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The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.  
Wood's Phosphodine is sold in Chatham by C. H. Gunn & Co., Central Drug Store, Chatham.

## IONE: A BROKEN LOVE DREAM

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "A Broken Betrothal," "Parted by Fate," "Parted at the Altar," "Heiress of Cameron Hall," "Miss Middleton's Lover," Etc., Etc.

"Delightful! Charming!" chorused the bevy of young girls, as the last note of the passionate refrain died away. "Won't you favor us with one more song, Mr. Rochester? Only one more," they persisted.

Ione could not have uttered one word to have saved her life. Those thrilling words seemed to have dashed her senses, paralyzed her heart.

Like one in a dream, she stood leaning against the piano, even after he had finished. She dared not raise her eyes, for she felt, intuitively, that he was gazing straight into her face, and she knew, too, that every word had been intended for her.

"Was it meant in deep feeling, or sarcasm?" was the thought that whirled madly through her brain. If he had cared so much about her, and mourned losing her, he could never have consoled himself with another love.

Ah, it was cruel of him to awaken those old, bitter-sweet memories, now that all was over between them. She must fly from the spell while the strength was hers to do it—fly to the protection of the man to whom she was betrothed, and whom she was to wed without love.

Ione took one step forward, turning her white face away as she attempted to pass him with a haughty, careless, indifferent step. Then the room seemed to whirl around her, the chandelier and the floor to meet. She threw up her little white hands with a gasp, and would have fallen to the floor if Arthur Rochester had not sprang forward just in time to catch her in his arms.

"Oh, she has fainted!" cried one of the young ladies, in alarm. "She did not feel well enough to come in, but I insisted. It's all my fault. I will go for Miss Carriscount and Mr. Lyons at once."

Frank Lyons was near at hand. A few words briefly explained the situation.

"Miss Lawrence has fainted!" he ejaculated, hurrying into the music-room, and up to the startled group.

His face grew dark as night as he saw Arthur Rochester supporting her.

"Thank you for the assistance you have rendered her. I will relieve you of your care now, if you please," he said, ungraciously.

Insensibly Arthur Rochester's arm tightened around the slim figure, lying so still and white against his throbbing breast.

"I will relieve you of your burden," Frank Lyons repeated. "The young lady is my betrothed," he added, maliciously, advancing a step nearer.

Slowly Arthur unwound his arms from about her, and the pang that it cost him to resign her to another, only Heaven knew. He turned abruptly away, and Frank Lyons, loving her quickly from the room, summoning Miss Carriscount.

They took her into the conservatory adjacent, where the clear, cool water from the splashing fountain, with which they laved her face, soon revived her. They were discussing the advisability of returning home at once, when the lovely dark eyes flashed open wide, with a dazed, startled expression in them.

"Was it a dream?" she murmured.

"You fainted in the music-room, my dear," said Miss Carriscount, anxiously. "What caused it, Ione?"

"Oh, I—I—remember," she whispered, with a shuddering sob. "The room was too warm."

"You cannot deceive me," cried Lyons, leaning down over her and fairly hissing the words in her ear. "It was the sight of your old lover's face. You would make me the laughing stock of New York society if this scene was repeated every time you and Arthur Rochester met."

Bitter tears sprang to the dark velvety eyes, and Miss Carriscount, disbelievingly turned away and walked to the further end of the conservatory.

"We were to have been married and you parted us," she sobbed. "Perhaps God can forgive you for it; I never can."

"I would not take it so much to heart if I were you," sneered Lyons. "It does not seem to have affected Rochester unhappily, for, if report speaks truly, he was scarcely 'off with the old love' before he was on with the new."

He is soon to be married to the little beauty he brought here to-night.

How dare he taunt her with that! Even Frank Lyons had discovered, then, how little he had loved her, after all. The fact was galling to her pride.

"I decline to discuss the matter further," she answered, spiritingly. "Take me back to the ball-room, please."

At this moment Miss Carriscount came up to them.

"You are quite sure you do not wish to go home, my dear," she said, anxiously.

"What! leave the ball that was given in my honor?" she said. "It is not to be thought of."

Even Lyons was a little surprised at her sudden determination to remain. Frank Lyons escorted her back to the ball-room, and the first person they encountered near the door was Arthur Rochester. With all the pride she could summon Ione swept past him, and as he watched her in the dance, her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling, the crimson lips smiling, apparently the gayest of the gay, he turned away with a heavy sigh.

"Mad fool—that I was!" he muttered to himself. "I believed it was the old memories that overcame her as she listened to my song. I see my folly now; it was but the closeness, the heat of the room, that caused her to faint."

His drive home with Elaine was rather constrained.

"Have you enjoyed the ball, Arthur?" she asked eagerly, laying little white, jeweled hand timidly on his arm.

"No," he answered abruptly. "I wish you had not persuaded me into going. I hope I shall not be in face, and she knew, too, that every word had been intended for her."

"Not if you do not like them," returned Elaine, wistfully.

"I detest society," he declared, bitterly. "It is a sham and a delusion; it would turn the head of the best woman living. I believe, for the most part of it is composed of women as false as they are fair."

"What a sweeping assertion," laughed Elaine, good-naturedly; but in her own heart she was wondering why he spoke so bitterly of what heretofore he had always held up to highest praise.

"You shall go to no more balls with me if you do not care for them," she said, considerably; "but you must not take a dislike to garden parties. I have a plan in my head, Arthur. What do you say to giving a garden party in honor of Miss Lawrence?"

### CHAPTER XXIV.

"Was it only her fancy?" she wondered, "or did a startled cry break from Arthur Rochester's lips?"

"It is not to be thought of," Elaine said, hurriedly and hoarsely. "I hope you will abandon the idea."

