the sea no sail appeared as far as the eye could discern, for the dense fog that lay on its bosom. And the body of Dribingshaw, although the tide by this time was ebbing, could no where be found.

"Strange adventure, this," ejaculated the captain, "to have men slain; although surrounded by the water, and secure from making their escape by land, that the desperadoes should so get off, except that wild maniac, about whom appears something mysterious. We must rouse him up if possible. He may in the prospect of death repent and give us such information as will lead to the discovery of their inland haunts." By this time the old hut of the recluse caught his eye, of which he had got previous intelligence. Thither he led his men, expecting some further discovery. The mound of sand, raised up on one side formed the gable, and not only hid the passage, but obscured the form of the dwelling, round which a narrow road led to the door, sunk considerably below the surface of the rock on which it stood. No window appeared on either side, which were built with rough stones and matted together with sods and grass. The roof was supported by the rock, which rose in gloomy threatening aspect above it, overhanging the entrance. The captain having examined minutely the rude structure, proceeded to make an entrance by force. The door having no latch, was nevertheless firmly secured; with considerable resistance, however, it gave way, and the secret home of the recluse lay open to the inspection of an infuriated band of men, whose disappointment and defeat had left them little respect, for what seemed to them the villainous retreat and hiding place of lawless ruffians.

"Be cautious," said the captain.

"An enemy, 'sdeath," smack went a gun.

"Earth and hell,," cried the captain, "why don't you wait command?"

"Wait command," reiterated the corporal, "when these gentlemen in petticoats are after taking advantage of us as they did over night, when Sergeant Cowley lost his life."

"The smoke having subsided, and no resistence being made, the captain forced his way into the low door, as well as he could, sword in hand, followed by the men with fixed beyonets. A small opening in the roof let in the dull light of the morning. The cold, cheerless hovel with its hearth on a level with the floor, was covered with burnt ashes. On one side of the fireplace, in a niche of the rock, stood the figurehead of a wrecked vessel representing a highland chief, which had been taken for the supposed enemy by the corporal. Opposite, in another corner of the rock, lay an old riven sail-cloth—covering a quantity of dry leaves, and a mat of the same description, laying in disorder as the recluse had left it. A small form stood before the fireplace, and a keg turned on end, which served in place of a table, and on it lay a tobacco pipe and small sealskin pouch. Over the cross-beams overhead, hung a few dried fish, a net, line, and other fishing tackle. Below it, two inverted fir-boughs supported a firelock. And on the wall hung a powder-horn, belts, etc., and an old rusty sword. The figurehead, boards, beams, canvass, and other little pictures, indicated the materials of wreck gathered, as the furniture of the recluse. A small chest covered with skins, and bound with iron, stood on the other side of the apartment. And in a hole in the wall were deposited two or three wooden dishes. And near the door, a small ladder lay against the wall which led to a hatchway above it. So many of the party as could get admission were no sooner entered, than every thing was turned upside down. The old figurehead which had been taken for a human being, was pulled out of its place, the bed turned over, and the keg, after being sounded by Darby Bannister, was stove in. In truth, every thing was turned topsy turvy, the chest not excepted, the contents of which consisted of old papers, parchment, and small coin. This being the most valuable, with the gun and sword, were ordered by the captain to be shut up and carried away. The bed, boards, form and keg were thrown together, and set fire to. And as the band moved round the sandy mound to the shore, the smoke and flame were ascending through the thatched roof of the old hut.

[To be Continued.]

"FOR FATHER'S HONOR."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"So much gone! I might have known how it would be!" said Mr. Sterling, looking up from the morning paper, with a most unpleasant expression on his face.

"What is gone," asked his wife.

"My money is gone," answered Mr. Sterling fretfully.

"What money?"

"That money I was foolish enough to lend Mr. Granger."

"Why do you say that?"

"He's dead," replied Mr. Sterling, coldly.

"Dead!"

The wife's voice was full of surprise and pain. Sorrow overshadowed her face.

"Yes, gone, and my money with him. Here's a notice of his death. I was sure when I saw him go away that he'd never come back, except in his coffin. Why will doctors send their patients from home to die?"

"Poor Mr. Granger! Poor little orphans!" sighed Mrs. Sterling. "What will they do?"

"As well without him as with him," was the unfeeling answer of her husband, who was only thinking of the three hundred dollars he had been overpersuaded to loan the sick clergyman, in order that he might go South during the winter.

"He's been more of a burden than a support to them these two years."

"Oh, Harry, how can you speak so?" remonstrated Mrs. Sterling. "A kinder man in his family was never seen. Poor Mrs. Granger! she will be heartbroken."

"Kindness is cheap and easily dispensed," coldly replied Mr. Sterling. "He would have been of more use to his family if he had fed and clothed them better. I reckon they can do without him. If I had my three hundred dollars, I wouldn't—"

But he checked for shame—not for any better feelings—the almost brutal words his heart sent up to his tongue.

