

The Redemption of David Corson

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CHAPTER II.

At the moment when Stephen was sounding the horn to summon the young mystic to his supper, a promise-crowd of loafers with chairs tilted against the wall of the village tavern received a shock. They heard the tinkle of bells in the distance, and looking in the direction of this unusual sound, saw a team of splendid coal-black horses dash round a corner and whirl a strange vehicle to the door of the inn.

There were two extraordinary figures on the front seat of the wagon. The driver was a sturdy, thick-set man whose enormous moustache suggested a crow with outstretched wings. As if to emphasize the ferocious aspect lent him by this hairy canopy which completely concealed his mouth, Nature had duplicated it in miniature by brows meeting above his nose and spreading themselves, plume-like, over a pair of eyes which gleamed so brightly that they could be felt, although they were so deep-set that they could scarcely be seen.

This fierce and buccaneerish person summoned the dozing hostler in a coarse, imperative voice, flung him the reins, sprang from his seat, and assisted his companion to alight. She gave him her hand with an air of utter indifference, bestowed upon him neither smile nor thanks, and dropped to the ground with a light flutter like a bird. Turning instantly toward the tavern, she ascended the steps of the porch under a fusillade of glances of astonishment and admiration. Young and beautiful, dressed in a picturesque and brilliant Spanish costume, she carried herself with the ease and dignity of a princess, and looked straight past the staring crowd. Her great, dreamy eyes did not seem to note them.

When she and her companion had entered the hall and closed the door behind them, every tilted chair came down to the floor with a bang, and many voices exclaimed in concert, "Who is she?" Curiosity was satisfied at 8 o'clock in the evening, for at that hour Doctor Paracelsus Aesculapius, as he facetiously called himself, opened the doors of his traveling apothecary shop and exposed his "universal panacea" for sale, while at the same time, "Pepeeta, the Queen of Fortune Tellers," entered her booth and spread out upon a table the paraphernalia by which she undertook to discover the secrets of the future.

When the evening's work was ended, Pepeeta at once retired; but the doctor entered the bar-room, followed by a curious and admiring crowd. He was in a happy and expansive frame of mind, for he had done a "land office" business in this frontier village which he was now for the first time visiting.

He looked over the crowd with an inclusive superiority and waved his hand with an inclusive gesture. The motley throng of loafers sidled up to the bar with a deprecatory and automatic movement. They took their glasses, clinked them, nodded to their entertainer, muttered incoherent toasts and drank his health. The delighted landlord, feeling it incumbent upon him to break the silence, offered the friendly observation: "S-s-see you s-s-tutter. S-s-stutter a little m-m-my own self."

"Shake!" responded the doctor, who was in too complacent a mood to take offense, and the worthies grasped hands.

"Don't know any w-w-way to s-s-stop it, do you?" asked the landlord. "No, I d-d-don't; t-t-tried everything. Even my 'universal p-p-panacea' won't do it, and what that can't do can't be d-d-done. Incurable d-d-disease. Get along all right when I go slow like this; but when I open the throttle, get all h-h-halted up. End thing for my business. Give any man a thousand d-d-dollars that'll cure me," the quack replied, slipping his trousers pocket as if there were millions in it.

"Co-co-couldn't go q-q-quit as high as that; but wouldn't mind a h-hundred," responded the landlord, cordially.

"Tell you what it is, b-b-boys," said the quack, "if it wasn't for this impediment in my s-s-speech, I wouldn't need to work more'n about another y-y-year!"

"How's that?" asked someone in the crowd.

"C-c-cause if I could talk as well as I c-c-can think, I could make a fortune 'side of which old John Jacob Astor's would look like a p-p-penny savings b-b-bank!"

"You could?"

"If I can find a man that can do the t-talking (I mean real talk, you know; talk a crowd blind as b-b-bats), I've got something better'n a California g-g-gold mine."

"Better get Dave Corson," said the village wag from the rear of the crowd, and up went a wild shout of laughter.

"Who's D-D-Dave Corson?" asked the doctor.

"Quaker preacher. Young feller 'bout 20 years old."

"Can he t-t-talk?"

"Talk! He-kin talk a mile into a trottin' horse in less'n three minutes."

