The Return.

The opera was 'Faust,' and the theatre presented an animated scene, for the whole of officeal Washington It gest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to was clamoring at its doors. One digest is wasted. would almost doubt the fill-board's to make her debut and think that some queen of song was to appear. The lines of automobiles and Carriages; the crowds about the doors and in the lobby; the magnificently gowned women and the faultlessly gowned women and the faultles proofs of the fact that at the nation's capital there is one thing equal father holding high place among the ' powers that be'

From her box near the stage, the perfume! Impossible! mother of Constance Cathro, the young prima donna, watched the religion is like what you say-a gathering of the brilliant audience. She was not torn between the lbope and fear that often rob the parent heart of the triumphs of such an of religion. Yes, yes, otherwise she orossion. She had heard her daughter could not be so convincing. sing and was confident of the outcome. All during the tense opening scenes of the opers, with their er compassing by the wily Mephistopheles of the downfall of a human soul, she scarcely conscious of the opera's continued to busy berself with a critical survey of the stately assem-

And what a cosmopolitan gathering it was-foreign diplomats in all the splendor of their officials regalis, their ladies brabely upholding in elaborateness of attiretheir respective countries rank; a goodly sprinkling had brought up her children without of the militaryelement; members of the visiting German flet, whose lusty applause testified to their national love for music; and n the Persian minister's box some distinguished visitors from the Orient! Mrs. Cathro noted with pleasure,

well down in the center of the house, the entire delegation from the State. her husband represented-all there to do honor to the girl from home.

Without doubt the young songstess its one from the polit cally mighty, shortly. was ready, if given half a chance, to bestow the spur of its approval.

Toward the close of the second act she appeared a fleeting vision of tators, like the lover Faus', pining opinion, though even here friendship had intruded to add a degree of spontaneity quite unusual.

Her enraptured mother felt no dejection in the moderate applause, for she was sure it would be forced to cheers long before the curtain fell. She knew the girl could sing, even though the awful strain of a first appearance. Moreover, ber talent was an inheritance as well as a gift. for the voice, wondrous beauty and graceful figure of the youthful maternal grandmother. With the complete comprehension of this latter fact the swift passions worked in the face of Mrs, Cathro, She tell suddenly thought dragged ber soaring spirit down. Her breath caught once or twio , and she brushed from her fore-

and, glanding at her husband, found it in the exultation and pride which covered him like a garment, She was winning, his little girl; singing bers self straight into the great, dis-

gritic left him on the heights

The curtain went down on third act amid a storm of applause. Washington never witholds approbation from merit, and Constance Cathro, as Margnerite, radiant in the from love and belief to spathy and joy of success, was called out again renunciation had she been so torand again. This together with the mented. Her mother and her child influx of friends who sought their box stood up before her to wage battle in from all parts of the theatre to offer tortured the interval of retrospection in her heart. Her pulses throbb d Mrs. Cathro had allowed berself. From the president's box came a bastily scribbled note, and Mrs from the leash in which the had beld Cathro looked ap from the warm, congratulatory words to meat scross the house the kindly bow and smile the past with its passionate love and of the writer, the gracious first lady zealous service of God and the wordof the land. Never in all her life had rous joy and peace which these make.

The cartain had gone an again and her voice, rare and sweet in the might never know the inner beauties Spinning Wheel song, carressed the and exquisite experiences of the faith ear and stirred the hearts of the which was her beritage. In spirit auditors. During a charged moment, when the great assemblage sat hush. ed and breathless under the singer's spel, words spoken in the Italian ambassador's box reached the motber's ears.

You have isngers' you Americane! To have been here tonight is to have tated. The reason is plainheard one!' The tones were excited, those of a person moved to enthu-

She certainly has a divine gift,' came the enswer, but they say she has no faith, is an atheist.'

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'It is a pity, for a woman without flower without perfume.' for it. Behind her work is a heritage

They were applauding now, but Mrs. Cathro heard and saw as in a dream. At the remarks of the Italian, the phantoms again walked. She was shifting scenee.

for it.' The words burned in her brain like letters of fire. Yes it was true, and, ob God, who was to blame for it but herself! She bad given up her faith for a worldly marriage, and her busband, who was a materiali-ts religion. The fact that her mother had once been a Catholic wascarefully kept from her. Tonight, in the midst of fulfilled ambitions, remorse threaened to overwhelm Mrs. Cathro as had not done since she turned her back on God.

