

# IONE:

## A BROKEN LOVE DREAM

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

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

### CHAPTER XXVII.

"He had no desire to return to the merry throng he had left. It would be only torture for him. He would talk calmly, while his heart and his head were in such a mad whirl. He lit a cigar and gave himself up to conflicting thoughts. As he paced up and down under the trees, clenching his strong hands together, and calling huskily upon Ione's name, he never knew that not ten feet distant, stood Elaine, with her heart on fire with jealousy as bitter as ever wounded a girl's heart.

The longer Arthur Rochester pondered over Ione's words, the more convinced he became that there was something terribly wrong somewhere. And while he was trying to solve the difficulty, his hostess came in search of him.

"As I live!—actually pacing up and down—day-dreaming!" she cried, advancing, with a merry peal of laughter. "Do you know we have been looking everywhere for you, Mr. Rochester? You are very near being left behind. The party is just about returning to the yacht."

These were the words that recalled his scattered senses. He walked quickly back to the house with his hostess, finding his friends already assembled on the porch.

"I must apologize for my seeming carelessness, Elaine," he said, crossing over to where she stood. "I hope you will pardon my seeming neglect."

"Where were you, and what detained you?" she asked.

"I must plead guilty to smoking a cigar, pacing up and down under the trees," he answered, with a flush on his face, the meaning of which she well understood. He tried to talk to Elaine as he accompanied her back to the yacht, but it was a dire failure. His voice was husky and his sentences abrupt. Even had she not known all, she must have understood he was under a stress of great mental excitement. Not once did he glance toward Ione. He felt if he should do so he would lose his self-control.

There was laughter, mirth and merriment as the white-winged yacht shot through the waves on the homeward trip; but three hearts among them were heavy enough.

At length one of Arthur's friends called him aside to settle a question that had been brought up by one of the gentlemen present, and which a number of young ladies were laughingly disputing.

"I will remain here," said Elaine. He had scarcely left her side when she held Ione standing quite alone, a little way from her. A sudden impulse, as strong as life, came to her—an impulse which she could not control. Rising quickly, she crossed over to where Ione stood and laid her arm on her arm.

"Arthur!" exclaimed Ione, faintly, turning fearfully around.

A bitter, sneering laugh fell from Elaine's lips.

"It is not Arthur, it is Arthur's betrothed."

Ione uttered a little startled cry as she saw the expression of the beautiful face looking into her own in the moonlight.

"Miss Granger!" she faltered, more frightened than she would have cared to own.

"Let me speak!" cried Elaine, in a tone of concentrated fury. "I want a plain answer to my question. In the past what was Arthur Rochester to you?"

"That is a question you should ask him," returned Ione. "As for me, I have nothing to say."

"You loved him once!" cried Elaine, "and you love him now, even though you know that he is betrothed to me."

"Miss Granger!" exclaimed Ione, in dismay.

"Do not attempt to deny it!" hissed Elaine. "Now listen to what I have to say to you. Do not come between my love and me. I will not brook it. There are things women can forgive each other, but never that."

"I have not sought to do so, Miss Granger," returned Ione, "nor would I."

"I presume you think because he loved you once, a word or look would bring him to your side again; but I warn you to leave him alone. If you do not heed my words, beware my vengeance," cried Elaine, in a low, sibilant whisper; "for it would fall upon you as surely as the sun rises and sets."

She spoke with such flashing eyes—with such a threatening face—with such power and passion—that Ione shrank back, pale and trembling, from the terrible avalanche of words.

"Let me pass!" she cried, haughtily. "I will hear no more."

"You shall hear!" cried Elaine, clutching her arm more fiercely. "I am not done with you yet."

She tried to utter the words, but they died away on her lips.

Surely the moon never shone upon a more tragical sight in all her rounds. The silver beams fell on the dark water—the white-winged yacht, with its groups of handsome maidens and brave men, and of the figure of the horrified girl standing apart from the rest like a marble statue.

It was terrible to see how she crept to the brink and looked over it. It was scarcely a moment since Ione had fallen in, but to Elaine it seemed an endless interval. Should she cry out for help to save the girl whom Arthur Rochester loved?

Her heart almost ceased to beat at the thought. Her first terrible folly commenced in not putting the thought from her; there was danger in ruminating over it, a peril so horrible that she would have shrunk from it. The tempting voice of conscience whispered more boldly because she had listened to it.

"Why should you save the girl who stands between you and happiness? Arthur Rochester's heart will never turn to you while she lives. You would but have to stand motionless while the yacht cleave the waters, leaving her far behind.

