FERENTANCE

[ SOATERUED FROM BIXTH PAGE ]

sppearance.

special career.

member.

call him.

am selfish, as usual.'

How delightful.

His is rether a remantio story, Mrs.

Yes, for the idea is to put him on the

stage; an old chap, a professor Gueli.

who happens to live in the same house.

found out the boy's voice, and has been

Father Malone fought against the

stage business at first, but I fancy he sees now, as we all do, that the boy is

have a chance of success away from his

VI.

From whom came the wondrous voice,

Mrs. Chauncey's Christmas 16te in aid

of homeless children, for which enter-

tainment she had thrown open to the

public her ball room and adjacent apart-

seemed strangely at home. As he timish-

ed his song people crowded about him, with the effusiveness one sees so much

of in the word of fashion, lavishing upon

the solemn eyed boy congratulations

and invitations to sing at their enter-

tainments during the coming season.

whereupon the wary professor, always

his accompanist, drew him away as soon

se might be, only stopping to say good-

bye to the hostess who was in ecstacies

overher protege, as she now began to

'I shall see you soon, very soon again,

she said to the boy; 'you have a beauti-ful voice, and I feel sure you will be a

great singer some day. I shall take care of him. Signor Gueli, she said, as she

will do us credit by e and bye; you have

done wonders already; will you leave me your address, by the way, Signor?'

marked the wily one, 'command me at

any time, I am at your service,' and

Chauncey's brougham disappear in the

distance they turned homewards, sink-

ing from fashion's heights to the de-

graded slough of poverty at every step.

The boy said very little all the way

home, too full of his own thoughts; the

professor's also were busy with ambiti-ous dreams, not altogether ill warranted

perhaps, for Mrs Chauncey was a very queen of patronesses, and liked playing

the role of Dea ex Machina beyond all

others, of which fact the poor old fellow

Mrs. Mallory was sitting with her

knitting opposite her wide open door,

waiting for Bernard to come in from

this new experience; her face very thoughtful and rather sad; seeing with

a mother's instinct the loneliness of her

future. She had done her best for the

boy, heaven could witness to that. He

was all in all to her; there might come

a time when she would be less than

nothing to him.

She had a little feast for him, hot

cakes and stewed fruit, and the little

table where they had taken their simple

meals together so happily, all these by-

gone years, was set out as neatly as pos-

sible; the fire burned brightly, and the

nificent room, and generally gorge-

ous entourage would have been a revela-

tion to er, as they had been awhile be-

fore to Bernard; a revelation that sun-

dered him unconsciously from the un-

knowing life of his childhood. He flung

himself wearily into his chair, when he

'Well, Bernard, dear?' asked his

Oh, it was very nice, mother,—s

'And how did they like your singin',

'They all came about me, and said

lots of things I don't remember; the professor knows; he'll tell you. I'm

'Are you, dear? Well, come over now and eat your supper. See, I made

potato cake for you, and nice stewed ap-

'Oh, I could'nt est, mother—indeed I

could'nt. There were all sorts of things

there, and Mrs. Chauncey brought me

over to tables laid out with such beauti

ful things-ices, she called them, and

jellies and creams. I could'nt tell you

what, but I didnt eat much; I had no

lovely grand house, and a crowd of ladies, all dressed up.

Poor mother! Mrs. Chauncey's mag-

tiny room was in perfect order,

came home at last.

mother gently.

awfully tired.

appetite, somehow.'

dear?

was well aware.

Signor Gueli departed radiant.

'With great a pleasure. Madame,' re-

When Bernard and he had seen Mrs.

Transplanted thus suddenly from his

have to get some foreign training.'

have all enjoyed a good cup like this Even Bernard, poor ei ple boy, had discovered the unutterable nastiness of Chauncey. His mother is a poor widow, working in some factory, Father Malone tells me; whe has managed, poor creathe beverage as served on these occa-

tails inc, to keep the little fellow quite to herself, and he is a most interesting boy; 'Well, well, is nt that queer, that they would'nt have the best of tea, when very picture que, quite a Murillo boy in all the other things were so grand and

'I'll tell you all about it, mother, said Bernard, 'when the table's cleared, and we're sitting at the fire,' much more cheerfully than he had yet spoken, for the tea had revived him

seaching him; of course though he'll 'Oh, it's nice to be snug at home again; I did'nt feel at home there at

Treasure these hours, mother and son: an inevitable future will give you such one of those natural artists who wouldn't | never more.

VII.

