TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

TERMS, $2 00 PER YEAR. TIFFIN, OHIO, THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 23, 1870. VOLUME 22—NUMBER 36

Business Directory.

ATTORNEYS.

J. R. UNSTED,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office No. 99 Washington Street.
June 24, 1870.

JOHN H. RIDGELY.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Special attention given to collections and settling estates. Office over Grummel's Tobacco Store, Tiffin, Ohio.
Jan. 7th, 1870.-1y.

GEORGE E. SENEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office corner Main and Perry streets.
May 9.

A. H. BYERS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Solicitor in Chancery; and General Insurance Agent. Attention given to prosecuting claims, settling estates, making collections and securing patents. Office in National Exchange Block, Tiffin, Ohio.
Jan. 1, '69.

JOHN McCAULEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office opposite the Court House.
June 10.

WM. H. GIBSON. E. G. PENNINGTON.
GIBSON & PENNINGTON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office in First National Bank Block.
May 16.

G. J. KEEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Notary Public Real Estate, Claim, and General Insurance Agent, Tiffin, Ohio. Office in Commercial Row, opposite the First National Bank.
June 11.

J. C. LEE. N. L. BREWER.
LEE & BREWER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Special attention given to all kinds of Military Claims, Back pay, Bounty, Pensions, &c. Office in National Exchange Bank Block, opposite the Court House, Tiffin, Ohio
Jan. 17.

G. W. BACHMAN, U. F. CRAMER.
BACHMAN & CRAMER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Special attention given to collections and the sale of Real Estate. Office over F. K. Shawhan & Co's store, Washington street, Tiffin, Ohio.
Nov. 14.

W. J. RIGBY. J. V. JONES.
RIGBY & JONES,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Fostoria, Ohio, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. Especial attention given to home and foreign collections, taking depositions, collecting pay and pensions or soldiers, widows and orphans.
Nov. 5.

GEORGE GASSMAN
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, and interpreter in the German, French and Italian languages before the civil and criminal Courts of the State. A close study and application to these and other languages, in a sojourn of five years in France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Syria, Palestine, Turkey-Proper and England, will, it is believed, the better recommend him in the branch of his profession. Office with Dr. Chamberlain.
Feb. 14.

W. H. PEARCE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Republic, O., will give prompt attention to collections and all business pertaining to his office. Blanks kept on hand. Also, Agent for the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn. Office in Town Hall, front room, on the left.
June 3d, 1870-tf.

N. P. COLWELL,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Notary Public, and Licensed Claim Agent. Prompt attention given to all kinds of collections, Soldiers' claims, pensions, &c., obtained in the shortest time possible. Office 2d door to the right in Town Hall, Republic, Ohio.
April 29.

MEDICAL.

H. S. MARTIN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in Empire Block Washington street Tiffin, Ohio.

J. P. KINNAMAN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in Kirchner's Block, Main street, Tiffin, Ohio. Residence No. 9 Clay street, Second Ward. [July 2.

W. H. STOVER,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Tiffin, Ohio. Office hours from 9 to 10 A. M., and from 2 to 3 P. M. Saturdays from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office on Market street, 2d door east of the M. E. church. [April 14.

WM. J. CRAWFORD, M. D.,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON solicits the patronage of the citizens of Tiffin and surrounding country. Special attention given to the treatment of chronic diseases. Office over St. John's drug store. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Residence west side of River on Mill street near Hunter's mill dam. [Dec. 2

Dr. J. D. O'CONNOR,
HAVING now permanently located in Tiffin, has opened an office in Tombs' Block, immediately over the Post-office. He hopes, by strict attention to business, with twenty-four years' experience in the profession, to merit a liberal share of the public patronage. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. Residence one mile south of Tiffin, on the Plank Road. [Nov. 22.

DENTISTS.

KINNAMAN & MARTIN,
TEETH inserted and extracted in a scientific manner. All work warranted to give satisfaction. We are the only Dentists in the county who have a license for making the Rubber Work. All persons wearing rubber plates made by dentists having no license, are liable to prosecution. Rooms over First National Bank. [Nov. 6.

Dr. C. C. BEILHARZ,
SURGEON DENTIST. Office at his residence, corner Monroe and Madison streets, opposite German Reformed Church.
no16.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

VOLLMER & KIRCHNER,
MERCHANT TAILORS and dealers in Ready-made Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c. Constantly on hand Broadcloths, Cassimeres and Vestings. Washington street, Tiffin, Ohio. Particular attention given to Custom Work. All orders will meet with prompt attention. N. B.—We have the agency for the best Sewing Machine now in use. [No v. 8.

HOTELS.

