A DREAM OF MOTHER.

BY WILL L. HOPE.

...ed out with toil and clad the day was done,
...I sought repose beneath a sheltering tree,
...ere as before, when weary, I had won
...that peace and rest known only to the free.

...ough warm, it was a lovely summer night,
...The worlds above shone out in full array,
...to seek the skies with their celestial light,
...and sparkle in the meadows' dewy spray.

...e moon was full, and poured its mellow glow,
...In silent floods, on forest, plain and sea,
...and sent the shadows creeping to and fro,
...Like phantoms, over the mountain, main and lea.

...ther, thither, by fitful flames pursued,
...The lightning-bugs went diving through the air.
...e fit companions of the solitude
...That seemed to reign unbroken everywhere.

...reached the scene, reflecting on its charms,
...Forgetting not the changes time had wrought,
...and my soul, embraced in slumber's arms,
...Was borne beyond the realms of earthly thought.

...dreamland's shores, O blissful consequence!
...My soul beheld a scene surpassing fair,
...scene in which I saw full recompense
...To one who had surmounted death and care.

...ng had that soul been bound with mortal coil,
...Oft had it drank the bitter cup of woe;
...ng had it borne the weight of human toil
...And still remained pure as the driven snow.

...ty years and years it struggled on the earth,
...Besieged by every phase of grief and pain,
...d alone through all with that exalted worth
...Which proudly spurns all impulse to complain.

...The tempter warred upon its humble life,
...And rained his shafts against its shield like hail,
...But, true to Christ, it triumphed through the strife,
...Withstanding all who dared its faith assail.

...armed with the truth and duty's dauntless might,
...It stood unawed against all evil rule,
...And proved itself a victor in the fight—
...The peer of the saints of the martyr school.

...ul surrendered, its domicile of clay
...Was laid to rest beneath its kindred sod,
...While straight above the spirit made its way
...To its happy home in the house of God.

...Now, in my dream, I saw it reach the gate
...Where chosen saints are ever kept on guard;
...But here, thank God, it had not long to wait,
...For soon the way in welcome was unbarred.

...The portals passed, 'mid strains of harp and song,
...That spirit stood beneath fair heaven's dome,
...Surrounded by a bright seraphic throng,
...Who came to greet it to its final home.

...Embraced and kissed by each and every one
...Of all that host, it knelt before the throne
...From which the streams of life immortal run,
...And where the Lamb receives and crowns His own.

...The seraphs praised, when Jesus spoke and said:
..."I find in thee a servant undefiled;
...Behold thy crown, receive it on thy head,
...And wear it as becomes thy Savior's child;.

...No more shalt thou strive in that world of woe,
...Where thou hast borne the scoffer's cruel rod,
...But thou shalt drink where founts of joy flow,
...And feast upon the blessings of thy God."

...Now crowned and blest, and robed in spotless white,
...That soul was numbered with the saints above,
...And took its place amid the seraphs bright,
...To shine forever like a star of love.

...The judgment past, then rang the blended strains
...Of harps and lyres, and tongues of sacred mirth,
...In praise of Him who was so rudely slain,
...That all through Him might have immortal birth.

...Such was the dream that I beheld that night,
...And I shall hope and pray to see another
...Like it, except to never leave my sight,
...For 'twas a dream of my darling mother.

LEXINGTON, Tenn.

DOROTHEA INGRAM.

A Story of Early Colonial Days.

BY CHARLES C. HAHN.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

The opinion of such a learned physician as Dr. Lennox had its effect upon the court as did also his deductions with regard to Hillary's influence.

Passing on to Dorothea's case, he touched the growing weakness of Achsah, intimated that her disposition was none of the best, and openly stated that he believed she at first willfully deceived her parents in order either to continue to draw attention to herself or to injure Dorothea. The scene in his office was again described and the Doctor, satisfied that he believed the girl's attack was a cataleptic fit, that he had so treated it, and that she recovered under his treatment. In closing, he gave as his opinion that a sudden shock of electricity might for a time, if not permanently, effect a cure of such a disease.

This matter-of-fact manner of treating the case produced a decided effect upon the magistrates, and one of them seemed inclined to pass over the first charge without consideration. In fact, he arose and began to speak upon the subject, when he was interrupted by Mr. Granville, who at this unexpected turn seemed to have completely lost his wits.

