
THE SUNRISE OF TOMORROW

ground, scouted over by detachments from both camps."

"You cannot tell! you do not see!" her dark eyes shone, as they met mine. "Why, Monsieur, I can distinguish the uniform of the officer in front—it—it is like the one you wear; they are of the Irish Brigade."

I leaned out over the wall, and looked again, becoming dimly conscious that she was right—they were indeed Royal Irlandais,—and we were safe! The sudden reaction of this discovery left me, for the instant helpless and inert. My one thought was regret—it would mean our parting never to meet again. The barrier of rank rose inevitably between us, enforcing separation and a life apart. She, the daughter of the Marquis d'Enville, would go back to the court, leaving me to the old life of camp and field. The dream was done; the hope of love dead within me. I felt the light touch of her hand on my sleeve, and lifted my eyes to her face.

"What is it, Monsieur? You are not glad."

"For your dear sake, yes, Mademoiselle," I