

THE SAD AND FORGOTTEN

BY LOUIS H. CHILL, JR.

Go bury your gloom and your sorrow
Away from the world and our grief
And strive to reach the sun of to-morrow
To gather the blossoms of light.

Ye and ye sorrowful strikers,
Misfortune's lone victim of grief,
The throbs of your heart seem to quicken—
Come share the sweet balm of relief.

DOROTHEA INGRAM.

A Story of Early Colonial Days.

BY CHARLES C. HAHN.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

From this day on the minister had no doubt of Hillary's loyalty. He was the one, and, just as he meant to be, for he was a man of honest conviction, or prejudice, he would have had his enemy brought up for trial, had not his value in the settlement been so great that his neighbors' counsel prevailed.

On the very day of the trial, the minister had another manifestation of the strange power which was being exercised over his daughter, then about ten years old. During the day she had become sultry, surely portending a thunder storm. The leaves upon the fruit trees scarcely seemed to move. Towards noon a dark cloud had drifted over them from the south, and it passed away and was seen to break up in the north. This advance guard of the storm, however, was followed in less than half an hour by an army of smaller clouds, which came slowly upwards, and at length after much blowing about in the upper air, joined together and began to settle down over Saganauk.

A deep rumbling was heard among them, and then, as if a thunder had broken the water barriers, a few large drops of rain fell pattering upon the forest leaves and on the cabin roof. A gust of wind followed, partly relieving the pioneers of the sultriness and then the refreshing water began to fall in a steady shower. Flashes of light appeared in the sky, and the crash and boom of the disturbed elements were heard. That sharp, rattling, so terrible because of the indistinctness of the lightning's course, followed rapidly, and to an imaginative mind it seemed as though heaven had opened up for a magnificent battle with the giants of the forest, and a great, a great streak of light, a dull rattle above, and the tall oak which had held his head aloft for half a century was rent in twain, never in its pride to look down upon its smaller brothers again.

The wind forces, too, were roused, and rushed through the forest, tearing away great limbs, scattering the colored autumn leaves and bowing great trees before them. After half an hour the force of the storm was broken, the sharp crash of the thunderbolt was heard no more, the wind went down as it fell, and the sky was steady, yet gentle as ever, which lasted until nearly evening. But after that the sky for an hour or more was lighted now and then with those zig-zag streaks of lightning which frequently follow a storm.

A thunder storm is always a grand sight, but to the simple Puritan it meant much more than it does to their descendants now. To their simple minds the fury of the elements was a display of the power of God, and they listened reverently to his voice as if they were indeed at the foot of a second Sinai.

But in the case of the Rev. Henry Granville, the storm brought him out in the weakest part of his character. There was something so terribly positive in the descent of a thunderbolt that he covered and cringed before it. The roar of the wind through the forest seemed to him, regardless of his own knees, that he trembled yet more when he heard it; and the lightning flash and the falling rain were so far beyond his power to resist them, that, humbled and weak, his only recourse was to gather his family about him—and pray.

An hour after the trial he was seated in his chair at home, his thin lips moving in prayer, his eyes turned fearfully, yet with a fascination of fear that he could not resist, toward the window, and his form cringing and shrinking back at every crash.

Achshah was the only one who was not terrified at the storm. She had refused to go to her father, and had lain down upon a rude couch where she could watch the play of the lightning. When her father tried to slip deeper into his armchair at some vivid flash of light, she laughed and clapped her hands.

"Was not that a good stroke?" she would say to the minister. "Some tall tree in the forest was shattered then, I doubt not. And her father imagined that her smile hid an air of Scottish gaiety."

As the storm increased, she became even more gay, and the poor father saw unmistakable signs that the gayety was the effect of some nervous or mental excitement which he could neither comprehend nor allay. But suddenly he heard a cry of pain, and, turning to his child, saw her lying back upon the couch, with pale face in which fear and bodily suffering were both plainly marked.

