

Vaughn; "and now that Mr. Vernon has come so opportunely I need not keep you any longer from your business. I'm so much obliged to you, Mr. Kingstone, and I'm sure my father will be. Good morning."

She shook the bridle of her horse, and he started at a canter. Vernon followed suit and was speedily at her side. Poor Fritz reined in his horse a moment or two and looked after their diminishing figures as they got farther and farther away from him.

"I tumble to the entire business," said Helbrod. "Let Dave Helbrod alone for knowing how many beans make five. That young farmer bloke's sweet on the gal. Up comes Mr. Vernon and teks her away from him. All right, my fine fe'ler, that's one for *your* nob. But wait a bit—you just wait a bit, my freshie, and I'll cook *your* goose for you."

"Who was the young lady on horseback, Fritz?" said Mrs. Kingstone, as her son rode into the yard with a light in his eyes that her jealous, motherly heart was quick to recognize.

"Miss Vaughn, mother. Her horse ran away with her and I stopped him. And, mother, you can't think what a nice lady she is," said Fritz, artlessly.

"Oh, I've no doubt," said his mother, with a half smile.