

The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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CHAPTER III.

True to his determination, the doctor devoted the night following his advent into the little frontier village to the investigation of the Quaker preacher's fitness for his use.

Keeping close together, Peepeta light and graceful, the doctor heavy and awkward, both of them thoroughly embarrassed, they ascended the steps as a bear and gazelle might have walked the grassy bank into the ark.

The visitors of not know at all what to expect in this unfamiliar place, but could not have been astonished or awed by anything else half so much as by the inexplicable silence which prevailed.

Peepeta's relief, the silence was at last broken by an old man who rose from his seat, reverently folded his hands, lifted his face to heaven, closed his eyes and began to speak.

Peepeta turned to the speaker with a prayer, and this address to an invisible being wrought in her already agitated mind a confused and exciting effect.

CHAPTER IV. On the following morning the preacher-ploverman was afield at break of day. The horses, refreshed and reated by food and sleep, dragged the gleaming plowshare through the heavy dews that were light, snow, and the farmer exulted behind them.

David tied the reins to the plow handles and strode across the fresh furrows. Vaulting the fence and leaping the brook which formed the boundary line of the farm, he ascended the bank and approached a carriage.

"Good morning," said the doctor. David returned his greeting with the customary civility of the Quakers. "My name is Dr. Aesculapius."

"This is welcome." "I was over to the m-m-meeting house last night, and heard your s-s-speech. Didn't understand a w-w-word, but saw that you c-c-could talk like a United States Senator."

David bowed and blushed. "I came over to make you a proposition. Want you to y-y-yoke up with me, and help me sell the B-B-Balm of the Blessed Islands? You can do the t-t-talking and I'll run the b-b-busines; see? What do you s-s-say?"

"I had never heard of the things about which you talked," she said. "These never had? How could that be? I thought that every one knew them?"

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for if he can fool the people with that kind of g-g-gibberish, he can certainly f-f-fool them with the Balm of the B-B-Blessed Islands! First time I was ever b-b-bamboozled in my life. Feels queer. Our fortune's made, P-p-peepeta!

His triumph and excitement were so great that he did not notice the silence and abstraction of his wife. His ardent mind invariably excavated a channel into which it poured its thoughts, digging its bed so deep as to flow on unconscious of everything else.

Peepeta retired at once to her room, but her mind was so much excited and her heart too much agitated for slumber. She moved restlessly about for a long time and then sat down at the open window and looked into the night.

For a long time she sat in the light of the moon, and reflected on these mysteries with all the power of her untutored mind. But that power was soon exhausted, and vague, chaotic, abstract conceptions gave place to a definite image which had been eternally impressed upon her inward eye.

She began timidly to ask herself what was the meaning of those feelings which this stranger had awakened in her bosom. She knew that they were different from those which her husband inspired; but how different, she did not know.

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this seven-by-nine valley, like a man in a b-b-barrel looking out of the b-b-bung-hole?"

Offended and disgusted, the Quaker was about to turn upon his heel; but he saw in the face of the man's beautiful companion a look which said plainly as spoken words, "I, too, desire that you should go with us."

"Listen to me now," continued the doctor, observing his irresolution. "You think you know what life is, but you d-d-don't! Do you know what s-s-s-great cities are? Do you know what it is to p-p-possess and to spend the money which you d-d-despise? Do you know what it is to wear fine clothes, to see great sights, to go where you want to and to do what you p-p-please?"

"I do not, nor do I wish to. And these must abandon these follies and sins, if they would enter the Kingdom of God," David replied, fixing his eyes sternly upon the face of the blasphemer.

"Good-bye, d-d-dead man! I have always hated c-c-corpses! I am going where men have red b-b-blood in their veins!"

With these words he turned on his heel and started toward the carriage, leaving David and Peepeta alone. Neither of them moved. The gypsy nervously plucked the petals from a daisy and the Quaker gazed at her face.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.) Having stalked indolently onward for a few paces, the doctor discovered that his wife had not followed him, and turning he called savagely: "Peepeta, come! It is folly to try and p-p-possess him. Let us leave the saint the old p-p-proverb, 'young saint, old sinner!' Come!"

He proceeded towards the carriage; but Peepeta seemed rooted to the ground, and David was equally incapable of motion. While they stood thus, gazing into each other's eyes, she saw nothing and they saw nothing.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.) What was the meaning of that glance? What was the emotion that gave it birth in the soul? He knew! It told its own story. To their dying day, the actors in that silent drama remembered that glance with rapture and with pain.

