

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.

"Enough of this darning; it shall be paid," declared Lyons, angrily, "and if you must know, I will tell you how and when. I am expecting to marry an heiress, and as soon as the knot is tied and she comes into possession of her wealth—which is upon her marriage day—I'll settle your bill."

The words had been uttered in a low, cautious tone, but they seemed to the girl sitting opposite them to have been fairly shrieked through the car.

He was soon to be married, and to another! This man who, not forty-eight hours ago, had clasped her own hand, asking her to be his wife, breathing words so eloquent, so full of love and devotion, that they had fairly taken her heart by storm! Had she heard aright? or was this some horrible dream from which she should awaken presently?

By a violent effort she collected her scattered senses and listened again.

Headless of a third party's presence, his brain reeling with wine, Frank Lyons went on boisterously.

"The whole affair, as the novelists would say, has been rather romantic. You remember meeting me one afternoon with that pretty little mill-girl, as you called her, and how you chafed me about it the next time we met? Well, she's the heiress I'm referring to. Don't hat and interrupt me until you've heard all, for there's more back."

"You have heard about that accident at the Nottingham Mills, of course, and how Ions Lawrence, one of the girls, came near losing her life, for the papers were full of it, and the affair was copied far and wide."

"It appears that a copy fell into the hands of an iron merchant from the West, who had gone to Philadelphia on business. Well, to make a long story short, the name 'Ions Lawrence' riveted his attention. He called upon a lawyer at once to investigate whether or not this girl was the child of his only sister—Ions—who had married a man by the name of Lawrence, who had come north years before, and whom he had lost track of, though he had made several attempts to discover their whereabouts. Once he had heard of her through an old friend who chanced to meet her; that she had two children—lovely little girls—one named Barbara; the other named after herself—Ions."

"The merchant had written immediately to the address given, only to find they had recently moved away, and all trace was lost."

"Now he requested this Philadelphia lawyer to ascertain if this orphan mill-girl is one of his nieces, declaring that if it be proven so, he shall inherit the whole of his immense fortune, one-half to be paid down on her wedding day."

"The Philadelphia lawyer called upon me immediately, and he wrote on immediately to me, stating all the facts, asking me to find out beyond a doubt if this girl was the one sought for, and had had a sister named Barbara, knowing I could easily ascertain the required information, as I was acquainted with young Rochester, the mill-owner's son."

"Imagine my astonishment upon learning all this, for I had quite an acquaintance with the bewitching little mill-girl, with whom I had been flirting desperately to kill time. Why, it was as good as a novel, I say. You can depend upon it I lost no time in proposing to the charming nymph, saying never a word just yet of my wonderful discovery. You understand, I want her to think I loved and won her in all her poverty."

MAGICAL

is the effect produced on a big family wash by a single cake of SURPRISE soap.

The housewife's labor is reduced one half; the original snowy whiteness is restored to the linens without boiling or hard rubbing and the disagreeable odors so noticeable with other soaps is done away with entirely.

And yet it costs no more than ordinary soaps.

Read the directions on the wrapper.



every, for herself. She will never know how gold was the bait, not love."

"Colonel Whitney, this wealthy old uncle, is stopping at the K—Hotel, in Philadelphia, awaiting patiently the result of the investigation. So there's the long and the short of the whole story. You may be sure I shall push the marriage forward as rapidly as possible," adding, with a laugh: "There'll be no time spent on wedding trousseau from Paris, and all that sort of nonsense."

"But the girl," responded his friend—"are you sure she will accept you? Proposing and being accepted are different matters."

"Beyond a doubt," returned Lyons, twisting his mustache about complacently with his white fingers. "Wish I was as sure of five millions of dollars."

"Well, under those circumstances, of course if it will oblige you, I'll wait on you for that little amount, Lyons."

"I knew you'd see the matter in the right light. If you had, in common parlance, blown on me, the whole affair would have ended for me, for although this charming Ions is only a mill-girl, as she believes herself just now, yet she would never marry me if she knew what a reckless fellow I am; that's the sort of a girl she is. It wouldn't do for her to hear that I have run through two fortunes already, at my age of life."

"And are waiting to run through a third," supplemented his companion, dryly. "Upon my word, I actually pity the girl so unfortunate as to get you. And that little girl I saw you with has a sweet face, tender and true."

The little veiled figure in the dark cloak rose quickly to her feet and with a swaying motion, like a leaf in the wind, left the car; and it rolled on leaving her standing there on the snowy pavement, her face white as it would ever be in death, her eyes heavy with unshed tears.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ions did not cry out, nor utter any moan, great as the shock had been. As she listened to the words that fell from Frank Lyons' lips, at the love in her heart turned instantly to loathing. The scales fell from her eyes which had been blinded so long by love. She saw him in his true character at last.

