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GRANDFATHER'S PROPHESY.

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(For The Catholic Journal.)

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER III.
A Sad Change.

Gradually after this Margaret began to talk less of Jack and her letters to him grew shorter and less frequent. After a time the two were often seen together in public and among the shop girls it was soon whispered that they were engaged. Nellie having found how useless were her protestations against anything her sister chose to do, had kept silent so far but this report was too much, especially when she thought of Jack; so she called her to account for it. At first Margaret was indignant and accused the one who started the report of jealously, then laughed heartily over the thought of a man in his position wishing to marry a poor factory girl like her, and again the subject was dropped.

Things had gone on in this unpleasant manner nearly all winter and in the meantime Margaret had formed a strong infatuation for the theatre to which she went not unfrequently with him, but to her credit when Lent commenced she made a good resolution, which she fully intended to keep, of giving up her amusements. For four weeks she kept it; then right in the middle of the penitential season a star actress was expected, and Mr Shirley gave Margaret a most pressing invitation to accompany him to see her. At first she refused but he soon prevailed upon her to go just this once as she might never have another such opportunity. She did not tell her sister until the latter went up to her room in the evening and found her just putting the last touches to the most elaborate toilette she could afford.

Where are you going, Margaret?" she asked in surprise.

"To see Madame——at the Lyceum", and Margaret's fingers were so busily engaged in trying to tie a pretty pink bow at her throat that she did not turn from the mirror.

"Margaret Norton, you do not mean it? I thought you had made a resolution not to go to any places of amusement in Lent."

"So I had, but—"

"But what, Margaret?"

"Well I may as well be out with it now and take my scolding before I go, though I do consider it very unbecoming of a young lady to dictate to one older than herself. It is a chance I may never have again and I do not wish to miss it."

"Who is going with you?"

"Mr. Shirley, of course. How does that pink ribbon look?" and she turned for the first time to face her sister.

"Very pretty," was Nellie's rather cold reply, though under different circumstances she could not have refrained from telling her how beautiful she looked.

"How cold you are Nellie. You are not at all as you used to be."

"Nor you either. It is yourself who has changed most."

"For the better I hope since I have left the country where there was no chance of ever learning anything."

"I am truly sorry for you Margaret, but I am afraid Jack would not think you had changed for the better could he see you now."

"I suppose not," said Margaret with a shade of sarcasm, "Jack has never had a chance to meet educated and refined people and he has too many old fogy ideas."

"Margaret Norton, how dare you speak thus of the noble hearted man who is one day to be your husband. You should be ashamed of yourself."

"Don't be too positive, for Jack Grimes may never be my husband." Margaret had not intended to say this and regretted the remark when it was too late.

"I do not understand why."

"I do, it is because I have no desire to return to exile and spend my days in the dull country. I have had enough of it."

Nellie looked at her in amazement for had she been told that her sister could have spoken thus she would never have believed it. "Remember Margaret, you are engaged to Jack and have you forgotten how firmly you promised to be true to him?" she at last stammered out.

Margaret was silent, for the reproach had struck to her heart in which there still lingered a tender spot, but she would not give in to her sister.

"Engaged, indeed; Nellie. I almost wish it were you instead of myself who was engaged to him for you are more suited to him than I."

"You do not mean that, Margaret; I know it does not come from your heart for you loved Jack too much to give him up easily."

"I'll admit that I did love him once before I saw anything of the world. He was my ideal then, but remember I was younger then, much younger in knowledge, but I have changed."

"Alas, Margaret, I know you have," said Nellie, sadly.

"I do not regret the change and I would not wish for worlds to be back where I was a year ago."

Before Nellie could reply Mr. Shirley was announced and hastily donning her hat and jacket Margaret left the room.

"Poor sister," sighed Nellie, "if she only realized how sadly she has changed since she came here. How much better it would have been could we have remained at home."

