FIVE MILLION POUNDS.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Cochrane again.

The next morning the sun shone bright, and the air was fresh and cool. In the town the blue smoke of the factory flared from the chimney tops. It was an early summer day, with a promise of good weather all day. Mr. Cochrane was up early. He had been in bed late the night before, after a round of social rounds. He awoke feeling rested and refreshed.

He dressed quickly and went downstairs. The house was quiet and still. He had no desire to disturb the peace. He took a cup of coffee and sat in the morning room, staring out the window. The sun was just beginning to color the sky. He was thinking about the man who had called on him the day before. He had invited him to dinner and had been polite, but there was something about him that made him uneasy.

Mr. Cochrane finished his coffee and went outside. He walked slowly down the street, enjoying the feel of the sun on his face. He was lost in thought, when suddenly he heard footsteps. He turned around and saw the man who had called on him the day before. He was surprised to see him here.

"Good morning, Mr. Cochrane," the man said. "I thought I would come by and see if you had changed your mind about dinner."

Mr. Cochrane smiled. "I was just thinking about that," he said. "I changed my mind. I've decided to go to the country for the weekend."

The man's face fell. "Oh," he said. "Well, I'll see you later then."

Mr. Cochrane watched him leave. He wondered what had caused him to change his mind so suddenly. He thought about the man again, and wondered what his motive was.

He continued walking, his mind occupied with the man and the strange events of the past few days. He was lost in thought, when suddenly he heard a noise. He turned around and saw a group of men standing outside the factory. They were shouting and arguing, and it looked like there was a riot.

Mr. Cochrane hesitated for a moment, then decided to go up to the second floor of the factory. He wanted to see what was going on. As he got closer, he saw that the workers were protesting the new machines. They were demanding better wages and shorter hours. Mr. Cochrane watched the scene for a while, then decided to go back down to the office and see if he could do anything to help.

He returned to the office, determined to do something about the situation. He called in some of his trusted advisors and together they came up with a plan. They would offer the workers a better deal, but only if they agreed to the new machines.

The workers were hesitant at first, but eventually they agreed. The plan worked, and the factory was able to continue running smoothly.

Mr. Cochrane felt satisfied with the outcome. He had done what was necessary to keep the factory running, and he felt that he had made a difference.

He spent the rest of the day working on other matters, but he couldn't help but think about the events of the past few days. He wondered what the future held, and whether he would be able to face any other challenges that came his way.