

CHAPTER IV.

Two miles from the city limits, all alone on the prairie, stood the inn called "The Wolf," so called on account of the many wolves that formerly roamed in that vicinity.

It was a wooden building, and the shiplap sides showed signs of age. Its shingled roof, however, was weather-tight. Irregular in shape, part of it was of one storey, while the remainder was of two.

It was here that the meeting of malecontent workmen was to take place, and Fritz had not forgotten it. All the day following the performance at the opera house he had been thinking of it.

He had not said anything to his mother or her friend, Mrs. Anderson, of the exciting scenes of the previous evening. He had a young man's natural reticence in matters of the heart. Also he was too much pleased to hear old Mrs. Anderson talk about Lily Vaughn and her father and their house and grounds and general *ménage* to venture to put in a word of his own.

Fritz knew the premises at the Wolf Inn like a book. He had often played there with an old