

year," remarked Mr. Vaughn, handing Vernon his cigar case. "Come into the library and have a smoke."

Lily retired to dress for dinner, but as the occasion was not a formal one, it was not long before she rejoined her father and their guest. Sitting down in a chair close by her father, she picked up the large Persian cat that had followed them into the room, and was purring softly, rubbing her body against the legs of a chair while she twined in and out of them. Placing the cat on her lap she began to caress her affectionately, so that Vernon could not help envying the feline. There was the unmistakable light of admiration in his eyes, a light of sympathy and tenderness, that was never there before. Then he turned to Mr. Vaughn:

"I have decided to raise the men's wages," he said slowly, as if he was measuring each word before speaking, and placing at the time one of his legs over the other and puffing vigorously at his cigar.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Vaughn, amazed, suddenly looking up. "Surely you are joking, Vernon?"

"Not at all, Mr. Vaughn., I am quite serious," he answered gravely. "I have been thinking the proposition well over," he continued, "and have come to the conclusion that we are in the wrong, and the men are right."