

NEW CHURCH CHOIR.

FLORENCE JOSEPHINE ROYCE.
I must confess that on this Sabbath day
I could have rolled across my breast
That ne'er 'll be cleared away.

DOROTHEA INGRAM.

A Story of Early Colonial Days.

BY CHARLES C. HAHN.

CHAPTER VI.

A PURITAN MAIDEN.

HE kindly knew she was a woman, so sweetly she grew,
was the experience of Dorothea Hillary.

So Dorothea grew in the forests of the new world,
not very warm, not with flaming colors, or a luxuriance of passion.

Traces of her early life with her father were never effaced.
In fact there were tinges in her character which were ever appearing like the recurring colors of the evening twilight.

So often she was content to sit for hours beneath some tall oak tree,
thick-leaved, signed over her little head with an ancient melody as old as trees or the hills or nature.

And to sit there, half hidden by the grass,
and look out at the tall treescops which surrounded the village,
and out into the sky beyond at the overhead.

once taught her, and although she did not at first probably understand it,
the rhythm was pleasing and she often repeated it to herself:

The shadows on the Western slopes,
The sky tints at the set of sun,
May thrill us all alike with joy.

Sometimes come floating thro' the mind
Or surging thro' the human breast
A thought, a feeling rich and rare,

The verses always recalled her father and made her sad, yet she clung to them
with childish persistence and chose to be sad in memory with him, than light-hearted without.

The image seemed to be that of the mother whom she did not remember,
but whose portrait she wore upon her breast,
and in her heart came a nameless feeling of peace.

For a pioneer, Dr. Lennox possessed a fine library,
and many of the books were so quaint and old that it was a wonder he was allowed by the church to keep them.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE MINISTER'S STUDY.

Mr. Granville's study was in a corner of the house and looked out upon the street.
It was a very cozy room, furnished with a moderate library and writing desk and a snug fireplace,
in which the various kinds of wood snapped and blazed in their season.

It was a cool evening in early autumn—in fact, the anniversary of the trial which our story opens,
although Mr. Granville did not remember it.
The trial itself, however, was very distinct in his mind,
as was every point in his enemy's life.

Then, again, this was a favorite theme for his evening reveries,
and often extended them far into the night,
and indeed, all Saginaw, were wrapped in sleep.

On this particular evening he had been even more troubled by his gloomy thoughts.
In his imagination he could feel an unseen presence in the very room,
and in his heart hope died, as he said to himself:

"The man or his spirit is near."
This feeling was so strong that he arose and did what at no time before had he courage to do,
or which his sense of honor would allow.

"Dorothea: Obedy the one who keeps you,
and the one who watches over you,
but whom you cannot see, will always provide for you."

"Come in, Squire, come in," the minister said;
"you have come just as I wanted you. I have for some months wished to speak to you upon a subject that is troubling me. Sit down, I pray you."

"You remember Mark Hillary, who disappeared ten years ago," he continued,
when the minister looked up, startled by the sound of breaking glass and Achsah's cry,
the arm had been withdrawn and the piece of birch had disappeared.

"Does she grow no better as she becomes older?"
"Not at all. In bodily health she is some stronger, but her attacks have taken a more violent form.
At one time I might have considered her frail health as the cause, but she grows stronger her whole soul shows itself to be in an abnormal condition.

"And who do you suspect?"
"His daughter!"
The prostrum may seem very indefinite, but it was not to the Squire.

"Just before you entered I was reading a note which I wish to show you. I have kept my eye on this daughter, and have discovered, among other things, that she is in communion with some one, we know not whom, unless it is as I suspect. This note, which I wish to show you, was intercepted. I have kept it in my desk for some time, but to-night opened it. See what a convicting document it is," and the minister handed the birch bark to the Squire.

"Obey the one who keeps you," who is it that keeps her? Evidently it refers to the Evil One, to whom she belongs. And the friend you know but cannot see? Who would that be but the author of all evil? Will always provide for you. Is not that full testimony to her league with the devil? Her whom she cannot see will provide for her."

While the minister was making these running comments the Squire read the note through, holding it at arm's length. "What shall you do with it?" he asked when the minister had finished.