It is very interesting; I should like to see the boy if you could manage it, There had been that awful day of part-Mr. Stafford. Do you think you could? The fact is, I would dearly love to secure ing, when Bernard, ending the old life forever, had gone forth into the new; him for the Christmas fete; you see I all the boy's ambition had seemed as nothing to him when he had torn himself from his mother's despairing arms Always for sweet charity's sake, Mrs. and gone on board the big liner, most desolate of boys. And he felt that night, Chauncey; but I fancy that might be a good thing for little Bernard as well; it might be the means of finding some as he lay miserably wakeful in his nargenerous person who would send him row berth, that he would cheer ully have renounced every, hope of future success, 'Quite so; nothing more likely; so, will you see about it? You are always for the touch of the mother hand, the tone of the poor uncultured speech.

The very thought of her, lonely in the so successful about managing things.'
'You are very kind: I will try to poor familiar room, looking towards the sea which was to divide her alike from merit your praise this time at any rate; I think I shall try to see the professor at once, if you will excuse me. I hope the boy has secured your friendship, Mrs.

If such moods lasted how much would

be boy has secured your friendship, Mrs. hauncey. It seems the greatest piece fluck, his singing here to-day.'

'Rather, say God's will, Mr. Stafford,' plied the lady, who had time to be left undone, how many grand schemes relinquished? anything better than that bitter word parting. But it is the unwritten law, that the man shall go out to struggle with the world, and the Chauncey. It seems the greatest piece of luck, his singing here to-day. replied the lady, who had time to be pions in the midst of her mondaine exwoman remain at home to mourn. The 'I shall depend upon you, then, re- mother spent this night of vigil on her knees, her tears streaming over her face, and down upon the beads clasped in her

of Sorrows. Dawn came somehow, as it must after the longest night, and other none can tell; from the dead hero father, with the dark Spanish type of face, so common among certain Irish people, had the boy inherited the beauty that charmed the smart audience at the charmed the ch vacant chair, ever a mute memorial of her darling. But the brave widow bat tled sturdily with grief and loneliness. finding new strength day and night in prayer, which seemed to unite her some how to her Bernard over the sea. He

hands near as she could to the Mother

every day surroundings, to this other world of beauty and delight, the boy had no need of her now, therein lay the keenest sting. Mrs. Chauncey had taken upon herself the entire expense of his career; he would be a new excitement, this young singer, a new object upon which to expend some of her millions, and who would repay her one day by covering with his glory the name of his patroness.

No, he would never need her any more. her little boy, her baby; she would fold and refold his shabby little suits and lay them by with a loving touch and many tears, beside his little prize books won at school, of which he had been a proud long ago. 'My poor little B.r good after all, he'll pe nard,' she would sob, 'My poor, poor pleased not to find me.' little child;' for it was always as a child that she thought of him, never as a man.

sbook hands with the professor. 'He So the years went by, and made the mother old, weary and wasted with wait-

Laugh who will-cry who will-the then comes round at last.

VIII.

The world was ringing with his praises. -her Bernard,-the professor had not been mistaken, his debut had been a succes fou. Henceforth it would be his lot to be feted and courted in every capital in Europe; to wear upon his breast orders from czar and king and queen. His mother's heart glowed within her as she read his letters, full of triumph and delight.

'At last, dearest mother,' he wrote, 'I shall be able to begin to reward you. You must leave that dreary place where you have lived all these long, long years, and go into comfortable lodgings; and leave off working. It is my turn to work now instead, and you will grieve me very much. if you do not at once do as I ask. In may be some time yet before we meet, but not so very long now, after all this time. You will scarcely know me I have grown so tall; you will hardly

realize that it is I.' Following his wishes, Mrs. Mallory left the rooms where she had lived so long, and found lodgings in a quiet, pretty street up town, where she passed the next year or two, until at last her letters, and the newspapers, announced the arrival of Bernard Mallory in his

adopted country. The American public at last would have the opportunity of hearing this world renouned voice, and one quiet woman the delight of seeing again her son. Mrs. Chauncey, charmed at the prospect of his return, planned superb entertainments for her protegé, who had

so brilliantly realized her expectations. The mother arranged her simple toilet for his reception, mindful of all his likes and dislikes. He had loved violets, she told her milliner so, and begged her to put some in her quiet bonnet. With what infinite care she arrayed herself on this fateful day of his return.

At last he was coming back to her, her dear boy, the core of her heart, and she would see him, her little Bernard, a great man, honoured by all. And yet he would turn to her first and last, humble and ignorant though she was.

The great ship sailed into port, with its prowd of human beings, people hung over its side shouting greetings to their friends on shore. Str ngers gazed curi-ously at this wonderful new world lying before them; all was noise and bustle and pleasant confusion; and one woman

Sure then you'll be less likely to est YOU NEED Hood's Sarsaparilla il your blood is impure, your appeere, where things are poor enough? said the widow pathetically, as she laid tite gone, your health impaired. Noth-



she would have the best chance of seeing the one of all the crowd to her.