"Do you not like Miss Lawrence?" she asked, wondering. "She is very beautiful, and destined to be very popular."

"That will be nothing to me," he responded, desperately.

"How strange that you should have taken such a dislike to her!" said Elaine. "Most gentlemen admire her."

"We will not talk about her," he said, with a forced calmness.

But Elaine had no intention of giving up the subject so easily.

"I have a faint recollection of having seen her before somewhere," she went on, never deeming of giving slightly familiar. "Do you know, Arthur, I felt just a little bit jealous. I thought you were watching her all the evening, and for a time I—yes, I might as well confess it—I felt miserable. You will never give me cause for jealousy, will you, Arthur?" she added, quickly. "I come of a race to whom jealousy is fatal."

"You need have no fear, Elaine. I will never give you cause for one unhappy moment," he answered, gently.

During the fortnight that followed, Arthur did his best to control the unhappy, despondent state into which he was slowly but surely drifting.

He was Elaine's betrothed husband, but he was by no means her lover. He tried his best to be all that was kind and considerate to her, but he never dreamt of giving her one single caress which is so dear to girlish hearts from the one they love. He was quick at reading women's faces, and he knew by the wistful expression of Elaine's that she expected some demonstration of love from him; and he often took her hand, speaking some kindly word of praise that made the girl's heart beat and her cheeks glow—that was in place of the kiss he should have given her and could not.

Yet even with Elaine's happy voice ringing in his ears with her bright, laughing face before him, with all the knowledge of the intensity of happiness his love had brought her, there were times when his heart misgave him, and he did not see how he was to endure it. There were times when he would have given his life almost to have freed himself from the engagement he had made on the impulse of the moment.

There were times when, in his desperation, he thought it would be easier to die than to call any other girl save Ione his wife; when he would have gone away, never to return. But one thought restrained him, and that thought—was that Elaine's heart would surely break.

Ah, not one must suffer for him, he resolved, what he had suffered for the one whom he had loved and lost. There was a grim satisfaction for him in the knowledge that, seeing him with Elaine, Ione would not think her treachery had broken his heart.

It was quite a puzzle to Elaine why Arthur seemed to take such a determined dislike to beautiful Ione, Colonel Whitney's niece. He had but to hear that she was to be at a place to refuse absolutely to go there.

"How strange that you have taken such an aversion to the girl, and without any reason!" laughed Elaine. "Talk about the prejudice of the prejudice of gentlemen. When they make their minds up against a person they cannot be induced to reconsider their opinion."

An event happened a week later, however, which was a keen blow to Elaine's peace of mind, that aroused all the latent jealousy in her nature, which lay like a smouldering volcano beneath a calm surface.

It came about this way: To some worthy poor man employed in the mill Miss Rochester had promised a supply of cast-off clothing. In searching through Arthur's wardrobe, having called Elaine to assist her, she came across a velvet shooting jacket, which she remembered to have heard Arthur say he should never wear again.

"This will answer quite well," she said, handing it to Elaine, adding: "Please take it down to the man, my dear, he is below in the servants' hall. Say that I shall find more for him in the course of a few days, when I shall have more time."

As Elaine reached the lower corridor a sudden impulse caused her to thrust her hand in the pockets, to make sure they were empty. In the last one she found a scrap of paper. Drawing it forth, she looked at it carelessly enough. Then, in one short instant, the color died from her face, the light from her eyes. She gave a quick gasp, sinking down in the nearest seat.

"Let me read it again," she cried, hoarsely. "To make sure that there is no mistake—that my eyes have not deceived me."

It was but a scrap of a letter written in a fine, pretty, delicate hand, and read as follows:

"Please begin to believe you a very foolishly exacting lover. You should know very well, dear, that your Ione does love you, even though she fails to write it in each letter. You have only been gone short, Arthur, yet I count the hours until you return. In the language of the poet I say: 'I never knew how dear you were to me until you went away.'"

I shall not.

The fragment contained but those few words, but they were a terrible revelation to the girl who read them. Her eyes were flaming, her hands clenched, her heart beating with quick, convulsive sob. She read the words over and over again, and each time they seemed like so many dagger-thrusts in her breast. She forgot her errand. For two long hours she sat there, but they seemed like so many moments.

Who was this girl who dared to write to Arthur in this fashion? They must have been lovers! and a spasm of pain shot through her heart at the very thought. Ione! The name was an unknown one. She repeated it over and over again. Suddenly a thought came to her. She remembered how Arthur appeared to dislike Miss Lawrence, Colonel Whitney's niece. Was it because her name was Ione, too?

She had been so sure that she was Arthur's first and only love. It was a bitter shock to her. Did he love her as well as he loved this Ione? Who was she, and why had they parted? She brooded over the matter until Miss Rochester, who had waited long for her return, came in search of her. She saw her sitting there in the corridor, with the jacket still in her white, nervous hands.

"Elaine," she cried, agitated, "what can you be doing here? Your face is as white as a ghost's; and as I live you have that jacket still in your hands!"

Elaine glanced slowly and sadly before her.

"Have you ever heard of any one—do you know any one by the name of Ione?" she asked, abruptly. The question almost took Miss Rochester's breath away. Her very confusion showed Elaine she knew.

"I am sure, my dear, I do not recollect," she answered, evasively.

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To be Continued.

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On Wednesday evening the students of the Model school entertained a large number of their Business College friends to a promenade concert in the corridors and Kindergarten of the Central school. The students were very much pleased at seeing so many of the teachers as well as the students of the College present. The program was an excellent one and was well carried out. Between promenade the easy recesses on either side of the hallways were well occupied. The promenades were fine and the future teachers of the young are first class entertainers. The following was the program:

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