

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 Culpeppers 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 gentlemanly, but 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'd 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 manslaughter case, an' but for his havin' plenty of money to get a good lawyer, an' bein' such a young one to look at, he'd got 20 years, 'stead of five."

"But he's sick; he ought to be in the hospital right now," objected the warden who has been keeping up the health record of his institution. "What was it all about, anyhow?"

"He's a tenderfoot," said the deputy, "an' he undertook to buck the tiger. The game was stacked 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 get a pardon in about three years. I don't think he'll go far 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 passing 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 don't want'er git into no wah. I've been there for one year, you p'intedly, dere ain't no sassafras 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 granddaddy was at Lundy's Lane, and my great-granddaddy was one of Marlon'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 sootier than the potatoes.

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 substitoot?"

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

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

"I wan't thinkin' of goin', Marse Davy," said Goliath. "I was thinkin' of statin'. My time's up, de las' ob June, an' I could stay, an' let you three jes' as well as not, ef dey'd let you go ta de wah. I see a heap mo' use hyar dan you 's. Marse Hoyt say I dun sabs mo dan bo'd an' wages on de cookin'. An' I ain't no use outside. Dey ain't no place fo' a po' old cullud man, 'thout no fambly, an' no home, 'specially when he's been tu de pen."

I reckon I see a heap sight better off hyar."

The boy's face lit up for a moment, then he said, dejectedly: "Oh, Uncle Goliath, I couldn't let you do that for me, no ways."

But Goliath was stubborn. He didn't often have an idea, and he realized the gravity of the occasion.

"Now, looky hyar, chile," he said, solemnly, "doan' yo' go fo' to cross me, caze I see pow'd bad niggah when I see crossed. You-all jes' ask Marse Hoyt fo' de ink an' pen an' write de guv'ernah. Yo' tell him all dat stuff 'bout yo' daddy, and yo' granddaddy, an' yo' gret-granddaddy. Yo' tell him how yo' is a Townsend fum Vuhginnny, an' 'bout you ma bein' fum Cuby, an' den tell him how yo' sholy is going to wah, an' gwine come back and finish out you time, ef dar is any. An' tell him while yo' is on de parole yo' shah he can lay yo' finger on him any time. Yo' tell him I is gwine tu stay fo' you substitoot."

Very doubtfully No. 623 wrote his letter to the governor, inclosing a letter from the warden telling something of his conduct, and a good deal of the faithfulness and ability of Goliath.

It was the 3d of July when the governor's special car was pulled up near the siding near the prison, and his excellency entered the gray stone gateway. "How's everything, Hoyt?" he said. "All right? That's good. If all the institutions told the same story it wouldn't be so much like work to be governor. And now I can't stay long, but what's this remarkable talk about No. 623? And who is Goliath?"

Hoyt told the story briefly, and then sent for No. 623. In spite of his cropped hair and striped clothes the convict looked every inch a man when he came into the room. The governor noticed that he bowed with the natural grace of the born and bred gentleman. He looked at him sharply through his glasses, and said, abruptly: "The name under which you were tried is not your true name. I don't blame you for concealing it then, but you must tell me now, if I am to help you. What is your right name?"

"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, 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 you wouldn't have any cause to regret it, sir, and I give you the honor of a southern gentleman." He glanced down at his clothes and shuddered, then he threw back his head proudly, "of a southern gentleman," to return and complete his sentence.

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

The young fellow's face softened. "The warden is fond of him, and I reckon to make it up to him when I come back."

"But if you didn't come back?" said the governor.

"If I am killed my folks in Virginia will take care of him for my sake. I don't ask pardon," he said, desperately. "I can't expect the law to forget what I must always remember, but if you could give a parole I'd feel like a man again. It isn't justice but mercy that I ask."

There was a sound of shuffling feet in the hallway and a clinking of glasses. The door was pushed open and Goliath entered.

"So you are Goliath?" the governor said.

"Yes, marse," answered Goliath, proudly. "I is Goliath Culpepper, ob de Culpepper fambly ob Georgia."

"And you want to be a substitoot for this—your man?"

"Yes, marse; de Townsends is secont cousins of de Culpeppers. Ob co'se I gwine do anyting to 'bige a Townsend. An' 'deed, Marse Guv'ernah, I doan' mine stayin' hyar nary mite. His folks doan' know wah' he am now, but ef he doan' go home fo' to 'list fo' de wah, dey gwine fine out, an' it brek his mammy's heart—an' dey-all is kin to we-all!"

The governor swung round and filled out a blank, which he gave to No. 623, and then turned to Goliath. "How would you like to cook for me, Goliath?" he said. "I don't eat near so much as 'Marse Hoyt,' but I put on lots more style."

"I'll come, Marse Guv'ernah, jes' soon as I git quit wif Marse Davy's time. I see de wah dat Marse Hoyt go fer, den de wah dat I go fer, I fo' gits how to make salad an' cook a tarrapin. I see proud fo' to be axed, an' I comes jes' as soon as I gits froo hyar."

"Well, come right now, then," said the governor, brusquely, conscious of the tense figure and white face back of him.

"Governor," gasped the boy, "it's a parlor!"

"Yes," said the governor, even more sharply, "for there seemed to be something wrong with his eye-glasses. 'Tis the custom to pardon somebody in this state on the Fourth. You'll have to wait until the one o'clock train to-night."

