

either way, which proved her to be a diplomat. Not being in the confidence of his fellow-boarders, Ernest failed to hear the gossip which said that Miss Townley was only flirting with him for her own amusement and incidentally to tantalise another swain. He would not have believed it anyway, for his faith in Miss Townley grew day by day. Likewise his admiration. He was sure she liked him. If he might only claim her for his own he would be as happy as a king. He still wrote to Emma, but it was a greater effort every time. The letters grew more and more uninteresting. He knew they must be, but he was growing reckless and did not care. The memory of his engagement galled him more and more every day. He had been an ass, a fool, to limit his prospects so. Meanwhile he took Ida to the theatre and whatever else his pocket could afford. Of course he had no time to run up to Loneville. Emma had looked for him at first, but gradually a conviction that he would not come came to her.

'Ain't it about time Ernest would come out?' her mother would say, and the poor girl's pride would force her to formulate some excuse that passed for the moment. Fortunately their troubles were great enough to take Ernest off her mind at times. Their financial difficulties were as great as ever, and there remained but thirty days to pay the five hundred dollars. And they had not five hundred cents to spare.

'Guess be the looks o' things we'll be out o' this domicile by next month,' the farmer said one evening at the supper table. He had not eaten much, and though he made the announcement as he might have discussed the weather, Emma knew it was breaking his heart. She looked away with a sudden mist of tears in her eyes. That night she prayed as one prays once in a lifetime, and the next morning a letter came from Ernest. For a long time after she opened it she sat gazing stonily before her. It began:

Dear Em—

You will forgive me when you understand as I do the necessity of this, but I find we two were not made for each other as we thought. I could never go back to Loneville under the same old circumstances. Time has changed everything for me, and I see now that we were foolish and unwise. It may seem harsh, but it is better so. I feel you will be far more happy with some one else. Under these circumstances you will surely agree with me that it is better to break our engagement now.

Ever your cordial friend,

ERNEST

It was her mother's step that roused her and caused her to gather her wits and the letter together for the morning's mail, and so tried to dismiss him from her life. As for Ernest, now that the disagreeable task was done with he felt relieved. Thenceforth Loneville for him became but an abstract theory, the only thing that filled his thoughts being Ida Townley. That young person still smiled sweetly upon him, and even the gossips admitted it was a pretty long flirtation.

About a week after the receipt of Ernest's letter Emma was sitting drearily and sleeplessly by her bedroom window, which, being in the rear of the house, looked out on the farm. It was past midnight and a warm moonlit night. The girl had crept to the window to soothe the pain in her heart, if possible. Suddenly a huge dark shadow shot up out of the earth some distance from the house. It went to a great height and stood shimmering and trembling in the moonlight. A dull rushing roar accompanied this uncalled-for apparition and served to convince Emma that she was not dreaming. Alarmed, she watched it as if fascinated, while the huge body changed its outline every moment. What could it be? She leaned out of the window and felt her cheek touched

with a sudden moisture. At the same moment her father stepped out from below. She called down to him:

'What is it father? It frightened me, it sprang into the night so suddenly. What a noise it makes.'

'Hush, child, I am going out to see.' He stepped into the house and reappeared with the two boys. Emma hurriedly dressed and was soon beside them.

'It's—it's a waterspout sure' said one of her brothers. 'It will drown the house out.'

'It'll spoil them potatoes,' said the other. 'It's just in the patch I put in shape to-day—see! it's flooded it already.'

As they walked toward the towering column the wind carried a shower of spray which quickly saturated their clothing.

'Ugh! It's grease—not water,' said Emma suddenly.

'There comes old Hunter to see what's up,' said her brother, as the figure of that worthy came hurrying across the fields in the moonlight.

'Well, neighbor—what the dickens do ye call this?' he began. 'The n'ise o' the thing woke me up. Thinks I this is suthin' uncommon, so I just lit out.'

For a moment the party gazed at it in silence. A huge geyser of mud and some black oily substance that smelled strongly of petroleum was shooting up into the moonlit sky, with a roar that was momentarily increasing, while the low-lying land below was already a miniature lake. Emma turned and looked at her father. His face was strangely white. Old Sol Hunter gave a sniff or two, then a whoop.

'Whoa! It's de! By Jingo—it's de! He—a bustin' out o' this field like fireworks! Gallons o' de Bar'l's—Yes sir—Bar'l's! I'll bet there's just a thousand a minute goin' up in the air. He, smell it. The Parrish luck, by guger! but good luck this time. Joel, I'm proud to know ye—ye'll be a rich man before morning.'

