

The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

He did not dare communicate this story even to his sister; for if she knew nothing he feared to poison her existence by telling her, and if she knew all he had not the courage to listen to the sequel. Perhaps no other experience in life produces a more profound shock than a discovery like that upon which David had so suddenly stumbled. It leads to despair or to melancholy, and many a life of high promise has been suddenly wrecked by it. While he brooded over this mystery the days slipped past the young mystic almost unnoted; he wandered about the farm, passing from one fit of abstraction into another, doing nothing, saying nothing, thinking everything.

He tried to look forward to the future with hope. But how can a man hope for harvests, when all his seed corn has been destroyed? If his father was bad, what hope was there that he could be better?

He made innumerable resolves to take up the duties of life where he had laid them down, but they were all like birds which die in the nest where they are born.

Pepeta was drawing him irresistibly to herself; he was like a man in the outer circle of a vortex, of which she was the center. The touch of her soft hand which he could still feel, the farewell glance of eyes which still shined before his imagination, attracted him like a powerful magnet. It was true that he did not know where she was; but he felt that he could find her in the uttermost parts of the earth by yielding himself to the impulse which had awakened in his heart.

"A dark veil of mystery hangs over my past. My present is full of misery and unrest. I will see if the future has any joys in store for me," he said to himself at the close of one of his restless days.

Without so much as a word of farewell, he crept out of the house in the gathering dusk, and started in pursuit of the bright object that floated like a will-o'-the-wisp before his inner eye.

A feeling of exultation and relief seized him as he left the place made dark and dreadful by the memory of that tragic scene through which he had so recently passed; the quiet of the evening soothed his perturbed spirits, and the tranquil stars looked down upon him with eyes that twinkled as if in sympathy.

CHAPTER VII.

Although David did not know the exact route the quack had laid out for his journey, he was certain that it would be easy enough to trace him in that sparsely-settled region, and so he turned his face in the direction in which the equipage vanished when he watched it from the barn.

It was not until the light of morning struggled through this universal gloom that the weary and bedraggled traveler entered the outskirts of the then straggling but growing and busy village of Hamilton. Tired in body and benumbed in mind, he made his way to the hotel, conscious only of his desire and determination to look once more upon the face of the woman whose image was so indelibly impressed upon his mind.

Approaching the desk he nervously asked if the doctor was among the guests. He flushed at the answer, demanded a room, ascended the steep staircase, and was soon in bed and asleep. Fatigued by his long tramp, he did not awaken until after noon, and then, having bathed, dressed and broken his long fast, he knocked at the door of the room occupied by the doctor and his wife.

There was a quick but gentle step in answer to his summons, and at the music of that footfall his heart beat tumultuously. The door opened, and before him stood the woman who had brought about this mysterious train of events in his life.

She started back as she saw him, with an involuntary and timid motion, but so great was her surprise and joy that she could not control her speech or action sufficiently to greet him.

"Who is it there?" cried the doctor, in his loud, imperative voice.

"Mr. Corson," she answered, in tones that were scarcely audible.

"Corson? Who is Corson, and what does he want?" he asked, rising and approaching the door.

The instant his eyes fell on the countenance of the Quaker, he threw up both hands and uttered a prolonged whistle of astonishment.

"The preacher!" he exclaimed. "The lost is found. The p-p-prodigal has returned. Come in, and let us k-k-kill the fatted calf!"

Coarse as the welcome was, it was full of sincerity, and its heartiness was like balm to the wounded spirit of the youth. He grasped the extended hand and permitted himself to be drawn into the room.

Pepeta, who had recovered from the first shock of surprise and delight, came forward and greeted him with a shy reserve. She gave him her hand, and its gentle touch reanimated his soul. She smiled at him—a gracious smile, and its light illumined the darkness of his heart. His sadness vanished. He once more felt an emotion of joy.

The excitement of their meeting having subsided they seated themselves, David in an easy chair, the doctor on the broad couch, and Pepeta on a little ottoman at his feet. Vivid green curtains partially obscured the bright sunshine which beat upon the windows. The wall-paper was cheap, vulgar, faded. On the floor

was an old ingrain carpet full of patches and spattered with ink stains. A blue-bottle fly whizzed and butted his head against the walls, and through the open casement hummed the traffic of the busy little town.

Nothing could have been more expressive of triumph and delight than the face of the quack. Whenever his feelings were particularly bland and expansive, he had a way of taking the ends of his enormous moustache and twisting them between his spatulate thumbs and fingers. He did this now, and twisted them until the coarse hairs could be heard grating against each other.

