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*SHEA, OF THE IRISH BRIGADE*

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ing entrance through the open window, the interior remained dark and obscure. Yet the few dim objects near at hand told me I was in the taproom, which apparently remained just as deserted. That the flight of its former occupants had been hurried was proven by several overturned glasses on a table, and the spigot of a cask loosened, so the contents had flooded the floor. The breath of wine was in the air, a sickening odor. I stepped cautiously forward, glancing into every dark corner to assure myself, and then taking swift survey of the entire room.

It was an apartment of size, containing three or four rough home-made tables, and a number of benches. A huge fireplace occupied one end; the broad mantel above being ornamented with numerous German steins, while a comfortable woven chair was in front. The ashes on the hearth were black and cold, although the broken blade of a sword, evidently utilized as a poker, lay half hidden in their fragments. Along one side were kegs — two of them tapped — with a narrow table