

Don't Stop My Paper.

You can't tell how we miss it. The children want their stories. And wife is anxious, too.

Dorcas Caledon, THE HEIRESS OF CALEDON HEIGHTS.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY FLORENCE E. DIAMOND.

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CHAPTER VII.

This, then, was the end of all my foolish dreams of Oliver Dudley! The end of the firm, true friendship I had felt so sure would spring up between us on his return!

"What, miss, sitting in the dark?" she asked. "Why, what is it, the matter, dear?" she continued, lighting the lamp and noticing my wet, tangled hair and disordered appearance.

"Nothing at all," I answered, sullenly. "I went out for a walk and got wet."

"Well, well, that's too bad!" said good-natured Maggie, seating herself on the edge of the bed, as she often did, for a friendly chat.

"Oh!" she began, "it's fine times they're havin' in the parlors this evening. There's more company come. The young gent that was here once afore, though I don't suppose you remember it, you were such a little chick then. Well, he is being travelin' in furriest parts and now he is come back. They say he is no end of rich, and Miss Irma, it's plain to see, is mighty anxious to look fine in his eyes."

"No, Maggie," I answered, drearily, "but my head aches and I'm going to bed soon. Don't mind me at supper, I do not want any."

And Maggie, seeing that I did not care for her presence, finally left me alone. Then my anger blazed forth. Before Maggie's entrance I had been trying in a blind way to find some excuse for Mr. Dudley's cool and indifferent welcome to me, and I was ready to believe he had not been intentionally unkind, only a little vexed at my act of disobedience. But now I was satisfied, I said. All my pride rose in arms at the thought that I should crave his friendship, which he withheld. He had come. Yes—and I fairly leaped in my bitterness at the thought that my friend, my king, my ideal hero had come. He had treated me kindly; yes, kindly as he would have treated a bugger in the street who had asked him for a penny. He saved you from drowning, said my conscience. As he would have saved a dog, I answered, bitterly. His presence, his smiles, were for Irma Barrett, beautiful, rich, golden-haired Irma Barrett, the heiress of Caledon Heights. Preposterous then that a beggarly dependent should aspire to the friendship or regard of one so far above her.

I fairly loathed myself for having ever loved or trusted him. Why did I love or trust any one! Surely no one had ever returned my love. Was I not a wretched foundling from my birth, a cast-off wail whom no one cared to own; and is it strange, I said, that when one's own parents forsake them that others should not feel any great interest or love for them. No, it was not, but it made me bitter long none the easier to bear, to know this. I sat up and wrung my hands in rage and hate toward every one. I hated the parents who had made me off, I said. I hated the low-bred servants in whom I had been compelled to associate with when my spirit told me I was fitted or born for better company. But above all I hated Mrs. Clayton and her daughter, who, I always imagined, in a vague way, stood between me and a better life.

Gradually my anger subsided, and I became calmer; but a resolve had formed itself in my mind, and that was that I would no longer remain a dependent at Caledon; I would certainly earn my living, now I was nearly fifteen years of age. I would try my way; anything was better than live here, I said. I would go at once, I would not wait to be banished to the dull farmhouse as I knew I should be.

In my feverish eagerness I arose and gathered together my few belongings, tied them in a bundle and then sat down to write a note to Mr. Dudley, thanking him for his timely aid the evening before, but telling him nothing of my intended departure.

"I turned and gave one long, last look." This note I laid on the little dressing table, where Maggie would be sure to see it when she came to my room in the morning. I also left the bit of gold given me by Oliver Dudley so long before, and which until now, had been the most precious thing in the world to me. But I did not value it now as I was no longer my friend; but my heart ached with a dull, hard ache as I held the bit of gold in my hand, and then let it drop beside the letter, into a box of a discarded promise, I thought, drearily.

Then I crept to bed and lay half waking half sleeping until the first gray streaks of dawn began, to lighten the east. Then I arose and donned my hat and saque, and, taking my bundle, stole noiselessly as a shadow along the hall and out at a side entrance. I unfastened the door and gained the ground, through which I sped and reached the gate unobserved by the watch-dog that I greatly feared. The gate was fastened, but I managed to creep through the bars and then I stood upon the highway. I turned and gave one long, last look at the house I had known for five long weary years and which I presumed I was leaving forever.

