band of Algonquians were soon going over to the lake of the Iroquois to meet a Dutch trader who came up in the first snow moon to sell them strong water and to get the otter skins taken far north of the great river.

"He will have a shallop on the long lake," said the Father. "You could go with him to their fort in the south. If you do, God help you to persuade him that it is damming his own soul by selling strong water to these wild folk. It is an evil and only a son of Satan would be doing it. Our own French people coming on the ships give us sore trouble and put our lives in danger with this vile traffic."

In leaving, Robert rewarded Madame Hebert with a generous gift for the good cause and thanks as sincere as any he had ever spoken. "Do you see how these heathen have battered the front of our house with stones?" the Father asked as they were going away.

(Continued on page 6.)

Treharne

A large crowd attended the Christmas program at Pleasant Hill school. Credit is due the teachers who arranged such a nice program.

Ben Spencer is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Spencer.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Sunell and children motored to Astoria over the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Crawford and son Edgar are visiting with relatives at Forest Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon and Miss Gertrude Murphy, Gloria, and Arthur Murphy motored to Corvallis and are spending the holidays with their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Johnson motored to Rainier and spent the holidays with Mr. Johnson's mother.

Miss Nettie Alley, health nurse, was at Pleasant Hill school the past week.

Mrs. M. John visited with her daughter, Mrs. R. Stanton.

Mr. and Mrs. F. N. O'Donnell and children are visiting with relatives at Hillsboro.

John Price is spending the holidays with his family at Treharne.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Neurer and son Donald of Clarkston, Washington, are visiting with Mr.

Mist

Mrs. A. A. Dowling

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Scott returned to Kelso Sunday after visiting Mrs. Scott's parents, Mr. Christmas.

The Aamodt family spent Christmas with Mrs. Aamodt's mother at Hubbard, Ore. They returned home the last of the week.

The Frank Wilson children are just getting over a siege of whooping cough.

James Jones was up from down on the Fishhawk and stayed a couple of days with Jim Spike.

The Austin Dowling family spent Christmas at Silver Lake Washington with their daughter, Mrs. Newton Trotter and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bridges and nieces spent Sunday in Portland.

Miss Gross, the primary teacher, went home to Yoncola for the Christmas vacation.

It is reported that John Carmichael has measles.

E. T. Wallace and Bernard Dowling were guests at the A. R. Mills home Monday evening.

Mrs. Eder Wallace is in Portland visiting relatives.

A nice program and Christmas tree was enjoyed by the children and grown ups of the community Wednesday afternoon, in the old school house.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Hall and Betty were Christmas day guests of her sister, Mrs. Earl Holce.

Mr. and Mrs. Riggles were absent in Portland for a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Patrick and

Neurer's sister, Mrs. Sidney Ba-

ker.

Kenneth Smith spent Christmas at Goble with their folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Reynolds spent several days last week and Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Turner and family on the Burn.

J. Westly Broughner has been staying for a few days with Eric Kronholm.

A good many from the village took in the dance at Birkenfeld Saturday night. The Sundland-Berg orchestra furnished the music.

The Joe Banzer folks were village shoppers Saturday evening.

The power line was out for a while Wednesday owing to the high wind and storm.

Some of the county trucks are hauling rock for the bridge down by the Andrew Nelson place. It has been under going repairs for some time, and the heavy rains of last week did some damage there.

Miss Grace Carmichael visited Julia Banzer Monday afternoon.

Jessie George is improving his residence and property, building on an addition to his house.

Mrs. Chas Hanson visited several days last week with his folks at Marshland.

Mrs. Salmi and daughter Marie visited with the Chas. Hanson family over Christmas.

The Carmichael family were Vernonia shoppers Tuesday afternoon.

Ralph George cut his hand quite badly on a drag saw and required seven stitches to close the wound.

Lawrence Jepson has been cutting his winter's wood.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Keaton were visitors at the Ernest Lane home Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Prick-

ett spent last week at Independence and Forest Grove, returning home Saturday.

