

# IONE: A BROKEN LOVE DREAM

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

Too indignant to reply to his accusation, Miss Carriscount turned laughingly away. She would not bandy words with him, and a little later he left the house in a perfect fury of rage.

As the colonel was widely known, all the leading journals of the metropolis paid glowing tributes to his memory.

"Surely, Ione must see it, and return at once," thought Miss Carriscount.

Another day came and went. There was still no sign of Ione. A month passed by, in which many changes had been wrought. Still Ione came not. The house had been closed up shortly after the colonel's death, the servants paid off and dismissed, and the place had passed into the hands of those named as executors in the colonel's will.

The disappearance of the heiress the week before her marriage to Mr. Frank Lyons was a nine days' wonder among society people; then it died out.

But there were two people who never for a moment forgot her.

To Arthur Rochester Ione's sudden flight had been a revelation. She could not bring herself to marry Frank Lyons. But why, then, had she not requested him to release her? he wondered. The course she had taken was certainly not in accordance with her nature. If he had observed Elaine more closely, he would have noticed that she was a changed person ever since the day of the yachting party. The great change in her did not escape the sharp eyes of Patrice, her maid. Where were all her gay spirits and mirthful laughter? She seemed to have a horror, too, of being left alone.

"I have such strange nervous fancies, Patrice," she would often say, in a hoarse whisper. "The wind moaning outside the window sounds like angry waves against a boat."

Then she would cover back in her chair, and cover her white, terrified face with her trembling hands.

No inducement could persuade her to go near the water. To Arthur Rochester—now that the idea that Ione still loved him had taken possession of him—the thought of attending the future with Elaine became almost intolerable. He tried to face the inevitable, but his whole soul shrank from this marriage.

"It would be a cruel kindness," he thought, "to wed Elaine under these circumstances. I will go to her and tell her all, and ask her as an honorable gentleman should, to release me. I will throw myself upon her mercy."

But, though he arrived at this conclusion, to execute it was by no means an easy matter. He had his doubts, too, whether, after all was said and done, she would release him or not. Yet, surely, her pride would come to her rescue. She would not wish to be an unloved wife.

Late that afternoon he sent a message up to Elaine's room, asking if he could see her in the drawing-room. He had something to say to her. Elaine was reading a magazine at the table. She threw it aside with nervous haste.

"Tell him I will be down directly," Patrice said, her cheeks flushing with pleasure; "then hasten back, for I want you to make me as pretty as you can."

"That will not be difficult," Miss Elaine replied, the honest little maid.

"He never appears to notice how I look," sighed Elaine, when the door closed behind the girl. "I do not think it would matter a particle to him whether I was dressed like a princess or a peasant."

It would have been amusing if it had not been so pitiful to see how she watched in the long pier glass while Patrice put the finishing touches to her toilet, by twisting a scarlet tulle over her dark braids, and adorned a cluster of passion roses over the lace on her bosom.

It was a glowing picture that Arthur Rochester saw advancing to meet him, as he looked up from the door of the drawing-room opened a few minutes later. He was struck with the wistful love in the girl's beautiful face as she held out both hands to greet him.

"It is not often that I am favored with such a pleasant surprise, Arthur dear, as your sending for me," she said, with a bewildering, coquettish smile.

How could he speak the words he had sent for her to say? He felt awkward and extremely ill at ease for the first time in his life. How could he utter the words which would dispel at one blow the dream of love.

"You sent for me in haste to tell me something, Arthur," she said, "but you seem in no hurry to speak; indeed, you seem distraught and preoccupied, as though your thoughts were hardly here," she went on, with a pretty pout.

"I am ashamed of myself," he answered. "That would be unpardonable." "The fact is," he added, hesitatingly, and flushing uneasily, "my mind is full of one subject, and I am at a loss to find words to express myself."

Elaine's heart gave a quick throb; her dark head drooped. No doubt came to her but that the subject he referred to was of their approaching marriage. Of course it could be nothing else. She twisted her white hands closer about his arm;

she took her cold little trembling hand in his. He could not help feeling touched. So much love lavished upon him in vain. He felt inexpressibly sorry for Elaine—for her distress and her humiliation in telling him this.

"You will never know how I struggled against this love with my heart and soul, for I knew I stood pledged to you. But I find," he continued, sadly, "that a man cannot say to his heart, 'thou shalt love this one, not that one; for a power stronger than man's controls the heart, and we are powerless to resist loving to the end of life the one whom Heaven intended for us.'"

"That is what my heart pleads to you, oh, false one," sobbed Elaine.

A distressed look broke over Arthur's handsome, honest face.

"I have been more honorable than some men would have been in such a case," he answered. "Not one in a thousand would have come to you and stated the case, pleading with you for forbearance."

