

David and Goliath

By Ellis Meredith

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There is plenty of material for romance, both in the inmates of this grim jail, and in the wild canyon, with its towering mountains rising high over the flag-staff that surmounts one of the turrets. The warden, John Hoyt, looks like the ideal sheriff. His massive frame is in harmony with gray walls and mountains, and the men who have come to know him well have a great depth of regard, as well as respect, for John Hoyt.

The visitor to this state prison would hardly have chosen Convict No. 411 as a hero. Except his great stature and splendid shoulders, which would have made him an ideal model for an ebon statue of Hercules, there was nothing about him to attract a second glance. Goliath was about 60 years old when he went to the pen. He was one of the few slaves who regarded the emancipation proclamation with feelings akin to disgust. The war had proved the ruin of his "family," the Culpepers of Georgia, and had thrown Goliath on the world with but few ideas of his own, and no ways and means committee to suggest others.

His jail experience had taught Goliath that the ability to sing a song, tell a story and mix a drink, to say nothing of his culinary skill, made him a favored and not unwelcome character with jailers and wardens. Hoyt was no exception.

The advent of a new prisoner is not a matter of much interest in a penitentiary, but when No. 623 was "sent up," Warden Hoyt was moved to pity. The boy was handsome and gentle, and appeared stunned and half-insensible as he stood looking out of the window of the long, bare room where prisoners are first received. "What in time are you bringing the kid here for?" he said in a voice which he vainly attempted to render sotto voce. "You're ought to take him on to the reformatory."

The deputy who had acted as escort answered, curtly: "Oh, he ain't such a lamb as he looks. It's a man-slaughter case, an' but for his hayin' plenty of money to get a good lawyer, an' being such a young one to look at, he'd got 20 years, 'stead of five."

"David" Fairfax Townsend, answered the convict. "The warden knew from my letters. He's got my watch and things and can show who—my folks are. He told me he wouldn't say anything to any one. I'm the first one to bring disgrace on my family, governor, and I'd rather die than have them know. I can't ask you to pardon me—there isn't any excuse for a man to be a fool—but if you could give me a parole till the war is over, sir, and I give you the honor of a southern gentleman," he glanced down at his clothes and shuddered, then threw back his head proudly, "of a southern gentleman, to return and complete my sentence."

"But how about this—ah—this friend of yours, who wants to act as your substitute and make a kind of vicious atonement for you?" queried the governor.

"He's a tenderfoot," said the deputy, "an' he undertook to buck the tiger. The game was staked on him, and when he found it out he didn't have the sense to quit, an' they got to shootin'—he was hit pretty bad himself—an' you know the rest. Soapy Smith got killed, an' the kid's here."

"They ought to have given him a public banquet and a medal," growled the warden.

"For killin' Soapy, you mean?" said the deputy. "Well, they couldn't quite do that, but it's a light sentence, and it'll probably be commuted, if he behaves, an' I low he will. If he had any pull he'd ought to git a pardon in about three year. I don't think he'll go fer to make you no trouble."

Goliath and No. 623 soon became fast friends. At first No. 623 was a good deal of care to the warden. He was sick in mind and body, and the doctor's prescriptions were of no avail. He kept entirely away from the other convicts, and on account of his weakness Hoyt gave him odd jobs that kept him more or less under his own eye or that of Goliath, whose love for him was something beautiful to behold.

The second year of No. 623's imprisonment was wearing to a close, and Goliath's term was within four months of its conclusion when the Maine with her gallant crew went to the bottom. There was the wildest excitement in the prison, and war was declared there long before the president's call for troops. Convicts who expected to get out very soon spoke eagerly of their chances to get to the front. No. 623, with only three years to serve, grew troublesome.

"Now, honey chile," argued Goliath, "you all doan' wanta git into no wah. I've been th' one, an' I tote you, pinted, dere ain't no sassfaction in wah."

But No. 623 refused to be comforted. "Think of it!" he said, walking up and down the long kitchen. "Just think of it! The Townsends have been in all the wars there've been in this country, since before the French and Indian war. My father was with Lee, and my grandfather was at Lundy's Lane, and my great-grandfather was one of Marion's men, and when it comes my time I'm just a common jailbird. I reckon it's enough to drive a man to desperation!"

