

THE LEGEND OF LADDIN'S ROCK

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The Legend of Laddin's Rock by Alice Stead Binney

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ALICE STEAD BINNEY

**THE LEGEND OF
LADDIN'S ROCK**



HILDA

DEDICATED TO
MR. WILLIAM L. MARKS
of
LADDIN'S ROCK FARM

For the sake of the "Farm,"—of each valley and
glade,
Of its ever green beauty in sunlight and shade ;
Of the tramps o'er the hills and the strolls by the
lake,
Of the wild woodland rides on the swift rolling
break.

For the sake of the "Kitchen's" hospitable cheer,
Of the merry good times there through many a year,
Of spirits congenial and host so benign,—
For the best of all sakes,—for "Auld Lang Syne."

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Chapter One



CORNELIUS LABDEN, or, as his neighbors carelessly called him, "Old Laddin," sat by his cabin door, placidly smoking his long pipe. Only a careful observer would have detected the air of expectancy in the old man's manner,—yet this was his wedding-day! This ruddy-faced, mild-spoken man of fifty was that very evening to be married to a girl of seventeen, and any moment might disclose to his eyes the party of new settlers in

whose care she had travelled from the Fatherland.

Nearly a year before, Laddin had received a letter from an old friend in Holland, begging him to care for his young daughter, who would be left friendless and almost penniless when his death, now momentarily expected, occurred. And the kind-hearted man, remembering the little child with whom he had played when she was a flax-haired baby, sent word for her to join a party of colonists who were coming to a grant near his farm in the spring. Afterthoughts had brought to the mind of Cornelius the fact that Hilda must now be seventeen, and too much a woman to become a foster-daughter to her bachelor protector. So he sent another message to the burgher of the town in which she lived,—that