

but it is too dangerous for others. Here is in the case to which

ago the inhabitants of her astonished to see each coming up the each with fourteen coffee model, seven aside, beginning to fear that catastrophe had happened of the city, and as were being brought for interment in crowds gathered on the City Hall, where the and anxious inquiries each soon elicited the of the Municipal decided to establish a cemetery and to place of the corporation. decided at the same time principles required that should be alike and all to a contract was entered into a firm in Avignon to the Lyons Corporation the first shipment of it created the sensation above. There is in y one hears for rich and all plumes and one away with. The e it, and an appeal of the Council of State declare the decision on to be an abuse of

all very funny, but it using for the people Law of Associations degree of amusement or Combes and his y no means appeals to honest, zealous, and worthy citizens, these heads are destined its guillotine-like is a carnival of sin e that cannot last; rican has exhausted will again become

## Against Ritualism.

English exchanges we would be amusing, at there is a really it. It concerns the legal proceedings to certain ornaments the Annunciation at d, being pronounced is funny when read standpoint. We are aware of any experience, of fully appreciation. But it must upon the ritualistic church. Here is

ernacle for the re- there was a sta- another represent- heart, Stations of sional boxes, some ous, sacramental res. These the vicar instructed by the and, on their fail- petitioner, Mr. Da- to remove them. tabernacle, the vi- that will be readily ed. The other or- ved by local work- workmanlike fashion, special regard to the objects. They also adjectives, not men- Tristram's de- vince its issue, and e of it. According Standard," half a tested against the adonna, and one of kman with her fist. s the detail that in the wreckage, there a service of repara- similar services at churches the next day. he clergy of the anunciation heard where the boxes church wardens re- ding ornaments, as right to do, and k to the church in banner, escorted by of sympathizers. It that they were re- mer positions, how-

time they must have izing, and then car- without replacing And it must have to be obliged to go nly on the site of sions. Why do we difficulty to its because we have no ach doings in all In the Catholic g is fixed, and not d with nails, but atable law of the cannot change.

## Grandfather's Prophecy.

By MARY ROWENA COTTER.

### CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Nearly an hour passed, and though Nellie had retired immediately, she could not sleep, and was still wide awake when her sister came in, and throwing herself on the bed beside her, broke into bitter sobs.

"What is it, Margaret?" "I thought you were asleep before this. Why did you leave me alone with him as you did?" "Because I thought it best, and I know he wished it."

"I did not, if he did, but I blame you most for keeping him until my return. You should have let him go and told him to call again to-morrow evening. What must Mr. Shirley think?"

"If I were you I would not care so much what Mr. Shirley thought. It is Jack's feelings you should consider. But as for keeping him he remained of his own accord. I would have been greatly relieved myself could I have spared him the pain of meeting that man but I could not tell him to go."

"It is all over with us now," sighed Margaret. "What do you mean? You surely have not broken your engagement with Jack."

"I have, and I do not regret it." "Oh Margaret, how could you do so heartless a thing when he has been working so hard to make a home for you?"

"It did seem hard-hearted in me when I saw how he took it, but he will get over it as most men do and marry someone else who is more suited to be a farmer's wife than myself."

"Don't be too sure of that," Nellie said sadly, "for Jack's heart is too true to be easily healed of the blow you have given him and you will live to regret your folly."

"Never; if there is any folly I could ever regret it would be the folly of going back to the lonely country where I can be so happy here in the city. Sooner would I spend the remainder of my life in hard work here in the mill than go back."

Jack, in the meantime, had gone away with a heavy heart and was wandering through the streets. He knew not where to go, and had it not been for the cold he could have been content to remain out all night. At last he met a man in a blue uniform who looked closely at him, and he stopped and asked him if he knew where he could find lodging for the night. The policeman, for such it was, looked into his honest face and conducted him to a cheap but respectable hotel near-by.

