

The Redemption of David Corson

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WE announce with a great deal of pleasure a serial that is somewhat exceptional, even in these days of active fiction. It is a story of unusual power, of wonderful pathos and yet dealing with practical, every-day life in a way that stirs the soul and teaches a lasting lesson.

The story begins with a description of the home and life of David Corson, a young Quaker, whose career has been so peaceful and uneventful that when a traveling mountebank and his beautiful assistant, Pepeeta, visit the town, the glare and glamour of tinsel and excitement lead David to turn his back on the old life and plunge into the wide world he had only read about previously. David is entranced by the beauty of the peerless girl. He is led into a mad whirl of pleasure by the mountebank. Finally, he induces Pepeeta to desert her husband and flee with him. A rival brings David back to a sense of his misspent life. It is a marvelous life study. Everybody should read it.

CHAPTER I

Hidden away in this worn and care-cumbered world are spots so quiet and beautiful as to make the fall of man seem incredible, and awaken in the breast of the weary traveler who comes suddenly upon them, a vague and dear delusion that he has stumbled into Paradise.

Such an Eden existed in the extreme western part of Ohio in the spring of 1843. It was a valley surrounded by wooded hills and threaded by a noisy brook which hastily made its way, as if upon some errand of immense importance, down to the big Miami not many miles distant. A road cut through a vast and solemn forest led into the valley, and entering as if by a corridor and through the open portal of a temple, the traveler saw a white farm-house nestled beneath a mighty hackberry tree whose wide-reaching arms sheltered it from summer sun and winter wind. A deep, wide lawn of bluegrass lay in front, and a garden of flowers, fragrant and brilliant, on its southern side. Stretching away into the background was the farm newly carved out of the wilderness, but already in a high state of cultivation.

In this lovely valley, at the close of a long, odorous, sun-drenched day in early May, the sacred silence was broken by a raucous blast from that most unmusical of instruments, a tin dinner horn. It was blown by a bare-legged country boy who seemed to take delight in this profanation. By his side, in the vine-clad porch of the white farm-house stood a woman who shaded her eyes with her hand as she looked toward a vague object in a distant meadow. She was no longer young. As the light of the setting sun fell full upon her face it seemed almost transparent, and even the unobservant might have perceived that some deep experience of the sadness of life had added to her character an indescribable charm.

"These will have to go and call him, Stephen, for I think he has fallen into another trance," the woman said, in a low voice in which there was not a trace of impatience.

The child threw down his dinner horn, whistled to his dog and started, springing up from where he had been watching every expression of his master's face, the shaggy collie bounded around him as he moved across the lawn, while the woman watched them with a proud and happy smile.

Unutterable and incomprehensible emotions were awakened in the soul of the boy by the stillness and beauty of the evening world. His senses were not yet dulled nor his feelings jaded. Through every avenue of his intelligence the mystery of the universe stole into his sensitive spirit. If a breeze blew across the meadow he turned his cheek to its kiss; if the odor of spearmint from the brookside was wafted around him he breathed it into his nostrils with delight. He saw the shadow of a crow flying across the field and stopped to look up and listen for the swish of her wings and her loud, hoarse caw as she made her way to the nesting grounds; then he gazed beyond her, into the fathomless depths of the blue sky, and his soul was stirred with an indescribable awe.

But it was not so much the objects themselves as the spirit pervading them, which stirred the depths of the child's mind. The little pantheist saw God everywhere. We bestow the gift of language upon a child, but the feelings which that language serves only to interpret and express exist and glow within him even if he be dumb. And this gift of language is often of questionable value, and had been so with him. All that he felt, filled him with love. To him the valley was heaven, and through it invisibly but unmistakably God walked, morning, noon and evening.

To the child sauntering dreamily and wistfully along, the object dimly seen from the farm-house door began gradually to dissolve itself into a group of living beings. Two horses were attached to a plow, one standing in the lush grass of the meadow, and the other in a deep furrow traced across its surface. The plowshare was buried deep in the rich, alluvial soil, and a

ribbon of earth rolled from its blade like a petrified sea billow, crested with a cluster of daisies white as the foam of a wave.

