

liked to stay and cheer him up, she thought it better to retire, her request being granted.

“He sees I am in earnest, anyhow,” she observed to herself as she closed the door softly behind her, “and he sees too that we *are* doing something. Oh, I *will* be so glad if I can do anything to make it easier for him. These people try him so—I suppose they have been threatening another strike.” And she went to bed, her head full of plans for getting further into the hearts of these rough miners, and drawing them to better things.

