

"Well, never mind about Mr. Vaughn, Tom," said Kingstone; "you come out and get some bread of your own to put into your bread-basket. Here, take this for an earnest." And giving the boy a quarter, he passed on.

The church being close at hand, he saw the Vaughn carriage stop at the door. A tall, handsome man of sixty, grey-moustached, keen and well-groomed, alighted. Then he handed out a beautiful girl, who was evidently his daughter.

Instinctively Fritz slackened his pace as they passed into the church, for Miss Vaughn was a vision of beauty—a fair creature with golden hair, the prettiest of rosebud lips, the frankest light blue eyes, the most deliciously graceful figure. Withal there was in her face a virginal refinement and thoughtfulness that seemed to our young Fritz quite angelic.

Is it any wonder that he did not come to himself for some time after the service had begun? He sang the words of the first hymn mechanically. When the parson began "Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us," his eyes were wandering over the congregation in search of a hat trimmed with blue and with a white feather. It was not until the "general confession" that he suddenly remembered where he was, and admitted to himself that he had "done what he ought not to have done."