"I have just what I wish to consult you about. Shall I preserve it as evidence against this person, or shall I burn it? I must confess that I was strongly tempted to do the latter, thinking only of the safety of my family. But perchance I had better keep it," concluded the minister, with a sigh.

"By no means, I beg of you, my dear sir," responded the Squire, earnestly. "He who holds the devil's writing will soon have the writer in his house. It is by God's grace that he has not come to clear his own name."

But just as the minister was about to drop the piece of bark into the fire, the study door opened, his eldest daughter entered, and the minister, instead, dropped it upon the table near him. Achsah was clad in white from head to foot, and to the two men, whose imagination was in a feverish state of witchcraft, she appeared like a specter.

"Achsah, what do you want?" asked the minister, anxiously.
"I came in for that," said the girl, pointing to the birch bark. "The two men looked at each other in silence. She reached out her hand and took the note, walked stiffly across the room and laid it upon the open desk by the window. This done, she returned, sat down upon a stool at her father's feet and became absorbed in what she was doing. In a few places as they leaped up from the burning wood."

"Horror-stricken, the minister and the Squire sat in silence also, watching her. Soon the door opened and Achsah, the younger child, came quietly in, and, without a word, she took the note from the desk and looked up at her father, which she gazed at as if charmed and unable to turn her eyes away."

Achsah arose from her seat, went over to a chest and without uttering a word, took the note from her and laid it back upon the desk.
Achsah made no protest but returned to her sister and sat down on the opposite side of the fire.

Neither uttered a word or appeared concerned during these after-noon meditations. He had made a study of the man's life, and had even gone to the trouble of inquiring into his antecedents minutely. But all this was nothing compared with the awful anxiety his disappearance gave. Long hours the minister sat in a study speculating upon it. Sometimes he paused at the end of a paragraph in his sermon to gaze absently out of the window and recall that last act in Mark Hillary's life.

Then, again, this was a favorite theme for his evening reveries, and often extended them far into the night, and indeed, all Saginaw, were wrapped in sleep. So the poor man wearily wore his life away.
On this particular evening he had been even more troubled by his gloomy thoughts. In his imagination he could feel an unseen presence in the very room, and in his heart hope died, as he said to himself:

"The man or his spirit is near."
This feeling was so strong that he arose and did what at no time before had he courage to do, or which his sense of honor would allow. He went to his desk and took out a little package which had been intercepted on its way to Dorothea two years before. This evening he tore off the wrapper, and in his hand lay a piece of birch bark, such as was often used by the Indians and by some settlers for writing paper. Upon this bit of birch was this sentence:
"Dorothea: Obedy the one who keeps you, and the one who watches over you, but whom you cannot see, will always provide for you."

"Obey the one who keeps you." That is damning," murmured the minister, and his lips turned pale. "It is a message from the evil one, and I have had it concealed in my desk. No wonder we have been afflicted. But, is it not necessary," he continued, after a pause during which he was plunged in deep thought, "is it not necessary that I keep it for testimony?"

but while he was yet undecided whether to cast the evil bark into the fire, or lay it away and brave the danger in the work of convicting a witch, the case was settled by a rap at the door, and, hastily opening it, he admitted the pioneer Squire.
"Come in, Squire, come in," the minister said; "you have come just as I wanted you. I have for some months wished to speak to you upon a subject that is troubling me. Sit down, I pray you."

grasped the note. Achsah uttered a cry. The whole was done so quickly that when the minister looked up, startled by the sound of breaking glass and Achsah's cry, the arm had been withdrawn and the piece of birch had disappeared. The cry of the girl was answered by a harsh, grating laugh, which was echoed from the woods around, and for half an hour peals of diabolical merriment were heard about the house until they died away in the distance.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER FIVE YEARS.

Five more years passed in the history of Saginaw since Mark Hillary's disappearance, and Dorothea, the girl-witch, was seventeen years old. She had grown up in these woods of New England free and untrammelled by the affections of fashion.

Like a sturdy plant which needed only sunlight and air, she grew up hardy. He said that her face was fair. Indeed, from it she derived the name of witch, for truly it was one molded to bewitch the hearts of men, and many of the young pioneers there were who also felt its power.