"Ah, Arthur," she cried, "forget this other love, and be true to your pledge to me. Put her away from your thoughts. Trust her from your heart."

"My dear Elaine," he answered, "I could not but persuade you that it is impossible. I am so grieved at being obliged to tell you all this that I cannot find words to express my sorrow. Be reasonable, Elaine."

"Love like mine knows no reason," she answered, bitterly. "I ask you once more: Will you give her up?"

"I can never love another," he answered, sadly. "I would care for you if I could, Elaine, but alas! I cannot."

"Will you never love me?" she asked, in a low, breathless, intense tone that might have warned him of his coming danger.

"I will not deceive you, Elaine, or build your poor heart up on false hopes. I can never love you as I should the woman whom I would call my wife."

"You have changed my whole life, Arthur," she cried, shrilly, "and there is such a thing as love turning to the bitterest hate in a single instant; and I hate you now even as passionately as I have ever loved you. I will torture your heart, pain for pain, as you have tortured mine."

"Elaine! Elaine!" cried Arthur, "In Heaven's name, calm yourself! You distress me greatly!"

He never forgot the look she turned upon him while his life lasted. There was a side of the girl's nature he had never dreamed of, and he thought of the line—

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

"I will have a glorious revenge upon you!" she cried. "It is sweet to me to know that I have parted you from the one you love forever. I could have saved her for you, but no, I would not."

Arthur looked at her in astonishment. He quite thought the sorrow which she had taken so deeply to heart had turned her brain.

A terrible laugh fell from her lips that sent the blood through his veins in a cold shiver.

"Yes, I could have saved her," she muttered, "but I found out it was she whom you loved."

He was convinced more than ever, by these incoherent words, that Elaine was losing her reason.

"You think I am going mad, but you will shortly see a method in my madness that will shock you, I fancy."

"Elaine," he said, "pray so no more."

His soothing tone exasperated her. "Have you ever settled in your mind what became of your love on the night of that yachting party?" she asked, shrilly. "You see, I am not so much of a dupe as you have imagined me to be. Hark—hear me through; do not interrupt me, and I will tell you and the world where to find your love."

"Elaine, you must be mad—quite mad," he answered, sadly. "You have strayed far from the mark."

"You will not persist in saying that much longer," she cried, and there was such profound emotion, such a look on her face, that even against his own will, her words were carrying a strange thought to his shocked heart. There was such an irresistible ring in her voice that he could not but listen. He felt compelled to listen. "You remember that night of the yachting party," she continued, "while I shall never forget it. It was in the grounds of the villa where we stopped for luncheon that I first found out my lover's perversity."

"Hush!" she cried again, as he was about to speak. "Hear me through."

"From the hour in which you told me you had loved before—and refused to mention whom—I set my woman's wits together to discover who my rival was—for I felt still that she was my rival. It matters not how I discovered her to be Ione Lawrence. We will pass over that."

"I was an eye witness to your interview with her by the fountain. I admit frankly that I did such an unpardonable act of folly as to listen—myself unseen. When the happiness of a life is at stake one does not stand upon ceremony. When I heard you cry out to her: 'In Heaven's name, tell me if you love me still, Ione!' I thought I should go mad. Do you know what the pang of jealousy is like—how it tears the heart in twain with a pain more cruel than death? Well, that is what I suffered as I stood there, in the shadow of the flowering vines, listening to you, who were my betrothed lover, pleading for another's love."

Again she held up her white jeweled hand, and again that terrible laugh fell from her white lips, which was more horrible to hear than the bitterest cry could have been.

"You must not interrupt me if you would learn Ione Lawrence's fate!" she cried. "Let me try to tell you how desperately I hated the girl

whom you loved as I turned away; but, ah, words fail me. I brooded over what I had said and heard long after we had all returned to the yacht. She passed me by when I stood quite alone, and I called her. She came up to where I stood, and her eyes seemed to fairly gleam with triumph as they met mine. How I hated the girl's fair beauty."

"But for you," I cried in my heart, "his love would be mine. Though he were my wedded husband a thousand times over, his heart would still be yours, I thought, bitterly."

The drifting moonlight fell upon her proud face—on the ripples of nut-brown curls; the white dress and the deepy wrap she wore; and as I watched her, I could understand the fascination she possessed. Yes, she was fatally fair.

"You wished to speak with me, Miss Granger," she said, coldly. "May I ask that you will be as brief as possible?"

"I clutched her white arm with my hands, fairly beside myself with rage."

"You shall stay here until you have heard all that I have to say to you," I cried; and I threatened her with my vengeance if she attempted to take you from me."

"I will listen to no more," she cried, struggling to free herself. I cannot tell you how it happened. She lost her balance, and fell backward, down—down into the seething waves.

