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*SHEA, OF THE IRISH BRIGADE*

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answered gravely. "I rejoice at your safety. But surely you must realize what this will mean? You will return to Paris, and resume your position. Louis will never dare avow his connection with this diabolical plot of de Saule's. He will smite and dissemble as a monarch can. And I — well all I shall retain of you will be the memory that once I was of service."

"And why, Monsieur?" her voice earnest and sincere. "Shall I not still remain Camille d'Enville?"

"Of whose nature you have told me — a creature of moods; changeable as the strange weave of silk given your name. Think you I have so soon forgotten the warning of what a difference the dawn of a morrow might bring?"

There was an instant of silence; the words she would speak hesitating on her lips. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes lowered.

"This is the morrow, Monsieur."

"And you?"

"I — I have not changed; perhaps — per-