She was of medium height, with a body well built. Her hands were finely shaped; her hair and eyes were brown. It was of the latter a poet has written:
"Brown eyes seem some rich, tempting wine,
That might lead one to love them in all too well."

And again:
"I know from well two deep dark eyes,
If brown or black, 'twere sometimes hard to tell.
Right black in anger, brown in tenderness;
But when the long dark lashes if it dispart,
The light, the usual fearless frankness dies,
And then her looks in dia, secret mistiness
A gleam so subtle in its shadowy eyes."

She was of medium height, with a body well built. Her hands were finely shaped; her hair and eyes were brown. It was of the latter a poet has written:
"Brown eyes seem some rich, tempting wine,
That might lead one to love them in all too well."

Many were the lovers who came to her, although each parent warned his own son against the wiles of the maiden, for now the suspicion of the minister had grown to be so positive that the girl really bore the reputation of a witch.
This was augmented by the detection of several mysterious visits Dorothea received from some unknown person. One evening, about a year after she was left alone in Saginaw, the minister was walking through the woods north of the village, when he heard two persons conversing, and, approaching, discovered Dorothea. Her companion disappeared as soon as the minister's footsteps were heard, and he could not identify her. But the visitor wore the garb of an Indian. Dorothea's reticence with regard to the visit added to the minister's belief in her guilt.

After this first visit, Mr. Granville was on the alert to detect Do. in other delinquencies. He made excuses to be absent from the holding secret meetings with some unknown person, and as these meetings were always at night they confirmed the suspicious about the girl. It was also learned that after these interviews Dorothea always had a supply of clothing and food, and that once she brought in from the forest a bundle of furs, which were made into a cloak for her protection in winter.

One night in October, as the minister was prowling about in the woods, go where his diseased fancy led him, he suddenly found himself in the little opening in front of Hillary's deserted cabin. At the same moment a man dressed as an Indian came out of the cabin door and hastily disappeared in the woods. Mr. Granville, on the scent for anything which might convict the girl, entered the deserted place and began a minute search. He was rewarded by finding a small package—a piece of folded birch bark.

"No doubt it was a message from her minister to Dorothea," and he carried it home with him.
An enemy, too, had arisen between Dorothea and Achsah Granville. The latter could not meet the former without her little weaz and face drawing up into a scowl, and once she cried out that she would have her head for the two girls were several yards apart. This had occurred in front of the meeting house one Sunday morning as the people were coming out from preaching.

"You child of the devil!" the father cried. "Will nothing satisfy you? Why do you quarrel with your sister?"
"Child of the devil!" Dorothea answered. "Methinks that is rough speech for a holy man of God. But how can I be Dorothea, God's gift and come from Sain?"

"You need not play upon words with me, for I know you. Tell me, if you are God's gift and not the devil's child, who is it you go into the woods to meet?"
"That I may not tell, reverend sir."
"Be true to your shame to mention him whom you meet?"
"Say, sir," Dorothea answered, blushing; "there is no shame about it. But whom I meet does not concern you, and I shall not tell you."

"Perhaps you will not deny, then, that you received from him money and furs?" the persecutor said, in a fury.
"Have you been a spy upon me? Was it not enough for you to drive my father from his home? Have you no mercy that you follow and persecute a helpless child? Whether I receive angels from any one does not concern you. And now let me go on my way, for it is not seemly for you to hold such converse in front of the meeting-house on the Lord's day." And without waiting for a reply, Dorothea made her way to her adopted home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Josh Billings' Philosophy.
It is a good sign when praise makes a man behave better.
When I see a poor and proud aristocrat purkular about punkillio, he always puts me in mind of a drunken man trying to walk a crack.
Our wants, after all, make most of our happiness. When we have got all we want, then comes fear lest we lose what we have got, and thus possession fails to be happiness.
Dangers are like a cold bath—very dangerous while you stand stripped on the bank, but often not only harmless but invigorating, if you pitch into them.

