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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.

CHAPTER XXI. She was coming to New York. If he went into society he must meet her sooner or later—must look into the face of his false, fickle love who was lost to him forever.

Yes, it was a strange betrothal, intense love on one side, kindly liking—the result of pity—on the other. John Rochester was well pleased over it. Hilda Rochester alone was grave. She had pondered long and earnestly over the matter when she heard of it.

She had heard of such things. As long as Arthur did not come to her of his own free will and make a confidant of her, she would not broach the subject to him, save to congratulate him. She could see, too, that he did not look happy.

In the midst of their hurried preparations for the wedding and the journey, a cable dispatch was received, asking John Rochester to come in person to attend to the European business, as a complication of affairs had arisen which would require it.

Thus it was the hasty marriage, which was to take place that week, was postponed, Elaine declaring she would herself see to it now to prepare for an elaborate wedding. Three months from that time was accordingly set for the event to take place.

Patrice, Elaine's trusty little maid, heard of the arrangement with a thoughtful frown. "I hope you won't take no offence if I speak my mind, Miss Elaine, and that is, I am sorry to hear that the wedding is postponed," she said, shaking her head dubiously.

"That is all nonsense, Patrice," she said. "People should not be superstitious. I shall marry Arthur Rochester, unless he or I should die before the time set for the wedding. Have no fears on that score, my good girl."

"I once lived with a young lady who said the same thing when her marriage with her lover was postponed," replied Patrice, "and when the day came at last, the feast was ready, so was the bride elect; but the bridegroom was missing. It broke her heart, Miss Elaine, and two days later they buried her in her bridal robes poor, pretty lady. Death was her bridegroom."

"I do not like to hear such doleful stories," cried Elaine, impatiently. "Thank goodness, I am not superstitious." The engagement was duly announced, and matters went on smoothly enough.

There were times when Elaine did wish that her lover were less cold, but, then, she reasoned with herself, some gentlemen were more demonstrative than others. One evening she entered the library and found Arthur sitting at his desk, his face white as death, reading intently a paper, which fairly trembled in his grasp, his hands shook so.

With a gleam of girlish mischief in her eyes (for she had not as yet caught a glimpse of his face, for his back was toward her), Elaine stole lightly into the room and came up behind him, wondering if some subtle instinct would warn him of her near presence; but no; he was too deeply engrossed in his paper for that.

Feeling cautiously over his shoulder, Elaine proceeded to examine amusedly the columns in which her lover was so absorbed. Her eyes ran down one item after another. "Surely there was nothing on the whole page of special interest," she told herself.

Lightly enough her eyes had glanced over the lines that held Arthur Rochester spell-bound. There were but a few sentences, and read as follows: "The friends of Colonel Whitney, the well-known millionaire mill-owner of Pittsburgh, will be glad to learn that he and his charming and accomplished niece, Miss Ione Lawrence, will soon take up their residence permanently at No. 1 Lexington Avenue. The young lady will be a valuable acquisition to New York society."

And directly beneath this was the formal announcement of Ione's engagement to Mr. Frank Lyons. The words seemed to stand out on the page before him in letters of fire. Arthur had told himself over and over again that he was dead to all emotion—that the old love was dead in his heart—that it had been slain by the falseness of the girl he had loved but too well; yet as he read this, his love so long repressed, his anger so long kept down, rose in a hot, passionate torrent. That mighty love which he had believed dead, surged again through his heart and soul.

new companion, slowly. "I am afraid all is not as it should be. Make a confidant of me, Ione. Let me help you in your love affairs. Even in these a young girl often needs counsel. Tell me, dear, have you and Arthur quarrelled? Did you send him away, and through pique engage yourself to another? Oh, Ione, tell me, dear!" Ione threw her white arms about Miss Carriscourt's neck, burying her dark, curly head on her shoulder.

