

# The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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## CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

With a swift, instinctive movement both of them turned away. Each read in the other's face consciousness of the impossibility of discussing those experiences through which they had come to be what they were. Such men guard the real history of their lives and the real emotions of their hearts as jealously as the combinations of their cards. The old, ironical smile lighted up Mantel's features, and he said:

"We seem to have a violent antipathy to this ice, Davy, and skate away from it as soon as it begins to crack a little beneath our feet."  
"Yes," said his friend, shrugging his shoulders. "It is not pleasant to fall through the crust of friendship. There is a sub-element in every life a too sudden plunge into which might result in a fatal chill. We had all better keep on the surface. I am frank enough to say that the less any one knows about my past, the better I shall be satisfied."

"I wish that I could keep my own self from invading that realm as easily as I can keep others! Why is it that no man has ever yet been able to let the dead past bury its dead? It seems a reasonable demand."

"He is a poor sexton—this old man, the Past. I have watched him at his work, and he is powerless to dig his own grave, however many others he may have excavated!"

"The Present seems as helpless as the Past. I wonder if the future will keep enough new events over old ones to hide them from view?"

"Let a shadow bury the sun! Let a wave bury the sea," answered David, bitterly.

Mantel dropped his eyes in silence. For the first time since David had known him, his fine face gave some genuine revelation of the emotions of his soul. Great tears gathered in his eyes, and his lips trembled. In a moment, he arose, took his hat, laid his hand gently upon the arm of his friend, and said, "David, my dear fellow, we are skating on that thin ice again. We shall fall through it— are not careful, and get that chill you were talking about. Let's go out and take a walk. Life is too deep for either you or me to fathom. I gave it up as a bad job long ago. Come, let us go. We need the air."

They went down into the streets and lost themselves in the busy crowd of care-encumbered men. Suddenly Mantel was startled by an abrupt change in the manner of his companion, who paused and stood as if rooted to the pavement, while his great blue eyes opened beyond their natural width with a fixed stare.

Following the direction of their gaze, Mantel saw that they were fixed on a blind beggar who sat on a stool at the edge of the sidewalk, silent and motionless like an old snag on the bank of a river—the perpetual stream of human life forever flowing by. His head was bare; in his outstretched hand he held a tin cup which jingled now and then as some compassionate traveler dropped him a coin; by his side, looking up occasionally into his unresponsive eyes, was a little terrier, his solitary companion and guide in a world of perpetual night.

The face of the man was a remarkable one, judged by almost any standard. It was large in size, strong in outline, and although he was a beggar, it wore an expression of power, of independence and resolution like that of another Belshazzar. But the feature which first arrested and longest held attention, was an enormous moustache. It could not have been less than fourteen inches from tip to tip, was carefully trimmed and trained, and although the man himself was still comparatively young, was white as snow. Occasionally he set his cup on his knee and with both hands twisted the ends into heavy ropes.

It was a striking face and exacted from every observer more than a passing look; but remarkable as it was, Mantel could not discover any reason for the strained and terrible interest of his companion, who stood staring so long and in such a noticeable way, that he was in danger of himself attracting the attention of the curious crowd.

Seeing this, Mantel took him by the arm. "What is the matter?" he asked. "It is he!" cried David, drawing his hand over his eyes like a man awakening from a dream; "it is he!"

"It is who? Are you mad? Come away! People are observing you. If there is anything wrong, we must move or get into trouble."

"Let me alone!" David replied, shaking off his hand. "I would rather die than lose sight of that man."  
"Then come into this doorway where you can watch him unobserved, for you are making a spectacle of yourself. Come, or I shall drag you."

With his eyes still riveted on that strange countenance, David yielded to the pressure of his friend's hand and they retired to a hallway whence he could watch the beggar unobserved. His whole frame was quivering with excitement and he kept murmuring to himself: "It is he. It is he! I cannot be mistaken! Nature never made his double! But how he has changed! How old and white he is! It cannot be his ghost, can it? If it were right I might think so, but it is broad daylight! This man is living flesh and blood and my hand is not, after all, the hand of a man—"

"Hush!" cried Mantel; "you are talking aloud!"  
"Yes, I am talking aloud," he answered, "and I mean to talk louder yet! I want you to hear that I am not a murderer, a murderer! Do you understand? I am going to rush out in-

to the streets to cry out at the top of my voice—I am not a murderer!"

