A Golden Heart

BY BERTHA M. CLAY

Author of "The Gypsy's Daughter," "Another Wemen's Husband," "A Heart's Bitterness," "A Mad Love," "A Heart's Idol," "Gladys Greye," Ele-

(Continued from last week.) Then the servant came in to say that Miss de Ferras would be glad and him for a few minutes; she had shown into the morning-room. "You have forgotten these books, Warl," said Lola, as the baronet

extered the room. "Mamma thought, as I was driving past, that I might ave them here she meant at the longe; but I thought that I might take the opportunity of saying good-

She spoke in a careless tone; but as he took the books from her hand, saw that the usual brilliant bloom had left her face, and that it was very pale; there was even a quiver pain on it.

"I have something to my to you, went on presently, then paused, and added impetuously, "You are ant angry? If I had thought you would be angry, I would not have

souched by her emotion. "You would set seek me, I am sure, unless you have something very particular to

But she seemed to be in no hurry speak. Her lips parted once or the words died on them. so looked at her in wonder. should she ask to speak to him, and then stand silent, as though she had mothing to say? At last, in a low soice, she resumed-

"You said, when you were at Beau-Mes, that you would come over to good-bye to us, that you would see me again before you started on Yesterday you wrote that you did you change What was the reason? Why are you leaving without coming

mear us?" "I had a reason," he answered, his sace flushing; "besides which, I wrote the simple truth. I had no time. am leaving England sooner than I

"What was the reason?" she asked. "I cannot explain," he said proud-

"Do you think any reason would matify your going away without sayfarewell to old and true friends?' My farewell was none the less semuine for being written instead of

spoken, Miss de Ferras." She came nearer to him, and with a passionate cry of pain held out her

hands. "Do you judge me by yourself?" she exclaimed. "Do you think that a w coldly written words of farewell would suffice for me, even if they did for you? They did not; therefore I

am here." He had not one word to say. The Mautiful, passionate face and ringing was not perpared for a scene of this kind.

She laid her hand upon his arm, as hough she would compel his atten-"Do you think so little and

Matly of our friendship that you sould go without having seen me again? I could not let you go so; I could not even bear the thought that won should leave England without my having seen you again. How could gou do it? Oh, Sir Karl, how could you do it?" The dark eyes were drowned with

bears. Although he did not love her, and never would, he could not help being touched by her sorrow. What man could resist a beautiful face madowed with grief, and lovely eyes simmed with tears for his sake? Sir Karl was but human; he took the white hand from his arm and held it h his.

"I am afraid," she said, smiling through har tears. "that even if



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TAKE ARD KEEP WELL

ave come?" Sir Karl looked uncomfortable. "What am I to answer?" he said, with a forced smile. "I cannot say that it is right, and it seems unkind

and not the books for a prefext, I

should have come just the same. Do

you think it is very wrong of me to

to say that it is wrong." "Promise me this, at least, that you will forget what you may think of the imprudence, and remember only the interest in yourself which prompted me to come. Will you promise me that?"

"Yes," he replied. "I may safely promise that. I am sure you meant

it kindly." He seemed to treat the whole matter as a friendly interview, and

did not please Lola. "Kindly!" she repeated, bitterly. "What a word to use to me! I am not kind to you. In coming to say good-bye to you, I have been kind to

She drew a little nearer to him, her warm, white hand lying still in his. "How could you, Sir Karl, be so cruel as to write that note? Tell me honestly, had you no idea of the trouble and sorrow it would give

"I know you are always very good to me," he replied; "but I could not possibly think that the going coming of a mere acquaintance like myself would be of any moment to

He said this purposely; to show her this was no love scene in which she had forced him, as it were, take a part. She withdrew her hand suddenly from his clasp, and stood before him erect and haughty.

"Do you mean that you look upon wourself as nothing but a mere acquaintance-nothing mearer or dearer? Is that the end of all our happy hours together-a mere acquaintance -while I have been so proud and hap-

py in thinking you my friend?" He was again somewhat embarrassed. The passion in her face and voice startled him. What was he to do? He looked gravely at her.

"The word 'friend' is a sacred one," he said; "it implies a great deal-affection, and lovalty." "And will you not give those

me?" she asked There was silence for some mements. He found that, so far from having extricated himself from a false position, he had increased his

difficulties.

"That is much to ask," he answered, gravely. "I must consider the question in all its bearings." "What!" she cried. "Do you hesitate when I ask you?"

"I do not hesitate. I say it is very serious question. A pledge friendship given and taken in that fashion is as grave a matter as-" He paused; for the words that rose to his lips would, he knew, lead him into greater complications.

"I know what you mean," she said, with a sigh and a smile that was irresistible-"you mean that it is as grave a matter as a promise of

The splendid dark eyes raised suddenly to his face seemed to suggest the idea. Why did he not make that? He read the question in one glance, and he felt afraid of himself.

