

# The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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## CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Having stalked indolently 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 that 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 irrefragable 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 confounded 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 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 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 eye, 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 only abiding reality. She at least was not an impalpable vision, but solid, substantial, palpitating 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 fortunes to those of the two adventurers began to wane. He trembled at an unknown future and hesitated before untried paths.

Already the strange experiences through which he had passed began to seem to him like a half-forgotten dream. The fluent 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 Oread 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 wantonly 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."

"Thee 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 influen 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, sphynx-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 resound 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 swayed 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 these 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.)

## Give the Children Sugar.

Children may eat too much sugar and they may also stay too long in their bath tub, or in the creek when they go in swimming, or get tanned or a headache from playing too long in the sun, or chilled by staying too long in the open air; but is that any sound reason why they should be deprived of sweets, sunlight, baths and fresh air, or discouraged from indulging in them? All that is needed, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Success Magazine, is a little common sense regulation and judicious supervision, not prohibition, or denunciation. Most of the extraordinary craving for pure sugar and candy, which is supposed to lead the average child to inevitably "founder himself" is left to his own sweet will and a box of candy, is due to a state of artificial and abnormal sugar starvation, produced by an insufficient amount of this invaluable food in its regular diet. Children who are given plenty of sugar on their mush, bread and butter, and puddings, a regular allowance of cake and plenty of sweet fruits, are almost free from this craze for candy, this tendency to gorge themselves to surfeit, and can usually be trusted with both the candy box and the sugar bowl.

## 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.

## SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

Ambulance launches were one of the innovations of the Hudson-Fulton celebration.

The world's supply of tin was increased 116,648 tons last year, of which more than half came from the Straits Settlements.

Practically all the important mining states have inspection laws designed to prevent death and disaster among the mine workers.

Several French schools are using machines which suck dust from the leaves of books, spray them with disinfectant, and dry them with hot air.

At Tourcoing, France, five couples of working people celebrated their golden wedding the other day. Great festivities were provided for the occasion by the municipal authorities.

Wild boars still abound in a region which can be reached by railway in two hours from Smyrna. Near Samosoun some sportsmen have shot as many as fifty wild boars in a single year.

One of the requests for a patent received in the patent office of Germany was for a device for making one's own matches. With the aid of it, any one can, by five hours' work, save 6 or 7 cents!

Fatigue of the eyes and more or less persistent ocular troubles are produced by the rapid and brief excitations of the retina by the cinematograph. A French physician has given the name of cinematophthalmia to affections of this character. The troubles are not very serious and generally yield easily to simple remedies.

Was the sextant in the hands of Dr. Cook or Commander Peary sufficiently accurate to determine exactly when the pole had been reached? The Scientific American says: "The handling of the sextant is so simple a matter and the application of corrections to its readings so easy that we fail to understand how any one can seriously doubt Dr. Cook's accuracy."

Signs are not wanting to assure any one that every year single chrysanthemums are steadily gaining in favor, mainly, of course, with those whose aim is to grow plants for general decoration and for supplying cut bloom, for their own table. Single blossoms, fortunately, are not criticised by the home grower as to the size, as their beauty cannot be thus measured.—Gardening Illustrated.

The government is going into the hotel business, having agreed, through its insular branch in the Philippines, to take \$300,000 out of the bonds to provide money for a new hotel at Manila, which, with its working capital, is to represent an investment of \$450,000. When the Philippines have a centennial, or some other big celebration, will the insular government put up its hotel rates on the visiting public?—New York Press.

The new marriage law now under consideration in Victoria, Australia, has as its object the prevention of clandestine marriages. It provides that no clergyman shall perform the ceremony unless the couple applying shall have obtained a license. An exception is made, however, for reasons unknown, in the case of Quakers, who are not obliged to come before the marrying authority armed with a permit.

One of the latest ideas for killing rats is a trap into which the animal walks, attracted by an electric light and a display of food. Once in he cannot get out and an electric current kills him in fifty or sixty seconds. The apparatus can be so arranged that the electrocuted animal itself signals its fate to any desired place, advising the watchman by an electric bell or the lighting of an electric lamp that there is a dead rat to be removed.