There was a still greater change than Nellie was aware of for Clarence Shirley had almost won her sister's heart from poor faithful Jack. Not a word of love had been spoken to her by him but in many ways he had made her believe that she was the only one he cared for. He had told her much of his pleasant home on the suburbs of New York and she, in turn, to hide the fact that she was so very poor had given him a glowing description of her father's farm and her own pretty home which she and her sister had left first, because they wished to be independent and secondly, because it was so lonely in the country. Could Nellie have heard her she would have been deeply pained.

After her sister was gone Nellie kept back her tears. She took up a book of Lenten meditations and had just succeeded in calming her troubled mind by reading a chapter when her mistress announced a gentleman caller who wished to see both herself and Margaret.

"Who is it?" asked Nellie who in her present state of mind dreaded to meet any one.

"I do not know," answered the woman, "but I think he is a stranger."

Nellie hesitated a moment then trying to appear cheerful hastened to the parlor and to her great surprise was greeted by the smiling face of Jack Grimes.

CHAPTER IV.
The Broken Promise.

Margaret's letters had conveyed more to Jack than she would ever have dreamed, for with the keen eyes of a devoted lover who is quick to notice every little mark of affection, trifling though it may be, in the missive of the absent one, so Jack had read between the lines; seeing not the loving thoughts which had made him so happy, but something which he could not understand and did not like. At first her letters, though written in the plain simple language of an uneducated country girl, had been everything he could have wished as they gave him courage to work more diligently through the hot summer months. For was he not working for his own dear Margaret and what was heat or fatigue to him when he remembered that as a reward her lovely face would one day shed a radiance over his home. How eagerly he looked for each letter which was sure to come on the same day each week and when it came he would work with renewed strength.

In the autumn for the first time he went to the office to find his little letter was not there. He could not understand the reason and was a little troubled when instead he was handed Nellie's letter to take home to her mother. Hoping that it might contain some message for him he waited to hear it read but the only word was that Margaret was well and sent her love to all It was a whole week before the looked for missive came, and when it did there was no apology but in length it made up for its tardiness and Jack was satisfied. It was only for a time however, for the change gradually dawned upon him after this until he had to acknowledge to himself that. Margaret was no longer what she had been. At last the various little happenings at home for which she had enquired so eagerly seemed to interest her no more, and it soon became evident that she wrote with difficulty The young farmer was of too trusting a nature to believe it possible that his Margaret was ceasing to care for him. On the contary he believed that she was overworked and too tired if not too ill to write as much as she would wish.

His one bright hope was that the girls would be home to spend the Christmas holidays and then he would know the truth, but it was too far and cost too much so they did not come. At last he could bear the suspense no longer and he resolved to go to them. If, as he suspected, Margaret were not well he would try to persuade her to come home with him; for he could easily support her now besides continuing to pay for his farm and it would be far better than to have her health ruined in the city. Unwilling to give the Norton's needless anxiety by telling them of his fears he said nothing to them until he was ready to start, then he merely told them that he was going to the city and offered to take messages to the girls But to the parish priest he had told all before fully deciding to go. The old man had listened with a feeling of secret pain and misgiving in his heart for he feared that there might be far more wrong than Jack suspected but he would not betray it.

"Yes, go Jack," he said, when the young man asked his advice, "and if our dear girl is indeed wearing out her strength in the mill, it will be far better to bring her home."

On the morning of his departure when he stepped in after mass to bid the priest good bye he received the message.

"Tell our dear girls that I send them both my blessing I have prayed for them every day since they left us and I hope that they have forgotten none of the teachings they learned in the little church at home."

From each member of the Norton family; from the old grandfather to the youngest child, went messages so numerous and full of love that he almost feared he could not remember them all. Mr. Norton himself insisted on going to the station and helping him on the train with a large basket of provisions which the mother had prepared, knowing that the girls would greatly enjoy them as them came from home.

a her joy at seeing a dear face from home, Nellie for the moment forgot her sister, and she extended her hand, giving him a most hearty welcome and telling him how glad she was to see him.

Her kind welcome for the moment caused him to forget all else, but it was only for the moment, for when he asked for Margaret her face grew sad.

"Margaret is out spending the evening with a friend," she said, hoping that he would ask no more questions.

"What time do you expect her home?"

