

his daughter slept. He laid his rough hand gently upon her.

"Fanny, love," said he, "thou knowest that I expect the lugger to-night, and I don't think I shall be at home, and I mayn't be all to-morrow; but you won't fret—like a good girl, I know you won't. Keep all right, love, till I be back; and say nothing."

"Dear father," returned Fanny, who was now a lovely girl of eighteen, "I tremble for this life which we lead; as my poor mother said, it adds the punishment of the law to the dangers of the sea."

"Oh, don't mention thy mother, dearest!" said the smuggler, "or thou wilt make a child of thy father, when he should be thinking of other things. Ah, Fanny! when I lost thy mother, I lost every thing that gave delight to my heart. Since then, the fairest fields are to me no better than a bare moor, and I have only thee, my love—only my Fanny to comfort me. So, thou wilt not cry now—thou wilt not distress thy father, wilt thou? No, no! I know thou wilt not. I shall be back to thee to-morrow, love."

More passed between the smuggler and his daughter—words of remonstrance, of tenderness, of assurance; and, when he had left her, he again went to the beach, to where his boat had just landed from the night's shing. None of the boats had yet arrived. As he approached, the crew said, they "saw y his face there was something unpleasant in the wind," and others added—

"Something's vexed skipper, Harry, this morning, and that's a shame, for a better ul never lived."

"Well, mates," said he, as he approached em, "have you seen a shark cruising off e coast this morning?"

"No," was the reply.

"But I have," said Harry, "though she making off to keep out of sight now; and, ore than that, I have seen a cut-throat lub-r that I would not set my foot upon—I an the old Beelzebub inn, with the white d yellow stripe on his yawl, pull from her e. And what was he doing there? Was not telling them to look out for the lug-r?"

Some of the boat's crew uttered sudden d bitter imprecations. "Let us go and k the old rascal before he reach the shore," d one.

"With all my heart," cried another—for y were all interested in the landing of the

lugger, and, in the excitement of the moment they wist not what they said.

"Softly, softly, my lads," returned Harry, 'we must think now what we can do for, the cargo and ourselves, and not of him."

"Right, master," replied another, "that is what I am thinking."

"Now, look ye," continued Harry, "I be-lieve we shall have a squall before night, and a pretty sharp one too; but we mustn't mind that when our fortunes are at stake. Hang all black-hearted knaves that would peach on a neighbor, say I; but it is done in our case, and we must only do our best to make the rascal's story stick in his throat, or be the same as if it had; and I think it may be done yet. I know, but the peachers can't, that the lugger is to deliver a few score kegs at Blyth before she run down here. We must off and meet her, and give warning."

"Ay, ay, master Teasdale, thou'rt right; but, now that the thing has got wind, the sharks will keep a hawk's eye upon us, and how we are to do it, I can't see."

"Why, because thou'rt blind," said Har-ry.

"No, hang it, and if I be, master," replied the other; "I can see as far as most of folks, as ye can testify; and I now see plain enough that if we put to sea now, we shall hae the cutter after us, and that would be what I call only leading the shark to where the sal-mon lay."

"Man, I wonder to hear thee," said Harry, "folk wad say thou hast nae mair gumption than a born fool. Do ye think I wad be such an ass as to send out spies in the face of the enemy? Hae I had a run o' gud? luck for twenty years, and yet ye think me nae better General than that comes to? I said, nae doubt, that we should gang to sea to meet the lugger, though there will be a squall, and a heavy one too, before night, as sure as I'm telling ye; but I didna say that we should dow sae under the bows o' the cutter, in our awn boat, or out o' Embleton."

"Right, right, master," said another, "no more you did—Ned isn't half awake." The name of the fisherman alluded to was Ned Thomson.

"Well, Ned, my lad," continued Harry "I tell thee what must be done; I shall go, saddle my old nag—get thou a horse from thy wife's father—he has tow, and can spare one—and let us jog on as fast as we can for Blyth; but we mustn't keep by the coast, lest the King's folk get their eyes upon us.