"Decide your own future. Will you save her whom your lover loves, when to save her means endless misery, fiery jealousy, and innumerable heart pangs for you?"

She did not cry out for help again. She did not see the waters cleave and the lovely white face above it for an instant, then as quickly disappear again. It was a weird, horrible scene to see Elaine crouch there, her face all wild with horror, gazing down into the waves where Ione had fallen.

She had listened to the tempter's voice too long. She knew that she could have raised her voice, and with one word, one cry, have saved Ione; but she did not utter it. The terrible force of the mightiest temptation that ever sued for the mastery of a human heart had overcome her. The moment was gone.

She sank cowering back in her chair; the yacht sped on through the moonlit waters; and Ione was left by her rival to her terrible fate. As she sat there she heard some one break over into a happy song in a high, trilling, masculine voice. A moment later three or four of the gentlemen joined in.

"They would not sing if they but knew," muttered Elaine, with a gasping, terrible shudder.

She listened to the words that fell from Arthur Rochester's lips, and her heart grew bitter, cold and hard, for she knew that he was singing for Ione's benefit, thinking she must be listening to him.

The words seemed to have a double meaning to her now, invested with all the yearning pathos of Arthur's tone.

"She cannot hear him," she murmured, with a wild laugh, creeping to the railing and gazing fearfully down into the curling waves.

Word for word Elaine repeated the words after him, for Ione, not for her.

"What have I done that one face holds me so, and follows me in fancy through the day?"

Why do I seek your love? I only know that fate is resolute, and points the way.

To where you stand, bathed in an amber light; Since first you looked on me, I've seen no night.

What have I done? As yet no touch—no kiss, Only a gaze across your eyes' blue lake;

Better it were, sweetheart, to dream like this, and afterward to shudder and awake.

Love is so very bitter, and his ways Tortured with thorns—With wild weeds overgrown.

Must I endure—unloved—these loveless days? What can be done?

Miss Carriscount, who had been talking to a party of ladies, looked about carelessly for Ione.

"We are alone," she said to the young lady nearest her. "Ione will be sorry. Young people are never satisfied with their fill of pleasure, I often think."

As she spoke she arose, and with a smile on her lips started in search of her charge among the throng of laughing, merry, chattering girls.

Where was Ione? She did not see her. A moment later the yacht touched the dock, and the nimble-footed lasses and their escorts were not slow, midst laughter and mirth, in reaching terra firma. Miss Carriscount looked around blankly.

"Ione," she called, "come this way, my dear. I do not see you."

Even as she spoke her heart sank with a strange misgiving. No lovely face turned toward her.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

"The crowd is not so great but what she can be easily found," replied Arthur Rochester, as Miss Carriscount repeated her query: "Have you seen anything of Ione? I cannot find her."

He made a quick but thorough search for her. It was quite true; she was not there, and to add to his dismay, no one remembered having seen her for the last half hour or more.

"Good heavens!" Arthur exclaimed. "Can it be possible she has been left behind at the villa?"

"No," three or four of them declared, for they had talked with Ione on board the yacht after she had set sail, and, indeed, up to a short time ago.

"No doubt she is playing a practical joke upon us," laughed one of the young girls. "She has hidden from us and managed to get on shore without being observed when the yacht touched the dock, and is watching us from some convenient place to see what we will do."

Arthur shook his head. He knew Ione too well to believe that she would indulge in a practical joke, but they all seemed to have the same opinion; and this was the sorrowful message he brought back to Miss Carriscount, who, like himself, scouted the idea at once. She came nearer to Arthur, looking up fearfully in his face.

"Do you think harm has befallen her?" she whispered. "Could she have—"

"Have fallen into the water?" he interposed. "No, certainly not. Such an accident could not have happened within sight and earshot of so many people without attracting some one's attention."

"She could never have left the yacht and proceeded home without me," returned Miss Carriscount, gravely, shaking her head. "I will not believe it. Oh, Mr. Rochester!" she added, with a sob, "I feel in my heart that there is something terribly wrong."

The young girls who clustered around her laughed heartily at her fears.

"When you arrive home you will find Ione there," they declared, with one accord; and against her better judgment, she yielded to the opinion of those around her.

She went at once to Ione's room as she returned home, but there was no trace of Ione's presence. Her maid had not seen her since early morning, nor had any of the servants. She was not at the house, they were positive of that, for she could not have entered without the knowledge of the footman or some one of the servants.

She went down to the library, where she knew she would find Colonel Whitney.

"You are late, my dear," he said, without raising his eyes from the paper he was perusing. "What kept you so late, Ione?"

