

warm, and the air as balmy as the breath of a May-day morning, the sea in the distance was as smooth and motionless as a mirror, "the winds were hushed, and in their graves," and one could hardly imagine how they and the waves, a few short hours before, had been so madly contending for the victory.

When we reached the 'topmost' point, commanding a view of all we had seen the night before, we stopped, and turned a searching look upon the sands, where from our young sailor David Millway's prophecy, the smuggler ought to be, and there, high and dry, sure enough, she was. But what could be the meaning of that crowd of men about her? or of those horses and carts that were so constantly and so rapidly driving alongside of her, and then off again with equal speed, without a stop for a single moment—what could all this hurry scurry mean?

"Another link in Aunt Phoebe's notes is wanting here. She was not aware of the fact, nor perhaps is the reader, that a horse standing still for half a minute upon these sands, or any other that the tide flows over, his feet become so embedded in them that he cannot move. The 'hurry scurry,' as my aunt calls it, which she saw, was occasioned solely by this singular circumstance."

On turning our eyes in search of the other vessel, we found that she had left the bay, and was now at anchor in the mouth of the inlet, and consequently in a position to prevent the lugger or any other craft, if such had been her wish, from passing out to sea.

While gazing with wonder and amazement on the scene before us, we saw a few men, some four or five, separate themselves from the crowd around the former vessel, and move off in a direct line towards where we stood.

On they came, and when near enough for us to distinguish their features, we perceived that the party consisted of David Millway and the servants and laborers on my uncle's farm—the messengers, indeed, that we had sent, who came not back till now.

On the party's reaching us, our first and most anxious inquiry regarded poor Bella's fate. What had become of her? where was she now? and why did she not return at day break this morning as she promised when she went away?

These like many other questions, as the sequel will show, were more easily asked than answered.

"When we reach the house I will give you a full account of all my adventures in search of Bella," was David Millway's only reply to all our queries.

CHAPTER XIII.

DAVID MILLWAY'S NARRATIVE.

"It struck me last night," he began, "when all had gone to bed, and I was left alone, that the lugger might possibly have seen the signal light, although, as you may remember, it only appeared for a moment above the bushes, and therefore be off the moment the boat returned with Bella. We all took it for granted that this was its destination. And then you know," he continued, "if the wind lulled, as it was sure to do before morning, the cutter would get round the point and be after her, and thus I should lose all chance of rescuing her. I therefore started at once for the cutter, but how to get aboard I could not tell."

"On reaching the head of the little bay, just as I was considering what to do next to accomplish my purpose, a man, with a drawn cutlass in his hand, rushed out of the brushwood near where I stood, and rudely demanded who I was, and what I was doing there, and before I could reply, another man emerged from the same hiding place and united with his companion in reiterating the question already put to me, and with still greater insolence as they saw I hesitated."

"And why did you hesitate?" we enquired.

"Because," he replied, "I did not know whether they were smugglers or preventive service men. If the former," he continued, "and I had told them what I was about to do, they would have murdered me without mercy, and if the latter, they would only take me as a prisoner on board the craft where I wished to be."

"The only reply I, therefore, made, was saucily to ask what right they had to question me."

"We'll show you that anon, ye young jackanapes ye!" returned the cutlass-man as he snapped a pistol so close to my ear that I thought he meant to shoot me. It only flashed in the pan however, and they both burst out into a horse laugh as they saw me start. This, as I afterwards learned, was the signal for a boat, and in a few minutes, I was on board the cutter."

"I requested that the officer in command would permit me to speak to him privately. He was very rough with me at first, but he smoothed down as I told him my story, and who and what I was. He even asked my opinion as to how he should act so as to secure the lugger and her crew, but more especially the notorious Armstrong, as there was a hundred guineas reward offered for his apprehension and he quite agreed with us, after I had told him all about