

# The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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## CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Having stalked indignantly onward for a few paces, the doctor discovered that his wife had not followed him, and turning he called savagely, "Pepeeta, come!" It is folly to try and persuade him. Let us leave the saint to his prayers! But let him remember the old p-p-proverb, "young saint, old sinner!" Come!

He proceeded towards the carriage; but Pepeeta seemed rooted to the ground, and David was equally incapable of motion. While they stood thus, gazing into each other's eyes, they saw nothing and they saw all. That brief glance was freighted with destiny. A subtle communication had taken place between them, although they had not spoken; for the eye has a language of its own.

What was the meaning of that glance? What was the emotion that gave it birth in the soul? He knew! It told its own story. To their dying day, the actors in that silent drama remembered that glance with rapture and with pain.

Pepeeta spoke first, hurriedly and anxiously: "What did you say last night about the 'light of life'? Tell me! I must know."

"I said there is a light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." "And what did you mean? Be quick. There is only a moment."

"I meant that there is a light that shines from the soul itself and that in this light we may walk, and he who walks in it, walks safely. He need never fall!"

"Never? I do not understand; it is beautiful; but I do not understand!" "Pepeeta!" called her husband, angrily.

She turned away, and David watched her gliding out of his sight, with an irrepressible pain and longing. "I suppose she is his daughter," he said to himself, and upon that natural but mistaken inference his whole destiny turned. Something seemed to draw him after her. He took a step or two, halted, sighed and returned to his labor.

But it was to a strangely altered world that he went. Its glory had vanished; it was desolate and empty, or so at least it seemed to him, for he confronted the outer and the inner worlds as it was his nature and habit to do. It was in his soul that the change had taken place.

Thoughts which he had always been able to expel from his mind before, like evil birds fluttered again and again into the windows of his soul. For this he upbraided himself; but only to discover that at the very moment when he regretted that he had been tempted at all, he also regretted that he had not been tempted further. All day long his agitated spirit alternated between remorse that he had enjoyed so much, and regret that he had enjoyed so little. Never had he experienced such a tumult in his soul. He struggled hard, but he could not tell whether he had conquered or been defeated.

He heard again the mocking laughter of the quack and the stinging words of his cynical philosophy once more rang in his ears. What this coarse wretch had said was true, then! Much of his youth had already passed and he had not as yet tasted the only substantial joys of existence—money, pleasure, ambition, love! He felt that he had been deceived and defrauded. A contempt for his old life and its surroundings crept upon him. He began to despise the simple country people among whom he had grown up, and those provincial ideas which they cherished in the little, unknown nook of the world where they stagnated.

During a long time he permitted himself to be borne upon the current of these thoughts without trying to stem it, till it seemed as if he would be swept completely from his moorings. But his trust had been firmly anchored, and did not easily let go its hold. The convictions of a lifetime began to reassert themselves. They rose and struggled heroically for the possession of his spirit.

Had the battle been with the simple abstraction of philosophic doubt, the good might have prevailed, but there obtruded itself into the field the concrete form of the gypsy. The glance of her lustrous eyes, the gleam of her milk-white teeth, the heaving of her agitated bosom, the inscrutable but suggestive expression of her flushed and eager face, these were foes against which he struggled in vain. A feverish desire, whose true significance he did not altogether understand, tugged at his heart, and he felt himself drawn by unseen hands toward this mysterious and beautiful being. She seemed to him at that awful moment, when his whole world of thought and feeling was slipping from under his feet, the one only abiding reality. She at least was not an impalpable vision, but solid, substantial, palpating flesh and blood. Like continuously advancing waves which sooner or later must undermine a dyke, the passions and suspicions of his newly awakened nature were sapping the foundations of his belief.

At intervals he gained a little courage to withstand them, and at such moments tried to pray; but the effort was futile, for neither would the accustomed syllables of petition spring to his lips, nor the feelings of faith and devotion arise within his heart.

## CHAPTER V.

Violent emotions, like the lunar tides, must have their ebb because they have their flow. The feelings do not so much advance like a river, as oscillate like a pendulum. Striding homeward, David's determination to join his fortune to those of the two adventurers

began to wane. He trembled at an unknown future and hesitated before untrodden paths. Already the strange experience through which he had passed began to seem to him like a half-forgotten dream. The recedent thoughts and feelings of his religious life began to set back into every bay and estuary of his soul.

With a sense of shame, he regretted his hasty decision, and was saying to himself, "I will arise and go to my Father," for all the experiences of life clothed themselves at once in the familiar language of the Scriptures.