"Of course it is a solemn pledge," she continued, "but it is one that I think you need not be afraid of. What can one wish for more than to have a true friend? A man who rejected an offer of friendship would not be "I do not reject it. Miss de Fer-

The smile that flashed back to him

from the girl's beautiful eyes rendered him almost speechless. "So you say, Sir Karl; but you do

not seem to be in any hurry to ac-

cept it." "I repeat," he said, "that you are very good to me. You know what the poet calls friendship-'love without wings.' Your offer of it may be doubly valuable to me for this reason -I am not what is called a marrying man. I will tell you in all confidence that I loved once, and most unhappily. I have no heart to give; and, knowing this, I ought to value doubly the friendship of a woman." . Her face paled at first as she listened; then a gleam of proud defiance

seen it, would have put him on his "You are right," she said: "if you are never to know the love of woman, friendship is the next best thing. I should not have believed, Sir Karl, that you were one to love in vain."

came into her eyes, which, if he had

"I did not love in vain." answered, sadly "Perhaps," she said, "some day, when we know each other better, you

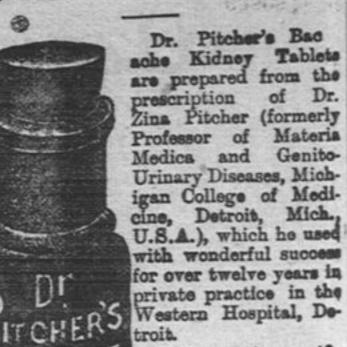
will tell me the story." "I think not," he replied, all his former distrust returning. "The past is buried." The gleam of defiance deepened

the dark eyes. "Perhaps you are right. I shall always respect your confidence, and you have told me this-I shall understand you better. And from now we heads. are to be loyal friends, Sir Karlfrom this day constant and faithful friends, loyal to each other at all times and in all places. Do you con sent to this?"

How could he resist the sweet thrilling voice. "Yes. You honor me," he replied. "How can I help sealing such a com-

pact gladly?" She placed her hand in his. "Swear to me that so long as we Toronto. both live you will be my true

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"I swear it," he replied. "That in your sorrow you will come to me, and in your joy you will

"I promise," he said, carried away by her beauty and her enthusiasm. "You will not think of me any more as Miss de Ferras, but as your true friend Lola? Will you say those

words to me?" "My true friend Lola," he said smiling; and the lovely face was almost transfigured with happiness. "You must promise me that from this very hour I shall take part in your life; that you will think of me

often; that you will tell me your tastes, your likes and dislikes; that when you are absent, you will write to me regularly with your address, se that I may write to you. Promise to de this, holding my hand in yours."

"I promise," he replied, thinking that her ideas of friendship were very elastic, and then reproaching himself for the thought.

"Now I am happy," murmured Lola. "Let me tell you-and de not be shocked at me saying it-that I would far rather have you friendship all my life than the love of any other man-

"But," he said quickly, perceiving the danger at once, "my friendship fidelity, forbearance, will not supply the place of love." "You do not know," she rejoined; "your friendship is worth more to me than the love of any other man can ever be. It makes me the happiest woman on earth, and it makes earth

> heaven to me." "But, Lela, how am I ever to repay you or thank you? What am I to do in return for this wealth of affection that you lavish upon me?" "You must repay me in kind. You

> have trusted me; I will trust you. I, like yourself, have loved some one so well that, if taat some one never loves me, I shall go unmarried to my grave. See what comfort we can give to each other! This is the happiest day of my life, Sir Karl."

"You are very good, Lola, to say so. If I have added to your happiness, I am well pleased.

"You have not added to it; you have made it," she declared. now, Sir Karl, with the fear of all the offended proprieties, I must go." Still she held his hand fondly clasped in her own. "I am so glad I came," she added, "I hesitated long about it. It was I who persuaded mamma that those books must be of importance to you. She said the servants could take them; but I told her that as I was passing the lodge might leave them; and then I did not think that there would be any harm seeing you for a few minutes to say farewell. I shall always be glad that

I came." She looked so happy that he could not find it in his heart to reproach county were present at the cere-

England?" she asked. His heart turned with loyal allegiance to Dolores, for whose sweet sake and for love of whom he was going

into exile. He would come back when he had ceased to love her, but not until then. "I cannot tell exactly tohe replied.

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"You will think of me very often when you are away? I wonder whether it will make you any happier to know that one faithful heart will go with you everywhere. Will it comfort you to know that?"

"Yes," he replied, almost hating himself because he could not feel more grateful for all this kindness. "I must say good-by," she said, with lingering regret. "It is hard as death-I have found you only to lose you. Good-by, Sir Karl. Say to me some kind word which will keep my heart warm while you are away." "The kindest words I have for you," he answered, "are the title you have given yourself-my true friend

"When you return will you promise to come and see me before you see any one else, Sir Karl?" "Yes, I will, Lola; I can easily promise that."

