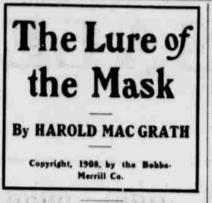
## THE HOOD RIVER NEWS, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1910



(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK) CHAPTER XIX.

at all.

ercise.

possible to

He was brave, clever and engaging.

On completing my education I de-

cided to live in Rome. The old duches-

sa mothered the rich American girl

gladly, for, though I was half Italian,

they always considered me as the

child of my father. I was presented at

court. I was asked to dinners and re-

ceptions and balls. I was quite the

rage because the dowager queen gave

The prince by this time seemed

changed in some way. But I was

blindly young. Often I noticed the

long scar on his cheek. He had re-

ceived it, he said, in some cavalry ex-

Now, there was another clause in

this will. It was the one thing which

made the present life tolerable and

We were to be mar-

me singular attention.

THE LETTER.

father was Colonel Grosve

nor of the Confederate army during the civil war. On General Lee's staff was an Italian named the Principi di Monte Bianca. Rich, titled, a real noble, he was at heart an adventurer, a word greatly abused these inglorious days. My father was cut from the same pattern, a wild and reckless spirit in those crowded times. The two became friends such as you and Mr. Merrihew are. Their exploits became famous. My father was also rich and a man of foresight. Ills real wealth was in foreign securities, mines, oils, steel, steamships. When the war terminated the prince prevailed upon my father to return with him to Italy. Italy itself was in turmoll. Il Re Galantuomo, that Piedmontese hunter, Vittorio Emanuele, wished to liberate Venice from the grasp of Austria, to wrest temporal power from the Vatican and to send the French troops back to France. Well, he accomplished all these things, and both my father and the prince were with him up to the time he entered the Quirinal. After victory, peace. My father invested in villas and palaces and settled down to end his days in the Venetian palace on the Grand canal.

Then my father, still young, remember, fell in love with the daughter of a Venetian noble. It was a happy union. Shortly after the prince also married. He was, with the exception of my father, the most lovable man I ever knew-brave, kindly, impetuous, honorable, witty and wise. It does not seem possible that such a father should have such a son.

There came a great day. A young prince was born, and the rough king stood as his godfather. Later I added my feeble protest, at the cost of my mother's life. As I grew up 1 became my father's constant companion. We were always ont of doors. By and by he sent me to America to school. I returned from America to enter a convent out of Rome and later went to Milan and studied music.

One fatal day the old prince and my father put their heads together and determined that this great friendship of theirs should be perpetuated. The young prince should marry the young signorina. They drew up the strangest of wills. Both men were in full control of their properties. There was no entailed estate such as one finds in England. They could do as they pleased. And this was before Italy had passed the law requiring that no art treasures should be sold or transported. Fortunately for me, my mother's property was considerable.

The impossible clauses in the joint | not a word regarding any future will read that if we two young people meeting. There was nothing to read declined the bargain the bulk of the between the lines. A great loneliness surged over Hillard. Was this, then, estates should revert to the crown. Again, if we married and separated really the end? No! He would wait and were not reunited inside of five here in Florence till the day of doom. He would waste no time in seeking years the fortunes should become the crown's. If, having separated from her, for he knew that if he sought he my husband, either for just or unjust would not find. reasons, I should secretly or publicly Day after day dragged through the

occupy any villa or palace mentioned hours, and Florence grew thinned and in the will it would be a tacit admistorrid Sometimes he rode past the sion that I accepted my husband. Was Villa Ariadne, but he never stopped. there ever such an insane tangle kind-It was in the middle of June that one afternoon the conclurge handed ly meant? We must marry; we must be happy. That our minds and hearts him a telegram. It contained but three were totally different did not matter words:

"Villa Serbelloni, Bellaggio."

Time went on. The old prince died The Villa Serbelloni, now a hotel, suddenly; his wife followed. And then stands on a wooded promontory among my kind and loving father went the the Alps and between the lakes, at way. I was taken under the wing of Bellaggio, and all day long the warm a duchessa who was popular at court. sunshine floods its walls and terraces At this period the young prince was and giances from the polished leaves one of the handsomest men in Europe. of the tropical plants.

The 6 o'clock boat from Como puffed up noisily and smokily to the quay, churning her side paddles. Hillard stepped ashore impatiently. What a long day it had been! How white the Villa Serbelloni seemed up there on the little hilltop. He gave his luggage to the porter from the Grand and followed him on foot to the hotel. He dressed quickly, and in less than an hour he stepped forth from the gardens and took the path up to the villa. Afar he saw a table spread under the great oak. A woman sat by it. It was still daylight, and he would have known that head of hair among the ten thousand houris of heaven. She did not rise, but she extended her hand, a grave inquiry in her slumbrous eyes. With equal gravity he clasped the hand, but held back the impulse to kiss it. He sat down opposite her and, smiling, whimsically inquired:

"Now, where did we leave off?" At first she did not understand. He enlightened her. "I refer to that Arabian Nights entertainment in New York. Where did we leave off that interesting discussion?"

She smilled brightly. "We shall take up the thread of that discourse with the coffee."

"Why not countermand the order for dinner? I am not hungry." "But I am," she replied. She was wholly herself now. The tact with which he began his address disembarrassed her. For two days since she dispatched the telegram she had lived in a kind of cestatic terror. She had even regretted the message once it was beyond recall. "I am human enough to be hungry sometimes." She summoned the waiter.