"Well, well!" he said, "so you could not resist the temptation? Ha! ha! ha! No wonder! It's not every young fellow behind the p-p-plow-tail that has a fortune thrust under his nose. Shows your good sense. I was right. I always am. I knew you were too bright a man to hide your light under a half-b-b-bushel of a village like that. In those seven-by-nine towns, all the sap dries out of men, and before they are 40 they begin to rattle around like peas in a p-p-wood. In such places young men are never anything but milk sops, and old men anything but b-b-bald-headed infants. You needed to see the world, young man. You required a teacher. You have put yourself into good hands, and if you stay with me you shall wear d-d-diamonds."

"Whatever the results may be, I have determined to make the experiment," said David, shrugging his shoulders.

"Right you are. But what b-b-brought you round? You were as stiff as a ramrod when I left you."

"Circumstances over which I had no control, and which I want to forget as soon as possible. My old life has ended and I have come to seek a new one."

"A new life? That's good. Well—we will show it to you, P-P-Pepeta and I. We will show you."

"The sooner the better. What am I to do?"

"Not so fast! There are times when it is better to g-g-go slow, as the snail said to the lightning. We must make a b-b-bargain."

"Do as you please. All I ask is a chance to put my foot upon the first round of the ladder and if I do not get to the top, I shall not hold you responsible," David replied, dropping the "these" of his Quaker life, in his determination to divest himself of all its customs as rapidly as he could.

"Hi! hi! There's fire in the flint! Good thing. You take me on the right side, D-D-Davy. I'll do the square thing by you—see if I d-d-don't. Let's have a drink. Bring the bottle, Pepeta!"

She went to the mantel and returned with a flask and two glasses. The quack filled them both and passed one to David. It was the first time in his life that he had ever even smelt an intoxicant. He recoiled a little; but having committed himself to his new life, he determined to accept all that it involved. He lifted the fiery potion to his lips, and drank.

"Hot, is it, my son?" cried the doctor, laughing uproariously at his wife's face. "You Quakers drink too much water! Freezes inside you and turns you into what you might call two-p-p-pronged icicles. Give me men with red blood in their veins! And there's nothing makes b-b-blood red like strong liquors!"

The whiskey revived the courage and loosened the tongue of the youth. The repugnance which he had instinctively felt for the vulgar quack began to mellow into admiration. He asked and answered many questions.

"What part am I to take in this business?" he asked.

"What part are you to take in the business? That's good. Never put off till to-morrow what you can d-d-do to-day. Business first and then pleasure! The soul of business is dispatch. These are good mottoes, my lad. I learned them from the wise men; but I had not learned them. I should have invented them. What's your p-p-part of the business, says you? Listen! You are to be its m-m-mouthpiece. That tongue of yours must wag like the tail of a d-d-dog; turn like a weather-vane; hiss like a serpent, drip with honey and poison, be tipped with p-p-persuasion; tell ten thousand tales, and every tale must sell a bottle of p-p-panacea!"

He paused, and looked rapturously upon the face of his pupil.

"This panacea—has it merits? Will it really cure?" asked David.

The doctor laughed long and loud. "Has it merits? Will it really cure? Ho! ho! Is thy bite good for the b-b-bachache?" said the sick mouse to the cat. What difference does it make whether it will cure or not? Success in b-b-business is not based upon the quality of the m-m-merchandise, my son."

"Upon what, then?" said David.

"Upon the follies, the weaknesses and the p-p-passions of mankind! Since time began, a 'universal panacea' has been a sure source of wealth. It makes no difference what the panacea is, if you only have the b-b-brains to fool the people. There are only two kinds of people in the world, my son—the fools and the f-foolers!"

Even whisky could not make David listen to this cold-blooded avowal without a shudder. The keen eye of the quack detected it; but instead of adulterating his philosophy, he doubled his dose.

"Shocks you, does it? You will g-g-get over that. We are not angels! We are only men. Remember what old

Jack Falstaff said? 'If Adam fell in a state of innocence, what shall I d-d-do in a state of villainy?'"

The boldness of the man and the radicalness of his philosophy dazzled and fascinated the inexperienced youth. This was what the astute and unscrupulous instructor expected, and he determined to pursue his advantage and effect, if possible, the complete corruption of his pupil in a single lesson; and so he continued:

"Got to live, my son! Self-p-p-preservation is the first law, and so we must imitate the rest of the b-b-brute creation, and live off of each other! The big ones must feed upon the little and the strong upon the weak. 'Every man for himself!' That's my religion."

"You may be right," said David, "but I cannot say that I take it kindly. I do not see how a man can practice this cruelty and injustice without suffering."