What a massive pile of masonry it was, standing out dimly in the gray light. How proudly did it seem to stare at me with its many-windowed eyes, as if scolding the humble wail who stood alone in the dusty road, gazing up at it with mixed feelings of awe and regret. But it had been naught to me but a hateful prison house, I said, as I hurried away. Why should I regret leaving it! So I trudged on, little dreaming how I should again enter the gates of Caledon Heights, or what a strange, new life lay before me.

My intention was to go to the city, and there, I like all people, especially young and ignorant ones, imagined I could find employment. Maggie had often told me of a nursery girl, and a certain cousin who had nothing at all to do but attend one little fellow, or child rather, and received the sum of two dollars a week and board, besides many of her mistress' cast-off garments, which, Maggie declared, were as good as new. Hearing this, I did not doubt but I should soon find a place where my services would be gratefully received. I did not stop to think that these people would be very likely to inquire from whence I came and what recommendation I had. But I was very ignorant of the world, the reader must remember, having never been outside the gates of Caledon, scarcely, nor into a town or village of any sort, since I was ten years old. Think of this, you young folks, to whom a journey of two weeks of travel never thought of except as a trifling occurrence.

I had with me a small sum of money which I had saved by doing odd jobs for the servants at Caledon; yet the whole sum did not exceed two dollars. But I was free, I said, as I walked on; better starve in freedom than live in bondage.

fruit over the stove and a large Newfoundland dog lay stretched before the fire. "Dinah," said the old woman addressing the girl, "dis pore chile is done lost her way an' is clean tuckered out. She's gvin' to Baltimore, but I t'ole her she's on the wrong track; it's clean twenty miles there, ha'n't it! Yo take off your bonnet and rest here, chile," pointing to a settee in the corner.

I did so, but, though I only intended to rest a few moments, sleep overpowered me and I knew nothing more until I was awakened by voices near me and sprang up to find the lamplight illuminating the great kitchen and to find that I had slept for hours.

The negroes laughed at my bewildered looks, but Aunt Chloe said, kindly: "Yo is so tired, honey, we loved ye'd better sleep and rest here till morning. Ye can stay with me."

I was glad to accept their hospitality, for I shuddered to think what might have befallen me had I fallen asleep on the lonely roadside.

During the evening I learned that the master and mistress were absent, and only the three negroes in charge of the house and plantation, which I judged to be a very rich one from its appearance.

In the morning I again started on my way. Kind Aunt Chloe provided me with a lunch and a multitude of directions, besides many kind wishes, and I left the old creature as I had found her busily sweeping the walks.

I took the road she designated, but before long I began to feel so tired and exhausted I was forced to rest; yet all day I toiled on, but as I could see, I was no nearer the goal than when I started. I began to feel that I had made a mistake in leaving home, after all. It was better than tramping across the country half starved and looked upon with suspicion by every one.

Toward evening I passed many farm-houses, but I dared not enter for fear of the fierce dogs that barked savagely inside the yards. So, worn out, at length I sought a clump of bushes growing by the roadside, and here I passed the night. I slept soundly, despite the cold wind and the hard couch. But in the morning I felt so stiff and lame I could hardly rise, but I made my way out, and, going to a house, I procured a bite of breakfast, and then though scarcely able to crawl, I feebly pushed on, scarce knowing where or what direction I was taking.

CHAPTER VIII. To add to my discomfort at noon a drizzling rain began to fall, and soon the wind blew fiercely. So severe, indeed, became the storm I was forced to seek shelter in a wood where I remained the afternoon and night, wet, shivering and nearly perishing with cold and hunger. The storm cleared, however, in the night, and the sun rose bright and clear in the morning. I dragged myself out of the thicket, where I had lain, and by great difficulty gained the high road, but I found I could no longer continue my journey. My limbs ached, as did my head, while on my way I had been chilled to the bone, the next burning with fever. Lights danced before my eyes, and I grew so faint and giddy I could scarcely stand. Slowly creeping along thus I determined to stop at a neat white house by the road, and accordingly opening the gate I crept slowly up the walk.