It is more than likely that he would have carried out this resolution, and that this whole experience would have become a mere incident in his life history, if his destiny had depended upon his personal volition. But how few of the great events of life are brought about by our choice alone!

Just at sunset he crossed the bridge over the brook which formed the boundary line of the farm, and as he did so heard a light footstep. Lifting his eyes, he saw Pepeeta, who at that very instant stepped out of the low bushes which lined the trail she had been following.

Her appearance was as sudden as an apparition and her beauty dazzled him. Her face, flushed with exercise, gleamed against the background of her black hair with a sort of spiritual radiance.

When she saw the Quaker, a smile of unmistakable delight flashed upon her features and added to her bewitching grace. She might have been an Orinda or a Dryad wandering alone through the great forest. What bliss for youth and beauty to meet thus at the close of day amid the solitudes of Nature!

Had Nature forgotten herself, to permit these two young and impressionable beings to enjoy this pleasure on a lonely road just as the day was dying and the tense energies of the world were relaxed? There are times when her indifference to her own most inviolable laws seems anarchic. There are moments when she appears wanton to lure her children to destruction.

They gazed into each other's eyes, they knew not how long, with an incomprehensible and delicious joy, and then looked down upon the ground. Having regained their composure by this act, they lifted their eyes and regarded each other with frank and friendly smiles.

"I thought thee had gone," said David.

"We stayed longer than we expected," Pepeeta replied.

"Has thee been hunting wild flowers?" he asked, observing the bouquet which she held in her hand.

"I picked them on the way." "These does love the woods?"

"Oh, so much! I am a sort of wild creature and should like to live in a cave."

"I am afraid thee would always turn thy face homeward at dusk, as thee is doing now," he said with a smile.

"Oh, no! I am not afraid! I go because I must."

The path was wide enough for two, and side by side they moved slowly forward.

The somber garb in which he was dressed, and the brilliant colors of her apparel, afforded a contrast like that between a pheasant and a scarlet tanager. Color, form, motion—all were perfect. They fitted into the scene without a jar or discord, and enhanced rather than disturbed the harmony of the drowsy landscape.

As they walked onward, they vaguely felt the influence of the repose that was stealing upon the tired world; the intellectual and volitional elements of their natures becoming gradually quiescent, the emotions were given full sway. They felt themselves drawn toward each other by some irresistible power, and although they had never before been conscious of any incompleteness of their lives, they suddenly discovered affinities of whose existence they had never dreamed. Their two personalities seemed to be absorbed into one new mysterious and indivisible being, and this identity gave them an incomprehensible joy. Over them as they walked, Nature brooded, sphinx-like. Their young and healthy natures were tuned in unison with the harmonies of the world like perfect instruments from which the delicate fingers of the great Musician evoked a melody of which she never tired, reserving her discords for a future day. On this delicious evening she permitted them to be thrilled through and through with joy and hope and she accompanied the song their hearts were singing with her own multitudinous voices. "Be happy," chirped the birds; "be happy," whispered the evening breeze; "be happy," murmured the brook, running along by their side and looking up into their faces with laughter. The whole world seemed to re-echo with the refrain, "Be happy! Be happy! for you are young, are young!" Pepeeta first broke the silence.

"I had never heard of the things about which you talked," she said.

"Thee never had? How could that be? I thought that every one knew them!"

"I must have lived in a different world from yours."

"And thee was happy?" "I thought so until I heard what you said. Since then I have been full of care and trouble. I wish I knew what you meant! But I have seen that wonderful light!"

"Thee has seen it?" "Yes, to-day! And I followed it; I shall always follow it." "When does thee leave the village?" David asked, fearing the conversation

would lead where he did not want to go.

"To-morrow," she said.

"Does thee think that the doctor would renew his offer to take me with him?"

"Do I think so? Oh! I am sure."

"Then I will go."

"You will go? Oh, I am so happy. The doctor was very angry; he has not been himself since. You don't know how glad he will be."

"But will not thee be happy, too?" he asked.

"Happier than you could dream," she answered with all the frankness of a child.

Having reached the edge of the woods, where their paths separated, they paused.

"We must part," said David.

"Yes; but we shall meet to-morrow."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

At the touch of their hands their young hearts were awayed by tender and tumultuous feelings. A too strong pressure startled them, and they loosened their grasp. The sun sank behind the hill. The shadows that fell upon their faces awakened them from their dreams. Again they said good-bye and reluctantly parted. Once they stopped and, turning, waved their hands; and the next moment Pepeeta entered the road which led her out of sight.