TIFFIN HOUSE.
G. KINZER, Proprietor, Market St., Tiffin, Ohio. The house has been thoroughly overhauled, has good stabling, and is prepared to furnish the traveling public with all necessaries in good style.

AMERICAN EAGLE HOTEL.
THE American Eagle Hotel, Clyde, Ohio, T. M. Bride & Son Proprietors, offers first class accommodations for guests.
Oct. 22.

JOHN WALEN,
AUCTIONEER. D. D. Neikirk, Clerk, ready, at all times, to cry sales. Post Office address, Clyde, Ohio.
April 8, 1870-tf

NOVELTY HAIR DRESSING SALOON.
A. GEIGER, FASHIONABLE BARBER National Hall building, up stairs. Call and enjoy the New Sensation. Get your hair brushed by machinery.
April 1, 1870-1y.

EDWIN HOLMES
ARCHITECT AND BUILDER, solicits contracts for erecting buildings. Will furnish full draftsand specifications promptly. Address, Box 689, Tiffin, O.
March 18, 1870-6m.

SCUDDER CHAMBERLAIN
ARCHITECT AND GENERAL BUILDER, will take contracts for putting up Blocks, Dwellings, etc., or will oversee such work. Drawings, Drafts, Plans, etc., for every description made and furnished on low terms. Residence, No. 142 Washington St., Tiffin, O.
Jan. 7th, 1870.-1y.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Of Tiffin, Ohio.

CAPITAL, ... $100,000.

BENJAMIN TOMB, - - - President.
JOHN T. HUSS, - - - - Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

BENJ. TOMB, JOHN T. HUSS,
HENRY EBERT, GEO. E. SENEY,
R. G. PENNINGTON, GEO. H. HUSS,
THOMAS R. TOMB.

Receives Deposits, Discounts Paper, buys and sells Coin and Government Bonds, and pays Interest on Coupons at maturity.
Jan. 17.-tf.

NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK,
Of Tiffin, Ohio.

PAID IN CAPITAL, . . . $125,000

J. D. LOOMIS, - - - - - President.
O. C. ZELLAR, - - - - - Cashier
J. H. FROST, - - - - - Teller

DIRECTORS.

A. B. HOVEY, E. T. STICKNEY,
H. A. BUSKIRK, J. H. GOOD,
S. R. SNEATH, A. G. SWEATH,
R. W. SHAWHAN, J. M. NAYLOR,
J. D. LOOMIS.

Government Securities, Coin and Eastern Exchange, bought and sold at current rates. Coupons cashed. Deposits received and a general Banking business transacted.
ap 20, 1868.-tf.

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.—In order to let your customers know that you have your spring stock of goods you should advertise. We can get up neat bills on short notice cheaper than New York prices.

GRAND OPENING!

AT THE

Pennsylvania Store!

THE best and most complete stock of Dry Goods, Carpets, Boots & Shoes ever brought to this city has just been received, and is now to be seen, admired and bought at the Pennsylvania Store. All our Departments are full, and choice.

Dress Goods!

An endless variety, comprising all grades and qualities. Among which are all kinds of

SILKS, POPLINS, ALPACAS,

Summer Shawls, &c.,

We have also the Agency for the celebrated

Buffalo Brand

BLACK ALPACAS!

Admitted to be the best in the market.

DOMESTICS!

Nothing can be more complete than this stock, as we have everything from a 12½ ct. Denim to a $6 00 Beaver. Our 10 and 12½ ct. brown and bleached muslins are the best that we have seen since 1860.

alicoes & White Goods,

To this Department we have added 175 different styles Prints, so that the most fastidious can easily be suited. All at reduced prices in accordance with the decline in gold.

NOTIONS!

It were useless to attempt to give the faintest idea of our stock. To be appreciated it must be seen.

CARPETS!

This Department is more complete than any stock ever before brought to this city, and the prices are away down so that hereafter bare floors and shabby carpets will be a disgrace.

Boots and Shoes,

All the latest styles, and of the best manufacture—the cheapest in the city.

All our goods were purchased by an experienced buyer, at a depressed market, for CASH, and will be sold accordingly. With thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance, I remain,

Yours truly,
L. K. LOUDERMILCH,
April 20-tf No. 3, Empire Block.

Cheap! Cheaper! Cheapest!

I. L. St. JOHN

OFFERS for sale upon the most favorable terms a large assortment of Goods, among which are the following:

PURE AND FRESH DRUGS!

A large assortment.

Patent Medicines,

In great variety.

Pocket Books, Ladies' Purses, &c.

A good assortment.

FAHNESTOCK'S and other brands **PURE WHITE LEAD.**

Cotton Colors and other Colored Paints a general assortment.

