

**GRANDMA'S HONEY BREAD.**  
BY OZIAS MIDSUMMER.

I've tasted the sweets and the sour of living,  
I've drunk the rare draughts and the dregs of the cup;  
I've joyed in receiving and joyed in the giving,  
My life's interested in life's down and up.  
Arrived I beheld its comfort and dread,  
With the brightest spot in it—Grandma's honey bread.

At home there were apples, and doughnuts, and cookies,  
And nuts, and molasses, and bread o'cr,  
And baby boys baked that a joy to look at,  
And puddings and fillies and pieces the more,  
But nothing there seemed quite so good as the bread  
That I got at grandma's with honey instead.

Ah, well I remember the buggy and "bosses,"  
The happy bright days when we all sped away  
Mid "biddles" and "sheepies," and "lambsies" and "bossies,"  
The river side sporting, to spend the whole day  
With dear, good, old grandma to visit, 'twas said,  
But I well remembered the honey and bread.

And I too remember the scenes at the meetings,  
The shouts and the welcomes, the trowns and the throws,  
The laughter, the joys, and the gladness at greetings,  
The slight and the sounds, the confusion, all those;  
But best of them all memory knows what was said  
When grandma said, "Got him some honey and bread."

You see it was thus that, amidst the confusion  
(For we'd just arrived at her vine-shaded door),  
She mentioned so quietly the thing to my notion,  
Was from the known fact I had been there before,  
And scarce ever landed before I had said:  
"Ma knows our dot very good 'oney and bread."  
CHICAGO, ILL.

**DOROTHEA INGRAM.**  
A Story of Early Colonial Days.

BY CHARLES C. HAHN.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

These meetings between Dorothea and Achaah at length became so painful to the latter that the minister exerted all his power to prevent them. He allowed his daughter to go out with no one but himself, and while taking their solitary strolls he carefully avoided those places where they were likely to encounter Dorothea. But there was one place in which he could not avoid the young witch, for such she was now called by the settlement generally. In the new log house on Sunday and on lecture days the whole population were obliged to gather. Here, for an hour or two on those days, the two were obliged to sit, and although it was God's house the minister was never easy lest the devil's power might find some weak place in his prayer and break through, even in that sacred place. Consequently he changed his own family pew to a remote corner from Dr. Lennox's, where Dorothea sat, and continued as much as possible to keep his daughter from the sight of the girl.

He had it in mind several times to forbid Dorothea from entering the meeting-house, but his deacons dissuaded him. Then, too, the minister knew that the time to strike an open blow had not yet come. For Dr. Lennox, with whom Dorothea lived, and to whom she had become as a daughter, stoutly denied all insinuations against her, and had publicly stated that he would fight for her as for his own flesh and blood.

Dorothea's beauty had had its influence upon a great many of the congregation, principally the young men of the settlement. As has been stated, she had grown up a comely girl, the equal to whom there was not in Sagnauk, and, despite the reputation given her by the minister, and the evidence before them with regard to Achaah Granville, Dorothea's suitors were many.

Neither was there ever any jealousy of her in the hearts of the other maidens of the village, for Dorothea possessed that openness and good-heartedness which seldom falls to the lot of a young woman, and her readiness to serve a neighbor, to watch by the sick, to nurse a fretful child, or do any of the many acts which a good-hearted woman can do if she will, made her a favorite with her sisters. True, they had believed her false, but they silenced themselves with the fact that nothing had really been proven against her, and that to them she had always been kind. Some, no doubt, were influenced by the thought that, did she possess the power ascribed to her, it were better to treat her well and secure her favor than to incur her enmity.

It was a troublesome young life; and had not Dorothea been supported by Dr. Lennox and his wife, she long before these five years had elapsed, no doubt would have committed some act of indiscretion, or allowed some outbreak of temper which would have given the minister good cause for proceeding against her as he had against her father. But this worthy couple watched over her as they would over their own child, and many times succeeded in soothing her feelings when sorely tried, and in inducing her to forgive and, if possible, forget, the wrongs done her.

In one instance the Doctor's well-meaning plans came near hastening on the end against which he was guarding. Like all successful men of the colony in those days, he had been educated in England, and was consequently fairly well acquainted with nervous diseases. To him the girl Achaah's trouble seemed due entirely to physical causes, although he could not understand just how it was brought about. He accordingly decided, one day, to bring the girl into Dorothea's presence and test the effect it would have upon her, doubting not that her fear of him would hinder any deception.