Terrified at his violence, Mantel pushed him farther back into the doorway; but he sprang out again as if his very life depended upon the sight of the great white face.

"Be quiet!" Mantel cried, seizing his arm with an iron grip.

"Look at this hand, Mantel! I have not looked at it myself for more than three years without seeing spots of blood on it! And now it looks as white as snow to me!"

"You are in danger of being overheard, and if you are not careful, in a moment more we shall be in the hands of the police!"

"No matter if I am," cried David, almost beside himself, and rapturously embracing his friend. "Nothing could give me more pleasure than a trial for my crime, for my victim would be my witness! He is not dead. He is out there in the street. Mantel, you don't know what happiness it is to be alive! A mountain has been taken from my shoulders. I no longer have any secret! I will tell you the whole story of my life, now."

"Not now; but later on, when we are alone."

David had now grown more quiet, and they stood patiently waiting for the time to come when the old beggar should leave his post and retire to his home, if home he had. At last he received his signal for departure. A shadow fell from the roof of the tall building opposite, upon the pupil of an eye, which perhaps felt the darkness it could not see. The building was his dial. Like millions of his fellow creatures, he measured life by advancing shadows.

He arose, and in his mien and movements there was a certain majesty. Placing his hat upon his storm-beaten head, he folded the camp-chair under his arm, took the leading string in his hand and followed the little dog, who began picking his way with fine care through the surging crowd.

Behind him at a little distance walked the two gamblers, pursuing him like a double shadow. A bloodhound could not have been more eager than David was. He trembled if an omnibus cut off his view for a single instant, and shuddered if the beggar turned a corner.

Unconscious of all this, the dog and his master wended their way homeward. They crawled slowly and quietly across a street over which thundered an endless procession of vehicles; they moved like snails through the surf of the ocean of life. Arriving at length at the door of a wretched tenement house, the blind man and his dog entered.

As he noted the squalor of the place, David murmured to himself, "Poor old man! How low he has fallen!"

Several minutes passed in silence, while he stood reflecting on the doctor's misery, his own new happiness and the opportunities and duties which the adventure had opened and imposed. At last he said to his friend, "Do you know where we are? I was so absorbed that I didn't notice our route at all."

"Yes," Mantel answered. "I have marked every turn of the way."

"Could you find the place again?"

"Without the slightest difficulty."

"Be sure, for if you wish to help me, as I think you do, you will have to come often. I have made my plans in the few moments in which I have been standing here, and am determined to devote my life, if need be, to this poor creature whom I have so wronged. I must get him out of this filthy hole into some cheerful place. I will take for the past if I can! Atone! What a word that is! With what stunning force its meaning dawns upon me! How many times I have heard and uttered it without comprehension. But somehow I now see in it a revelation of the sweetest possibility of life. Oh! I am a changed man; I will make atonement! Come, let us go. I am anxious to begin. But no, I must proceed with caution. How do I know that this is his permanent home? He may be only lodging for the night, and when you come to-morrow, he may be gone! Go in, Mantel, and make sure that we shall find him here to-morrow. Go, and while you find out all you can about him, I will begin to search for such a place as I want to put him in. We will part for the present, but when we meet to-night we shall have much to talk about. I will tell you the whole of this long and bitter story. I am so happy, Mantel, you can't understand! I have something to live for now. I will work, oh, you do not know how I will work to make this atonement. What a word it is! It is music to my ears. Atonement!"

And so in the lexicon of human experience he had at last discovered the meaning of one of the great words of our language. After all, experience is the only exhaustive dictionary, and the definitions it contains are the only ones which really burn themselves into the mind or fully interpret the significances of life.

## CHAPTER XVII.

The next few weeks were passed in devoted efforts to make the blind man comfortable and happy. David sought and found a place to work, and after reserving enough of his wages to supply the few necessities of his daily life, dedicated the rest to the purchase of comforts for the poor invalid.