Between the handles of the plow and leaning on the crossbar, his back to the horses, stood a young Quaker. His broad-brimmed hat, set carelessly on the back of his head, disclosed a wide, high forehead; his flannel shirt, open at the throat, exposed a strong, columnar neck, and a deep, broad chest; his sunburned and muscular arms were folded across his breast; figure and posture revealed the perfect concord of body and soul with the beauty of the world; his great blue eyes were fixed upon the notch in the hills where the sun had just disappeared; he gazed without seeing and felt without thinking.

The boy approached this statuesque figure with a stealthy tread, and plucking a long spear of grass tickled the bronzed neck. The hand of the plowman moved automatically upward as if to brush away a fly, and at this unconscious action the child, seized by a convulsion of laughter and fearing lest it explode, stuffed his fists into his mouth. In the opinion of this irreverent young skeptic, his Uncle Dave was in a "tantrum" instead of a "trance," and he thought such a disease demanded heroic treatment.

For several years this Quaker youth, David Corson, had been the subject of remarkable emotional experiences, in explanation of which the rude wits of the village declared that he had been moon-struck; the young girls who adored his beauty thought he was in love, and the venerable fathers and mothers of this religious community believed that in him the scriptural prophecy, "Your young men shall see visions," had been literally fulfilled. David Corson himself accepted the last explanation, with unquestioning faith. The life of this young man had been pure and uneventful. Excellence in this frontier region, once full of the tragedy of Indian warfare, had been gradually softened by peace and religion. In such a sequestered region, books and papers were scarce, and he had access only to a few volumes written by quietists and mystics, and to that great mine of sacred literature, the Holy Bible. The seeds of knowledge sown by these books in the rich soil of this young heart were fertilized by the society of noble men, virtuous women, and natural surroundings of exquisite beauty.

None of these reflections disturbed the mind of the barefooted boy. Having suppressed his laughter, he tickled the sunburnt neck again. Once more the hand rose automatically, and once more the boy was almost strangled with delight. The dreamer was not yet awakened, but his tormentor had not yet exhausted his resources. No genuine boy is ever without that fundamental necessity of childhood, a pin, and finding one somewhere about his clothing, he thrust it into the leg of the plowman. The sudden sting brought the soaring saint from heaven to earth. In an instant the mystic was a man, and a strong one, too. He seized the unsanctified young reprobe with one hand and hoisted him at arm's length above his head.

"Oh, Uncle Dave, I'll never do it again! Never! Never! Let me down." Still holding him aloft as a hunter would hold a falcon, the reincarnated "spirit" laughed long, loud and merrily, the echoes of his laughter ringing up the valley like a peal from a chime of bells. The child's fear was needless, for the heart and hands that dealt with him were as gentle as a woman's. The youth, resembling some old Norse god as he stood there in the gathering gloom, lowered the child slowly, and printing a kiss on his cheek, said:

"These little pest, thee has no reverence! Thee should never disturb a child at his play, a bird on his nest nor a man at his prayers."

"But thee was not praying, Uncle Dave," the boy replied. "Thee was only in another of thy tantrums. The supper has grown cold, the horses are tired and Shap and I have walked a mile to call thee. Grandmother said thee had a trance. Tell me what thee has seen in thy visions, Uncle Dave?"

"God and His angels," said the young mystic softly, falling again into the mood from which he had been so rudely awakened.

"Angels!" scoffed the young materialist. "If thee was thinking of any angel at all, I will bet thee it was Dorothy Fraser."

"Tush, child, do not be silly," replied the convicted culprit. For it was easier than he would care to admit to mingle visions of beauty with those of holiness.

"I am not silly. Thee would not dare say thee was not thinking of her. She thinks of thee."

"How does thee know?" "Because she gives me bread and jam if I so much as mention thy name. Uncle Dave, was it really up this very valley that Mad Anthony Wayne marched with his brave soldiers?"

"Thy very valley." "I wish I could have been with him." "It is an evil wish. Thee is a child of peace. Thy father and thy father's fathers have denied the right of men to war. Thee ought to be like them, and love the things that make for peace."

