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*SHEA, OF THE IRISH BRIGADE*

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since, it had been an inn. Now, not a figure moved about the place, nor a light gleamed from the windows. My horse stood with drooping head while I explored on foot, passing entirely around the building, and even entering the hovel nearby. There was no sign of life to be discovered, nor any evidence of damage. Apparently the near approach of the armies had caused the inhabitants to flee in terror, leaving their homes deserted. Possibly troops had advanced this way, but if so they must have turned aside, for not a door was broken, or sign of damage visible. Dread of the allies, a rumor of their approach, had been sufficient to send the people flying for their lives.

I tried the doors, finding them locked, but finally located a window shutter with a broken clasp which assured entrance. There was a trough, half filled with water, beside the road, and after permitting my horse to drink I led him to the shack behind, and shut him securely in. There was light enough by then for me to uncover an armful of fodder with which to