"He's my man!" exclaimed the doctor, at which the crowd laughed again.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked, turning upon them savagely, his loud voice and threatening manner frightening those who stood nearest, so that they instinctively stepped back a pace or two.

"No offense, Doc," said one of them; "but you couldn't get him. He's pious."

"Pious! What do I care?"

"Well, these here pious Quakers are stiff in their notions. But you kin judge for yourself 'bout his talkin', fer there's

got'n ter be an apointed Quaker meetin' to-morrow night, and he'll speak. You kin go an' listen, if you want to."

"I'll be there, boys, and d-d-don't you forget it. I'll hook him! Never saw anything I couldn't buy if I had a little of the p-p-p-rop-er stuff about me."

"I say, Doc, that daughter of yours knows her biz when it comes to telling fortunes," ventured a young dandy, whose head had been turned by Pepeeta's beauty.

"D-d-daughter!" snapped the quack, turning sharply upon him; "she's not my daughter, she's my wife!"

In order to comprehend the relationship of this strangely mated pair, we must go back five or six years to a certain day when this same Doctor Aesculapius rode slowly down the main street of a small city in Western Pennsylvania, and then out along a rugged country highway. A couple of miles brought him to the camp of a band of gypsies.

Around a campfire was a picturesque group of persons, all of whom, with a single exception, vanished at the approach of the stranger. The man who stood by the ground was a truly stouter being. He was tall, thin and angular; his clothing was scant and ragged, his face bronzed with exposure to the sun.

"Good morning, Baltasar," said the visitor.

The gypsy acknowledged his salutation with a frown.

"I wish to sell this horse," the traveler added, without appearing to notice his cold reception.

The gypsy swept his eye over the animal and shook his head.

"If you will not buy, perhaps you will trade," the traveler said.

"Come," was the laconic response, and so saying the gypsy turned towards the forest which lay just beyond the camp. The "doctor" obeyed. A moment later he found himself in a sequestered spot where there was an improvised stable; and a dozen or more horses glancing up from their feed whinnied a welcome.

A little rivulet lay across their path, and up from the margin of it where she had been gathering water cresses there sprang a young girl, who cast a startled glance at him, then bounded swiftly toward a tent and vanished through the opening. This keen admirer of horses was equally susceptible to the charms of female beauty. So swift an apparition would have bewildered rather than illumined the mind of an ordinary man. But the quack was not an ordinary man. He was endowed with a certain rude power of divination which enabled him to see in a single instant, by swift intuition, more than the average man discovers by an hour of reasoning. By this natural clairvoyance he saw at a glance that this face of exquisite delicacy could no more have been cooped in a gypsy camp than a fine cameo could be cut in an Indian wigwam. He knew that these gypsies were thieves, and that these were Spanish gypsies. What was more natural than that he should conclude with inevitable logic that this child had been stolen from people of good if not of noble blood?

"Baltasar!" he said.

"You are a girl-thief as well as a horse-thief. You stole this girl from the family of a Spanish nobleman. I am the representative of this family and have followed your trail for years. You thought I had come to get the horse. You were mistaken; it was the girl!"

"Perdita!" exclaimed the gypsy, taken completely off his guard.

"Lost indeed," responded the quack, scarcely able to conceal his pride in his own astuteness. And then he added slowly: "She must be a burden to you, Baltasar. You evidently never have been able or never have dared to take her back and claim the ransom which you expected. I will pay you for her and take her from your hands. It is the child I want and not vengeance. What will you take for her?"

The doctor drew a leather wallet from his pocket and held it up tantalizingly. Its influence was decisive.

"Pepeeta! Pepeeta!" called the gypsy.

Out of the door of the tent she came, her eyes fixed upon the ground, and her fingers picking nervously at the tinsel strings which fastened her bodice.

"Gif me ze money and take her."

The doctor counted out the gold, and then approached the child. For the first time in his life he experienced an emotion of reverence. There was something about her beauty, her helplessness and his responsibility that made a new appeal to his heart.

Yielding to the gentle pressure of his hand, she permitted herself to be led away. Not a good-bye was said. The doctor lifted the child upon the horse's back and climbed into the saddle. The beautiful child trembled; she also wept. She was parting from those whose lives were base and cruel; but they were the only human beings that she knew. She was leaving a wagon and a tent, but it was the only home that she could remember.

