

"Hundreds of men," she continued, "are thrown out of work, starving. The city groans with the sins of her oppressors."

"Be calm, be calm, Miss Vaughn," he said, "there are two sides to every question."

"Yes, and you look at one side only—your own."

"Pray, what illusion is this, Miss Vaughn? I am at a loss to understand!" he said.

"It is no illusion," she said sadly. "Oh, would to God it were. Can you not see the misery the poor around us are suffering? Are you blind to the facts? Oh, Mr. Vernon, do not be hard-hearted and cruel to these poor people. For God's sake, have pity on them," she pleaded.

Looking at her beseeching face, his stern features relaxed, and his black eyes softened their expression.

"I can see now what you mean," he said, with a light of recognition shining in his eyes. "You have been visiting the homes of the strikers."

"Yes, I have, and I know what they are suffering."

"You wish me to raise the men's wages?"

"I do, Mr. Vernon. Oh, please," she pleaded, "if only for my sake." Her eyes looked entreatingly into his while she waited for him to speak.

"Miss Vaughn, do not, do not ask me to—I cannot, no, I cannot. It would be too much of a surrender. Yet," he added earnestly, "I would