"Well, if I can not wish for war, I will wish that a runaway slave would dash up this valley with a pack of bloodhounds at his heels. Oh, Uncle Dave, tell me that story about thy hiding a negro in the haystack, and choking the bloodhounds with thine own hands."

"I have told thee a hundred times." "But I want to hear it again." "Use thy memory and thy imagination."

The child, bounding forward, the tired procession entered the barnyard. The plowman fed his horses, and stopped to listen for a moment to their deep-drawn sighs of contentment, and to the musical grinding of the oats in their teeth. His imaginative mind read his own thoughts into everything, and he believed that he could distinguish in these inarticulate sounds the words, "Good-night. Good-night." "Good-night," he said, and stroking their great flanks with his kind hand, left them to their well-earned repose. On his way to the house he stopped to bathe his face in the waters of a spring brook that ran across the yard, and then entered the kitchen where supper was spread.

"Thee is late," said the woman who had watched and waited, her fine face radiant with a smile of love and welcome.

"Forgive me, mother," he replied. "I have had another vision."

"I thought as much. Thee must remember what thee has seen, my son," she said, "for all that thee beholds with the outer eye shall pass away, while what thee sees with the inner eye abides forever. And had thee a message, too?"

"Thee was delivered to me that on the holy Sabbath day I should go to the camp in Baxter's clearing and preach to the lumbermen."

"Then thee must go, my son."

"I will," he answered, taking her hand affectionately, but with Quaker restraint, and leading her to the table. The family, consisting of the mother, an adopted daughter Dorothea, the daughter's husband Jacob and son Stephen, sat down to a simple but bountiful supper, during which and late into the evening the young mystic pondered the vision which he believed himself to have seen, and the message which he believed himself to have heard. In his musings there was not a tremor or a doubt; he would have as soon questioned the reality of the old farm-house and the faces of the family gathered about the table. He was a credulous and unphilosophical youth, dwelling in a realm of imagination rather than in a world of reality and law. He had much to learn. His education was about to begin, and to begin as does all true and effective education, in a spiritual temptation. The Ghebers say that when their great prophet Ahri-man was thrown into the fire by the order of Nimrod, the flames into which he fell turned into a bed of roses, upon which he peacefully reclined. This innocent Quaker youth had been reclining upon a bed of roses which now began to turn into a couch of flames.

(To be continued.)

Telling Cocoa from Chocolate.

The consumer often wonders what is the difference between cocoa and chocolate. Both are manufactured from the identical bean, but in cocoa the butter has been extracted and chocolate has other substances mixed with it. Cocoa is thus more easily digested, but not so rich and alluring. The butter when extracted is sold to druggists for various purposes, chiefly that of a skin-food.

The first process in the manufacture of chocolate or cocoa is cracking the bean, which is done by machinery and air. The blast of air blows the shells out, as they are lighter than the meat, and thus, after cracking, the separation of the fragile shell from the nutritive nut is absolute.

The bean is roasted and ground into a paste by hot machinery. This is the only "cooking" the chocolate gets. At this point the differentiation takes place between cocoa and chocolate. The latter consists of cocoa-meat, vanilla and sugar. Various machines (steam-power, not electric) crush up the vanilla bean with the cocoa bean and sugar.

Chinese Graduate at West Point.

Among those who this year receive diplomas of graduation at West Point Military Academy are two Chinese youths—the first of their race to win the honor.

During their four years' course they mastered English, Spanish and French in addition to the ordinary military and educational courses. The young men entered the academy through a special arrangement with the government, their home government paying all expenses.

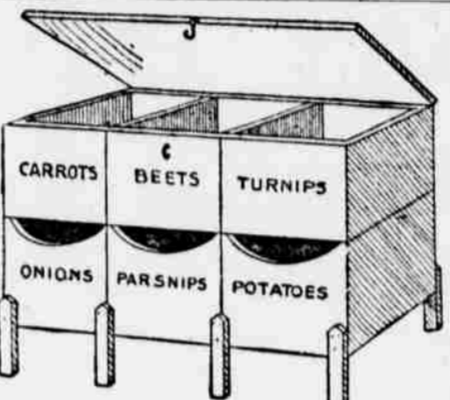
During the year 1908 no fewer than 9,254 different books were published in the United States. This number is 366 less than during the preceding year.

