

"Another moment, child. You mentioned the name of that lady for whom you worked, and who did not pay you. May I ask you to repeat it?"

"Mrs. Allen, Father."

"There is a Mrs. Allen in my office now. How did it happen that you were not paid?"

"She did not have the money when I called first. The second and third times they told me she had just gone out. Last time they said she was engaged. I did not go again. I thought she did not want to pay me."

Father Denton went back to Mrs. Allen.

"A most strange story," he said. "A little girl, a dressmaker, who is trying to support her mother and herself.

Would you want anything of that sort done, Mrs. Allen? She appeared to be a bright girl. Her name is Grant."

He turned away as if by accident, and straightened some papers on the desk. He did not wish to embarrass his visitor. Consternation was expressed on Mrs. Allen's face.

"Oh, Father! I remember now! How negligent I have been! My maid was speaking about her only yesterday: the matter had totally escaped my mind. She is here?"

"Yes, indeed. If you wanted to pay her now—"

"Oh, I shall gladly do so! Such a sweet little thing, too! And I dare say she actually needed the money! I am so very careless! I shall never forgive myself."

She was most kind to Laura, whom Father Denton called in at once and presented; praised her neatness, her quickness, and her taste, and would have pressed more than the sum due upon her, but this Laura firmly refused.

"Thank you, madam," she said, "but I can take only what you agreed to give."

"I have much more work for you," said Mrs. Allen.

"And to make up for being so careless, I shall see that you get all you are able to do. But you must forgive me."