Mantel acted as his almoner, and by his delicate tact and gentle manners persuaded the proud and revengeful old man to accept the mysterious charity. The moment the strain of perpetual beggary was taken from

him, the physical ruin which the terrible blow of the stone, the subsequent illness, and the ensuing poverty and wretchedness had wrought, became manifest. He experienced a sudden relapse, and began to sink into an ominous decline.

Even had he not known the secret of his sorrow, it would have soon become plain to his acute and watchful nurse that some hidden trouble was gnawing at his heart, for he was taciturn, abstracted and sometimes morose. He manifested no curiosity as to the benefactor upon whose charity he was living, but received the alms bestowed by that unknown hand unaltered, uncomprehended and unobserved.

His mind, aroused by the conversation of his untiring nurse to the realities of the present existence, would sink back by a sort of irresistible gravity into the realm of memory. There, in the impenetrable privacy of his soul, he brooded over his wrongs and counted his prospects of righting them, as a miser reckons his coins.

The blow struck by David had stunned the doctor, but had not killed him. He lay in the road until a slave, passing that way, picked him up and carried him to a neighboring plantation, where he fell into the hands of people who in the truest sense of the word were good Samaritans. Their hospitality was tested to the utmost, for he lay for weeks in a stupor, and when he recovered consciousness his reason had undergone a strange eclipse. For a long time he could not recall a single event in his history and when at last some of the most prominent began to re-present themselves to his view it was vaguely and slowly, as mountain-peaks and hill-tops break through a morning mist. This was not the only result of the blow which his rival had struck him; it had left him totally blind.

Not until many weeks had passed did Mantel succeed in really engaging his patient in anything like a conversation, and even after he had begun to thaw a little under those tactful ministrations of love, whenever the past was even hinted at the old recluse relapsed instantly into silence.

Mantel might have been discouraged had he not determined at all hazards to enter into the secrets of this life, and to pave the way for the forgiveness of his friend. He therefore persisted in his efforts, and one bright day when the invalid was feeling unusually strong ventured to press home his inquiries.

"I cannot help thinking," he said, "that you could soon be reasonably well again if you did not brood so much. I fear there is some trouble gnawing at your heart."

"There is," he was answered, icily. "Have you wronged some one, then, and are these thoughts which vex you feelings of remorse and guilt?"

"Wronged some one!" the sick man fairly roared, gripping the arms of his chair and gasping for breath in the excitement which the question brought on. "Not I! I have been wronged! No one has ever wronged me in my life. I have nourished vipers in my bosom and been stung by them. I have sown love and reaped hate. I have been robbed, deceived and betrayed! My wife is gone! My health is gone! My sight is gone! He has skinned me like a sheep! My heart has turned to a hammer which knocks at my ribs and cries revenge! It ch-ch-chokes me!"

He gasped, grew purple in the face and clutched at his collar as if about to strangle. After a while the paroxysm passed away, and Mantel determined once more to try and assuage this implacable hatred.

(To be continued.)

**He Wanted an Equal Chance.**  
The "sporting parson," once a familiar figure in English society, has all but disappeared, in consequence of the religious revivals and reforms of the last century and a half. A hundred years ago, however, he still existed, says a writer in Tit-Bits, and one of the type presided over a little seaside parish in Lincolnshire.

The place was a favorite landing place for woodcock at the time of their annual migration, and the parson used to tell off a native to let him know as soon as the birds began to arrive.

On Sunday he was preaching to his congregation, and had just reached the second head of his discourse, when the church door was cautiously opened and a head appeared followed by a beckoning finger. The parson either did not see, or he would not heed the intruder, who then gave a loud cough.

The preacher stopped in his preaching in the middle of a sentence and excitedly asked: "What is it, John?"

"Cocks is coom," replied John.

The parson hurriedly closed his sermon case. "Shut the door and lock it!" he cried to the clerk. "Keep the people in church till I've got my surplus off. Let's all have a fair chance."

### Method.

"What makes you keep on asking me if the razor hurts?" asked the man who was being shaved. "I've said 'yes' three times and it hasn't made any difference."

"No," answered the barber. "I was merely trying my razors out to see which of 'em wants honing."—Washington Star.

### Still Worse.

"Died in poverty!" cried the philosopher scornfully.