FARMS AND FARMERS



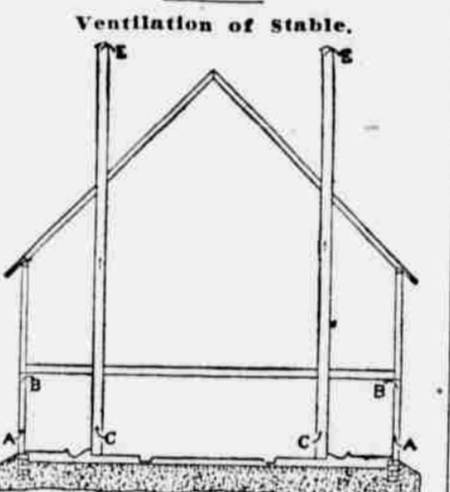
Neat Storage Box for Vegetables.

Instead of keeping the vegetables in barrels or boxes scattered all over the cellar, I have made a set of storage bins. I took six drygoods boxes and bolted them together as shown in the drawing. I put legs on them to hold them off the floor and a cover on the box. Then I painted on the boxes the names of the vegetables we generally store. This makes a neat and handy storage bin, and is well worth the little time it takes to make it. Before we had this bin we stored the different vegetables in barrels, boxes, washtubs, lard cans, or any receptacle that happened to be at hand when we harvest-

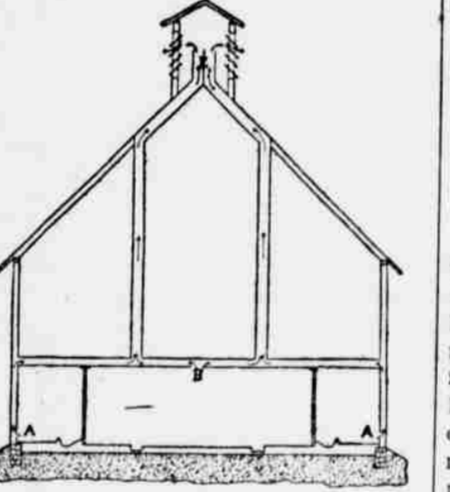


VEGETABLES STORAGE BOX.

ed the crop. These were scattered about the cellar promiscuously, and sometimes we knew where to find what we wanted and sometimes we did not. There is nothing more satisfying to a farmer's wife than to be able to take a friend into a cellar where everything is neat and in order.—A. O. Griner in Farm and Home.



Here's a good method of ventilating an ordinary stable. Intake flues are constructed in the side walls. The ventilation flues will take up considerable space but are more efficient than a single flue. Openings are at or near the floor level and the tops several feet above the ridge of the roof. Caps or cowls may be placed over them to keep out rain and snow.



Another arrangement of flues which is quite effective in securing ventilation. The opening in the center of B may be provided with a shutter to prevent too rapid movement of air. Separate outlets may be provided for the single cupola as shown.

To Make the Hens Lay.

If the hens don't lay, turn them out and let them dig and hunt in the ground for food, is the advice of T. F. McGrew, in the Country Gentleman. Bury small grain where they will find it when they dig. This will induce them to hunt, and while thus employed they will find bugs and worms that will quicken the production of eggs. It is well to follow this plan as soon as the spade will turn the ground, for it adds vigor and strength to the hens and insures strong, healthy chicks. The lazy, idle hen is of no use but to sit about, eat and grow fat. If she will not lay, her life should end, and her carcass grace the table. You can rest assured that the indolent hen is a non-producer; soon she becomes too fat to lay and too tough to be eaten.

Right Time to Pick Apples.

Apples intended for cold storage should not be allowed to become too ripe on the tree. When an apple is fully grown, highly colored, but still hard, it is in prime condition to be picked and stored. It has then obtained its highest market value because it is most attractive in appearance and best in quality. If picked before entirely ripe apples deteriorate more rapidly, and it is best to allow an apple to become a trifle overripe than to pack it in an immature state. Many people have the erroneous opinion that apples should be picked before fully ripe in order to keep well in cold storage, but this is a mistake.