He dropped down on a chair, and buried his face on his arms on the kitchen table where Goliath was peeling potatoes. Goliath's dark face was sorely troubled.

Half an hour passed with no sound save the splash of the potatoes as they fell into the pan of water at Goliath's right hand. Finally Goliath said, slowly: "Marse Davy?"

"Yes, uncle," came in a muffled voice.

"Honey, what's a substitute?"

The boy lifted his face with a dim expression of surprise.

"Why, a substitute's a man that takes the place of another man. But you couldn't go as a substitute for me, Uncle Goliath. They won't take anybody over 40. And I want to go myself."

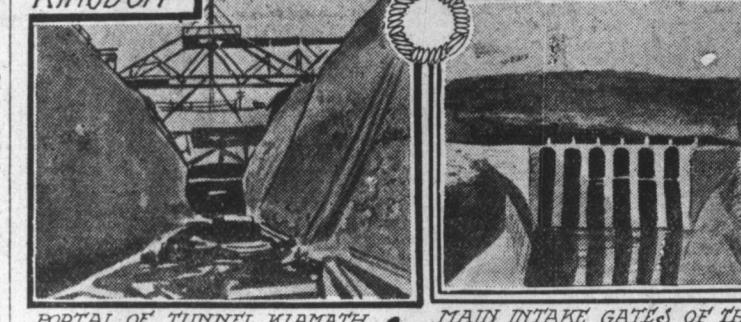
"I ain't thinkin' of goin', Marse Davy," said Goliath. "I was thinkin' of stayin'. My time's up do las' ob June, an' I could stay, an' do you time jes' as well as not, if dey'd let yo' go to de wah. I see a heap mo' use y'all dan you is. Marse Hoyt say I dun been lookin' at it for 18 or 20 years, and the governor wiped his glasses."

Blessed Prudence.

How completely blessed is prudence in a good disposition.—Diphilus.

WATERS' MAGIC WAND

BY C. J. BLANCHARD
STATISTICIAN U. S.
RECLAMATION SERVICE
TRANSFORMS KLAMATH BASIN INTO AGRICULTURAL KINGDOM



PORTAL OF TUNNEL, KLAMATH PROJECT.

The Klamath basin in California and Oregon, even to citizens of those states, until recently was terra incognita. Historically connected with the Modoc warfare and massacre, this strangely interesting region of "burnt out fires" has remained almost an undiscovered country until a few years ago.

Remote from railroads and centers of population, surrounded by mountains clad in primeval forests of pine and fir, the beautiful valleys of this broad basin remained almost untouched by plow. The stockman, whose flocks and herds fattened on the rich grasses which covered the slopes and grew rank along the shores of the numerous lakes and marshes, was an indifferent farmer and did but little to develop the natural resources of the country.

True, here and there were hamlets, straggling and scattered communities, and faintly traced in blue in a broad landscape of dusty sagebrush were a few tiny lines of irrigation ditches that encircled small stretches of vivid green—the alfalfa fields—little islands of emerald resting in a sea of brown that threatened to submerge them.

Such was my impression when I first looked over the Klamath plateau, the work of man seemed to have been so ineffective in the subjugation of nature.

The federal engineers, backed by a generous government, came to this virgin field a few years ago, attracted by the almost limitless possibilities which this region possesses and which were so apparent. Their report was so favorable that plans for a most unusual and unique irrigation work were approved May 17, 1905, and work began in the spring of 1906.

From the inception of actual work of construction the Klamath basin began to be talked about. Settlers commenced to flock in and the upbuilding of the commonwealth has progressed with a rapidity almost unbelievable except to those who have actually witnessed it. The millions which the government has been expending in stupendous canals and tunnels have brought in an army of laborers and thousands of horses, the feeding of which has furnished a market for all the products of the farms such as was never before known. The hamlets have become towns, the towns are growing into cities which are assuming metropolitan airs. Electric roads are projected and building, a steam railway is about to enter the basin, power plants are being erected, sugar beet factories are suggested, and sugar beet factories are suggested, and everywhere there is an atmosphere of bustle and bustle that betokens an awakening to the potential greatness of a region which has long been dormant. Best of all, the sage brush is disappearing and the settler's modest home marks the beginning of a new square of green and the receding of the sea of brown.

