

CHAPTER VIII.

It was getting late. It was already past the hour at which they usually breakfasted at the mansion. Mr. Vaughn was patiently waiting in the morning-room for his daughter, before sitting down to breakfast. He never breakfasted without her. He was reading the daily newspaper as a means to while away the time, and was interested in a rather lengthy article on himself. It was a brief account of how the clever and shrewd millionaire made his vast wealth. He smiled as he read it, for it pleased him. But he did not read between the lines that in making his wealth he robbed the hundreds of his employees.

Lily had slept well, and with the elasticity of youth had somewhat overcome the sadness of spirit that had been hers when she returned from her district visiting. The consciousness of having been of benefit to others, and having tried to do her best to comfort them, gave her an unwonted feeling of pleasure.

Her father looked up somewhat sternly from his paper. "Come, come, Lily—you are late." He touched the bell and the obsequious butler made his appearance with his tray.