By little maneuvering he was able at length to secure the girl's presence in his office and then sent for Dorothea. Scarcely had she entered when Achaah began to show unmistakable signs of some outside influence being brought to bear upon her. Her face rapidly changed its expression, her arms dropped to her sides, and her whole body became limp. For an instant the Doctor's faith in his adopted daughter was shaken, and he glanced up quickly at her. To his horror and the confirmation of his fears, she too was visibly affected. Her eyes were steadily fixed on those of the girl shrinking back in the chair, and her face wore a look which the Doctor had never seen there before. It was pale, and the muscles of the face stood out in relief. Thus she remained for several seconds, then gradually resumed her usual manner, and a contented smile rested upon her lips.

The Doctor was about to speak to Dorothea when his attention was called Achaah. With a snicker she slipped from the chair and lay upon the floor,

her limbs contorted and her mouth foaming. While the Doctor was hastening to procure certain medicines which he thought might relieve her, she ceased her struggling, and by the time he returned to her she had stretched her form to its full length and lay upon the floor with the rigidity of a cataplectic fit. He laid her upon a couch and administered a potion which soon revived her. She remained weak for some time, but the Doctor learned that she never had trouble might be it was not beyond the aid of medicine.

"Un-ess"—he could not help the thought—"less Dorothea had withdrawn her spell."

That an serious would be the result of his fit at the Doctor had never imagined. He had supposed that when the two girls were brought together, away from the minister's influence, he would be able to control Achaah's trickery, as he had called it, and that an unanswerable argument would be found against the minister's charges. But the result was just the opposite to what he had wished, and the scene in his office had been one, he knew, which would but injure the one he desired to help. And his fears were speedily realized, for that very night the excited minister called upon him, and after denouncing his treachery, announced his intention of having Dorothea arraigned for witchcraft.

**CHAPTER IX.**  
A LOVE IDYL.

In the midst of all these troubles the new experience of youth imagined. Dorothea, and in it she was happy. During the past year a stranger had come to Sagnauk from old England.

Many of the colonists had emigrated from the country in which (would it were so) stood, and knew, by reputation, at least, of Lord Oswald. The coming of his younger son, Egbert, was like the coming of an old friend to those even with whom he was not personally acquainted. He came, too, bearing with him the patent for a large grant of land near Sagnauk, a patent which bore upon it the great seal of the King himself. Even in New England, where men were supposed to be taken for what they were worth in character, rather than for what they were worth in house and barns, these facts gave to the younger son of Oswald a warm welcome.

But the young man had a personal character which would have made him welcome in time when it should become known, and Sagnauk was not long in finding it out.

In appearance Egbert Ingram was of medium height, and the picturesque dress of that usually signified a man of advantage. His hair was typical Saxon, light and wavy, and his eyes were of that dead-gray hue which denote strength of will and honesty of purpose.

His advent created no small stir in the village, for he was the first to come direct from old England since the settlement had been made. From him could be learned many things with regard to the old home, and the state of affairs in England. Fresh from a more refined atmosphere, he brought with him, too, an influence which was speedily made manifest by his lips, new ideas came from him, hints of other ways of living were dropped, books and pictures were spoken of, and the little settlement, which had dropped down into its own way of life and unconsciously adopted its own peculiar vernacular, was a considerable diversion. The elders remembered the more courtly words which had been accustomed to in their youth, and almost unconsciously began to use them again. His stories of England also gave new subjects for thought and conversation, and the little world, bound in by circles of dense woods, found an opening out into a greater one, which it was learning to forget.

The younger members of the village, many of whom had thought of but little about the clearing of forests and the planting of corn, of work on week days and of preaching on Sunday, were pleasantly surprised to hear such familiarity with books and paintings, towers and castles, and lords and kings. It was like a glimpse into fairy land.

And yet one should not imagine from this that Egbert Ingram was an egotist who had thrust his own personal likes and dislikes upon the others. He was too much of a gentleman to allow the least with whom he came in contact to imagine that any other life could be more congenial than that of an honest pioneer in the woods of America.

It was rather by questions that he was drawn out, and what he did in changing the current of thought in Sagnauk was brought about more by the pioneers themselves than by him.

