

ain't Dave Helbrod. D—— his eyes! He's as bad as a millionaire! Call *him* a labor man? He's a wolf in sheep's clothing. I say burn 'em!"

When the two men had gone, Fritz led his broncho quietly from the stable, returned the key, and mounting his well-trained steed, was soon cantering over the three miles that stretched between the outskirts of the city and his home. He rode buried in thought. Sometimes the fair face of Miss Vaughn came with startling vividness before his mental eye. Then he thought of the loudly uttered threat against her father, and of the meeting of malcontents that was to take place at the Wolf Inn.