

young knight—I hope he doesn't visit the tavern too often."

"No, I'm sure he doesn't," said Lily.

"Good morning, Mr. Kingstone!" she called as they passed him. Vernon also saluted with his whip in approved fashion, and gave him a cordial but, as sensitive Fritz imagined, a somewhat too triumphant smile.

"Quite an ambitious youth, I fancy," said Vernon.

"He's a very fine young fellow," said Lily, warmly.

"Yes, he's a lot better than the general run of rogues and vagabonds such as are giving us such trouble in the city in connection with this confounded strike."

"Please, Mr. Vernon, don't speak so," she said with a rising flush.

He glanced towards her, and noticed her pained face with wonderment. "Miss Vaughn, have I offended you?" he said. "How? tell me, tell me," he cried.

"Do not, I pray of you, be hard on the poor, Mr. Vernon. It is in your hands to help or to crush them, to make them happy, to exalt them, or to make them rogues and wretches. Speak not, Mr. Vernon, but think, think, I pray you, before condemning."

Vernon was surprised almost beyond himself at her outburst of sentiment.