"Not before eleven," answered the truthful girl who would like to have evaded the question had it been possible.

"This seems very late for her to be out alone."

"She is not alone and I know it would seem very late in the country but not here."

Jack looked grave but before he could say any more Nellie changed the subject by enquiring for her parents; and then, after answering her questions, he gave her the basket which she opened as carefully as if it had been filled with golden treasures.

"Dear mother, how kind of her to remember us. Oh, what a glorious feast and how we will enjoy it! And there are some of her jinger cookies we always liked so much; do have one, Jack," and she handed him the bag.

For nearly an hour Nellie succeeded in keeping her sister out of the conversation, but Jack, who thought of nothing else, was growing impatient, for the girl's silence convinced him strongly that all was not well.

"I almost forgot to tell you that I have made my second payment on the farm and expect to make another this spring so I may have a home for Margaret before I expected. I suppose she told you all about it."

"Yes," said Nellie, "and she was so pleased then," but she could say no more for she was thinking of the interview she had just had with her sister and she could not help showing in her face how sadly it grieved her to think of the cruel blow a knowledge of it would strike to the noble heart of the man before her.

He looked earnestly into her face and she shrunk from his penetrating gaze.

"Nellie," he said at last," you are keeping something from me, tell me what is wrong with Margaret."

The blow which she dreaded most had fallen upon her and she knew not how to answer. She could not betray her sister and she could not say anything to hurt Jack's feelings. With a silent prayer for strength she said in a voice trembling with emotion.

"Why do you think so Jack?"

"I know it, I could see it in her letters and I feared before I came here that she might not be well but you have told me she is and your manner shows that there is something worse."

(To be continued.)

BUSY BRAIN WORKERS.

Men of Thought and Mental Force Are Usually Long Lived.

It is a very common but erroneous belief that brain work is destructive of physical strength, says the Chicago Chronicle. The fact is that men of thought and mental force have always been distinguished for their age. Colon, Sophocles, Pindar, Anacreon and Xenophon were octogenarians. Kant, Buffon, Goethe, Fontenelle and Newton were over eighty. Michael Angelo and Titian were eighty-nine and ninety-nine respectively. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, lived to be eighty.

Many men have done excellent work after they have passed eighty years. Lander wrote his "Imaginary Conversations" when eighty-five. Izaak Walton wielded a ready pen at ninety. Hahnemann married at eighty and was still working at ninety-one. Michael Angelo was still painting his giant canvases at eighty-nine, and Titian at ninety worked with the vigor of his early years.

Fontenelle was as light hearted at ninety-eight as at forty, and Newton at eighty-three worked as hard as he did in middle life. Cornaro was in far better health at ninety-five than at thirty and was as happy as a sandboy. At Hanover Dr. Du Boisy was still practicing as a physician in 1897, going his daily rounds at the age of 103. William Reynold Salmon, M. R. C. S., of Conbridge, Glamorganshire, died on March 11, 1897, at the age of 106. At the time of his death he was the oldest known individual of indisputably authenticated age, the oldest physician, the oldest member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, and the oldest Freemason in the world.

Fuss.

A writer in the London Lancet, discussing "Fuss as a Mark of Modern Civilization," defines fuss as a form of neurosis, and says of it:

It is not vigilance or prudence or deliberate and considerate judgment. It is not even a natural and rational anxiety, though it may exhibit itself in the guise of any one of these. It is mere fussiness. Serving in itself no useful purpose, it mingles with and impedes every useful work, dampening energy and discouraging initiative and the sense of responsibility in those engaged in it. All the while it may be preaching moderation and self control. This neurosis is not confined to any people or part of the civilized world, though it would seem to be more prevalent in some quarters than elsewhere. Wherever there exists a suitable soil in the form of an intellect equipped with the visual organs of education, but without corresponding reflective power and self restraint, there the morbid germ develops until it may even become epidemic over a wide area.

Mexican Justice.

