

wise by sight ; but that might be the language of the Fairies, for me. And my belief is they're none of the best of company, unless 'tis to their own selves."

"What makes you think that? Who do you think they are?"

"I wouldn't wonder if they were horse-stalers. Not that there's much harm in lifting a horse, of course ; when I was serving the Empress, we used to call it duty. But it isn't as if they stuck to the horse. They'll take the saddle as well ; and if there's a pair of legs across the saddle, I wouldn't like to be the man that owned 'em."

"Then do such men have a language of their own? But hark——"

No wonder I started. For another voice was speaking the self-same unknown tongue ; and if the tongue were that of horse-stealers, the voice was that of András Mári.

Of course I could have confirmed the evidence of my ears by that of my eyes, by shifting my seat so as to see through the half-open door ; and I suppose that most people would have held me justified. But I could not bring myself to do so. It seemed to me—stupidly enough, perhaps—that it would be an act of treachery to one who had given me no confidence, and had a right to have her reserve respected. No—probably it was not she, in spite of a voice that I should have known out of a million ; and if it were, I had no right to embarrass her by finding her in company where she might not choose to be found. But I was not to escape from the proof. Phil Dwyer caught my