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Booklet on Charles Rich Clark

-5-

-1887-

a noble spirit, and I knew I should have to live for it.

I remained here until the last of July. Charley came down, and I had a little visit with him. He came over the mountains on horse back, and arrived in the night after having a hard time through the mountains. This was about the 22nd of July, and President Taylor dued in the 25th so Charley went home and returned again on the 27th with the intention of going to the funeral. This evening my father came to see me, and I had a good visit with him.

About a week before I had the pleasure of meeting Charley's father. It was a meeting I had desired to have for I was not acquainted with any of his folks, and it was a great satisfaction for I felt that I was meeting a father indeed.

Well, arrangements were made for father Clark to come and get me, but I did not know where he would take me; however, he came just after the shades of night had approached, and the queen of night was spreading forth her beauties. She was about to the full, and the evening wore every beauty that is characteristic of a summer night. I bade them adieu and got in the carriage and rode north not knowing where I was going nor did I ask him; but we had a very pleasant ride. I enjoyed it very much, and he did too, no doubt, for of course, he had a curiosity to know what kind of a daughter he had. As is the case with most anyone, he likes to know what kind of stock is going into his family, and I was delighted to see him ascertain.

After a short time we arrived at the Clark residence in Farmington. They had all retired except Charley's mother, and she met us at the gate with a welcome. This was the first opportunity I had of joining hands with my new mother. I felt rather strange for when I last separated from Charley it was with peculiar feelings for I did not get to talk with him, but they made me welcome to my new home. Next morning I met Mary-Lissie and she gave me a sister's smile as familiarly as if she had always known me. I would continue to meet the family one at a time, and all seemed like they knew I was their sister, but they were entirely ignorant of who I was. I went by the name of Allice Smith, and that is all they knew about it. I went along day after day finding plenty of work to do here, and a great deal of company so the time passes better.

Time passed on. October came. I had not seen Charley since July 29th. On the evening of the 5th, he came down. I had a few minutes visit with him in the stillness of the night, and about 2:30 o'clock in the morning I began to feel pain. This was a herald of the corning event. They continued to increase until 9:30 o'clock A.M.--my hopes were realized. I became the mother of a little son. He weighed only six pounds dressed. He was little, but so sweet and perfect. I felt very well. Charley went to conference and I did not see him nor he did not see his little boy until Sunday the 9th. I had a few minutes more to spend with him, and it was at this time he first saw his son and the mother, since I had been thus honored. I felt thankful and blessed

that I was permitted to live with his own folks, and have good care. They seemed to be so much interested in me and my baby, as if I had always been a member of the family.