An American tells this story of Mexican justice: "One morning the body of a cowboy was found in a border town. It was supposed he had crossed the Rio Grande to attend a dance and flirted with some senorita and so was shot by a Mexican. At least that was the theory, because a bag of money amounting to $200, all in gold, was found on the body, proving that the murder had not been done for robbery. Besides the coin a very costly six shooter, silver mounted and ivory handled, was strapped around the deceased. The finding of the gun was the occasion of a trial before the local alcalde, or justice of the peace. It was against the law to carry weapons, and the dead man was fined $200, just the sum they found on him, for violating the Mexican statute."

Explosive Diamonds.

It has long been known that diamonds, especially the class known as "rose diamonds," are likely to explode if subjected only to what would seem a very ordinary degree of heat. It is now believed that the explosions are the result of the rapid expansion of certain volatile liquids inclosed in cavities near the center of these precious stones. A great many diamonds, even though cut, mounted and worn as gems of perfection, are still in an unfinished condition—that is, the liquid drop from which the stone is being formed has not as yet deposited all of its "pure crystals of carbon." These movable drops may occasionally be seen with the naked eye.

SCHOOL BANQUET.

Addresses by Bishops Quigley and Richard McQuaid, Father Finn.

Nearly six hundred guests enjoyed the fifth annual banquet of the Cathedral school association, at Cathedral hall, Tuesday evening, at which the speaker of prominence was the noted former Rochester woman, Katherine E Conway, of Boston, Mass., who is the associate editor of the Boston Pilot, and who has attained distinction as an author of fiction and books of travel. The hall was elaborately decorated and the guests were seated in the form of a horseshoe, with the toastmaster and his assistants at the head. Miss Conway sat at the toastmaster's right, and next to her sat the venerable bishop.

Miss Conway responded to the toast: "The Education of Women for Practical Life." Miss Conway said in part: "Although I come from Boston, I have not come to urge the college or university training which is commonly implied when we speak of the higher education. Let me say however that in Boston, a vigorous effort was made recently, not in the interest of the plain people, that a college degree should be requisite for the would be teacher, even in the primary school, and this effort, defeated for the time, will probably be renewed.

"While believing that the college course is a great advantage for young women capable of taking it, still I think it can be proven, that many leave the college imperfectly prepared for practical life, while others go forth with only their parish school training and achieve success even as the world understands it.

"Let me say how glad I am to be here and to see in its perfection the work of the great apostle of Christian education, whom God gave to bless the diocese of Rochester. I saw the earlier phase of the work. I knew our bishop's prediction that Massachusetts would yet settle the school question. And now we hear leading Non Catholic educators putting forth almost as discoveries, the great principles which he steadfastly maintained in long past days of storm and stress, the impractical of that time, the supreme success and wisdom of the present. I believe that the fulfillment of his prediction is nearer than we dream. May the prophet be spared to see it.

The Right Rev. Bishop Bernard J McQuaid made the last address, which was very brief. He said: "To the members of the association I would say that you are the outcome of the Cathedral School, well fitted for the battle of life and better fitted for the life after the battle. By your baptism you were entitled to a Christian education and you have it.

"When I came to this diocese there were but two small parish schools here. I stood for Christian education for all the children of the city, for all the Catholic children of the city. I am often asked 'Will we ever get our rights on school taxation and education?' I answer, The day will come when the rights of Catholics to school taxation will be regarded. God willing, the 2,000,000 Catholic children of the United States will be united in Catholic schools. No education is true which is not based on the Word of God.

"The system of education of today is un American. We will have to go back to the system of education of our forefathers."

The Coonskin Coat.

Ontario is being depopulated by the annual procession of gentlemen from the west in coonskin coats. Every old friend is able to make a near guess at the cash value of the clothes which the western pioneer carried away from the Ontario village which he still calls home.

The public spectacle of the coonskin coat and the public recollection of the cast off clothing in which the returned prodigal started away from Ontario combine in an eloquent testimonial to the prosperity giving qualities of life in the west.

The coonskin coat is the oriflamb of the western movement. The visitor from the west in his garb of prosperity stirs the soul of Ontario's home staying youth with a wild ambition to go west and grow up with the grandeur of [illegible]

Toronto Telegram.