Mayhew, the Millspinner,

OR,

THE STOLEN WILL.

"Strange and wonderful, indeed," murmured Ogilvy, "that I must owe my existence, after all, to a dastardly blow—through which I am connected a friendship which hangs by the merest thread, I am sure, and which, if it be severed, shall be because I have found you mixed up in some villainy. Why, Willie, you're a perfect Jonah to me. Ever since I've known you I've had to pay for it. Why, you old rascal, you've got to tell me how it first came about. In my present circumstances I would cultivate no friendship which I thought to be connected with you, for I am sure that you never shall be honest enough to leave me alone. Why, you've been the means of my losing my situation, and now you've nearly been the means of my losing my life. Come, you've got to tell me all about it, you know."

"I shall go to the bad entirely, I'm afraid," said Willie, with a dismal countenance.

"Well, I should say I'm pretty nearly there myself at this present moment," replied Ogilvy, "but I'm waiting to hear your story. Come, out with it, you young villain."

"Am I to tell you all?" asked Willie; "for I should like to keep a bit back, you know."

"No, do you know him? Are you acquainted with him?" asked Arnold with sudden earnestness.

"Why, I would hardly say I'm positively acquainted with him. In fact, I never saw him till—let me see, it was, let's see, the first time either he or I saw the man Willox. It might have been better for both o' them had Luke and me no seen Willox that day; for we, unseen by him, saw him engaged in something very queer and mysterious. For my part, I never was a thruth o' spraich, any more nor he; but I mackle fear that Luke prized him his secrets, and this is the result o't."

"Good heavens, Willie, tell me all about it immediately," Arnold, breathless with interest. "I am deeply concerned in it, as I am greatly astonished. Had it anything to do with a will?"

"It was only likely that to a will," returned Willie, reflectively. "Among the papers o' Cruden, where we were sent back up a the queer o' some kind," continued he, "I seen a parcel drawing the papers frae the pocket, and the moment I clapped my eyes on't I mind I says to myself, 'Willie, there will be a heap o' siller in that parcel, if you only get it into your possession.'"

"Ah, I want no Arnold, "to the last will of my wife's uncle, Jonathan Huntly, and it gives his whole property equally to her and the son of Mayhew, the millspinner. The deed was drawn by Duncan Campbell, a writer in Forfar, and stolen from the office at his death by the clerk."

"Ay, what, does you say?" exclaimed Willie, looking greatly and evidently amazed. "Are these any names o' witnesses to it?"

"If names there must be," said Arnold, unfolding the document. "Yes, here, they are—James Martin—that's the clerk's name; and William Harper—who may be I don't know, but ——"

"Eh, what, shouted Willie, with vehemence.

"Eh?" echoed Arnold.

"Ay, me. I mind o' the thing as weel as if it was but yesterday. I was playin' the fiddle in the steerie o' Mayhew's mill, when Mr. Martin and auld Mr. Mayhew came in, and witnessed the signing o' a paper. Of course, I did see. I kenned Robert Huntly by sicht, and saw him sign the paper, but I wasna ca'd what it was, and they never me promise no to mention the thing. Weel, that being it."

"Another wonderful discovery," observed Ogilvy.

"Why, it is of the utmost importance," exclaimed Arnold. "Should Mayhew seek to destroy the deed, Willie's testimony will be highly useful."

"Why is proving your good deed as well as ill?" asked Willie, with a look of surprise. "If I'm to be hanged for my body's safety; and now, in gratitude which is also unspeakable, I bless the angel of goodness for her unparalleled kindness to my poor boy. You called him Sarah—surely a most unfit appellation for one so sweet, tender and devoted. And next to her, (Willie, I thank you dog above all things. As Ogilvy says, you are a ministering spirit to us both. But now tell me of the child; is he very, very sick and miserable?"

"No, indeed," said Ella, impulsively. "Arthur Phil is very good and nice, and I love him very much. We laugh and play together, and played together all last night."

"Ay, you did, my pet," said Willie, as fondly as parents her head. "And what she says, sir, is perfectly true. Phil was really and truly not ill, but ignorant of the whereabouts of his mother."

"Oh, where, where can she be?" exclaimed Arnold, looking around in perplexity and distress. "Willie, for the love of God, tell me where she is!"

"Ay, me, I'll tell you all," said Willie, as fondly as parents her head. "And what she says, sir, is perfectly true. Phil she