At first he had thought of returning home the next day, but as he lay awake thinking of Margaret he decided to wait. He could not go back at once and face the eager enquiries of the dear ones at home, for he knew that he must betray himself, and cause others to suffer with him so he decided to wait for a few days and try to see her again or perhaps if she refused to see him he might see Nellie and try to have her use her influence in persuading her sister to go home. Even if he knew that his own hopes were crushed forever, and she would never marry him, it would be a great blessing to have her removed from the influence of the man of whom he had seen enough to feel that he was not fit company for her. There was only one at home to whom he would dare confide what he had learned, that was the old parish priest, and to him he wrote telling him all, and asking what it was best to do.

"Poor girl," he wrote in conclusion, "she was not too blame and I am very sorry for her. I could see plainly that it was on account of her pretty face and if you could see her now you would agree with me. She is much paler and thinner than when she left home; but if she was what the city people call beautiful, now, and she knows it too well herself. Besides she was dressed when I saw her as if she were the daughter of some rich man, and I am afraid if her poor old grandfather could see her now he would think he had reason to fear for her."

"Poor girl," the priest read again from the letter, "her grandfather was right in not wishing his lamb to leave home, but I fear it is too late now and we can only pray for her and try to bring her home."

It was on Friday, the twenty-fourth of March, when the letter was received and that evening when the

congregation were assembled for the Stations of the Cross the priest asked them to pray for a particular intention, both then and at Mass the following morning. The Norton family joined earnestly in the prayers, never dreaming for whom they were being offered until they were told two weeks afterwards.

"Alas, for such vanity," were his last thoughts, "her beauty may soon fade away, and the fair face which is so admired will be forgotten."

### CHAPTER V.

THE PUNISHMENT. — It might be supposed that Margaret was becoming the occasion of not unfrequent jars among the two sisters, but thanks to the sweetness of Nellie's almost angelic disposition such was not the case. Alone as they were among strangers they were very dear to each other; and the older sister's pride which rebelled against being dictated to by one younger than herself, especially when she could see nothing very wrong in her own actions, was the only thing that could possibly cause any unpleasantness on her part, but all unknown to herself that pride was rapidly developing into a besetting vice. Nellie, on the other hand, while she suffered keenly on account of her wayward sister, tried to bear what she called her little defects in silence and never spoke to her until she found them almost past endurance then it was in the most gentle tones, which unfortunately Margaret did not often receive in the kind spirit with which they were intended.

On the same evening when Margaret was the subject for whom prayers were being offered at home, Nellie ate her supper hurriedly and went to her room where her sister found her half hour later after having leisurely partaken of her evening meal. As she entered, Nellie, as had been a custom among the sisters, handed her a well-filled sheet of paper saying:

"There, Margaret, I have almost finished my letter to mother and what message have you to send?"

With eagerness Margaret read every word; especially what pertained to Jack's visit and was pleased that not even a hint had been given as to the unpleasant part she had played. It spoke only of their pleasure in seeing him and receiving news directly from home. At length Margaret said:

"Give mother and all of them my very best love and tell them that I am real well."

Nellie wrote what she was told than taking a five-dollar bill from her pocket-book said, "Now, Margaret, how much have you to send home?"

"I am very sorry," was the reply, "but really Nellie, I can send nothing this time."

"Why not?" "Because I will have my new Easter suit to pay for next week."

"That surely will not take all of your money and you might send a little this week and more next week."

"It will take every cent I can save this week to pay the dress-maker, and perhaps more, so I may have to borrow from you, and next week I will have my hat to pay for."

"Why not wait for the hat? It is still early in the season, and it would not look bad for you to wear your old one a little longer."

"Not with my new dress. It would look too shabby."

"Everyone knows we are poor and it would not be noticed."

"Perhaps not if we were going together to one of the poorer churches."

"Are we not going together?" asked Nellie in surprise.

Margaret was silent for a while, and when she spoke it was to say:

"I shall be pleased to have you accompany us if you wish; but I am going to the Cathedral to the Pontifical Mass and Mr. Shirley is going with me to hear the singing."