PURE LIQUORS.	DYE STUFFS.
Best French Brandy,	Best Indigo,
Holland Gin,	Madder,
Jamaica Rum,	Logwood,
Best Port Wine,	Red Wood,
Madeira Wine,	Cochineal,
Angelica Wine,	Alcanet Root,
Longworth's Golden Wedding Wine,	Analine,
Old Rye Whiskey,	Family Dyes,
Bourbon Whisky,	24 Chromos Potash,
	Prussiate Potash,
	Sugar Lead.

OILS.
Linseed, Boiled & Raw
Pure Sperm Oil,
Fish Oil,
Machine Oil,
Neat's-foot Oil,
Lard Oil.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Picture Frames,
Daguerrian Stock,
Photographic Albums
Gold and Silver Leaf,
Bronzes,
Trusses,
Shoulder Braces,
Syringes,
Handkerch'f Extracts,
Flavoring Extracts,
Fancy Soaps,
Tube Paints,
Violin Strings,
Paper, Ink, and Envelops,
Slates and Pencils,
Penknives,
Scissors,
Razors,
Rubber Balls,
Base Balls,
Axle Grease,
Bird Seed,
Scouring Bricks,
Silver Sand,
Concentrated Lye,
Babbit's Potash,
Plaster Paris,
Glass and Putty,
Hair Oils,
Hair Restoratives,
Hair Dyes,
Baking Powder.

VARNISHES.
Imitation English,
Rubbing,
Gearing,
Coach,
Furniture,
Demar,
Japan,
Shellac,
Asphaltum,
Black Leather.

BRUSHES.
White Wash,
Scrubbing,
Paint and Varnish,
Horse, Leather and Wood,
Camel Hair and Sable Artist's,
Hat and Infant,
Shoe,
Counter,
Feather Dusters,
Hair and Cloth,
Tooth and Nail,
Flesh and Stencil.

March 4, 1870.

SAVE YOUR MONEY.

Buy your goods at a small per cent. at

J. H. NIGHSWANDER'S

Grocery and Provision STORE.

I pay neither rent or clerk hire, do business in my own house, and do my own work. I therefore claim I can sell goods cheaper than those who pay high rent and clerk hire. I have a full assortment of

FRESH, NEW GOODS!

Such as are usually kept in a Grocery and Provision Store.

TEA, COFFEES,
SUGARS, SYRUPS,
SPICES, RICE, TOBACCO,
CIGARS, SNUFF, ORANGES,
LEMONS, NUTS, CANDIES, &c.

Meats of all kinds. Fish, Salt, Coal Oil. Also sell Corn and Oats.

Pay cash for all kinds of Country Produce, such as Corn, Oats, Butter, Eggs, Soap, Rags, &c.

J. H. NIGHSWANDER.
No. 34 Perry St., Tiffin, O.

H. S. WENNER,

Manufacturer of Carriages, Rockaways, Sleights, &c. Every description and style not surpassed in Seneca Co. Painting, Trimming and Repairing done on short notice. Corner Jefferson and Coe Sts., east German Catholic Church, Tiffin.

TIFFIN TRIBUNE.
PUBLISHED EVERY
FRIDAY MORNING.

O. T. LOCKE. O. N. LOCKE. W. G. BLYMYER.
LOCKES & BLYMYER,
PROPRIETORS.

Bona Fide Circulation, - - 1,650.

TERMS—One year, in advance, $2 00; Six months, $1 00; Three months, 50 cents.

ADVERTISING—The TRIBUNE as an advertising medium has no superior. It has a large circulation, and is read by a thrifty, energetic class of people. Advertisements inserted as low as in any first-class paper.

[From Public Opinion.]

OLD AGE.

Fling down the faded blossoms of the Spring,
Nor clasp the roses with regretful hand;
The joy of Summer is a vanished thing;
Let it depart, and learn to understand
The calmness of great calm—the Autumn rest,
The Peace—of human joys the latest and the best.

Ah! I remember how in early days
The primrose and the wild flower grew beside
My tangled forest paths, whose devious ways
Filled me with joys of mysteries untried,
And terror that was more than half delight,
And sense of budding life, and longings infinite.

And I remember how, in Life's hot noon,
Around my path the lavish roses shed
Color and fragrance, and the air of June
Breathed rapture—now those summer days are fled;
Days of sweet peril, when the serpent lay
Lurking at every turn of life's enchanted way.

The light of Spring, the Summer glow are o'er,
And choice in knowing that for me
The woodbine and the roses bloom no more,
The tender is gone from field and tree;
Brown barren sprays stand clear against the blue,
And leaves fall fast, *and let the truthful sunlight through.*

For me the hooded herb of Autumn grow,
Square-stemmed and sober; mint and sage,
Horehound and balm—such plants as healers know;
And the decline of life's long pilgrimage
Is soft and sweet with marjoram and thyme,
Bright with pure evening dew, not serpents' glittering slime.

