

happy except she was at it. Luckily for her, beans are the one crop never omitted or stinted on a Mexican estate; and for sake of old Juanita they stored every year in the Moreno house rooms full of beans in the pod (tons of them, one would think), enough to feed an army. But then, it was like a little army even now, the Senora's household; nobody ever knew exactly how many women were in the kitchen, or how many men in the fields. There were always women cousins, or brothers' wives or widows or daughters, who had come to stay, or men cousins, or sisters' husbands or sons, who were stopping on their way up or down the valley. When it came to the pay-roll, Senor Felipe knew to whom he paid wages; but who were fed and lodged under his roof, that was quite another thing. It could not enter into the head of a Mexican gentleman to make either count or account of that. It would be a disgraceful, niggardly thought.

To the Senora it seemed as if there were no longer any people about the place. A beggarly handful, she would have said, hardly enough to do the work of the house, or of the estate, sadly as the latter had dwindled. In the General's day, it had been a free-handed boast of his that never less than fifty persons—men, women, and children—were fed within his gates each day, how many more he did not care nor know. But that time had indeed gone, gone for ever; and though a stranger, seeing the sudden rush and muster at door and window which followed on old Marda's letting fly the water at Juan's head, would have thought, "Good heavens, do all those women, children, and babies belong to that one house!" the Senora's sole thought, as she at that moment went past the gate, was "Poor things! how few there are left of them! I am afraid old Marda has to work too hard. I must spare Margarita more from the house to help her." And she sighed deeply, and unconsciously held her rosary nearer to her heart, as she went into the house and entered her son's bedroom. The picture she saw there was one to thrill any mother's heart, and as it met her eye, she paused on the threshold for a second—only a second, however; and nothing could have astonished Felipe Moreno so much as to have been told that at the very moment when his mother's calm voice was saying to him, "Good morning, my son, I hope you have slept well, and are better," there was welling up in her heart a passionate ejaculation, "O my glorious son! The saints have sent me in him the face of his father! He is fit for a kingdom!"

The truth is, Felipe Moreno was not fit for a kingdom at all. If he had been, he would not have been so ruled by his mother without ever finding it out. But so far as mere physical beauty goes, there never was a king born whose face, statue, and bearing would set off a crown or a throne, or any of the things of which the outside of royalty is made up, better than would Felipe Moreno's. And it was true, as the Senora said, whether the saints had anything to do with it or not, that he had the face of his father. So strong a likeness is seldom seen. When Felipe once, on the occasion of a grand celebration and procession, put on the gold-wrought velvet mantle, gaily embroidered short breeches fastened at the knee with red ribbons, and gold-and-silver-trimmed sombrero, which his father had worn twenty-five years before, the Senora fainted at her first look at him—fainted and fell; and when she opened her eyes and saw the same splendid, gaily arrayed, dark bearded man, bonding over her in distress, with words of endearment and alarm, she fainted again.

"Mother, mother mia," cried Felipe, "I will not wear them if it makes you

feel like this! Let me take them off. I will not go to their cursed parade," and he sprang to his feet, and began with trembling fingers to unbuckle the sword-belt.

"No, no, Felipe," faintly cried the Senora, from the ground. "It is my wish that you wear them;" and staggering to her feet, with a burst of tears, she rebuckled the old sword belt, which her fingers had so many times—never unknissed—buckled, in the days when her husband had bade her farewell and gone forth to the uncertain fates of war. "Wear them!" she cried, with gathering fire in her tones, and her eyes dry of tears—"wear them, and let the American hounds see what a Mexican officer and gentleman looked like before they had set their base usurping feet on our necks!" And she followed him to the gate, and stood erect, bravely waving her handkerchief as he galloped off, till he was out of sight. Then with a changed face and a bent head she crept slowly to her room, locked herself in, fell on her knees before the Madonna at the head of her bed, and spent the greater part of the day praying that she might be forgiven, and that all heretics might be discomfited. From which part of these supplications she derived most comfort is easy to imagine.

Juan Canito had been right in his sudden surmise that it was for Father Salvierderra's coming that the sheep-shearing was being delayed, and not in consequence of Senor Felipe's illness, or by the non-appearance of Luigo and his flock of sheep. Juan would have chuckled to himself still more at his perspicacity had he overheard the conversation going on between the Senora and her son, at the very time when he, half asleep on the veranda, was, as he would have called it, putting two and two together, and convincing himself that old Juan was as smart as they were, and not to be kept in the dark by all their reticence and equivocation.

"Juan Can is growing very impatient about the sheep-shearing," said the Senora. "I suppose you are still of the same mind about it, Felipe—that it is better to wait till Father Salvierderra comes? As the only chance those Indians have of seeing him is here, it would seem a Christian duty to so arrange it, if it be possible, but Juan is very restive. He cannot forget that you were a boy on his knee. Now I, for my part, am like to forget that you were ever anything but a man for me to lean on."

Felipe turned his handsome face toward his mother with a beaming smile of filial affection and gratified manly vanity. "Indeed, my mother, if I can be sufficient for you to lean on, I will ask nothing more of the saints;" and he took his mother's thin and wasted little hands, both at once, in his own strong right hand, and carried them to his lips as a lover might have done. "You will spoil me, mother," he said. "you make me so proud."

