

THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE MILLER OF HOFBAU.

By Anthony Hope.

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," Etc.
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There is a swift little river running by the village of Hofbau, and on the river is a mill, kept in the days of King Rudolf III, by a sturdy fellow who lives there all alone. The King knew him, having alighted at his house for a draught of beer as he rode hunting; and it was of him the King spoke when he said to the Queen, "There is, I believe, but one man in the country whom Osra could not move, and that is the miller of Hofbau." But, though he addressed the Queen, it was his sister at whom he aimed the speech. The Princess herself was sitting by, and when she heard the King, she said:

"In truth, I do not desire to move any man. What troubles come of it? Yet who is this miller?"
The King told her where the miller might be found, and he added: "If you convert him to the love of woman, you shall have the finest bracelet in Stralsau."
"There is nothing, sire, so remote from my thoughts or desire as to convert your miller," said Osra, scornfully.
And in this, at the moment, she spoke truthfully; but being left alone for some days at the Castle of Zenda, which is but a few miles from Hofbau, she found time hang very heavy on her hands; indeed she did not know what to do with herself for weariness; and so, for this reason and none other, one day she ordered her horse and rode off with a single groom into the forest. Coming, as the morning went on, to a wide road, she asked the groom where it led. "To Hofbau, madame," he answered. "It is not more than a mile further on." Osra waited for a few moments; then she said: "I will ride on and see the village, for I have heard told that it is pretty." Wait here till I turn," and she rode on, smiling a little and with a delicate tint of color in her cheeks.

Before long she saw the river and the mill on the river; and, coming to the mill, she saw the miller sitting before his door, smoking a long pipe, and she called out to him, asking him to sell her a glass of milk.
"You can have it for the asking," said the miller. He was a good looking, fair fellow, and wore a scarlet cap. "There is a pail of it just inside the door behind me." Yet he did not rise, but lay there, lolling luxuriously in the sun. For he did not know Osra, never having been to Stralsau in his life, and to Zenda three or four times only, and that when the Princess was not there. Moreover—though this, as must be allowed, is not to the purpose—he had sworn never again to go so far afield.

Being answered in this manner, and at the same time desiring the milk, the Princess had no choice but to dismount. This she did, and passed by the miller, pausing a moment to look at him with bright, curious eyes that flashed from under the brim of her wide-rimmed feathered hat; but the miller blinked lazily up at the sun, and took no heed of her.

Osra passed on, found the pail, poured out a cup of milk and drank it. Then, refilling the cup, she carried it to the miller.
"Will you not have some?" said she, with a smile.
"It was too lazy to get it," said the miller; and he held out his hand, but did not otherwise change his position.

Osra's brow was puckered and her cheek flushed as she knelt down, holding the cup of milk so that the miller could reach it. He took and drained it, gave it back to her, and put his pipe in his mouth again. Osra sat down by him and watched him. He puffed and blinked away, never so much as looking at her.
"What have you for dinner?" asked she presently.
"A piece of cold pie," said he.
"There's enough for two, if you're hungry."

"Would you not like it better hot?"
"Oh, ay, but I cannot weary myself with heating it," said the Princess; and, rising, she went into the house and made up the fire, which was almost burnt out; then she heated the pie, and set the room in order, and laid the table, and drew a large jug of beer from the cask. Next she placed an arm-chair ready for the miller, and put the jug by it; then she filled a pipe from the bowl of tobacco, and set a cushion in the chair. And all this while she hummed a tune and from time to time smiled gaily. Lastly she arranged a chair by the elbow of the miller's chair; then she went out and told him that his dinner was ready; and he stumbled to his feet with a sigh of laziness and walked before her into the house.
"May I come?" cried she.
"Ay, there's room for two," said the miller of Hofbau, without looking round.