When Egbert Ingram left England he was given a letter of introduction to Dr. Lennox, who urged him to make his home under the physician's roof until he should become settled, either upon his own land or in the village. This necessarily brought him much into the society of her mother, Dorothea, and between the two sprang up a friendship such as the latter had never enjoyed before. Under his tuition she began the study of several books, which Egbert had brought with him, and in particular she devoted herself to the mastery of her mother's tongue. She loved also to listen to her companion's tales of old country life, and so well did he recount, and so well did she listen, that before many months passed she felt as if she were nearly as familiar with the manners of England's nobility as if she had lived among them.

This friendship was very sweet to Dorothea, and in it she for a time almost forgot the cloud that hung over her. Then came one of her encounters with the minister. For the first time Dorothea felt a sense of shame in connection with Mr. Granville's persecution.

Would Mr. Ingram hear of it? And would he side against her? Would he, too, believe the tales that were told about her?

The long winter months had been so pleasant, and now that spring was opening she had felt as if new life had begun to unfold in her. And was all this fancied happiness to pass away, too, under the dark cloud which covered her young life.

The meeting with the minister had occurred in the afternoon, and with somewhat of the superstition in her which then pervaded all New England, she asked herself: "I do wonder if the spider and the rabbit had anything to do with it? I saw a spider in my room soon after I arose, and as I was walking through the woods a rabbit ran across the path in front of me."

Her reveries was broken by the approach of Egbert Ingram, who, seeing her standing alone in the yard before the Doctor's home, approached and greeted her.

"So, Miss Dorothea, I find that you are not content with bewitching men with your fair face and brown eyes, you must needs call in the aid of his majesty of the lower regions."

"And do you believe it?" Dorothea, with sad face, asked, feeling as she did so that if he believed in her guilt there was nothing she cared to live for.

"Do I believe it?" Egbert replied. "How can I disbelieve such a learned and holy man as Mr. Granville? Does not he know all the signs for detecting witches, and has he not assisted in the burning of one in merry Salem?"

Dorothea made no reply, and her downcast eyes and troubled face told him that the subject was one too serious to her for jesting.

"Beg your pardon, Dorothea," Egbert continued in a lower tone. "I did but jest, for the charge seemed to me too ridiculous to be treated seriously. How long have they so worried you?"

"Nearly all my life. At 14, I, ever since father disappeared, which was over five years ago."

"Poor child! And is there no one to help you bear these insults?"

"Yes; father and mother Lennox always have been my friends. But it is a hard life a hard life, with all the world against me."

"Yes, Dorothea, not the whole world, but only a very small part of it. There are other lands where you might never hear from this troublesome minister, for I know that he alone but ever the charges against you."

"Yes, but they are far away, and Sagnauk is all the world to me. Here I must live and here I must die."

"Then, Dorothea, allow one man, who would die for you, to become your protector. Little one, do you not know that I love you? I should not have spoken of this just now had it not been that you need someone to help you. Dorothea, will you be my wife?"

"Even when men say I am a witch?"

"Yes, Dorothea, for I see you are one. For have you not cast such a spell over my heart that I cannot break it? Will you do it to make terms with the witch?"

An hour after, when Dr. Lennox returned from a professional visit and was told of Dorothea's engagement, he was much relieved.

"Nay, Dorothea, not the whole world, but only a very small part of it. There are other lands where you might never hear from this troublesome minister, for I know that he alone but ever the charges against you."

"Yes, but they are far away, and Sagnauk is all the world to me. Here I must live and here I must die."

"Then, Dorothea, allow one man, who would die for you, to become your protector. Little one, do you not know that I love you? I should not have spoken of this just now had it not been that you need someone to help you. Dorothea, will you be my wife?"

"Even when men say I am a witch?"

"Yes, Dorothea, for I see you are one. For have you not cast such a spell over my heart that I cannot break it? Will you do it to make terms with the witch?"

**CHAPTER X.**  
A PRIMITIVE WEDDING.

Dr. Lennox took pains to announce Dorothea's engagement at once, and that same evening called upon the minister and used such arguments as prevailed upon the latter to give up, for the present at least, his idea of prosecuting Egbert.

But the Doctor and Ingram were anxious for a speedy marriage, and before another month had passed, and just as the forest flowers were blooming, Dorothea Hills gave herself to Egbert Ingram, and he maiden passed away among the clouds of early spring, and the new life came among the flowers in May.

