

versation that passed between those who thus met. He could only draw his conclusions from their actions seen from a considerable distance.

"I wonder who that young bloke is that's evidently so sweet upon the Vaughn girl," he muttered.

Strange to say, he did not personally know Fritz, although his boy Tom had often done a day's work for our hero.

"That is my home where mother and I live," said Fritz to Miss Vaughn, pointing over towards the farm buildings as they came somewhat near.

"Oh, you are a farmer, Mr. Kingstone? I think that is such a nice, independent life. You aren't bothered with strikers and things like my poor father is, or our friend, Mr. Vernon, for instance."

"Our friend, Mr. Vernon," thought Fritz, with a catch in his breath, as he seemed to be suddenly brought face to face with the reality of things.

"Talk of the angels and you're sure to hear the rustle of their wings," cried Miss Vaughn, gaily, thus gracefully altering the popular saying—"talk of the devil and he's sure to appear."
"Here is Mr. Vernon."

Putting spurs to his horse, Vernon galloped up to them. He looked a gallant figure as he