Peepeta spoke first, hurriedly and anxiously: "What did you say last night about the 'light of life'? Tell me! I must know."

"I said there is a light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." And what did you mean? He quirked. There is only one meaning, and that is this: I mean that there is a light that shines from the soul itself and that in this light we may walk, and he who walks in it, walks safely. He need never fall!"

"Never? I do not understand! It is beautiful; but I do not understand!" Peepeta! called her husband, and she turned away, and David watched her gliding out of his sight, with an irrefragable pain and longing. "I suppose she is his daughter," he said to himself, and upon that natural but mistaken inference his whole destiny turned.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.) It was not long that the Interstate Commerce Commission in the near future may be called upon to provide uniform regulations for the carrying of dogs on interstate trains. The rules governing the transportation of dogs are merely what each individual line proposes to make them and a movement has been begun to bring about reform regulations that will be fair to passengers and just to the dogs.

Some railroads charge a specified fare for a dog; others transport the dog as baggage, and yet others make no charge, although they differentiate between little dogs and big ones. A few lines permit the owners of "small dogs" to take them into the passenger cars with them; other lines relegate all dogs to the baggage cars, where they are in danger of being crushed by falling trunks; and in some instances the roads require that a dog shall be crated, whether placed in the baggage car or carried by the owner.

In practically every case a permit must be obtained. Commissioner Prouty of the Interstate Commerce Commission, in a letter replying to a recent inquiry as to whether the regulation of the Pullman company that dogs shall not occupy the car is a just and reasonable one, said:

"I am inclined to think it is and that the company is not obliged to distinguish between a small dog and a large one, for the reason that it would be impossible to draw the line if any dogs were permitted in the car. The writer has a dog of his own, which is small and inoffensive and which he transports every year from Washington to Newport, Vt. While I am certain this little dog would inconvenience nobody, I have always thought best to submit to the regulation of which you complain."

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.) "Dr. Emil Reich is now saying that the American woman can't understand genius. That doesn't preclude her from understanding him."

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"Mother Eve must have been terribly put out not to be able to hold a small pail of water in front of her when she stood with her back to a pool and tried to see if her hair was properly done up behind."

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that this whole experience would have become a mere incident in his life history, if his destiny had depended upon his personal volition. But how few days, the great events of life are brought about by our choice alone!

Just at sunset he crossed the bridge over the brook which formed the boundary line of the farm, and as he did so heard a light footstep. Lifting his eyes, he saw Peepeta, who at that very instant stepped out of the low bushes which lined the trail she had been following.

Her appearance was as sudden as an apparition and her beauty dazzled him. Her face, flushed with exercise, gleamed against the background of her black hair with a sort of spiritual radiance. When she saw the Quaker, a smile of unmistakable delight flashed upon her features and added to her bewitching grace. She might have been an Oread of the great forest. What bliss for youth and beauty to meet thus at the close of day amid the solitudes of Nature!

Had Nature forgotten herself, to permit these two young and impressionable beings to enjoy this pleasure on a lonely road just as the day was dying and the tense energies of the world were relaxed? There are times when her indifference to her own most inviolable laws seems anarchic. There are moments when she appears wanton to lure her children to destruction.

They gazed into each other's eyes; they knew not how long, with an incomprehensible and delicious joy, and then looked down upon the ground. Having regained their composure by this act, they lifted their eyes and looked at each other with frank and friendly smiles.

"I thought thee had gone," said David. "We stayed longer than we expected," Peepeta replied. "Has thee been hunting wild flowers?" he asked, observing the bouquet which she held in her hand. "I picked them on the way."

"Oh, so much! I am a sort of wild creature and should like to live in a cave." "I am afraid thee would always turn thy face homeward at dusk, as thee is doing now," he said with a smile. "Oh, no! I am not afraid! I go because I must."

The path was wide enough for two, and side by side they moved slowly forward. The somber garb in which he was dressed, and the brilliant colors of her apparel, afforded a contrast like that between a pheasant and a scarlet tanager. Color, form, motion—all were perfect. They fitted into the scene without a jar or discord, and enhanced rather than disturbed the harmony of the drowsy landscape.