"Awful terror seized me. I was about to cry out, when a temptation, strong as my very life, came to me. Why should I save the woman you loved? I stood quite still, gazing down into the dark waters. I did not see her rise again, and the yacht sailed on. Now my story is told. You know, now, what my love for you has done. Take what revenge you will—it will not lessen what I have done—it will not restore your love to you. If I cannot have your love, I know this—that Ione Lawrence, my rival, never called my wife."

Arthur Rochester stretched out his hands with a terrible cry.

"My God! My God, Elaine! I cannot believe this! You could not be so inhuman as to see that poor girl drown before your eyes and not call for help," he groaned in his anguish.

"I would do the same thing over again," cried Elaine. "I glory in the thought that if your love is not for me, my rival is beyond the reach of it. Always remember that, Arthur Rochester!"

(To be Continued.)

## RANDOM SHOTS AT THE MEN.

(By Edith Sessions Tupper.)

Miss Clemmie Ellis, a well-known club woman, gives it as her opinion that marriage will be a success when parents educate their boys to do dishwashing. Then when the boys grow up and marry they will be fitted to do general housework and make home happy.

It would seem that Miss Ellis has actually discovered the long-sought secret, "How to be happy through married life." Make a good dishwasher of your son and you make a good husband. That seems reasonable.

But what about cooking? Would it not be an admirable thing to establish cooking schools for boys? Teach your boy to be a good cook and you make a good husband. Train up your son to raise yeast instead of old Ned, to roast a fowl instead of his wife, to break eggs instead of the commandments—and you will have a long way toward securing for him a happy and harmonious domestic life.

There are many men to-day who fondly fancy they can cook. You all know the fellow who is always bragging of his broiled oysters. You all know the chap who speaks loftily of "tossing up" an omelet and brags of his method of preparing a lobster à la Newburg. You do not, however, know the one who boasts of his pork and beans or baked squash. Oh, no. Man does not feign that his talents on the plebeian dishes. It is only some aristocratic or bohemian titbit that he condescends to bother about.

"I have a husband who cooks," I heard a bright woman say not long since. "That is the best I have done. He comes home early on a Saturday afternoon and rushes in with a breezy and confident air. 'Now, my dear,' he says, 'I'm going to make a pie and a batch of cookies.'"

"Well, I know what that means. It means that for the rest of the afternoon the kitchen will be infernal regions and repeat. It means that every basin, every pan, every pot, every cup, every jar,

## IMPROVING AN OLD ORCHARD

Department of Agriculture,  
Ottawa.

Many an old orchard which is now an eyesore to everybody can, at little cost beyond slight labor, be converted into an up-to-date, tidy, profitable and profitable branch of the farm. It will only occupy three years to evolve a plentiful harvest as well as a symmetrical, well-kept orchard out of liehen and moss-covered trunks if the advice given in this article be followed with fair faithfulness.

The first thing to be done is to scrape off the rough, loose bark from the trunks and branches, and to

Prune the Trees.

While it is true that this rough bark may appear to do but little harm, it affords comfortable free board and lodgings for noxious insects which thoroughly appreciate and avail themselves of this hospitable shelter.

Pruning may be as simple as a, b, c. At first only dead branches and crowding suckers need be removed unless the trees be old and decrepit with dying branches and want of strength, and in that case the pruning should be vigorous. Cut out old branches, leave young suckers to take their place, then a new top will quickly form and good fruit will follow. Always take care to thin out useless branches, because sunshine and air are inseparable from the steady, healthy growth of orchards as of individuals.

An apple tree must be fed if it is to produce fruit, and no diet is more suitable or inexpensive than a leguminous cover crop. Trees require moisture and food; therefore grass and weeds must be removed. To succeed the farmer must plough his orchard and till the ground, tillage being continued frequently during early summer. By midsummer wood growth generally ceases and then tillage should stop. A cover crop sown then will not only protect the soil, but will also gather all the nitrogen necessary for the next year's growth.

A good alternative to ploughing the orchard is to

Pasture it With Hogs and Sheep.

preferably the former, and always to keep more animals there than the grass will support, because this will insure supplementing the grass diet by grain, which naturally will bring forth the orchard and insure that the grass will not grow tall. Where animals are not grazed in an orchard the grass should be mown early and left on the ground to add humus to the soil; but this is not nearly so beneficial as grazing the land.