So she followed him in. He sank into the arm chair, and sat there, for a moment, surveying the room which was so neat, and the table so daintily laid, and the pie so steaming hot. And he sighed, saying:
"It was like this before poor mother died," and he fell on a great portion of pie with which Osra piled his plate.
When he had finished eating—which thing did not happen for some time—she held the jug while he took a long draught; then she brought a coal in the tongs and held it while he lit his pipe from it; then she sat down by him. For several moments he puffed, and then at last he turned his head and looked at Princess Osra; and she dropped her long lashes and cast down her eyes, and he saw she lifted her eyes and glanced for an instant at the miller, and finally she dropped her eyes again and murmured shyly:
"What is it, sir? Why do you look at me?"
"You seem to be a handy wench," observed the miller. "The pie was steaming hot, and yet not burnt; the beer was well frothed, but not shaken nor thickened, and the pipe draws well. Where does your father dwell?"
"He is dead, sir," said the Princess Osra, very demurely.
"And your mother?" pursued the miller.
"She also is dead."
"There is some harm in that," said the miller, thoughtfully; and Osra turned away her head to hide her smile.
"Are you not very lonely, living here all by yourself?" she asked a moment later.
"Indeed, I have to do everything for myself," said the miller sadly.

"And there is nobody to—care for you?"
"No—nor to look after my comfort," said the miller. "Have you any kindred?"
"I have two brothers, sir; but they are married now, and have no need of me."
The miller laid down his pipe, and set his elbow on the table, faced Princess Osra.
"It is said here," and it is likely you will ride this way again?"
"I may chance to do so," said Osra; and now there was a glance of malicious triumph in her eyes, and she was thinking already how the bracelets would look on her arm.
"Ah!" said the miller; and after a pause he added, "If you do, come half an hour before dinner, and I can lend a hand in making it ready. Where did you get these nice clothes?"
"My mistress gave them to me," answered Osra. "She has cast them off."
"And that horse you rode?"
"It is my master's; I have it to ride when I do my mistress's errands."
"And will your master and mistress do anything for you if you leave your service?"
"I have been promised a present if—"



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then, at the thought of the grief of the miller, her face was again clouded; but it again cleared when she considered of the great triumph that she had won, and how she would enjoy a victory over the King, and would have the finest bracelet in all Stralsau as a gift from him. Thus she arrived at the castle in the height of merriment and exultation.
It chanced that the King also came to Zenda that night to spend a week hunting the boar in the forest; and when Osra, all blushing and laughing, told him of her success with the miller of Hofbau, he was greatly amused, and swore that no such girl ever lived and applauded her, renewing his promise of the bracelet; and he declared that he would himself ride with her to Hofbau on the wedding day, and see how the poor miller bore his disappointment.
"Indeed, I do not see how you are going to excuse yourself to him," he laughed.
"A purse of five hundred crowns must do that office for me," said she.
"What will crowns purchase a broken heart?"
"His broken heart must heal itself, as men's broken hearts do, brother."
"In truth, sister, I have known them cure themselves. Let us hope it may be so with the miller of Hofbau."
"At the worst, I have avenged the wrongs of women on him. It is unendurable that any man should scorn us, as he is the King's miller."
"It is indeed very proper that he should suffer great things," agreed the King, "in spite of his plaster of crowns. I shall love to see the old fellow sighing and moaning like a love-sick courtier."
So they agreed to ride together to the miller's at Hofbau on the day appointed for the wedding, and both of them waited with impatience for it. But, with the bad luck that pursues mortals (even though they be Princesses) in this poor world, it happened that early in the morning of the Thursday a great officer came, riding post haste from Stralsau, to take the King's commands on high matters of state; and although Rudolf was sorely put out of temper by this untoward interruption, yet he had no alternative but to transact the business before he rode to the miller's at Hofbau. So he sat fretting and fuming while long papers were read to him, the Princess walked up and down the length of the draw-bridge, fretting also; for before the King could escape from his affairs, the hour of the wedding was already come, and doubtless the miller of Hofbau was waiting with the priest in the church. And indeed it was 11 o'clock or more before Osra and the King set out from Zenda, and they had then a ride of an hour and a half—and all this when Osra should have been at the miller's at 11 o'clock.

