

black mare Diana. It seemed at first as if he did not intend to stop, and Priscilla's heart turned sick with disappointment and surprise, for John seldom passed the cottage without pausing for a few words with her at least.

But just beyond the gate he pulled up the mare with a jerk.

"I hear you've come in for a big fortune, Priscilla," he said, as he swung himself from the saddle. "I suppose I ought to congratulate you."

"Wait until the fortune is really mine," said Priscilla.

"Oh, there seems to be no doubt that you'll have it," said John, gloomily. "And I can't afford to wait, for probably I shall leave here in a day or two."

The colour died out of Priscilla's face. For a moment she could not utter a word.

"What do you mean, John?" she asked, when she could command her voice.

"Only that I've had an offer for the farm, and I think I'll take it. I want to try ranch life in Colorado. Cicely's going to be married next month, you know, and there'll be nothing to keep me here."

He did not look at her as he spoke, but kept his eyes on the ground.

Priscilla said nothing in reply. She was asking herself what could be the cause of the change in her lover. She could not understand it. He was usually radiant with good humour, and she had expected to talk freely with him of her changed prospects, but his air of gloom and the coldness of his manner did not invite confidence.

Her heart was very heavy when he had ridden away again, and as she washed the supper dishes and put the kitchen in order for the night, she was scarcely conscious what she was doing, so occupied was her mind with thoughts of John Morris. It was almost a year since he had begun to be attentive to her. He had met her often as she was leaving the schoolhouse at 4 o'clock, and had walked home with her, leading his horse by the bridle, and saying all sorts of pleasant things, which, while neither brilliant nor witty, made Priscilla's heart beat fast, and gave her the assurance that she was beloved.

He had made a practice, too, of coming to tea on Sunday evenings, and lately had referred more than once to his dread of being very lonely when Cicely should be gone, and only old Sarah Cole left to keep him company.

And Priscilla had fondly imagined this was the prelude to asking her to make Cloverdale her home.

"Seems to me you're awful quiet this evenin', Priscilla," said her mother who was knitting by the light of a kerosene lamp. "You don't seem a bit pleased over your fortune."

Her fortune! Priscilla had, in her misery, forgotten all about that. What did it matter if she were rich or poor if John Morris were to be hundreds of miles away from her, roughing it on a Colorado ranch?

She cried herself to sleep that night, and dreamed that she saw John Morris married to a Colorado girl, who was terribly old and ugly and walked with a limp.

She was reminded of her dream the next morning when Cicely Morris stepped in on her way to the village, eager to talk to Priscilla about old Matthew's money.

It was Saturday, and there was no school, and Priscilla was at home busy making cake. It was a jelly cake, and the jelly was laid very thick between the thin loaves—just as John liked it. For Priscilla cherished the hope that John might come to tea as usual the next evening.

"You don't look a bit like an heiress, Priscilla," said Cicely.—"You're as sober as an owl."

"What ought I to do?" asked Priscilla.

"Well, I don't know exactly; I never saw an heiress before.—I'll read up the subject and let you know. Are you going to the funeral this afternoon? But of course you are. Everybody's going; everybody except John. He has gone to Barnesville, and won't be back till night. I shouldn't wonder if he were courting Amelia Bacon."

The knife with which Priscilla was spreading jelly dropped to the table with a clatter. She pulled open the table drawer, and bent over it, pretending to be searching for something.

"Who is Amelia Bacon?" she asked.

"A girl he met at the country fair last year. She lives in Barnesville," answered Cicely.

"Is she ugly?" asked Priscilla, remembering her dream.

Cicely stared at her a moment.

"What a queer question," she said. "No; she's perfectly lovely. But she isn't the sort of a girl to get along on a farm. John ought not to think of her for a moment."

Mrs. Hackett came in just then to see if Priscilla intended to wear mourning to the funeral, and so the subject of the fair Amelia was dropped. But enough had been said to add considerably to the weight of Priscilla's heart, and she began to feel as if the gulf between herself and John was getting very wide indeed.

The funeral was a long, dismal affair, the discourse commonplace and tedious; and Priscilla was very glad when it was all over, and she was at liberty to return home.

She had hardly removed her bonnet and the black dress she had worn out of respect to her Aunt Hackett's idea of decorum, when Mr. Simpson, her late grandfather's lawyer, called to see her. His manner was the very essence of respect. It seemed to Priscilla that he did not forget for a moment that she had inherited old Matthew's money.

"There's been a thorough search made for the will, Miss Carew," he said. "But it hasn't been found. I can't account for its loss, for Mr. Pounce wasn't a man to burn one will before he had made another. And his heart was set on building an hospital for old men; he spoke of it to me very often. But as things are, you're the heir, and you can move into the stone house to-morrow if you like."

