

# THE LIGHT IN THE CLEARING

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

By IRVING BACHELLER

AUTHOR OF  
EVEN HOLDEN, DEE AND L. DAREL OF THE BLESSED ISLES  
KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE, ETC., ETC.

June, and if I didn't know where she lived I'd be 'blamed' of it. Do you see that big house down there in the trees?"

"I could see the place at which he pointed far back from the village street in the valley below us, the house nearly hidden by tall evergreens.

"Yes," I answered.

"Wal, that's the Squire Fullerton place—his Kate's father."

"Does the squire live there?"

"No, sir—not ezactly. He's dyin' there—been dyin' there for two year or more. By gosh! It's wonderful how hard 'tis for some folks to quit breathin'. Say, be you any of his family?"

"No."

"Nor no friend o' his?"

"No."

"Course not. He never had a friend in his life—too mean! He's too mean to die, mister—too mean for hell an' I wouldn't wonder—honest, I wouldn't—mebbe that's why God is keepin' him here—jest to meller him up a little. Sez, mister, be you in a hurry?"

"No."

"Say, hitch yer horse an' come in here. I want to show ye somethin'."

"I dismounted and hitched my horse to the fence and followed him into the old churchyard, between weather-stained mossy headstones and graves overgrown with wild roses. Near the far end of these thick-sown acres he stopped.

"Here's where the buryin' begun," said my guide. "The first hole in the hill was dug for a Fullerton."

There were many small monuments and slabs of marble—some spotted with lichens and all in commemoration of departed Fullertons.

"Say, look 'n' that," said my guide as he pulled aside the stem of a leafy briar red with roses. "Jest read that, mister."

My keen eyes slowly spelled out the time-worn words on a slab of stained marble:

Sacred to the memory of  
Katherine Fullerton  
1787-1808

"Proclaim his Word in every place  
That they are dead who fall from grace."

A dark shadow fell upon the house of my soul and I heard a loud rapping at its door which confused me until, looking out, I saw the strange truth of the matter. Rose leaves and blossoms seemed to be trying to hide it with their beauty, but in vain.

"I understand," I said.

"No ye don't. Leastways I don't believe ye do—not correct. Squire Fullerton dug a grave here an' had an empty coffin put into it away back in 1808. It means that he wanted everybody to understand that his girl was jest the same as dead to him an' to God. Say, he knew all about God's wishes—that man. Gosh! He has sent more folks to hell than there are in it, I guess. Say, mister, do ye know why he sent her there?"

"I shook my head.

"'Tis ye do, too. It's the same ol' thing that's been sendin' women to hell ever since the world began. Ye know hell must 'n' been the invention of a man—that's sarlin—an' it was mostly for women an' children—that's cartineer—an' for all the men that didn't agree with him. Set down here an' I'll tell ye the hull story. My day's work is done."

We sat down together and he went on as follows:

"Did ye ever see Kate Fullerton?"

"Yes."

"No ye didn't, nuther. Yer too young. Mebbe ye seen her when she was old an' broke down, but that's wate—no more'n I'm Bill Tweedy, which I ain't. Kate was as handsome as a golden robin. Hate yellin' as his breast an' feet as spry as his wings an' a voice as sweet as his song, an' eyes as bright as his'n—ye, sir—ye couldn't beat her for looks. That was years and years ago. Her mother died when Kate was ten year old—there's her grave in there with the sickle an' the sheaf an' the porty on it. That was unfortun' an' no mistake. Course the squire married ag'in but the new wife wa'n't no kind of a mother to the girl, an' ye know, mister, there was a young scoundrel here by the name o' Grimshaw. His father was a rich man—owned the cooper shop an' the saw-mill an' the tanery an' a lot o' cleared land down in the valley. He kep' company with her fer two or three year. Then all of a sudden folks began to talk—the women in particular. Ye know men invented hell an' women keep up the fire. Kate didn't look right to 'em. First we knew, young Grimshaw had dropped her an' was keepin' company with another gal—ye, sir. Do ye know why?"

Before I could answer he went on:

"No ye don't—leastways I don't believe ye do. It was 'cause her father was richer'n the squire an' had promised his gal ten thousand dollars the day she was married. All of a sudden Kate disappeared. We didn't know what happened for a long time.