"Your Excellency," he cried, addressing the Governor, who was present, "I beg of you to remember that even if my daughter has been ill, physically, the most damning evidence against the accused has not been answered. I have been goaded with regard to the letter which was so mysteriously taken from my study desk, and my evidence has been corroborated by Squire Allan. Who was it knew that letter was in my possession, and how could he know of it unless he possessed supernatural power? Again, I call to your mind the fact that the mysterious visitor who ever looked over this poor woman has never been known, and that all questions concerning him have been evaded."

The minister would probably have continued for some time, for he was growing impassioned, had not the Governor interrupted him and bade the trial proceed.

Dorothea's counsel immediately called: "Mark Hillary!"

At mention of the name of the man he had for years believed dead, the minister turned pale. He looked wildly about him over the assembled people and saw a tall man, who, in all outward appearance was an Indian, approach the witness stand, and it required but a glance for them to see that the man was the same who had led the file of Indians to Dorothea's home the evening of her wedding, and who had been loitering about the prison door in Salem during the last week.

Hillary's appearance, as would be expected, created a profound sensation in the court-room. A few questions were put to him by Dorothea's counsel and then he was bidden to tell his history for the past six years.

It was but the statement of what the reader must have already suspected. He had not been shot by Atlee that morning when he was making his way to the sea, but by quickly diving had concealed himself for a moment and floated downward with the current, which was strong at that place. The leaves and a fallen tree had aided him in his concealment when he was obliged to rise to the surface for air. When he was once free from all pursuit, he followed out his first intention and joined a friendly Indian tribe. When so much of his story had been told the rest was plain to those present, and even the most bitter of Dorothea's persecutors felt that they had done wrong and regretted it. If it had not been for that tragedy only a little over a week before, they would have borne her from the court-room in triumph.

Hillary went on. It had never been his intention, he said, to desert his little girl, and so frequently he made trips to Sagnauck and waited about the place until he chanced to meet "his baby," as he called her. Once being unable to see her, he wrote a note and left it in his cabin, knowing that she frequented the old hut. This note was the one the minister found, and subsequently Hillary learned that Dorothea never received it. The night upon which Mr. Granville had opened the note and read it, Hillary was waiting in hopes of seeing his daughter. With bitter feeling in his heart he walked by the minister's house, and, glancing in at the window, saw the latter open his note. Burning with rage, he waited until the piece of birch bark had been laid upon the desk near the window, and then, breaking a pane of glass, he seized it and departed. When Dorothea told him of her approaching marriage he began securing furs, and followed by six Indians, bore her marriage portion to her.

This simple explanation of all the mysteries surrounding Dorothea turned the tide of popular feeling against Mr. Granville, and all at once the fickle multitude remembered that he alone had fostered and brought the charges against the poor girl.

As Hillary was about to leave the stand one of the magistrates bade him stop and asked of him why he had compelled his daughter to keep silent concerning him, especially when that silence had been the cause of bringing upon her the public ignominy, which had resulted in her insanity and the murder of her babe? Hillary anwered;

"I wished to be considered dead by every white man, for I was disgusted with their canting hypocrisy? But I never suspected that my visits would bring so much cruelty to such a sweet girl as Dorothea. I did not know of the whipping until it was over, for yonder reverend gentleman took great pains to announce the trial but one day before it occurred, and to follow the sentence with its execution before an hour had passed. When the deed was once done I might have led the Indians to burn the town, but that would have been my only way of revenge, and I did not care to do that."

Dorothea was then announced to be clear from the charge of witchcraft, and was led back to prison to await the sitting of the magistrates next day, when she would be put on trial for her life for the murder of her babe.

CHAPTER XVI.
THE OLD CHEST.

It will be remembered that when Dr. Lennox removed Dorothea's possessions from her father's cabin he found an old chest which contained a number of papers. These papers the doctor merely glanced at, and finding them to be of a family nature, laid them back for future investigation. But for several weeks he was pressed by professional visits, and the papers passed entirely from his mind. When he did think of them, his interest in them had subsided, and one excuse after another was made for leaving them unexamined. At first he imagined that they would prove of importance to Dorothea, but after a few weeks this idea faded from his mind and with it his interest in them.

So they lay, neglected, until Dorothea was married, when they were turned over to Egbert. To him, also, they proved of no interest or importance, until one day while Dorothea was ill and he had nothing to relieve his long watch over her. Then the thought came to him that in the old chest he might find something to entertain him, and he opened it.

On raising the lid, which had been forced, the doctor having no key to the chest, he found a pile of dusty papers lying on the top of several dresses of fifty years before. The papers were merely deeds and leases, which failed in the slightest degree to interest him, but before he had glanced at half the pile he found that they belonged to a noble family of England, and he began to look at them more closely. His attention was attracted most closely to some old manuscripts, from which he drew out one yellow with age and written in old English letters. It was a patent of nobility granted by James I., by which the title of lord and the rank of baron was given to one Richard W——.

