

The Redemption of David Corson

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CHAPTER VI.

Early the next morning the two adventurers took their departure. The jovial quack lavished his good-byes upon the landlord and the "riff-raff" who gathered to welcome the coming or speed the parting guest at the door of the country tavern. He drove a pair of beautiful, spirited horses, and had the satisfaction of knowing that he excited the envy of every beholder as he took the ribbons in his hand, swinging out his long whip and started.

If her husband's heart was swelling with pride, Pepecta's was bursting with anxiety. An instinct which she did not understand had prevented her from telling the doctor of her interview with the Quaker. Long before the farmhouse came in sight she began to scan the landscape for the figure which had been so vividly impressed upon her mind.

The swift horses, well fed and well groomed, whirled the light wagon along the road at a rapid pace and as they passed the humble home of the Quaker, Pepecta saw a little child driving the cows down the long lane, and a woman moving quietly among the flowers in the garden; but David himself was not to be seen.

A tear fell from her eye, and her chin quivered. With the utmost effort of her will she could not repress these evidences of her disappointment, and with a spasmodic motion she clutched the arm of the driver as if it were that of Destiny and she could hold it back. So sudden and so powerful was the grasp of her young hand, that it turned the horses out of the road and all but upset the carriage. With a violent jerk of the reins, the astonished driver pulled them back, and exclaimed with an oath:

"You little wild cat, if you ever do do that again, I will throw you into the d-d-ditch!"

"Excuse me!" she answered humbly, covering under his angry glances.

"What is the matter?" he asked, more kindly, seeing the tears in her eyes.

"I do not know. I am nervous, I guess," she answered, sadly.

"Nervous? P-p-pecta Aesculapian nervous?" I thought her nerves were made of steel? What is the m-m-matter?" he asked, looking at her anxiously.

His gentleness calmed her, and she answered: "I am sorry to leave a place where I have been so happy! Oh! why cannot we settle down somewhere and stay? I get so tired of being always on the wing. Even the birds have nests to rest in for a little while. Are we never going to have a home?"

"Nonsense, child! What do we want with a h-h-home? It is better to be always on the go. I want my liberty. It suits me best to fly through the heavens like a hawk or swim the deep sea like a shark. A home would be a p-p-prison. I should tramp back and forth in it like a polar bear in a c-c-cage. B-b-be gay! Be happy! How can you be sad on a morning like this? Look at the play of the muscles under the smooth skins of the horses? Remember the b-b-bright shining dollars that we coaxed out of the tightly b-b-buttoned breeches pockets of the gray-backed Q-Q-Quakers. What more do you ask of life? What else can it g-g-give?"

"It does not make me happy! I shall never be happy until I have a home," she said, still sobbing, and trying to conceal the cause of her grief from herself as well as from her husband.

She had divined the cause of her disappointment with an unerring instinct. It was exactly as she thought. At the last instant, David's heart had failed him.

On the preceding evening, he had hurried through his "chores," excused himself from giving an account of the adventures of the day on the ground of fatigue, and retired to his room to cherish in his heart the memories of that beautiful face and the prospects of the future. He could not sleep. For hours he tossed on his bed or sat in the window looking out into the night, and when at last he fell into an uneasy slumber his dreams were haunted by two faces which struggled ceaselessly to crowd each other from his mind. One was the young and passionate countenance of the gypsy, and the other was that of his beautiful mother with her pale, carved features, her snow-white hair, her pensive and unearthly expression. They both looked at him, and then gazed at each other. Now one set below the horizon like a wan, white moon, and the other rose above it like the glowing star of love. Now the moon passed over the glowing star in a long eclipse and then disappearing behind a cloud left the brilliant star to shine alone.

When he awoke the gray dawn revealed in vague outline the realities of the world, and warned him that he had but a few moments to execute his plans. He sprang from his couch strong in his purpose to depart, for the fever of adventure was still burning in his veins, and the rapturous looks with which Pepecta had received his promise to be her companion still made his pulses bound. He hurriedly put a few things into a bundle and stole out of the house.

As he moved quietly but swiftly away from the familiar scenes, his heart which had been beating so high from hope and excitement began to sink in his bosom. He had never dreamed of the force of his attachment to this dear place, and he turned his face toward the old gray house again and again. Every step away from it seemed more difficult than the last, and his feet became heavy as lead. But he pressed on, ashamed to acknowledge his inability to execute his purpose. He came to the last fence which

lay between him and the bridge where he had agreed to await the adventurers, and then paused.