"I thought Mr. Shirley was a Protestant."

"So he is, and has never been in a Catholic Church, so I do not wish to disappoint him when he wishes to go, and I certainly cannot go with him looking shabby."

Nellie thought first of Jack, and then of what her mother would say if she knew the truth, and at first she knew not what to say.

"Is he going to Vespers with you too?" she asked more to break the

silence than because she cared to know.

"No, I am going to the First Presbyterian church with him in the evening to hear the new organ," was the reply, "Clarence says it is grand."

This then was the compromise she had made in order to take him to her church and show off her fine clothes, while her own family at home needed their help. At first Nellie could not find words to express her feelings.

"Margaret, what do you think mother would say if she knew all this?" she asked sadly at last.

"She will not know it right away unless you choose to tell her, and in the end if I can only succeed in bringing Mr. Shirley to see the beauties of our faith I know she will be pleased."

"You are taking a poor way in condescending to sacrifice your own conscience by going to the Protestant church with him."

"I have been in a Protestant church and I have heard so much of the coldness of their churches where they have no altar, no sacraments like we have, and no statues and pictures of our Lord, His Mother and the saints to arouse their devotion, that think the contrast ought to teach me to appreciate my own religion the more. Besides I am sure I can hear nothing wrong, so what harm can there be in my going?"

"You will be committing a mortal sin by disobeying the precepts of your own church."

"The priests are too strict about those things."

"They have studied and understand those things better than we, and when they command us not to do a thing it is not their own words but the words of the Church which knows best what is for our good."

"I am tired of such old-fashioned ideas, and what would Mr. Shirley think of me if I told him I could not accompany him because it was forbidden by my Church?"

"If he were the true gentleman you believe him to be he would respect you for your fidelity to your religion."

The subject was dropped for Nellie's words had sunk into her sister's heart, and she was pondering over them, trying to think of some plausible excuse she could offer Mr. Shirley in case she fully decided to listen to her sister's warning and the voice of her own conscience. Nellie, in the meantime, finished her letter, and out on her outdoor wraps, but Margaret did not move.

"Are you not going to church with me, Margaret?" she asked.

"No, I think not, for the Stations are too tiresome for me after working hard all day."

"But have you forgotten that to-morrow will be the Feast of the Annunciation, and are you going to receive Holy Communion as we always did at home?"

"I had entirely forgotten it," and she pondered as if she felt it her duty to go, but was still undecided.

"What time is Mass?"

"At seven and nine."

"None earlier?"

"No."

"Then I do not think I shall go for if I did I would have to miss at least part of the forenoon's work and you know they do not like to have us coming to work late; besides, what we earn is needed so much at home, I think it would hardly be right."

Nellie thought sadly of the useless expense to which her sister was going in order to look more beautiful on Easter, while she herself was to wear her old clothes in order to save more to send home, but she pitied rather than censured the poor foolish girl. She only said:

"Our parents will never miss the small amount we lose for so good a cause, and it would grieve them sadly to know that for the sake of a few cents either of us neglected to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion on the Feast of the Annunciation."

"One day can make little difference, and as day after to-morrow will be Palm Sunday I promise you to go then, but not to-morrow."

"Then you are not going?"

"No, not this evening, but next Wednesday and Friday I will go to church."

With a sad heart Nellie went alone. The Evil One had gained a victory by causing her sister, not to give up a good work, but to postpone it just for one day, and during the Way of the Cross she prayed earnestly that grace might be given her sister to become again the simple, pious girl she was only a year ago. How must she have felt could she have looked forward and seen the awful punishment which on the morrow awaited her darling. She had taken a seat near the confessional so she was one of the first to go after the devotions, and it was still early when she reached home to find Margaret gone. At ten o'clock she returned, her face aglow with happy smiles and her cheeks like roses, the result of exercise in the open air.

"You home so soon, Nellie?" she said sinking into a chair, "I thought you would wait to go to confession, and I did not expect to find you here."

