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*SHEA, OF THE IRISH BRIGADE*

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were I once discovered. They flashed the lanthorn my way, but the pile of quilts caught their attention first, and thus they came upon the corpse with no delay. And they made little enough of their job, thrusting the dead body down the ladder into the grasp of others below, joking coarsely as they did so, and then clambering after, without even a glance behind. The captain halted the squad, and must have stepped up to have glimpse at the dead man's face, for I heard him say:

"Enough of that horseplay, lads. It's the fellow, Dorn: I wish he 'd lived that I might question him about the mission of my lady, for never was there a hussy with a tighter lip. Ay! bury him; back a bit from the road. Go with them yourself, Dorn, and then bring in the princess — or whatever the witch may be — for 't is my humor she sup with the two of us here. There seems to be wine in plenty, and it may loosen her tongue."

"Am I to bury the body first, Captain Awl-right?"

"St. Christopher — yes. She does n't know