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*SHEA, OF THE IRISH BRIGADE*

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You fired your pistol, Mademoiselle. I had better load it again before we go."

While I was engaged at this task she moved nearer the wall, as though seeking to avoid the bodies. Suddenly she gave a little cry of surprise.

"Monsieur — who are they?"

She pointed to the southward, and, with a step, I stood beside her sharply gazing across the marsh toward the distant forest. A short column of horsemen, two abreast, even at that distance in fair sight, was riding along the narrow causeway, headed toward the castle gate.

That they were soldiers was evident to me at a glance, yet the distance prevented my eyes from distinguishing the uniform, and there was no wind to spread their pennons — a scouting party no doubt, or a squad of foragers. But belonging to which army! I stared long.

"Ay! they are soldiers, and coming here, but I cannot tell if they be enemies, or friends," I said at last. "This is neutral