The marriage was a joyful one, for all loved Dorothea, and the little settlement made the day a festal day.

Many were the gifts which were brought to Hills's cabin in the woods, for there Ingram and Dorothea had decided to begin their wedded life.

In the evening after the youth had gone an incident happened which made Mr. Granville believe that he had done wrong in allowing the nuptials to be celebrated, for the gentleman had cultivated his wife's heart, but on the other hand, that long after the villagers had retired to their homes he wandered about in the woods brooding over his trouble. He meant to be just, and perhaps merciful, but his breast was filled with conflicting emotions, as a brand from the burning, which he wished to save but on the other hand came up before his then primitive mind, the facts concerning the girl, and he found that he was not doing his duty in not bringing her to trial. As he was walking aimlessly about in the woods he saw a powerful but a man, in whom he thought he recognized the dead Hilary, approach the cabin, and following him in single file were a half-dozen Indians, each bearing a bundle on his back.

Egbert and Dorothea were seated in the cabin talking over the events of day, and saw the coming of Hilary, repeating their vows of allegiance to each other, when a rap at the door attracted their attention. The seven men whom the minister had seen silently entered and ranged their bundles upon the floor around the man and wife.

"This has done without a word, and the six Indians withdrew, leaving their leader in the cabin. Dorothea Ingram arose from her seat by the side of her husband and went to him. As she approached the man extended his arms and clasped her to his bosom.

"Dorothea, my letters, may this day be the beginning of a happy life for you. I am not much at praying, but I will pray to-night that God may make your husband faithful to you. Here is my wedding present. If you were poor it would make you wealthy, and this bundle is made up of the choicest furs, and here is a purse filled with gold and silver, and even though your husband is wealthy, my present will not come amiss. Besides you must not go to your husband empty handed."

"Will you kiss from the young bride's lips the man departed."

**CHAPTER XI.**  
PURITAN LAW.

A year passed by—a year laden with happiness to Dorothea. She and her husband had made a happy home in Hilary's cabin. The settlement had now grown to such an extent that their farm had become quite valuable.

Egbert was a way part of the time looking after his land, which lay some three miles inland, but as was natural the greater part of his time was passed at home.

With his own hands and with the help of others he cleared several acres of ground about the home, and in another year the rich black loam would have a heavy crop.

Dorothea had her garden, in which vegetables grew, with here and there a bed of flowers. Climbing vines had also been planted at each side of the cabin door and, before fall, had spread their luxuriance over the side and around it with their green leaves.

But she was not idle, and was not idle. For some he had witnessed the evening after Dorothea's wedding could never be banished from his mind. It had rankled in his bosom like some poisonous weed spreading its fibrous roots and feeding upon his heart. He was now thoroughly convinced of Dorothea's evil, and was restrained from proceeding against her only by the position which her husband gave her. But at length even this did not protect her, and he gave notice one Sunday morning, after preaching, that the next day, Miss Dorothea Ingram would be asked to appear before the officers of the church to answer to the charge of witchcraft.

The announcement created great excitement, and many were the friends who were indignant, but Mr. Granville had prevailed with the deacons of the church and it was their opinion that Dorothea had best be put on trial. If she was innocent she would be cleared, if guilty, it was best to have her guilt known.

The rest of the day was one of intense, though repressed, excitement, and the

people gathered to the afternoon preaching with the expectation of hearing something more with regard to the all-absorbing subject. But they were disappointed.

Mr. Granville came bobbing the tall, Puritan pulpit, and, after the hymn and the prayer and the reading of a chapter of the Scriptures, announced his text:

"I am He that blot out thy transgressions as a cloud; and as a dark cloud thy sins."

The plain board meeting house stood at the end of the one long village street, and was surrounded by forest trees. The oak and the maple, the birch and the hickory lent their branches on its roof. In front grew the wild hawberry, which, in its season, was loaded down with bright, red berries, and the rose were the graves which marked the saints who had gone to heaven.

It was a strange sermon, and so impressed the listeners. The subject seemed to have nothing to do with the great fact which was filling the minds of the congregation. Mr. Granville preached as he had never preached before, and the people listened with wondering awe. Was this the deprecating man who had weaned them with his platitudes about God's judgment and foreordination? Was this the man whom they had grown to look upon as stern and unforbearing—who preached rather an ungodly God than a God of sinners?

