

"My name is Vaughn," she said, looking the man fearlessly in the eyes. She read an expression of severity there, but she did not flinch. Instinctively she felt that this was one of the "difficult" cases.

"Come in, Miss," said the man, "here's my missis. We have two little kids, and they're asleep upstairs."

A decent-looking woman came forward and placed a chair for Lily.

"You see it's this way, Miss. You mean well, no doubt, but suppose we was to call on you in the same way and ask you if we could do anything for you—why you'd think it an impertinence."

"No, I don't think I should, if I saw it was well-meant," said Lily, looking at him with frank eyes.

"Well, if you wouldn't, a good many people would," he said rather lamely. He had been visited by the ordinary district visitor, but this one seemed to be of a different sort.

"I'm so sorry you think I'm intruding. I didn't mean to. I thought I could perhaps do some good. I hear there is a good deal of distress."

"Yes, Miss, there is, and who made it? The masters, that won't give us our proper pay. They that are making so much money for themselves that they forget those that do the laborious part