Music batons were first used in England about 1820. It was not until ten or twelve years later, however, that the baton came into general use. A German conductor who wielded one produced such wonderful results with his orchestra that it was thought there must be some magic power in the baton, and it consequently became popular with conductors all over the country. Before the advent of the baton time was kept by the first violinist or by the pianist.

For some time past efforts have been made to raise funds in order to protect from the ravages of wind and weather and the encroachment of drifting sands the ruins of St. Piran's oratory at Perranzabuloe, said to be the oldest Christian relic of its kind in England. It is now proposed to build a protecting house of concrete around the ruins. If this protection is not forthcoming it is probable that "the lost church," as it is locally known, will be again buried beneath the sands, which covered it for so many centuries. It is generally believed to be the original Church of St. Piran, to whom the Cornish miners give the credit of first showing them tin, and who was one of the most notable of the many Cornish saints.—London Globe.

## Catarrh

is a Constitutional Disease  
It originates in impure blood and requires constitutional treatment, acting through and purifying the blood, for its radical and permanent cure. The greatest constitutional remedy is

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

In usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs. 100 doses \$1. Nasal and other local forms of catarrh are promptly relieved by Antiseptics or Catarrhals, 50c., druggists or mail. C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.

## Florida's 70-foot Bamboo.

Possibly the tallest bamboo in America grows in Arcadia, Fla., and is about 70 feet high. The clump has a spread of 50 feet and the diameter at the ground is 12 feet. The specimen is only 8 years old.

This is the common bamboo of Ig-dia, probably brought to south Florida from the West Indies. In Jamaica it has become naturalized and is popularly supposed to be indigenous. It makes an astonishing growth during our rainy season, the canes often attaining their full height in six weeks, after which they begin to put on leaves. The canes are from four to five inches in diameter at their base.

Unfortunately this species cannot stand low temperatures, and the specimen in Arcadia has frequently been damaged by cold.

## A Good Business.

Ed like to own a street car line, it ought to pay. The people ride when it is fine, To heat away. Of course they ride when it is wet, For then they wish To quickly under shelter get; Man is no fish.

And so a street car line, you see, May business find, No matter what conditions be With human kind. Then to another point is my Attention drawn; No other business profits by Its hangers on. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not on Democratic Principles. Perhaps it may be laid down as a general rule that a legislative assembly, not constituted on democratic principles, cannot be popular long after it ceases to be weak.—Macaulay.

## Trying It on Nan.

Nan—You look perfectly lovely in that gown.  
Pan—Thanks. That's all I wanted to know. Fortunately, I bought it on approval.

## What Really Draws.

A high-brow lecture given free, Would few entrance. The horrid men would rather see A barefoot dance. —Pittsburg Post.

## Identifying Gussy.

"What sort of a looking chap is Gussy?"  
"Well, if you ever see two men in a corner and one looks bored to death, the other one is Gussy."—London Opinion.

## George's Discovery.

"George," said the Titan-haired schoolmarm, "is there any connecting link between the animal kingdom and the vegetable kingdom?"  
"Yeth, ma'am," answered George promptly: "hesh"—Everybody's.

## Just Like a Woman!

"The author of 'There is No Death' has married an undertaker," says a contemporary. How does she expect her husband to make a living?—Charleston News and Courier.

The average daily amount of meat consumed by each individual in New York City is 2.6 cents' worth, which is a falling off of about 1/2 cent in five years.

## Rivalry of Muckrakers.

"Chicago people think their city almost as corrupt as San Francisco."  
"Don't you believe it," said the Californian, warmly. "That's—Chicago nerve. Always trying to get into our class."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## All Who Would Enjoy

good health, with its blessings, must understand, quite clearly, that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best, each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to living aright. Then the use of medicines may be dispensed with to advantage, but under ordinary conditions in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time and the California Fig Syrup Co. holds that it is alike important to present the subject truthfully and to supply the one perfect laxative to those desiring it.

Consequently, the Company's Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna gives general satisfaction. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.