

"A close call, wasn't it, Hetty?" But she only smiled wanly.

"It was brave! grand! wonderful!" chorused the crowd.

"I beg to differ with you people. I think I must have been as mad as the poor dog. It was the instinct of self-preservation. I couldn't help myself—it was madness to attempt it. However, now it's over, I'm really glad the poor brute's out of his trouble."

So said the young man, his strength and colour coming back to him, and with a smile he ran upstairs to his room to remove the dust from his hands and face.

Thither he was followed by his companion.

"I say, old fellow, you are a brick!" cried he, administering a tremendous clap on the shoulder.

"Nonsense—I tell you it was a foolish thing to do; I wouldn't do it again. Where were you?"

"I! I never halted till I got safe in doors. I thought sure you were behind me. I'm a kind of ashamed of myself now."

"Well, you needn't. You were the more sensible of the two. It's no shame to run from a mad dog."

"Did you see how the pretty barmaid smiled on you when she gave you the water? I thought she was going to faint when she saw you first on top of the dog. I believe that girl is getting fond of you, Ned."

"Nonsense! Why, you flirt with her more than I do, I'm sure."

"Maybe so; that isn't the point. The fact is, Ned, that girl is getting downright daft about you."

Ned Arbuckle was lathering his hands and wrists with soap while his friend talked, and for a moment or two