"Died in poverty, did he, and you expect me to sympathize? What is there in dying in poverty? I've got to live in it."—The Sporting Times.

### The Cost of a Fad.

"Do you know her well?"  
"To the contrary, I've never known her well a single day since she learned it was fashionable to be operated on."—St. Louis Star.

### The Man of the Hour.

"What is a food expert?"  
"Any man who can make his wag-buynough for the family table."—Philadelphia Ledger.

# FARM AND GARDEN

## Advantages of a Silo.

Silos have become one of the fixed appointments of successful dairy and stock farms where economy in feed is necessary to achieve profitable results. The expense of a silo often prevents its use by farmers who feel that they cannot spare the money for such an equipment. The intelligent feeder who has carefully investigated the advantages of a silo is the man loudest in its praise. It has become recognized that high class results in feeding live stock cannot be consummated without feeding silage.

Deleterious results seldom follow feeding ensilage. If such results do follow it comes from either overfeeding or from spoiled silage. Silage is recognized as of great economic value in feeding dairy cows. Where dairy farming is made a specialty but few dairies are operated without the use of silage. It is equally valuable as a ration for young cattle and has decided merits when fed to steers being fattened for market. Sheep and swine thrive on silage. As a part of the ration of roughage it could be generally utilized for all classes of live stock. The dairy cow could be fed forty pounds of silage daily, while thirty pounds would be a ration for a beef animal.

A silo enables the farmer to economize in space in the storage of feed. It requires double the space to store the same feed nutrients in dry roughage as in silage. The silo can be constructed of re-enforced cement and become a permanent improvement that will cost nothing for maintenance.

A silo enables the farmer to save his feed with the minimum loss of nutrients. Feed cured in the open air suffers a loss of about 25 per cent of nutrients, while ensilage loses about 10 per cent of nutrient.

Silage has been comprehensively tested at nearly all the agricultural experiment stations with uniform favorable results. It insures to the dairyman succulent feed at all times—an important condition in milk production, as succulent feed is best for dairy cows.—Goodall's Farmer.

## Farming as a Business.

Science has shown that where there is a farm that does not pay, the fault lies not in the land, but in the man who is in charge. Good or bad farming results from definite reasons. Success results from painstaking, seasonal operations; the application of practical knowledge which has been gained by studying the requirements which are known will bring success.

Lack of ambition results in indifferent work on the farm. Taking full advantage of the resources of any farm, and following intelligent, up-to-date methods of farming will in due time mean steady and often very rapid improvement in yield of crops. In a sense, the resources of a farm vary with locality; but in the main there are many identical conditions on very many farms. The farmer who works to establish a well-set meadow, aims to get the hilly, washable, waste lands set in grass; utilizes the rocky rough lands by setting out fruit trees; ditches the low lands and reclaims the swamps; improves the stony fields by picking off the surface stones so that crops will take the places the stones occupied, uses some of the ways of taking advantage of the resources of a farm.

The farmer who owns a big farm in very many instances does not secure crops that average as well as the farmer whose farm rarely exceeds sixty or seventy acres. The reason is the large farmer cannot, with the force he usually keeps, properly look after everything, seeing that reasonable work is done and that each farming operation is well attended to. Each of these is a great success factor in farming. Hasty work means, invariably, some neglect or work indifferently done.

## Corn Breeding.

The Illinois experiment station has just published the results of its efforts to breed corn for high and low protein content and for high and low oil content. Ten generations of corn have been bred for these different purposes by selection of seed having the desired qualities. In the effort to increase the protein content the average has been changed from 10.92 per cent to 14.26 per cent in the effort to decrease it from 10.92 per cent to 8.64 per cent. Individual ears have been found which contain as high as 17.79 per cent of protein and as low as 6.13 per cent, as high as 8.59 per cent of oil and as low as 1.60 per cent. But the high protein corn has been in every case less productive than any of the other three and in some cases decidedly so. It has also been less productive as a rule than corn grown for no particular purpose—just corn.

The conclusion is reached from some plots that, while this continued selection for a single purpose to the neglect of all other considerations has resulted in lower yields, yet this is not a necessary result. In some cases high protein corn has yielded well as compared with standard varieties bred for no particular purpose.