"And now it must indeed be good-"she said. "Good-by!" Her hand lingered in his; the beautiful face was upraised to his; the dark eyes and fresh, sweet lips invited a caress; but he was resolved that there should never be anything more than friendship between them. He did not touch with his lips either the white brow or the white hand. "Good-by, Lola," he said. "I will

see you safely into your carriage." But as the girl still held his hands tightly clasped in her own, he saw that tears were falling down her face. "It is no pain for you to part with me," she said. "To me it is more

bitter than death." "Nay, not that, Lola." "Yes, and more than that. You do not know, you do not understand Do you think if the pain had not been more than I could bear, that I should have come here to see you, have risked so much and dared so much to spend these last minutes with you? If I could tell you all that is passing in my heart now, you

would not go away." "I must go in any case, Lola," he said, firmly. "Now let me see you to your carriage. I am afraid it will be

dark before you reach home." She lingered with him as long as she could; the arrangement of the rugs and wrappers afforded an excuse for keeping him by her side. It was so sweet and pleasant to her that he should interest himself in her comfort. Then the groom took his place, and there was no further excuse for

"Good-by, once more," she said. The little ponies started off, and

she had seen the last of him. "He will be mine yet," she soliloquized. "I shall win him. How many a heart is caught in the rebound! Who was it that he loved, and leved in vain? I wish I had been in that woman's place. How I love him and how foolish I am? Yet I will win him, if love and patience can do it. People laugh at love and think it weakness or a girl's sentimental folly. Why, it is the strongest of hu-

man passions." When she came to think over her interview with him, she was not dissatisfied. She felt a certain hope that when he returned it would be to her. She smiled at her own beautiful image in the glass.

"I must not repine or be dull while he is away." she said to herself. When he returns! Ah, Heaven is good, and he will not be long away

CHAPTER X.

Sir Karl Allanmore had gone, leaving Scarsdale to the care of servants: and the one topic of conversation in the county now was the wedding at White Cliffe. Lord Rhysworth had made great preparations at Deeping Hurst. A beautiful suite of rooms had been re-decorated and refurnished for his young wife, containing everything that taste could suggest and money furnish.

The day fixed for the wedding came at last-a fine, bright day, near the close of autumn. The little church at Deeping was prettily decorated for the occasion, and the school children were there with flowers to throw before the bride. The Squire, in the pride of his heart, had invited almost more guests than White Cliffe could accommodate. The elite of the years younger-so all declared; the sionary capacity. bridegroom's appearance was high- Lola never heard a word of diswith blushes; it was pale, with a cheerful obedience. calm, steadfast expression; the violet "It is not my notion of a married eyes did not droop, nor did her voice life," thought Lola. "I should feel falter when the solemn words were compelled to quarrel with my husuttered which bound her heart, life, band at times, just for the pleasure and love, to another.

After the wedding-breakfast, Lord Lola thoroughly enjoyed her visit look of triumph. All was safe now that Dolores was married; there would be no likelihood that Sir Karl would let his thoughts wander in that direction again. She had spoken a few words to Dolores before she started for Deerhurst.

"It has been a pretty wedding, Do- Two years had passed, and few

But no crimson flush of pain or em- deed a new existence. barrassment rose to her friend's face Sir Karl had not returned to Eng "I am sure he will."

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en me; but I will forgive you, You must not be surprised if you hear of a marriage when Sir Earl returns. She half the satisfaction then of seeing the sweet face grew pale; and, with a kiss, Lola withdrew.

To the day of her death Bolore remembered the close of her weeding -the chiming of the bells at Beeping, the cheers of the crowd, the half of the old house lined with friends and servants, the pretty group d bridemaids, with Lola prominent among them, the white head of her father, the shower of eld slippers and rice, the dear, happy home she was leaving forever, She recalled it all through a mist of tears-tears which her husband kissed away.

"You shall never regret it, Delores, my darling," he said. shall be the beginning of a new

happy life," And it was a happy life. When the honeymoon was over, Lady Rhysworth declined to go abroad as her husband suggested, and they care back to Deeping Hurst. There was a series of brilliant wedding festivities, to which half the country were invited; and Lord Rhysworth, in his anxiety to please his young wife, pressed her to invite Lola de Ferras to remain at Deeping Hurst until

they were ended. "You would like a young companion, Dolores," he said, "and I was much struck with the high spirit and vivacity of Miss de Ferras."