"What is it, Achshah?" the minister asked. "Some one is striking me with thorns." The child was hastily undressed, and upon her body were found several places where the blood was starting through the skin. Nausea followed, and then the girl fell back upon her pillow, exhausted.

"Oh, I see him, papa, I see him," she said, after a time. "See who, Achshah?" "The girl did not answer, but soon cried out again:

"He has hurt my arm." The now thoroughly frightened man uncovered her arms, and, sure enough, upon one of them were to be discerned

the marks left by the grip of a strong hand.

"Papa, I thought you said he was safe in jail!" "No he is, my child!" "Then how could he hurt me so?"

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE FREE SEA. They are calling me, calling me, calling me, The yells are so deep and so low, They long to plunge into their embrace And out on their bosom drift!

I stand by the rolling ocean And watch the billows beat, Or stand by the rushing river With flowing at my feet;

And out of the sea come voices And the river murmurs low, To draw me into their bosom Down to the depths below.

You may beat upon the rocks With a clam, an echo sweep, You may cry from the shore With your fellows calm and deep;

But whether calm or frantic, I hear you calling low, In voice unheeded, unheeded, In words none other know; And you bid me come unto you, To calm rest far down below.

When'er you roll in splendor, With long, low, echo sweep, When'er you dash with fury And up the high cliff leap, I know you are mine, want me, And long to be, long to be, Beneath your storm, far down below, In lasting calm to rest.

And I hope that death will come to me On the river or on the sea, That the voice that is calling me ever Shall make my weary soul free.

They are calling me, calling me, calling me, The yells are so deep and so low, They long to plunge into their current And out on their bosom drift.

Immediately after the trial, as Mark persisted in refusal to pay the fine assessed against him, he was taken in charge by Constable Atlee and led away to an unused house in the outskirts of the village, where he was securely bound and left alone, his guards taking good care that the one door was well bolted from the outside.

This was in the afternoon, toward sunset, and as the cabin was growing dark, supper was brought him by his jailer. Then he longed to rest.

Notwithstanding the vexations of the day, Mark slept well, but toward daybreak he became restless and was troubled with dreams. He seemed to be back in old England again, and his dear wife's hand was upon his head. His life there he lived over, half waking, half dreaming. The cause which resulted in his emigration to the new world passed in review before him, and then he took up his life in Saganauk. Each event stood out with startling distinctness. The perception of the church, the death of his loved wife, the struggle for existence, all came back as he lay bound upon that cabin floor.

After a time his dream changed, or perhaps he fell asleep. This time he was in old England again as before, and for some reason had been cast into prison. While lying upon his narrow cot he could hear the foot steps of his jailer drawing nearer and nearer until they stopped before his cell door. The bolts were drawn aside, and, instead of his jailer, Achshah Granville appeared.

Hesitated and half awoke. Surely he heard an unusual rustle about the cabin door. He raised himself upon one elbow and listened, but all was still, and, falling back, he dozed again. He dreamed that he was lying in the cabin sleeping, and that Achshah, the minister's daughter, came and entered the room. Every point in that dream passed with slowness and distinctness. He seemed first to see her coming up the path from the village, then pause before the door of the cabin, lift her hands and tug at the bolt until it was withdrawn, then—when she was in the door—enter, draw a knife from her girdle and cut the cords which bound him.

The strangeness of the dream caused him to start and half raise up. The door was open. His bonds were cut, and he was free.

For a moment he stood in the cabin collecting his thoughts. Then, with firm step and unhesitating manner, he took a direct course for the river, which wound half-way round the village. It was a mile away, and the woods were dark, but he reached it in half an hour. He knew the country and the river well, and in a few moments came to a rugged old elm tree, to the roots of which a canoe was tied. He cut the bark which bound it to the roots, gave it a shove into the middle of the stream, and began floating downward toward the free sea.