## The Profitable Dairy Cow.

Some people seem to keep and milk cows simply because others keep them, without any regard to whether the cows are paying a profit. For a cow to be worth keeping she must pay a profit on the feed and care given her. For her to be really worth while, she should produce 100 per cent more milk than her feed costs, including pasture, of course.

It does not matter so much what breed a cow belong to. Simply because she is of Jersey or Holstein blood, is not positive proof that she is more than paying her way. A common cow may be doing better than she. The only way to find out what she is doing is to weigh and test her milk at regular and frequent intervals. Let her stand on her merits and not on her ancestry.

One reason why some cows do not pay greater profit is that they are not fed all the nutritious feed they will eat. This is especially the case with many farmers in winter, when pastures are dead. Many of them keep their producing cows on half feed when they are not on pasture, and still expect the cows to make up the loss. If a cow is worth keeping at all she is worth feeding all she can be induced to eat. If it is not found profitable to purchase extra feeds so that the cows may have all that they will consume, then it is best to keep only as many cows as feed can be provided for on the farm.

Make the cow produce all the milk she can by good care and feed, and do not let her go dry until the time she is ready to turn dry. Keep the best heifers from the best cows.—Journal of Agriculture.

## Breed and Feed.

To cheapen the cost of production, is to increase the price of dairy products, and the only way to lower the cost is to feed and breed intelligently. The scrub bull is the bane and curse of the dairy industry in Missouri and the Southwest, as it is everywhere else. And it should also be remembered that the best cow in the world may be ruined as a milk producer by improper feeding. If you do not own a thoroughbred bull with good milk stock in his pedigree, buy one at once. Get out of the old rut, and start right. Go to work now and build up your herd. The chances are that 50 per cent of those who read this paragraph have a lot of cows that are hardly paying for their keep. But, by breeding to the right sort of a sire, and keeping the heifer calves from only the best milkers, and feeding intelligently, any man who reads this can have a herd of 300-pound producing cows in five years.—Missouri Dairyman.

## Waste of Feed.

Wherever cattle or hogs are fed, there is a great waste in valuable feed resulting from the feeding of too much corn, or feeding corn out of balance and proportion to protein or nitrogenous food. The time has come in the high price of corn to call a halt to this wasteful method of feeding. To fully utilize feed proper digestion must go on, and when corn is fed out of balance with nitrogenous foods it is not all digested and assimilated. These are very important facts, now that corn is high in price and is likely to stay so. What, then, is the food that must take the place of part of the corn fed in making pork? That is the question that should be carefully studied and heeded by farmers. Cheaper production through more economical use of our feeds is an important matter and must be so recognized sooner or later by our farmers.—Kansas Farmer.

## Orchard Cultivation.

Hoed the weeds and grass away from the trees in the orchard, and while you are hoeing the grass and weeds away, dig down into it and stir the soil 2 or 3 feet around the base of each tree. Keeping the grass and weeds away will destroy nesting places for mice and prevent them from girdling the trees. Digging into and turning up some of the surface soil will bring some insect pests to light to be destroyed, and the stirring of the soil around the base of the tree will do some good in the way of cultivation. A few minutes thus spent on each tree may be the means of its bearing an extra bushel of fruit this coming year. The more the orchard is cultivated and worked with the more it will bear. Intensive orchard cultivation is imperative for the best results.—Journal of Agriculture.

## Poultry Notes.

Some farmers neglect the 25 to 50 cents that the battering of cracks in the coop would cost, and each month feed a dollar's worth of extra corn in order to supply the animal heat needed.

Fowls love to thrash out a bundle of wheat or oats, and it does one good to step around to the door of the poultry house and listen to the merry chatter while the fowls are digging in the straw.

The answer to the question, Does winter poultry pay? depends in a large measure upon where your hens are roosting. If on the bare branches of a tree, on the northeast corner of the barn, there can be no doubt about it.

Raise your chickens outdoors at all seasons of the year, give them every opportunity to get fresh air and sunshine. Keep them in small flocks until they roost regularly. Keep the roofs of all brooders and coops water tight; dampness is fatal to chickens, old or young. If coops leak, cover with tar roofing or canvas painted with several coats of white lead.—Farm Journal.