The Misses Alberta and Irene DeRock are visiting with their mother, Mrs. Norquist in Portland this week.

Charleen and Jerry George called on Grace Carmichael Sunday afternoon.

The James Jones family are visiting at Eric Kronholm's place this week.

Mrs. Boyd Nelson spent Christmas with her mother, Mrs. Knowles.

Mrs. Fred Parkknon had relatives from The Dalles to spend Christmas.

Forrest Harding spent a couple of days last week at Kelso with his brother.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Miller took Christmas dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Van Vleet.

Joe Chechmanek is taking his daughter Annie to Portland Wednesday for medical treatment. She is quite ill.

(Too late for insertion last week.)

S. P. DeRock is visiting his sister, Mrs. Wm. Bridges at this time.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Huse and Mrs. Maud McMullen from Scappoose were visiting in the valley a couple of days last week.

F. E. Knowles butchered a hog Saturday and went to the second one and found the hog dead.

Mrs. Ed Reynolds was a Vernonia visitor Sunday.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

The Eagle will be glad to print recipes which its readers have found useful. They must be signed by the person sending them.

SPONGE CAKE

Mrs. J. W. Neurer

4 eggs
4 tablespoons cold water
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder

Beat eggs, water and salt thoroughly. Beat in gradually 1 cup sugar. Fold in flour and baking powder. Any desired flavoring. Bake in angel cake tin 45 minutes.

nia visitor Sunday.

Geo. Jones spent a couple of days last week at his home in Vernonia. Jim Spike also accompanied Mr. Jones.

Mrs. Wm. Bridges drove to Corvallis Thursday and brought her niece Alberta DeRock back home for the holidays.

Donald Sundland came home from Monmouth Sunday for the Christmas vacation.

S. J. DeRock went home to Portland Monday after a few days visit with his sister, Mrs. Bridges.

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

We sincerely thank our patrons and friends for standing by us so loyally during the past year, and we wish for them and everyone in our community a New Year full of happiness. May you find health, peace, good luck and true prosperity in 1932.

Vernonia Brazing and Machine Works



Order of Eastern Star

Nehalem Chapter 153, O. E. S. Regular communication first and third Wednesdays of each month, at Masonic Temple. All visiting sisters and brothers welcome.

Mrs. Leona McGraw, W. M.
Mrs. Alma Bell, Secretary.

Mountain Heart
Rebekah Lodge No. 243
No. 243, I.O.O.F., meets every second and fourth Thursdays in I. O. O. F. hall, Vernonia. Visitors always welcome.

Margaret Lines, Noble Grand.
Bessie Herrin, Secretary.

Pythian Sisters
Vernonia Temple 61 meets every 2nd and 4th Wednesdays in W.O.W. hall.
Isabel Culbertson, M. E. C.
Clara Kerns, M. or R. & C.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
HARDING LODGE 116
Meets every Monday night in the W.O.W. hall. Visiting brothers welcome.
M. D. Cole, C. C.
H. Culbertson, K.R.S.

A. F. & A. M.

Vernonia Lodge No. 184
A. F. & A. M. meets at Masonic Temple, Stated Communication First Thursday of each month. Special called meetings on all other Thursdays 7:30 p.m. Visitors most cordially welcome.

E. G. Anderson, W. M.
W. E. Bell, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.

I.O.O.F.—Vernonia Lodge No. 246 meets every Tuesday night at 8 o'clock, in I.O.O.F. hall. Visitors always welcome.

Chas. Holt, Noble Grand.
G. G. Holt, Vice-Grand.
G. M. Holt, Secretary.

American Legion

Vernonia Post 119, American Legion. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays each month, 8 p. m.
J. E. Kerr, Commander; Eugene Shipman, Adj.

Start the New Year Right—

By Systematic Saving and Depositing in the Savings Department of the

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Square Deal Service Station

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Shop Work Guaranteed