The Light in the Clearing

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PREFACE

The light in the Clearing shone upon things and mostly upon those bich above all others, have impassioned perpetuated the Spirit of America and which, just now, seem to me to be worthy of attention. I believe that spirit be the very candle of the Lord which. h this dark and windy night of time, has kered so that the souls of the faithful have been afraid. But let us be of good er. It is shining brighter as I write ad under God, I believe it shall, by and be seen and loved of all men.

One self-contained, Homeric figure, of he remote country-side in which I was had the true Spirit of Democracy and shed its light abroad in the senate of the United States and the capitol at Alany. He carried the Candle of the Lord. It hed him to a height of self-forgetfulness achieved by only two others-Washlegion and Lincoln. Yet I have been surprised by the profound and general igtorance of this generation regarding the The distinguished senator who served

t his side for many years, Thomas H. ston of Missouri, has this to say of Bas Wright in his Thirty Years' View: He refused cabinet appointments unor his fast friend Van Buren and under Polic, whom he may be said to have d. He refused a seat on the bench of the Supreme court of the United tates; he rejected instantly the nominasion in 1844 for vice president; he refused be put in nomination for the presi-He spent that time in declining the which others did in winning it. The thes he did accept, it might well be mid, were thrust upon him. He was born great and above office and unwillingly decended to it."

So much by way of preparing the reader meet the great commoner in these

were those who accused Wright of being a spoilsman, the only arrant for which claim would seem to be his remark in a letter: "When our accuse us of feeding our friends tead of them never let them lie in tell-He was, in fact, a human being, through

and through, but so upright that they d to say of him that he was "as honst as any man under heaven or in it." For my knowledge of the color and parit of the time I am indebted to a long arse of reading in its books, newspaand periodicals, notably the North erican Review, the United States Magand Democratic Review, the Nev Tork Mirror, the Knickerbocker, the St. Lawrence Republican, Benton's Thirty Years' View, Bancroft's Life of Martin Van Buren, histories of Wright and his by Hammond and Jenkins, and to manuscript letters of the distined commoner in the New York pube library and in the possession of Mr. wel Wright of Weybridge, Vermont.

To any who may think that they disover portraits in these pages I desire to that all the characters-save only Wright and President Van Buren Barton Baynes-are purely imagin-However, there were Grimshaws Purvises and Binkses and Aunt Deels und Uncle Peabodys in almost every rusneighborhood those days, and I regret to add that Roving Kate was on many ads. The case of Amos Grimshaw bears striking resemblance to that of young lekford, executed long ago in Malone, r the particulars of which case I am ebted to my friend, Mr. H. L. Ives of

THE AUTHOR.

BOOK ONE

Which Is the Story of the Candle and the Compass.

CHAPTER I.

The Melon Harvest. Once upon a time I owned a water-

melon. I say once because I never did again. When I got through owning that melon I never wanted another. The time was 1831; I was a boy of seven and the melon was the first of all my barvests.

I didn't know much about myself hose days except the fact that my name was Bart Baynes and, further, that I was an orphan who owned a watermulon and a little spotted hen and lived on Rattleroad in a neighborbood called Lickitysplit. I lived with my Aunt Deel and my Uncle Peabody Baynes on a farm. They were brother and sister-he about thirty-eight and she a little beyond the far-distant goal

My father and mother died in scourge of diphtheria that swept the

tered the parlor and climbed the whatnot to examine some white flowers on Its top shelf and tipped the whole on her tiptoes and exclaimed: "Mercy! Come right out o' here this minute— in bed again. you pest !"

I sat weeping she went back into the parier and began to pick up things.

her moaning.

fable. Uncle Peabody used to call then the "Minervy flowers" because to the kitchen where I sat—a sorrowing little refugee hunched up in a cor-Uncle Peabody—ayes!"

Oh please don't tell my Uncle Peady." I wailed.

"Ayesi I'll have to tell him." she severed firmly.

her voice as she said:

away—ayes!"

"What now?" he asked.

