

where Mrs. Anderson was housekeeper. By the way, she's coming over here this afternoon. I asked her to come and stay a day or two and help me with the preserves and jelly."

"That's right, mother; she's a good hand at it, I'll warrant. I'm glad of that, for I've got a matter to attend to in the city to-night, and you'll not be lonesome."

"No, my lad—but you don't suppose I want my boy to be tied to his mother's apron strings. No, he's too much of a man for that, thank the Lord, and more like his father every day."

At that moment there was a knock at the door, and going to it Fritz saw Tom Helbrod and his companions. Fritz gave the boys a hearty breakfast, and then directed them to work on the onion patch, while he himself went to his ploughing.

All day long, as he followed the plough and smelt the rich earth of the newly turned furrow, Fritz was conscious of a new delight, for the power of a "love at first sight" was in his heart.

"Lily Vaughn." What a pretty name! How much prettier than the names of the girls he had known at school. When the horses rested a moment at the end of the long furrow, he pulled out a stump of pencil and wrote "Lily Vaughn" on the plough handles. Then he rubbed it out. Then he said aloud, "Lily Vaughn—sweet, sweetest Lily Vaughn." Then he sang the first