And around my path the aromatic air
Breathes health and perfume, and the turfy ground,
Is soft for weary feet, and smooth and fair
With little thornless blossoms that abound
In safe dry places, where the mountain side
Lies to the setting sun, and no ill beast can hide.

What is there to regret? Why should I mourn
To leave the forest and the marsh behind,
Or towards the rank, low meadows sadly turn?
Since here another loveliness I find,
Safer and not less beautiful—the blest
With glimpses, faint and far, of the long-wished-for Rest.

And so I drop the roses from my hand,
And let the thorn-pricks heal, and take my way
Down hill, across a fair and peaceful land,
Lapt in the golden calm of dying day;
Glad that the night is near, and glad to know
That, rough or smooth the way, *I have not far to go.*

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Not far from Canterbrigge, at a place called Trompington, there lived a miller named Dannis Simekin.

He was a man who boasted, year after year, that he was so much heavier and so much stronger.

At first sight and word he was a hale-fellow well-met-man, but after a little time, the stranger discovered how small a soul and how mean a mind wandered about in the big body that was so boastful.

He had been churchwarden and overseer of the poor for fifteen years, when Elizabeth, his daughter, was eighteen years of age—and then he was forty.

Could any man bring any charge of dishonesty against the miller? No. Did any man in the parish think him a bad, grasping, and unscrupulous man? All. He belonged to that weary set of men who are neither good, nor kind, nor pleasant, and yet on the surface appear to be frank, straightforward and hearty. These men are the very shadow and hypocrisy of good citizens.

As an overseer, he kept the laborer's cottages few and far between, so that not too many should gain settlements, and he subscribed to the fund for giving certain laborers enough bread in the winter months to save them from dying, and enable them to live on to do farm work through the rest of the year, so that wages might not go up.

In a slow, foolish way, he found that it was cheaper in the end to give as little bread as possible in the winter, than to turn off the laborers who had not gained a parochial settlement.

He had the appearance of being charitable, while in fact he was balancing his many profits and few losses.

The profits, however, were not very great or numerous, because he preferred to be almost sure in a small petty way, rather than be the least venturesome in a greater.

As for lasses—Dannis the miller never had been charged with light conduct with the lasses when he was young. He rather mistoubled girls, and never kissed one till he married Miss Haughton, from the big house.

When the church was restored the miller put in a cheap window of stained glass, Faith, Hope, and Charity, being the subject, and this he bought cheaply, owing to an advertisement he saw in one of the papers.

So much for his mind, and mind. This is how the miller looked. A tall man, over six feet high, with broad open chest, and wide swinging arms, a head well set upon his shoulders, and his brown hair hanging well about his head. A healthy, welcome look he had, but nothing tender about him, except his voice, which was at times artificially low. The eyes shifted and glinted, the mouth was very heavy, and moved in lines which were rounded and pleasant, but these lines changed, made and unmade themselves so slowly that they became odious. However, the features most to be mistrusted in that face were the nostrils. They were neither still nor dilating, the latter generally proving a candid, honest man. They quivered.

He walked erect, and none went to church or gave out the responses so roundly as he,—his wife and daughter following suit.

So am I brought to his wife, who was an overshoot from the great house,—Apton Court.

Great families must have poor relations when great estates go wholly to the eldest. This Miss Haughton was the daughter of a second cousin. She was housekeeper at Apton Court when the miller saw her for the first time at the village church. Although he was the tallest man in the parish, and she was the tallest woman, yet much against common custom they selected each other.

He was very civil to her, abject indeed as a lover, because she was the cousin of Sir Allen Haughton, of Apton Court, and she never attempted to induce him to become more familiar.

He obtained not a penny with her, but he thought perhaps he should get the new lease on more advantageous terms if he married a cousin of his landlord's house. It was a vain hope. Sir Allen was glad to be rid of a poor relation who resented any interference with her duties, and the woman herself was only too happy to be free of her dependence, which she could not brook. Thus both married for interest, with no love between them, and no advantage to be gained by their wedding. Nevertheless, they were blessed with a child, at whose coming they wondered.

The miller and his wife faced the world well, and met their neighbors handsomely, but they never had anything to say to each other, rarely spoke to each other before third parties, and when at home they conversed upon business.

If they quarrelled they kept it to themselves, for they were machines in life, and required no sympathy.—They found their own lubricating oil, which took the shape of their consciences.

In this home, which prospered yearly, a daughter was brought up. The daughter cared as sincerely for father as for mother, and for neither much.

Mrs. Simekin diligently followed the fashions set by the ladies of the hall, and exacted a word from them on Sundays in the churchyard after the morning service was over.

So this family grew up until the girl was seventeen.