"My stars! he sneaked into the parlor and tipped over the what-not and smashed that beautiful wax wreath!" "Jerusalem four-corners!" he exclaimed. "I'll have to-"

momentous resolutions. Peabody came and lifted me tenderly

and carried me upstairs. He sat down with me on his lap and hushed my cries. Then he said very gently:

"Now, Bub, you and me have got to careful. What-nots and albums and wax flowers and haircloth sofys are the most dang'rous critters in St. Lawrence county. They're purty savtell what minute they'll jump on ye. More boys have been dragged away and tore to pieces by 'em than by all the bears and panthers in the woods. as well go into a cage o' wolves. How always went to sleep in his arms. be I goin' to make ye remember it?"

He set me in a chair, picked up one and bit it. of his old carpet-slippers and began to thump the bed with it. He belabored the bed with tremendous vigor. Meanwhile he looked at me and exclaimed: "You dreadful child!"

"I don't know," I whimpered and be-

I knew that my sins were responsible for this violence. It frightened me and my cries increased.

The door at the bottom of the stairs opened suddenly.

Aunt Deel called:

"Don't lose your temper, Peabody. I think you've gone fur 'nough-ayes!" Uncle Peabody stopped and blew as a look in his face that reassured me. He called back to her: "I wouldn't 'a' cared so much if it hadn't 'a' been fully and the vine throve.



He Belabored the Bed With Tremendous Vigor, Exclaiming "You Dreadful Child!"

the what-not and them Minervy flowers. When a boy tips over a what-not house to go and see my watermelon. he's goin' it purty strong."

"Well, don't be too severe. You'd better come now and git me a pail o' water—ayes, I think ye had."

Uncle Peabody did a lot of sneezing and coughing with his big, red handneighborhood when I was a boy of kerchief over his face and I was not man countenance. old enough then to understand it. He

ged what-not, with a wax wreath in its thing over, scattering its burden of hands, chased me around the house albums, wax flowers and seashells and caught and bit me on the neck. I the floor. My aunt came running called for help and uncle came and found me on the floor and put me back

For a long time I thought that the I took some rather long steps going way a man punished a boy was by which were due to the fact that thumping his bed. I knew that women Aunt Deel had hold of my hand. While had a different and less satisfactory method, for I remembered that my mother had spanked me and Aunt Deel My wreath! my wreath!" I heard had a way of giving my hands and head a kind of watermelon thump with How well I remember that little as- the middle finger of her right hand and emblage of flower ghosts in wax! with a curious look in her eyes. Uncle They had no more right to associate Peabody used to call it a "snaptious with human beings than the ghosts of look," Almost always he whacked the bed with his slipper. There were exceptions, however, and, by and by, I they were a present from his Aunt came to know in each case the desti-Minerva. When Aunt Deel returned nation of the slipper, for if I had done anything which really afflicted my conscience that strip of leather seemed to she said: "Til have to tell your know the truth, and found its way to

> Aunt Deel toiled incessantly. She washed and scrubbed and polished and dusted and sewed and knit from morning until night. She lived in mortal afraid they've et it up."

For the first time I looked for him | fear that company would come and | that solemn and penetrating note in Mary Humphries, or "Mr. and Mrs. sobling. I lay amidst the ruins of Horace Dunkelberg." These were the "I guess you'll have to take that boy people of whom she talked when the neighbors came in and when she was not talking of the Bayneses. I observed that she always said "Mr. and Mrs. Horace Dunkelberg." They were the conversational ornaments of our home. "As Mrs. Horace Dunkelberg says," or, "as I said to Mr. Horace Dunkelberg," He stopped as he was wont to do on were phrases calculated to establish the threshold of strong opinions and our social standing. I supposed that the world was peopled by Joneses, Lin-The rest of the conversation was colns, Humphries and Dunkelbergs, drowned in my own cries and Uncle but mostly by Dunkelbergs. These latter were very rich people who lived in | white beads. Canton village.

