

as you have accepted for me, I suppose there is nothing to do but to go."

"Lily," he said, "do you think I want you to go if you do not care to? Surely, child, I thought that you would only be delighted to go." She gazed out of the window, keeping her eyes fixed there for a time, then she slowly turned to him.

"Forgive me, father. If I don't seem enthusiastic, I do not intentionally mean to be unkind to you, dear father."

"You will go then, love?" he said calmly after a while as he rose from the table.

"Yes, father. What time did he say he would call?"

"He said he would be here after lunch, Lily—about two o'clock."

"That will do nicely, father."

"Be a good girl. I have a special liking for Vernon, and he's a good fellow," he said, drawing her close to him and laying his hand fondly on her shoulder.

"I wonder if Mr. Vernon will listen to me when I argue about the working-men and the strike?" she said archly.

"I should think he'd listen to anything that you like to talk about, my young philosopher. And perhaps when you've heard what he has to say, you'll change your opinion."