

will dwell in my heart as its dearest thought, while the pulse of life throbs within it."

"I must not—I dare not," said Fanny, and she paused and sighed—"tis not worth looking on," she added.

"Nay, dearest," continued he, "deny me not—it is a small request. Fear nothing—never shall danger fall upon any connected with you through me. I will swear then to you"——

"Swear not!" interrupted Fanny—"I dare not!—no!—no!" and she again sighed.

He pressed her hand more closely within his. A breathless silence followed, and a tear glistened in his eyes. Her bosom heaved—her countenance bespoke the struggle that warred in her breast.

"Do I look as one who would betray your friends—if they be your friends?" said he, with emotion.

"No," she faltered, and her head fell on her bosom.

He placed his hand across her shoulders—it touched the ribbon by which the deep folds of the veil were fastened over her head—it was the impulse of a moment—he unloosed it, the veil fell upon the floor, and the flaxen locks and the lovely features of Fanny Teasdale were revealed. Augustus started in admiration—for weeks he had conjured up phantoms of ideal beauty, but the fair face before him exceeded them all. She blushed—her countenance bespoke anxiety rather than anger—tears fell down her cheeks, and he kissed them away. He sat silently gazing on her features, drawing happiness from her eyes.

Again ten days had passed, and, during each of them, Fanny, in the absence of her father, sat unveiled by his side. Still he knew not her name, and, when he entreated her to pronounce it, she wept, and replied, "I dare not."

He had told her his. "Call me *your* Augustus," said he, "and tell me by what name I shall call *you*, my own. Come, dearest—do you doubt me still? Do you still think me capable of the part of an informer?"

But she wept the more, for she knew that to tell her name was to make known her father's also—to betray him, and to place his life in jeopardy. He urged her yet more earnestly, and he had sunk upon his knee, and

was pressing her hand to his lips, when Harry, in the disguise in which he had always seen him, entered the room. The smuggler started back.

"What!" cried he, sternly, "what hast thou done, girl?—shewn thy face and betrayed me?—and told thy name, and mine too, I suppose?"

"O no! no! dear father!" she exclaimed flinging her arms around him? "I have not, indeed I have not. Do not be angry with your Fanny."

"Fanny!" hastily exclaimed Augustus—"Fanny!"—bless thee for that word!"

"That thou mayest make it a clue to destroy her father!" replied the smuggler.

"No, sir," answered Augustus, proudly "but that I may treasure it up in my heart, as the name of one who is dearer to me than the life which thou hast preserved."

"Ay! ay!" replied Harry, "thou talkest like every hot headed youth; but it was an ungrateful return in thee, for preserving thy life, to destroy my peace. Get thee hence to the other room, Fanny, for thou'st been a silly girl."

She rose weeping, and withdrew.

"Now, Sir," continued Harry, "thou must remain nae langer under this roof. This very hour will I get a horse ready, and conduct thee to where ye can go to your friends or wherever ye like; and as ye were brought blindfolded here, ye maun consent to be taken blindfolded away."

"Nay, trust to my honour, Sir," said Augustus—"I am incapable of betraying you."

"I'm no sae sure about that," returned the smuggler, "and its best to be sure. I trusted to your honour that ye wad ask no questions while here—and how have you kept your honour? Na, lad, na!—what ye dinna see ye winna be able to swear to. So make ready." Thus saying, Harry left the apartment, locking the door behind him.

It was about an hour after nightfall, and within ten minutes the smuggler again entered the room. He carried a pistol in one hand, and a silk handkerchief in the other. He placed the pistol upon the table, and said—"I have no time to argue—allow me to bid thy eyes up, lest worse follow."

Augustus requested that he might see Fanny but for a few minutes, and he would comply without a murmur.