A sweet-faced lady was briskly opening the shutters as I came in. But she paused and uttered an exclamation when she saw me, and no wonder, for a more pitiable looking object could hardly have met your eyes than I was at that moment.

My clothes were wet and splashed with mud; my hat hung limp over my disheveled hair, and my shoes were in tatters. But my falling strength made me regardless of these things. I went to the window. I tried to tell the woman that I was a man, a strong man, but my words leaked the water up in strange, confused manner. A mist came before my eyes, and I remembered nothing more till I awoke lying on a lounge in a pleasant room with the kind face I had seen at the window bending over me, while she bathed my head, rubbed my numb hands and strove in every way to arouse me to consciousness. When I had in a measure recovered, she removed my outer garments, took off my soaked shoes and stockings, and smoothed out my tangled hair, her soft, gentle hands soothing me with what the burning pain in my head. She asked me no questions; she merely accepted my situation as a matter of course, and if I had aroused her curiosity she did not express it.

She then brought me a cup of tea and a bit of toast, which she urged me to eat; but, while I drank the tea, I could not touch the toast, though I made several ineffectual attempts to do so, wishing to gratify my kind benefactor.

"Never mind eating it, child," she said, seeing my attempts. "If you do not feel like eating you had better not." And I saw tears in her soft blue eyes as she spoke.

She then conducted me to a room, disrobed me gently as a mother might, and tucked me in the softest of beds and drew the curtains to shut out the light from my aching eyes, and I soon fell into a troubled sleep. I remember awaking once, but after this came a long blank, or rather a dull confused dream, in which in imagination I traveled hundreds of miles, ever toiling on over stony roads and up steep and dizzy heights, or else I scrambled through dense thickets, or was lost in the labyrinth of deep forests, or I walked by cool streams and bubbling fountains, but not one drop could I obtain to quench my burning thirst, and ever before me was the face of Irma Barrett, and I saw the gleam of her golden hair and the glint of her blue eyes wherever I turned.

But these were dreams only, fever dreams that worried my brain, while the fever that coursed through my frame burned unceasingly until, compelled to lie out for want of food, I awoke in a faint, sweating state. I remember awaking once, but after this came a long blank, or rather a dull confused dream, in which in imagination I traveled hundreds of miles, ever toiling on over stony roads and up steep and dizzy heights, or else I scrambled through dense thickets, or was lost in the labyrinth of deep forests, or I walked by cool streams and bubbling fountains, but not one drop could I obtain to quench my burning thirst, and ever before me was the face of Irma Barrett, and I saw the gleam of her golden hair and the glint of her blue eyes wherever I turned.

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It had been November when I fell ill, but it was mid-winter when, wrapped in shawls, I crept to the window for the first time and gazed out on the leafless trees and brown, swinging vines in the garden. But I was glad to creep back again to the warm-cushioned chair by the fire where Mrs. Kent sat

busily knitting, and smiling at my attempts at walking.

But I grew better rapidly, and was soon able to lay aside invalid wraps and chairs. One day when I had grown quite strong, Mrs. Kent gently asked me to tell her my story, for she felt sure, she said, there was something amiss or I would not have been in such a strait. Without any hesitation I frankly told her my entire history so far as I knew it. Of my parents, their antecedents of course I could not say, but I left nothing untold; even my childish attachment to Mr. Dudley I revealed, and my trust in his assistance in helping to unravel the mystery which I felt sure surrounded me. Then I told of his return, his cold words, his seeming indifference, which broke my heart, and made me resolve to no longer be a dependent upon the bounty of others.