To have a fellow-being completely in our power makes us either utterly cruel or utterly kind, and all that was gentle in that great rough nature went out in a rush of tenderness toward the little creature who thus suddenly became absolutely dependent upon his compassion. After they had ridden a little way, he began in his rough fashion to try to comfort her.

"Don't cry, Pepeeta! You ought to be thankful that you have got out of the clutches of those villains. You could not have been worse off, and you may be a great deal better! Ther-

were not always kind to you, were they? I shouldn't wonder if they beat you sometimes! But you will never be beaten any more. You shall have a nice little pony, and a cart, and flowers, and pretty clothes, and everything that little girls like. I don't know what they are, but whatever they are you shall have them. So don't cry any more! What a pretty name Pepeeta is! It sounds like music when I say it. I have got the toughest name in the world myself. It's a regular jaw-breaker—Doctor Paracelsus Aesculapius! What do you think of that, Pepeeta? But then you need not call me by the whole of it! You can just call me Doctor, for short. Now, look at me just once, and give me a pretty smile. Let me see those big black eyes! No? You don't want to? Well, that's all right. I won't bother you. But I want you to know that I love you, and that you are never going to have any more trouble as long as you live."

These were the kindest words the child had ever had spoken to her, or at least the kindest she could remember. They fell on her ears like music and awakened gratitude and love in her heart. She ceased to sigh, and before the ride to town was ended had begun to feel a vague sense of happiness.

The next few years were full of strange adventures for these singular companions. The quack had discovered certain clues to the past history of that child whom he had thus adopted, and was firmly persuaded that she belonged to a noble family. He had made all his plans to take her to Spain and establish her identity in the hope of securing a great reward. But just as he was about to execute this scheme, he was seized by a disease which prostrated him for many months, and threw him into a nervous condition in which he contracted the habit of stammering. On his recovery from his long sickness he found himself stripped of everything he had accumulated; but his shrewdness and indomitable will remained, and he soon began to rebuild his shattered fortune.

During all these ups and downs, Pepeeta was his inseparable and devoted companion. The admiration which her childish beauty excited in his heart had deepened into affection and finally into love. When she reached the age of 16 or 17 years, he proposed to her the idea of marriage. She knew nothing of her own heart, and little about life, but had been accustomed to yield implicit obedience to his will. She consented and the ceremony was performed by a Justice of the Peace in the city of Cincinnati, a year or so before their appearance in the Quaker village. An experience so abnormal would have pervaded, if not destroyed her nature, had it not contained the germs of beauty and virtue implanted at her birth. They were still dormant, but not dead; they only awaited the sun and rain of love to quicken them into life.

The quack had coarsened with the passing years, but Pepeeta, withdrawing into the sanctuary of her soul, living a life of vague dreams and half-conscious aspirations after something, she knew not what, had grown even more gentle and submissive. As she did not yet comprehend her life, she did not protest against its injustice or its incongruity. The vulgar people among whom she lived, the vulgar scenes she saw, passed across the mirror of her soul without leaving permanent impression. She performed the coarse duties of her life in a perfunctory manner. It was her body and not her soul, her will and not her heart which were concerned with them. What that soul and that heart really were, remained to be seen.

(To be continued.)

A Moral Lesson.

Mike Powers, the Athletics' catcher, said at a recent baseball banquet in Philadelphia:

"All the talk there has been in New York about crooked foot races and crooked umpires and crooked fights—all this vague, formless talk about crookedness makes me think of a South Carolina meeting I once attended. At the end of this meeting it was decided to take up a collection for charity. The chairman passed the hat himself. He dropped a dime in it for a nest egg. Well, gentlemen, every right hand there entered that hat—every right hand—and yet, at the end when the chairman turned the hat over and shook it, not so much as his own contribution dropped out."

"'Fo' de lan's sake!' he cried. 'Ah, eben los' de dime Ah stalked wiv!'"

"All the rows of faces looked puzzled. Who was the lucky man? That was the question which tormented all. Finally the venerable Calhoun White summed up the situation.

"'Breddern,' he said, solemnly, rising from his seat, 'dar' pears ter be a great moral lesson roon' heah some whar.'"

