

The Redemption of David Corson

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WE announce with a great deal of pleasure a serial that is somewhat exceptional, even in these days of active fiction. It is a story of unusual power, of wonderful pathos and yet dealing with practical, every-day life in a way that stirs the soul and teaches a lasting lesson.

The story begins with a description of the home and life of David Corson, a young Quaker, whose career has been so peaceful and uneventful that when a traveling mountebank and his beautiful assistant, Pepeeta, visit the town, the glare and glamour of tinsel and excitement lead David to turn his back on the old life and plunge into the wide world he had only read about previously. David is entranced by the beauty of the peerless girl. He is led into a mad whirl of pleasure by the mountebank. Finally, he induces Pepeeta to desert her husband and flee with him. A rivalist brings David back to a sense of his misspent life. It is a marvelous life study. Everybody should read it.

CHAPTER I

Hidden away in this worn and care-encumbered world are spots so quiet and beautiful as to make the fall of man seem incredible, and awaken in the breast of the weary traveler who comes suddenly upon them, a vague and dear delusion that he has stumbled into Paradise.

Such an Eden existed in the extreme western part of Ohio in the spring of 1843. It was a valley surrounded by wooded hills and threaded by a noisy brook which hastily made its way, as if upon some errand of immense importance, down to the big Miami not many miles distant. A road cut through a vast and solemn forest led into the valley, and entering as if by a corridor and through the open portal of a temple, the traveler saw a white farm-house nestling beneath a mighty hackberry tree whose wide-reaching arms sheltered it from summer sun and winter wind. A deep, wide lawn of bluegrass lay in front, and a garden of flowers, fragrant and brilliant, on its southern side. Stretching away into the background was the farm newly carved out of the wilderness, but already in a high state of cultivation.

In this lovely valley, at the close of a long, odorless, sun-drenched day in early May, the sacred silence was broken by a raucous blast from that most unmusical of instruments, a tin dinner horn. It was blown by a bare-legged country boy who seemed to take delight in this profanation. By his side, in the vine-clad porch of the white farm-house stood a woman who shaded her eyes with her hand as she looked toward a vague object in a distant meadow. She was no longer young. As the light of the setting sun fell full upon her face it seemed almost transparent, and even the unobserving must have perceived that some deep experience of the sadness of life had added to her character an indescribable charm.

"There will have to go and call him, Stephen, for I think he has fallen into another trance," the woman said, in a low voice in which there was not a trace of impatience.

The child threw down his dinner horn, whistled to his dog and started. Springing up from where he had been watching every expression of his master's face, the shaggy collie bounded around him as he moved across the lawn, while the woman watched them with a proud and happy smile.

Unutterable and incomprehensible emotions were awakened in the soul of the boy by the stillness and beauty of the evening world. His senses were not yet dulled nor his feelings jaded. Through every avenue of his intelligence the mystery of the universe stole into his sensitive spirit. If a breeze blew across the meadow he turned his cheek to its kiss; if the odor of spear-mint from the brookside was wafted around him he breathed it into his nostrils with delight. He saw the shadow of a crow flying across the field and stopped to look up and listen for the swish of her wings and her loud, hoarse caw as she made her way to the nesting grounds; then he gazed beyond her, into the fathomless depths of the blue sky, and his soul was stirred with an indescribable awe.

But it was not so much the objects themselves as the spirit pervading them, which stirred the depths of the child's mind. The little pantheist saw God everywhere. We bestow the gift of language upon a child, but the feelings which that language serves only to interpret and express exist and glow within him even if he be dumb. And this gift of language is often of ques-

tionable value, and had been so with him. All that he felt, filled him with love. To him the valley was heaven, and through it inevitably but unmistakably God walked, morning, noon and evening.

To the child sauntering dreamily and wistfully along, the object dimly seen from the farm-house door began gradually to dissolve itself into a group of living beings. Two horses were attached to a plow; one standing in the lush grass of the meadow, and the other in a deep furrow traced across its surface. The plowshare was buried deep in the rich, alluvial soil, and a ribbon of earth rolled from its blade like a petrified sea billow, crested with a cluster of daisies white as the foam of a wave.

Between the handles of the plow and leaning on the crossbar, his back to the horses, stood a young Quaker. His broad-brimmed hat, set carelessly on the back of his head, disclosed a wide, high forehead; his flannel shirt, open at the throat, exposed a strong, columnar neck, and a deep, broad chest; his sunburned and muscular arms were folded across his breast; figure and posture revealed the perfect concord of body and soul with the beauty of the world; his great blue eyes were fixed upon the notch in the hills where the sun had just disappeared; he gazed without seeing and felt without thinking.