Her husband, noticing the change ber, asked in alarm if she were

'No,' she replied, 'just a little worn from excitement. You know would have every stimulus to appear my nerves, she added, with a elightly at her best, for the audience, taking forced laugh, I shall feel better The act had reached the terrible

church scene and she was suddenly keenly aware that her daughter's voice was rising sweet as that of a heritage of religion.' Was he who for another glimpse of her. When attered that truth an accusing angel she entered again her voice was set there to torture her? The words seemed to bring the dead to life, and she saw her own mother as a hasband's love had often pictured herdead in the June time of life, because she would not withold her beauty and accomplishments from the church in an hour of need It was three weeks after the birth of her baby when the sudden illness of an engaged soloist made it necessary for her to take the singer's place or witness the failure of a church undertaking from which great financial results were expected. In spite of her physician's warning. she decided to sing, and paid for i with her life. Such was the religious heritage to which b r daughter bad

proved recreant. Of what avail had been ambition and wealth when they failed to drown those memories that shriveled and scorched? Mrs. Oathro cowered in her seat as if shrinking from an head the moisture that had gathered arenging spirit. She struggled to shut out the vision of her mother that was so relentlessly bringing her face to face with the consequences of

'A flower without perfame.' At that moment, above the swelling harmonies of the priests, chorus, she oriminating heart of Washington, seemed te hear the words. It was the Congratulations were being flung at voice of her own soul shouting its him from diplomats and statesmen accustion. Sartled she raised her eyes to where Constance poured forth 'Such youth, such beauty, and a ber song for mercy, in throbbing. voice beyond the reach of mortals | plaintive notes, like the raphsody Senator you have given us a Margue- of a nightingale. A flower without rite for whose love any Faust would perfume,' Was that what her weakbe justified in making any sort of a ness and indifference with regard to bargain.' This from North, the things spiritual had made of this celebrated musical and dramatic glorious creature in the eyes of God? She had never before viewed her course in the light of its results upon her child, and as she did so, she felt

weakened, stricken. At no point in her tragic journey ber soul. The noise of the conflict felicitations, laid the ghosts that was in her cars, its rotees clamoring and her head sched. Then suddenly, her whole nature seemed to escape it during the years of her married life, and to rush back to the past-An interval in which she knew the bleakness of utter despair followed this with the thought that berchild even greater conquests. Once more whom she loved more than her life.

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prayed, 'give her not of the kingdom 22 f this world, only to abandon her to the outerdarkness resultant from her mother's choice for her

She shuddered at the jeopardy in which her sin had placed the soul of ber gifted obild.

And then-just then -when ber ense of the abject weakness of her wn faith and of her utter unworthiness to shake doubt from another onl overwhelmed ber, the vision of her mother rose before her. The eyes uddenly strong -strong to take the ourney back, upon which she must ot go alone.

But as her soul found strength, her body seemed to wesker. She grew suddenly faint and sick She touched her bushand's arm. He turned tooward her and stared a sight of her

What is it, Helen? he exclaimed. Are you ill ?' ' Only a little faint,' she replied !

ust get some air. He reached for her cloak, and nastily arranging it about her shoulders led her from the box. Inquiring eyes followed them as they made their way out, and solicitude tamped itself on many countenances at sight of the pallor of Mrs Cathro's face. Her bushand looked for the air to revive her immediately, and when t failed to do so insisted on taking

Ob, no, indeed, dear, she remon trated, ' you could not do that and be disappointing enough for Contance not to have me here, but it you should be absent, too, it would sep with some resignation. reak ber beart.

But I cannot let you go home alone. You look far from well.' 'It's simply one of my old heart attacks,' she returned weakly, 'and you know they always seem more erious than they really are. James can take me home and bring the car back for you.