"Poor man, he will be half mad with waiting and with anxiety for me!" cried Osra. "I must give him another hundred crowns on account of it." And she added, after a pause, "I pray he may not take it too much to heart, Rudolf."
"We must try to prevent him doing himself any mischief in his despair," smiled the King.
"Indeed, it is a serious matter," pouted the Princess, who thought the King's smiles out of place.
"It was not so when you began it," said her brother; and Osra was silent. Then about half past two they came in sight of the mill. Now, the King dismounted while they were still several hundred yards away, and tying his horse to a tree in a clump by the mill, he made a circuit and approached from the side, and, crossing along the house, hid himself behind a large water butt which stood just under the window; and from that spot he could hear what passed inside the house, although he could not see. But Osra rode up to the front of the mill, as she had been accustomed to do, and getting down from her horse, she walked up to the door. The miller's cart stood in the yard of the mill, but the horse was put in the shafts, and neither the miller nor anybody else was to be seen about; and the door of the house was shut.

"I waited two hours," said the miller, plaintively, "and you know that she is a handy wench and very fond of me." And he began to gather up the crowns and return them to the purse.
"I trust I am a handy wench," said Osra, smiling, yet still very nervous, "and indeed I have a great regard for the miller, but—"
"Nay, he does not mean you," interrupted the priest.
"Six hundred," sighed the miller, "and Gertrude has but 200! Still she is a handy wench and very sturdy. I doubt if you could lift a sack by your self, as she can," and he looked doubtfully at Osra's slender figure.
"I do not know why you talk of Gertrude," said the Princess, petulantly, "What is Gertrude to me?"
"Why, I take it that she is nothing at all to you," answered the priest, folding his hands on his hip and smiling placidly. "Still for my part, I bade him wait a little longer."
"I waited two hours," said the miller, "and Gertrude urged me, saying that you would not come, and that she would look after me better than you, being one of the family. And she said that it was hard that she should have no husband, while her own cousin married a stranger since it was all the same to me."

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her fingers, and he put up his hand and brushed with it as though he brushed away a fly, but gave no other sign of awaking.
Then the King softly called from behind the water-butt under the window: "Is he there, Osra? Is he there?"
"The poor man has fallen asleep in weariness," she answered. "But the priest is here, ready to marry us. Oh, Rudolf, I am sorry for what I have done!"
"Girls are always mighty sorry after it is done," remarked the King. "Wake him up, Osra."
At this moment the miller of Hofbau sat up in his chair and gave a great sneeze, and by this sound the priest also was awakened. Osra came forward and stood between them. The miller looked at her, and filled his red cap forward, in order that he might scratch his head. Then he looked across to the priest, and said:
"It is she, father. She has come."
The priest rubbed his hands together, and smiled uncomfortably.
"I waited two hours," said he, glancing at the clock. "See, it is 3 o'clock now."
"I am sorry you waited so long," said Osra, "but I could not come before. And—now that I am come, I cannot—"

