

horse, I half believed the lies about him, and he knew it, and never said a word—not one word.”

“When you brought him his horse?” asked the Major, looking at her keenly, though not unkindly.

Her remorse found a new vent in the bravado with which she looked at them all and laughed.

“Yes,” she said defiantly, as if there was a certain comfort in braving their displeasure, and proving her rebellion to their laws; “yes, I brought him his horse—not by accident either! I brought him brandy and provisions; I brought him revolvers and ammunition. I helped him to escape, and I cut the bonds your guards had fastened him with. Now, what are you going to do about it?”

Tillie gasped with horror. She did not quite know whether they would shoot her as a traitor, or only imprison her; but she knew military law could be a very dreadful thing, and her fears were extravagant.

As for Miss Fred, her eyes were sparkling. With the quick deductions of her kind, she reasoned that, without the escape that night, the men would have died in that trap in the hills, and a certain delicious meeting and its consequences—of which she was waiting to tell the Major,—would never have been hers. Her feelings were very frankly expressed, as she stepped across to the self-isolated rebel and kissed her.

“You’re a darling—and a plucky girl,” she said warmly; “and you never looked so pretty in your life.”

The defiant face did not relax, even at that intelligence. Her eyes were on the commander, her judge. And he was looking with decided interest at her.