

"Why, to be sure! You were in the gallery, and you put that horrid man out—why, of course! How strange! How *very* strange! It was too bad. You know there was a plot to hiss Mdlle. Solferino, and you nipped it in the bud—everybody thought you did finely."

"Well, I did my best," said Fritz, feeling very red in the face at these kind words. "Anything I could do for you—I should—I should be glad to do," he stammered out, as he led the now quiet horse towards her.

"I think you are quite a hero," she said admiringly, as she placed her foot in his hand and leaped lightly to her saddle.

Fritz mounted his mare, and together, at a walking pace, they turned in the direction of the city.

They did not see that an evil-looking man, his face distorted with hatred, immediately emerged from the bushes near which the horses had been tethered, and, shaking his fist at the departing figures, said:

"'Ero, eh—she thinks him an 'ero! Do I think him an 'ero? No, I'll soon show him! I'll learn him to do what he done to me."

It was Dave Helbrod, who had heard the entire conversation.

Meanwhile Fritz was riding beside Miss Vaughn with a feeling of the greatest exultation.