Was there another heart so bursting with love and joyous welcome, as this under the quiet dress? At last, she thought, at last.

came a tall handsome young man; there yours. Patrick Malone.' was a rush of people to greet him, Mrs. Chaunchy conspicuous among them, the few cruel lines were unheeded; while the professor, now a highly fash. Bernard's one thought was to reach that ionable and much sought after teacher long lost, long sought mother's hed side of singing, descended hurriedly from a and hear her dear voice bless him again. nest little brougham, as if demanding He would have the best doctors in the

the greater world, and already people away together to some beautiful country were proud of his acquaintance and place, where they would be so happy; eager for his recognition. His eyes, thus he thought as the carriage rolled roving everywhere about, suddenly met along, turning at length into streets, one white eager face, uplifted to his; once so familiar, and awakening a mythe smile died from his lips, and a look | riad sad memories. The quiet evening of intense annoyance and disappoint walk in that by gone time, his boyish ment crossed his face.

Could she not have waited a little? He from school; the old Saturday nights had meant to go to her at the very soon- when they went out together for their est. How could he, here, with the whole little Sunday marketing, he carrying world looking on, acknowledge this the basket, proud to help in ever so little. poor, ignerant Irishwoman as his He looked about his luxurious carriage

me, Bernard, said Mrs. Chauncey, press | had been to wearily walk the path of ing forward. 'You will not refuse me, life will you l'

The mother stepped back stricken, feeling, that of the wounded animal him.

had known her only for well, and had which she tried so hard to make happy depied her before these people, his grand for you." friends; the sight of her had spoiled his home coming, she was in his way; he feared, (here she smiled bitterly) that preceded him up the ricketty stairway. she would drag him down to her poor

You might know me better, Bernard, 'little old home room, so ground, sinking down in her room; Mother,' he called, there at all. I see that now. Pil not On the bed lay a quiet form, so peacetrouble you say more, any way, she ful, so silent, that his wail of anguish thought, rousing herself, and beginning to put her things tegether: 'If he comes 'She can never speak the forgiveness.' here, as he will, may be, for his heart's Bernard, that she left with me for you.

for rest pacing up and down his room, lonely, and fersaken by all earthly confilled with the most torturing thoughts. solations, but very, very near, I think, She may forgive me, indeed I know she to the heart of the Court (1 and 1). will, but she will never, never, forget made one request, which she said she what I have done to day. I will go to was sure you would grant, that she her the moment I can get away from might rest in death, beside her husband, these. Poor mother, how deeply I have in the dear old land. wounded your loving heart!'

he at last found himself driving as swiftly you dearly to the last, and forgave you as possible towards his mother's lodgings | with her final breath, any little short He dreaded the interview inexpressibly; coming of yours, but to remember these he, whose first not returning to her after | words always. You had failed her on years of absence was one of unutterable earth; she left this solemn injunction, baseness and cruelty to the best of not to fail to meet her in heaven. mothers.

est doubt of her having seen him; the mard's unconscious head upon his arm. look of agony on her face, when she God torgive me for judging him.' indeed.

his wanderings?

Mrs. Mallory ?" just gone, rather suddenly, sir; she left religious order and devoting his life to no word; no sir, none at all; but she the service of God.' told us the other day that her son, who had been away a long time, was coming Father Malone,' Bernard said, as that home; she was looking forward so much to his return, sir, she seemed to think of nothing else; perhaps she has gone to

'That cannot be,' Bernard answered. beginning to understand. 'I am ner son; I fear there is some misunderstanding. Thank you,' and he went away, while the maid called on her fellow servant to look out and see the lovely gentleman Mr. Mallory's son was.

'I disowned her! She disowns me; it is only just; but I must. I shall find her. I have learned one thing, how much worse a man I am than I thought myself to be. I am not worth one thought of her's, but I can have no peace till she has forgiven me.'

There is scarcely a triumph or a pleasure that is not given to Bernard Mallory during the following season; his way, as king of song, is a royal progress, the world is at his feet, and not once has his low born, uneducated mother appeared to mar its splendor, nor has it been possible to discover her.