By the time that the daughter was seventeen, the miller had added another trade to that of wheat-grinding. He was partner in a loan office corner, which thrived upon the wants of others more easily than did the mill upon the honest people who sent their wheat to be turned into flour.

Said the miller to his London partner, "By my faith, Isaiah, if thus we go on, shall I not be a rich man! And I know not why my daughter shall not marry a gentleman, as her mother was born a lady, and so make of me a gentleman. I lays I'll not die without writing 'squire after my name.—Nay, my wife knows of a house on the other side of the valley, that is a gentleman's seat, and shall be mine if I can make it so. 'Twould be rare to have Sir Allen on one side of the valley, and his cousin, Dannis Simekin, Esquire, on the other, for I would have you to know that by marriage, I'se the cousin of Sir Allen Haughton, of Apton Court."

It was about the time when the daughter Lisebeth was fifteen years of age that rare news came to the miller, that Sir Allen's son—young Sir Allen, as the common people felicitously called him—had applied to the office to obtain money upon the chances of outliving his father and coming into the estate.

"Never a word let him know, Barker, that I'm in the concern, and let him have as much as he likes upon his good security. It's bank safe, and we shall make a haul; old Sir Allen cannot live many years, as I know from my wife, who had it from the hall herself, and I've my plan, sir, my plan."

Never had the miller seen young Sir Allen since he had become a man. At sixteen the heir had quarrelled with his father, and not since had he shown himself in the neighborhood.

He was in the army, it was said, and he was allowed two hundred a year. This was all the miller's neighborhood knew of the heir of all the land in the parish.

As the next three years went on, the miller and his wife walked more fiercely upright than ever, and it was noticed that she spoke almost insolately to the Lady Haughton,—a weak woman, who was quietly dropping into the grave from sheer grief at the loss of her son, whom her husband had forbidden her to see.

The miller and his wife walked more proudly than ever, because they looked upon the land to be as good as theirs.

They had their plan.

Month after month, year after year, money at enormous rates of interest was advanced to young Sir Allen, so that all the miller's money was absorbed, and he himself had borrowed upon the securities he held, and upon the lease of his mill, that he might still more deeply involve young Sir Allen.

So far they had never met.

By this time Lisebeth, the daughter, was of age to marry.

She was a fine, bold-looking girl, not coy, reserved, or graceful; given to riding audaciously, dressing in the extreme of fashion, and knocking off a quick walse or a galop at the piano, with more effect than truth.

Her face was round, her features sensuous and frank, her mouth somewhat large, and her gray eyes gleaming.

One day, at Canterbrigge, she being in the saddle, a cavalry officer said to a comrade, "A fine animal,"

"Which," asked the other, "the horse or the woman?"

"Her cavalry female companions were those ladies who hunted, and these she knew only in the field. They would cut her in a shop.

She laughed, for the miller and his wife had let the daughter into their plans.

She was frank and outspoken with the sons of the higher-class farmers, and she would ride by their side by the mile—nay, she had even been known to take a cigar with one or two of them; but she never visited their sisters, and they never visited at the miller's.

In fact, the miller and his wife were about the most desolate people in Trompington. Nobody cared to visit them. The squire and the rector called sometimes, but they never stopped, and even Lisebeth's school companions, after one dose of a week at the mill, found they had had quite enough of it, and made promises to come again, which very heartily they never meant to fulfill.

But the miller and his wife, and their daughter, walked proudly to church, and they knew what the future would bring them.

The daughter belonged to no society of young ladies, taught in no schools, looked after no poor, and did no household work.

Sometimes the miller's wife, when in high good-humor with her daughter, would address her as "my lady," a process at which the mother and daughter would laugh, when mayhap the miller coming in he would laugh too, and the family would be quite merry—for a moment.

"Lass," says the miller one day to his wife, "young Sir Allen and his regiment are come to Canterbrigge, and it is now time to try his mettle."

That day the miller wrote a letter to his London partner, and two days after an answer was returned.

"Wife," said the miller, "he will be here to-morrow with a friend. Let there be every thing right, and do you, Lizbeth" (this to his daughter), "do thy best to be handsome and agreeable."

The next day, in the afternoon, two gentlemen arrived on horseback.—They were received at the mill with all the honors, the miller, his wife and daughter standing on the doorstep to welcome them. The miller was dressed in his Sunday clothes, a white cravat about his neck, while his lady was arrayed in crimson silk, and golden ornaments to match. Lisbeth was resplendent, in a low pink morie dress overdone with lace flouncings and rich ruchings, and you could see her fine shape and her fair skin. Of her bright brown hair she had made the most, and had twined it in some large lustrous beads, which were in perfect accordance with her style of beauty.