Her idol was shattered—her love-dream broken; but she thanked Heaven it had happened before instead of after marriage.

Mrs. Gregory was dismayed at Ions' white face when she returned. "You look ill yourself, my dear," she declared. "I would really advise you to see the doctor, too, when he calls."

All that night the dark, curly head tossed restlessly on her pillow, but Ions shed bitter tears of girlish disappointment over the loss of her handsome, fickle lover, the world never knew it.

Frank Lyons was at the house at the appointed hour the next day. Mrs. Gregory admitted him, and he could not fail to see the dislike on her honest face.

He was shown into the plain little parlor, and, to his surprise, it was some little time before Ions put in an appearance, which was quite unusual.

At length the door opened, and Ions, flushing and paling, hesitatingly entered the room.

"Tone! my darling!" he cried, springing eagerly forward, and attempting to clasp her hands with his own outstretched ones. "It seems to me I have been waiting here an age for you, dear."

Ions drew back from him in scorn, the delicate bloom deepening on her dimpled cheeks, her dark eyes blazing.

"You play the part of an anxious lover capital," Mr. Lyons, she said. "Allow me to compliment you on your perfect dissembling."

"Tone," he cried, "what can you mean? Last evening I left you with the light of love shining in your face for me, kind words on your lips. Now I find you suddenly changed toward me. I ask you again: What can it mean? Have you forgotten why I am here to-day? It is to gain the promise that you will be mine, dear. You were to give me your answer to-day."

She held up her little hand with a gesture of silence.

"I am here in accordance with that agreement," she said. "I have brought you your answer."

"And that answer, my darling," he cried, breathlessly, "is—"

"Not!" she replied.

"Tone," he cried, hoarsely, "surely you are testing me. You cannot— you do not mean it."

"I can and do mean it," she retorted. "I will never be your wife, Mr. Lyons. Please consider the interview at an end."

"You shall not leave me like this, Ions," he cried, fairly beside himself with rage. "You have led me on to hope that my suit would meet with favor in your eyes, and now you would coolly throw me over. You would make me the laughing-stock of all my friends. It must not be, Ions. You must marry me."

The girl drew back and looked at him haughtily.

"Pardon me. The word 'must' was ill chosen," she said. "I am not used to coercion. I will not be forced into marriage. I told you all along I was not sure of my own

heart whether I cared for you or not. Now I have analyzed my true feeling toward you. I—I would not marry you if you were the last man in the world."

Frank Lyons started back in amazement. He had been sure of her. For an instant keen disappointment and rage got the best of his judgment.

A sneer fell from his lips—his eyes blazed wrathfully.

"One would think to hear you that you were an heiress instead of a poor factory-girl," he cried, "who should deem it a grand honor to be asked in marriage by me."

The girl's lip curled. Without deigning him a reply, she turned like a young queen and walked away.

In vain he sought Mrs. Gregory, and pleaded with her to implore Ions to return to the parlor; he had so much to say to her, and that he could not leave her like this.

But Ions was inexorable. She would not return.

In utter despair, he seized his hat at last and hurried from the house, muttering that this was some enemy's work, and that he should win the girl in spite of all the fates that could intervene. Aye, in spite of herself; for she had loved him once, and love could not die in a woman's heart so easily.

Man-like, when he found he could not get Ions, he discovered how much he really cared for her aside from her fortune.

"She shall not know about that fortune until she is my wife," he said, grimly.

And that night he wired the following message to his friend in Philadelphia:

"To Walter Stanhope, No.— Chestnut street: Have made diligent inquiries concerning the girl you wrote me about, and have learned that she has left the city."

"(Signed) Frank B. Lyons."

The telegram was duly handed over to his patron, Colonel Whitney, by Mr. Stanhope, the lawyer.

Slowly the colonel read it through.

"Left the city?" he groaned—"whereabouts unknown? I am beginning to believe I shall never be able to trace Ions' child. To-morrow I will go on to New York and see for myself if all clue is hopelessly lost."

The next afternoon, just at the colonel stepped out upon the piazza, he was met by one of the bell-boys who had been searching for him, with the information that a young lady who was in the reception-room wished to see him.

"A lady!" ejaculated the colonel, surprised. "Now what in the name of all that is wonderful can a lady want with me?" he muttered, under his breath, adding: "The best plan obviously is to go and see. No doubt it's some book agent; and with a look of resignation on his ruddy face, he stepped into the reception-room."

A slim figure in a brown dress rose from the depths of a cushioned arm-chair, and fluttered down to meet him. A little brown hand was stretched out to him, and a pair of great, childish dark eyes were raised timidly to his face, and a voice, sweet as a silver bell, said:

"Please welcome me, Colonel Whitney. I am Ions Lawrence, your niece."