A Case for Sympathy.

Two matrons of a certain western city whose respective matrimonial ventures did not in the first instance prove altogether satisfactory, met at a woman's club one day, when the first matron remarked:

"Hattie, I met your 'ex,' dear old Tom, the day before yesterday. We talked much of you."

"Is that so?" asked the other matron. "Did he seem sorry when you told him of my second marriage?"

"Indeed, he did; and said so most frankly!"

"Honest?"

"Honest! He said he was extremely sorry, though, he said, he didn't know the man personally."—Lippincott's.

Proof He Was "Dazed."

He had pleaded the "detailed at the office" and the "balancing the books" excuses so often that they had become transparent, so when he arrived home late on a recent evening he determined to lean on the truth.

"Theodore, you've been drinking!" said his indignant wife.

"Selma, my dear, I cannot tell a lie—I—" stammered the delinquent.

"Then you're even more intoxicated than I thought. Go to bed."

Legal Information

The charter of a municipality exempted it from liability for damages arising from a defective sidewalk, unless notice of the accident were filed within twenty days. Plaintiff slipped and fell on ice and snow which had been allowed to accumulate on a sidewalk and sued for damages. By the fall he was rendered unconscious instantly, and remained in that condition for more than twenty days, and was therefore unable to give the city notice of the accident within that time. In *McCullum vs. City of South Omaha*, 121 Northwestern Reporter, 438, the Nebraska Supreme Court, in an opinion from which Judge Pawcett dissented in terms of unmistakable strength and severity, held that the incapacity of plaintiff resulting from his injury did not extend the time, or afford an opportunity for the fixing upon the city of its statutory liability.

Since 1807 St. John's Chapel has been a place of worship in New York. Owing to changed conditions in its neighborhood the vestry of Trinity Church determined to close it, and to transfer the work carried on there to another church within the same parish, half a mile distant. To prevent this removal an injunction was sought. In *Burke vs. Rector, etc., of Trinity Church*, 117 New York Supplement, 255, the New York Supreme Court held that the vestry has the supervision and control, and is the sole manager of the temporalities of the corporation, and the plaintiffs are required to conform to the canons, usages and discipline of the church of which they are members. The judicial power is reluctant to interfere in matters of religious or ecclesiastical arrangement, and will do so only when rights of property or civil rights are involved. No such rights appear to be affected by this controversy. No cause having been presented for the cognizance of a court of equity, the application for injunction was denied.

Alabama enacted a law in 1907 providing that if any foreign corporation procured the removal of a cause from a state to a federal court its franchise would be canceled, and any contract interstate business thereafter made by it would be void. At the time of the entrance of the state by the telegraph company it had a constitutional assurance that "all corporations shall have the right to sue in all courts in like cases as natural persons." In *Western Union Telegraph Co. vs. Julian*, 169 Federal Reporter, 166, an injunction was sought to prevent the operation of the statute. The circuit court, granting the injunction, characterized the statute as an attempt to forfeit property or business because its owner exercised a constitutional right in a lawful way, in a resort to the courts of his country for justice, and as transcending all the bounds of the legislative power, being a mere edict of despotism. No court which sits to administer the fundamental law can recognize it as a legitimate exercise of power.

WHAT IT COSTS TO LIVE.

An Increase of 49 Per Cent Since 1890 Computed by Bradstreet's.

The average householder finds some difficulty in getting the full measure of satisfaction from the return of the country to trade activity, for the cost of living, which has been increasing rapidly for most of the last thirteen years, is again advancing from the slightly lower levels brought by the depression of 1908. All through the past summer the prices of the necessities of life have been slowly advancing, reaching on Aug. 1 the highest figure reported for that date, save one in 1907. It is rather startling to see that the average cost of the supplies practically every household must buy has increased over 49 per cent since 1896, says the Review of Reviews. The Bradstreet agency has selected 106 articles of domestic consumption and has kept a careful record of their prices month by month for seventeen years. The highest point ever reached was in March 1, 1907, after which came the moderate slump caused by the financial disturbances of that year. We are now marching steadily back toward this high record, and the August figures are only 6.8 per cent below it. Some of the individual cases of increased costs are much more impressive than the average. Rubber has advanced from 81 cents a pound in 1896 to \$1.98 a pound now; pork, from \$8.25 a barrel to \$21.75; eggs, from 15½ cents a dozen to 23 cents; mutton, from 5½ cents a pound to 11 cents; corn, from 34 cents a bushel to 80 cents; wheat, from 64 cents a bushel to \$1.20 and so forth. The figures given are wholesale prices, and as a rule the advance to the ultimate consumer has been decidedly greater.