By the of squire got me to dit



I Took It in My Arms.

an' I'll be gol damned if it didn't grab hold o' my nose an' hang on like a puppy to a root. When they tried to take it away it grabbed its fingers into my whiskers an' hollered like a panther—ye, sir. Wal, ye know I jes' fetched that little baby boy home in my arms, ay! My wife scolded me like Sam Hill—ye, sir—she had five of her own. I tol' her (I was goin' to take it back in a day or two but after it had been in the house three days ye couldn't 'n' pulled it away from her with a windlass.

"We brought him up an' he was always a good boy. We called him Enoch—Enoch Bone—did ye ever hear the name?"

"No."

"I didn't think 'twas likely but I'm always hopin'."

"Early that fall Kate got better an' left the poorhouse afoot. Went away somewheres—nobody knew where. Some said she'd crossed the lake an' gone away over into York state, some said she'd drowned herself. By 'n' by we heard that she'd gone way over into St. Lawrence county where Silas Wright lives an' where young Grimshaw had settled down after he got married.

"Wal, 'bout five year ago the squire buried his second wife—there 'tis over there back o' Kate's with the little speckled angel on it. Nobody had seen the squire outside o' his house for years until the funeral—he was crippled so with rheumatiz. After that he lived all 'lone in the big house with ol' Tom Linney an' his wife, who've worked there for 'bout forty year, I guess.

"Wal, sir, just we knew Kate was there in the house livin' with her father. We wouldn't 'n' knowed it, then, if it hadn't been that Tom Linney come over one day an' said he guessed the ol' squire wanted to see me—no, sir, we wouldn't—fer the squire ain't sociable an' the neighbors never dark on his door. She must 'n' come in the night, jest as she went—nobody see her go an' nobody see her come, an' that's a fact. Wal, one day las' fall after the leaves was off an' they could see a corner o' my house through the bushes, Tom was walkin' the ol' man 'round the room. All to once he stopped an' p'inted at my house through the winder an' kep' p'intin'. Tom come over an' said he called the squire wanted to see me. So I went there. Kate met me at the door. Gosh! How old an' kind o' broke down she looked! But I knew her the minute I set my eyes on her—uh huh—an' she knew me—ye, sir—she smiled an' (ears come to her eyes an' she rattled

my hand like she wanted to see me—then he tol' me the story. He turned the poor gal out o' doors. God o' Israel! It was in the night that he sent her away. Goldarn him! He didn't have no more heart than a grasshopper—no, sir—not a bit. I could 'n' brained him with my shovel, but I didn't.

"I found out where the gal had gone an' I follered her—ye, I did—found her in the poorhouse way over on Pussley Hill—uh huh! She jes' put her arms 'round my neck an' cried an' cried. I guess 'twas 'cause I looked kind o' friendly—uh huh! I tol' her she should come right over to our house an' stay jest as long as she wanted to as soon as she got well—ye, sir, I did.

"She was sick all summer long—kind o' out o' her head, ye know, an' I used to go over hossback an' take things for her to eat. An' one day when I was over there they was wonderin' what they was goin' to do with her little baby. I took it in my arms

"I told all that I had heard from some and of my life in Cobleskill but observed, presently, a faraway look in her eyes and judged that she was not tearing 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 his 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

then over to Ashery lane to see Michael Hackett and his family. I found the schoolmaster playing his violin.

"Now God be praised—here is Bart!" he exclaimed as he put down his instrument and took my hands in his. "I've heard, my boy, how bravely ye've weathered the capes an' I'm proud o' ye—that I am!"

I wondered what he meant for a second and then asked:

"How go these days with you?"

"Swift as the weaver's shuttle," he answered. "Sit you down, while I call the family. They're out in the kitchen putting the dishes away. Many hands make light labor."

They came quickly and gathered about me—a noisy, happy group. The younger children kissed me and sat on my knees and gave me the small news of the neighborhood.

How good were the look of those friendly faces and the full-hearted pleasure of the whole family at my coming!

"What a joy for the spare room!" exclaimed the schoolmaster. "Sure I wouldn't wonder if the old bed was dancin' on its four legs this very minute."

"I intend to walk up to the hills tonight," I said.

