

## CHAPTER II.

FRITZ rose at daylight and went out to milk the cows, lighting the fire with a deft hand as he passed through the spacious kitchen, and putting on the kettle. By the time his task was done, his mother, who idolized him, had breakfast ready.

"Did you go to the Presbyterian church last night, Fritz? Who preached?" she asked as they sat down to breakfast in the little dining room that opened off the kitchen.

"No, I went to St. Christopher's, mother. Somehow I like that church; they have a very good choir and the singing is nice."

"Ah, you take after your father, lad. They have quite a congregation there, I hear. I suppose most of the well-to-do people go there. That's where Mr. Vaughn goes, that lives at that big house."

"Yes, mother."

"Mrs. Anderson, that was out to tea with me other day, told me about him. It appears he has a wonderfully pretty daughter. Lily, her name is."