"I did wait, but where have you been?"

"Just after you left some of the girls came for me to go skating and as the evening is so pleasant and this will be about our last chance before the thaw I could not refuse."

"Do you consider skating all the evening less tiresome than the Stations?" Nellie could not resist asking.

"Now please do not begin preaching to me again, dear sister. I really thought of stopping in the church to go to confession and wait for you on my way home, but I met Clarence, and as he offered to see me home I could not be so impolite as to refuse."

Clarence Shirley again. Nellie was almost beginning to hate that name, for it seemed that he was growing to be an evil spirit to her sister. And yet as she gazed upon the fair face still more lovely from the glow of outdoor exercise she could not blame him. In the morning the girls left the house together, but going in opposite directions. As they parted Nellie said:

"Tell the foreman I will be there at half-past nine."

"I will, but I know he will be displeased, and I think myself you are foolish to lose your time when to-morrow would do as well."

"Put not off to to-morrow what should be done to-day," said Nellie.

Reaching the church Nellie knelt in profound adoration to make a little preparation for the reception of the great Guest Who was coming to her. When the elevation bell rang she thought only of one thing, and that was to offer an earnest prayer for her sister. The time of Communion had arrived, she knelt at the railing regardless of all around her; all was silent and not a sound could be heard excepting the low kindly voice of the priest who stood with the White Host in one hand, and the golden chalice in the other. Suddenly as he was about to descend the altar steps the roar of a terrific explosion shook the church to its very foundation, then followed another, and all was silent expecting the tread of some of the people who had made a rush for the door.

In her excitement Nellie turned her head quickly to see Jack Grimes kneeling beside her, then trembling with fear she bowed her head until the priest reached her; but when she was about to return to her seat she would have fallen had not Jack supported her. As he led her to a seat she whispered to him to say a prayer for Margaret then bowed her head to make her thanksgiving.

When it was finished she looked around for him, but he was gone. Margaret, in the meantime, had gone to her accustomed place in the mill after having explained her sister's absence to the foreman who was not as displeased as she expected to find him. She almost wished now that she had followed her example and had she been fasting she would have asked permission to do so. She reproached herself and when after only a few minutes work the elevation sounded in her ears she wished so much that she were kneeling now before the altar, but she could only bow her head in silence and ask God's mercy. When the prayer was finished she looked to see Mr. Shirley at her side watching her with admiration, not for the little act of devotion which he had noticed, but for that lovely expression on her face which he regretted that he had not an artist's talent to paint.

For fully five minutes he stood there in silence, and for once Margaret wished he would go away. Even at this early hour when the day had only begun she felt weary, and the dull hum of the machinery made her head ache.

Oh, for one hour's peaceful rest now in her own dear home so many miles away and how she longed for the fragrance of the apple blossoms which had filled the air when she went away. But suddenly a sound as of a mighty earthquake filled her with terror driving away all other thoughts and the massive building tottered. Then came another, the same which Nellie had heard as she knelt at the altar; cries broke from many lips, and a great panic followed for the room was filled with smoke. She looked for Mr. Shirley in vain hopes that he might save her, but in the moment of mortal danger he thought only of self, and she saw him going through a window at the farther end of the room which led to the fire escape and several of her companions followed. She tried to go after them, but she could not move, then she turned toward the entrance, but it was entirely cut off by flames which were rapidly advancing toward her. Now the fire escape, too, was surrounded and there seemed no hope.

"Oh, God save me!" she cried in

mortal agony. "Oh, Holy Mother, do not let me die here!"

