A Golden Heart

BY BERTHA M. CLAY

Author of "The Gypsy's Daughter," "Another Woman's Husband," "A Heart's Bitterness," "A Mad Love," "A Heart's Idol," "Gladys Greye," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

h the pretty quaint drawing-room White Cliffe Squire Cliefden sat cone an old man whose hair was gray and whose face was furrowed with age, whose figure was bent and whose hands trembled with weakness -an old man who had not been pleasto grow old, whose thoughts, eares, and interests had been bound on in this world and who knew no other. He sat in an easy chair, his thrown back, his eyes closed, his hands folded, his face hopeless in its expression.

The Cliefdens had once been present Squire was born Cliefden Park was sold, its name changed, and all that remained of the once wast estates, was a low, rambling, picturesque place called White Cliffe. at is an awkward matter to be born with the tastes of a grand duke, a love of luxury, and a desire for position, when one possesses very limtted means. This was what had happened to Squire William Cliefden. His father's one prayer, one sincere desire, had been that he should win the old lands back again. He had died with such words on his lips; and they had set his son's heart on fire. But it was much easier for him to spend than to save. He went abroad, hoping always that some wonderful chance would enable him to retrieve his fallen fortunes, though it never Mame. At that time he was a handsome, gallant young man, with no more idea of the value of money than

He passed some years quick silvermining in Spain, and then returned so England, none the richer for his wanderings in search of wealth. Soon afterward he married a fair, placid girl who had a large fortune, and with whom he lived happily enough. Catharine Somers loved her handsome, erratic young husband, and was quite content. She never wondered whether he had had other loves other interests; she was placidly, muletly happy.

One day a terrible accident happenof to the Squire. He was struck by a falling branch of a tree, and carried home senseless. Even now he suffered from the effects of that injury which had nearly proved fatal at the time he received it. During his delirium his one cry was "Dolores, Dolores! in a voice so full of acute pain and misery that it brought tears to the eyes of those who heard him. "Dolores, Dolores!" was reiterated by the sick man all through the dark bours of the night and the early hours of morn, while the simple, unsuspecting English wife knelt by his wide and wondered who Dolores was.

As he grew better, the Squire ceasod to repeat the name; and his wife believed the cry to have risen from some wandering of his fevered brain. When his little daughter was born, he said that she must be called "Dolores." and his fair wife smiled as she "That was the name you repeated so often when you were ill. Be the beautiful, golden-haired child was called "Dolores," a name illsuited to her bright, blonde loveliness as anything could well be.

Whatever the romance or tragedy of the Squire's life had been, it was mever discovered. If a wild, deep, mahappy love, it died with him and was never told; nor did he ever betray himself in any way respecting sexcept when his voice took a more musical tone in the utterance of the mama "Dolores."

The gentle wife died and was bur-Then the Squire devoted himsaif to the task of making a fortune for Dolores. But fate was not kind He liked to speculate, but BB speculation ever turned out well for him; he lost more than he made and now; when he was sid; when energy; spirit; and haps were all gone; the news had come to him that he

had gathered tegether avaliable shilling he had even mert FASSE White Cilife, 88 Surs Was Success and he had invested manay in mining shares, which has been assured would bring him at land thirty per cent: and set any time for thrice their value: was certain to make a large fortune -se the agents of the new company

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And the Squire-never concerned, never very sound of judgment in making investments-was.only too delighted. He staked every farthing he had in the world, and for one year he enjoyed a wonderful increase of income. But that morning he had received a letter which told

The Squire had received that letter seading family in the county, and in the morning, and he had hardly Cliefden Hall the most hospitable stirred since. For many hours he had remained just as he was, trying to realize the utter, abject misery into which he had fallen. His hands folded, his eyes closed, his life wrecked and ruined, no more piteous sight could be conceived than the old man

luded share-holders.

The door opened slowly, and into the darkened room came a beautiful, graceful girl, whose face was full of anxious solicitude. She went up to the drooping figure and laid her loving arms around the Squire's neck. "Papa." she said, can you not cheer up? It mught have been worse

--death is worse. "Worse, Dolores?" he questioned "Ah, no! Death is much more merciful than poverty and ruin. could face death with a smile; but am the last of the Cliefdens, and disgrace is worse than death."