In this interview, the entire past of those two lives seemed to count for nothing. If Pepeeta had never seen anything of the world; if she had issued from a nunnery at that very moment, she could not have acted with a more utter disregard of every principle of safety.

It was the same with David. The fact that he had been reared a Quaker; that he had been dedicated to God from his youth; that he had struggled all his days to be prepared for such a moment as this, did not affect him to the least degree.

The seasoning of the bow does not invariably prevent it from snapping. The drill on the parade ground does not always insure courage for the battle. Nothing is more terrible than this futility of the past.

Such scenes as this discredit the value of experience, and attach a terrible reality to the conclusion of Coleridge, that "it is like the stern-light of a vessel—illuminating only the path over which we have traveled."

It was to this moment that their consciences traced their sorrows; it was to that act of their souls which permitted them to enjoy that momentary rapture that they attached their guilt; it was at that moment and in that silent place that they planted the seeds of the trees upon which they were subsequently crucified.

## (To be continued.)

## HUNTING IN CHINA.

### Variety of Game Found Among the Royal Tombs.

Four hours by train southwest of Peking lie the Hsi Ling or Western Tombs, the mausolea of the reigning dynasty. The tombs lie in a large parklike inclosure containing some sixty square miles of broken, hilly country in which the Chinese are not allowed to settle and which may not be plowed up. In consequence of this it is a refuge for all kinds of game and about the only sure find for pheasants within easy reach of Peking.

A kind of chamois (the Indian goral) and spotted deer are found on the higher hills and are preyed on by the panther and the wolf. As soon as the frost sets in for the winter the Chinese begin shooting the pheasants, and although they seem to do their best to exterminate them, a good many apparently escape and provide the stock for the following year.

The birds are shot over dogs, some of which have really good noses, though in appearance they differ in no way from the scavengers of the village streets. If possible a tame hawk is also taken out to mark down birds that are missed or not fired at. The man with the hawk takes his stand on a commanding hill and the hunter with his dog proceeds to draw round him. If the dog puts up a pheasant which is missed by the Chinaman, or a brace, only one of which can be fired at, the hawk is at once loosed and pheasant and hawk disappear together. The hunter reloads and follows and finds the hawk by means of a small bell attached to its back probably sitting on a rock or tree stump.

He then sends his dog in to put up the pheasant, which is invariably hiding in a thick bit of cover within a few yards of the hawk. As long as the hawk is sitting there the poor bird will neither run nor fly, and thus falls an easy victim to the hunter. In this way a couple of Chinamen with a gun, a dog, and a hawk make comparatively large bags in places where the foreigner vainly attempting to walk up his game with a straggling line of useless Chinese beaters will probably only get a few shots in a day, and certainly never find a pheasant again which he has once missed.

On the stonier hills, where there is less cover, chikors are found in considerable quantities and give very fair sport, except for their indefatigable powers of running uphill; but the Chinese keep them still by using a hawk. Along the streams, fighting hard to keep open in spite of the severe frost, a few ducks and snipe may be picked up, the latter heavier and plumper birds than regular spring and autumn visitors.

## He Was Satisfied.

"People praise my work," said the artist, boastfully.

"And they laugh at mine," rejoined the sad-faced party; "but I don't mind."

"What is your line?" queried the artist.

"I'm a professional humorist," replied the other.—Chicago Daily News.

All that are lovers of virtue, be quiet and go angling.—Isaiah Walton.



## FARM NOTES.

### Calf Mangers.

A form of combined stanchion and manger for calf feeding is illustrated in a bulletin published by the Michigan Experiment Station and is recommended as being very convenient. The principle on which the stanchion is built is not claimed to be new; the use dates back a number of decades, but the especial application and adjustment of the one hereafter described presents some new features. This particular model is produced as the result of three years' trial, having undergone several changes since the first one was installed. This appliance can be adjusted so as to accommodate the calf from birth up to twelve months of age. The calves are confined in the stanchions at feeding time only. After the calf has been secured the milk bucket is placed in the manger; when the milk is consumed the bucket is removed and ensilage and meal supplied, followed by hay. By using this stanchion method of feeding the maximum number of calves can be kept in a minimum amount of space in a clean, healthy, thrifty condition, providing they are given access to outdoor yardage. The average size of the four calf pens in the dairy barn, including manger space is 15 feet three inches by 12 feet three inches. Each pen accommodates eight calves up to five or six months of age. The average size of two pens in the grade herd barn accommodating six calves each, is 9 feet 9 inches by 14 feet 10 inches, and three occupied by five each are 10 1/2 feet by 11 feet 9 inches. Of course, in all cases except one the calves have access to yardage at will.