The two visitors were of similar stature and build, and possibly they might have passed for brothers; but while one was distinguished and refined in look, the other appeared much like the ordinary cavalry officer, ready for enjoyment, and not too particular as to how it was obtained.

They came unaccompanied, and rode equally good horses. They dismounted together, and neither man looked after the other.

The miller, his wife and daughter, to whom Sir Allen's son was perfectly unknown, looked with equal smiles upon both gentlemen, until the less distinguished of the two men said—

"Simekin, let me introduce you to my friend, Captain Clark—Jack, this is the mill."

The captain bowed, but the family, having now ascertained which was "young Sir Allen," had already almost forgotten the captain's existence.

"We hope you've come to stay, Mr. Allen," said the miller's wife; "for though I know we can't do things as they can do them up at the hall, still I have some silver, and you'll see the family arms on it—for, as you know, I am a second cousin of yours."

"Yes, to be sure," said the young squire. "I had forgotten it. Have you been quite well all these years?"

"Very well, Sir Allen—I mean Mr. Allen, but as you must be Sir Allen some day, it does not matter if my tongue made a slip. This is my daughter, Lisbeth, Sir Allen—I mean Mr. Allen, and this is my husband, and right glad heartily am I to welcome you here, though I wish it was at Apton Court itself."

By this time she had led the way into the mill drawing-room, a flashy state-chamber, in which old and honest furniture, old drinking-horns and hunting-horns were mixed up with a blazing carper, a crashing tri-chord piano, and yellow, blue, red, and green paper dahlias on an amber-colored mantel-piece.

"Of course," continued the miller, resuming the conversation, "of course you have to stay, Mr. Allen, for nobody shall know of it up at the hall, though if they do I don't see that they can hurt you, Mr. Allen—which I ask if ever you hear from Sir Allen?"

"No," replied Mr. Allen, "my father and I are still at variance. Would you have known me again, Mrs. Simeken, had you met me without any knowledge of who I was?"

"In a moment," she replied.

"And yet you have not seen me since I was a boy of sixteen."

"Oh! there is something in the face of our family, Mr. Allen, that can always be recognized. Do you not notice it in my Lisbeth's face?—Lisbeth, come here."

During the last few moments the young heir's friend had been talking with Lisbeth, and this is what passed. The captain spoke first.

"This is a very charming place, Miss Simekin."

"Yes—I am generally called Miss Lisbeth. Mamma and I object much to the name Simekin."

"Indeed,—I am sorry to have pained you."

"Not at all. Have you known Allen long?"

"We have been fellow-officers for some years."

"Is he engaged?"

"Engaged?"

"Yes,—engaged to be married. How stupid you are!"

"And you are very candid, my dear Miss Lisbeth. No, I don't think my friend is engaged."

"Is he a good sort of fellow? Don't look astounded, man. You know one always wants to know the best and the worst. What is he like?"

"Mr. Allen Haughton is to a certain extent a gentlemen."

"But there's no nonesense about him—is there?"

"Not that I know of. But we as seldom know our freinds as we know ourselves."

"O, but you're very close, you know!"

At this point her mother called to her, and she left the captain without any word of apology on withdrawal.

"There," continued the miller's wife, "can't you see your own face in my Lisbeth's?—I can. Lisbeth, you need not be shy for this gentleman is your cousin."

"I am not shy, mamma, and I'm sure I shall get on capitally with Cousin Allen—sha'n't I, Cousin Allen?"

"It will not be my fault if you don't," said Allen with a laugh, and a freedom of talk and expression which had been totally wanting in his friend.

"You're going to stop, Mr. Allen?" urged the miller's wife—"you don't go way to-day?"

"We must return to Canterbrigge to-night, cousin," said the young squire, "for we have only a twelve-hours leave—but a visit will be for another time."

Here the miller's wife turned away, leaving Mr. Allen and Lisbeth talking together; and going up to her husband she wispered, "Get the other one out of the room. He's in the way of our young people."

"Captain," said the miller, with an insolent freedom of tone which was very strong in contrast with that he had adopted towards the young squire—"Captain, have you ever seen a mill?"

"No miller, I have never seen a mill."

"Come and take stock of mine then—it will only cost a cock-lusting.—Mother when will dinner be ready?"

"In half an hour, miller," she said imperiously.

"Come along, captain," said Dannis and he led the way, the officer following gravely.

Scarcely had they left house when the miller said, "How does he goon?"

"Who?"

"The young squire!

"He is very well."

"Is he rackety?"

"I scarcely follow your meaning miller."

"Does he look much at the pink bonnets?"

"I really don't know,—I think not."

"Does he bet much now?"

"No,—not much I believe."

"Then where does his money go to?"

"I have no knowledge where his money goes to."

"You know he spends heaps o' money, don't you?"

