other, Samuel in his quiet Puritan costume, Dale in the uniform of a British lieutenant. Samuel struggled to control himself, but Dale broke out angrily,—

“What means this intrusion, sir?”

The answer came slowly, through almost closed lips, “I have always been free of this house, sir, the house of my—” He stopped, but Dale caught him up as if he had finished his sentence.

“It is false!” he cried; “you never were betrothed.”

Sam’s anger was fast losing control; his hands clenched, his eyes flashed, his brow contracted; in another moment he would have struck his rival had not Dorothy interposed. Pushing between them, she laid her hand on Sam’s arm, and at her touch his anger vanished. The fierce words on his lips died, and he bent his face to hers.

“Dorothy,” he half whispered, “tell me, do you love him?”

Her head fell, her cheeks flushed, but her lips moved, and he caught the word, hardly articulated, “Yes.”

He drew a quick breath, almost a gasp, then he took her hand, raised it to his lips, dropped it, and turned to go. Dale sprang forward to intercept him.

“Harris! forgive me for the part I have taken!” Sam looked him proudly in the face, brushed aside his extended hand, and passed him by. The street door closed behind him, and his rapid step sounded down the walk.

Next morning Samuel lay on the side of the embankment on Breeds Hill, and looked over the top to where, down below, troops were landing and forming. Beside him, most of them reclining on the breastwork like himself, were the Americans, disposed as became their mood; some, not minding those around them, were deep in thought; some were nervously and excitedly talking with the old veterans of the Indian Wars; some were coolly watching the disembarkation below. Like these last, Sam’s eyes were fixed on the distant troops, but his thoughts were away with Dorothy and the scene of yesterday evening.

All the bitterness of yesterday’s disappointment had not yet gone, though he had done his best to conquer it. His feelings against them had gradually turned to one of anger at himself—his blindness and his presumption in ever hoping to win her. What a fool he had been to think of tying Dorothy to himself, when, with her beauty and brilliancy, she might look much higher. Well, she had chosen; he was not the man to come between her and her happiness. He had seen last night as his blinded eyes had never seen before, and he knew that she was bound up in Dale, and he resolved that if they met in the coming conflict Dale should go unharmed.

“If I fall,” he said, “my brothers will take my place; but he is an only son, and—Dorothy loves him.”

The firing from the ships suddenly ceased; the British were advancing to the assault. Awakened from his reverie Sam looked at the priming of his gun, and then watched the long line of redcoats as they came slowly up the hill. You all know the story of the fight; there is no need of repeating it here; but at the end, as the British swarmed over the redoubt, Sam found himself cut off from the rest, with only one way of escape. He fired his last bullet at a tall grenadier, brained another who tried to stop him, leaped the breastwork, and ran down the hill. An English officer followed, bent on his capture. At the foot of the hill Sam stumbled and fell, and as he regained his feet his pursuer shouted to him to stop.

Sam turned, surprised. The officer stopped within six feet of him, his sword extended, pointing at Sam’s breast. Surrender, or fight? Sam chose the latter, and stooping, ran in under his enemy’s guard, and caught him round the waist. The Englishman dropped his sword and caught Sam’s throat, but as Sam threw him his grip broke, and this time he clasped his arms around the American’s body.