As they walked onward, they vaguely felt the influence of the repose that was stealing upon the tired world; the intellectual and volitional elements of their natures becoming gradually quiescent, the emotions were given full sway. They felt themselves drawn toward each other by some irresistible power, and although they had never before been conscious of any incompleteness of their lives, they suddenly discovered affinities of whose existence they had never dreamed. Their two personalities seemed to be absorbed into one new mysterious and indivisible being, and this identity gave them an incomprehensible joy. Over them as they walked, Nature brooded, and those provincial ideas which they cherished in the little, unknown nook of the world where they stagnated.

During a long time he permitted himself to be borne upon the current of these thoughts without trying to stem it, till it seemed as if he would be swept completely from his moorings. But his trust had been firmly anchored, and did not easily let go its hold. The convictions of a lifetime began to reassert themselves. They rose and struggled heroically for the possession of his spirit.

Had the battle been with the simple abstraction of philosophic doubt, the good might have prevailed; but there stood before him the flesh and blood, the convictions of a lifetime began to reassert themselves. They rose and struggled heroically for the possession of his spirit.

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In this interview, the entire past of these two lives seemed to count for nothing. If Peepeta had never seen anything of the world; if she had issued from a nunnery at that very moment, she could not have acted with more utter disregard of every principle of safety.

It was the same with David. The fact that he had been reared a Quaker; that he had been dedicated to God from his youth; that he had struggled all his days to be prepared for such a moment as this, did not affect him to the least degree.

The seasoning of the bow does not invariably prevent it from snapping. The drill on the parade ground does not always insure courage for the battle. Nothing is more terrible than this futility of the past.

Such scenes as this discredit the value of experience, and attach a terrible reality to the conclusion of Coleridge, that "it is like the stern-light of a vessel—illuminating only the path over which we have traveled."

It was to this moment that their consciences traced their sorrows; it was to that act of their souls which permitted them to enjoy that momentary rapture that they attached their guilt; it was at that moment and in that silent place that they planted the seeds of the trees upon which they were subsequently crucified.

HUNTING IN CHINA. Variety of Game Found Among the Royal Tombs. Four hours by train southwest of Peking lie the Hsi Ling or Western Tombs, the mausolea of the reigning dynasty. The tombs lie in a large parklike inclosure containing some sixty square miles of broken, hilly country in which the Chinese are not allowed to settle and which may not be plowed up. In consequence of this it's a refuge for all kinds of game and about the only sure find for pheasants within easy reach of Peking.

A kind of chamois (the Indian goral) and spotted deer are found on the higher hills and are preyed on by the panther and the wolf. As soon as the frost sets in for the winter the Chinese begin shooting the pheasants, and although they seem to do their best to exterminate them, a good many apparently escape and provide the stock for the following year.

The birds are shot over dogs, some of which have really good noses, though in appearance they differ in no way from the scavengers of the village streets. If possible a tame hawk is also taken out to mark down birds that are missed or not fired at. The man with the hawk takes his stand on a commanding hill and the hunter with his dog proceeds to draw round him. If the dog puts up a pheasant which is missed by the Chinaman, or a brace, only one of which can be fired at, the hawk is at once loosed and pheasant and hawk disappear together.

The hunter reloads and follows and finds the hawk by means of a small bell attached to its back probably sitting on a rock or tree stump. He then sends his dog in to put up the pheasant, which is invariably hiding in a thick bit of cover within a few yards of the hawk. As long as the hawk is sitting there the poor bird will neither run nor fly, and thus falls an easy victim to the hunter. In this way a couple of Chinamen with a gun, a dog, and a hawk make comparatively large bags in places where the foreigner vainly attempting to walk up his game with a straggling line of useless Chinese beaters will probably only get a few shots in a day, and certainly never find a pheasant again which he has once missed.

On the steeper hills, where there is less cover, chikar are found in considerable quantities and give very fair sport, except for their indefatigable powers of running uphill; but the Chinese keep them still by using a hawk. Along the streams, fighting hard to keep open in spite of the severe frost, a few ducks and snipe may be picked up, the latter heavier and plumper birds than regular spring and autumn visitors.

Give the Children Sugar. Children may eat too much sugar and they may also stay too long in their bath tub, or in the creek when they go in swimming, or get tanned or a headache from playing too long in the sun, or chilled by staying too long in the open air; but is that any sound reason why they should be deprived of sweets, sunlight, baths and fresh air, or discouraged from indulging in them? All that is needed, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Success Magazine, is a little common sense regulation and judicious supervision, not prohibition or denunciation. Most of the extraordinary craving for pure sugar and candy, which is supposed to lead the average child to inevitably "founder himself" is left to his own sweet will and a box of candy, is due to a state of artificial and abnormal sugar starvation, produced by an insufficient amount of this invaluable food in their regular diet. Children who are given plenty of sugar on their mush, bread and butter, and puddings, a regular allowance of cake and plenty of sweet fruits, are almost free from this craze for candy. This tendency to gorge themselves to surfeit, and can usually be trusted with both the candy box and the sugar bowl.