Mrs. Kent sat silent and thoughtful for some time after hearing my story. Evidently she was striving in her own mind to arrive at some definite conclusion in regard to the matter. But she spoke at last, quietly, gently as follows: "Well, my dear, I do not think perhaps you would do a deal better not to have left so long, at least, not until you had seen and talked with Mr. Dudley. But what is done is done, and we can change it. I do not know this family, though I have heard of them; but it is likely that Mrs. Clayton and this Miss Armond are connected by some secret, but it might be and might not be for your benefit to discover it. However, I wish now to talk of yourself. We have been brought together under very strange circumstances. I can not help thinking that some good will arise from it. Now, Dorcas, I have a plan to propose. I am alone with the exception of Ann, the servant girl. I have no companion; my two children are both married and living abroad; my husband, as I once told you, died a few months since. Therefore, I am very lonely. I should dearly love a companion. I like you, Dorcas. You are young and friendless. Will you accept a home with me?"

"Would I remain in paradise, if I could!" I cried, falling down at her feet and laying my head in her lap in a perfect transport of joy and thankfulness. "Mrs. Kent, if I ever prove ungrateful for your kindness may I never see you again. Surely there is no one so kind and good as you."

Mrs. Kent smiled and stroked my hair with her white, shapely hand. "It is settled then; you will remain with me," she said, and my ascent was a joyful one.

That winter I classed among the happiest of my life. We were so comfortable, so cozy, so entirely devoted to each other, that the days were never long or the evenings tedious. My heart was full of joy and thankfulness. Mrs. Kent, I found, was a cultured woman, and under her teachings I improved rapidly.

CHAPTER IX. I will not weary this reader with a full account of my life for the next two years. It passed with very little of interest to the outsider. At the end of this time I was a well-grown girl of seventeen, and though I had mixed very little in society I flattered myself I was in a measure free from that awkwardness so painfully common to girls brought up in seclusion. I had during this time heard occasionally from the Claytons, who still resided at Caledon, as of old. Irma Barrett was not yet married, though she had been a reigning belle for two seasons. Her beauty and fortune had brought her hosts of admirers, but her vain nature would not yet allow her to be bound by the chains of betrothal or matrimony. Oliver Dudley was still single also, though I sometimes heard with a strong pang at my heart, of his assiduous attention to Irma Barrett.

"What was it to me," I asked myself, angrily, "whether he married the heiress or not?" Surely he was nothing to me. Had he not scorned the little beggarly dependent, and did I not have cause for hating him for such an ungrateful return for the devotion to him I cherished! And did I hate him, I cried, angered at my foolish heart, that just as often gave proof of the falseness of this assertion.

It was the winter of my seventeenth year that Mrs. Kent received an urgent invitation from a friend in New York to visit her. They had been old and dear friends, and Mrs. Kent, though she did not like the idea of a winter in the metropolis, yet felt obliged to accept her friend's invitation for the sake of old times.

Having never yet caught even a glimpse of the gay world, it is no wonder I felt some delight, yet a great deal of trepidation, at the thought of being a visitor at one of the best and most fashionable mansions in the city. Mrs. Kent, having no desire that I should appear backward or ill-clad, provided me with an ample wardrobe and spent much time in instructing me in fashionable etiquette to all of which I listened with closest attention, determined that if possible my kind mistress should have no cause to feel mortified at my appearance.

"Dear child," said Mrs. Kent, "how anxious you are to improve yourself in my eyes; though," she added, "you are good enough and polished enough already for your daughter, never caused me a moment's discomfort since you became my dear adopted daughter."

And I felt that she had paid me the highest compliment I could have cared to hear.

We finally found ourselves domiciled at Mrs. Leiber's splendid and hospitable mansion. She, like my adopted mother, was a widow with married sons and daughters. One son, however, resided with his mother and her wife and their lovely children were the pride of her household.

We were warmly received, and I felt at home at once with the whole family. I now for the first time enjoyed the society of young people. I felt somewhat backward at first, but this gradually wore off, and I was soon able to chat with comparative ease with my new acquaintances. We attended concerts, musical soirees; we visited the art galleries, the museums, we rode in the park; we attended the theater and opera, in fact, indulged in all those expensive luxuries and

mosty pleasures that only the rich can afford.