"There is no disgrace for you, pa-It is not your fault that other men are rogues and swindlers. Tell me, dear, what will be the worst dumb. "The worst for me will be the

workhouse or an almshouse in my old age; for you there will be hard work, Dolores!" "Is it so bad as that?" she asked, wonderingly, "Must we leave White

"There is not even a chair in the house which belongs to us," he re-"The house, pictures, furniture, plate, are no longer ours. We a child; but I vowed then, that when

that is a hard thing to say." sure I can work. I can make monenough to keep you and myself. will do anything-paint, teach, sing; I would go on the stage - I would do anything to help you." A softened look came over his worn

"I know it, Dolores; but you have never been used to work. The Cliefdens have until now kept some of their old state. If I could only have lived at White Cliffe until It was time to die! If I could only have slept where all the Cliefdens sleep ! But I shall die in an almshouse, and buried like a pauper. How ?ould you work for me, child? continued, "I have lived in luxury all my life. I must have Mainty food and choice wine; and innocence, your lips have the dy and gave him a glass of it. good clothes, my books, my papers.

Before she had time to answer there came a great peal at the door-bell. "I can not see any one, Dolores, he said; and even than the very utterance of the beloved name seemed to lighten his sorrow, "Dolores!" he repeated, dwelling tenderly on the

How could you earn money for all

But the visitor would take no denial; he had followed the servant to ntust come in, Cliefden,"

said. "I must see you. "It is Lord Rhysworth," said Dolores, unclasping her arms, with

little flush on her face. The visitor entered a tail, aristocratic-looking man, arather above middle age, but not ald enough to be called elderly: He was not handsome

But his face was that of a nobie; gen-

is the news i hear true? Has the SHIBABY fallsdall homeless: I: the last of the Clist-

Lord Thusworth turned the girl, whose face had grown color-

"Is it quite true, Miss Cliefden?"

Rhysworth. The words were simple, but they had a ring of sincerity and truth. "I am more sorry than if the same misfortune had happened to myself," he continued. "Is there no way

"No," answered the Squire, sadly. "I must leave White Cliffe and find refuge in a workhouse or an almshouse, and Dolores-oh, Dolores, my shall never forget your goodness to darling!-will have to work. I am me." the last of the Clicfdens, and such

than cruel to me!"

others call Providence; and Provi- answer for me, perhaps you will dence can never be cruel."

But the Squire would not listen. "I am an old man," he murmured; "my eyes are dim, and my hair is gray. I am an old man, and it is hard to eat pauper's bread, and die it with passionate tenderness. Then

like a pauper." Then Lord Rhysworth went up to him and, laying his hand upon his

snoulder, said gently:

"Will you listen to me, Squire? I can find you a way out of your trouble-a way by which you may live at White Cliffe, by which you may enjoy a good income, with every comfort and luxury, until your death, if you will listen to me." There was a curious hesitation in his manner, a pallor on his face, and a tremor in his voice. "Let me marry your daughter, Dolores," he went on, "and you shall be a rich man for life. Hushdo not speak-do not refuse! Hear what I have to say first-a rich man for life, Squire! I will buy back White Cliffe for you. I will settle an annuity on you. You shall be richer man than you have ever been. Hush-waitt I love Dolores. I have loved her since the first moment saw her-a child, you remember-and she came dancing into the room with little blue shoes on. I have loved her all my life. I would sacrifice much to make her my wife. I love her as no young man could ever love her. She shall be the happiest woman in the land. One moment more. him of his utter ruin. This com- I lay my fortune, my title, my heart, pany was a complete swindle; the my very life at her feet. She shall manager had absconded with all that live in luxury and magnificence. She remained of the capital, and there shall never know one wish unwas nothing but ruin for all the de- gratified, one longing unindulged. She shall have all that this world can give her, all that love can compass for her, if she will marry me." He paused for a few moments, not for want of words, but because his emotion was so great. "Hush," he said, again-"you must not give me any answer yet! I could not bear it. Let me grow calm. Wait until I recover

CHAPTER II.

They formed a striking group-the old Squire, with his gray head raised in wonder, his face full of pain, surprise, and pleasure, all striving for mastery; the young girl by his side, whose faultless face had grown perfectly colorless, whose hands clung more closely to her father's neck; and the eager, noble-looking man.

Twice the Squire had essayed to speak, but each time his voice had died away; the only sound that had come from his lips had been the whispered name of "Dolores!" Twice he had looked up with an eager, excited gesture, as though he would fain interrupt, but the fire and passion in the other face had stricken him

Lord Rhysworth bent over him. "You must not think," he said "that I take an unfair advantage. I speak abruptly now; but the object of my visit has been the dream of my life. I was thirty years of age before I looked with admiring eyes at any woman's face; and then I saw Dolores. She was only a child, but, oh, how I loved her, and how I have loved her ever since! She was only are absolute paupers, Dolores -and she grew into womanhood, she and no other should be my wife. I have "Very hard, papa, but I am quite watched her from year to year, and have loved her with a deeper and deeper love as time went on. Dolores," he cried. turning suddenly to the beautiful, wondering girl," have you never guessed how much I loved you?"