"It is not Ione, Colonel Whitney; it is I," said Miss Carriscount. He arose at once, laying aside his paper and placing a chair for her. He noticed how white her face was, and that she seemed either nervous or confused, which was something very uncommon for this self-possessed lady.

"I hardly know how to begin what I have to tell you," she began, in trepidation. "For the first time in my life words fail me."

The colonel looked at her in wonder. What could she possibly have to say that affected her like this? He waited in courteous silence for her to proceed.

And in a few brief words she told him how suddenly and strangely Ione had disappeared on their homeward trip.

"It is believed that she avoided my room on landing," she went on anxiously. "I expected to find her here, but the servants assure me she has not arrived home. I am bewildered, dismayed, frightened."

Colonel Whitney turned white as death. The veins stood out like whipcords, and his hands trembled like aspen leaves.

"Suddenly disappeared!" he repeated. "My God! can it be true?"

"You are very ill, Colonel Whitney," cried Miss Carriscount. "Let me ring for one of the servants to bring you some wine."

"No, no," he answered, "do not ring for any one. Pray leave me to myself for a little while. My brain is in a whirl, and my mind is in sore distress. I am obliged to make a hasty exit from this room, madame. There is no use in searching for her—none! There are reasons which make me confident of this," he went on, with a moan. "I—I—half expected it; but I beg you, madame, not to mention it."

Too surprised for words, Miss Carriscount rose slowly to her feet, and, seeing that he was best alone, quitted the room. When the door closed after her, strong man though he was, Colonel Whitney broke down utterly.

"Heaven forgive me! it is all my fault," he cried, pacing the floor, almost mad with despair and bitter grief. "I should not have accepted such a sacrifice from her, in the first place. Better that my life should be wrecked than hers ruined by parting her from the man she loved, and persuading her into marrying another."

He thought of the terrible wrath of Lyons when he should discover what had happened.

"He will wreck his vengeance upon me," he thought.

But the thought was robbed of all its terrors.

"Let me remember that I am an old soldier and a brave man," he told himself, "and meet the foe unflinchingly. Oh, Ione! my poor darling! come back, and I will free you from your promise at the expense of my life, dear!" he cried, holding up his arms to empty space.

With a slow and feeble step he approached to his

Peters, one of the servants, in passing his master's room half an hour later, was quite sure he heard groans issuing from his apartment. Having free access thereto, he opened the door without delay.

The colonel was sitting in his arm-chair before the window, with his face buried in his hands.

He raised his head as the servant entered, and the man was struck with the wild expression of his eyes and the pallor of his face.

"Can I do anything for you, sir?" he asked.

"Leave me alone," whispered the colonel, hoarsely; "that is the greatest kindness you can do me. Do not disturb me. I will ring if I want you."

"Master looks ill, if a man ever did," was Peter's mental comment, as he turned away.

No rest came for Miss Carriscount that night; she was sorely distressed in regard to Ione.

Why should she seek to leave such a beautiful home? What was it that the colonel had hinted at which had driven her out into the world?

It was late before her troubled brain lost consciousness that night in slumber. She was awakened early next morning by a hurried rap at her door. It was one of the maids.

"Oh, Miss Carriscount!" she cried, wringing her hands, "do come down quickly; there is something terribly wrong in master's room!"

Hurrying on her morning robe, Miss Carriscount quickly preceded the girl to Colonel Whitney's apartment. She met Peters at the door.

"What is the matter with the colonel?" she asked, anxiously. "Is he ill?"

"He is—dead, ma'am!" answered the man, huskily.

"A low cry broke from Miss Carriscount's lips.

"Dead!" she echoed. "Oh, Peters, it cannot be! When I left him last evening he was alive and well; surely death could not have claimed him so suddenly."

"He is quite dead, ma'am," returned Peters. "Last night he paced the floor of his room full long hours after the house was still and dark; it was a habit he had fallen into of late. When I came to him a little while since I found him seated in his chair by the window. One glance at his stark, white face, and I knew the truth—the colonel was dead! Oh, ma'am, where is Miss Ione? She must be sent for at once."

"She left me without naming her destination," faltered Miss Carriscount, distressed at the evasive answer she was obliged to give in this solemn moment.

By noon the news of the colonel's death had reached Frank Lyons. He hurried to the mansion without delay, calling for Ione.

Miss Carriscount received him, breaking gently to him the light of the bride-elet, and the death of the colonel, which had followed on the heels of it.

She had expected the most profound grief; instead, to her dismay, he raved and cursed like a madman.