The next paper which Egbert drew out was one dated seventy-five years before, and was a warrant raising Sir R. W., lord of ——, to the rank of earl.

Then followed several copies of deeds and grants of land from the crown to the baron and the earl.

Under these was a paper which bore less of the marks of time than any of the others, and, on opening it, Egbert found it to be a copy of an olden paper made by one Lady Elinor. The paper claimed to be a true copy of a patent granting the honor of dukedom to —— grandson of the first baron of ——, with the title Duke of ——.

The arms of the newly made duke were here given, and the next paper gave a short sketch of the bearer of them and his family. It seemed that his grace, the Duke of Glancy, possessed a large estate, and with a larger generosity than is often found among men of his rank, gave a ruined castle and a tract of land to a younger son. Here a genealogical tree was copied, and the descendants of this second branch of the family were given minutely. This was traced down to a date not more than twenty-five years previous, and the second made was: "Dorothea, only child of Alfred Kenelm, born June 4, 16—."

Only one paper remained in the chest, or rather one bundle tied with a white ribbon. Egbert opened it and drew forth first a statement of the preceding papers. This traced the line of the two branches down to the year 16—, and then stated that the only remaining descendants of the great duke were Henry, Duke of——, and Cecil, a country squire, the last of the descendants of the younger brother of the first Duke of——.

The next paper proved to be a statement in a woman's hand, to the effect that the only daughter of Cecil had been disowned by her father for marrying one Mark Hillary, and inclosed in this document were several letters which bore out the truth of the statement.

Egbert read the papers with care, and then replaced them. He learned from them that his wife was a descendant of the younger branch of the Duke of Glancy's family, and that only one life stood between her and the peerage.

That night Dorothea murdered her babe.

* * * * * *

The next morning after Dorothea was acquitted of the charge of witchcraft, which had rested over her during her whole life, she was brought into the presence of the Governor and magistrates to plead why she should not suffer the penalty of death for murdering her child. A tide of pity had set in in her favor, but the Puritan law was strict, and it was not expected, even by her counsel, that Dorothea could possibly be acquitted.

The trial was short. Dorothea was placed upon the stand, and when asked about the tragedy she answered in such a vague way that she was dismissed. And it was well, for she could give but an unsatisfactory account of what had occurred on that wild, wet night.

Egbert was called, and testified to what he knew. He had been asleep, but there had been no one in the cabin during the night save himself and his wife.

A few witnesses were called by the defense to prove that Dorothea was insane at the time she committed the crime, but even the most hopeful felt that the evidence would have no effect upon the sentence. She had committed murder, and, no matter whether sane or insane, whether she or the man who drove her insane be the guilty one before God—she had committed the crime, and she alone could expiate it.

CHAPTER XVII.
"IN THE KING'S NAME."

On that dark night of tragedy, when Dorothea Ingram strangled her babe and the minister's house was struck by lightning, a man, unknown to any in the village, had arrived in Sagnauk. He emerged from the woods just as the thunderbolt fell and set the parsonage on fire, and at the same time he saw, or imagined he saw, Hillary's cabin surrounded with a rosy light in which dusky demons danced.

Who this man was, or whence he came, no one knew, and during the hurry of the day none thought to inquire. He himself did not court inquiry, but after a few questions disappeared without bearing the message with which he was laden to the Squire. And in the excitement which followed Dorothea's arrest no one missed him.

Dorothea had been led back to her prison after the trial, and a night of suspense was to be passed before the decision of the Judges would be given. They, with the Governor, retired from the court-room to a private office and were there consulting upon the verdict.

"There is no doubt but that this woman hath killed her child," said one of the Puritan Judges, "and the morning after she was perfectly sane, as numerous witnesses testified."

"But," interrupted one of his colleagues, "who is to say when that insanity ended?

"Did she not appear sane the evening before?"

"Yes," replied the Judge who had interposed in Dorothea's behalf; "she was. But this question of woman's sanity is a difficult one in her case, and I do not feel quite clear that we should adjudge her guilty."

"The Lord is merciful," here interposed the Governor, who before had said nothing. "The Lord is merciful although just, and we should strive to imitate him in mercy as well as justice."

"But she bears the reputation of a witch," urged the first Judge.

"Yea, she bears it. But what may each of us not bear in God's sight. But," he continued, "I am surprised to hear such a remark from you. Has she not been cleared of that charge?"