The boy approached this statuesque figure with a stealthy tread, and plucking a long spear of grass tickled the bronzed neck. The hand of the plowman moved automatically upward as if to brush away a fly, and at this unconscious action the child, seized by a convulsion of laughter and fearing lest it explode, stuffed his fists into his mouth. In the opinion of this irreverent young skeptic his Uncle Dave was in a "tantrum." Instead of a "trance," and he thought such a disease demanded heroic treatment.

For several years this Quaker youth, David Corson, had been the subject of remarkable emotional experiences, in explanation of which the rude wits of the village declared that he had been moon-struck; the young girls who adored his beauty thought he was in love, and the venerable fathers and mothers of this religious community believed that in him the scriptural prophecy, "Your young men shall see visions," had been literally fulfilled. David Corson himself accepted the last explanation with unquestioning faith.

The life of this young man had been pure and uneventful. Existence in this frontier region, once full of the tragedy of Indian warfare, had been gradually softened by peace and religion. In such a sequestered region, books and papers were scarce, and he had access only to a few volumes written by quietists and mystics, and to that great mine of sacred literature, the Holy Bible. The seeds of knowledge sown by these books in the rich soil of this young heart were fertilized by the society of noble men, virtuous women, and natural surroundings of exquisite beauty.

None of these reflections disturbed the mind of the barefooted boy. Having suppressed his laughter, he tickled the sunburnt neck again. Once more the hand rose automatically, and once more the boy was almost strangled with delight. The dreamer was hard to awaken, but his tormentor had not yet exhausted his resources. No genuine boy is ever without that fundamental necessity of childhood, a pin, and finding one somewhere about his clothing, he thrust it into the leg of the plowman. The sudden sting

brought the soaring saint from heaven to earth. In an instant the mystic was a man, and a strong one, too. He seized the unannetified young reprobe with one hand and hoisted him at arm's length above his head.

"Oh, Uncle Dave, I'll never do it again! Never! Never! Let me down." Still holding him aloft as a hunter would hold a falcon, the reincarnated "spirit" laughed long, loud and merrily, the echoes of his laughter ringing up the valley like a peal from a chime of bells. The child's fear was needless, for the heart and hands that dealt with him were as gentle as a woman's. The youth, resembling some old Norse god as he stood there in the gathering gloom, lowered the child slowly, and printing a kiss on his cheek, said:

"This little pest, thee has no reverence! Thee should never disturb a child at his play, a bird on his nest nor a man at his prayers."

"But thee was not praying, Uncle Dave," the boy replied. "Thee was only in another of thy tantrums. The supper has grown cold, the horses are tired and Shep and I have walked a mile to call thee. Grandmother said thee had a trance. Tell me what thee has seen in thy visions, Uncle Dave?"

"God and His angels," said the young mystic softly, falling again into the mood from which he had been so rudely awakened.

"Angels!" scoffed the young materialist. "If thee was thinking of any angel at all, I will bet thee it was Dorothy Fraser."

"Tush, child, do not be silly," replied the convicted culprit. For it was easier than he would care to admit to mingle visions of beauty with those of holiness.

"I am not silly. Thee would not dare say thee was not thinking of her. She thinks of thee."

"How does thee know?"

"Because she gives me bread and jam if I so much as mention thy name, Uncle Dave, was it really up this very valley that Mad Anthony Wayne marched with his brave soldiers?"

"This very valley."

"I wish I could have been with him."

"It is an evil wish. Thee is a child of peace. Thy father and thy father's fathers have denied the right of men to war. Thee ought to be like them, and love the things that make for peace."

"Well, if I can not wish for war, I will wish that a runaway slave would dash up this valley with a pack of bloodhounds at his heels. Oh, Uncle Dave, tell me that story about thy hiding a negro in the haystack, and choking the bloodhounds with thine own hands."

"I have told thee a hundred times."

"But I want to hear it again."

"Use thy memory and thy imagination."

The child, bounding forward, the tired procession entered the barnyard. The plowman fed his horses, and stopped to listen for a moment to their deep-drawn sighs of contentment, and to the musical grinding of the oats in their teeth. His imaginative mind read his own thoughts into everything, and he believed that he could distinguish in these inarticulate sounds the words, "Good-night, Good-night."