For all the world at large knows. Bernard Mallory might be a cuke in disguise; he has tasted of the cup of earthly happiness, and its taste is bitterness: he is already weary of the plaudits that follow him everywhere; per haps this undercurrent of saduess and unrest only lend a greater power and charm to his wonderful singing. At heart this favorite of fortune is desolate | Montreal. enough and reckons the world at its true value,

Then, on a certain evening, as he enters his hotel, a letter is handed to him the dishes aside. Besnard knew his ing builds up health like HOOD'S. by the porter, who says he was asked to choice, did she?—Yonkers Statesman.

stood alone by the gang-plank, where deliver it immediately by a priest, who had seemed anxious to see him.

AND SAVEHORIOM CHERONIGHE

'A priest,' wonders Bernard, passing into his room and opening the letter. 'Dear Mr. Mallory,' (thus it begins your mother is so seriously ill that I think it right you should see her at The passengers began to descend, once, if you can make it convenient to people of all races and ages, then, with do so. The address you will, I think a knot of smiling people about him, recognize as familiar. In great haste

The scorn and contempt contained in bis rightful share of Bernard's glory.

It was a supreme moment for the thought of should be done, then, when young man; he had won fame, glory, in she was quite recovered they would go delight when he saw his mother's care Why had she come here to day? worn, gentle face as he rushed home remorsefully; she had never once in her 'You are going to drive home with poor life driven in the poorest cab; her's

With a strange conflict of emotions Bernard stepped out of the carriage at while amid chatter and laughter the the well remembered door. Father party drove away. She had only one Malone stood there silently awaiting

hurrying to its lair to hide its pain.

No. there had been no mistake; he you remember your old home perhaps. "Come up," said the priest sternly,

'My mother, how is she?' Father Malone made no answer, but 'It is better as it is,' he said, half pityingly, as the son passed into the

s'.c. resuled, sinking down in her room; 'Mother,' he called, peering into the but ne's right I ought'nt to have been dimness, 'Mother! oh my God!'

she feared to spoil your brilliant life, Meanwhile, Bernard was full of remores and self contempt; he spent the hour accorded to him by Mrs. Chauncey

And this, Bernard, was her message to It was quite late in the evening, when you, one short hour ago; that she loved

' Poor fellow; I have been too hard with Unhappily, there was not the slight- him, said the priest, as he raised Ber-

had realized the truth, was convincing One day some months later a paragraph in the newspapers supplied con He waited at the door after he had versation to society's innermost circle. rung, full of misery, with, under all, a lt ran thus: 'The music loving world strong current of joy at the thought of will be both astonished and dismaved to seeing this poor despised mother again. hear of the retirement from the stage of Where had he found such a heart in all the world renowned Bernard Mallory. who leaves the scene of his triumphs to return no more. It is said on good 'Yes, sir, she did live here, but she has anthority that he intends entering a

> 'I have been tried and found wanting, kind old friend saw him off at the station, en route for the novitiate, a month or so later. 'Pray for me, that I may not fail my mother at the last.'

THE END.

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There are thirty words in this schedule, from each of which letters have been omitted and their places have been supplied by dashes. To fill in the blank spaces and get the names properly you must have some knowledge of geography and history. We want you to spell out as many words as you can, then send to us with 25 cents to pay for a three months' subscription to Woman's Women. For correct lists we shall give \$200.00 in cash. If more than one person sends a full, correct list, the money will be awarded to the fifty best lists in appearance. Also, if your list contains twenty or more correct words, we shall send you absautiful Egeria Blamond Scarf Plu (for lady or gentleman), the regular price of which is \$2.25. Therefore, by sending your list, you are positively certain of the \$2.25 price and by being careful to send a correct list you have an opportunity of the \$200.00 cash award. The distance that you may live from New York makes no difference. All have equal opportunity for winning.

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4. - M -- 0 - A large river.

8. N = A = A Noted for display of so. - U == N A large lake. 9. - E - - E - E - One of the United States.

10. - - - R | - A city of Spain. rr. H = V = = A A city on a well known island.

12. S - M - E - A well known old fort of the United States. 13. G--R-L-A- Greatest fortification in the world.

14. 8-A-LE- A great explorer. 15. C-L-F--- 1- One of the United States. 30. M-D-G-S-A-An island near Africa.

IS. P - R - U - A - Country of Europe. 19. A - S T - A - 1 - A blg island.

5. T - A - S Well known river of Europe.
6. S - A N - A - A city in one of the Southern States.
7. H - - - X A city of Canada.
20. M - - | N - E - Name of the most prominent American
21. T - A - One of the United States.
22. J - F - R - N Once President of the United States.

24. E - E - S - N A noted poet.

25. C-R-A A foreign country, same 26. B - R - - 0 A large island. 27. W-M--S W-R-D Popular family

28. B - H - I - G A Bra. 29. A-L-N-I- An ocean.

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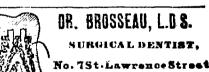
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