

ing fortune that Katie had missed her train the day before. I have the letter yet and shall keep it to tease you.'

Just then an exclamation came from a bench behind them where a heap of robes were piled. It was a childish voice calling 'Bergy!'

Naera started with affright. 'What was that?'

'That's my shopmate Harry,' replied Bergen, drawing from a bed of furs a curly-headed little boy who looked with wondering eyes at the unexpected visitor. 'I bring him with me in the afternoons. He piles the blocks and nails for Bergy. Don't you, Harry?'

'The little darling! What bright eyes he has! Come to your new auntie, dear,' said Naera, coaxingly, as she held out her arms. But, to her surprise, the child turned away in terror and clung to Bergen's neck.

'It's no wonder he's afraid of you, Naera. Your face is daubed with black dust. Shall I get some snow and wipe it off?'

'Yes, quick. I must look horrid. Take this handkerchief. But wait,' she added, with a roguish gleam in her eyes. 'Leave a spot where it won't look too bad—just for mischief. Katie can't tease me. She is too young a bride herself. It will save explanations. And, by the way, it will suggest *my* solution of your pet problem.'

'How so?' he laughed.

'Why, Labour and Capital can no more do without each other than you and I. There will be a wedding some day if busybodies and sociologists don't interfere. Combines and trusts are mere preliminaries, *engagement rings*. There is a text for your lecture. Ha! ha!'

The storm howled and beat in their faces as they went out into the night and wended their way homewards, but they laughed merrily as they stumbled