

fields, while his easy swinging gait displayed the perfection of youthful vigor.

He was Fritz Kingstone, who, a year ago, when he was but eighteen, had, on the death of his father, taken up the management of the farm that the elder Kingstone had made out of the unbroken prairie.

"Hello, boys! How is it you are not going to church?"

"Dad's on strike, Mr. Kingstone," said the elder of the two, who had several times been employed by the young man; "he says it ain't no good goin' to church. Besides, I haven't got no Sunday clothes."

He did not say that his respected parent, Dave Helbrod, had pawned them, but such was the fact.

"Well, look at here, you chaps. I've got a patch of onions I want to get up to-morrow, so you just toddle out and give me a hand and you'll earn something. I'll warrant you're not going to school these days."

"No, sir, we ain't," said the boy, shamefacedly. Then, by way of changing the subject from his own misdoings, he said: "There goes Vaughn in his carriage. That's the man as is taking the bread out of us mouths."

The precocious imp was but taking up the language he frequently heard at home.