"No." she answered, faintly. "I wonder at that, for girls are quick enough in such matters. There have been times when I have gone away half mad from you, and have left you, because I could no longer

never fancied it?" "I have never even thought of it,

she answered. "My beautiful love, you are fresh and fair as the morning, your eyes beam with the clear light of youth was hardly likely you would think of it. Still I have loved you so! I am not young, Dolores; but many a me fresh life." man of half my years has a heart twice as old. My eyes have sought no face save yours, my heart no love but yours-you have filled my life. I have wanted to tell you this for

months past, but I have lacked the courage. It is your father's trouble that forces it from me now. I come of a race that knows no fear; but I tremble for the word which has to fall from your lips, and which will mean either life or death for me!" Once more he paused, unable to

speak. The Squire looked up at the beautiful, colorless face. "What do you say, Dolores?" he "I do not know what to say, papa:

"I have been tee abrupt," Lerd Rhyswerth: "Deleres, I wish could bray to you my prayers should be se slequent that you sould never rafusa them: I will make you HABBY: and will live saly for you. the care, the tenderness, the devotion that I shall lavish on you. Deleres FOR Will be truly happy with me; am surs: if you will but risk the

YOU are very good," she answer-But he saw that her lips were pale. and that the words came with siffi-

"I meant to be kind." he said, regretfully; "but I fear I have cruel. I have been too abrupt. Dolores, you must think the matter ov-I will take no answer yet-neither 'Yes nor 'No." Think over Squire, will you do the same? And then, after a few days, you will write to me, Dolores. I do not wish to press my suit, my dear: but always remember that your words will bring me either life or death."

"Whatever happens, Lord Rhysworth," observed the Squire.

"Never forget my love for your is my destiny. Fate has been more daughter," was the reply. "Use your influence for me, Squire, and you Again the soft arms stole round shall be the happiest man in the his neck. and a sweet voice whisper- world. Dolores, if your heart says one word in my favor, listen to it. I "Papa, what some men call fate must go now; and when you have an write?"

"Yes," she returned, faintly. "I He took her white, cold hand in

his, raised it to his lips, and kissed he whispered a few words to the Squire and retired

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Father and daughter sat for some few minutes after his departure as though they were turned to stone. Then, drawing her to him gently, the old man said: "What do you think of his lord-

ship's proposal, Dolores? Is it a favor from Heaven?"

"I cannot tell," she replied. "He is very good, very noble; and, oh, child, from my heart I dread poverty and the workhouse! He is generous and wealthy. He said should be a rich man. What will you do, Dolores! Can you give me some idea, something to rest my heart upon, something to think of and hope for?"

"I will consider the proposal, papa," she answered. "I cannot decide at once. I must have time." "You would be mistress of Deeping

Hurst-a place the like of which is not in England-Lady Rhysworth of Deeping Hurst, and I shall be a rich man. You love me, do you not, Dolores?" he asked, with almost childish eagerness. She kissed his forehead tenderly.

"I love you so well," she replied, "that I would give my life for you,

"And you will weigh his lordship's offer. I shall try to be satisfied with these words, Dolores. I feel the better now. Get me a bottle of the Burgundy with the yellow seal-there is enough to last until I am a rich man and you are Lady Rhysworth. Then I will go to sleep. My brain is tired; it aches with terrible misgiv-Sometimes, when I was a young man, I passed the alms-houses at Deeping. I should not like to live control my love. Dolores, have you there, Dolores. You must not let

the last of the Cliefdens go there." "I will think about what we had better do," she said; and, though his eyes followed her wistfully, she would

She brought the bottle of Burgunmust have comforts-good fires, bright smile of happy girlhood! It Tears came to the old man's eyes. "I should not live long without my wine, Dolores," he said; "it gives

She brought him a pillow and lowered the blinds, making him comfortable as only such loving hands could, and then left him.

It was piteous to see how old and worn his face seemed to grow when he was left alone. He slept, and in his sleep he went back to the dreams of his youth, for he murmured con-

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All diseases that begin with fever-all inflammation-all catarrh in any part of the body-all

THE POSSESSED COMPANY TO AND AS I MAN Unually the one name that seemed to be engraved upon his heart, "Dolores"; while his daughter went to her room, knowing that she held the issue of their lives in her hands. She had promised to think of Lord Rhysworth's proposal, to see what she could do; but her reasoning powers seemed to have left her all at once, and she could not collect her

She remembered a fair, summer day, when she, with her mother, was sitting on the lawn, and the Squire came to them, full of eager interest in some news he had just heard. Wynchcombe Hall had been purchased by a French lady, a widow, Madame de Ferras, who had been exiled from France for political reasons. She had purchased the Wynchcombe property, and had named the Hall "Beaulieu." It was reported that she had one daughter, and was possessed of ample means.