The Klamath project stands unique among the 26 irrigation works of the reclamation service. It involves features of irrigation, drainage and storage in unusual combination. Desert and swamp land close together, one worthless because of lack of moisture, the other of equal uselessness because of an excess of water.

In the basin are about 400,000 acres of land, of which 187,000 acres are included in this system. Some of the topographic features are singularly interesting and are easily understood from a study of the map. Elevated 50 feet above the main valley is Upper Klamath lake, the outlet of which is Link river, which flows through Lake Ewauna at Klamath falls into Klamath lake. Upper Klamath lake is the principal source of supply to the lower part of the project. By means of a deep cut and tunnel the waters of this lake are drawn into a large canal and carried southward into the valley. Lost river, which rises in Clear lake, winds its tortuous way for 60 miles, finally emptying into Tule lake, of which it is the only source of supply. Tule lake is only six miles from the source of Lost river. It is proposed to create a reservoir in Clear lake by means of a dam and to utilize the stored water as well as the entire flow

of the Lost river to irrigate several very fertile and attractive valleys in its course. Tule lake, robbed of its supply, will dry up. The lake will be irrigated from the main canals supplied from Upper Klamath lake. Lower Klamath lake will be partially drained by canals and by means of pumps electrically driven by power developed in Klamath river. Its exposed bed will also be irrigated from the main system.

The king, with a noble longing for the good of his people and the honor of God, desired to build a temple that would worthily express the nation's feelings toward their God and strengthen their religious moral life.

Accordingly he consulted with Nathan the prophet.

V. 2. "Nathan said . . . Do all that is in thine heart; for God is with thee." David's desire was right.

V. 3. "The same night, . . . the word of God came to Nathan." In a vision (2 Sam. 7:17.)

The prophet was right in the assurance that the object of David's desire was pleasing to God, but there was need of light upon the best way of accomplishing it. God had a better answer to David's prayer than David imagined.

V. 4. "Thou shalt not." Emphasize the pronoun—"THOU shalt not build me a house to dwell in." It shall be built, but not by David's hands.

There is a deep lesson for us in God's treatment of David's plan. We are tempted to do a right thing in a wrong way, or a second best way.

God approved of Jacob's possessing the birthright, but not of his method of obtaining it. The early Christians were right in their expectation of the fact of the early coming again of Christ, but not necessarily of the exact method of his coming. God approves of our desire for the conversion of men, for the unity of the church, for the reformation of the land from certain evils, but that does not necessarily carry with it his approval of every method and saying of revivalists and reformers.

Instead of David's building a house for God, God will build a house for David. "I tell thee . . . the Lord will build thee an house." The emphasis is on thee. His descendants shall be on the throne for evermore.

V. 14. "I will settle him in mine house and in my kingdom for ever." The real kingdom of God consists of his people, gradually increasing in numbers, in character, in power for good, till the kingdom shall include the wide, wide world, the spiritual temple in which God dwells, and is worshipped by all creation for evermore.

The Klamath country offers opportunity not only to the practical farmer and stock grower, but invites the mechanic and the laborer. Thousands of men in the cities, tired of the uncertainties of their present position, who would have a few hundred dollars, would find a happy change in the Klamath country.

This is the day of the small farm, and no occupation in life offers more substantial reward and solid satisfaction for the labor and capital invested than the operation of a small irrigated tract in such a region as this. It opens a future of independence and comfort and freedom from drudgery that cannot be found in city life. With small farms all about there is no loneliness, no isolation. The advantages of schools, society, church and many of the luxuries of city life are enjoyed in these irrigated districts. The irrigation is the real less real, kingdom and inheritance of David. The complete fulfillment was in Jesus Christ, "great David's greater Son." In the works of Keil, "The posterity of David could only last forever by running out in a person who lives forever; that is, by culminating in the Messiah, who lives forever, and of whose kingdom there is no end." The prediction of Balaam, of a scepter and star arising out of Jacob, is now to be unfolded in the scepter of David's line." The New Testament repeatedly speaks of Jesus as the son of David, and inheritor of the promises (Luke 1:31-32; 20:41-44; Acts 2:29-31; 13:22, 23.)