He was early. There was still time to reflect. Had the carriage arrived at that moment he would have gone; but it tarried, and the tide of love and regret bore back to the old familiar life. "I cannot go. I cannot give it up," he murmured to himself.

Torn by conflicting emotions, inclining to first one course and then another, he finally turned his face away from the bridge and fled impelled by weakness rather than desire. He did not once look back, but ran at the top of his speed straight to the old barn and hid himself from sight. There, breathless and miserable, he watched. He had not long to wait. The dazzling "turn-out" dashed into view. On the high seat he beheld Pepecta; saw the eager glance she cast at the farm house, followed her until they arrived at the bridge, beheld her disappointment, raved at his own weakness, rushed to the door, halted, returned, rushed back again, returned, threw himself upon the sweet smelling hay, cursed his weakness and indecision and finally surrendered himself to misery.

From the utter wretchedness of that bitter hour, he was roused by the ringing of the breakfast bell. Springing to his feet, he hastened to the spring, bathed his face, assumed a cheerful look and entered the house.

For the first time in his life he attempted the practice of deception, and experienced the bitterness of carrying a guilty secret in his bosom. How he worried through the morning meal and the prayer at the family altar, he never knew, and he escaped with inexpressible relief to the stable and the field to take up the duties of his daily life. He found it plodding work, for the old inspirations to endeavor had utterly vanished. He who had hitherto found toil a beatitude now moved behind the plow like a common drudge.

Tired of the pain which he endured, he tried again and again to forget the whole experience and to persuade himself that he was glad the adventure had ended; but he knew in his heart of hearts that he had failed to follow the gypsy, not because he did not really wish to, but because he did not wholly dare. The consciousness that he was not only a bad man but a coward, added a new element to the bitterness of the cup he was drinking.

Each succeeding day was a repetition of the first, and became a painful unrest. The very world in which he lived seemed to have undergone a transformation. The sunlight had lost its glory, the flowers had become pale and odorless, the songs of the birds dull and despondent.

Some men pass their lives in the midst of environments where insincerity would not have been so painful; but in a home and a community where sham and hypocrisy were almost unknown these perpetual deceptions became more and more intolerable with every passing hour. Nothing could be more certain than that in a short time, like some foreign substance in a healthy body, his nature would force him out of this un congenial environment. With some natures the experience would have been a slow and protracted one, but with him the termination could not be long delayed.

It came in a tragedy at the close of the next Sabbath. The day had been dreary, painful and exasperating beyond all endurance, and he felt that he could never stand the strain of another. And so, having detained his mother in the sitting room after the rest of the family had retired, he paced the floor for a few moments, and after several unsuccessful attempts to introduce the subject gently, said bluntly:

"Mother, I am chafing myself to death against the limitations of this narrow life."

"My son," she said, calmly, "this has not come to me as a surprise."

He moved uneasily and looked as if he would ask her "Why?"

"Because," she said, as if he had really spoken, "a mother possesses the power of divination, and can discern the sorrows of her children, by a suffering in her own bosom."

The consciousness that he had caused her pain rendered him incapable of speech, and for a moment they sat in silence.

"What is thy wish and purpose, my son?" she asked at last, with an effort which seemed to exhaust her strength.

"I wish to see the world," he answered, his eye kindling as he spoke. "I have seen it in my dreams. I have heard its distant voices calling to me. My spirit chafes to answer their summons. I strain at my anchor like a great ship caught by the tide."

"Shall I tell thee what this world of which thee has dreamed such dreams is really like, my son? I will," she said, regarding him with a look which seemed to devour him with yearning love. "This world whose voices thee hears calling is a fiction of thine own brain. That which thee thinks thee beholds of glory and beauty thee hast conjured up from the depths of a youthful and disordered fancy, and projected into an unreal realm. That world which thee has thus beheld in thy dreams will burst like a pin-pricked bubble when thee tries to enter it. It is not the real world, my son. How shall I tell thee what that real world is? It is a snare, a pit-fall. It is a flame into which young moths are ever plunging. It promises, only to deceive; it beckons, only to betray; its smiles are ambushes; it is sunlight on the surface, but ice at the heart; it offers life, but it confers death. I bid thee fear it, shun it, hate it!"

"Mother," he exclaimed, "what does thee know of this world, thee who has passed thy life in lonely places and amongst a quiet people?"

She rose and paced the floor as if to permit some of her excitement to escape in physical activity, and pausing before him, said: "My only and well-beloved son, thee does not know thy mother. A veil has been drawn over that portion of her life which preceded thy birth, and its secrets are hidden in her own heart. She has prayed God that she might never have to bring them into the light; but he has imposed upon her the necessity of opening the grave in which they are buried, in order that, seeing them, thee may abandon thy desire to taste those pleasures which once lured thy mother along the flower-strewn pathway to her sin and sorrow."