"That will be very nice for Dolores," Mrs. Cliefden had said. have often wished that she had playmate!" and the gentle lady was highly delighted with the prospect.

Dolores could remember how, as her parents discussed the new comers, she wondered in her childish mind what this playmate would be like, never dreaming that on that day new element would be brought into her life which would mar and blight

She recalled one day when they went together-the Squire, her mother, and herself-to visit Madame de Ferras. Dolores remembered the stately and handsome matron with her courtly, polished manner, the startling, vivid beauty of her daughter Lola. Before her dusky beauty the complexions of English girls looked pale and delicate; for Lola de Ferras was gifted with unusual loveliness. She was three years older than Dolores; and there was every reason to believe that they would be great friends. Madame de Ferras was delighted with her visitors; she made friends at once with fair and gentle Mrs. Cliefden, most gracious to the Squire, who was full of admiration for her, and

charmed with Dolores. "Why have they given you so sad a name when you have so bright a face?" she asked. "'Dolores' means sorrow. Surely life will not be sor-

owful for you?" When she asked the question she looked at the mother; but the Squire -the only one who could have swered it turned away his head.

"Come and make friends with my daughter Lola," said madame, and Dolores remembered how they went through the open French window to where the dark-haired, slender girl stood. "My dear children, you must love each other and be friends:" said madeine in her pretty, broken Eng-

tal engines, who were to hate each ether, toucked hands and line without the least knowledge of the future The first thought of the French gir

girl was that Lola de Ferras was beautiful after the fashion of the

pictures which hung in the gallery at Beaping Hurst. Madama left them to enteriain each other, little dreaming that she had brought together the two, who of all the world, ought never to have

known each other

Then followed other peaceful years, during which there was a constant exchange of visits between the occupants of Beaulieu and White Cliffe. Child as she was, Dolores. with her delicate, refined instinct, did not quite like Lola. The young French lady was very vain; and there was nothing that she delighted in much as comparing herself with Do-

"You English girls are all so fair," she would say, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. "You your- bowels. self, Dolores, are like a snowdropstates her experience with so white. I like plenty of color, such as I have myself."

over my work. The trouble at 'They call this golden in Engand wis a severe, to I got a bottle land," she would say, "I call it the

should it; - me, for I had not highed she would surpass Dolores where she Price 53s. a cox, at all druggists or by ing. in riding—and those pursuits in pepsia and the primary causes lead he first betall antil I got complet , slich" | could-in music, in dancing, in sing-

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rect eye of an artist; she could sketch magnificently, and painted well. Lola laughed at her cleverness in these respects.

"If you could be a painter like Arr Scheffer or Rosa Bonheur now! But these attempts-I would never make them!" she would cry, when Dolors' skill was admired. In music they were rivals. Dolores

had a sweet, clear, soprano voice well-trained, true, and flexible, Lola a melodious, low contralto. There was no comparison, she was always telling Dolores, between the two Dolores had her own opinion, but

did not care enough about the matter to express it. Dolores had a dreamy, poetical, artistic nature, ideal and romantic. Lola was practical, worldly, and matter-of-fact. "I wonder," Lola would say, "when we grow up. which of us will be most beautiful or most admired? Shall me have many lovers, and which of w will be married first? I should think

I shall; my style is so much rare than yours. All the girls in England seem to have fair hair and him eyes; few are dark like I am." So it went on through the long stretch of years. The next great break was when Lola de Ferras west to Germany to school, and fair, gertle Mrs. Cliefden died, quietly and sweetly, as she had lived. She was greatly missed and mourned for by her daughter. No one knew what the Squire felt; he must have regretted her, for she had been a good wife

still very young, but the Suuire said she knew as much as most people, and she could complete her education by reading with him. A few years later Lola returned from Germany; and then the real rivalry of life began between the two girls. They were both beautiful. Do lores looked like a study of Greuze, Lola like a picture by Velasquez or

to him. Her death made Dolors

mistress of White Cliffe. She was

English loveliness, Lola of dark, luxuriant beauty. Do'ores remembered their first meet ing after so many years. As Dolores was fully occupied, Lola went over to White Cliffe to see her. She started with surprise when she saw that three years had changed her from a girl into a most lovely, graceful, and charming woman. She barely waited to exchange greetings before sheex-

pressed her opinion. "Dolores," she cried, "you have grown up into something like a beau-(Continued on Page 3.)



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