

He waited at the door after the service to see her come out and get into her carriage. He saw her father—tall, portly, and perhaps a little pompous—follow her. The door was slammed; the spirited horses started. Fritz walked away to the hotel, where he had left his trusty broncho. On the way his eye fell on a theatrical poster announcing that the "Bohemian Girl" was to be performed at the opera house on the following evening.

Would she be there? Why, of course she would. Millionaires and their daughters went everywhere. Why should not he go, too, and feast his eyes once more on her lovely face? Why, of course he would. But it was only his subconsciousness that seemed to say this. The other part of him, that which had come to him from his cautious Scottish ancestry, was telling him that he was a great fool. It was with a divided and occupied mind that he passed into the back way of the hotel to get the key of the stable in which he had left his horse.

Now, this back way was used on Sunday evenings by other persons besides those who used the stables. It was the avenue whereby surreptitious drinks were procured. As Fritz stood in the passage a moment, he could hear that the bar was full of rather noisy men, whose conversational abilities had been considerably stimulated by drink.