Her solemnity and her suffering produced in the bosom of her son a nameless fear. He could not speak. He could only look and listen.

"Thee sees before thee," she continued, "the faded form and features of a woman once young and beautiful. Can thee believe it?"

He did not answer, for she had seemed to him as mothers always do to children, to have been always what he had found her upon awakening to consciousness. He could not remember when her hair was not gray. Something in her manner revealed to the startled soul of the young Quaker that he was about to come upon a discovery that would shake the very foundation of his life; for a moment he could not speak.

"David," she said, in a voice that sounded like an echo of a long-dead past, "the fear that the sins of thy parents should be visited upon thee has tormented every hour of my life. I have watched thee and prayed for thee as no one but a mother who has drunk the bitter cup to its dregs could ever do. I have trembled at every childish sin. In every little fault I have beheld a miniature of the vices of thy mother and thy father—thy father! Oh! David, my son—my son!"

The white lips parted, but no sound issued from them. She raised her white hand and clutched at her throat as if choking. Then she trembled, gasped, reeled, and fell forward into his arms.

In a moment more, the agitated heart had ceased to beat, and the secret of her life was hidden in its mysterious silence. The sudden, inexplicable and calamitous nature of this event came near unsettling the mental balance of the sensitive and highly organized youth. Coming as it did upon the very heels of the experiences which had so thoroughly shaken his faith in the old life, he felt himself to be the target for every arrow in the quiver of misfortune.

(To be continued.)

Not to Be Trapped.

"Concede nothing," was the advice of a well-known politician concerning a certain famous disputed election. His policy was followed to the letter by the man of whom the Chicago Tribune tells. On the relief train that had been rushed to the scene of the railway wreck was a newspaper reporter.

The first victim he saw was a man whose eyes were blackened and whose left arm was in a sling. With his hair full of dirt, one end of his shirt collar flying loose and his coat ripped up the back, the victim was sitting on the grass and serenely contemplating the landscape.

"How many people are hurt?" asked the reporter, hurrying up to him.

"I haven't heard of anybody being hurt, young man," said the other.

"How did this wreck happen?"

"I haven't heard of any wreck."

"You haven't? Who are you, anyhow?"

"I don't know that it's any of your business, but I'm the claim agent of the road."

A Man of His Word.

Tom—Lend me \$10. I'll pay you next week.

Dick—That's what you said last week.

Tom—Well, you don't want me going around and telling you one thing one week and another thing the next, do you?

A Talking Machine.

Brother—How did you like my friend, Mr. Smith?

Sister—Why, he yawned three times while I was talking to him.

Brother—Perhaps he wasn't yawning. He may have been trying to say something.

Up to Him.

Stern Parent—So you would be willing to die for my daughter, would you?

Ardent Suitor—I would, indeed!

Stern Parent—All right, then. Get your life insured for \$20,000 and make good.

A Parting Shot.

Doctor—Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be held.

Patient—Very well, doctor; have as many accomplices as you like.

In Fashion.

Crawford—So your wife doesn't make mince pies any more?

Crabshaw—No. She uses all the odds and ends around the house as trimmings for her hat.—Puck.

Generous Johnny.

Minister—Johnny, do you know where little boys go that go fishing on Sunday?

Johnny—Sure. Follow me an' I'll show you.

A Foregone Conclusion.

"Everybody thinks that Amelia is such a sweet girl, and I can't see it."

"You can't? Why, man, her father made a big fortune in the sugar business."

Ready for Trial.

The charge is desertion. What'll be your defense?"

"Temporary insanity, or I never would have married her."



The Apple Barrel.
It stood in the cellar low and dim,
Where the cobwebs swept and swayed,
Holding the store from bough and limb
At the feet of autumn laid.
And oft, when the days were short
And drear
And the north wind shrieked and roared,
We children sought in the corner here,
And drew on the toothsome hoard.

For thus through the long, long winter-time
It answered our every call
With wine of the summer's golden prime
Sealed by the hand of fall.
The best there was of the earth and air,
Of rain and sun and breeze,
Changed to a pippin sweet and rare
By the art of the faithful trees.

A wonderful barrel was this, had we
Its message but rightly heard,
Filled with the tales of wind and bee,
Of cricket and moth and bird;
Rife with the bliss of the fragrant June
When skies were soft and blue;
Thronged with the dreams of a harvest moon
O'er fields drenched deep with dew.