Referring to the illustration for detailed description, the bottom of the

practically 2 feet high and 2 1/2 feet above the floor; the slope given to this part of the manger is a very decided advantage, especially in placing and removing buckets while the calf is fastened in the stanchion; even more slope than that indicated would be well. The manger is partitioned off every two feet; this should be the minimum width, for while it is ample room for the young calves, even more room would be desirable for the roughage of the older ones. The manger partitions extend upward as far as the curved line shown in the illustration, but this is the most faulty feature of the fixture, as it is possible for one calf to reach over and suck another one's ears if the meal and ensilage is not promptly supplied after the milk is consumed, though this rarely happens. A more perfect manger division will be made by boarding up from the manger to the dotted line shown between A B. The front or stanchion part of the fixture is 3 feet 6 1/2 inches high and slopes away from the manger to increase its capacity and give the calf the benefit of a little more spread in throwing the head up to remove it from the open stanchion. The stanchions are made of well-seasoned 1-inch elm and no breaks have occurred thus far. The youngest calves do not require more than five inches space for the neck when confined. The stanchion frames are bored with a number of holes so that the movable upright pieces can be shifted according to the size of the calf. As calves approach the yearling stage and their horns interfere with the working of the stanchion the movable piece may be removed and the animal allowed to go free while feeding. This system has given the utmost satisfaction, permitting calves to be fed individually according to their needs and entirely preventing the many bad habits so frequently acquired by the pail fed calf.

VIEW SHOWING STANCHIONS.

VIEW SHOWING MANGER.

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## Old Favorites

### Greatness.

Honor and shame from no condition rise, Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

Fortune in men has some small difference made; One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;

The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned, The trier hooded, and the monarch crowned.

"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cow?" I'll tell you, friend! A wise man and a fool.

You'll find if once the monarch acts the monk, Or, cobbler like, the parson will be drunk;

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow; The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Roast the pure blood of an illustrious race, In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece;

But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate, Count me those only who were good and great.

Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,

Go! and pretend your family is young, Nor own your fathers have been fools so long!

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards? Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

### The Cough and the Crow.

The cough and crow to roost are gone, The owl sits on the tree, The hush'd wind walls with feeble moan,

Like infant charity, The wild-fire dances on the fen, The red star sheds its ray, Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men! It is our op'ning day.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep, And closed is every flower, And winking tapers faintly peep High from my Lady's bower;

Bewilder'd hinds with shorten'd ken Shrink on their murky way, Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men! It is our op'ning day.

Nor board nor garner own we now, Nor roof nor latched door, Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow To bless a good man's store;

Noon lulls us in a gloomy den, And night is grown our day, Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men And use it as ye may.

—Joanna Baillie.

OUR FUTURE RAILWAY RIVAL.

It Will Be Russia, Which Now Is Second to Us in Mileage.

If it is a question merely of bigness the Russian railway system is far and away the first in Europe. There are already many more miles of railway in the vast empire than in any other country in the world excepting the United States, and Russian railways are still only in their infancy.

It is of course quite true that there are now in the United States more miles of railway than in all Europe and almost as many as in all the rest of the world put together, and that our territory is so large and as yet so far from complete development that we shall probably keep the lead as far as railway enterprise is concerned for a long time to come.

But in taking these large views, says Moody's Magazine, we have forgotten that Russia is two and half times as large as all the United States put together with a population more than half as large again as our own; that in territorial extent it is more than twice as large as all Europe; that it stretches across the world for 170 degrees of longitude—nearly half way around the globe—and that it includes one-sixth of the land surface of the planet.

It is not surprising that in such a country railways should have had a large development, that already there is a considerable mileage and that the prospects in this direction seem to have no limit. In the future Russia and the United States are likely to divide the railway empire of the world between them.

### One Point Settled.

A new family had moved into the house next door to the Townsends, and little Kitty Townsend, on the back porch of her own home, was cultivating the acquaintance of the little girl on the opposite porch, about ten feet away.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Florence," answered the newcomer. "What's yours?"

"Katherine, but they always call me Kitty. The name of the folks that lived there before you moved in was Jones."

"Our name's Thompson."

"Ours is Townsend. You didn't know the Joneses, did you?"

"No."

"They was awful for borrowing. They used to send over to our house once or twice every week and borrow a cupful of coffee for breakfast, and they never paid it back. You folks don't do that, do you?"

"No."

"She says they don't, mamma!" called out Kitty, turning her head and speaking to somebody back of the dining-room window curtains.