

not the word. It was, if you married unworthily."

Ramona reflected. "I never recollect the words," she said. "I was too frightened; but I thought that was what it meant. I did not marry unworthily. Do you feel sure, Felipe, that it would be honest for me to take them for my child?"

"Perfectly," said Felipe.

"Do you think Father Salvierderra would say I ought to keep them?"

"I am sure of it, dear."

"I will think about it, Felipe. I cannot decide hastily. Your mother did not think I had any right to them if I married Alessandro. That was why she showed them to me. I never knew of them till then. I took one thing—a handkerchief of my father's. I was very glad to have it; but it got lost when we went from San Pasquale. Alessandro rode back a half day's journey to find it for me; but it had blown away. I grieved sorely for it."

The next day Ramona said to Felipe: "Dear Felipe, I have thought it all over about those jewels. I believe it will be right for my daughter to have them. Can there be some kind of a paper written for me to sign, to say that if she dies they are all to be given to the Church—to Father Salvierderra's College, in Santa Barbara? That is where I would rather have them go."

"Yes, dear," said Felipe; "and then we will put them in some safer place. I will take them to Los Angeles when I go. It is wonderful no one has stolen them all these years!"

And so a second time the Ortega jewels were passed on, by a written bequest, into the keeping of that mysterious, certain, uncertain thing we call the future, and delude ourselves with the fancy that we can have much to do with its shaping.

Life ran smoothly in the Moreno household—smoothly to the eye. Nothing could be more peaceful, fairer to see, than the routine of its days, with the simple pleasures, light tasks, and easy diligence of all. Summer and winter were alike sunny, and had each its own joys. There was not an antagonistic or jarring element; and flitting back and forth, from veranda to veranda, garden to garden, room to room, equally at home and equally welcome everywhere, there went perpetually, running, frisking, laughing, rejoicing, the little child that had so strangely drifted into this happy shelter—the little Ramona. As unconscious of aught sad or fateful in her destiny as the blossoms with which it was her delight to play, she sometimes seemed to her mother to have been from the first in some mysterious way disconnected from it, removed, set free from all that could ever by any possibility link her to sorrow.

Ramona herself bore no impress of sorrow; rather her face had now an added radiance. There had been a period, soon after her return, when she felt that she for the first time waked to the realisation of her bereavement; when every sight, sound, and place seemed to cry out, mocking her with the name and the memory of Alessandro. But she wrestled with this absorbing grief as with a sin; setting her will steadfastly to the purposes of each day's duty, and, most of all, to the duty of joyfulness. She repeated to herself Father Salvierderra's sayings, till she more than knew them by heart; and she spent long hours of the night in prayer, as it had been his wont to do.

No one but Felipe dreamed of these vigils and wrestlings. He knew them; and he knew, too, when they ceased, and the new light of a new victory diffused itself over Ramona's face: but neither did the first dishearten, nor the latter encourage him. Felipe was a clearer-sighted lover now than he had been in his earlier youth. He knew that into the world where Ramona really lived he did not so much as enter: yet her every act, word, look,

was full of loving thoughtfulness of and for him, loving happiness in his companionship. And while this was so, all Felipe's unrest could not make him unhappy.

There were other causes entering into this unrest besides his yearning desire to win Ramona for his wife. Year by year the conditions of life in California were growing more distasteful to him. The methods, aims, standards of the fast incoming Americans were to him odious. Their boasted successes, their crowding of colonies, schemes of settlement and development—all were disagreeable and irritating. The passion for money and reckless spending of it, the great fortunes made in one hour, thrown away in another, savoured to Felipe's mind more of brigandage and gambling than of the occupations of gentlemen. He loathed them. Life under the new government grew more and more intolerable to him, both his hereditary instincts and prejudices and his temperament revolted. He found himself more and more alone in this country. Even the Spanish tongue was less and less spoken. He was beginning to yearn for Mexico—for Mexico, which he had never seen, yet yearned for like an exile. There he might yet live among men of his own race and degree, and of congenial beliefs and occupations. Whenever he thought of this change, always came the quick memory of Ramona. Would she be willing to go? Could it be that she felt a bond to this land, in which she had known nothing but suffering?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Elephant Remembered.

Five months ago a small boy, with several companions, was feeding one of the elephants in the zoo in Schenley Park, Pittsburgh, Pa., known as Gusky. He handed her buns on a nail fastened in the end of a long stick.

The boy for fun jabbed the nail deep into the elephant's trunk, and then ran away.

The other day the same boy visited the zoo. Suddenly the elephant threw her trunk in the air, and trumpeting, made a rush at the boy.

Keeper Andy Neelan, seized a pitchfork and ran for the elephant shouting "Back!"

For the first time in her life Gusky refused to obey. She had thrown the boy up against the side of the shed and was rushing for him with her trunk. In a moment more she would have trampled him under her feet. The keeper thrust the fork into her shoulder, and forced her back, saving the boy's life. Gusky sank into a corner and gazed appealingly at the keeper, but she was beaten.

The crying, frightened boy at first denied that he had ever hurt Gusky, but finally confessed. Neelan warned him never to come there again, adding: "If you ever see that elephant anywhere you start to run, because she'll be after you. She will know you twenty years hence."

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