Raising Chickens.

The greatest drawback to the chicken business is that there is not a day's let-up in the steady routine of work from the time an egg is piped until the ax closes the hen's history. It is natural after the pullets are feathered out and weaned and the roosters separated from them to let up a little in the care bestowed on them. This is a great mistake if winter eggs are expected. If there is one thing more than another that the average poultryman is liable to err in it is lack of fresh air in the coops at night. Slip out some hot night about 11 o'clock and you will perhaps hear the thump, thump of restless chickens crowding around against each other, fighting in vain for a cool, airy spot to sleep in comfort. Or in the morning take a whiff of the fetid, unwholesome air before letting the chickens out, and you will realize that night spent under such conditions must prevent the steady, healthy growth necessary for best results. This condition of affairs is liable to be worse with incubator chickens, because they are raised in larger flocks and the tendency is to crowd them more after taking them from the brooders.

When Hens Are Moulting.

One of the difficulties in poultry raising is to get the hens to molt early, so that they will be ready to lay in the fall and winter, when eggs are high. Left to themselves, hens will take a long time to molt, and will not finish until cold weather sets in. They will not then lay until early spring and all the profits for the winter months are lost. At the poultry institute held in Denver by the Colorado Agricultural College, W. J. R. Wilson, a poultry man of long experience, gave his method of controlling the molting of hens. As soon as the hens are through laying he turns them on alfalfa, feeding them dry bran only, in addition. Under this treatment they get thin. Then he feeds them a mixed ration of grains and meat, giving a light feed in the morning and all they will eat at noon and night. Under this treatment they finish molting quickly, get new feathers and begin laying in September. By October 1 they are in full laying condition and make a profit through the fall and winter.

Alfalfa for the Dairy.

Successful dairy farming depends a great deal on growing the necessary feed on the farm. City milkmen can buy high-priced feeds and make a profit, but farmers who ship longer distances require all the advantage they can get. Alfalfa is getting to be one of the most important dairy feeds. It can be grown in almost any part of the country where there is sufficient moisture within reach of the long taproot, provided that there is no rock to interfere with its growth. If you never tried alfalfa, commence now by fitting a small piece of ground very carefully and make it very rich on top. The new plants are delicate and require careful feeding until they get started. Most failures are caused by insufficient preparation of the seed bed.

Testing Breeds for Milk.

In testing several breeds of cows the Virginia Experiment Station found that "in profits on milk the Holsteins led with \$4.92 per individual per month; the grades were second with \$4.27. The most profitable cow was Buckeye DeKol, who milked twenty-one months, gave 12,498.4 pounds of milk and 524.24 pounds of butter. The profit on the milk was \$201.05 and on the butter \$41.51."

When Hogs Cough.

Hogs not living in dusty houses, that have persistent coughs, are, as a rule, suffering from worms. An excellent remedy is to dissolve one-half pound of coppers in warm water and mixing in the slop for 100 head of pigs. This dose should be given for five mornings; then wait a few days, and repeat if necessary. For a smaller number than 100 head give a good dram to each head.

Dairying Profits.

Profits in dairying do not depend so much upon the number of cows kept, but upon the kind. This fact is being realized more and more as the dairy industry increases. One way to increase the acreage of a farm is to increase the fertility of the soil of a farm; similarly, one way to increase a dairy herd is to increase the cows' producing power.

Grafting on Willow.

A horticultural curiosity is to be seen in the garden of Gloucester Lodge, Portsmouth Road, near London. A gooseberry bush, a currant bush and an elderberry tree are growing high up on a willow tree, to which they have by some means become grafted. All are flourishing and fruit is forming on the gooseberry and currant bushes.

A Cheap Insecticide.

Some gardeners use lime and tobacco water for destroying many insects which prey on plants. A half bushel of lime is emptied into a barrel of water, together with a bucketful of tobacco stems. This is well stirred up, and after it has settled for a day or two the clear water is syringed over bushes, killing all insects that come within its reach.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1718—Mississippi company secured charter for Louisiana.