After a time the group went back to the house, the two sons and the father and daughter. On the threshold they turned again to watch that wonderful column.

'It seems too good, father. an hour ago we were almost beggars, now—'

'Now,' he repeated. 'Now we are rich, child. Do you hear? Rich beyond our wildest dreams—and most of all—I thank God for your sake.' He bowed his head for a moment while the girl kissed him.

'Now, daughter, try and get some rest. We must wait till morning before we get too sure 'bout anything. It may not be all we claim for it—though I think it is. There's your mother. Don't let her get too excited.'

Emma turned away. There was her mother with the two little girls.

'Well! Joel Parrish she began, 'of all things! Not a soul left in the house but me and the little ones—and in the middle of the night too! Whatever has happened now?'

'Oh mother, it's great, good fortune this time' began Emma.

'My!' cried the mother, catching sight of the geyser for the first time. 'Joel—what is it?' She looked terrified until he explained, then she sank down overcome.

'And we'll be rich you say? Joel Emma!—your sure you ain't jokin'! We won't have to pay you say?'

'We'll have to pay' said her husband, 'but if this is oil—and it seems to be—payin' 'll be easy.'

Soon the moonlight began to wane and the column took on a dull brownish hue in the ghostly light of the new-born day. The family did no more sleeping, but spent the time walking from the new wonder to the house. By daylight a crowd of neighbors had gathered about the wonder, to speculate, and to tubilate. 'He! He!' was heard on every side. The Parrish luck had changed with a vengeance. By dinner

time Joe Parrish was a person to be deferred to. His ideas had to be respected. Three of the wealthiest neighbors made him successive offers for the potato patch, that given a day before would have turned his head. But he waved them aside. 'I ain't sellin',' he said calmly. By evening all the papers of the country had Parrish printed in large letters on their front pages, and the world was talking of the new oil fields at Loneville. Before the week was out Joel had raised a loan and paid off the mortgage, while a horde of people—speculators, gamblers, and what not—invaded the once lonely Texas farm. The 'gusher' had come to stay. Experts pronounced the product petroleum of a good price.

With the rest of the world Ernest read of the Parrish luck and in the privacy of his own room adjudged himself an idiot of the first order. 'I'd cut my hand off to recall that letter,' he observed mentally. It plunge him into such painful reminiscence that he even forgot Ida. When he went to bed he dreamed of 'gushers,' and Emma, and himself walking off down the Loneville road. He grew desperate and had the bad taste to compose a letter to Emma. It came back two days later with this inscription written across in a strange scrawl. 'Don't advertise your fool ways like this—I wouldn't if I was you.' He knew Emma had never seen it then, but doubtless her father had, and this was the result.

One day he was riding his wheel home to dinner. It was a crowded street, with carriages, pedestrians, and bicycles all mextricably mixed in an effort to get somewhere. A team of spirited horses loomed suddenly upon him and to save himself he sprawled into the gutter with his machine. Angry he looked up. There was an impressive-looking coachman in gray on the box, and behind in luxurious ease, were Emma and her mother! Yes, Emma and looking like a princess, now—the girl who might have been his! Both women saw him, and knew him, as the elder woman showed by the scornful curve of her lip. As for Emma, her face whitened for a moment, then she gazed straight ahead without a tremor. Then Ernest, knowing he had lost her for ever, picked himself up and slunk off in the crowd. He went back to Ida, but she changed her mind and took the other gentleman.

Emma Parrish has gone abroad to complete her studies, her father, as treasurer of the Banner Oil Company, being well able to afford this diversion. The boys are at college—and Ernest is still drawing fifteen a week at the dry goods store—'Donahoe's Magazine.'

Catholic World

CANADA.—Royal Visitors.

On the occasion of their visit to Niagara Falls, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York were entertained to lunch by the nuns of the Loretto Convent, Niagara.

ENGLAND.—Benedictine Monks.

The Benedictine monks of Solesmes have now taken up their quarters at Appletoncombe, Wrexall, Isle of Wight, and are carrying on community life as at Solesmes. The Rev. Dom Mocquereau, is the most learned musical scientist now living on the Gregorian chant of St. Gall's, and he is especially interested in the share which Irish monks had in the ninth century in cultivating the liturgical chant of the Church. Just before the dissolution of Duiske Abbey, County Kilkenny, several of the Irish choir monks went to the monastery of St. James at Rathson, and there they perpetuated the Irish traditional form of singing plain chant.