"I think I'll wait awhile," said Priscilla, coolly. "I want to be on the safe side, and the will may yet be found."

"There's not much chance of it," said Mr. Simpson, but he did not argue the matter.

Priscilla put on her best dress and tied a pink ribbon at her throat on Sunday evening, for, in spite of what Cicely had said about Amelia Bacon, she felt that there was a chance that John might come.

But hour after hour passed and he did not appear, and only Mrs. Carew tasted the jelly cake at supper. Priscilla would not touch it. She told herself she was sorry she had been so foolish as to make it, and that she might have known there'd be no one to eat it except her mother.

"Let him go to Colorado," she thought, as at nine o'clock she repaired to her own room. "I sha'n't say anything against it, and he can marry that Amelia Bacon. I don't care!"

She cried herself to sleep, nevertheless, and looked like a ghost when she came downstairs the next morning.

She rode to the schoolhouse after breakfast in Farmer Nesbitt's light waggon, having thankfully accepted the offer of a "lift," but before she had driven a rod she wished she had gone on foot as usual, for Mr. Nesbitt began at once to talk of John Morris.

"John told me last evenin' that he had to give an answer to-morrow about the farm," said the old man. "He seems set on goin' to Colorado, an' won't wait no longer'n to get Sissy married. I don't see who first give him the notion o' gain'. I allers thought John one o' the steady sort."

Priscilla was glad when the schoolhouse was reached and she could escape the sound of her lover's name. But she found it hard to give her thoughts to her work, and her teaching that morning was purely mechanical. She could not forget for a moment that John was going to Colorado.

At recess, as she sat at her desk trying to give her mind to the correction of some examples in multiplication, she was surprised to see her Aunt Hackett enter, breathless and excited.

"Priscilla, I've got some awful news to tell you," she cried, as she threw herself exhausted into the nearest seat. "Try to bear it, child. They've found the will—tucked away in an old dictionary. And you won't get a penny—not a penny. It all goes to a hospital. Oh, ain't it shameful! I declare, I could 'a'burst out cryin' when I heard it."

Priscilla had started to her feet as her aunt began to speak, but now sank into her chair again.

"I always supposed they'd find the will, Aunt Hackett," she said. "I never felt at all like an heiress. And you see I wasn't born to good luck, after all."

Mrs. Hackett was amazed at her niece's coolness.

"Never in my life did I see anybody take news as easy as Priscilla," she said later, in telling her story of her call at the school house. "If anything, she seemed glad she lost her fortune."

It was a long, weary day to the young school teacher, and she was detained at her desk later than usual, having to prepare some work for the morrow. It was nearly 6 o'clock when she locked the school house door behind her, and turned away—to see John Morris standing under a tree not a yard off.

"I've been waiting for you, Priscilla," he said, as he took from her the pile of books she was carrying. "I want to tell you that I'm not going to Colorado, after all."

"Not going!" exclaimed Priscilla. "Why have you given it up?"

"Because you've lost your fortune, Priscilla, and I want to take the place of it, if you'll have me, darling. I couldn't ask you to be my wife if you were going to be rich, Priscilla, but—"

"And—Amelia Bacon," interrupted Priscilla. "Cicely told me—"

"A lot of nonsense. She told me about it, dear. She only wanted to find out if you really cared for me. Do you Priscilla?"

It was quite dark when Priscilla entered the snug kitchen of her humble home, where her mother and aunt were discussing over the tea table the loss of old Matthew's money, and wondering why Priscilla didn't come home to discuss it with them.

The girl's eyes shone like stars—her cheeks were flushed and her mouth smiling.

"Aunt Hackett," she said, bending over that comely little woman to press a kiss on her still smooth cheek, "you were right. I was born to good luck."

"Whatever do you mean, Priscilla? Gracious! to look at you one wouldn't suppose you had just lost a fortune."

"I've lost one and found another," laughed Priscilla.

And then she told them about John.—Exchange.

Three-fourths or more of the Catholics of Great Britain are Irish; nearly all of the Australian Catholics are Irish; the proportion of Irish in the Catholic population of South Africa is very great, and a considerable percentage of the Catholics of Canada and Newfoundland. That would give us close on six millions and a half; and we would not be much out in fixing the number at six and a quarter and six and a half millions.

It is said to be the intention of the Emperor of Japan to make the Catholic the religion of his empire. He is said to look upon Catholicity with great favour, and has expressed himself as much pleased with and strongly favourable towards the coming Council of the Church in his dominions. In many parts of Japan our missionaries have found traditions, and even practices of the faith preached there more than two hundred years ago.

The committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund announces some important discoveries at the Pool of Bethesda. A fresco has been discovered on a wall of the crypt of the ancient church which marks the Pool. It represents an angel troubling the water, and thus shows that in the days of the Crusades the place was fully recognised as the spot mentioned in Biblical history.