Oh, homely barrel, I'd fain essay
Your marvelous skill again;
Take me back to the past, I pray,
As willingly now as then—
Back to the tender morns and eves,
The noontides warm and still,
The fleecy clouds and the spangled leaves
Of the orchard over the hill.
—Edwin L. Sabin, in Lippincott's.

Composition of Vegetables.
FAT 0.05%
CARBOHYDRATE 2.54%
PROTEIN 0.09%
ASH 0.01%
WATER 90%
OTARIC 0.01%
MINERAL MATTER 0.065%
FAT 0.05%
CARBOHYDRATE 2.54%
PROTEIN 0.09%
WATER 89%
CELLULOSE 1%
MINERAL MATTER 1.2%

While vegetables are given a low value as food for man or beast on account of their large percentage of water, the dry portion is highly nutritive. In the potato the 22 per cent of solid matter is nearly all available for food. The proteins as flesh formers and the carbohydrates as fat producers are essential parts of food.

Keep the Road Drag Going.
Bad roads are an extravagance that no farming community can afford. Just what they cost in unnecessary expenses it takes but a moment to determine.

A team and driver are reasonably worth \$3 a day, and by the use of these it is possible to deliver to market from your home 100 bushels of corn. Hauling over good roads, the cost of delivery is 3 cents per bushel. But if, in consequence of bad roads, but fifty bushels can be delivered, the cost is doubled and the difference is what the impassable roads cost you. Continue this calculation, applying it to the hauling of all your crops, and it quickly becomes apparent that it amounts to a very burdensome tax.

Good roads help in every way; they promote sociability by making friends and relatives accessible, and by means of them it is easier to reach the schools and churches and to generally do and enjoy the things which make life really worth living.

Woman in Chicken Yard.
September is a good month to look about for stock, and if one has not already settled upon a particular variety, a hint in that direction may be of some use. Unless a woman can afford to keep plenty of help she should not keep over fifty fowls. I feel that I am writing for the woman who takes care of her chickens herself, and to her would say that if she has the room it is a good plan to keep a small flock of two varieties—one for broilers or fricassees and one for laying eggs, and when it comes to the genuine business, then give me the Black Minorca. The eggs are large and pure white. The hens are almost perpetual layers and do not make good mothers. The eggs will command the highest fancy prices, and if your stock is pure you can sell the eggs for sittings at prices according to the stock you keep.

The Plymouth Rocks or the Wyandottes are suitable breeds for broilers or for home use. I think there is more money in the selling of eggs to private customers, or even in the markets, than in broilers. There is less work and less worry. The latter fowl is a good layer if she does not get too fat, but when this occurs make a pot-pie of her.

Hints on Hog Raising.
Salt buried a few inches in the ground in certain spots will attract the hogs and confine them pretty closely to such places.

It is natural for a hog to root, but if you want to prevent him from doing so a simple ring in the snout will answer the purpose.

It is a great mistake to mark a hog by mutilating his ears. Better use a metal tag.

Hired Man and the Boss.
An exchange presents each of the two sides of the farm labor question in this somewhat homely but forcible manner:

"He felt that he was working too hard for the pay received; he knew better than the boss how the work should be laid out; he caroused on Sunday and was dead to the world Monday; he was jealous of the other hired men—he got fired!"

"He had no regular hours; he shifted teams from one man to another; he spent his time in town; he had plenty of spare room in his house, but gave the hired man the best in the hay loft; he grumbled about trifles—his hired man quit!"

A Troublesome Weed.
Reports come from Ontario that the perennial sow thistle has gained a firm foothold, making it the greatest weed enemy with which the farmer has to contend. It has been spread from one farm to another by the threshing machines, the numerous seeds being easily carried. One method being advocated for its eradication is to sow winter rye in September and pasture it the following spring. This can be followed in June by rye, turnips or buckwheat. In this way crops are secured and the sow thistle fought at the same time.

