

THE ORPHAN

By GONZALO IGNACIO DE PONREAL

ENRIQUE lay sobbing in his bed. It was a chilly night. The tapping of the rain on the roof of the house and on the leaves of the trees outside was a mournful sound. Enrique was sobbing not because he was afraid. He had been used to being alone for many dreadful nights like this.

Before his mother died a few weeks before, happiness and contentment reigned in that house, but since her death it became a

place of gloom and sorrow. His father became inconsiderate and unkind. He always went out and returned home late. Sometimes he would come home drunk, and during his drunken state he would beat Enrique at a little provocation. There

were occasions when Enrique would think of running away, but his fear, because he was only twelve years old, always overcame his desire. And then he would wish that he had a brother or a sister to keep him company.

Sometimes, lying in his bed, he wondered why her mother should die. He could not understand why other children were happy while he was not. He had heard about the good people going to

heaven after death, and the bad going to hell. He was quite sure his mother was in heaven because she was very good, kind, and loving.

"Mother, please come back to me," he sobbed. "Please take me with you."

Tired, he presently fell asleep, breathing softly in the dark.

"Enrique," a voice spoke, "I've come to see you."

"Mother! You're here! I'm happy to see you. I've been calling for you to come back. And now you're here."

"Yes, I have always heard you. That's why I've come. But don't come near me, son," the boy's mother said as he raised his arms to touch her.

"But why, Mother? I cannot understand."

"No, you cannot understand. But I shall always be with you, Enrique. So do not feel unhappy. I'm now going, son. I'm coming back, when you need me."

"Mother! I'm going with you. I'm unhappy here. Mother, don't go—yet!" the boy cried, getting up.

Two hands held him. "What happened, Enrique?" It was his father's

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THE ORIGIN OF BAIS . . .

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while I go away." Speaking thus, he tore one-half of the mountain and carried it to the Bais Bay. There he settled himself comfortably.

Soon, however, he became very lonesome. He wanted his wife to be near him, and so he placed the other half of Mt. Camboylao beside him. Today we find the two islands in the bay, lying peacefully and dreaming of the days when they were rulers of a happy, contented people. Ukyot's wrath has not yet fully subsided, for while the mainland has abundant rice and fish, rice would not grow on the two islands and fish is seldom caught.

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voice that he now heard. "I heard you talking about Flora."

"So it was only a dream," the boy said, in a disappointed tone. "But it was so real! Mother was so real—I—I—" Enrique broke into sobs. "But she said she is coming back."

Enrique's father who was sitting on his son's bed was silent all the while. Finally he said in his old calm voice, "We shall pack up tomorrow. We shall go on a long trip far away. We shall come home in time for the opening of school. Get a nice sleep, Enrique," he said, smoothing the blanket of the boy.

Enrique felt the change in the manner of his father. He noted the old quality of his voice, calm but firm, without any trace of harshness which had of late made him sound unkind. And that gesture of smoothing the blanket—that was his mother's gesture. "Father loved Mother so much," Enrique thought. "He

SECURING A COLLECTION OF . . .

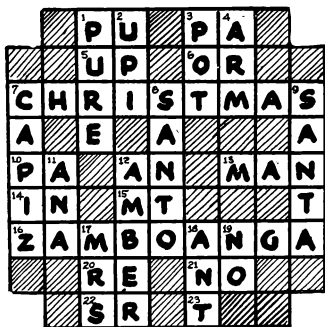
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Then, too, there are some fine specimens of Philippine marble to be had. If you live in or near Manila you can get some small specimens of marbles, both polished and unpolished, from a dealer.

You should have in your collection varieties of limestone, marble, and chalk. Quartz offers immense possibilities, and a collection could be formed by using this one kind of mineral. Alum, sulphur, and manganese can be secured from various parts of the Philippines. Local minerals are always of great interest.

You may be able to secure specimens of faulted rock, mineral veins, volcanic rock, and rocks worn or scratched by erosion.

EDUCATIONAL CROSSWORD PUZZLE

(The answer)

must have been upset by her going away—just as I have been."