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*SHEA, OF THE IRISH BRIGADE*

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form I wore would protect me from violence.

I fastened the window by which I had gained entrance and crept up the ladder, the rungs creaking under my weight, and, with head above the rough flooring surveyed the surroundings. The ill-thatched roof admitted plenty of air and light. There were no furnishings except some disreputable coverlets on the bare floor, and a pile of straw in the further corner. I had drawn myself to my knees, before I noticed the body of a man lying outstretched beneath the eaves. His face was toward me, that of a man of middle-age, full-jowled with black beard, streaked with gray. His clothes were well worn, but of good cut, and I took him, at first glance, to have been an upper servant to some house of quality. There was pest in the camps, but I had little fear of it then, for no disease had killed this fellow, and I turned him over, finding what I expected, a knife thrust in the back. Faith! he had never known what killed him.

Five years of service had left me careless of death. I had slept on battle fields strewn with