Take awl the prophecies that have come low pass, and awl that have caught on the centers and failed to lay cam time, and make them up into an average, and you will find that buying stock on the Cadfish Bank or Nubundland, at 50 per cent., for a rise, is, in comparison, a good speculating business.
It is awl important that fashion should be perfumed with az much morality as possible, for it controls more people than law or piety daz.—New York Weekly.

HANNAH'S JERSEY.

BY CLARA M. HOWARD.

"Anno Jersey?" Wal, yes, sir; she's made of the right kind of stuff.
"By her?" Ah, no, sir. You haven't a money count.
"Gen'le?" To me she's allus bin so, but she hates me like plizen, An' to show it she's never bin s'ow.

"Wouldn't own sich a critter?" Wal, no, sir; To milk her you never would try. For jest let Jabez come nigh her. An' see how she'll let her heels fly.

"How does she know the difference?" Wal, sir, she knows me'r a you think; You see Jabez abused her While tryin' to learn her to drink.

"How was that?" Wal, sir, I'll tell you; It happened in this way: Yer see, 'Twas in springtime—the men wer all bizz, So the milkin' fell on Jabez an' me. Now he hates farmin', does Jabez, An' work alius makes him fool a ere, Fer he was raised up in the city— Was clerk in a dry-goods store.

But father's broad acres wur temptin', An' as I was the only child, He proposed. Of course I accepted, Though I think now I must hev bin wild. Father was sore disappointin', 'Cause I chuzed a husband from town; His folks that he'd married beneath him— Fer him 'twas a mal'ey cum down To change his store close for blue drillin', An' knuckle right down to hard work, Though I say this much for Jabez: He's a sver bin known to shirk. He'll likens himself to the eagle, Ted down to the bar-n-yard fowl. I'll tell you the resemblance, He's more like a great stupid owl.

He boasts of his great education, But see 'tis all wasted down here. His heart's not in a set of clothin' pars; He feels quite above us—that's clear. Yet, with all of his top-story knowledge,

When father was livin' 'twas dif'rent, Fer he alius looked after the farm, But he was allin' all winter— That he'd git well when 'twas warm— He'd be dead. An' then Jabez Sed the farm didn't pay an' we'd sell; But I thot dif'rent; 'tis my home, sir, An' I'll not leave it, at least fer a spell.

I tell him his brains an' his learnin' Are just as much needed here As they ever were up in the city. Fer the farm needs a good manager To make things come out even. An' balance the profit an' loss— To know what crops pay the best, sir, An' not get cheated buyin' a boss.

The farmer needs somethin' of science, Likewid a bit of the law. To understand effects an' their causes, An' to mak' such a numberless army, As the persistent potato-bug foe, To say nothin' of 'oppers an' chinch bugs, Of traps an' lightnin'-rod men, too— An' to vote for the right man at election— Is there aught he don't need to know?

But Jabez, like all city-bred people, Looks down on es plain country folk. He's not a bit of a farmer's man; Of medicine, too, he needs knowledg— How to give lotions an' pills, In order to care for his stock, sir, An' cure their numerous ills.

An' then he must be a good fighter. Fer tell of a general you know, Who fought his way through the army, As the persistent potato-bug foe, To say nothin' of 'oppers an' chinch bugs, Of traps an' lightnin'-rod men, too— An' to vote for the right man at election— Is there aught he don't need to know?

Without us where'd be your railroads, An' all their rush an' their noise 'bout a law. An' where'd your great men all cum from If the farmer quit raisin' boys? When I talk all this to Jabez he seems it, An' ses 'I'm not up with the times; I can't live without farmin'— From his brain com dollars an' dimes. He thanks God he was not born a farmer, 'Tis such a low callin'; but then the noblest an' first occupation God ever gave unto man, Fer wasn't Father Adam a farmer? An' the garden of Eden a farm? Then why scorn the broad-landed toiler, Fer from the earth gains a livin' By the aid of his strong right arm?

Let me see! Where was I? Out to the barn, I think. I'll be a part of the milkin' An' learnin' the calf to drink. Wal, the heifer—her mother—was restive. An' Jabez got rid of her easy— He's got to much respect by half— But he manized by some loud takin', An' several sound blows from his fist, To tighten her into submission— On beatin' he'd alius insist. Wal, when we'd finished the milkin', There was the calf to be fed. So he backed it up in the corner, An' into the pall jammed his head.