We were one day driving in the park, myself, the younger Mrs. Leiber and the children, when suddenly a carriage passed us in whose occupants I recognized something strangely familiar. I leaned forward to catch a closer glimpse, and as I did so the gentleman turned his head and I caught sight of his face. I could not be mistaken—the dark eyes, the soft curling hair and the slightly furrowed brow were those of Oliver Dudley's. I knew him instantly, and it only needed a glance at the golden hair of the beauty beside him to ascertain that it was Irma Barrett.

I sank back with a quick, keen pain at my heart, and clutching aimlessly at my rich sable muff, my cheeks growing strangely pale, I knew, for kind Mrs. Leiber at once enquired if I were ill.

"Oh! no; it is nothing," I answered, calmly enough, wondering even at myself that I could be so strangely moved at the sight of this man, who was not, nor ever could be, feeling to me.

I went home feeling strangely depressed. It was probably then that the Claytons were in the city. I had heard of their sometimes visiting here. I should be almost certain to meet them. I knew, and my heart beat quickly at the thought, for I never could regard them in any other light than my bitter enemies.

Mrs. Kent met me in the parlor. "There is a gentleman to see you in the drawing-room, Dorrie," she said, smiling. "Strange how attractive Mr. Balfour (naming the gentleman) finds our house of late," she added, archly. "And Colonel Bailey called this morning. Really, Dorrie, you are getting to be quite a belle."

I laughed lightly at her words, and ran up to my room to remove my wraps before going down to meet my friend. I felt angry at myself that I could not feel more than a passing interest in this handsome young Balfour, whose admiration for me had been a patent fact since our first meeting. He was rich, young, handsome—what more could I desire. My friends, too, all looked upon him with favor, and I felt gaily when I remembered how I had encouraged his attention when I felt for his only friendship, not love, not even the ghost of it, on my kind and good as you."

There was also Colonel Bailey, another, in every way, eligible suitor; except in the matter of age, he being a number of years my senior, though not old, by any means; he was handsome and courtly, a very king among men, some would have called him. But I did not care for him. I said, however, I should never fall in love; men were all alike to me, and why did they annoy me with their attentions.

"Now, if Oliver Dudley were Edgar Balfour," I found myself saying, and then I cried, "I should never fall in love; men were all alike to me, and why did they annoy me with their attentions."

The next day I went again; in vain did I resolve not to go near the park again; the temptation was too great, and that afternoon found us again among the crowd of gay aristocrats that daily flock there. But to-day I was disappointed; though I strained my eyes in all directions for a sight of that well-known form, I was not rewarded. Mrs. Leiber, I imagined, was looking for any one in particular. "If it is for Colonel Bailey, there he is," she said, laughing, while I shrank back in the carriage feeling ashamed of myself, yet devoutly wishing the Colonel were at the antipodes. But I could not move, though much inclined to do so, for the Colonel accompanied us home and then attended us to a musical entertainment at the house of a friend.

It was one o'clock before I was at liberty to seek my own room and there muse over the changed appearance of Oliver Dudley, for to keep him from my thoughts was an utter impossibility. I saw his face in the gleaming embers of the fire; I heard his voice in the moaning wind; whatever way I turned I was confronted by the same form, and I fell asleep to dream strange, troubled dreams, in which the center figure was always Oliver Dudley.

I awoke in the morning strangely depressed and unhappy. I wandered aimlessly about until evening, when we went, as usual, for a drive, but this time I dared not let my eyes search the crowd as yesterday, for I saw that Mrs. Leiber was watching me closely.

But suddenly we came to a standstill; there was a crush of carriages ahead, and for some moments we were unable to go on. It was during this delay I suddenly heard an exclamation, and, turning my head toward the side from whence it came, I encountered the gaze of one who, for a moment, held me spell-bound with terror and amazement. Surely I remembered the hard, ugly face, the keen, gray eyes, the scart, white hair. It was, it could be no other than Miss Armond, who stood gazing at me, evidently lost in astonishment at my seeing me, for I saw at once that she recognized me, and I felt, as I always had, a sort of fear of her, and now I turned pale, actually shivering with terror, as I saw she was about to alight. What did she mean to do!