"No; I never knew that."

"As 'stravagant a young dog, as ever trotted. But then we was all young once."

"No, miller, some of us are never young."

"Faith," laughed the miller, "we all of us grow old."

"True but many of us have young hearts at eighty."

"I don't know what you mean, Captain, by *young* hearts."

"So much the worse for *you* miller."

The miller looked at the captain as though he could not quite understand him, but he had always felt a contempt for a smaller man than himself who had never proved that he was not afraid of him, and therefore did not respect the captain; for what was a captain compared with the miller of Trompington, who was so rich that he held *post-obits* upon half the land in the parish, and whose daughter would be Lady Haughton?

"Captain," said he, losing his attempts upon the pka which he had found answer nine times out of ten throughout his insolent ruffling life, "Captain, dost ever want a fifty now and then?"

"A fifty?"

"A fifty pound note," explained the miller, telling himself comfortably that this captain was the greatest fool he ever had met.

"Yes," replied the officer coolly, "I have sometimes wanted a fifty pound note, and I generally got it."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the miller in self-triumph; "a joke, dang me, a good joke. Well, now, I'd just wish you wanted a fifty now, for I think I could let you have it, and never say a word about it."

"Ha! then you want me to do something?"

The miller smote his own leg then his guest's, and said, "Why, lad, I was thinking thee a fool, and thou art not."

"Thank you, miller," said the captain; "but what have I to do for it?"

"Get young Mr. Allen to stop here to-night. We can get him a medical 'stificate to set him straight with the colonel. And tell him to look after his mother, for she is a fine girl, and his own blood, and a richer than you (for one) would think."

"Allen is a clever enough, miller, to see for himself."

"But you can help him to see."

"I hardly can tell how."

"Try. I suppose he doesn't let you into his secrets?"

"Generally I know quite as much of his secrets as Mr. Allen does himself."

"Then he's told you about the *post-obits*, as the lawyer's call 'em?"

"Yes."

"I know'd you was chaffing me.—Lor, what a couple they'll make, and me living up at the court, and the missis too, so that the county 'ull have to come down to us, after all, and them big-wig parsons at Canterbrigge have to be civil—ha! it 'ull be a good time—and the mill leased out to one who shall know his place."

Here the miller spruced himself, and pulled down his waiscoat.

"There be nothing like a English yeoman," he said.

"Except the father-in-law of a baronet," said Captain John, very gravely.

The miller saw a vast joke in this reply, and slapped his guest's leg and his own once more.

"Dinner be ready—there goes the bell?"

"Ha, miller, have you a dinner-bell?"

"Thee see they have it up at the great house, and so my madame said, as she belonged to Apton Court, she would have a dinner-bell; neither do I see why it should not be so?"

"You young people go together," said the miller's wife, addressing her daughter and Allen,—"for I see *you* understand one another."

Captain Jack ate very little, and once or twice Mr. Allen burst into laughter apparently with his friend for the butt. The miller and his daughter followed suit, and the the miller's wife smiled. As a cousin of the great house rarely laughed.

"Do 'ee eat," urged the miller to Mr. Allen, who was heartily feeding, "the don't eat a bit, Allen."

The miller took no notice of the captain, who was making a sufficiently temperate meal.

"Do'ee drink, Cousin Allen," urged the miller, "for thee are drinking nothing. I'll open another bottle of 'fix.'"

"Our champagne, cousin," said the miller's wife, "is excellent. We are very careful with our wines."

This was a point at which Mr. Allen looked at Captain Jack, and broke into a huge roar of laughter.

Even the grave captain smiled.

"He *be* a fool, though, "thought the miller, looking at the quiet military man.

"Mr. Allen, have some of this ham," urged the miller's wife.

"She cured it herself," said the miller.

"Mr. Simekin," she immediately replied, "there is no need to trouble my cousin with particulars of this character."

Five minutes afterwards the cry was—

"Mr. Allen, do have some of that puddun; our Lisbeth made it."

Upon this occasion the miller was no rebuked by his smiling wife, who said: "Do try it cousin Allen; for our Lisbeth, though a lady, is aide to be domestic."

[The pastry in question had come out in the confectioner's cart from Canterbrigge.]

At last that twenty-pound lump of cheese which usually finishes an insolent dinner came upon the table.

Pressed to eat of the cheese, Mr. Allen cheerily said, "O yes—lots of cheese, Cousin Simekin. In for a penny in for a pound."

Quite comfortably with the manners up at Apton Court, the miller's wife rose and led the way out, followed by her daughter, leaving the three men face to face.

The port was on the table—the miller's time had come. His guests were lighting cigars—he had taken a long pipe.

"Mr. Allen, your friend says as he knows all."

"All, miller—for I suppose we are coming to business."