"Suffering! Idea of suffering is greatly exaggerated. Ever watch a t-toad that was being swallowed by a snake? Looks as if he positively enjoyed it. It's his mission. Born to be eaten! If there was as much pain in the world as p-p-people say, do you think anybody could endure it! Isn't the d-d-door always open? Can't a man quit when he wants to? Suffering! Pshaw! Do I look as if I suffered? Does Pepeta look as if she suffered? And yet she b-b-bamboozles them worse than I do. Back in your own little t-t-town she caught some of your long-faced old Quakers, b-b-b-fellows with broad-brimmed hats, drab coats and ox eyes, regular meet-in-goers! And there was that little d-d-dove-eyed girl. What was it she wanted to know, P-P-Pepeta? Tell him. Ha! ha! Tell him and we will see him b-b-blush."

"She asked me if her father was going to send her to Philadelphia this winter," she answered, without lifting her eyes.

"Why don't you tell me what she asked you 'bout D-D-Davy?"

"It is time for us to go to supper or we shall be late," she replied, laying aside her work and rising.

"Sure enough!" cried the doctor, springing to his feet. "The Q-Q-Quaker has knocked everything out of my head. Come on!"

He rose and began bustling about the room. When Pepeta glanced up from her work she saw in David's eyes a grateful appreciation of her courtesy and tact, and his look filled her with a new happiness.

The disgust awakened in the Quaker's mind by the coarseness of the quack was more than offset by the beauty and grace of the gypsy. When he looked at her, when he was even conscious of her presence, he felt a happiness which compensated for all that he had suffered or lost. He did that he had suffered or lost.

He had cast discretion to the winds. He had in these few hours since his departure broken so utterly with the past that he was like a man who had been suddenly awakened from a long lapse of memory. His old life was as if it had never been. He felt himself to be in a vacuum, where all his ideas must be newly created. This epoch of his experience was superimposed upon the other like a different geological formation. Like the old monks in their cells, he was deliberately trying to erase from the parchment of his soul all that had been previously written, in order that he might begin a new life history.

(To be continued.)

The Disadvantages of Chinese.

A Chinaman was called as a witness in the police court of Los Angeles in the case of a driver who had run over a dog. The judge asked him what time it was when he saw the man run over the dog. The conversation is reported by a writer in Lippincott's Magazine.

"Me no sabe," replied the witness.

"I say," repeated the judge, "what time was it when you saw this man run over the dog?"

"Me no sabe," repeated John, smiling blankly.

"We shall have to have an interpreter," commented his honor, as he realized that the witness did not understand English; and accordingly another Chinaman was hailed into court to act as interpreter. "Ask the witness," commanded the judge, "when he saw this man run over the dog."

The interpreter turned to his fellow countryman and said, "We chung lo, ho me choo lung waw, e-ho me no chow chee, loo know so-loo bling gong tong yit ben."

To which the witness replied, "Wong lin kee, wo hoo, wing chong lung yue lee, kin sing, choy yoke coey jing yung ding wah, sling suey way san yick ling toy bling coey bow tsue, po tang po gou hung mow kim quong yuen lee chow yo ben tong."

The interpreter then turned to the judge and said, "Him say Two o'clock."

At the Beach.

"Could you love me, and me alone?"

"Why, what a foolish question, Jack."

"Pardon my doubts."

"Could I love you alone! Aren't you the only man here?"—Washington Herald.

The Toll.

"Where are you going to spend your vacation?"

"I'm not going to."

"Huh?"

"I just earn my vacation—my family spends it."—Cleveland Leader.

His Line.

Bink—I don't like the looks of that chap. He has shifting eyes.

Wink—He can't help that. He is a scenery shifter down at the show.

Poor Fellow.

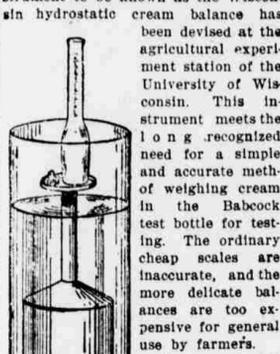
"Yes, I engaged her on her looks. My husband can't bear plain people about him."

You may reform a hardened old reprobate, but a fool or a saint is a hopeless proposition.

MAPS AND GARDEN

For Cream Test Balance.

A simple and sensitive weighing instrument to be known as the Wisconsin hydrostatic cream balance has been devised at the agricultural experiment station of the University of Wisconsin. This instrument meets the long recognized need for a simple and accurate method of weighing cream in the Babcock test bottle for testing. The ordinary cheap scales are inaccurate, and the more delicate balances are too expensive for general use by farmers.