"Yea, but where there is so much smoke there must be fire."

"You, then, are not willing to judge this poor woman by the evidence. You are not worthy to occupy the position you hold, and I shall take steps to have you removed as soon as possible. Now," said the Governor to the other Judges, "we must consider this case among ourselves, for I will not allow the gentleman who has just spoken to join us. He is prejudiced. This woman was cleared of the first charge—of witchcraft—and in the evidence it was shown that she had undergone long years of persecution—enough to drive any one insane. But, on the other hand, we have had continual evidence of the goodness of her heart. Could such a woman as has been pictured to you to-day kill her own babe? I say no. The only point which is left for us to consider is whether she was sane or not when she committed the crime, for crime it was, however done. She was sane during the day previous, and sane the next morning. Could she have been crazy during the night? Upon this point the case rests. This point," he added impressively—"could the woman of so many virtues murder her child in cold blood? If the evidence of her goodness is to be believed, she could not. If it is false, we may safely accuse her of murder."

When the Governor ceased there was silence for a moment, no one caring to express an opinion hastily, and while they were hesitating an officer knocked at the door, and, being admitted, stated that there was a special messenger from the Crown who begged to be admitted at once.

The words "The Crown" were an open sesame, and with all haste the Governor and Judges prepared to receive him.

The wanderer of the forest entered.

"Your Excellency, Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and ye, honorable Judges of the State, I come to you with a safe conduct from King George III., by whom I was sent upon a special but secret mission. The affair is important and I beg you to hear me at once."

The messenger from the King was seated with all courtesy, and after mutual salutations was invited to make known his mission.

"To explain what my work in the new world is," he began, "allow me to give you a bit of history. Twenty-five years ago the only daughter of the Lord of Glancy married a man far below her, and together they emigrated to America. She was at once disowned by her family. Recently the old Lord of Glancy died, and his title and estate is left entail to this daughter. The man she married was not a bad man, but one, if I may say it, a little too rough in speech to suit his elders. His name was Hillary, and we have traced him to Boston and then to a little settlement called Sagnauck. I followed my trail to that place and there found Hillary dead, his wife, Lady Glancy dead, and her daughter, Dorothea Ingram, accused of the murder of her own babe. That woman I am in search of is now in your jail. I have in my possession papers from the King demanding the speedy return of Sir Glancy's heirs to England. Innocent or guilty, I demand her in the King's name. Here are my papers."

CHAPTER XVIII.
CONCLUSION.

When the next English ship sailed, Egbert and Dorothea and the King's messenger were on board. The King's name opened all doors and drew back all bars. The Judges, however, before they left the council chamber returned a verdict of not guilty, so that Dorothea was not troubled with the charge when she reached old England.

The village of Sagnauck grew and spread farther into the woods around it. Witches were found in other places, but none there. After a few months Hillary's cabin again had an occupant and Ingram's land was cultivated. But of either Hillary or Ingram the villagers never heard. Such silence was to be expected, but it gave an air of dreaminess to the story which the Sagnauck people told to their children of their first and for that matters only witch. Some of the more dreamy young Puritans would sometimes go out into the meadow, and, looking over the cloud-specked field and out into the clouds in the sky, think of Dorothea. But the number of these was few.

In a castle in England a happy family dwelt. The head of it was Lord Oswald, or the Duke of Glancy, which title he received with his wife's accession of fortune. On state occasions his wife was "the Duchess," but to her wide circle of friends she was "Lady Dorothea," for that less pretentious title suited the New England girl the better.

With them an old man dwelt—a man skilled in woodcraft—a man who was looked up to by his companions because of his honesty and—his relations. It was Mark Hillary. After Dorothea had taken possession of her title and her lands he had given up his Indian life and followed in the next ship.

He still held to his opinions, but in the chaplain of Glancy he met a priest who was at once learned in book lore and possessed of good sense. Once he said to Mark:

"Mark my word, Hillary, the trouble with you is that you never make yourself understood, and you deserve to be hung. You, with an honest man's instincts, have held what the Catholic Church has always held. Had you acted with common sense in England you would never have gone on that wild-goose chase of yours, and had you been less obstinate, and told folks just what you meant, I believe you would not have been so badly treated in America——"

"You do not know them," interrupted Mark. "I believe they would have done the same had St. Michael and all the archangels been in my place."

"Possibly," said the priest. "Still," he continued, "I cannot conceive of intelligent men convicting on the charges they did."

"But about the poem?"

"That was a work of fantasy. Let the literature of the coming age decide where it shall be placed."