Not many yards from Mr. Sterling's handsome residence stood a small, plain cottage, with a garden in front neatly lain out in box-bordered walks, and filled with shrubbery. A honey-suckle, twined with a running rosebush, covered the latticed portico, and looked in at the chamber windows, giving beauty and sweetness. The hand of taste was seen every where—not lavish, but discriminating taste. Two years before there was not a happier home than this in all the pleasant town of C——; now the shadow of death was upon it.

"Poor Mrs. Granger! Poor little orphans!" Well might Mrs. Sterling pity them. When her mercenary husband was sighing over the loss of three hundred dollars, the young widow lay senseless, with her two little ones weeping over her in childish terrior. The news of death found her unprepared. Only a week before she had received a letter from Mr. Granger in which he talked hopefully of his recovery. "I am stronger," he said. "My appetite is better; I have gained five pounds in flesh since I left home." Three days after writing this letter there came a sudden change of temperature; he took cold, which was followed by congestion of the lungs, and no medical skill was sufficient for the case. His body was not sent home for interment; when the husband and father went away, two or three months before, his beloved ones looked on his face for the last time in this world.

Love and honor make the heart strong. Mrs. Granger was a gentle, retiring woman. She had leaned upon her husband very heavily; she had clung to him as a vine. Those who knew her best felt most anxious about her. "She had no mental stamina," they said. "She can not stand alone."

But they were mistaken. As we have just said, love and honor make the heart strong. Only a week after Mr. Sterling read the news of the young minister's death, he received a note from the widow.

"My husband," said she, "was able to go South, in hope of regaining his health, through your kindness. If he had lived, the money you loaned him would have been faithfully returned, for he was a man of honor. Dying, he left that honor in my keeping, and I will see that the debt is paid. But you will have to be a little patient with me."

"All very fine," muttered Mr. Sterling with a slightly curling lip. "I've heard of such things before. They sound well. People will say of Mrs. Granger, 'What a noble woman! What a fine sense of honor she has!' But I shall never see the three hundred dollars I was foolish enough to lend to her husband."

Very much to Mr. Sterling's surprise, and not a little to his pleasure, he discovered about three months afterward that he was mistaken in his estimate of Mrs. Granger. The pale, sad, fragile little woman brought him the sum of twenty-five dollars. He did not see the tears in her eyes as he displayed her husband's note, with its dear familiar writing, and made thereon, with considerable formality, an indorsement of the sum paid. She would have given many drops of her heart's blood to have been able to clutch that document from Mr. Sterling's hands. His possession of it seemed like a blot on the dear lost one's memory.

"Katie Granger is the queerest little girl I ever knew," said Flora Temple to her mother, on the evening of the very day on which the first payment was made. Mr. Sterling heard the remark, and letting his eyes drop from the newspaper he was reading, turned his ears to listen.

"I think her a very nice little girl," replied the mother.

"So she is nice," returned the child; but then she is so queer.

"What do you mean by queer?"

"Oh, she isn't like the rest of us girls. She said the oddest thing to-day. Three of us, Katie, and Lillie Bonfield and I, were walking around the square at recess time. Uncle Hiram came along, and taking out three bright ten-cent pieces, he said, 'Here's a dime for each of you girls, to buy sugar-plums.' Lillie and I screamed out, and started away for the candy shop in an instant; but Kitty stood still, with her share of the money in her hand. 'Come along!' I cried. She didn't move, but looked strange and serious, Ain't you going to buy candy with it? I asked. Then she shook her head gravely and put the dime in her pocket, saying, (I don't think she meant for me to hear the words) 'It's for father's honor, and, leaving us, went back to the schoolroom. What did she mean by that, mother? Oh, she is so strange."

"Her mother is poor, you know replied Mrs. Sterling, laying up Katie's singular remark to be pondered over.

"She must be," said Flora, "for Katie's worn the same frock to school every day for nearly three months."

Mr. Sterling, who did not let a single word of the conversation escape him, was far from feeling as comfortable under the prospect of getting back the money he had loaned Mr. Granger, as he had felt an hour before. He understood the meaning of Katie's remark, "It's for father's honor," the truth flashing at once through his mind.

There was another period of three months, and Mrs. Granger called again upon Mr. Sterling, and gave him twenty-five dollars more. The pale thin face made a stronger impression on him. It troubled him to lift the money her small fingers, in which the blue veins shone through the transparent skin, had counted out. He wished that she had sent the money instead of calling. It was on his lips to remark, "Do not trouble or pinch yourself to pay faster than convenient, Mrs. Granger," but cupidity whispered that she might take advantage of his considerate kindness, and he kept silent.

"No, dear, its for father's honor, I can't spend it."