In all this there was not a moment of hesitation. The darkness of night began to fade from the sky, and a faint tinge of gray showed over the earth. The sun was drawing nearer, and the forest was waking up to new life. Down deep among the trees on either side he could see long stretches of blackness like the straight branches of a pine tree, reaching out from the river. He looked on, and by and by those dark avenues between the trees grew lighter, and the forest ghostly.

The stillness of the early dawn was oppressive. In the dense darkness a sound could be heard now and then, but as they began to approach there was scarcely a rustle among the limbs. And through this the river wound, flowing slowly but deeply to the sea, and in the midst the fugitive floated.

At times the bank was low, and sloped down to the water's edge, and again it arose above the water level, and left its crumbling sides to wear away and fall with a thud and splash into the water below. And sometimes the washed roots of a giant tree stood out bare and reached down into the stream, a resting-place for fish, which the boys of Saganauk would have been glad to find. And then, again, the banks drew closer together, the stream became deeper, the limbs of the water elms overlapped, and the boat's course was through a leafy roadway of fallen autumn leaves. A turn in the river and the current rushed more rapidly, the leaves were hurled and crowded back to the shores, a clear, swift current swept onward, and the canoe, with its solitary boatman, with it.

Birds were sounding a note here and there from the depths of the forest. Gray dawn was passing away and the skies were growing lighter. The early risers of the birds had called to their companions, and the woods on each side resounded with the matin song of New England's abundant singers. The gray dawn passed away; the skies grew lighter; the cool autumn night became milder; overhead the sky was clear; eastward, through the woods, vistas of light were opening; and shadows were sloping westward. The morning had come, and the fugitive was drifting on, through borders of leaves, beneath woodland arches, with song of birds in the new day, onward to the great free sea.

The sea, the sea, the open sea, The blue, the fresh, the ever free.

A terrible monster is it, nevertheless, to all who bow not to its majesty, yet free is it, and free it craves each one who comes to it. With merciless calmness it rolls its long billows up upon the shore, bearing its seaweed and fragments of wrecks, and with relentless fury it dashes the ship to pieces, beats with rage upon

the rocky coasts and tells man "What's mine is mine and I will keep!" And yet, whether long green billows roll or white-caps fly, the sea is free and does as it will, and receives all who cast their lot with it as free also.

And the fugitive floated onward to the free sea.

The dawn had come and gone, the sun had risen and was beginning his stately march across the heavens, and with his rays obtruding the sparkling stars of night which the nightingale sang to, and which, mayhap, though far away, were brighter and more glorious than he. Gray light and dawn and sunrise passed away. The river had just made a sharp turn, to the left, and after struggling with the bank on the right, had regained its freedom also, and was flowing swiftly onward. A long stretch of water, but the curve it brought it circling southward toward Saganauk. It was flowing onward to the free sea, but what of the fugitive upon its bosom?

Atlee, the constable, waking early from his slumber, and desiring to boast upon his captive enemy, had long ere dawn or the gray light stumbled he way to the cabin at the edge of the forest.

Severed cords and an open door was all that he found.

Eager to track his prey, the alarm was at once given, and scouts were sent out—one this way, one that. Atlee himself, with a companion, cut directly south to the river and laid in wait.

A boat appears in the middle of the stream. The constable calls to the solitary boatman to halt. The only reply is a quick motion of the occupant of the boat, and the fugitive is in the water. A moment more, and the boat is a right hand, and he sinks again. The boat drifts on, and the swift waters flow swiftly to the sea.

CHAPTER V.

THE YOUNG WITCH.

When Atlee and his men returned to the settlement but little adverse comment was made upon his act. Hillary, when ordered to return, had refused to do so. Still, his action would have been denounced had not the settlement become honeycombed with the half-expressed belief that Hillary was indeed in league with the devil.