Soon after Christ's death, authority and almost existence as a separate nation was taken away from the Jews, at the destruction of Jerusalem. But before this time Christ set up his kingdom, in another form, for David's kingdom was in his time the visible kingdom of God in the world. And thus David's kingdom, through his descendant and heir, still continues, and will abide forever, bringing all nations and peoples under its sway, and more than realizing all the visions of glory which filled the Jewish heart.

Practical Points.

God will answer our sincere prayers, but often in a better way than we had planned for ourselves.

Note the glorious blessings God promises to bestow in place of the small one he refused, a spiritual temple instead of a decaying one; a house built by God instead of one for him.

Most of these blessings it was impossible for David to receive in their fullness during his lifetime. And the very blessings he had asked for were granted in a better way, at a better time.

"I don't believe any living man ever read all Crawford's books," said a tourist from New York.

A tall, broad shouldered gentleman, who had been listening on the outskirts of the group, with something like a sneer, lifting his sweeping mustache, spoke up impatiently at this juncture.

"I have read them all," he said.

The tourists looked in surprise at the stranger.

"You have, eh?" said a Chicagoan. "And who, may I ask, are you?"

"I am Crawford," was the reply.

Baltimore Sun.

GOD'S PROMISE TO DAVID

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 11, 1908
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—1 Chronicles 17:1-14.

OLD TESTAMENT TEXT.—"There hath not failed one word of all his good promises."

—1 Kings 8:56.

TIME.—About the middle of David's reign, long after the ark was brought to Jerusalem.

PROPHETS.—Nathan, now first mentioned; and Gad who had been with David in his exile.

The second period of David's reign.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

David, in his magnificent palace of cedar, looked out upon the place of worship for the nation and saw only a tent, which must soon decay, as the Mosaic tent had decayed. It did not seem right and fitting that any private house, even a king's should be more beautiful and costly than God's house.

It did not honor God nor religion. The prophet Haggai (1:4), five centuries later, uttered the Lord's rebuke to his people, "It is time for you, O ye, to dwell in your ceiled houses, and this house lie waste!"

The king, with a noble longing for the good of his people and the honor of God, desired to build a temple that would worthily express the nation's feelings toward their God and strengthen their religious moral life.

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As told by Gen. J. L. Botsford of Youngstown, O., who was at the time quartermaster of the Twenty-third Ohio volunteer infantry, of which McKinley was a member, the story of McKinley was as follows:

"McKinley was a commissary sergeant of the regiment at the time of the battle of Antietam." Gen. Botsford says "and his duty should have kept him with the supplies, which were about two miles from the firing line. During the hottest course of the battle, however, the young man, who was only 20 years old, conceived the idea of making coffee for the boys at the front. Rolling into service some of the stragglers, he filled a wagon with hot coffee and hardtack and personally conducted it into the midst of the fighting men.

"Tremendous cheering heralded his arrival, and our division commander, Gen. Scammon, sent me to learn the cause, which I very soon found to be McKinley and his hot coffee. The rousing welcome he received from both officers and men can be readily imagined when the fact is considered of his leaving his post of security and driving into the middle of a frightful battle with a team of mules. It showed, even then, the character and determination which were a part of the man whose later life proved his stability.

"He was ordered back time and again, but he pushed on, and as he gave a can of coffee and a hardtack to a soldier who had been shot the man murmured: 'God bless the lad.' Those words, McKinley afterward told me, alone repaid him for the trouble and danger to which he had exposed himself in ministering to the needs of his comrades.

"The result of this sort of thoughtfulness on the part of McKinley had a tremendous effect on the lines, and when, later, the final order came to charge the men fell to with renewed vigor and energy."

NEW COMMANDER OF G. A. R.

New Jersey Man Honored by Veterans at Toledo.

Toledo, O.—Col. Henry M. Nevius of Red Bank, N. J., was elected com-

mander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic at the encampment here.

The election occurred on the first ballot, which gave Mr. Nevius 454 votes, compared with