

"Really, you astound me, Vernon!" he exclaimed. "Come, come, you must not do such an insane thing. It is downright foolishness. Why, my boy, be reasonable. What has put that absurd notion in your head? For, surely it can be only a notion that will vanish when you think of the folly of it."

"It is a fact, Mr. Vaughn, and to-morrow morning all the city will know that the strike is over and the men's wages are raised. But who put the notion, as you term it, into my head, and opened my eyes so that I can see the wrong I am inflicting on these poor people? It was your daughter. But apart from that, it is right," he continued. Throwing the end of his cigar into the fire, he lowered his voice as he spoke: "And by the gods I will do it."

Mr. Vaughn's face was a study of changes. If Vernon was doing it to please one of the many whims of his daughter, he mused, then it was a different thing altogether. At all events such a sacrifice would be well worth accomplishing if it would draw them closer together.

Lily's face also changed color as her eyes wandered from one to the other. She knew that her father, days ago, had advised Vernon not to give in in any case to the appeal of the men; and now the latter had expressed his determination to do so. Glorious news indeed it was to her—a grander result than she had hoped for.