"Please do not speak of it again," she sobbed. "Everything is as it should be, believe me." "I often come across you reading a book of poems," said Miss Carriscourt, slowly, "and, pardon me, always the same one. Why does it excite such an attraction for you—the poem, 'Hope and I'?"

Slowly she repeated it, watching Ione the while: "We have roamed the world together, In the sunny golden weather, Hope and I; When youth's pleasant hours were sweetest, And its tender blossoms sweetest, When we knew no tear or sigh, Hope and I."

"Ah, we thought love's glory hue, And the bright and glorious blue Of Love's sky Would be never overcast, But forever, ever last, Till the earthly end was nigh, Hope and I."

"But we've lived to see the wall Of each air-built castle fall, Hope and I; See the roses hued die out, And see trust give way to doubt, Since we parted with a sigh, Hope and I."

"Because Hope and I have parted," said Ione, with a laugh that was half a sob. "But let us change the subject. You were speaking of Mrs. Fresham's ball. I suppose I must go, as you say. It will be expected of me. Mr. Lyons spoke to me about it yesterday. I am sorry to say that I do not look forward to it with any great amount of pleasure. It is to be on the 20th; that is nearly ten days yet. I shall pray Heaven that I may never meet him there." Ione murmured, when she found herself alone, "I—I could never bear it."

Still, it was not probable, she thought, that she would meet him there. The night of the ball rolled round at last. Frank Lyons caught his breath, with a cry of wonder, at the beautiful, girlish vision that came slowly down the corridor toward the vestibule in which he was standing, waiting to take her down to the carriage in the door.

"My beautiful queen! my darling! you look like an angel!" he cried, rapturously. Ione drew back in scornful hauteur. "Do not touch me! Do not speak to me!" she cried, passionately. "If I am to be afflicted with your presence, spare me from speaking to you."

"You must hate me most terribly to say that," he cried, with darkening brow. "I do," she responded, equally bitterly; "for you have wrecked my life—made it a living death to me!"

CHAPTER XXII. Frank Lyons drew back, white with wrath, as these cutting, scornful words fell from Ione's lips, and seizing the opportunity, he sprang into the coach unassisted, followed by her chambermaid, Miss Carriscourt. He took his place silently beside her, and not another word was spoken until they arrived within sight of the Fresham residence, then he turned to her, and she saw by the light of the carriage lamps a glittering fire in his flashing eyes.

"I have one request to make of you," he said, hurriedly, "and that is that you will not publish to the world by your actions the terms, on which we stand. Will you promise me that much?" "If you keep away from me, I promise," she answered. "That is exactly what I must not do," he said, angrily. "As our engagement has just been given out, such a procedure would excite comment. Be reasonable, Ione."

She saw at once that he was quite right; but she did not vouchsafe him a word. "Will you dance the first dance with me?" he asked, as he handed her out of the carriage. "It is expected of you. I am obliged to ask you in advance, to make sure of you. It is a matter of indifference to me," said Ione, haughtily. To be Continued.

The ocean shipping from the port of Montreal shows a falling off for the season which closed yesterday. Five new locomotives from the Baldwin works, Pittsburgh, have arrived for the Canadian Northern Railway. The Arlington Hotel and Mrs. Sinclair's summer cottage on Hamilton Beach were destroyed by fire.

The experiment of supplying whistles to the letter carriers, which is now in operation in Montreal, will also be tried in Toronto. The Secretary of State's Department has been notified that Dr. W. Harley Smith has been appointed consul-general for Italy at Toronto.

Mrs. Emalie Bennett, of Tecumseh was killed by falling through a bridge with a wagon load of cornstalks, which buried her and smothered her. Hon. Jas. Sutherland, acting Minister of Marine, has purchased the steamship Lord Stanley of Quebec, for the hydrographic survey of Lake Superior.

It is rumored that the position of second in command of the new Canadian force for South Africa will be offered to Major W. Hamilton Merritt, of Toronto.

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