

"Not I," said William. "Haven't I a letter from Fritz Beinhorn, only last week and doesn't he tell us how they have everything they want—a little home and garden—with plenty of work to do and good pay?"

"Yes, I know" said John, "but didn't you read how the Indians came down across the plains and murdered a whole army and burned towns, not even sparing the women and children?"

"That was far west; many hundred miles farther than we will go," replied the other. "The Indians have all left the place where we are going. I'll tell you John, boy, it does my heart good to think of the little home I am going to have, and how happy I am going to be with my wife and children to cheer me when I return from a hard day's work. Oh I am going to work hard; and they tell how you can make money buying and selling."

"I'm not so sure of that. I can't see how it can be that there is so much land and nobody to own it, when there's so much here and it is all owned. It looks as if there was something wrong. We were happy here, my wife and I and you and the rest, and then there are our old parents and those of our wives. When we get over the ocean, do you think we will ever see them again? I'm afraid not."

"Why, just think there is Franz Mueller—remember him? Little fellow, ten or twelve years of age, went to America; the other day he came back looking like a prince; and when he returns he is going to take his parents with him."

"But you forget, William, that we will have to