He little guessed how his young wife in her heart longed for rest and peace nothing more. Her husband's wish was however law to her, and she never, even in thought, rebelled against it He wished her to invite Lola; she did so at once: and the

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pleased to accept the invitation "May and December," she said to mony. The bridesmaids wore cos- herself. "May finds herself lonely, "How long will you be away from tumes of cream-color and pale blue, and December would rather have me and were remarkable for their there to amuse her than intrust that beauty. The Squire, erect and hand- task to a fine jeune homme. I go some, seemed to have grown twenty to Deeping Hurst in a kind of mis-

> bred and aristocratic; but the bride agreement between husband and wife. attracted the most attention. Do- There never was the least coolness. lores had never looked so lovely. The On one side were devoted attention fair, flower-like face was not rosy and lavish love; on the other was

of making it up.

and Lady Rhysworth departed for to Deeping Hurst; and perhaps what Deerhurst Manor for their honey- she enjoyed most was having the opmoon. Lady Fielden kindly consent- portunity of talking to Lady Rhysed to remain at White Cliffe to sup- worth about Sir Karl. She reveled erintend the ball which the Squire in- in it. She liked to watch the lovely tended to give in honor of the event. face as she recounted all the differ-Lola had acted as chief bridesmaid, ent interviews she had with him, and and on her dark face there was a all what she was pleased to call his protestations to her. Lady Rhysworth listened in silence; the time was coming when she would know

CHAPTER XI.

lores," she said, as she followed her changes had come with them. The to her room to bid her farewell. old Squire, a rich man now through "Indeed I may say more than that. the generosity of Lord Rhysworth, I have never seen a more beautiful declared that he was growing youngone. I shall tell Sir Karl all about er; he was so thoroughly happy that it when I write." She wished to let Dolores felt every time she saw him, Lady Rhysworth know that she cor- she could have made a sacrifice twice responded with Sir Karl. "He will as great for him. He thoroughly enbe greatly interested in it," she con- joyed his life, and began to take his favorite rides and walks. His was in-

-only a calm, sweet smile; and Do- land. Scarsdale was still in the lores' fervent response disarmed hands of the servants. Lola, whose letters interested him because they were always full of news about Deep-Still Lola was not quite satisfied. ing Hurst, heard from him often; She kissed the fair face and said- but in none of his letters was there "I hope you will be happy, Do- even the faintest allusion to his leres, I never thought you would be coming home. At Deeping Hurst itmarried first. It is stealing a march self there had been one event. Dolores had presented her husband with DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURG

a little 'daughter, a tiny. child whom she idolized; and i Rhysworth had been nearly himself with joy. After his loveless life to have a sweet and infant daughter-it seem marvel to him that Heave blessed him so. His loving in for his daughter was beyond a tion; that there had been, we could be such a baby he refue believe. Little Kathleen was my Dolores; she had the Rhysword dark eyes and hair, and a mount a rosebud. It was touching to the old Squire with his littlem daughter-to him she was Dolm her sweet, helpless infance

again. The child thrived, and event at Deeping Hurst seemed to me uninterrupted prosperity and be ness. Lord Rhysworth, in his in ed love and affection for his le daughter, settled Deerhurst W. with a handsome yearly income on her. Deeping Hurst was etal and would go to his son, or, #1 had no son, to the next of the Deerhurst Manor and But Grange were his own, and he leave them to whom he the Many a description of this worked baby had Lola sent over the sa Sir Karl; but when the little was just a year old, able to callie Rhysworth by name, and to the the heart of Dolores by un "Mamma," a terrible and unique event occurred. One November m ing Lord Rhysworth was caught in thick mist, and, being at some tance from home, he was compared to remain in his wet clothes; then sequence was, he caught a bad he erish cold. Like most healthy m he laughed when Dolores begged in to give up outdoor sports for all

and take care of himself. It was right, he affirmed; a cold t nothing. It would not hurt him The result was that one day he unable to rise from his bed; inla mation of the lungs set in, and was soon brought to the very to of death. Then the noble chust of Dolores shone forth, From this hour of her husband's illness m the last she never left him. Whating she was compelled to take she to in his room. She was the most s siduous and careful, the most go

and loving of nurses. "You make even death seems Dolores," he whispered to her, & the death-damp gathered on brow. "We have not been long gether, but you have made me to

His little daughter was brought him, and he passed away with head on the breast of the wife will he had loved so dearly and so wal His death, so sudden and unexpe ed, coming in the midst of his pu happiness, and so soon after marriage, created a profound tion in the county. People hardly believe it at first. Its on Dolores was terrible. It to her that she could never best common routine of life again. a mystery to her, far above here prehension, this sudden comia death into the midst of life; this ful wrenching of a great human She stood with weeping eyes by husband's dead body. Was this deed the man who had loved he such lavish love? Where was light that had shone in his eye word to her. She bent

in thought, word and deed, "May we meet again in her county. There was not one whose heart did not go out in est sympathy to the beautiful po-

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