Taste in Literature.

The tedious writer makes us glum; He's hard to follow. We want our mental pabulum Ready to swallow.

The magazines most widely bought The thing have tested, And offer us a food for thought Well predigested.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Contrary Actions.

"Why did Banks round up his creditors?"

"I suppose to do the square thing."

—Baltimore American

TENORS WHILE YOU WAIT.

Industry That Has Thriven Since Jean De Reszke Gave It a Start. The corner stone of opera is the tenor, and tenors are scarcer than four-leaf clovers. Comic operas are now written with baritone heroes for that reason, the Brooklyn Eagle says, but the great operas were written when the disappearance of the tenor had not been dreamed of, and tenors must be had to sing in them; else no opera.

Hence a tenor voice is a surer and often a larger source of income than a gold mine. Opera managers go up and down the world listening to cabmen, truck drivers, old clo' vendors and the singers of popular songs in the cheap resorts, in the hope of hearing a voice that can be developed into an operatic tenor. For heretofore tenors, like the poets, have been born and not made. The manager's best chance was to find such a voice before his rivals and pay for its education.

But Jean De Reszke changed all that. He sang for years as a not especially conspicuous baritone in Europe. He was a good enough artist, but nobody thought of calling him great. Then a Paris teacher, adding two or three notes to the top of his voice, in a few months transformed De Reszke from a singer at \$2,500 a month to one drawing \$2,500 a night.

Since his transformation the musical world has dreamed of raising baritones into tenors as the alchemists dreamed of transmuting lead to gold. And now a New York teacher has done the trick. Rudolf Berger, who has long been one of the baritones of the Berlin opera, was the subject of the experiment. On Tuesday night he appeared in Berlin, after a year's study here, as a tenor and sang Lohegrin, with what the cable reports to be great success. The audience is said to have gone wild over the success of the singer and his teacher, and no wonder. If that could be done with other baritones the problem of an opera for every city would be solved. Probably it cannot, more than once or twice in a generation, but that will not prevent a lot of ambitious teachers from trying it. Presently we shall see advertisements, "Tenors made in the off season," as we now see the signs of the emergency tailor. It is a great idea—if it will work.



Temperaments.

The physician of a former generation used to talk much of the "temperament" of his patients, that is to say, the predominant type of physical constitution possessed by each. He studied this permanent temperament fully as carefully as he did the disease temporarily present before deciding upon the line of treatment to be adopted.

Even to-day, although the physician speaks less of temperaments and diatheses, and perhaps would be at a loss to tell the names by which they were formerly designated, he by no means ignores the physical tendencies of his patients. From the viewpoint of temperament, one may regard the human family as divided into five great classes, although few belong solely to one type. Most persons have a mixture of two or more, being classified rather by the one which predominates.

The first of these temperaments is the lymphatic or phlegmatic. In this the individuals are of a quiet, rather inert disposition. They move slowly, but they move surely. They are usually dependable people, true to their word, and faithful to perform the duties assigned to them.

A second type, in many ways the direct opposite of the first, is the nervous temperament. These persons are quick in their movements, energetic in work and in play, strenuous, but often without staying power. What they accomplish they accomplish quickly.

The third type is the gouty, sanguine, or rheumatic. The individuals of this group are of florid complexion, frank and jovial disposition, good eaters and sleepers, and "never sick," but in later life they pay for their previous health by gouty attacks, and when attacked by serious illness, they are likely to succumb quickly.

Persons of the bilious temperament are poor assimilators of food. They suffer from intestinal indigestion, which leads to repeated attacks of "biliousness;" all the processes of secretion and excretion are sluggishly performed.

The fifth temperament is the strumous. These people have poor digestion and defective reparative power, little cuts and scratches healing slowly; they are always "catching" whatever contagious disease is about; they lack firmness of texture; the glands in the neck, in the armpits and in the groins frequently become enlarged.