Mr. Sterling was passing a print-shop, where two children were looking in at the window when this sentence struck upon his ears.

"An apple won't cost but a penny, Katie; and I want one so badly," answered the younger of the two children, a little girl not five years of age.

"Come away, Maggie," said the other, drawing her sister back from the window; "Don't look at them any more—don't think about them."

"But I can't help thinking about them, sister Katie," pleaded the child.

It was more than Mr. Sterling could stand. Every want of his own children was supplied. He bought fruit by the barrel. And here was a little child pleading for an apple which cost but a cent! but the apple was denied because the penny must be saved to make good the dead father's honor. Who held that honor in pledge. Who took the sum total of these pennies, saved in the self-denial of little children, and added them to his already brimming coffers? A feeling of shame burned on the cheeks of Mr. Sterling.

"Here little one!" he called, as the two children went slowly away from the fruit-shop window. He was touched with the sober look on their sweet young faces, as they turned at his invitation.

"Come in, and I'll get you some apples," he said.

Katie held back, Maggie held out her hand, eager to accept the offer, for she was longing for fruit.

"Come," repeated Mr. Sterling speaking very kindly.

The children followed him into the shop, and he filled their aprons with apples and oranges. Their thankful eyes and happy faces were in his memory all day. This was his reward, and it was sweet.

Three months more, and again Mr. Sterling had a visit from the pale young widow. This time she had only twenty dollars. It was all that she had been able to save, she said; but she made no excuse, and uttered no complaint. Mr. Sterling took the money, and counted it over in a hesitating way. The touch thereof was pleasant to his fingers, for he loved money. But the vision of sober child faces was before his eyes, and the sound of pleading child voices in his ears. Through over-taxing toil, and the denial of herself and little ones, the poor widow had gathered this small sum, and was now paying it into his hand—to make good the honorable contract of her dead husband. He hesitated, ruffling, in a half-absent way, the edges of a little pile of bills that lay under his fingers. One thing was clear to him, he would never take any thing more from the widow. The balance of the debt must be forgiven. People would get to understand the widow's case; they would hear of her self-denial and that of her children, in order to pay the husband's and father's debt, in order to keep pure his honor; and they would ask naturally who was the creditor." This thought affected him unpleasantly.

Slowly, as one in whose mind debate still went on, Mr. Sterling took from his desk a pocket-book, and selected from one of the compartments the note on which Mrs. Granger had now made three payments. For some moments he held it in his hands, looking at the face thereof. He saw writing down in clear figures the sum—$300. Seventy of this had been paid. If he gave up or destroyed the slip of paper, he would lose two hundred and thirty dollars. It was something of a trial to one who loved money so well, to come up squarely to this issue. Something fell in between his eyes and the note of hand. He did not see the writing and figure of the obligation; but a sad pleading little face, and with the vision of this face came to his ears the sentence, "No, dear, it's for father's honor." The debate in Mr. Sterling's mind was over. Taking up a pen, he wrote across the face of Mr. Granger's note the word "Canceled," and then handed it to the widow.

"What does this mean?" she asked, looking bewildered.

"It means," said Mr. Sterling. "that I hold no obligation against your husband."

Some moments went by ere Mrs. Granger's thoughts became clear enough to comprehend it all. Then she replied, as she reached back the note:

"I thank you for your generous kindness; but he left his honor in my keeping, and I must maintain it spotless."

"That you have already done" answered Mr. Sterling, speaking through emotions that were new to him. "It is as white as snow!"

Then he thrust upon her the twenty dollars she had just paid.

"No, Mr. Sterling," the widow said.

"It shall be as I will!" was the response. "I would rather touch fire than your money. Every dollar of it would burn upon my conscience like living coals."

"But keep this last payment," urged the widow. "I shall feel better."

"No, madam! Would you throw fire on my conscience? Your husband's honor never had a stain. All men knew him to be pure and upright. When God took him, he assumed his earthly debts, and did not leave upon you the heavy burden of their payments. But he left with you another and most sacred obligation, which you overlooked in part."

"What?" asked the widow, in an almost startled voice.

"To minister to the wants of your children, whom you have pinched and denied in their tender years—giving of their meat to cancel an obligation which death had paid. And you have made me a party in the wrong to them. Ah, madam!" (Mr. Sterling's voice softened very much,) "if we could all see right at the right time and do right at the right time, how much of wrong and suffering might be saved! I honor your true-hearted self-devotion; but I shall be no party to its continuance. As it is, I am your debtor in the sum of fifty dollars, and will repay it in my own way and time."

Mr. Sterling made good his word. Under Providence this circumstance was the means of breaking through the hard crust of selfishness and cupidity which had formed around his heart. He was not only generous to the widow in after years, but a doer of many deeds of kindness and humanity to which he had been in other times a stranger.