"Good-night," he said, and stroking their great flanks with his kind hand, left them to their well-earned repose. On his way to the house he stopped to bathe his face in the waters of a spring brook that ran across the yard, and then entered the kitchen where supper was spread.

"Thee is late," said the woman who had watched and waited, her fine face radiant with a smile of love and welcome.

"Forgive me, mother," he replied. "I have had another vision."

"I thought as much. Thee must remember what thee has seen, my son," she said, "for all that thee beholds with the outer eye shall pass away, while what thee sees with the inner eye abides forever. And had thee a message, too?"

"It was delivered to me that on the holy Sabbath day I should go to the camp in Baxter's clearing and preach to the lumbermen."

"Then thee must go, my son."

"I will," he answered, taking her hand affectionately, but with Quaker restraint, and leading her to the table.

The family, consisting of the mother, an adopted daughter Dorothy, the daughter's husband Jacob and son Stephen, sat down to a simple but bountiful supper, during which and late into the evening the young mystic pondered the vision which he believed himself to have seen, and the message which he believed himself to have heard. In his musings there was not a tremor or a doubt; he would have as soon questioned the reality of the old farm-house and the faces of the family gathered about the table. He was a credulous and unsophisticated youth, dwelling in a realm of imagination rather than in a world of reality and law. He had much to learn. His education was about to begin, and to begin as does all true and effective education, in a spiritual temptation. The Ghebers say that when their great prophet Ahirama was thrown into the fire by the order of Nimrod, the flames into which he fell turned into a bed of roses, upon which he peacefully reclined. This innocent Quaker youth had been reclining upon a bed of roses which now began to turn into a couch of flames.

(To be continued.)

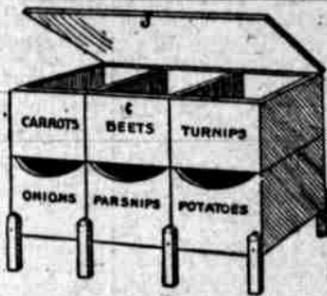
Stating Up His Fall.

"I represent not my own restricted interests," said the impassioned declaimer; "I represent the millions." "Millions of what?" inquired Senator Sorghum, caustically; "millions of people or millions of dollars?"—Washington Star.



Neat Storage Box for Vegetables.

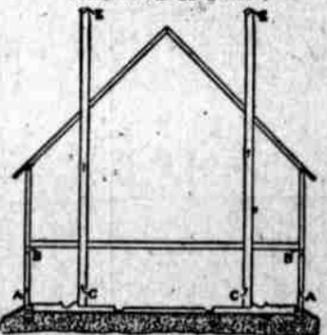
Instead of keeping the vegetables in barrels or boxes scattered all over the cellar, I have made a set of storage bins. I took six drygoods boxes and bolted them together as shown in the drawing. I put legs on them to hold them off the floor and a cover on the box. Then I painted on the boxes the names of the vegetables we generally store. This makes a neat and handy storage bin, and is well worth the little time it takes to make it. Before we had this bin we stored the different vegetables in barrels, boxes, washtubs, lard cans, or any receptacle that happened to be at hand when we harvest-



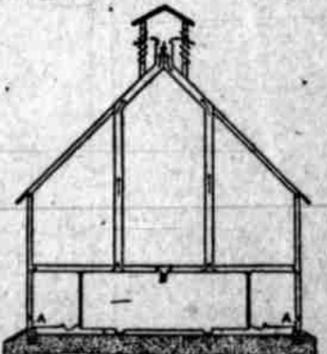
VEGETABLES STORAGE BOX.

ed the crop. These were scattered about the cellar promiscuously, and sometimes we knew where to find what we wanted and sometimes we did not. There is nothing more satisfying to a farmer's wife than to be able to take a friend into a cellar where everything is neat and in order.—A. O. Griner in Farm and Home.

Ventilation of Stable.



Here's a good method of ventilating an ordinary stable. Intake flues are constructed in the side walls. The ventilation flues will take up considerable space but are more efficient than a single flue. Openings are at or near the floor level and the tops several feet above the ridge of the roof. Caps or cowls may be placed over them to keep out rain and snow.



Another arrangement of flues which is quite effective in securing ventilation. The opening in the center of B may be provided with a shutter to prevent too rapid movement of air. Separate outlets may be provided or "he single cupola as shown."

