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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.

This was a comforting assurance to ing him when he added, "that he would give twenty lives, if he had them, for her dear sake; for living would be intolerable to him without her." He said it in so sincere a tone that, looking into his face, the girl believed him.

The world seemed to suddenly grow dark when he took his departure. At that identical period quite a was occurring in the millionaire millowner's Lexington avenue mansion. He had been informed of the terrible catastrophe, and how his son had periled his life to save a beautiful young girl who had worked on

the fourth floor of the mill. His face had darkened as he listened, but not until the messenger had departed did he give full vent to his annoyance.

"This affair may end in a love scene and a romantic marriage if I do not nip it in the bud," he muttered, striding angrily up and down the luxuriantly furnished room. "But surely the boy has not been hot-headed enough to fall in love with

"No, no!" he muttered, under his breath. "Arthur must marry Elaine, my ward, whether he will or no. For long years this has been my plan. It is the only way out of the labyrinth of difficulties in which I am placed. And the name—Ione — Lawrence! Surely she cannot be his daughter and hers!" he muttered hoarsely. "If she is it was certainly fate or-orretribution that led her to my mill. I never would have rested so easy

had I known there was a Lawrence in my employ." At that moment Peters put his head in at the half-open door, with a letter in his hand which the postman had just left.

Tearing open the envelope, Mr. Rochester saw at a glance it was one of the most despicable of all missives, an anonymous letter.

There was a time when he would have flung it from him like a scorpion, in deep disgust. Now he read it slowly through, and as he read his face paled and he caught his breath hard.

He leaned over and gave the bellrope a vigorous pull, which brought Peters in breathless haste. "Is my son in the house?" he asked harshly. "If so, send him to me

without delay." Miss Rochester, the mill-owner's maiden sister, heard that command, and knew, by the awful sternness of her brother's voice, that there was

semething terribly amiss. She went herself in search of Arthur, finding him in his own room. "Your father wants you, my dear," she said. "I am afraid something awful has happened, some-thing more than the accident at the thing mill, for he looks so stern and so

white, and so very angry. I waiting for you in his library. He is "Waiting for me!" repeated Ar-And a nervous sigh escaped him as he realized how unequal he was to a conflict with his stern father just

then. His father was harsh and unyielding in his ideas. It was his favorite expression that he had no patience with the frivolity

of youth. Like many a rich man, he clothed his son well for appearance's sake, but he was extremely penurious in money matters. He was always looking out for some trick or esca pade of this handsome son of his, for which he would have to pay. He did not give him credit for being as

steady as he really was.

It was little wonder that Arthur actually trembled as he knocked hesitatingly at his father's door. would have trembled still more could he have seen the letter his father, purple with rage, away in his desk when he heard

his son's step.
"Sit down," he said brusquely. "I want to talk to you about Granger. This is no new subject between us. Don't stand with your back to me looking out of the window. Do you hear or care for what I am saying?" cried the millionaire mill-owner, thinking of the contents of the letter lying in his desk, and each moment his voice grew louder

and more excited.

"Yes, father," answered Arthur, wearily, "I hear, I care, but I am so unsettled to-night. Let me off, won't you, father, until another time—to-morrow, if you will."

"No. I won't let you off." declared

"No, I won't let you off," declared Mr. Rochester, angrily. "I intend to know why you are so indifferent to Elaine Granger, my ward. I will know, I say. Elaine leaves for board-ing-school next week, and of course you have taken advantage of the opportunity her visit to your aunt af-forded you by proposing to her hav-

n't you?"
"For heaven's sake, father, let me attend to my own love affairs!" replied Arthur, turning deadly pale. "I am determined that you shall not make a mess of this affair," cried the old millionaire, irritably "There's some trick somewhere-something I don't understand. If you dared to make love to any other you dared to make love to any other girl, by the Lord Harry! you'd be borry for it to your dying day! What's the reason you have not asked Elaine to marry you?" thundered the old gentleman. "What are you fooling around for?"

Arthur Rochester turned slowly

and faced his father. "I will answer you truly, honestly

<del></del><del>○</del>\*◆\*◆\*◆\*◆\*◆\* heart did not accompany it. I do not love Elaine, and I do love another with all my heart!" CHAPTER V.

> "Who is this girl whom you loveor think you do?" said John Ro-chester, rising and facing his hand-

some young son. The words were spoken almost in a whisper, but they echoed like pealing thunder through the room, and seemed to repeat themselves over and over again during the moment of ut ter silence that ensued.
"Who or what is she?" repeated

the old millionaire. "Is she rich or poor? What is her name?"
"Her name is Ione Lawrence, father," said Arthur, proudly.

has no wealth, save a dower in her beauty, purity and goodness. She is the girl whom I periled my own life to-day to rescue from death. She is employed in our mill." Mr. Rochester sinks back in his cushioned chair, and there is a look on his face that Arthur has never seen there before; his face is ghastly

white, and his eyes have a glassy The calm eyes of the son looked steadily down into the eyes of the father, and he read a gathering

storm in them. "How long has this thing been go ing on?" cried Mr. Rochester, harshly, fixing his gaze keenly, steadily on his son's face. "How long have you been making love to this working-girl, Ione Lawrence?"