"No, Felipe, it is I who am proud," promptly replied the mother, "and I do not call it being proud, only grateful to God for having given me a son wise enough to take his father's place, and guide and protect me through the few remaining years I have to live. I shall die content, seeing you at the head of the estate, and living as a Mexican gentleman should; that is, so far as now remains possible in this unfortunate country. But about the sheep-shearing, Felipe. Do you wish to have it begun before the Father is here? Of course, Alessandro is already with his band. It is but two days' journey for a messenger to bring him. Father Salvierderra cannot be here before the 10th of the month. He leaves Santa Barbara on the 1st, and he will walk all the way—a good six days' journey, for he is old now and feeble, then he must stop at Ventura for a Sunday,

and a day at the Ortega's ranch, and at the Lopez's there, there is a christening. Yes, the 10th is the very earliest that he can be here—near two weeks from now. So far as your getting up is concerned, it might perhaps be next week. You will be nearly well by that time."

"Yes, indeed," laughed Felipe, stretching himself out in the bed and giving a kick to the bedclothes that made the high bedposts and the fringed canopy roof shake and creak; "I am well now, if it were not for this cursed weakness when I stand on my feet. I believe it would do me good to be out of doors."

In truth, Felipe had been hankering for the sheep-shearing himself. It was a brisk, busy, holiday sort of time to him, hard as he worked in it, and two weeks looked long to wait.

"It is always thus after a fever," said his mother. "The weakness lasts many weeks. I am not sure that you will be strong enough even in two weeks to do the packing, but, as Juan Can said this morning, he stood at the packing-bag when you were a boy, and there was no need of waiting for you for that!"

"He said that, did he?" exclaimed Felipe wrathfully. "The old man is getting insolent. I'll tell him that nobody will pack the sacks but myself, while I am master here; and I will have the sheep-shearing when I please, and not before."

"I suppose it would not be wise to say that it is not to take place till the Father comes, would it?" asked the Senora, hesitatingly, as if the thing were evenly-balanced in her mind. "The Father has not that hold on younger men he used to have, and I have thought that even in Juan himself I have detected a remissness. The spirit of unbelief is spreading in the country since the Americans are running up and down seeking money, like dogs with their noses to the ground! It might vex Juan if he knew that you were waiting only for the Father. What do you think?"

"I think it is enough for him to know that the sheep-shearing waits for my pleasure," answered Felipe, still wrathful, "and that is the end of it." And so it was; and, moreover, precisely the end which Senora Moreno had had in her own mind from the beginning; but not even Juan Canito himself suspected its being solely her purpose, and not her son's. As for Felipe, if any one had suggested to him that it was his mother, and not he, who had decided that the sheep-shearing would better be deferred until the arrival of Father Salvierderra from Santa Barbara, and that nothing should be said on the ranch about this being the real reason of the postponing, Felipe would have stared in astonishment, and have thought that person either crazy or a fool.

To attain one's ends in this way is the consummate triumph of art. Never to appear as a factor in the situation; to be able to wield other men, as instruments, with the same direct and implicit response to will that one gets from a hand or a foot—this is triumph, indeed, to be as nearly controller and conqueror of Fates as fate permits. There have been men, prominent in the world's affairs at one time and another, who have sought and studied such a power and have acquired it to a great degree. By it they have manipulated legislators, ambassadors, sovereigns, and have grasped, held, and played with the destinies of empires. But it is to be questioned whether even in these notable instances there has ever been so marvellous completeness of success as is sometimes seen in the case of a woman in whom the power is an instinct and not an attainment; a passion rather than a purpose. Between the two results, between the two processes, there is just that difference

which is always to be seen between the stroke of talent and the stroke of genius.

Senora Moreno's was the stroke of genius. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Certificate of Registry.

Whereas by the application of the Ancient Order of Ribermansoi Ontario, made pursuant to the Insurance Corporation Act, 1892, it has been made to appear to the undersigned, the Registrar of Friendly Societies for the Province of Ontario, that the said applicant is entitled to registry as a Friendly Society.

Now therefore, this is to certify that the said Friendly Society is accordingly registered for the transaction of insurance against sickness and death in the Province of Ontario, for the term beginning on the 2nd day of December, 1892, and ending on the 1st day of June, 1893, subject to the provisions of the aforesaid Act.

Entered on Friendly Society register 43, folio 5.

Signed J. HOWARD HUNTER,
Registrar of Friendly Societies.

Signed WILL J. VALE, Entry Clerk.

What's In a Name

The so-called Benedictine abbey at Charteux, in France, which was destroyed a year ago, was a distillery, established in the buildings (which before the revolution, had been a Benedictine monastery) by a sharp man of business, who found in "Benedictine" a useful trade name for the potent liqueur he made there. On the occasion of the fire the newspapers working up the subject descriptively gave a picture of the black-robed Benedictines working with the firemen to save the place. Such is the legend that can be built upon a name.

The promptness with which Ayer's Cherry Pectoral stops a hacking cough and induces refreshing sleep is something marvelous. It never fails to give instant relief, even in the worst cases of throat and lung trouble, and is the best remedy for whooping cough.

The Pope has recently received from the converted savages of New Guinea a curious present, consisting of three crowns made of the feathers of the Upti birds. These crowns, united together, form a tiara.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Biko's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Rev. D. Danes Moore, a Protestant missionary in the East Indies, has this to say of the Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy: "I must praise the heroic Sisters of the Catholic Church, who minister in our hospitals. They fear no pestilence, but stand night and day by the poor leper, or the cholera, or the small-pox victim. They blanch at no blood-curdling sight. They turn away at no horrible stench. They stand always and do their duty till they die, and they are loved by the suffering ones of every tongue."

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