"Up to the hills!" he exclaimed merrily. "An' the Hackets lyin' awake thinkin' o' ye on the dark road! Try it, boy, an' ye'll get a crack with the ruler and an hour after school. Yer aunt and uncle will be stronger to stand yer comin' with the night's rest upon them. Ye wouldn't be routin' them out o' bed an' they after a hard day with the hagin'! Then, my kind-hearted lad, ye must give a thought to Michael Henry. He's still alive an' stronger than ever—thank God!"

So, although I longed for those most dear to me up in the hills, I spent the night with the Hackets and the schoolmaster and I sat an hour together after the family had gone to bed.

"How are the Dunkelbergs?" I asked.

"Sunk in the soft embrace o' luxury," he answered. "Grimshaw made him; Grimshaw liked him. He was always ready to lick the boots o' Grimshaw. It turned out that Grimshaw left him an annuity of three thousand dollars, which he can enjoy as long as he observes one condition."

"What is that?"

"He must not let his daughter marry no Burton Baynes, late o' the town o' Ballybeen. How is that for spite, my boy? They say it's written down in the will."

I think that he must have seen the flame of color playing on my face, for he quickly added:

"Don't worry, lad. The will o' God is greater than the will o' Grimshaw. He made you two for each other and he will be true to ye, as true as the needle to the north star."

"Do you think so?"

"Sure I do. Didn't she as much as tell me that here in this room—not a week ago? She loves ye, boy, as true as God loves ye, an' she's a girl of a thousand."

"Why did they go away? Was it because I was coming?"

"I think it likely, my fine lad. The man heard o' it some way—perhaps through yer uncle. He's crazy for the money, but he'll get over that. Leave him to me. I've a fine course o' instruction ready for my lord o' Dunkelberg."

"I think I shall go and try to find her," I said.

"I am to counsel ye about that," said the schoolmaster. "She's as keen as a brer—the fox! She says, 'Keep away. Don't alarm him, or he'll bundle us off to Europe for two or three years.'

"So there's the trail ye travel, my boy. It's the one that keeps away. Don't let him think ye've anything up the sleeve o' yer mind. Ah, my lad, I know the heart o' youth! Ye'd like to be puttin' yer arms around her—wouldn't ye, now? Sure, there's time enough! Ye're in the old treadmill o' God—the both o' ye! Ye're bein' weighed an' tried for the great prize. It's not pleasant, but it's better so. Go on, now, an' do ye best an' whatever comes take it like a man."

A little silence followed. He broke it with these words:

"Ye're done with that business in Cobleskill, an' I'm glad. Ye didn't know ye were bein' tried there—did ye? Ye've stood it like a man. What will ye be doin' now?"

"I'd like to go to Washington to the senator."

He laughed heartily.

"I was hopin' ye'd say that," he went on. "Well, boy, I think it can be arranged. I'll see the senator as soon as ever he comes an' I believe he'll be glad to know o' yer wishes. I think he's been hopin', like, that ye would propose it. Go up to the farm and spend a happy month or two with yer aunt an' uncle. It'll do ye good. Ye've been growin' plump down there. Go an' melt it off in the fields."

A little more talk and we were off to bed with our candles.

Next morning I went down into the main street of the village before leaving for home. I wanted to see how it looked and, to be quite frank, I wanted some of the people of Canton to see how I looked, for my clothes were of the best cloth and cut in the latest fashion. Many stopped me and shook my hand—men and women who had never noticed me before, but there was a quality in their smiles that I didn't quite enjoy. I know now that they thought me a little too grand on the outside. What a stern-souled lot those Yankees were! "All ain't gold that glitters." How often I had heard that version of the old motto!

"Why, you look like the senator when he is just gittin' home from the capital," said Mr. Jenison.

They were not yet willing to take

of the most generous proportions. A big four-post bedstead, draped in white, stood against a wall. The bed, sheathed in old linen, had quilted covers. The room was noticeably clean; its furniture of old mahogany and its carpet comparatively unworn.

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.

CHAPTER XVII.

I Start in a Long Way.

We reached Canton at six o'clock in the evening of a beautiful summer day. I went at once to call upon the Dunkelbergs and learned from a man at work in the dooryard that they had gone away for the summer. How keen was my disappointment! I went to the tavern and got my supper and



She Took a Candle and Led Me Up a Broad Oaken Stairway.

then over to Ashery lane to see Michael Hackett and his family. I found the schoolmaster playing his violin.