Arthur's face flushed a deep red.
"I have loved her from the first moment . I saw her father," he an swered. "It was a case of 'love at first sight,' as the poets say, and I said to myself, then and there: 'There is the only girl I will ever ask to be mine. I will win her, if I can,

for my wife." "Your wife!" he gasped. "This girl whom I abhor from the bottom of my heart! I would rather see you lying dead at my feet than married to Ione Lawrence! I will never give my consent to your marrying her while I live. Do you hear, sir? Never. while I live!" he thundered.

"Do not be so hard upon me, ther," pleaded the young man. "Remember, you were young once yourself, and loved my mother as I love

Ione. I—"
"Your mother was an heiress and a senator's daughter; she was reared in the atmosphere of culture and refinement. She was a queen of society. I did not stoop to a misalli-ance with a working-girl."

"Love levels all ranks, father," said Arthur, raising his head proudly. "If she had been a nurse in the alms-house you would have loved her, and would have been as anxious to marry her as though she had been a society belle. For my sake-because I love her-think more kindly

of Ione. I-" "Stop!-stop right where are!" foamed Mr. Rochester. "I will not hear it. "This is but a mad infatuation you have for this girl. You must choose between us, Arthur," he went on fiercely-"between father and his wealth and this working-girl. Remember, you are decid-ing your own fate. If you choose this girl, you shall never have one dollar of my money; do you hear, sir?—not one dollar! I will make a

bonfire of it first. You must give up that girl or me!" cried the unhappy "Father!" young man. "I cannot give Ione up, even for your sake. Your wealth is as nothing, when weighed against Ione's love. I cannot and will not give her up."

"Do you dare defy me?" cried John Rochester fiercely. "I have not attempted to defy you,

father," replied Arthur, slowly. "Do not put it in that way. I will respect your wishes in every other case but this, and try to follow them. In this case it is quite use-less to persuade me. Every man should rule his own love affair; no

one has a right to interfere.' "I have the right of a father over a son. I shall save you from your-self. You are not the first young man who has fallen in love with a pretty face, only to rue it bitterly six months after. You are infatuated with the girl now; a few weeks hence you will wonder how you ever happened to make such a fool of yourself!"

"I am willing to stand all consequences. Love, such as I feel for Ione, is no boy's love. It is no romantic fancy, father; it is the deep, true love that comes to a man but

once in a lifetime." "Have done with such nonsense! cried the old millionaire, hotly. stop pleading with you; now I demand that you have done with this

love affair. Do you hear?" "Ask anything else and I will gladly do it," said Arthur, standing before him pale as death, but there was a fixed resolve in his blue,

"Do you know the consequences "I cannot help the consequences,

returned Arthur. "You shall be disinherited before nightfall, cut off with one dollar You are headstrong and you shall

suffer for it." "I can work for our living, father," said the young man, bravely have had to face the world nothing but a pair of hands and a when it is for Ione's sake."

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rou shall have all the 'sweet toil' you want!" cried the irate old gentleman. "Nothing will bring you to your senses more quickly. Arthur took his hat and turned away. At the door he paused and

turned back.

"Why don't you go?" thundered
the old millionaire. "I am not a
man to say one thing and mean another. Go! and never let me see your face again! There is one thing I must do before you leave me," said the old mill-owner, harshly.

He went to the book-shelf, and took from it a large book bound in ealf, and Arthur saw that it was the family register. Opening it, he laid it down on the table. "Look!" he said, pointing with his finger. "There is the entry of my marriage with your mother. Here

is your birth dated twenty-four years ago. Now see!" He took a pen and dipped it in ink, and through the name of Arhe drew a thick, Rochester black line, with steady fingers. H wrote opposite to it:

"Dead to me!" Then he closed the book and re placed it on the shelf.

"There is no more to be said or done," he continued. "Go!"
"Give me just one kind word, father," said Arthur. "Remember you are sending your only son out of your life forever. I cannot part from you so.'

"You have chosen; abide by you choice," returned his father, bitterly; and Arthur turned away. In the corridor outside he met h

"I have heard all, Arthur," said. "Your father's voice was so loud and so angry. Oh, Arthur, for heaven's sake give up the girl, or your father will surely keep his

word!" "I cannot give up Ione," he plied. "I am going to her now to

"You have always been so petted, so worshiped, Arthur," she sobbed "you have known every luxury, and never experienced one hardship—one want; how can you struggle with hard poverty?"

"Other men do," he responded; "why should not I? I have been dependent upon my father's bounty too long. Every man, no matter if he is a rich man's son, should be put out to battle with the world's poverty for himself— he will make a better

"That is all very well in theory, Arthur," sobbed his aunt, "but oh, the experience is so bitter. I urge you-I plead with you to comply with your father's wishes!"

"You counsel me to be a traitor to my own heart, Aunt Hilda," cried. "I always thought you cried. "I always thought you too true a woman for that. Women are always tender of heart in viewing love affairs."

To be Continued.

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