The new invention consists of a specially devised brass float, similar to a hydrometer, which is placed in a cylinder of water. The instrument floats steadily in a vertical position, and supports a platform on which a cream bottle and a nine-gram weight are placed. Small, one-tenth gram weights are placed on the platform until the float sinks to a line on the spindle. The nine-gram weight is then put into the bottle with a pipette in a sufficient amount to again sink the float to a line of the spindle. This gives the weight accurately and the device is so sensitive that it is affected by a single drop of cream. The weighing can be done rapidly, however.

Skim Milk.

At the West Virginia experiment station it has been found that skim milk for feeding laying hens is worth from 1½ to 2 cents a quart. Other experiments have fully proved that it has equally as great value for feeding pigs.

Figuring at this rate, the milkman who sells whole milk is selling from 60 to 80 cents' worth of skim milk to each can, and the general market prices of a can of milk is close around \$1.25. Now, this can of milk contains enough cream to make four pounds of butter, which is worth about \$1, leaving only about 25 cents for the skim milk sold, or a loss of from 35 to 55 cents on each can over making the cream into butter and feeding the skim milk. Also, when the milk is fed on the farm more fertilizer is made, which makes the difference still greater in favor of keeping and feeding the skim milk.

Where one can secure select trade for whole milk at extra price it will pay to sell the whole milk and buy extra feeds and fertilizers, but selling whole milk at less than \$1 for a 40-quart can is not profitable when one considers the future of the land on which he is dairying.

New Corn Feeding.

Not all farmers appreciate the value of feeding new corn. When handled properly more good results can be obtained from it than from any other crop grown. When fed in the green stage, from the time when grains are in the mill, till they become hard and the blades dry up, horses and cattle will eat almost, if not all, of the entire plant, and sheep and hogs will eat much of it, utilizing to advantage all there is in the crop. New corn, just after it has passed the roasting ear stage, is one of the best feeds for poultry, both young and old, and hens will lay eggs much better than on old corn. There is no feed much better for fattening horses and colts, as well as cattle, than new corn.

We always plant some very early, medium and the patches of corn to be cut and fed whole in late summer and fall. In this way we have the best of feed for the stock in August, September and October, one-fourth of the year. While the new corn is being fed none of the stock requires much other feed, and the grain in the bin and the hay in the mow are saved.

Farm Notes.

Get busy with the wobbly colt and teach him that you are his friend and master. It will be easy.

The average ewe requires from 3 to 5 pounds of salt a year, the variation depending largely upon the amount of natural salts contained in the pastures.

The bees should have plenty of water. They consume a great deal, and will travel a long distance to get it. Should there be no running stream or lake of pure water near, it is well to place a pail of fresh water near the apiary every day. Water is used by the bees to dilute the heavy, thick honey left over from winter to make it suitable for the young larvae and also to make the cell wax pliable.

Wasteful Economy.

The number of people is small, we believe, who, knowing that through their fault some mistake of an injurious nature has been made, would want only to attach the blame to innocent parties. This is generally done thoughtlessly and ignorantly, albeit in good faith. The idea is to examine ourselves and methods before condemning another.

A patron of a Wisconsin creamery recently sent in some vigorous protests against its products. It transpired that the creamery was not in the wrong, except so far as the management put faith in a few of the patrons of the creamery. Several of them had thoughtlessly turned their herds into cabbage, rape and turnip patches immediately after the first heavy frosts, and the milk thus tainted was sent in, with the result of causing inferiority in the creamery's output.

Aside from the fact that we should not judge too hastily or be too ready to charge moral turpitude, the discerning farmer will understand from the case in point that feeding the stock any old thing to prevent waste may be the means of producing greater destruction.

Dairying in Winter.

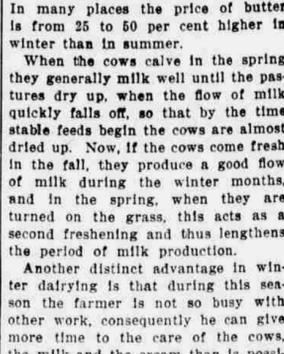
There are many advantages in having cows come fresh in winter, when all dairy products sell at a high price. In many places the price of butter is from 25 to 50 per cent higher in winter than in summer.

When the cows calve in the spring they generally milk well until the pastures dry up, when the flow of milk quickly falls off, so that by the time stable feeds begin the cows are almost dried up. Now, if the cows come fresh in the fall, they produce a good flow of milk during the winter months, and in the spring, when they are turned on the grass, this acts as a second freshening and thus lengthens the period of milk production.

Another distinct advantage in winter dairying is that during this season the farmer is not so busy with other work, consequently he can give more time to the care of the cows, the milk and the cream than is possible during the busy season of the year. When winter dairying becomes more generally practiced, the subject of winter feeds will be given more attention. Of these silage is one of the most important, since one acre of good silage material will yield as much feed as three acres of pasture.