I know, now, how dearly Aunt Deel loved her brother and me. I must have been a great trial to that woman of forty unused to the pranks of children and the tender offices of a mother. Naturally I turned from her to my Uncle Peabody as a refuge and a help in time of trouble, with increasing age. Keep your eye peeled. You can't fondness. He had no knitting or sewing to do and when Uncle Peabody sat in the house he gave all his time to me and we weathered many a storm together as we sat silently in his fa-Keep out o' that old parlor. Ye might | vorite corner, of an evening, when I

I was seven years old when Uncle Peabody gave me the watermelon gan to cry out in fearful anticipation. seeds. I put one of them in my mouth "It appears to me there's an awful

> draft blowin' down your throat," said Uncle Peabody. "You ain't no business eatin' a melon seed." "Why?" was my query.

"'Cause it was made to put in the ground. Didu't you know it was alive?" "Alive!" I exclaimed.

"Alive," said he. "I'll show ye." He put a number of the seeds in the ground and covered them, and said that part of the garden should stopped for a few minutes to play be mine. I watched it every day and by and by two vines came up. One if he were very tired and then I caught | sickened and died in dry weather. Uncle Peabody said that I must water the other every day. I did it faith-

> It was hard work, I thought, to g down into the garden, night and morning, with my little pail full of water, but uncle said that I should get my pay when the melon was ripe. I had also to keep the wood-box full and feed the chickens. They were odious tasks. When I asked Aunt Deel what I should get for doing them she answered quickly:

"Nospanks and bread and butter-

When I asked what were "nospanks' she told me that they were part of the wages of a good child. I was better paid for my care of the watermelon vine, for its growth was measured with a string every day and kept me interested. One morning I found five blossoms on it. I picked one and carried it to Aunt Deel. Another I destroyed in the tragedy of catching a bumblebee which had crawled into its cup. In due time three small melons appeared. When they were as big as a baseball I picked two of them. One I tasted and threw away as I ran to the pump for relief. The other I hurled at a dog on my way to chool.

So that last melon on the vine had my undivided affection. It grew in size and reputation, and goon learned that a reputation is about the worst thing that a watermelon can acquire while it is on the vine. I invited everybody that came to the They looked it over and said pleasant things about it. When I was a boy people used to treat children and watermelons with a like solicitude. Both were a subject for jests and produced similar reactions in the hu-

At last Uncle Peabody agreed with A few days after I arrived in the kissed me and took my little hand in me that it was about time to pick the home of my aunt and uncle I slyly en- his big hard one and led me down the melon. I decided to pick it immediately after meeting on Sunday, so that I dreamed that night that a long-leg- I could give it to my aunt and uncle at dinner-time. When we got home I ran for the garden. My feet and those of our friends and neighbors had literally worn a path to the melon. In eager haste I got my little wheelbarrow and ran with it to the end of that path. There I found nothing but broken vines! The melon had vanished. I ran back to the house almost overcome by a feeling of alarm, for I had thought long of that hour of pride when I should bring the melon and present it to my aunt and uncle.

"Uncle Peabody," I shouted, "my melon is gone."

"Well, I van!" said he, "somebody must 'a' stole it." "But it was my melon," I said with

a trembling voice. Bart, you ain't learned yit that there are wicked people in the world who

京和中 400 m There were tears in my eyes when

come and take what don't belong to

"They'll bring it back, won't they?" "Never!" said Uncle Peabody, "I'm his hagle over the sea, has shown his

He had no sooner said it than a with dread at the window and when find her unprepared-Alma Jones or cry broke from my lips, and I sank he came I hid in a closet and heard Jabez Lincoln and his wife, or Ben and down upon the grass moaning and

the simple faith of childhood. It was

as if the world and all its joys had

come to an end. Agnt Deel spoke in a low, kindly tone and came and lifted me to my feet very tenderly.

"Come, Bart, don't reel so about that old melon," said she, "it ain't worth it. Come with me. I'm going to give you a present—ayes I be!" I was still crying when she took me to her trunk, and offered the grateful assuagement of candy and a belt, all embroidered with blue and

"Now you see, Bart, how low and mean anybody is that takes what don't belong to 'em-ayes! They're snages! Everybody hates 'em an' stamps on 'em when they come in sight-ayes!"