Dorothea, Hillary's daughter, was at this time nearly a year old. For several days after her father's tragic disappearance she remained in the cabin in the woods, but soon the more human sentiment came to the surface, and the leaders of the village conspired as to her future. Her father's farm which her father had built and on which she was settled upon her so that in years to come she would be comfortably well off, as far as worldly possessions go. But in the meantime it would not do for the young girl to be neglected.

After much debate, the question of her future home was settled by Atlee Lennox offering to receive her into his home and care for her, upon return for what work she might be able to do about the house. He was the village doctor.

Dorothea's new home proved to be a pleasant one. Her life was bright and sweet-tempered, and soon became a favorite not only with the family into which she had been received but by the village generally. Her very loneliness appeared to her honest bliss. In time she had become acquainted with every one she met, and her figures became a common one by the fireside of all, with the exception of the minister's.

When Hillary's death was announced to Mr. Granville he was inexpressibly pained. He felt that an unprepared soul had been taken to the Maker, and he felt least some of his might have stood in the way of its being prepared.

This feeling of regret also prompted him to offer any aid in his power to the little waif left among them. He would even have taken her to his own home had not another been provided for her. The first Sunday after Dorothea had gone to live with Dr. Lennox the minister invited her home with him; for, while Sunday visiting was discontinued in Saganauk, he rightly considered upon her invitation more of a work of mercy than a worldly pleasure.

After the cold dinner, which was always served on Sunday to dispense with any unnecessary labor, the family were gathered in the minister's study. Dorothea was seated by the window and answered the minister and his wife in monosyllables. Even had she felt free to talk it is likely that she would have done the same, for the remarks which her father had frequently made about the minister caused her to look with doubt upon his friendly advances. As was his custom on Sunday, Mr. Granville was conversing with his family.

"Who is Satan?" he asked his younger daughter, Achshah.

"Satan?" she turned her startled brown eyes toward the minister and started him by asking: "Did you ever see him?"

He was about to reply hastily in the negative, when Achshah spoke up: "I have seen him, papa."

"My child, my child, what are you saying? You could not see the evil one."

"But I have, papa," asked Dorothea, turning to the girl.

Achshah looked at her questioner with a shrewd gleam in her eyes, and replied: "Like your father."

The next instant Dorothea had poked up a book lying upon the desk near her and flung it at the creature. Achshah smiled.

"That cannot hurt me as much as some other things you might do," and the incident was passed over without any more words. But that evening Achshah was taken with one of those nervous attacks to which she was subject, and the minister's daughter worked hard to get her to bed.

Was the daughter, like the father, in league with the evil one? The question gave him subject for long meditation. Dorothea was not invited to repeat her visit.

Some months after this occurrence an incident happened which deepened Mr. Granville's meditations on witchcraft. When Dorothea was removed to the doctor's home, a small chest filled with books and papers, had been found in Hillary's cabin.

The doctor had glanced hastily at the letter, and, finding that they referred to Hillary's family connections in England, laid them carefully away. These, with a letter which Dorothea always wore suspended around her neck, were the only things binding the little waif to her friends. The gray dawn passed away; the skies grew lighter; the cool autumn night became milder; overhead the sky was clear; eastward, through the woods, vistas of light were opening; and shadows were sloping westward. The morning had come, and the fugitive was drifting on, through borders of leaves, beneath woodland arches, with song of birds in the new day, onward to the great free sea.

thea ran away. But now, in his mind, there was no doubt. His deep study of witchcraft had familiarized him with all forms of amulets and charms. Dorothea wore the badge of the devil. From this time on, Dorothea bore a double character. To those around her, and with whom she associated, she was a pure, high-minded, lovable girl. But the minister, courted by the necessity had their weight with his parishioners, and while he made no charge against her the report that she was a witch was circulated. The simple-minded pioneers treated her as if she were one of their own flesh and blood, yet they could not help watching her with fear. She might not be what she seemed, and they were on the alert to detect anything which might savor of the evil one.