"With thee leave, Mr. Allen. Did it come on thee with a start when thee heard t'was I was thee creditor."

"Not much. I knew that the money had been had—and it was owing to some one. You're the man. So much the better for you."

"Can thee pay it back?"

"Not I."

"If Sir Allen died could you pay it back?"

"That would depend. Sir Allen for twenty-years has not spent one-fourth of his income, therefore if he left me his personal, as he must leave his real estate, I could readily pay off the *post-obits*."

"Hey—but will he leave 'ee the cash?"

"No—I think not!"

At this point Captain John, who was but slightly interested in this conversation, and who was looking about saw a door move which led into a side room.

The miller's wife and daughter were listening.

"Cousin Allen," continued the miller, "I'll speak to thee plain—art engaged to be married?"

"I believe I am," with a laugh; "but what of that?"

"Can thee get out of it?"

"What, the promise?"

"Yes—can thee send her to the right-a-bout?"

"Any man could do such a thing—few would."

"I'll garrant thee from the lawyers—I will, if the'lt take thy cousin Lisbeth, and thee shalt have every one of thy signatures back, and not owe me a farden, and I'll 'lowance thee twice what Sir Allen do."

For a moment there was silence, and then Mr. Allen with a great laugh said—

"Captain Jack, what say you?"

"Hey," cried the miller, "Captain Jack will say just as sure as there's fifty sovereigns to a fifty-pound note, or a hundred sovereigns to five twenty-pound notes—won't thee Captain?"

"O yes," said the Captain. "You must marry some one, Allen, and it mustn't be a poor wife. Why not marry your cousin Lisbeth?"

"Hurryo," said the miller, striking his thigh.

Mr. Allen laughed, took a swig at the wine before him, and said, "But I must get out of my engagement first."

"Never mind her," urged the farmer. "Think of thy cousin, Allen, who is pretty enow, and likely enow."

When Mrs. Simekin went to let them know some tea was waiting for them, the miller whispered to the captain as they went out of the room—

"That hundred is thine, Captain—but I did na' say when I would pay it. Thou shalt have it when they are man and wife."

"I am much obliged," said the captain.

An hour afterwards the miller had taken the captain to try his billiard-table, and the miller's wife finding something to do, Mr. Allen and Lisbeth were left alone.

"So you are engaged," she said, suddenly.

"Why, how do you know that?"

"You told papa so—and he told me!"

"Told *you*, Lisbeth?"

"Yes—for I knew all about it."

"About what?"

"Why, the plan to marry us too.'

"And would you have me?"

"Yes."

"Upon so short an acquaintance?"

"Yes."

"But you know that I am engaged."

"You can't marry us both, Cousin Allen and I dare say I'm richer than she is."

"She has no money whatever."

"Then of course you wouldn't *marry* her."

"It could be done."

"And you would be wretched forever. If now you choose me—you would be rich at once."

"No—for I should still owe your father the money."

She laughed.

"I'd see fair play—he shouln't claim a farthing. No—if you marry me for my money I'd see you had it. Fair play's a jewel."

She laughed again.

In the next hour much was said—things not pleasant to put upon record, because they were heartless. He was unscrupulous enough, and her tone of mind and behavior made him worse

"I'll manage it," she said, "and dad will never trouble you for the loans."

At this point the miller appeared, and, simulating annoyance, told Mr. Allen that his horse and his friend's hay got loose and were in the wood, out of which to drive them they might want a couple of hours.

"I'll send a boy on a cart-horse if thee like to barracks, explaining how 'tis."

"It matters very little" replied Mr. Allen; "we will excuse ourselves, my friend and I, when we reach the garrison."

An hour afterwards, Lisbeth herself was helping to saddle her horse. She was eloping to secure Allen, first, from the danger of being discovered by his father, secondly that she might at a blow overcome her rival.

The miller, his wife and daughter were quite in collusion as far as the elopement went.

A quarter of an hour after the miller's two saddled-horses had quitted the mill stables, carrying off Mr. Allen and Lisbeth, the miller, moving nervously up and down the house, leaving his guest to amuse himself as best he could, the miser sees a paper on the ground.

He picks it up, looks at it, starts, and then runs off to his strong box. For a moment he rages, then his anger changes to laughing admiration.

"Wife!" he cries, "wife!" And as she comes bustling into the room, he says, "Our girl—what a chip of the old block she be. She have stole—that be, *taken*—all the deeds signed by Master Allen. Her's a clever woman. Her was 'fraid that I would na' keep my word, and she stole a march on me. Faith—she's our daughter."

The miller's wife smiled, but said nothing, for she was thinking of the vengance she was about to have. For twenty long years—during which her freedom had lasted, freedom from the thrall of her family's head—for twenty years she