1769—The first class graduated from Rhode Island College.

1777—Stars and Stripes first carried into battle at battle of the Brandywine.

1781—A British force under Benedict Arnold ravaged the coast of Connecticut.

1786—Congress accepted the cession of Connecticut's Western lands.

1788—Congress made New York the capital city of the United States.

1804—The cotton crop of Georgia reported ruined by caterpillars. Storm resulted in great loss of life and property at Savannah. The United States ship "Intrepid" blown up in the harbor of Tripoli.

1812—Fort Harrison, on the Wabash, commanded by Capt. Zachary Taylor, was attacked by Indians.

1814—The Americans drove the British into their entrenchments at Fort Erie. The British approached within 700 yards of Fort Bowyer, Mobile, and opened fire. British captured Plattsburg, N. Y.

1838—Ferdinand I. of Austria crowned at Milan.

1839—Large section of Mobile, Ala., destroyed by fire.

1842—The Mexican army, 1,300 strong, took possession of Texas, but soon retreated.

1846—Telegraph completed between New York City and Albany.

1847—Americans under Gen. Scott defeated the Mexicans in battle of Chapultepec.

1850—The Fugitive Slave bill was passed by the House of Representatives.

1855—The first Hebrew temple in the Mississippi valley was consecrated in St. Louis. Sebastopol fell, after undergoing a siege of eleven months by the English and French armies.

1860—William Walker, notorious filibuster, shot by order of court martial.

1862—Gen. Lee crossed the Potomac and invaded Maryland.

1864—Gen. Sherman ordered all civilians to leave Atlanta and offered them transportation. The Supreme Court of California decided that San Francisco must issue \$4,000,000 bonds in aid of the Central Pacific Railroad.

1866—Monument to the memory of Stephen A. Douglas dedicated in Chicago.

1868—A band of Cheyenne Indians ravaged the towns of Sheridan and Butler, Kansas.

1869—The National Prohibition party organized at a convention in Chicago.

1870—French Republic declared and flight of Empress Eugenie.

1873—Assassination of Gen. E. S. McCook by P. P. Wintermute at Yankton, Dakota.

1874—Twenty persons killed and fifty injured in a fight between the New Orleans police and a mob that was clamoring for the abolition of Gov. Kellogg.

1876—Lafayette statue unveiled in Union Square, New York City.

1879—The British Resident, Sir Louis Cavagnari, murdered in Cabul.

1883—Last spike driven in the Northern Pacific Railroad, near Gold Creek, Montana.

1889—Guilford, Conn., began a celebration of its 250th anniversary.

1890—Wyoming Territory became a State.

1893—Gov. William McKinley of Ohio opened his campaign for re-election with a speech at Akron. A British House of Lords rejected the Irish Home Rule bill. The Parliament of Religions began its sessions in Chicago.

1895—The South Carolina convention to revise the State constitution began its sessions at Columbia, S. C. Thirty-five miners were entombed by fire in the Osceola copper mine at Houghton, Mich.

1897—A railroad wreck on the Santa Fe line near Emporia, Kan., killed and injured thirty persons.

1900—Tornado at Galveston destroyed 70,000 lives and about \$30,000,000 in property.

1901—President McKinley shot at the Buffalo exposition. William McKinley, twenty-fifth President of the United States, died in Buffalo.

1903—A hurricane on the Florida gulf coast caused much property loss on shore and to shipping. The Queensland government resigned.

1904—The cruiser Milwaukee launched at San Francisco.

1908—Count Tolstoy's eightieth birthday was celebrated.

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Walter S. Bond of New York has climbed Mont Blanc, from Chamonix in nine hours, breaking the record of nine and a half hours achieved by Morehead in 1865.

During a fight with four members of the Black Hand at the Gentry mines, near Fayetteville, Ky., Mike Gellis shot and killed Antonio Alfonso. Four men, led by Mike Dominick, demanded money from Gellis and tried to compel him to join in an attempt to rob a mine paymaster.