

"You cannot escape me now, my beautiful rebel," he said, as he again kissed her.

Come," she said, laughing demurely, "I am no rebel;" and she took him up and showed him the place where she had hidden the guns.

"And it was you who did that!" he exclaimed, looking at her in astonishment.

"Yes," she said. Then a remembrance of all she had suffered, and of her present great happiness overcame her, and the tears started in her eyes.

"You are taking a great responsibility," she said, "in marrying me."

"I am aware of it," he said. "We will here begin the great compromise, on which alone life in this young country can last. Do you now hate me, and my king, and my Colonel Monmouth?" he questioned, half-seriously, with his arm about her.

"I was wrong," she answered, almost in a whisper, as they left the cavern. "I did not understand; but," she added, "neither did you."

"No you were right," he said, "you spoke the truth, and to me half your beauty is in your truth."

And he took her hand, and together they went down that glad, morning path, in their youth and their love, emblem of the young nation that was to be; and there let us leave them.

THE END