The Rev. Henry Granville never fully believed that Dorothea was not a witch, and to the last day of his life was heard expressing his opinion that it was strange his daughter should have recovered on "that wild, wet night." His former health, however, recovered when his child's strange malady left her, and in after years he became a prominent clergyman of the colonies. It was even said that he preached more of mercy and less of justice as he grew older.

Long years after the trial in Sagnauck, a white-sailed ship anchored in the bay at Boston. It bore in its bosom the Duke and the Duchess of Glancy. They stopped for but a night in the city, and then traveled on to Sagnauck. They could not remain in the new world, because greater claims held them to old England. But when they returned to their castle they left a son in the new world, and from him has descended the family of New England Glancys.

[THE END.]

THERE are more fouls on the race track than on the ball grounds.

PROPOSED BY TELEPHONE.

A Hardware Drummer Gets Ahead of His Rival.

An event has occurred in Michigan, near Detroit, which appears to confirm the idea that courtship, as well as most other things, will hereafter be greatly facilitated by recent inventions. It seems that there is a young lady residing in Detroit who for some time has been the recipient of the attentions of two young men, one a professor in the State University at Ann Arbor and the other a travelling salesman for a New York wholesale hardware house whose route extends through Michigan and parts of Canada.

One day recently the New Yorker arrived in Detroit late in the afternoon, and, of course, immediately started to make the rounds of the retail hardware dealers, with the laudable purpose of selling each a good stock for the winter before the representative of any rival concern should put in an appearance. He had hoped to visit the object of his affections in the evening, but business was brisk, and eight o'clock found him very busy trying to induce a prominent dealer to take six dozen axes, four dozen grindstones, and a half car load of wooden pails.

At this stage of the proceedings a younger brother of the young lady dropped in to get a new jackknife and incidently mentioned that the Ann Arbor professor was up at the house. It instantly occurred to the progressive hardware and cutlery drummer that the college man came for no other purpose than to lay his heart at the feet of the young lady he adored. For a moment there was a struggle in his heart, but he speedily got control of himself and decided that he could not possibly leave the store, as the dealer was just deciding to take the pails.

But the thought of giving up the lady, who had been for months constantly in his mind, waking and sleeping, was unbearable. Light suddenly dawned on him. Handing the merchant a circular explaining the merits of his new double-bladed chopping knives, he requested the use of the dealer's telephone for five minutes, stepped to it and rang up the central office.

A moment later the telephone bell at the residence of the young lady rang, sharp and decisive. The professor had been there for an hour, talking pleasantly of the grand educational work they were doing in the department of fossilology at Ann Arbor. When the bell rang, the lady's father being absent (he is a physician), she excused herself and proceeded to the adjoining room to answer it. The professor heard her step to the telephone and say "yes," make a short pause and say "yes" again. Then there was a longer pause and he heard her reply: "Why—why really, this is very sudden." Then there was a still longer pause, and he heard her say "yes" very softly, and then "good-by," and then she hung up the receiver and came into the back room.

The college man moved closer to the lady and remarked that it was a warm evening, and he thought it was going to rain, and then resumed his talk about the great work at the university. Fifteen minutes later there was a ring at the front door bell. The lady responded to it, and a district messenger boy handed her a plain gold ring, which she slipped on her finger, and returned into the parlor. "Miss ——," said the professor, five minutes later, "I want to ask you a very important question this evening. Excuse me for putting it bluntly, but will you be my wife?" But we need go no further with this. Two minutes later the professor went down the front steps and shook his fist at the telephone wire, and took the first train for Ann Arbor.—[Hardware.

Adoption Among Birds.

Modern scientific research undoubtedly tends to place the ethics of bird life on a higher and higher level. Even the cuckoo, against whom so much has been written, is now acknowledged to have been maligned when it was universally affirmed by ornithologists that it displays in its tenderest stage of development the odious faculty of ejecting its lawful occupants from the stolen nest in which it has been placed. The Bishop of Newcastle has now made himself responsible for a touching little anecdote. Not long ago, says Dr. Wilberforce, there was a Frenchman who had a large family and who was haunted by the idea that when he died there would be no one to look after his children. While thinking of this one spring day he noticed two nests in a hedge close by each other. Each contained half-fledged birds, whose parents were lying dead. He went away sad, thinking that the young birds must die. What was his surprise, however, a few days after, to see them quite happy and apparently well fed. He stood apart and watched, and presently he saw the parent birds of other nests come to the young birds and feed them. They had adopted the little orphans, a fact which the Frenchman naturally took as a good omen with regard to his own little ones.—[London News.