"You forget," said Miss Carriscount, indignantly, "that you are in a house of mourning. Such words, such actions will become a gentleman."

A derisive laugh broke from his lips. He turned upon her fiercely, crying in hoarse excitement:

"This is all a sham! I feel sure of it. She never disappeared before the colonel's death. I say it was after it. She has long since made a complaint of you, in all probability, and you have hidden her away, now that the sword which was suspended above her head has been removed. But listen to my vow: I will search the world over for her but what I will find her. Tell her that. I come of a race that knows no defeat!"

(To be Continued.)

## EDITH ON MAN, HER FAVORITE TOPIC.

You ask, sir, what attributes and qualities you should possess to command the admiration of women. In other words, how can you best acquire the desirable reputation of being "a fascinating man?"

Well, that is a riddle. Some women admire certain qualities in man which others abhor. I will tell you a few rocks you must avoid unless you expect to be shipwrecked on your voyage of fascination. First, you must not be too indifferent.

Indifference I grant you, works miracles oftentimes when a man is playing with a coquette at her own game. An assumption of indifference often brings my lady to her senses and matters to a crisis. But again, beware lest you carry it too far. There comes a moment when the mask of indifference must be torn aside and the true man revealed. As a rule women like a terrible fuss made over them.

It is not at all necessary, as you doubtless know, that you should be morally brave. Alas, no! Some of the greatest scoundrels who ever lived were also greatly beloved of women.

You must not be penurious. What

## THE USE OF CONCRETE ON THE FARM:

Synopsis of an Address Given by T. G. Raynor, Rose Hall, Ont., Before the St. John, N.B., Farmers' Institute.

Whoever a farmer is building new barns or changing his stables, the question of the use of concrete for floors and walls is a live one.

In a country where lumber is comparatively cheap concrete is not likely to come into general use for making walls of barns, but for flooring it is without question the best and cheapest substance that can be employed. Its first great quality is its durability. Properly put down it is practically indestructible. Then it is water tight, and will help in saving all the liquid voidings of the animals, and this in farm practice today is a most important matter. Fully 50 per cent. of the fertilizing value of the manure is in the liquid portion. By having concrete floors and using plenty of absorbents this can all be saved and put on the land where it will do the most good.

What Concrete is. Concrete is a mixture of clean gravel or pure sand and cement. There are several kinds of cement, but they have natural rock cement, which is manufactured at Queenston and Thorold, and this, while not as strong as the Portland cement, is cheaper and does very well. In some sections the best Portland cement will be the best to use.

Laying concrete floors does not require skill which an intelligent farmer cannot supply. First make a solid, smooth floor, 12 feet square, 2-inch lumber preferred. Then a box with a bottom should be made in which to mix the gravel and cement. This can be made of such a size as to accurately measure the gravel or sand. The gravel and cement are then put into this box in the proportion required, the box taken off, and the mixing of cement and gravel or sand thoroughly done with a shovel. It should be shoveled over twice at any rate, while it is dry, and shoveled up into a cone; then the shovel should be pulled down, making the mixture in the form of a ring, leaving a hollow in the centre, bare to the floor. In this water should be poured, and dry gravel and cement turned from the outside of the ring to the centre. This will be pulled out again from the centre and more water added until the mixture becomes of the

Consistency of Thick Porridge, so it will run down, but not be soft. The proportions in which gravel or cement can be used depends somewhat on the strength of the cement. With a good Portland cement, one part of cement to six or seven of gravel could be used for the lower part of the floor, but this

a withering contempt a woman has for a man who counts his pennies! No, no, my dear sir, if you're starting out to be a successful lady-killer put money in your purse. To be sure, but handsome young adventurers who win wives with great fortunes, but they usually have some article like a battered old coronet or a ramshackle chateau to offer in exchange. But the average citizen must pay the toll to beauty's favor. Love in a cottage is all played out. You must have money and you must use it like a lord. A stingy man cannot enter the lists. A man with a fat bank account is usually found very fascinating by the ladies.

You must not be a poorbody. You must dress immaculately and above all, appropriately. But you must leave gawgaws and gauds to the fair barbarians. You can never be fascinating to any woman of cultivation if you blaze with gems and wear a highly seasoned necktie.

You must not talk too much. Women do not like a chatter box. A gabby rattlebrain never fascinates. It is the silent man, who reserves his utterances and concentrates his thoughts who pleases women most, especially if he have fine eyes.

A man who knows how to talk with his eyes rather than his lips is usually an adept at fascination. By that I do not mean making goo-goo eyes. But respectful admiration can be expressed by glances. There's a language that's mute, there's a silence that speaks."

