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Labor and Love.

A THRILLING TALE OF THE EARLY DAYS
OF LABOR STRIKES IN THE WEST.

She laughed a little, and her clear and
quiet laugh was as pleasant as her
speech.

"Mrs. Belding came in with gliding
footsteps and cap-strings gently flutter-
ing.

"Why, you are all in the dark! Arthur will you please light that burner nearest to you?"

In the bright light Miss Alice looked prettier than ever; the jet of gas above her tinged her crisp hair with a lustre of twisted gold wire and threw tangled shadows upon her low smooth forehead.

"Yes, she is improved," the widow assented calmly. "I must show you the letter Madame de Veaulrey wrote me. Alice is first in languages, first—"

"In peace, and first in the hearts of her country-woman," interrupted Mrs. Alice, not smartly, but with smiling firmness. "Let Mr. Farnham take the rest of my qualities for granted, please."

"There will be time enough for you two to get acquainted. But this evening I

"Draw your dividends, with a mind unconsciously of rectitude, though the direct

When dinner was over, the three were seated again in the library. The financial conversation had run its course

and had perished amid the arid sands of
reference to the hard timed and the
gloomy prospects of real estate. Miss
Alice, who took no part in the discussion,
was reading the evening paper, and
Farham was gratifying his eyes by gaz-
ing at the perfect outline of her face,
the simple beauty, the straight hair,

the rippled hair over the straight brows and the stout braids that hung close to the graceful neck in the fashion affected by school-girls at that time.

A servant entered and handed a card to Alice. She looked at it and passed it to her mother.

"It is Mr. Furrey," said the widow

"He has called upon you.
"I suppose he may come in here?"
Alice said, without rising.
Her mother looked at her with mute
inquiry, but answered in an instant
"Certainly."
When Mr. Furrey entered, he walked

When Mr. Furrey entered, he walked past Mrs. Belding to greet her daughter with profuse expressions of delight at her return, "of which he had just heard this afternoon at the bank; and although he was going to a party this evening, he

return, "of which he had just heard this afternoon at the bank; and although he was going to a party this evening, he could not help stopping in to welcome her home." Miss Alice said "Thank you," and Mr. Furrey returned to shake hands with her mother.

"You know my friend Mr. Farnham?"

"Yes, ma'am—that is, I see him often at the bank, but I am glad to owe the pleasure of his acquaintance to you."

The men shook hands. Mr. Farnham

The men shook hands. Mr. Furre bowed a little more deeply than was required. He then seated himself near Miss Alice and began talking volubly to her about New York. He was

Miss Alice and began talking volubly to her about New York. He was a young man of medium size, dressed with that exaggeration of the prevailing modishness which seems necessary to provincial youth. His short fair hair was drenched with pomatum and plastered along his

which seems necessary to provincial youth. His short fair hair was drenched with pomatum and plastered close to his head. His white cravat was tied with mathematical precision, and his shirt-collar was like a wall of white enamel from his shoulders to his ears.

with mathematical precision, and his shirt-collar was like a wall of white enamel from his shoulders to his ears. He wore white kid gloves, which he secured from spot or blemish as much as possible by keeping the tips of the fingers pressed against each other. His speech was quick, clear, and direct.

Mrs. Belding crossed over to where

"You think her really improved?"

"In every way. She has the beauty and

"You think her really improved?"

"In every way. She has the beauty and the statue of a Brunhild; she carries herself like a duchess, I was going to say—but the only duchess I ever knew was the Schwalbach, and she was carried in a wicker hand-cart. But mademoiselle

the only duchess I ever knew was Schwalbach, and she was carried in a wicker hand-cart. But mademoiselle is lovely and she speaks very pretty English and knows how to wear her hair, and will be a great comfort to you, if you can keep the boys at bay for a while."

"No danger there, I imagine; she will keep them at bay herself. Did you notice just now? Mr. Furrey called especially to see her. He was quite attentive to her last summer. Indeed,

notice just now? Mr. Furrey called especially to see her. He was quite attentive to her last summer. Instead of going to the drawing-room to see him, she wants him to come in here, where he is in our way and we are in his. That is one of Madame de Veaudrey's

"I should fancy it was," said Farnham dryly; "I have heard her spoken of as a lady of excellent principles and man-

dryly; "I have heard her spoken of as lady of excellent principles and manne

100