"Bless my soul," exclaimed the bewildered colonel, "can it really be true?"

But there was no need to ask that question, for the first swift glance into that lovely girlish face, so wonderfully like his sister's, was conclusively proof to him that this was his child. The letter she had brought, written by the colonel to her mother, and the locket she wore round her neck containing her father's and a silver bell, said:

"The colonel's delight at finding her knew no bounds, and he listened intently when she told him briefly and truthfully just how she had heard of him at the cost of finding out the falsity of her lover."

"You have escaped one of the worst rascals society ever tolerated, my dear," he exclaimed. "I have known this Frank Lyons for years, and never knew any good of him."

"Tone!" he added, suddenly. "Then, of course, you saw young Arthur Rochester. If there was ever a man who ought to be called a king among men, he is the one. I hope, Ions," he continued, energetically, "if you ever fall in love with a young man, it will be some one like him."

He did not understand why the girl's face flushed so deeply, then turned so deadly pale.

Ions did not realize then, but she knew afterward, why it gave her such keen pleasure to hear her uncle speak so kindly of Arthur Rochester. She could not tell the colonel that he had asked her to be his wife, and that she had refused him—thrown away a golden heart for one of tin-steel.

A strange truth was dawning upon her. She was beginning to care for Arthur Rochester; she was learning to prize the love she had cast aside. Ah, how blind she had been to have even imagined she cared for Frank Lyons. She had not mourned his loss; she had imagined she would; his face was blotted all too quickly from her memory, and another filled her thoughts, waking or sleeping. But would she ever see Arthur Rochester again? she asked herself, and her heart beat more quickly at the thought. Ah, if he would but come to her and ask that momentous question again, she would not send him away, and she thought of those beautiful, pathetic lines:

"She told him 'No,' and he went away."

But neither could she forget; and many a time in the long, still night.

Her eyes with tears were wet—For she missed the love that she had cast aside.

"Why does he not ask me again?" she cried.

Colonel Whitney informed Ions that they should start for Pittsburgh, his home. His immense foundry interests required his constant presence there.

To be Continued.

Make a Test of the Kidneys.

Decide For Yourself by a Simple Experiment If You Have Kidney Disease.

Scores and hundreds of people who are complaining almost daily of backache, pains in the limbs, not unlike rheumatism, and stinging, scalding sensations when urinating, do not know that they are in reality suffering from kidney derangements. Gradually they become thinner and weaker, experience more or less puffiness under the eyes and swelling of the limbs, and feel chronic disease fixing itself upon the system.

It is not necessary for you to undergo an expensive examination to find out if the kidneys are diseased. You can make the examination for yourself. Take a clean glass vessel and allow some urine to stand in it for twenty-four hours. If at the end of that time there are deposits in the bottom of the vessel you can be certain that the kidneys are not in healthy working order. This test, accompanied by the symptoms referred to above, are indisputable evidence of kidney disease.



Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

There is no longer any question about the efficiency of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a prompt and lasting cure for every form of kidney disease. Their combined action on the kidneys and liver enables them to cure chronic and complicated diseases which cannot be touched by ordinary kidney medicines. You can depend on Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills every time. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

RIVAL TO SANTOS-DUMONT.

Paris, Nov. 13.—Santos Dumont, a Brazilian, has arrived here with a flying-machine, which he claims is more powerful than Santos-Dumont's. He proposes to sail across and around Paris shortly.

ENGLISH FIRM GOT CONTRACT.

London, Nov. 13.—There were 372 tenders for the construction of 20,000 horse-power plant for the South London electric tramways, half of them being from American and German bidders. The contract was awarded to an English firm. It is the largest contract of the kind ever secured by a British firm, all contracts of the kind having hitherto been awarded to foreign concerns.

AUSTRALIA WANTS TO EXPAND.

London, Nov. 13.—A despatch from Melbourne to the Times says that Mr. Barton, the Commonwealth Premier, in his speech at the banquet given by the Mayor of Melbourne, referred to the intention of the Government to assume control of New Guinea.

Mr. Barton said that if there were one thing more than another that captivated the imagination of Australians it was the prospect of acquiring dominion in the Southern Seas.

SUGAR BOUNTIES CONFERENCE.

London, Nov. 13.—The conference to discuss the abolition of the sugar bounties, says the Brussels correspondent of the Times, has been definitely fixed for December 15.

Fifteen invitations will be issued next week.

It is understood, the correspondent says, that Germany and Austria-Hungary would abolish the export bounties provided that France would do the same, and would further consent to reduce by one-third the bounties on home consumed sugar.

THE SACKVILLE-WEST CASE.