The abomination of the Lord was

in her look and manner. How it shock my soul! He who had taken the watermelon had also taken from me something I was never to have again, and a very wonderful thing it was-faith in the goodness of men. My leyes had seen evil. The world had committed its first offense against me and my spirit was no longer the while and beautiful thing it had been. Still therein is the beginning of wisdong and, looking down the long viuta of the years, I thank God for the great harvest of the lost watermelon. Better things had come in its placeunderstanding and what more, often I have vainly tried to estimate. For one thing that sudden revelation of the heart of childhood had lifted my aung's out of the cold storage of a purstanic spirit, and warmed it into new life and opened its door for me.

In the afternoon she sent me over to Wills' to borrow a little tea. with Henry Wills—a boy not quite a year older than I. While playing these I discovered a piece of the ring of my melon in the dooryard. On that piece of rind I saw the cross which I had made one day with my thumb-nail. It was intended to indicate that the melon was colely and wholly mine. I felt a flush of anger. "I hate you," I said as I approached

hate you," he answered. "Tou're a snake!" I said

We now stood, face to face and breast to breast, like a pair of young roosters. He gave me a shove and told me to go home. I gave him a occupy the time of the women of to- deep plaits of the silk fastened down shore and told him I wouldn't. pushed up close to him again and we glared into each other's eyes.

Saddenly he spat in my face. I gave him a scratch on the forehead with my finger-nails. Then we fell upog each other and rolled on the ground and hit and scratched with feline ferocity.

Mrs. Wills ran out of the house and parted us. Our blood was hot, and leaking through the skin of our faces

"He pitched on me," Henry explained.

I couldn't speak.

"Go right home—this minute—you brati" said Mrs. Willis in anger. "He'e's your tea. Don't you ever come here again."

I look the tea and started down the road weeping. What a bitter day that was for me! I dreaded to face my aunt and uncle. Coming through the grove down by our gate I met Unde Peabody. With the keen insight of the father of the prodigal son he had seen me coming "a long way off" and shouted:

"Well, here ye be-I was kind o' worsted, Bub."

Then his eye caught the look of de jection in my gait and figure. He hurried toward me. He stopped as came sobbing to his feet.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked genfly, as he took the tea cup from my hand, and sat down upon his heels

Barton meets the famous Junkelbergs, including little olden-haired Sally, whose prety face and fine clothes fascinate the boy, whose few years have een spent in quite another World. The next installment ells of some other interesting ersons with whom Barton becomes acquainted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Merely a Superstition.

There is no kind or a rod, or instrument, which will locate minerals in the earta with any degree of certainty, Sometimes a bed of iron ore will affect the magnetic needle of a compass, o of & surveying instrument, but there "Yes, and I vum it's too bad! But, is nothing that will locate the precious metals.

> The Waves of Michigan. When I see the waves of Lake Michigan toss in the bleak snowstorm. I see how small and inadequate the common poet is. But Tennyson, with sufficiency.--Emerson's Journal.

Coming Silks Cast Their Shimmer Before



We shall have plenty of chances to shown in the picture reveals as pracrun after strange new gods in silk weaves; some of them glorious products of looms set to new tasks. There are wonderful silks among the novelties for spring; knitted-looking fabrics and familiar silks woven in an amazing variety of new patterns. Printed silks are slated for the new season and foulards in lovely colors are figured with flowers and leaves and made up often with plain georgette, in such lovely frocks that there are not two opinions as to their success. Their triumph is assured. Even tricot is shown in printed patterns and various tricot weaves proclaim that the hips a departure from the manufacturers foresee a vogue for this material greater than that it has already had. In cross bars of contrasting colors it is best adapted to sport variety's sake. A panel set in the wear, but in plain colors it makes

a handsome dress for the street. In the vanguard of silk frocks for row of small buttons. Revers that spring there are the taffetas that women watch for and in which they have finish in a fold of white georgette are an abiding interest. Nothing so far pretty and the girdle formed by three has supplanted the taffeta frock. It cords run in the silk is new. A buckle holds its own because it is so wear- and three loops of silk-covered cord at able; that is, it is a versatile gown each side finish it off. The cuffs comsuited to many of the goings on that mand attention. They are made of

tical and pretty a frock as ever greet. ed a spring day.

