There they struggled, rolling in the soft green grass, while at the top of the hill, though out of sight, the soldiers still streamed over the embankment in pursuit of the Americans. Over the hill and the ships in the river floated a soft white cloud, slowly drifting away in the breeze; powder was silent now, while steel did its deadly work.

The struggle was a short one. Sam, fighting for life, got his antagonist beneath him, and held him down with a grasp on his throat. But suddenly each, American and Englishman, recognized the other, and Sam knew, in the face below him, the countenance of William Dale. With a hoarse cry he tightened his grasp, till Dale's eyes seemed almost starting from his head. Then his hold loosened, tightened again, and then relaxed, and he rose to his feet.

In that moment, when he knew that he had his rival in his power, he had felt a voice within him calling him to kill, to sweep Dale away; who would have known? But to kill in cold blood the man whom he knew well, who had been so friendly to him, above all whom Dorothy loved,—this would have been murder. Panting still from his terrible inward struggle he faced Dale as he rose.

Neither spoke, but Sam held out his hand. In the glance that the two men exchanged as their hands met, all animosity was set aside. Sam wrung Dale's hand in silence; he tried to speak, but could not find words, and dropping his hand he turned and strode away. Dale watched him out of sight.

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**Does this Cach-ou?**

I'm a little silver-coated, perfumed ball,
Quite minute, but then effective, although small;
You may eat your cabbage dinners,
(Only fit for heathen sinners),
But I'll fix you up in time to make that call.

I can kill an onion's odor with great ease,
That same odor which upon you seems to freeze;
But the only thing, as yet,
Is the clinging cigarette,
Whose anatomy, plague take it, I can't seize.

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**Miss Way.**

*(concluded.)*

**IV.**

After this conversation the two friends said very little to each other about Miss Way. Day after day passed, and the season at Homer's was drawing near its close. The young lady behaved with admirable discretion, keeping always on the best of terms with her followers, without bestowing any distinctive favors on either.

Some of the earliest maples were already beginning to glow on the fringes of the woods, when a rainy week set in, and the whole party at Homer's were obliged to amuse themselves indoors as they could. The restraint and the lack of exercise told visibly on the spirits of the young gentlemen; and when the sun came out a little while before setting on a Saturday evening, they were very glad to follow the other people of the hotel out of doors to enjoy the fresh air.

Laurens caught sight of Miss Way and her aunt setting off down the road, and strolled out in the same direction, expecting to overtake them at no great distance. Turning the first corner, he met them faced about. He had an impulse to turn back with them, but he resisted it, for that would be confessing that he came out wholly to join her; so he lifted his hat and passed on, raging inwardly. He walked his two miles and returned alone. On the porch were Thornbury and Miss Way, sitting on the steps. As he came up, he heard Miss Way say, "What a fine view of the sunset there must be from the knoll."

"Shall we try it?" said Thornbury.

"I haven't any shawl."

He found one, and wrapping it about her, helped her down the slope and over the little brook to the long hillside, at whose top the round rock called the knoll cropped out.

"How romantic they look!" said Mr. Benbury, directing Laurens' attention to the two figures side by side, just touched by the western light.