

Can't you trust me, boys? When I say a thing I'll do it if it is in the power of man at all. But I must have my own time and way. Now go, and don't stand staring this little one to death.'

They turned without a word, for when Anthony Dwyer spoke it was law.

'Please, sir, what is it all about?' timidly asked Hetty, when the retreating figures had disappeared.

'It is, dear, that your papa won't pay his men enough money for the work they do for him, and they are angry with him.'

'Angry with my papa?' Oh, they mustn't get angry with my papa. He has lots of money and he will give some to these men. I know he will.'

'But he won't. That's just what makes them angry. They have asked him more than once.'

'Well, p'raps my papa didn't un'stand. Sometimes he don't un'stand me either when he is thinking about 'portant business, you know. But if I talk to him about mamma, then he always un'stands me and gives me whatever I ask.'

'It makes papa cry when I talk about mamma. But he says he loves his little Hetty and would do anything for her, so s'pose I ask him to give money to those angry men.'

Dwyer could not have asked a better arrangement. In fact, it was just what he had in mind.

'That's what you must do, Miss Hetty, so be sure you tell your papa that the angry men want money.'

'Yes, yes, I know. Papa has plenty of money. It is 'portant business, but I don't like it 'cause it makes men angry. Guess I'm hungry now,' she broke off abruptly, looking at Dwyer. 'Is it dinner time yet?'

'No, miss, not yet. But we can get a bite to eat at my cottage over there, and then I will take you home. You will see my little daughter Mabe, she is just about your size, but not so nicely dressed, for she is poor.'

'I'm sorry she is poor. But take me to her, won't you?' she asked coaxingly.

And hand in hand they went to the cottage.

After leaving his little daughter in the garden, Mr. Baxton Miller proceeded to his private office where letters were read and answered, different business transactions attended to, and persons of more or less importance seen and dismissed.

An agreement with his men was proposed by them but received with contempt. He was blind to his own interests, and trusting to his immense wealth preferred to remain obstinate, knowing that want and starvation must force the strikers to yield in the end.

Closing and locking his office door, he strolled once more through the garden. There he met Mary, the nurse, seeking the missing child.

'I can't think where she is, sir,' she said in despair.

'You will find her in the meadow, Mary. I told her she might hunt butterflies there. But you had better bring her in, for I'm afraid there is a storm threatening. Go quickly, Mary.'

The meadow was searched and researched in vain. Hetty was not there. Large drops of rain fell, forerunners of a mighty storm. Mr. Miller paced the ground in front of his house, trusting to see the familiar little figure run to him from behind some tree. When, however, his servants returned from a fruitless search he was like one deranged.

'Keep on hunting, storm or no storm,' he commanded. 'My child must be found. Go now, don't waste the precious minutes. It may mean life or death to her. My God! what rain! And my Hetty can't be found. Oh hurry, my brave men, for her sake, for God's sake, hurry. Five hundred dollars to the man who will bring her back to me.'

They obeyed, despite the ranging storm, and left him alone.

'She was all I had to live for,' he cried, in real, heart-felt sorrow, as he paced his room during the long, weary hours that followed. 'All I had and she has been taken from me? My poor little Hetty! Merciful heaven! have they stolen her from me?' he gasped, as threats he had heard flashed suddenly across his mind. 'Great God! why are such deeds allowed? My child! my flesh and blood! The image of her dead mother. Is she to be thus taken from me? Oh, no! It cannot be. It cannot be. Good is good after all. He knows how I love her, and what I have suffered for her sake. He will not allow harm to reach her.'

These and many such thoughts filled his now feverish brain. The hours sped on. The storm increased with the approach of night, and still no news reached him. He threw himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

Pictures of his enraged workmen came up before him. Their homes, wives and children lay exposed before his troubled gaze, deprived of work, food and

money, and for the first time thoughts of how they were suffering caused him some uneasiness.

'And all because of my stubbornness,' he reasoned. 'My God! You are punishing me. I know it! I feel it! But I am sorry, Just God! I repent! I will make amends, only give me back my child. I cannot live without her.'

The long hours of the night dragged slowly on. From one room into another, out into the grounds where the storm seemed to mock at his grief, anywhere went the stricken father like a restless spirit.

Daybreak brought him no consolation—no hope. He passed out to the garden once more where the air was pure and refreshing after the night's storm. He turned to the old rustic seat where he had last seen and talked to her.

He sat there for some time when approaching voices met his ears. His heart gave one bound. He listened and looked. It was her voice chattering gaily. There she was, the darling, coming towards him, but at the head of his rebellious workmen. What can it mean?

He knows very soon what it all means, for in less time than it takes to tell it, Hetty is in his arms and between kisses and hugs is pouring out her little story.

Anthony Dwyer is there, too, and in a rougher but perhaps more satisfactory manner, added that had it not been for the storm, he would have brought the child home the night before. As it was she passed the night in his cottage.

'Yes, papa, only for him, p'raps your Hetty would really and truly have been lost, or maybe killed.'

'Hush, dear,' said her father with a shudder, as he held her to him.

'But deed, papa, I know it,' and she drew his ear close to her baby lips, to whisper the rest of her story.

'Won't you now, papa?' she asked aloud, with a knowing little glance at Dwyer.

'Yes, pet, I will.'

'Dwyer, you can tell your comrades that they can go to work as soon as they like. I agree to their terms. You yourself may come to my office in the afternoon to receive the five hundred dollars reward, which I offered to the finder of my little Hetty.'—'Rosary Magazine.'

The Catholic World

ENGLAND.—A Contradiction

An authoritative contradiction has been given to the statement, made by an English contemporary, that the Right Rev. Dr. Brindle, D.S.O., has resigned the See of Nottingham.

Church Attendance

Monsignor Canon Moyes, the Administrator of the Catholic Cathedral at Westminster, caused a count to be made of the numbers of men and women present in the Cathedral on Sunday, September 25, from the time of its opening at 6 a.m. to the hour of its closing at 9.30. The total recorded was 5281, of whom 2827 were women and 2454 men.

A Double Jubilee

The sacerdotal jubilee of the Rev. Patrick Maguire, rector of St. Joseph's, Salford, took place on July 26, and on Monday, September 26, the rev. gentleman completed the 25th year of his connection with St. Joseph's parish. The event was celebrated by the parishioners with great rejoicings. Father Maguire is a native of Knocklong, where he was born 48 years ago. He was educated at St. John's College, Waterford. He has been presented with an address and a purse of £170.

An Appointment

It is stated that the successor to the late Monsignor Allen as Rector of the English College, Valladolid, Spain, is the Rev. William Wookey, secretary to the Bishop of Salford.

Praise for Catholic Schools

A glowing tribute has been paid to the Catholic schools of Southwark by Mr. A. P. Graves, one of his Majesty's Head Inspectors of Schools. Mr. Alfred Percival Graves is the son of the late Protestant Bishop of Limerick, and author of the well-known ballad 'Father O'Flynn.' On being transferred from the Southwark division to another part of London, Mr. A. P. Graves was presented with an illuminated address by the managers and teachers of the Catholic schools of the division as a mark of their gratitude for the uniform kindness and consideration which he had always extended towards them in the performance of his duties. In thanking them for the gift, Mr. Graves said that, though not a Catholic, his experience as an Inspector soon made him appreciate the great efforts that were being made in the Catholic schools. He was glad to