With a superior strength she sprang upon the table and flung open a window intending to jump, but her courage failed for she was on the third floor. The flames had almost reached her now, and she felt the flesh on her face blistering. Once she looked toward the church as if to draw strength from the sight of the sign of salvation on the tower, then glanced at the throng below just in time to see a familiar form running rapidly toward the burning mill. It was Jack Grimes, and he had caught sight of her at the same moment that a brave fireman below had seen her. Quickly as possible, although it seemed a long time to her, a ladder was raised to the window. She grasped the top of it as if assured of her safety now but when she made an effort to step on it she could not move. No sooner had the ladder been placed than Jack was at its foot, and meaning no rudeness he pushed aside the fireman who was about to ascend. The man turned to the stranger who was apparently to interfere with his duty, but by this time Jack was half way up the ladder, and it was evident that the safest way was to leave him alone and hope for the best, although his strange conduct could not be understood. As quickly as the most experienced fireman could have done he had reached the ground with the almost lifeless form of the girl who had fainted in his arms.

"Thank God, my Margaret's life is saved," and he kissed her scorched brow as he laid her down on a blanket some one had brought, and he knelt beside her until she was taken away in the ambulance; then he hurried back to the church hoping to find Nellie to have her accompany him to the hospital. He was none too soon for she had just reached the church door after having made her thanksgiving, and had discovered the result of the explosion.

"Oh, Jack! my poor sister, is she dying in that burning building?" she asked in terror.

"No, Nellie, she is safe in the Sister's hospital, come we will go to her," and without another word the two rapidly hurried away.

Margaret was not dead, but she had been so completely overcome by fire and smoke that she was in a most critical condition. Her burns were very serious, and only the most tender care for a few days could save her life. The truth was wisely kept from Nellie who at first was not allowed to even see her sister, but when it was learned that Jack was an old friend from home he was told of the danger. The days that elapsed before the crisis was passed were days of bitter sufferings to him, made all the more sad by the fact that for love of the younger sister he tried to keep the truth from her. So successful was he both on his own part and in causing the attendants to keep silent that Nellie, who after the second day was allowed much time with her sister, never knew how near death she had been until the danger was over, and she was on a fair way to recovery.

CHAPTER VI.

HOME AGAIN.—The bright month of May had come again, and once more the fragrance of the apple blossoms filled the air. At an early hour Jack's wagon stood in Mr. Norton's yard waiting for that man, for the girls were coming home to-day, and Jack would not permit their father to go alone to meet them. The bottom of the wagon was filled with blankets and pillows to make a bed for Margaret who was just able to be moved. The poor girl was very sore from the effects of burns far more serious than had at first been thought, and they were obliged to lift her with the greatest care. She returned her father's kind greeting with joy, but when she heard Jack's voice she was unable to speak and silently permitted the two men to carry her to the bed in the wagon, while Nellie sat beside her and held her head in her lap.

"How good it is to be near home again," the invalid said wearily, when they were started. "How fragrant the apple blossoms are, and how sweetly the birds sing."

"Yes, dear, they are giving us a glad welcome home."

"How I wish I could see them," sighed Margaret.

"I hope you may be able to see soon."

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"I hope you may be able to see soon."

hardest part of it is to think of the burden I must be to others."

"Do not worry about that sister, we should only be thankful that your life has been saved, and it is easy to care for those we love."

Many of the neighbors were out to meet the girls and Nellie had a bright smile for them all, but Margaret, the one they most wished to see, was at her own request kept hidden; for she said that she could not have her friends staring on her disfigured face yet, so Nellie carefully drew a heavy veil over her face as Jack carried her in the house, and respectfully declined the offered services of her friends.

Over the long weary days spent in the hospital I will not dwell. Margaret at Jack's request has been given a good room which Nellie was permitted to occupy with her and nothing that his money could buy was denied her. He remained in the city only until the danger was over; and then, without bidding good-bye to the invalid, who knew not of his presence, he went home, leaving orders with Nellie and the Sisters to deny the sufferer nothing, but on no condition was she to know whose money paid for it. As soon as it was deemed safe to move her she was sent home.

Under the watchful care of her mother and through the kindness of the neighbors whom Margaret permitted one after another to come into her room a few days after her return, she regained strength quite rapidly, and was soon able to walk out. The burns were all healed, but they had left deep, ugly scars which were worse on her face. Her beauty was gone forever, and not even those dearest