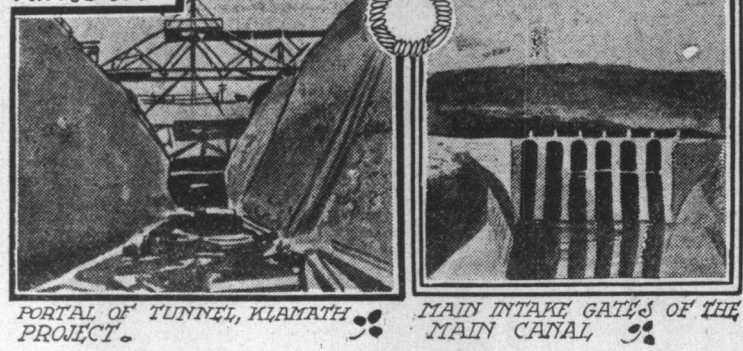
Goliath's mighty chest was heaving and the tears running down his face. "Marse Guv'ernah, Marse Guv'ernah, I gwine to cook fo' yo' fo' ever an' ever," he said, then he threw his arms about David's neck and gave him a good hug. They passed into the hall together. Hoyt looked at the scenery through the open door as if he hadn't been looking at it for 15 or 20 years, and the governor wiped his glasses.

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

WATERS' MAGIC

BY C. J. BLANCHARD
STATISTICIAN U.S.
RECLAMATION SERVICE

TRANSFORMS KLAMATH BASIN INTO AGRICULTURAL KINGDOM



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, a 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 begun 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 known before. 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 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 lie 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 Ewanna at Klamath falls into Klamath river. 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 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 canal 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.

Owing to the remoteness of the basin from transportation and the scarcity of laborers, the work of construction has been attended with difficulty and delay. Notwithstanding this, however, 70 miles of main canal and ditches, embracing 20,000 acres, were excavated and water was actually supplied to nearly 10,000 acres in 1907.

The attractions of the Klamath country are numerous. Its climate is moderately warm in summer and not excessively cool in winter.

The annual precipitation is between 15 and 20 inches, but little of which occurs in summer. The air is dry, bracing and exceptionally healthful. The sun shines 300 days in every year and is rarely obscured for an entire day, even in stormy weather. No destructive storms have ever occurred.

The soil of the uplands is mainly a rich, sandy loam, similar in character and fertility to that of the famous Yakima valley in Washington. The marsh lands are composed of soil of great depth and fertility. The land will produce alfalfa, grain, the common root and tuber crops; soil and climate are favorable for a large variety of field and vegetable crops and in favored localities for hardy fruits.

The soil of the lowlands is mainly a rich, sandy loam, similar in character and fertility to that of the famous Yakima valley in Washington. The marsh lands are composed of soil of great depth and fertility. The land will produce alfalfa, grain, the common root and tuber crops; soil and climate are favorable for a large variety of field and vegetable crops and in favored localities for hardy fruits.

Other industries awaiting development are lumber, milling, canning and meat packing.

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 have saved 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 care and anxiety that need not be found in city life. With small farms all about there is no loneliness, no isolation. The advantages of schools, society, churches and many of the luxuries of city life are enjoyed in these irrigated districts. The irrigator is the king among farmers, as he is more independent of local conditions than other farmers. With sunshine every day of the growing season and controlling as he does the water supply he can regulate crop production to the highest degree of perfection. Of course capital is required, the amount depending upon the individual and kind of farming he decides to practice. The man who wants a home of his own, where he can rear his family in comfort and independence, will find no more inviting place than the Klamath basin.

Manchuria. The distance overland from Pekin to Mukden is about 1,100 miles. The traveled route passes through Kaigan and Dolon Nor and thence generally eastward through southeastern Mongolia to the center of southern Manchuria. The country is rolling to about 100 miles north of Jehol, but from that point on it is perfectly level, and for the most part it is good grass land, occupied by nomads and their flocks. There are no high mountains, no wide rivers, no growing forests and no indications of mineral wealth, but the country offers fine agricultural and stock raising possibilities.

Mr. Crawford has written an incredible number of novels. Indeed, it is said of him that he can, without any difficulty, write a long and quite readable novel in ten days. Hence it is not strange that with his wealth and fame he should be the lion of Sorrento.

In a Sorrento hotel sat a group of tourists.

"The natives here," said a tourist from Duluth, "talk of nothing but Marianna Crawford—Marianna Crawford. I have found out at last what they mean. They mean, by Jove, our great American novelist, F. Marion Crawford."

"Crawford is a wonderful writer," said a tourist from Boise City. "He thinks nothing of turning out a novel in three days."

"I doubt that," a tourist from Baltimore said. "Yet it is true that Crawford has written a great many books, over 100, I think the figures stand. And he is still young, remember. He may yet break all records."

"I don't believe any living man ever read all Crawford's books," said 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.

Memory Verses 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"There hath not failed one word of all his good promises."—1 Kings 9:5.

TIME.—About the middle of David's reign. Not long after the ark was brought to Jerusalem.

PLACE.—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, must soon decay, as for 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 Hagai (1:4), five centuries later, uttered the Lord's rebuke to his people, "Is it 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. 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 the Lord 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 act 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," said the Lord, "I 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.

Through the whole history of Judah there was but one dynasty, while in the Northern Kingdom there were seven different dynasties in their 19 kings.

After the destruction of the temple and the extinction of David's dynasty in Jerusalem, the writers in Chronicles and the post-exilic Prophets regard the promise as still in force, and still in process of fulfillment to the seed of David, with no limit to its eternal operation." This was the period of transition from the formal to the spiritual, but none the less real, kingdom and inheritance of David. The complete fulfillment was in Jesus Christ, "great David's greater Son." In the words 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 1:31-33; 20:14-14; Acts 2:29-31; 13:22, 23).

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

Note the glorious blessings God promised to bestow in place of the small one he refused, a spiritual temple for one of stone; an eternal home 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.

Practical Points.

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