THE IONE INDEPENDENT

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It Was Love's Answer

By DUFORD JENNE

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AUDREY FISKE snuggled into the cushions of her sleek roadster, and turned down the street in a rather absent-minded mood, her mind on the handsome, soft-spoken man she had seen in the bookshop. It was not often that Audrey let her dancing thoughts muse on men—and this man was a stranger!

She had first been attracted by his voice, rich and quiet, as he asked a question of a clerk in the shop. Then she noticed that he was good-looking in a fresh, vigorous, outdoor way.

She swung into the avenue, and started her car at a swifter pace. Suddenly, a figure seemed to appear in front of her. It was over in a moment—a wild moment of confusion. She flung all her weight on the brakes. The car swerved and halted—but not soon enough! There was a dull thud, and a man was crashed to the street. Blurred impression came. She stifled a scream—it was the man she had seen in the bookshop! He lay silent in an odd heap. Panic overtook her, a wild desire to escape, and she fled homeward.

She found her father reading in his library. Quieted at last in his arms, she told her story. He told her not to worry, that he would take care of the matter, and calling in his secretary, ordered him to locate the man through the police lists, see him, and arrange some money payment, but not to reveal the source from which it came.

Two hours later, the secretary reported that the man's name was Christopher Martin, that he said the fault was his, that he was day-dreaming when he stepped into the street.

"Guess that ends it, youngster," Mr. Fiske said. "You hit an honest man this time."

It was not the end for Audrey, however. In the weeks that followed, he become something of a secret but attractive memory. His voice, as she had heard it in the bookshop, a rich, quiet voice that would have magic in it if it spoke tenderly to someone, the air of serene distinction about him—these and other memories stayed with her. She had looked up his name in the city directory, and had learned that he was a landscape artist. Once—in another car—she had stolen out to the beautiful suburban section where he had lived, but she had not seen him on the grounds of the rose-vined house where the street address directed her.

So she was prompt with a suggestion, when her father remarked that he must have the grounds at their summer home remodeled, that she knew a landscape artist who would do the work. Her father left the matter in her hands, glad to be relieved of it.

Her father's secretary had told her that Martin had no idea who had hit him; so she went on her venture without much dread. When she came to the house, however, and saw him, she was a little weak at the realization that she was to face him. But she took courage and went on.

He turned at her step from the roses he was trimming.

"Hello," his deep, mellow voice greeted her.

Audrey rallied. "What a lovely place in which to work, Mr. Martin—and I have come to take you away!"

He chuckled. "As long as I can come back, I shall not worry."

She told him her father's plans, and he agreed to accept the assignment. She wanted to linger, but could find no excuse. He started with her toward her car—and she barely stifled the cry on her lips that rose from her heart. She saw now that he limped as he walked.

That night was an unhappy one for her. The only way seemed to be to see no more of him. But she could not keep away, and next afternoon she went to her country home. In spite of the pain in the association with him, she was happy enough to want to go again—and then again and again.

Finally, her father said with a faint smile, "Are you more interested in the artist or the gardening?"

Somehow Audrey laughed her answer off.

The work at the estate drew to a close. One late afternoon, she and Christopher sat together looking down the vista of the grounds. Through those days she had guessed that she had come to mean more to him than his employer's daughter, but she was not ready for his answer to the question she asked:

"How sweet it must be to spend your life making things beautiful. Don't you think of it in just that way?"

His voice had a note that echoed through her. "I do—but this is the ...ect I have done—and you were the inspiration. Now if I could always have you—"

She was in his arms before she knew what she had said or suggested; it was a wild, delicious, glorious moment. Then she remembered—she had crippled him. She tore herself from his arms, and told him breathlessly what she knew.

His voice was full of pain. "I forgot, Audrey, that I am crippled. I knew you were the one. Your father told me. But I can't blame you if you don't want a crippled husband, if—"

"My dear—" she began, but words would not come, and the finished sentence was a kiss that gave him her surrender and her love.

ROTATIGN BILLING

A New Method Soon to be Used By Pac. Power and Light Co.

A new method of issuing telephone bills, known as "Rotation of Billing" will be introduced to customers of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company during March and April, according to D. J. Butcher manager for the company.

Under the new plan, Telephone users in Oregon will be divided int six different groups. ...ect t receive its telehone bills on a diferent date the 1st, 6th, 11th, 16t 21st, and 26th of the month as is now the pratice.

The new bling date in Ione Mr. Butcher states will be the 11th of the month, starting in April.

Those in attendance report that Cecil and Ione were well represented at the grange dance held Friday night at Lexington.

J. H. Young, of Hood River, visited Friday, with hisoldfriend J. W. Howk.

Charles Hall of Marshfield

Candidate for the Republican nomination for governor, at the Primary election

Harry Corbett, candidate for Republican gubernatorial nomination.

Veterinary Vaccine at Hull and Pharmacy, 25 cents a pound Monkey's price 41 cents. How come?