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THE MILLER'S GRAND-DAUGHTER.

By E. G. J.

The summer afternoon waned at last; the flaming sun declined toward the horizon, and a cool, soft breeze, inexpressibly delightful after the heat of the day, began to blow.

Since early dawn Lizzie Dupont had been toiling at her needle, but now she threw down her work, and leaving the old mill, stood on the wide plank that crossed the mill-race and looked eagerly over the fields.

"Oh, where can Dossy be?" she cried. "That dreadful interest, which must be got ready by Saturday, has made me forget her. I ought not to have listened to grandpa. I am sure something has happened to her. She never was away so long before. I shall never forgive myself. What, what," she cried, suddenly clasping her hands, "if she should be drowned!"

Lizzie Dupont had not always been a resident at the old mill, dependent on her needle for support. She had once been, and that not so long ago, the petted daughter of a merchant prince in New York. Her father had failed, and died soon after of a broken heart, and Lizzie would have starved if it had not been for her maternal grandfather. "Come to me," he had written. "An old and poor; but we will share our crusts together. You have grown up to look like my dear mother; you will be the apple of my eye." So Lizzie, ignored by her father's rich relations, had found refuge in this secluded spot.

Refuge and peace, but not happiness. In the days of her prosperity she had become acquainted with a young Englishman, the son of a titled family, and had pledged her truth to him. Just before her father's failure Ross Devereaux had sailed for England, intending within six months to return and claim his bride. But from that day this Lizzie had never heard a word about him.

At first she thought her letters had miscarried, and in the faith and trust of her young heart, had continued writing. But, at last, and after discovering the heartlessness of her father's relatives, she began to believe that even Ross might be selfish, also. "I am poor now, and he deports me," she said. "God help me! But it is, I suppose, the way of the world."

Lately a new trouble had come upon her. Her grandfather had been falling all winter, so that a man had had to be sent to the mill, and this had brought them into debt. Already there was a mortgage on the mill, for the grandfather had never been a prosperous man, and now the interest had fallen in arrears for nearly a twelvemonth. The holder of the mortgage was a cruel, avaricious man. He had often threatened to turn out the little family if his interest was not paid; and two weeks before he had served a written notice that if the arrears were not forthcoming by the next Saturday, he would be as good as his word. Every day since Lizzie had risen by candle-light, and worked till bedtime. "If I can only get this embroidery done for Mrs. Watson," she said, "by that dreadful day, I may raise part of the money, at least, and perhaps then he will wait for the rest."

But this afternoon a new and greater trouble had come. Dossy, her little pet sister, had been missing all day. The child often spent the mornings playing in the woods, but invariably returned to the needle-meal. On this occasion, however, she did not make her appearance. Lizzie was alarmed, and would have gone to seek her; but the grandfather took it more coolly: "She has stopped at some of the neighbors," he said, "she will be home for supper, don't fret, dear." Lizzie, thinking of the coming Saturday, had allowed herself to be persuaded that all was right, and had gone back to her work. But as the afternoon wore on, and no Dossy came, she grew seriously alarmed. At last, throwing away her needle, she came out as we have seen.

"Oh, Dossy, Dossy!" she cried, when she had scintillated about for a way to every direction, "where are you? If God will only spare you, dear—if He will give you back to me, I will never repeat again at anything."

But where was Dossy? Was she really lost? To explain this, we must go back to the afternoon before, and look at Dossy as she sat in the old-fashioned garden away to and fro in a grape-vine swing, puzzling over the trouble of the family. She was watching the blackbird that sang in the heart of the lilac bush, and talking to herself the while.

"What a nasty, ugly old man that land-

lord is," she said; "and he made poor Lizzie cry so the other day when he was here. He says he'll drive us out of our home. Why, then, with my own conscience, 'we'll have no place to live in, and I shall never hear you sing, dearie, nor have my flowers nor my kittens. Oh, me! Oh, me!"

She sobbed a little, then shook off her April tears, and then fell to thinking in earnest. If they only had some money, what if she could get some! She poked her nose into the mill, and then some market carts rolled by, laden with produce, on their way to the neighboring little town. On the front seat of one sat an old woman with a basket of flowers on her knees. A sudden thought flashed on Dossy and she pushed the miller back, cleared up, and sprang into his arms.

"Oh! I know," she cried. "I remember you, won't Lizzie see that?"

Ross Devereaux's smart cheek crimsoned. "Take me to your home," he said, "to your sister. Is she here?"

"No," answered Dossy, "we live at grandpa's, at the old mill, out of town, you know."

"Let us go at once, then. No need to sell pansies any longer," said Ross Devereaux, eagerly, setting the child on her feet.