The calf choked an' struggled— I sed 'Jabez, that's not the best way. Father alius—' "You shot up, Hannez!" An' I'd not a word more to say. 'Ther's no use in her suckin' my finger. That's a real 'ar old foggy plan; I believe in new ways to do things— I'm not that kind of a man!"

All this time the calf was strugglin'— Out to the barn, I think 'e now way— An' landed Jabez plump in the gut, er. Some way he was a fall n'. I've had see four boys sed died; He knew his hands up blindly, An' caught the old cow by the tail.

Of course at all this commotion, Though a staid an' dignified beast, She kicked, and hit poor Jabez. A dozen times at least— "Thot hurtin' him much tho'— An' he sed, 'very black in the face, Swore at farmers and farm'n'. An' cursed the whole bovine race. Then he knocked the calf down with the milk-stool, An' kicked it until I cried, An' though I knew it was wicked, I was glad 't four boys sed died; Fer if he'd abuse a poor helpless creature, Why wouldn't he abuse his own child? An' I thot how dif'rent was father— So gentle, so kind, an' so mild. I looked at the calf, 'twas a gaspin', An' I took her poor load on my knee,

Raised her up gently an' sed here, An' that's wh' she's gaint with me. She hates Jabez, an' I love him. An' some way I lost my respect. Then an' 'twas, in spite of his learnin', His brains an' his great intellect.

For a man of his boasted knowledge.



"CAUGHT THE OLD COW BY THE TAIL."

To be so easy upon! Somehow I felt sort o' disgrusted, An' I hadn't rot over it yet! I wouldn't giv' a mill on the dollar For a man, tho' he's smarter by half Than all the wise men in creation, If he'd abuse a poor little calf.

HARVEY, WIS.

A BOY MURDERER.

The Youngest Convict in the United States.
Wonderfully innocent-looking is prisoner No. 1900 in the Iowa State Prison, a slim boy eleven years old. He is rather a handsome boy, with a broad forehead and a thoughtful face. The photograph shows. He is the youngest prisoner ever received at the prison or, it is believed, at any other State prison.

Prisoner 1900 is sentenced to the Iowa State Penitentiary for life. His crime was the brutal and premeditated murder of his father and stepmother near Edgewood, Clayton County, in July, 1899.

Early one morning Wesley drove the old farm team furiously up to a neighbor's house. He had the baby in the wagon with him. He had an awful story to tell. When he arose that morning and went to his parents' room a terrible sight met his eyes.

Lying stretched out on the bed was the body of his father with a bullet-hole through his head. Half on the bed and half on the floor was the body of his stepmother. Her head was beaten to a jelly. On the floor lay a heavy club, smeared with blood, and his father's old muzzle-loading rifle, with which the ghastly work had been done.

The community was excited. Many people were thrown into confusion. The eldest son proved alibi.

Wesley, the ten-year-old boy, maintained his story. He showed no sign of grief. No tear came to his eye. Coolly and in a matter of fact way he related again and again the details of his horrible discovery. It was the same.

He was finally arrested, however, and locked up in jail at Elkader. One day this 10-year-old child called the officials into his cell and confessed that the work was his. There was no breaking down, no tears. Coolly and calmly again he detailed the story.

His father and his stepmother whipped him and he would not stand it. He waited until his brother was gone away and he was alone in the house with his parents. At 3 o'clock in the morning he got up, stole down stairs and loaded his father's old muzzle-loading rifle, which hung on the wall in the bed-room. He put the muzzle to his father's forehead and fired. As he had expected, his step-mother was awakened by the report and leaped out of bed to strike a light. Wesley knocked her down with a club which he had ready. Then, to make the matter sure, he beat her head to a jelly.

Before the Rise.



Bull—It's my drink first. Dog—No, 'tain't, it's mine. Bull—Let's toss for it.—Judge.
A Muddy Day in Blackville.



Mr. Bloomfield (continuing a fatherly lecture)—Allus foller in yo' fader's footsteps, Clemmy, an' you'll be pritty sure t' kin t' no hahn.—Judge.