To Make the Hens Lay.

If the hens don't lay, turn them out and let them dig and hunt in the ground for food, is the advice of T. F. McGrew, in the Country Gentleman. Bury small grain where they will find it when they dig. This will induce them to hunt, and while thus employed they will find bugs and worms that will quicken the production of eggs. It is well to follow this plan as soon as the spade will turn the ground, for it adds vigor and strength to the hens and insures strong, healthy chicks. The lazy, idle hen is of no use but to sit about, eat and grow fat. If she will not work, she will not lay. If she will not lay, her life should end, and her first carcass grace the table. You can rest assured that the indolent hen is a nonproducer; soon she becomes too fat to lay and too tough to be eaten.

Raising Chickens.

The greatest drawback to the chicken business is that there is not a day's let-up in the steady routine of work from the time an egg is pipped until

the ax closes the hen's history. It is natural after the pullets are feathered out and weaned and the roosters separated from them to let up a little in the care bestowed on them. This is a great mistake if winter eggs are expected. If there is one thing more than another that the average poultryman is liable to err in it is lack of fresh air in the coops at night. Slip out some hot night about 11 o'clock and you will perhaps hear the thump, thump of restless chickens crowding around against each other, fighting in vain for a cool, airy spot to sleep in comfort. Or in the morning take a whiff of the fetid, unwholesome air before letting the chickens out, and you will realize that night spent under such conditions must prevent the steady, healthy growth necessary for best results. This condition of affairs is liable to be worse with incubator chickens, because they are raised in larger flocks and the tendency is to crowd them more after taking them from the brooders.

When Hens Are Moulting.

One of the difficulties in poultry raising is to get the hens to molt early, so that they will be ready to lay in the fall and winter, when eggs are high. Left to themselves, hens will take a long time to molt, and will not finish until cold weather sets in. They will not then lay until early spring and all the profits for the winter months are lost. At the poultry institute held in Denver by the Colorado Agricultural College, W. J. R. Wilson, a poultry man of long experience, gave his method of controlling the molting of hens. As soon as the hens are through laying he turns them on alfalfa, feeding them dry bran only, in addition. Under this treatment they get thin. Then he feeds them a mixed ration of grains and meat, giving a light feed in the morning and all they will eat at noon and night. Under this treatment they finish molting quickly, get new feathers and begin laying in September. By October 1 they are in full laying condition and make a profit through the fall and winter.

Alfalfa for the Dairy.

Successful dairy farming depends a great deal on growing the necessary feed on the farm. City milkmen can buy high-priced feeds and make a profit, but farmers who ship longer distances require all the advantage they can get. Alfalfa is getting to be one of the most important dairy feeds. It can be grown in almost any part of the country where there is sufficient moisture within reach of the long taproot, provided that there is no rock to interfere with its growth. If you never tried alfalfa, commence now by fitting a small piece of ground very carefully and make it very rich on top. The new plants are delicate and require careful feeding until they get started. Most failures are caused by insufficient preparation of the seed bed.

Right Time to Pick Apples.

Apples intended for cold storage should not be allowed to become too ripe on the tree. When an apple is fully grown, highly colored, but still hard, it is in prime condition to be picked and stored. It has then obtained its highest market value because it is most attractive in appearance and best in quality. If picked before entirely ripe apples deteriorate more rapidly, and it is best to allow an apple to become a trifle overripe than to pack it in an immature state. Many people have the erroneous opinion that apples should be picked before fully ripe in order to keep well in cold storage, but this is a mistake.

Ants and Lice.

When ants are seen running up and down fruit trees an examination will usually disclose the presence of plant lice on the branches and leaves. As is well known to expert orchardists, most plant lice are attended and cared for by ants, and the presence of ants may serve as an indication of infestation of plant lice. Under such circumstances the ants do no harm to the plant except in the way of assisting in the distribution of plant lice.

Grafting on Willow.

A horticultural curiosity is to be seen in the garden of Gloucester Lodge, Portsmouth Road, near London. A gooseberry bush, a currant bush and an elderberry tree are growing high up on a willow tree, to which they have by some means become grafted. All are flourishing and fruit is forming on the gooseberry and currant bushes.

Hog Cholera Expensive.

In Missouri there are about 4,000,000 hogs, worth at market prices nearly \$45,000,000. Hog cholera costs the growers of that State alone more than a million dollars every year, and the loss sometimes is more than \$1,000,000.