Lizzie Dupont stood, as we have said, gazing after the meadow, heart-broken about Dossy's prolonged absence. Suddenly two figures appeared, emerging from the woods beyond, in the direction of the town. She gave a great cry of joy, for she was certainly Dossy, but who was the other? Who was the tall, handsome man, who held Dossy by the hand? Could it be—no, it was impossible—and yet—

At this moment, while she was still uncertain, while her heart leaped into her throat, and she stood staring, she felt a hand clutch at the railing, Dossy's companion dropped the child's hand, and started forward, for he had recognized Lizzie, and came hurrying over the meadow, waving his hat. He reached the stile, and over it in a bound, and the next instant he was at Lizzie's side.

"Thank God I have found you at last!" he cried, clasping her in his arms. "Poor, timid darling! Did you think I had deserted you?"

What Lizzie would have replied if, hearing, we do not know; but he gave her no chance, hurriedly, as if life were ebbing, he went on to tell his story.

"Not one of your letters ever came to hand," he said. They were intercepted, as I discovered at last. I wouldn't mind, under other circumstances; but at least, ought to know at the whole truth. The fact is, darling, that while my parents were eager to see you, your grandfather, I had a cousin, an ambitious girl, who had always lived with us, and who, it seems, wished to marry me, not, of course," he said, quickly, "that she loved me, but merely to secure the title and position. Well, to make a long story short, she bribed the postmistress at the village to give her your letters, so that I never heard a word from you or about you, till at last, in despair, I came over, before I intended, to solve the mystery."

"To be sure," repeated Ross Devereaux, frankly. "Ah! little skeptic, you doubted me, did you?"

"Indeed, indeed," began Lizzie, "but he stopped her with a kiss."

"Then it was," he went on, "that I heard for the sake of your father's death. But no one could give me any information of your whereabouts. I did not know your relations, and Mrs. Black found out their names, but it was some time, and one was at Newport and another at Saratoga, and I was at Virginia Springs. Before I could do anything came the news of my father's sudden death and a summons home for I am, you know, his heir as to both the title and estates. When I had been at Devereaux hall for a week or so, the postmistress came, trembling and panting, for I was now Sir Ross, and she had discovered by this time that my cousin was not to be Lady Devereaux. Then the vile plot was revealed. Darling, ever since I have been wild to discover you. I hurried up my business, and left England at once. But for a long time I was full of your city, and when I had reached, could not tell me where you had gone. All they knew—and they told it with evident confusion—was that your mother's father had sent her to you, and that

he lived in this state, and, they thought, in this part of it. So I have visited every square mile of this and four other counties, but only lighted on Dossy by accident today. I didn't even know your grandfather's name."

There was much more to tell, details with which we will not tire the reader, eager questions and an eager replies. Dossy could hardly credit her happiness. Dossy danced around, shouting in glee.

If you ever visit England, and should ever go to the neighborhood of Devereaux hall, you will hear everybody talking of the beautiful Lady Devereaux, whom Sir Ross brought home from America. Should you see her, you will recognize, as we did, in the gracious matron the Miller's Grand-daughter.

THE AULD FIDDLE.

Introducing Civilization into McKillop Township—'She's a Right.'

(From the Harrow Signal.)

Mr. James Dickson, registrar, the "old man" of Harrow, at the Langview Inn, thus alluded to the early settlement of the county of Harrow.

It is now forty-eight years since I first came to this country. I was then little more than a boy, fresh from Edinburgh university, and had come with my father to bear the trials and privations of early pioneer life in the backwoods. My mother and the other members of our family were in the old land, and an ocean and a wilderness lay between them and our working possessions, when we reached the Harrow tract, consisted of two chests, which had been brought from Harrow in an ox cart. One chest and I crossed the Maitland with one steed, and landed on its northern bank at the first cove of McKillop. (Gleba.)

After attending to the duties which devolved upon us for our immediate needs, we set down to ponder on the best course to pursue in our battle with the mighty forest. After while my thoughts went from our present surroundings to the dear ones at home in the old land, and possibly my father's thoughts drifted thither also.

"Finally he said to me: 'James, was ye open this airt, see 'siddle is a richt?'

"I did as he told me, for knowing him to be a good fiddler, I thought the tunes of the old land might cheer us both. On opening the chest, I found the fiddle and handled it to my father.

"He took the violin from my hands, and after turning the strings, touching the bridge and tapping the sounding-board, then he, under other circumstances; but at least, ought to know at the whole truth. The fact is, darling, that while my parents were eager to see you, your grandfather, I had a cousin, an ambitious girl, who had always lived with us, and who, it seems, wished to marry me, not, of course," he said, quickly, "that she loved me, but merely to secure the title and position. Well, to make a long story short, she bribed the postmistress at the village to give her your letters, so that I never heard a word from you or about you, till at last, in despair, I came over, before I intended, to solve the mystery."

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