This new model embodies some very interesting details in its makeup. First the skirt narrows toward the bottom and has a wide hem. Rows of long running stitches, arranged in five groups, run around the skirt, beginning with a group of three, uppermost and adding one row to each group until that above the hem numbers seven These long stitches of heavy silk constitute one variety of the "thread embroidery" that plays a prominent part in the season's styles.

The jacket or short coat widens at straight silhouette that is noteworthy It may be the forerunner of more curved lines to follow and welcome for front of the jacket is embellished with this thead embroidery and a double widen toward the bottom and a neck day. The two-piece dress-or suit- with little buttons.

ECONOMY CORNER

least as numerous as any other kind, yellow paper to make them. To get and become soiled as quickly. But just the right tint it may be necesthey require special, but not difficult, sary to experiment by first tinting treatment in washing and ironing. small pieces of crepe or a portion of This is a work that women do for the waist that is covered by the skirt. themselves, and it is worth while to The blouse will look lighter when it is do this work for chiffon, light weight dry than when it is wet. It is better silk, satin and lace blouses. Nearly to deepen the tint by redipping than everyone has learned something of the to make it too strong at first. The art of tinting or dyeing blouses, when method of tinting with gasoline will time and wear fade those that are colored or yellow those that were white. Women who have learned how to launder their own fine blouses turn them out as good as new after unnumbered washings, or tint them into first one color and then another, according to their fancy.

The various manufacturers of dyes have placed on the market many colors that may be used for tinting by mixing with water. Colored crepe papers, soaked in water, yield several lovely tints. But one may get almost any color desired or match any hue by using tube paints and gasoline as a tinting medium. The washing of crepe and other

sheer fabrics is simply a matter of handling them gently. Make a warm lined with plain thin silk with a sheet suds of water and white soap and dip the blouse repeatedly in this, squeezing the soiled portions in the hand or rubbing them very gently. If much soiled wash through a second suds and rinse in clear, tepid water. Do not twist or wring to dry, but lay in becoming to veil the shoulders. The a towel and run through a wringer. girdle of sapphires gives the finishing Do not allow to dry before ironing, but touch of richness. Such a design fold in a turkish towel for awhile would be effective if carried out in a and iron while damp. Use a moderately hot iron and iron on the wrong lace and a girdle of jet. side, stretching the material to its proper shape-otherwise it will shrink. Do not allow any part of the waist to become dry before ironing. If it is so soft in shade and so lovely with is necessary to iron part of a crepe or moleskin. Moleskin or beaver comsilk waist on the right side, owing to bines perfectly with shades of taupe the way in which it is made, place a Ermine is used with best effect of thin muslin between the iron and the black velvet, though this color is

is first washed and rinsed. After that which run through the brown hairs. it is rinsed in a water to which color has been added. This color can be bought in drug stores and sometimes in other shops. For pink very pretty model of black satin, the entire shape tints can be got from red tissue paper, covered with an allover pattern of and lovely yellow hues are obtained in embroidery done in gold thread.

Blouses of georgette crepe are at | this way, using much deeper shades of be given in another article.

Dainty Quilts.

Scraps from old dancing frocks of taffeta or satin in pastel shades make very dainty quilts for the boudoir. One charming quilt of this kind was evolved from a cast-off evening coat of pale pink silk in a morning glory shade and a discarded dance frock of rose flowered white pussy willow taffeta. The pattern was done in blocks, flowered and plain silks cut in triangles, and the blocks joined by strips of pink satin ribbon. It was of cotton wadding laid between.

Veiled Shoulders.

The overdress of one evening model is made high in the back and low in the front, as it is now considered more white satin with an overdress of black

Furs and Velvets.

Taupe velvet is popular, because it beautifully combined with kolinsky When a crepe waist is to be tinted it on account of the black marking

Hat of Black Satin.

An unusual hat is a Napoleonic