Insects and fungi have to be considered with, and it will be necessary to spray with Bordeaux mixture and Paris green at least twice after the blossoms have fallen. The former will clean the limbs of hanging lichens or moss, and the latter will settle most of the noxious insects, though it cannot reach the Apple Maggot which calls for special treatment, because it is the larva of a small fly which punctures the skin of the apple and lays its eggs underneath. No matter how thorough the spraying may be, it cannot reach the eggs, but if the windfalls can be destroyed as soon as they drop, and all refuse from places where winter fruit has been stored be burned, the next season's numbers will be appreciably reduced. It is in this respect that pasturing the orchard has a marked advantage, because, if well

every tin or earthen utensil imaginable will be removed from its proper place and left in heaps on the washbasins. It will mean flour all over the floor, or the dishes and washbasins. It will mean the dear old fuss and feathers himself, with a checked gingham apron tied around his neck, and an air of managing the solar system. It will mean a nasty, sticky mess of wet dough and sugar dumped in the garbage pail and a pan of cookies, any one of which would easily knock a man's head off. It means the cook solacing himself with a cigar after his labors, and his wife cursing the dishes till midnight. It means his husband's boasting to his men friends for the next month, 'By George, you ought to taste some of my pastry. It's the finest ever. Why, I made a batch of cookies the other day that were simply out of sight.' So they were—the day after they were made."

I know an awfully nice fellow who thinks he can cook. So he can—certainly. He can broil a beefsteak to the queen's taste or make a pot of delicious coffee. But he is too ambitious. One day—a holiday—his wife left him at home alone for an hour or so while she went to call on a sick friend. She stayed longer than she had intended, and when she returned she found her husband and two or three boon companions themselves around the dining room table. There was the opened box of cigars and there was the open black bottle. There were, moreover, a print of butter and

stocked with sheep or hogs the apples are eaten before the insect is likely to escape.

There are some instances in which the orchard may be in such a condition from long neglect that the land cannot be properly tilled, and the trees cannot be adequately fed. One of the best methods of feeding the tree is to keep it well pruned, because then the food which would otherwise be diffused in numbers of worthless limbs is concentrated in a small number. It is only the well pruned trees that are capable of successful treatment with sprays. Apple and pear trees should be pruned to keep the heads open. Plum trees should be pruned to keep out the black-knot, and some Japanese varieties require frequent cutting back. All pruning can best be done very early in spring, after the worst of the winter is over, but before the sap starts.

There are so many apple trees of little value growing in Canada, which could be

Successfully Top-grafted

with better varieties, that it would well repay anyone possessing an orchard to go carefully over his trees and top-graft those which do not produce paying crops. The chief points to take into consideration in top-grafting may be summarised as follows:

Old trees, if healthy, may be grafted with success.

The top should not all be cut away the first year, but should be removed gradually, the time required to change the top of a large tree successfully being from three to five years.

Early spring, before growth begins, is the best time to graft.

The branches to be grafted should not be more than from two to three inches in diameter where the grafts are to be inserted. After the branch is carefully sawn in two, the stub is split with a mallet, held open with a wedge, and the scions inserted; two being used, one on each side, if the branch is more than an inch in diameter. The scion is made from a twig of the previous year's growth, about four or five inches long, and having three or four buds. It is prepared by making a wedge of the lower end, beginning near the base of a bud. The scion is inserted in the stocks as far as the upper edge of the wedge.

In inserting the Scion

great care should be taken that the inner bark of both scion and stock should come in contact with each other. This is very important, as the healing begins from this point, and the scion be inserted carelessly, there is almost certain to be a failure.

After the scion has been set, the cut surface is covered over with grafting wax to exclude the air, and strips of cotton may be wrapped over this.

A good grafting wax for outdoor use is made by melting together resin and beeswax in the proportion of five parts resin and two parts beeswax; to this is added one and one-half to two parts lincseed oil.

In top-grafting trees already have in view the production of a symmetrical top after the old one has been removed.

After this cultivation cooling moth will disappear, and in three seasons an old, ugly, and comparatively worthless orchard can be converted into a pretty uniform one, with abundant crops of marketable and profitable varieties. An orchard is never too old to mend—or beyond renewal.

Does College Education Pay?

Does a college education pay? Does it pay to feed in pork trimmings at five cents a pound at the hopper, and draw out nice, cunning little "country" sausages at twenty cents a pound at the other end? Does it pay to take a steer that's been running loose on the range and living on cactus and petrified wood till he's just a bunch of barb wire and sole leather, and feed him corn till he's just a solid hunk of porterhouse steaks and a fat and wimpy woman she choked one down and said it tasted just as mother's used to, and to this day that husband speaks of "my baking powder biscuit," with all the vain-glorious airs of a country cook.

College doesn't make fools; it develops them. It doesn't make men bright; it develops them.—Letters of a self-made man.

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At first you may notice a slight swelling of the feet after the day's work is over, slow but unmistakable failure of health, pallor of face, and loss of flesh, shortness of breath when going upstairs rapidly, and dimness of sight.

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The accumulation of watery fluid—dropsy—continues in the cavity of the chest, and may at any time cause death from heart failure or dropsy of the lungs. Sometimes uræmia, stupor, convulsions and death occur suddenly, before the other symptoms have become prominent and while the dropsy is still slight in quantity.

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