Visitor—What have you in arctic literature? Librarian—Cook books and Pearyodicals.—Brooklyn Life.

"I want one of the new spotted face vells, please." "Yes, madam. Speckled, spattered, or splotted?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wife (reminiscing)—Well, I very nearly didn't marry you, John. John (absent-mindedly)—I know—but who told you?—The Sketch.

"If m'wife's awake, I'll shay: 'M'dear, brought y' some c'sath'mums—chrysthums—chrysthums"—hang it! Wish I'd got roses.—Life.

Borrower—I have no use for that fellow BJones. Wigwag—Yes, BJones is one of those fellows who object to being used.—Philadelphia Record.

"What do they mean by an 'endurance test'?" "Two chaps bragging about their respective makes of automobiles."—Springfield Republican.

"Well, Tommy, what part of the chicken will you have?" "Why, paw, you know I always take the back when there's company."—St. Louis Republic.

"I've just figured out how the Venus de Milo came to lose her arms." "How?" "She broke them off trying to button her shirtwaist up the back."—The Jewish Ledger.

"The audience is calling you," the playwright was informed. "I hear them," he answered. "Show me the quickest way to get out of here."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"New-mown hay is a delightful perfume; we sell lots of it." "Haven't you something with a gasoline odor? I want people to think I own a motor car, not a horse."—Life.

Mrs. Newbridge—Boohoo! Henry threw a biscuit at me. One that I made myself, too! Mother—The monster! He might have killed you!—The United Presbyterian.

Hoax—Out in Arizona he is known as a bad man. Joax—Is that so? Did he ever kill any one? Hoax—Oh, yes. Joax—What make of car does he drive?—Philadelphia Record.

Visitor—Can you read the past? Fortune Teller—Certainly. That's my business. Visitor—Then I wish you'd tell me what it was my wife told me to get for her!—Boston Globe.

"Do you want employment?" asked the sympathetic woman. "I dunno wot dat is, ma'am," replied the husky hobo, "but ef it's ennything ter eat, youse may gimme a few."—Chicago Daily News.

Judge—I'll have to fine ye fifty dollars for exceeding the speed limit. Jack Scorchor—Look here, judge, this young lady and I want to get married. Break it fine and you get the job.—Brooklyn Life.

Whale—What are you going to tell your wife when you get home? Jonah—I don't know; I don't suppose she would believe me if I should tell her that I had been to a fish dinner.—The Bohemian.

"You don't know what that's a picture of, Johnny?" said Mrs. Lapsling, in a tone of reproof. "You ought to read your ancient history more. That is the temple of Dinah at Emphasia."—Chicago Tribune.

Cynicus—It is impossible for a woman to keep a secret. Henpeckke—I don't know about that; my wife and I were engaged for several weeks before she said anything to me about it.—Philadelphia Record.

"Are you in favor of votes for women?" "Yes. Perhaps if we can get them to think more about votes they will think less about clothes. I have four daughters who are growing up."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Speaking of joy rides, did you ever have a real one?" "No." "Never go out in a buggy along a shady lane, with a plug of a horse and the only girl in the world? Say, you don't know what life it."—Public Ledger.

A traveler stopped at a hotel in Greenland, where the nights are six months long, and, as he registered, asked a question of the clerk. "What time do you have breakfast?" "From half-past March to a quarter to May."

Reporter—Mr. Cummin, have you the manuscript of that after-dinner speech you delivered at that banquet last night? Ketchum A. Cummin (with a gasp)—Did I deliver a speech there, young man? Whose?—Chicago Tribune.

"The starvation experiences of those English suffragettes were trying." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "it's pretty hard to be obliged to stop criticizing the public policies of a great government in order to find fault with its cooking."—Washington Star.

Husband—I must marry again, dearest, when I am gone, and that will be very soon. Wife—No, Edward, no one will marry an old woman like me. You ought to have died ten years ago for that.—Meggendorfer Blätter.

"Over here," said the Arab guide, "we have another mummy. From the cooking utensils found near her, she is supposed to have been a cook. For 2,000 years she has remained just where she was found." "Bosh!" scoffed the American tourist, "that's no cook." "Why not?" "Who ever heard of a cook remaining in one place that long?"—Chicago Daily News.