Forms of Combs.

No matter how poultry may excel in shape, color, and size, a malformed comb and bad lobes will detract from the chances of success, especially in the non-sitting or Mediterranean breeds, where the ornamental headgear, or comb, is so conspicuously attractive. There are many kinds of combs, as will be seen in the accompanying illustrations, which are deserving of notice, chief of which are



the single serrated comb, as seen in such breeds as Minorcas, Leghorns, Orpingtons, Plymouth Rocks, Langshans, Dorking, in different sizes; the rose-comb, beautifully worked or corrugated, and full of small points, as seen chiefly in the Redcap, Hamburg, and Wyandotte family. Then there is the pea comb, or triple comb, that is, three parallel ridges (or very small combs), as seen in the Brahma or the Indian Game.

Water and Air in Soil.

There must be a proper balance of air and water to have the soil work go on. Exclude either and there is failure. Soil work is stopped when the soil becomes so dry that the water films around the soil particles are destroyed. Then is when the plant food ceases to be elaborated, and what plant food there is in the soil is no longer carried to the roots of the plants.

Great losses in crops are annually recorded because these simple fundamental facts are not fully understood. There must be a balance. Drainage will often do much to bring about a good condition of aeration of soil; but in some soils something else is needed. Thus a sandy soil that is so light that the moisture film soon disappears to a depth of a foot or more will produce nothing. In such a case other things must be incorporated with the sand of the soil, such as muck, lime, humus, fertilizer, to give it the power to retain the moisture film.

Keeping Sweet Potatoes.

There are several different methods for storing and keeping sweet potatoes which have proved successful. Potatoes, when first dug, have a large amount of moisture in them, which must evaporate. When the weather is good they should be left out in the field until this evaporation is complete; otherwise the moisture and the intense heat generated by their drying in a hill will cause rot. When this is not possible they should be piled loosely in a dry house for a week or two. They may then be stored in the loft of a building or in a room, where the temperature will be such that they do not freeze.

Have One Doctor

No sense in running from one doctor to another. Select the best one, then stand by him. Do not delay, but consult him in time when you are sick. Ask his opinion of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds. Then use it or not, just as he says.



Always keep a box of Ayer's Pills in the house. Just one pill at bedtime, now and then, will ward off many an attack of biliousness, indigestion, sick headache. How many years has your doctor known these pills? Ask him all about them.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

A Crazy Clock.

Visiting an old mate, who had the misfortune to be confined in a Yorkshire asylum, a collier noticed that the large clock in the reception hall was ten minutes slow.

"That clock is not right," he exclaimed.

"No, lad!" was the lunatic's reply. "That's why it's here."—London Daily News.

Case of Disappointment.

"Did you ever know a girl to die for love?"

"Yes."

"Did she just fade away and die because some man deserted her?"

"No, she just took off washing and worked herself to death because the man she loved married her."—Houston Post.

History as Corrected.

"Why came you so late?" asked Damon. "In another moment I should have been executed!"

"I couldn't find you!" gasped Pythias. "You failed to notify me that a new system of house numbering had gone into effect!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Quick Finish.

"Have you finished enumerating the things you want to do?" inquired Mrs. Housekeeper.

The prospective cook admitted that she had.

"Then perhaps you'll specify the things you can't do. Then I can tell if we can get along together."

The prospective cook decided right there that they couldn't.—Kansas City Journal.

Case of Fellow Feeling.

District Visitor—I've just had a letter from my son Arthur, saying he has won a scholarship. I can't tell you how pleased I am.

Rustic Party—I can understand yer feelin's, mum. I felt just the same when our pig won the medal at the agricultural show.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Professor.

The Doctor—I've stood for a good many wild and reckless assertions of your part, but you can't make me believe there is a tribe of Indians of Irish descent.

The Professor—That only shows that you have never heard of the Alligee Quinns.—Chicago Tribune.

Characteristics.

"Those plums may be good," said the man with the slouch hat, stopping to argue with the grocer's boy, "but I'm from Missouri."

"Well, I'll take 'em," said the man just behind him, picking up the box; "I'm from Ohio."

PIMPLES

"I tried all kinds of blood remedies which failed to do me any good, but I have found the right thing at last. My face was full of pimples and black-heads. After taking Cascarets they all left. I am continuing the use of them and recommending them to my friends. I feel fine when I rise in the morning. Hope to have a chance to recommend Cascarets."

Fred C. Witten, 76 Elm St., Newark, N. J.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure of your money back. 922

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