

"Oh, has he?"

"Yes. Mrs. Anderson says that young Vernon, him that owns that big factory, is sweet on her."

Fritz gulped his porridge. He felt as if that spoonful would choke him. But after a nervous cough he managed to say, "Oh, indeed?"

"Yes. Well, money will find out money, every time. 'Birds of a feather 'll flock together.'"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Fritz.

"But, 'there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip.' Mrs. Anderson says the young lady doesn't seem particular to care about him."

Fritz took some sugar and put it on his porridge, not because he wanted it, for everything seemed suddenly sweeter to him, but from sheer absence of mind.

"Bless the boy! Sugar on porridge! What next? What would your grandfather McLeod say?"

"Well, I don't suppose your father ever took anything but salt with his porridge. I like to try fresh mixtures, you see. So Mrs. Anderson knows all about the Vaughns, does she?" said Fritz, carelessly.

"Yes. You see, Fritz, the butler, who came out from England, is her second cousin. He was butler for Lord Grantire, at Branchester Hall,