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## SPANISH INFLUENZA—WHAT IT IS AND HOW IT SHOULD BE TREATED

Nothing New—Simply The Old Grip, Or La Grippe, That Was Epidemic In 1889-90, Only Then It Came From Russia By Way Of France And This Time By Way Of Spain.

Go to Bed and Stay Quiet—Take a Laxative—Eat Plenty of Nourishing Food—Keep Up Your Strength—Nature is the Only "Cure"

ALWAYS CALL A DOCTOR

NO OCCASION FOR PANIC

Spanish influenza, which appeared in Spain in May, has all the appearance of grip or la-grippe, which has swept over the world in numerous epidemics as far back as history runs. Hippocrates refers to an epidemic in 412 B. C., which is regarded by many to have been influenza. Every century has had its attacks. Beginning with 1831, this country has had five epidemics, the last in 1889-90.

There is no occasion for panic—influenza itself has a very low percentage of fatalities—not over one death out of every four hundred cases, according to the N. C. Board of Health. The chief danger lies in complications arising, attacking principally patients in a run down condition—those who don't go to bed soon enough, or those who get up too early.

THE SYMPTOMS

Grip, or influenza, as it is now called, usually begins with a chill followed by aching, feverishness and sometimes nausea and dizziness and a general feeling of weakness and depression. The temperature is from 100 to 104, and the fever usually lasts from three to five days. The germs attack the mucous membrane, or lining of the air passages—nose, throat and bronchial tubes—there is usually a hard cough, especially bad at night, often times a sore throat or tonsillitis, and frequently all the appearances of a severe cold.

THE TREATMENT

Go to bed at the first symptoms, not only for your own sake, but to avoid spreading the disease to others—take a purgative, eat plenty of nourishing food, remain perfectly quiet and don't worry. Quinine, Aspirin or Dover's Powder, etc., may be administered by the physicians, directions to relieve the aching. But there is no cure or specific for influenza—the disease must run its course, but nature herself will throw off the attack if only you keep up your strength. The chief danger lies in the complications which may arise. Influenza so weakens the bodily resistance that there is danger of pneumonia or bronchitis developing and sometimes inflammation of the middle ear, or heart affections. For these reasons, it is very important that the patient remain in bed until his strength returns—stay in bed at least two days or more after the fever has left you, or if you are over 50 or not strong stay in bed four days or more, according to the severity of the attack.

MILL FEED PRICE PROBLEM

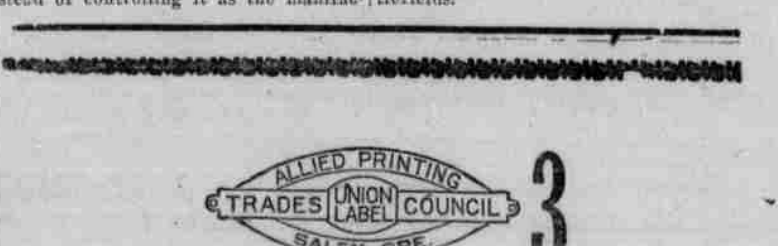
J. H. Senquist attended the opening session of the State Market Commission at Portland last Thursday and was very favorably impressed with progress made. The commission will work in harmony with the State Dairy League, of which M. S. Shrock, well known in Hubbard, is secretary.

The purpose of this commission is to establish prices of all farm products and the farms that produced the products, estimates based on results.

Naturally the question of mill feed for dairy stock came up. For manufacturing charges the mill men were allowed seventy-five cents per barrel of flour and twenty-five cents profit. The part not appreciated by those who bought substitutes and mill feed is that the mill men were allowed to hold up the general public for this product, instead of controlling it as the manufacture of flour. Instead they were given a free hand and realized a greater percent of profit during this time than since their business was first established. The last raise was from \$31 to \$41 per ton, in several lots. These facts and others came out at the meeting and the probabilities are the league will make an effort to bring about an adjustment of prices. Dairymen feel that rank injustice has been practiced upon them and they will try to adjust matters.—Hubbard Enterprise.

TO INSPECT BATTLEFIELDS

Paris, Jan. 18.—President Wilson will inspect the devastated regions of France during the peace conference, it was announced today. He will take advantage of the first opportunity to go, between conference sittings, to the battlefields.



Mr. Business Man

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