You must not be bashful. There is a certain audacity a woman always adores. And clever, wonderfully clever, is the man who knows just where to find that boundary line between timidity and daring. "Faint heart never won fair lady," is a trite saying, but none truer was ever uttered. Many a man has lost a charming wife by holding his tongue at the wrong moment.

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should be covered with a veneer of one part of cement to two of clean sand. If an extra fine hard finish is required, use equal parts of cement and sand.

Before laying the stable floor a good foundation should be prepared. It should be made firm and solid by the addition of gravel or small stones, thoroughly pounded down, and the floor shaped as is required for the stable. It is best to have a slight slope from the manger to the gutter. The Plan of cow stable, which is generally preferred has a square gutter, two feet wide and eight inches below the level of the stall floor. This gutter is first made and the cement laid in it. Then a board mould is put up, and the cement put in behind the boards, and the boards left there until the cement gets firm.

In Laying Concrete. Only as much as can be conveniently reached, say a piece four feet square should be laid at one time. All the studding necessary in the construction of the stalls should be set on flat stones and the cement put round them. Great care should be taken when laying cement to thoroughly pound it down. After the floor is finished it should be sprinkled with water, especially if the weather is dry. This should be done every day for a month. It would probably take from a month to six weeks for a concrete floor to harden properly, and sufficiently to use, and it will not become thoroughly hard for six or seven months after having been put in. Large stones can and should be used in the construction of a concrete wall, if such a wall is taken to see that they are covered with at least two inches of cement on either side. A concrete wall one foot thick is sufficiently strong to carry any barn.

This makes a thoroughly warm and dry stable wall, and a concrete stone crusher is an excellent material from which to make concrete. A barrel of rock cement will lay 55 square feet of 4-inch floor. Good qualities of Portland cement should do more than that.

By the use of corrugated sleepers made like railway rails, it is quite practicable to make a good floor which would form the ceiling of the story below. The sleepers should preferably be made of iron, and laid sufficiently close to make the structure so tight that it prevents any leakage through to the space beneath.

E. W. Hodson, Live Stock Commissioner.

Women love murderers, thieves and liars. Still, I would not advise you to become either a murderer, a thief or a liar.

But it is a fact that a dashing rake will fascinate where a psalm-singing elder would not make the slightest impression. Women do not love goody-goody men. They abominate prigs. They are morbidly curious over amap still. I do not counsel you to tarnish your name. Nor yet do I recommend that you sing hymns through your nose. Just be human.

Now, a few qualities you must possess.

You must be a man of spirit. A woman soon perceives a good-natured contentment for a fetch and carry. The man who will permit himself to be a makeshift, who is content to be smiled on one minute, frowned on the next, who will patiently hold my lady's wraps while she waltzes or flirts with another man, will not make much advance in the gentle art of fascination. A woman does not care for a petty, jealous, suspicious, unreasonable tyrant, but she does admire a man of spirit, of strong will, tempered with kindness and manliness; a man who will not permit her to snub him more than once; who will demand respect and a trifle of fear. Women loves to look up, not down.

You must have sentiment. Not sentimentalism. There is a vast difference. Women who are themselves inclined to sentiment love a tinge of it in a man.

A dash of cynicism is wonderfully effective. Most women are bewitched with a man who has experienced all the follies of life, including love.

Sympathy and appreciation go far. If a woman is unhappy the first passable man who sympathizes with her will win her. If a woman believes herself unappreciated the man who tells her that he alone of all the world estimates her at her true worth will gain her affection.

It is not at all necessary to be beautiful in order to fascinate a woman. You may have a hump, you may be as hideous as a baboon, but if you have studied the contradictory elements in a woman's nature; if you are master of yourself; if you can radiate magnetism—you can fascinate.

Edith Sessions Tupper.

"Do you admire mother-of-pearl?" "Well, hardly."

"You don't?" "Certainly not. I married her, you know."

"Married who?" "Why, Pearl, of course."

## Tickling in the Throat.

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the trouble is just beginning. Singers and speakers command Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, as they are equipped absolutely to relieve and cure the hoarseness and throat irritation, which prove so embarrassing to persons appearing on the public platform.

Mr. Donald Graham, 45 Colindale street, Toronto, says: "My boy, who is six years of age, was developing all the symptoms of pneumonia when we commenced giving him Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It very quickly checked the

advance of disease, and in a few days he was as well as ever, and is now going to school regularly. I have now great faith in this valuable remedy, and shall recommend it to my friends."

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