Just at that instant I found myself suddenly lifted by a strong hand and borne rapidly toward the stage, where a side entrance was placed for the convenience of the performers. It was from the stage the fire had caught, consequently it was here the fire burned hottest, but my preserver, who ever it was, made straight for the side entrance, but flames barred the way. "My God! too late! too late!" he gasped, but at that instant someone cried: "To the other side! There is a window there—fling her out there—better

death on the stones to be roasted alive here!" TO BE CONTINUED.

ONE LESSON HOUR.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

Miss Elliott's class in Sabbath school was composed of six bright boys. It had the name of being the most orderly class of boys in the school; but Miss Elliott was considered by the other teachers as being very peculiar in her methods. She did not adhere to the text of the lesson, but allowed her boys to wander far away from it, to ask questions themselves and to express their opinions freely; and in spite of outside comments, the boys were pleased and profited as well. They might very likely forget how many miles it is from Jerusalem to Jericho, but they did not forget that the act of the good Samaritan was Christ-like; and that each one might find occasion to render loving service to some one in need. The boys might forget how many years Saul reigned over the children of Israel, but they could not forget David's forbearance when his enemy was in his power.

One Sunday the lesson was the advancement of Joseph to be ruler of all Egypt, except the throne itself; and very naturally the talk drifted to the subject of kingly power.

"It's the grandest thing in the world to be a king, I think!" said Victor the oldest boy.

"Yes, it is a grand position, said the teacher.

"And next best is to be the son of a king."

"Well, you can be the son of a king, Victor. All the followers of Christ are sons and daughters of the great King, you know."

"I was n't thinking of just that Miss Elliott."

"Perhaps not; and yet it is a good thought to carry with you. Suppose we all try and keep that in mind the coming week, and see if it does not help us to become worthy of their high station, and all their education tends to fit them for it."

"My father says kings are the most unhappy folks in the world," said another boy.

Very likely; they are weighed with care and responsibility, and fettered with forms and ceremony more than any one else; and some rulers are intensely hated. What real comfort do you suppose the Czar of Russia enjoys, with his very life in peril?"

"But Miss Elliot, the life of a prince must be glorious before he comes to all those cares and responsibilities," said Victor.

Even they are very strictly guarded and trained in most cases. The Prince Imperial of France was an exception, but think of his fate; he would have been safer in a home like yours, Victor."

"Safe perhaps, but dreadful dull sometimes."

"Better dull than dead—slain in the pride of his youth. But you were rightly named Victor; you long for something to conquer power, and to be a ruling spirit, and it is not wrong either. God gave it to some, they are born to command, but all the more need that they themselves be subject to His orders. Just now the things that you are to become conquerors over, are your lessons, your tempers, and your temptations. You are building foundations for the future, and I almost tremble to think how soon you will be men. How I wonder just what you will be twenty years from now!"

"I should like to be the general of a great army," said he, with his dark eyes flashing. "I was at West Point last Summer, and it was wonderful to see all those men obeying the words and motions of one man. Oh, I should like that!"

Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than that which taketh a city," said Miss Elliott softly.

"What does that exactly mean?" asked Robbie.

"Just! Last Sunday you remember the boy in the seat back of you stuck a pin in your shoulder; your face flushed and your eyes flashed for a second, and then you turned and said gently, 'Please don't do that again!' You ruled your spirit, and I called you a hero."

Robbie's face was radiant, and the boys understood.

"What a short hour!" said they as the bell rang. A short hour indeed; and yet in a class not far away the boys had got through the lesson, had time to compare knives, exchange marbles, and plan a fishing excursion, while Joseph and his story was already a dream.

"Good-bye, my princess!" said Miss Elliott, as they passed out.

"I expect each of you to report victories at our next meeting."

The boys did not promise her, but "we will!" was registered in their hearts.

TO BE CONTINUED.



"LAW BRING YE, HONEY."



"SHE PAUSED AND UTTERED AN EXCLAMATION."



"'TVE PLENTY OF THIS, I SUPPOSE!"



"I SAW HIS FACE IN THE GLEAMING EMBERS OF THE FIRE."



"I TURNED AND GAVE ONE LONG, LAST LOOK."