The minister said: "Beloved, the clouds are an emblem of sin. They float above us in God's air and are so dark that they hide the sun from us. They come from earth, they rise from the brook, the river, the ocean, and no man sees them rise. And yet, when they leave us and rise to that clear space which belongs to God, they stand out in clear relief, and are beyond our power to blot out in God's air and hide from us the sun."

"So with our sins. They come from us and oft we know not of them even as they are rising. But when once they have gone upward, they gather and we see the bright sun from above. They form on earth, in our hearts, but when they have risen, no man's hand can reach them. They then belong to God, and He alone can drive them away."

There is then left to us nothing. But God has said that even as He scattereth the clouds so will He drive away our sins. They may be dark and threaten us, and nothing that we can do can drive them away. But He has promised that His hand shall stretch out and take them away."

The sermon closed with these words: "God is love and His is merciful, and He will stretch out His strong hand and take away the dark cloud which hangs between Him and us; and all that we have to do is to fall upon our knees and best upon our breasts and cry, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner.'"

The minister arose and gave out a hymn, which was sung by the choir in the gallery. Then the choir received the benediction and departed.

The sorrow was the cause of much discussion in the village, particularly in the doctor's household, where Egbert and Dorothea stopped that night. Egbert said:

"I never have understood Mr. Granville before. Take care, Dorothea. He means to do right, and if we can but prove to him that his distorted imagination is wrong, from being your enemy he will turn to your friend."

The next morning the whole village gathered in the meeting-house. It was a solemn occasion. Prayer was offered by the minister, and a Puritan hymn was sung, at which Dorothea was brought before the pulpit to answer the charge which her life-long enemy had been preparing.

The first accusation was with regard to her evil influence over the minister's daughter. This Dorothea denied, and in rebuttal Doctor Lennox told of the incident in his office, giving as his opinion that Achaah's trouble was more mysterious, and that the herbs of the forest, if rightly applied, would prove a restorative. This statement of his created a favorable impression. Then the minister arose and said:

"Miss Dorothea Ingram, who have you met in the forest during the last five years?"

The congregation waited, breathless, for the answer.

"Reverend sir, I might answer your question were it not for a promise to one to whom I am bound by the most sacred ties—"

"Stop!" cried the minister. "Speak not in this place of sacred ties which bind you to the evil one."

The congregation experienced a shock and believed that the minister was right. Before Dorothea could reply the minister asked again:

"Will you tell me now who visited you on the night of your marriage and gave you such presents as no other maiden in the village could hope to receive?"

To this Dorothea answered:

"Who it was that visited me my husband knows, and if he is satisfied, it does not concern you."

This also, as the minister saw, created a favorable impression in Dorothea's behalf. But his work was not yet done. Drawing a folded slip of paper from his pocket he said:

"My brethren, ye have heard the manner in which this woman hath eluded the guardians which would condemn her. Here is written proof against her. I found it in her cabinet two years ago. It was left there by a man who entered the place after night-fall. I found a note written on birch-bark. I took it home and kept it for two years, and Deacon Betham saw it, and was a witness when that same note was taken away by the one who wrote it. 'The Prince of the Power of the Air.' But, so deeply had the words burned into my mind, that the next day I rewrote them, and he they are:—"

"Dorothea! Obey the one who keeps you, and the one who looks after you, but whom you cannot see, will provide for you."

"Brethren," continued the minister, "what more proof is needed? Mistress Dorothea has refused to tell who it is that met her in the woods, and who it is that provided for her on the eve of her marriage. Behold, here is her own communication. You will note that he said, 'Obey the one who keeps you.' Who could this refer to? Satan. 'And the one who keeps you.' Who was it that kept her? The evidence is clear. It was the evil one. And if anything more is needed, the last part of the note is sufficient: 'The one whom you cannot see will provide for you.' Whom could she not see? The devil, who has been providing for her and protecting her."

After this speech the officers of the church and the village consulted together. The evidence to some was plain, but others put a more favorable construction upon it. The latter, however, were in the minority. Puritan law was strict and the verdict was announced that, as the charge of witchcraft had not been fully proven, but grave doubts remained in the minds of the judges, Mistress Dorothea Ingram should at noon that day receive twenty lashes upon her bare back. And the merciful judges prayed that this might prove the salvation of her soul.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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