The treatment of the same disease in persons of different temperaments often varies greatly, and hence the importance of the study and power to recognize the five distinct temperaments.—Youth's Companion.

Occasionally a man is so absent-minded that he pays his gas bill the day before it is due.

LAND FOR EVERYONE.

The Great Northwest Is Welcoming Tens of Thousands of Settlers.

Homes are to be had for practically all who apply and hardships and high prices do not and should not count in the face of independence and future prosperity. T. G. Morehead says in the Delineator. Public lands in the United States, subject to entry and settlement, amount in area to twenty-three times all the acres devoted to all agricultural pursuits in Iowa, the greatest agricultural State in the world. Were all the acres tillable, no less than 4,750,000 families might receive their allowance of 160 acres and independence. Each year the population of Trenton, N. J., or Oakland, Cal., finds homes in the new northwest, and still public lands remain to supply 160-acre homes to every man, woman and child in New York City and Philadelphia combined.

The terms are easy, yet harder than they were. It is now necessary to make one's residence on the homestead four months before securing permission to commute, and by paying a small amount receive patent to the land. A short time ago the residence requirements were eight months. The price asked is small, from 50 cents to a few dollars an acre, with time allowed in which to make the payments. Or one may live on the land continuously for five years and cultivate it and so get it free of cost.

Each day of the year a heavily laden train comes to a halt in western Canada and pours forth its cargo of eager-faced homesteaders. Sunny Alberta, prosperous British Columbia and unpronounceable Saskatchewan, to say nothing of unspeakable Assiniboia, have been in their dreams for months, perhaps for years; at last they have reached.

Poverty is behind these homeseekers, a few more days and, looking over the rolling prairies, they will be monarchs of all they survey. The reversed rain disappears over the eastern horizon, but there is no regret. They have come into the promised land. Seventy-three thousand of them made the trip and took up homesteads last year. That means 1,200 coaches filled to capacity, each day of the year a train of four cars filled with hopeful humanity.

A HAPPY HISTORIAN.

The intellectual training of Edward Gibbon, the great historian, is a matter of unusual interest, writes James Ford Rhodes in Scribner's Magazine. "From my early youth," wrote Gibbon in his "Autobiography," "I aspired to the character of a historian."

He had "an early and invincible love of reading," which he said he "would not exchange for all the treasures of India," and which led him to "vague and multifarious" perusal of books. Before he reached the age of 15 he was matriculated at Magdalen College, giving this account of his preparation: "I arrived at Oxford," he said, "with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed." He did not adapt himself to the life or method at Oxford, and from them apparently derived no benefit.

Gibbon passed nearly five years at Lausanne, from the age of 16 to that of 21, and they were fruitful years for his education. It was almost entirely an affair of self-training, as his tutor soon perceived that the student had gone beyond the teacher, and allowed him to pursue his own special bent.

After his history was published and his fame won, he recorded this opinion: "In the life of every man of letters there is an *acra*, from a level, from whence he soars with his own wings to his proper height, and the most important part of his education is that which he bestows on himself."

This was certainly true in Gibbon's case. On his arrival at Lausanne he hardly knew any French, but before he returned to England he thought spontaneously in French, and understood, spoke and wrote it better than he did his mother tongue.

"I have drawn a prize in the lottery of life," wrote Gibbon. "I am disgusted with the affectation of men of letters who complain that they have reaped a substance for a shadow, and that their fame affords a poor compensation for envy, censure and persecution."

"My own experience, at least, has taught me a very different lesson. Twenty happy years have been animated by the labor of my history, and its success has given me a name, a rank, a character in the world to which I should not otherwise have been entitled."

Reasons Enough.

Father—You seem to look at things in a very different light since your marriage.

Miss Newly Married Daughter—Well, I ought to after receiving fourteen lamps and nine candelabra for wedding presents.—Tit-Bits.

Hat of the Future.

Bella—How will you have your hat trimmed?

Bella—I haven't decided between the merits of a monoplane and biplane wing effect.—New York Sun.

Two on the Job.

Teacher—You got well tanned this summer, I see.

Johnny—You're right, I did. Between dad and the sun I'm pretty near leather.—Judge.