That it was a hard life and a difficult path for one so young to tread is clear. The least outbreak of temper, the smallest act which might appear queer, or which she had not finished it and was about to begin again with the first verse, when he heard light footsteps near, and, looking into the forest, saw Dorothea approaching. It was an ominous meeting for the girl.

The poor minister could not, if he had wished, discontinue her presence with the evil spirits he was exorcising. Had he not uttered the cabalistic words, he believed the girl would not have joined him, but would have left the powers of the evil to exercise their influence upon him. But they being barred from injuring her, their mistress, came. They walked along toward the lights which were gleaming through the woods from the village.

"Where have you been at this hour, Dorothea?" the minister asked; for, although inwardly trembling, he did not fear an attack, and was disposed to treat her as the mannerly becoming girl he had known. He was a good man, as I have said, and even while he believed Dorothea to be bound to the devil, would do anything to release her from her bondage.

"I have been down the creek to Mr. Johnson's, whose wife is ill. It is late, but she cannot be left here alone, and there was no one else who would go after her."

"Oh! child, what do you want of that poor woman's soul?" Dorothea started.

"I do not understand you."

But the minister did not reply. Just then there came a little rain, which, flowing southward, joined Saganauk creek a few rods below the village. With the simple words, "I am thirsty," Dorothea knelt down by the running brook to drink. So quickly was it done that she touched the running water with her lips, when the minister cried out:

"Stop, child of evil! Would you drink in the evil spirits which float upon uncovered water this eve and are faintly proof against all such dangers?"

"Sir, I do not know what you mean," answered Dorothea, as she ceased drinking and arose to her feet.

"Do not know what I mean? Child, perhaps you would also advise me to drink of that stream?"

"And why not, reverend sir, if you are thirsty?"

"Why not? Because this is Tuesday night, and while none may drink from uncovered water six nights in the week, he may not do so on Tuesday evening neither will he wish to receive into him those evil spirits called muskies, which sport upon the waters this eve and are fain to enter man's body, hoping that they may reach his head or his heart."

"Reverend sir," said Dorothea. "You are very learned, but I am ignorant and know not of this. I thank you that you warn me. No more will I drink of water on this Tuesday eve, unless it has been closely covered."

The two then proceeded on their way to the village. But in the minister's mind two things had been made certain: that Dorothea was indeed in the woods that night to marshal the powers of the air against him, and that, foiled in her plans by the cabalistic psalm, she had knelt by the running brook to commune with those spirits which superstition told him invaded all uncovered water on Tuesday night.

"There is an old Jewish legend to this effect. (TO BE CONTINUED.)"

Kansas Philosophy. It is so easy for cuteness to become impudence. Certainty is often just positive enough to be mistaken.

Suspicion must have a long nose as well as a long finger. A dog is all right in his place, but he is seldom in his place.

The locks on our head do not keep us from losing our hair. Men like to tell women they are angels better than they like to have them believe it.

There is one person who is always admired: he who professes less than he performs. Homely women and good cooking are as firmly associated in a man's mind as are posts and empty pocketbooks.

There is sometimes a silence that you think you can hear; it is the silence of the man whose advice you have taken, and that has failed.—Michelson Globe.

He Was the Leading Actor. A stranger approached a village in the Southwest, and a great crowd gathered round the Court House. He was of an inquiring turn of mind and soon learned that a very interesting trial was about to take place. The throng seemed to center about a man of imposing presence and proud carriage. On him all eyes were bent and to his words all ears were attentive. Pushing his way to this individual the stranger paused and said respectfully:

"Excuse me, sir, but are you the Judge?"

The man of imposing figure snorted with wrath at the question: "Judge nothing! Why, I'm the fellow that stole the horses."

Another Convert. Small Boy—"Papa, this book says that when an office-holder in China gets rich the people cut his head off and confiscate his property, 'cause they know he stole it."

Great Statesman—"Joe Whiteaker! We don't want any Chinese notions over here. The Chinese must go."

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