Madrid, Nov. 13.—The Liberal says that Senor Lastres declines to continue to represent Mr. Sackville-West, who is seeking to establish his claim that he is the legal son and heir of Lord Sackville-West, on the ground that he does not agree with the judge regarding the turn the judicial investigations are taking. Lawyers and the newspapers are of the opinion that nothing will prevail against the official documents, which apparently show that Antonio de la Oliva and Pepita Duran were married in 1831, which makes it impossible that the latter could have legally been the mother of Lord Sackville-West's children.

PARIS PUBLISHERS UP IN ARMS.

Paris, Nov. 3.—The publishers of Paris are up in arms against a proposition introduced into the municipal council yesterday afternoon for the increasing of the city's income by the means of a tax of 20 centimes (five cents) a volume on all new books put on sale after January 1, 1902, no matter where originally printed or published.

The famous house of Hachette and Co. is ready for any amount of lobbying to prevent the passage of the bill. Foreign dealers, such as Brentano and Gallmann, who sell hundreds of thousands of American and English books annually, will be forced to close their doors should this extraordinary measure be adopted.

According to one of the best-known publishers here:—"The book-buying public in Paris has already been fleeced to the skin. Any attempt to get more from it will be the means of stopping the printing presses. Books are now higher in Paris than anywhere else in the world."

Furniture and Carpets

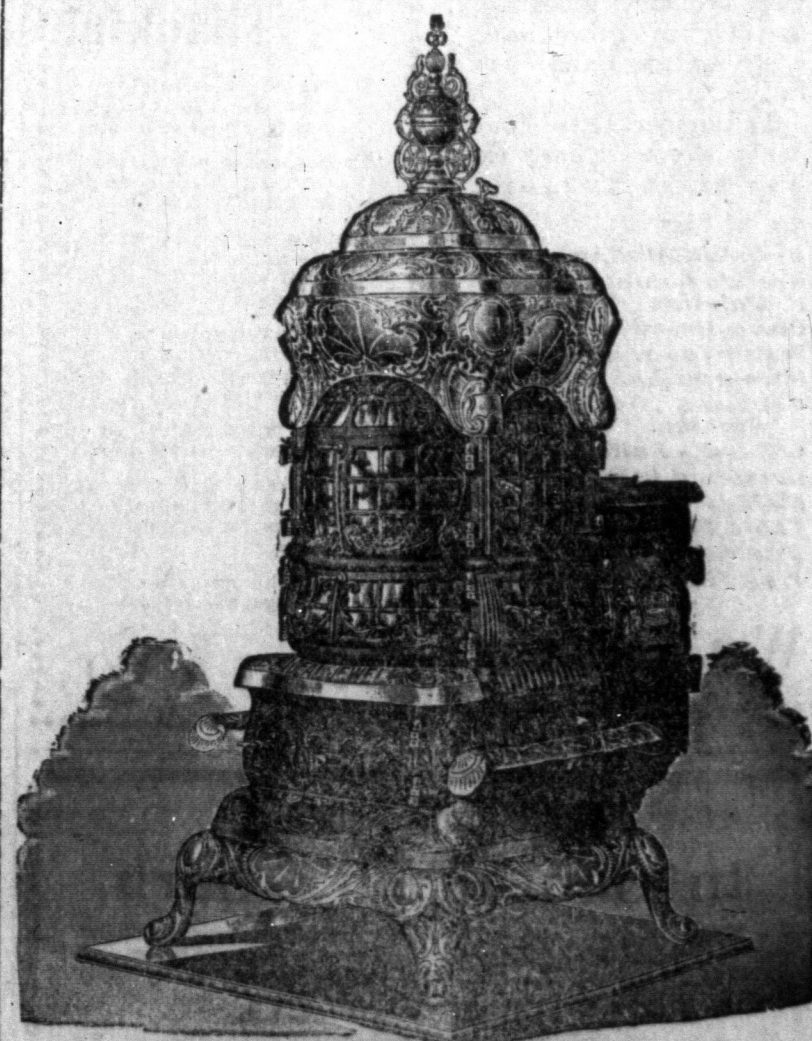
Parlor Suites

Made of Silk Tapestry, with buttoned backs, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$25.00 and \$30.00.
Three Piece Suites, with Mahogany finished frames, \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$25.00.
Rug Suites of good and serviceable rugs, \$32.00, \$38.00, \$45.00, worth \$40.00, \$50.00 and \$60.00.

Bedroom Suites

A Special Line from \$10, \$12. Do not fail to see these Suites.
Polished Oak Suites, with British bevel mirrors, \$25.00, \$35.00.
We are offering a special line of CARPETS at 50c per yard, worth 60c and 65c per yard. Made and laid free of charge.

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Opposite Garner House



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IDEAL JEWEL
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