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Old Favorites

Bonny Eloise. O sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gently glides. On its clear, winding way to the sea, And dearer than all the streams on earth besides.

That is bright, rolling to the sea; But sweeter, dearer, yes, dearer far than these, Who charms where others fall, Is blue-eyed, bonny, bonny Eloise, The belle of the Mohawk vale.

O sweet are the scenes of my boyhood's sunny years, That bespangle the gay valley o'er And dear are the friends seen from memory's fond tears, That have lived in the best days of yore!

But sweeter, dearer, yes, dearer far than these, Who charms where others fall, Is blue-eyed, bonny, bonny Eloise, The belle of the Mohawk vale.

O sweet are the moments when dreaming, I roam Thro' my loved haunts, now mossy and gray; And dearer than all is my childhood's hallowed home, That is crumbling now slowly away; But sweeter, dearer, yes, dearer far than these,

Who charms where others fall, Is blue-eyed, bonny, bonny Eloise, The belle of the Mohawk vale. —C. W. Elliott.

In the Starlight. In the starlight, in the starlight, let us wander gay and free, For there's nothing in the daylight half so dear to you and me; Like the fairies in the shadows of the woods we'll steal along, And our sweetest lays we'll warble, for the night was made for song; When none are by to listen, or to chide us in our glee;

In the starlight, in the starlight, let us wander gay and free, In the starlight, in the starlight, let us wander, let us wander; 'n the starlight, in the starlight, let us wander gay and free. —Stephen Glover.

BIG FINDS IN MESSINA RUINS. Jewelry and Valuables Worth \$20,000 Unclaimed. Jewelry and other valuables which the military authorities have collected from the ruins of Messina and for which no claimants can be found are estimated to be worth \$20,000,000.

This vast collection of riches is heaped up in the subterranean vaults of the citadel and in wooden shelters, says a Rome letter, and is intrusted entirely to the honesty of four officers, who have not even sufficient soldiers to guard the shelters.

In one of these shelters the soldiers have constructed rough shelves, on which diamonds and gold are piled in the most extraordinary manner. A small cardboard box, the size of a matchbox, contains a necklace of pearls valued at over \$20,000; between an old pair of boots and a pair of ears there is a single envelope containing state bonds of \$400,000 made out to bearer.

In another small wooden box lies a diamond solitaire, worth a fortune, which was registered by the soldiers as a white stone. Further on a petroleum can contained gold coins amounting to \$10,000.

There are also safes innumerable filled with hundreds of gold watches, rings, chains, bracelets, earrings, pocketbooks and treasures of all sorts. All these riches have been found on up to the present, while the wealthiest part of the town—the first and second floors and the cellars—is still untouched.

Sugar in Ancient Times. Cane sugar was produced by the Chinese at a very remote epoch. In western countries it was a more recent introduction. The Roman writers, Pliny, Varro and Lucian, at the beginning of our era, barely mentioned it. It was then known by the name of Indian salt and honey of Asia, Arabia, or India. In 1090, Crusaders arriving in Syria discovered sugar cane, which became a favorite dainty of the soldiers. During the following centuries the sugar cane was introduced into Cyprus, the Nile Delta, the north coast of Africa as far as Gibraltar, Sicily and the kingdom of Naples. It reached Spain in the 15th century and thence was carried to Madeira and the Canaries. In 16th the French imported it into Guadeloupe and a little later into Martinique and Louisiana. The Portuguese introduced it into Brazil and the East India to Jamaica.

Her Handicap. "You say you won your husband through wearing a \$2 graduation gown?" "I did."

"How romantic! I suppose you are very happy?" "Oh, yes. But that \$2 gown was awful bad precedent to establish, I'm found."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Misadventure. Wife—Now, see 'ere, Jim; if yer don't provide for me better I shall quit—so I warn yer. Husband—Provide better? Well, I like that. Why, ain't I got yer three good jobs o' work this last month? The Sketch.

"I'm a professional humorist," replied the other.—Chicago Daily News.

All that are lovers of virtue, be quiet and go sailing.—Isaac Walton.