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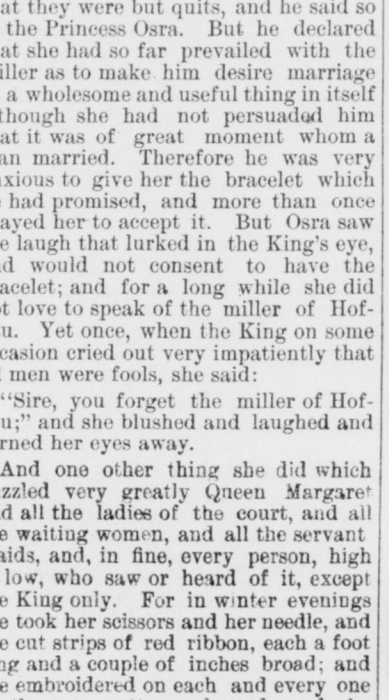
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girl, with a very wide face and straggling hair; the girl's nose was very flat, and her eyes were small; but her great mouth smiled good-humoredly, and, as the Princess looked, she let slip to the ground a sack of flour that she had been carrying on her sturdy back.
"Ay, Gertrude is well enough," said the miller, looking at her contentedly. "She is very strong and willing."
Then, while Gertrude stood wondering and staring with wide eyes in the doorway, the Princess stepped up to the miller and leant over him and cried: "Look at my face, look at my face! What manner of face is it?"
"It is well enough," said the miller. "But Gertrude is—"
There was a crash upon the floor, and six hundred crowns rolled out of the purse, and scattered, spinning and rolling hither and thither, all over the floor, and into every corner of the room. And Princess Osra cried:
"Have you no eyes?" and then turned away, for her lip was quivering, and she would not have the miller see it. But she turned from the miller only to face Gertrude, his wife; and Gertrude's small face brightened with sudden intelligence.
"Ah, you are the other girl!" said Gertrude, with much amusement. And was that your dowry? It is large. I am glad you did not come in time. But see, I'll pick it up for you. Nay, don't take on. I dare say you'll find another husband." And she passed by Osra, patting her on the shoulder kindly as she went, and then fell on her knees and began to pick up the crowns, crawling after them all over the door, and holding up her apron to receive the recovered treasure. And Princess Osra stood looking at her.
"Ay, you'll find another husband," nodded the priest, encouragingly.
"Ay, you'll find another husband," assented the miller, placidly. "And just as one girl is pretty nearly as good as another, if she is handy and sturdy, so one husband is as good as another, if he can keep a house over you."
Princess Osra said nothing. But Gertrude, having picked up the crowns, came to her with a full apron and said: "Hold up your lap, and I'll pour them in. They'll give you a good husband."
Then Princess Osra suddenly bent and kissed Gertrude's cheek, and she said gently:
"I hope you have got a good husband, my dear; but let him do some work for himself. And keep it 600 crowns as a present from me, for he will value you more with 800 than with two."

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(Signed)
CHAS. B. WALTON,
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"Poor fellow, he grew weary of waiting, and was hungry and was compelled to take his dinner; and, like the men he is, he has entertained the priest and kept him here, so that no time should be lost when I arrived. Indeed, I am afraid the poor man loves me very much. Well, miller, or lord, or prince—they are all the same. Heigh ho! Why did I do this?" And she walked up to the miller's chair and leant over the back of it, and lightly touched his red cap with

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By virtue of a judgment of the Superior court of Wake county, rendered on the 27th day of March, 1895, in the case of Alfred Williams against John R. Terrell, being Judgment Roll No. 6,111, of said court, and docketed in Judgment Docket No. 8, page 44, and as assignee of John R. Terrell, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, at public auction, at the county court house, in the city of Raleigh, N. C., on the 30th day of July, 1895, policy No. 17,067 of "The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company" for one thousand dollars on life of John R. Terrell. This policy is a fifteen (15) year endowment Insurance Policy; is dated March 10, 1884, and all premiums on the same up to date have been paid. A. W. HAYWOOD, Commissioner.
A. W. HAYWOOD,
Assignee of John R. Terrell.
The foregoing sale is postponed until Tuesday, October 1st, 1895, at 12 o'clock in the same place.

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2 22	9 04	Plainers Point	5 40	10 13
3 50	9 20	Drivers	5 13	9 43
3 05	9 44	Stuffed	5 10	9 43
3 40	10 18	Gates	4 20	9 20
4 02	10 38	Tunis	4 12	9 31
4 23	11 07	Ashekie	3 54	11 28
4 45	11 14	Atlanta	3 41	7 58
5 06	12 20	Ar Tarboro	3 48	6 58
		Ar		
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