Fowls and Eggs.
Farmers' Bulletin No. 128, United States Department of Agriculture, says: "The eggs of different kinds of domestic poultry vary in size as well as appearance, and there is also a considerable range in the size of eggs of different breeds. Thus, hens' eggs range from the small ones laid by bantams to the large ones laid by such breeds as light Brahmas. On an average a hen's egg is 2.27 inches in length, and 1.72 inches in diameter or width at the broadest point, and weighs about 2 ounces, or eight eggs to the pound (1½ pounds per dozen). Generally speaking, the eggs of pullets are smaller than those of old hens; those of ducks somewhat larger than hens' eggs, while those of turkeys and geese are considerably larger. Guinea eggs, on an average, measure 1½x1½ inches, are rather pointed at one end, and weigh about 1.4 ounces each, or 17 ounces to the dozen. Goose eggs weigh about 5.5 to 6.7 ounces each, or about 5 pounds to the dozen—that is, more than three times as much as hens' eggs. The eggs of wild birds are said to be smaller than those of the same species when domesticated. Wild ducks' eggs are said to be, on an average, 1.97 to 2.17 inches in diameter; domestic ducks' eggs, 2.36 to 2.56 inches.

Chair Treasured Heirloom.
Relic Used by John Alden's Descendants More than 200 Years.
In his office at 68 Essex street William P. Church has a colonial high chair more than 200 years old that has held several generations of round-faced youngsters, all descendants of John Alden of the Mayflower, a New York Herald's Boston dispatch says.

Mr. Church is a direct descendant of Alden. The chair was given to him by his aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Church Stoddard, daughter of Lydia Alden, who married Gamaliel Church. "I am sure that it belonged to your great-grandfather," Mrs. Stoddard told him. "It may have belonged to your great-grandfather."

Mr. Church feels assured that this chair was used in the family of the fifth John Alden, born in 1740, who lived in Middleboro. It may have been handed down to him by his father, John Alden, born in 1718, who also lived in Middleboro.

The chair bears evidence of its age. Well it may, for the Alden children grew up very much as children grow up to-day. On the arms of the chair are countless childish scratches. There are also one or two generous jabs with a knife or some other sharp instrument. The hickory footrest is impressed with the kickings of two and possibly three generations of chubby feet.

Fashioned in the days when household furniture was homemade and "made for keeps," this heirloom is an interesting bit of workmanship. A friend of Mr. Church interested in antiques came into his office to glance at it one day and found that he had spent a half-hour before he had finished turning it over.

There is not a nail in it. The joinings, which only show a fine seam, and which have lasted for centuries, were made with pegs. The small pieces of wood at the back of the chair were made from oak barrel staves. A piece of homespun linen duck, substantial and woven on an old-time hand loom by the mother or sister in the family, is stretched across the seat.

About an inch from the floor were originally four cross pieces. Evidently the temptation of placing one's toes on one of these rungs and rocking backward and forward, irrespective of whoever happened to be in the chair, was too much for the small Aldens. Three of the pieces have been rocked away. Despite this the old chair wobbles only slightly.

QUEER STORIES
The wasp can cut its way through a seashell.
The first motor exhibition was held in England in 1895.
Of the 12,000,000 acres under cultivation in Burma, 8,000,000 are devoted to rice.

The London hansom seems to be on the decline. Other types of conveyance are taking its place.
Prince Edward of Wales, future King of England, until a few weeks ago received 24 cents pocket money each week while in residence at Osborne Naval College.
Germany's top output for 1907 is estimated at \$25,000,000, of which \$19,000,000 was exported, and of the total the United States and Great Britain took more than half.
Compulsory study of the ancient Irish language in the new national university at Dublin is expected to meet some opposition. At Queen's College, in Cork, Irish classes were instituted four years ago. The first year four pupils appeared, only two of whom stayed out the course; the second year there was a class of two, and since then there have been no students of Irish at all in the college.
There are practically no fire engines in Japan, but the Yokohama City Council has made an appropriation to buy two. In the old days of bamboo houses, which the owners could take apart and carry off under the arms, fires caused little concern in the land of the Mikado, but the Yankees of the East have been constructing real buildings in recent years. Some destructive blazes, with heavy losses, started the fire engine movement.
It beats all what old questions reach some of the departments of government in Washington. Not long ago the treasury received a letter from a Pittsburgh man who had made a bet, asking "How many cents are there in a bushel?" The answer was not easy to offer. If the man had asked about pounds he might have received a definite answer. As it was, he got in reply a guess from a clerk, that "roughly there are something like \$320, or \$2,000 pennies."

The Naked Truth.
There is an ancient fable which tells us that on a summer afternoon Truth and Falsehood set out to bathe together. They found a crystal spring. They bathed in the cool, fresh water, and Falsehood, emerging first, clothed herself in the garments of Truth and went her way. But Truth, unwilling to put on the garb of Falsehood, departed naked. And to this day Falsehood wears Truth's fair white robes, so that many persons mistake her for Truth's very self, but poor Truth still goes naked.
Many people who have no time to play are always clamoring for something to play with.