Seeing that any other arrangement had an unparalleled success tonight, youth and beauty that left the spec- seraphim. Behind her work is a and your absence from any part of it quently he interpreted much of that will dim the laurels for her.

car rolled away.

repeated itself unpleasantly in Senstor Cathro's mind. It was one long oreign to her lips, and her use of it now troubled him and made him doubt the wisdom of having sent her When he regained his seat the

final curtain was decending amid plaudits that shook the walls. reater voices Washington had beard: but never a rarer, more perfect . Marguerite.' And her voice that took captive the senses, seemed to hold all earth's sweetest sounds. Of course, there was to be a supper

afterward and of course, the voung prima donna, radiant and joyful i the first flush of her triumphs, must needs run home for a minute to asure herself that her mother's indisposition was nothing serious. 'I shall enjoy myself so much better if I do,' she said with a winning firmness that silenced all remonstrances.

was heard in the drive way below, table? Mrs. Cathro dismissed her maid in order to receive her daughter slone. She was not suprised that she had Somehow she felt that she it- Eat l' would. The hurry of light footfalls sounded on the stairs, the swish of draperies along the hall, and Constance, her arms full of exquisite floral offerings, stood in the door-

'Oh, mother,' she oried, 'it was a success! The flowers dropped to the floor and her strong young arms went round her mother in a rapturous embrace. You are better now, mot- and it has never said a word. her, dear ?' Her clear dark eyes regarded Mrs. Cathro anxiously. 'Yes, Constance, darling, I am

ed and again her eyes were shadowed Price 25 cents." with the poignant reflections that had companioned her during the preceding hours-'except that your grandnother was a Catholic.

Constance stared at her mothe with her soul in her eyes 'My grandmother - a - Catholic!' She ried, 'And you mother?'

For the second time that night it semed to Mrs, Cathrothat her own soul rose up to accuse her. 'I-I sold my birthright for a mess pottage she moaned. For an instant the turmoil of th

irl's thoughts held her as by a spell. In the interval her brain pieced out the whole sad story and took in the ignificance of her mother's sudden ness. Then, with a glance as shinng as the flash of a seraph's wing. e touched her mother's arm.

'Mother,' she whispered, 'would please you very much if I would go back to my grandmother's faith ?! Her mother looked at her carioasly, agerly. Vague hope gripping ber eart set ber breathing rapidly. Please me ? Why child, it would

pen the gates of paradise for me !'

'Then they are already ajar, dearest, for I am to be received into

SHADOW.

Mrs. Wm. Martin, Lower Ship Harbo were no longer accusing and wrathful but soft and full of light, and she felt so bad I could not rest at night. I had two doctors to treat me but got no relief "All of my people thought I had Consumption. I had fallen away to shadow. I had given up all hopes of ever getting better again until my daugh ter went to a store one day and bough

me a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine

Syrup. After taking half of it I fel

better, so I got two more, and thanks to them I am well to-day, and able to do my house work. I cannot say too much in its praise, and I shall always keep it in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains all the lung healing virtues of the famous Norway Pine tree which makes it the very best preparation for Coughs, Colds and all Throat and Lung Troubles. See that you get "Dr. Wood's" when you ask for it. There are many imitations on the market.

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be Church next week, I wanted to wait until tonight should be over. I knew your prejudice and father's be back in time for the finale. It will against the Church, and I hoped that the triumph I looked forward to would help both of you to view my

Mrs. Cathro sank back in her chair; her eyes grew moist; her bands trembled against her dress. But what drew you; what influenced you, Constance ? she finally gasped.

'My music, mother. From the day I started with Doimini I began to get a glimpse of the old falth that was wonderfully enlightening. It was like catching the first glimmering of what was to be a glorious sunrise. was only likely to disturb her, he made her as comfortable as possible in his artless Catholic way he interin the machine. It is just too bad, preted the works of the masters for dear, that this had to happen, he said me, and because so much that is best as he kissed her. 'Our little girl has of the masters in the expression of the faith that was in them, consefaith to me. It all gripped me 'I know it will, she's like that God strangely. I know why, now-I bad bless her ! returned the mother as the a right to the grand old faith.' She lifted her head proudly with the

> Mrs. Cathro's gaze went straight upward, as though it would pierce the veil that hides the vision of God's saints around His throne.

'Mother, mother,' she half whispered, 'it is God's gift to you, for I sould never-never have deserved it.' Constance stooped and kissing her mother tenderly left her with her newfound bappiness while she rushedaway to sing her double Te Deum at the feetive board that was awaiting her .- Mary Josephine Cain, in Extension Magazine.

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