The dinner was excellent, but Hillard scarcely knew what this or that plate was. And when the waiter brought the coffee and lingered for further orders it was Hillard who dismissed him rather curtly

He said musingly: "We had agreed that it would be best never to meet again, that to keep the memory of that night fresh in our minds, a souvenir for old age, it were wisest to part then. Well, we can keep the memory of it for our old age. It will be a little secret between us, and we shall talk it over on just such nights

We passed through the streets to as this." the magistrate's. I did not know then He reached for her hand, which lay that I was not in love, that I was only upon the cover, but without apparent young and curious. I threw roses to notice of his movement she drew it

顃摤濵灗嬳嫾**辧**辧嫾嫾嫾嫙嫾嫙嫾嫙嫙嫙嫙嫙嫾嫾嫾嫾嫙濸嫙嫙嫙嫙嫙嫙嫙嫙嫙**嫙** 

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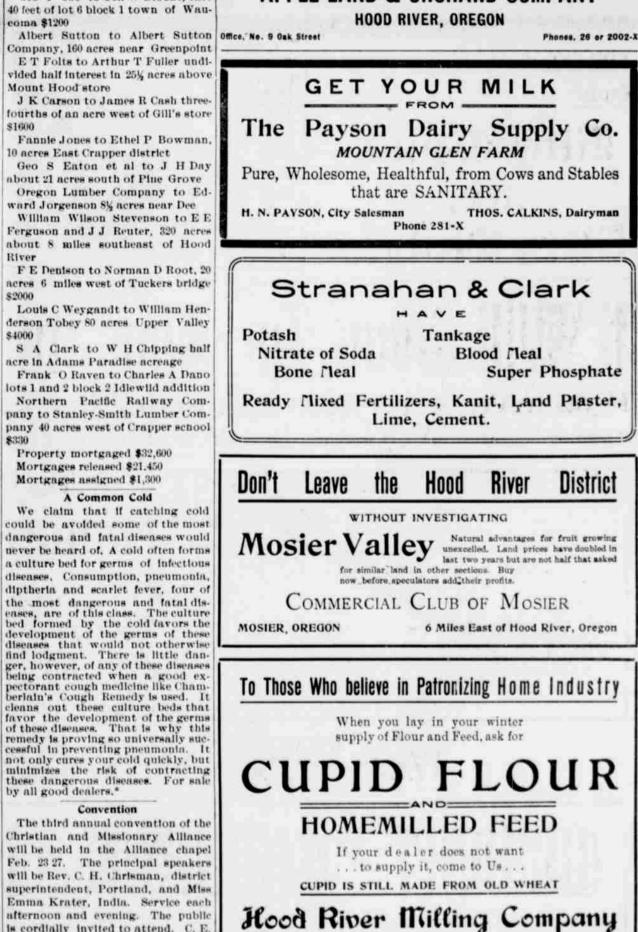
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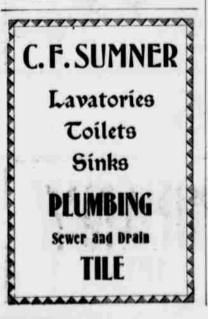
one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and at the time. I believed his nervousthat is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Care is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh be-ing a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, act-ing directly upon the blood and mu-cous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundations of the discase, and giving the patient strength by building up the consti-tution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists. 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.\*

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any who asked. The prince sat beside me in full dress uniform, looking very face. The readers of this paper will be handsome and distinguished. The pleased to learn that there is at least prince smiled, but he was nervous and not at ease. I thought nothing of this

se I tove you!"

without pomp, quietly, first at

the magistrate's and then at the

church. At last the day came.

Been

ried

ness a part of my own. The magistrate performed his part. Legally we were man and wife. We were leaving for the church when at the very doorway a handsome woman, sad eyed, weary, shabbily dressed, touched me on the arm. "A rose, signora!"

I gave it to her, smiling pityingly. "God pray." she said, "that this man will make you happier than he made me!"

"Let us be on!" said the prince eagerly. "Wait!" I turned to the woman.

"Signora, what do you mean by those words?

"His highness knows." She pointed to the prince, whose face I now saw, strangely enough, for the first time. It was black with rage and ugliness. "What has he been to you?" I demanded.

She answered. 1 understood. In that moment I became a woman without filusions. Without looking at the prince I was of stone. He turned upon the poor woman and struck her in the face. Even had I loved him that would have been the end of the romance. I drove home. There would be no wedding at the church that day. There was a great scandal. Every one took up the prince's cause, with the exception of the king.

The prince was almost bankrupt. He had squandered his all. He had sold to usurers half of the fortune he expected to get after marrying me. He had not the slightest affection for me. He was desperate and wanted the money. How old and wise I became during that ride home from the magistrate's! I vowed he should never have penny. It should all go to the crown. When at length he found that I was really serious he became base in his tactics. He was the one who was wronged. He gave life to such rumors among those I knew that soon I found doors closed to me which had always been open. No Italian woman could see the matter from my point of view. I was an American for all that my mother was a Venetian, therefore I was wrong.

There! That is all. There is no more mystery concerning Sonia Hilda Grosvenor.

And so the letter ended. There was

back. A flash of pain crossed Hillard's

"I have waited patiently for weeks." She faced him with an enigmatical smile, lighted a match, blew it out and drew a line across the center of the table.

He laughed. "What! Again?" "Observe."

As a rejoinder he smoothed out the telegram she had sent to him. "Why did you send this to me?" Her lips had no answer ready.

"There can be but one reason," he pursued.

"Friendship."

The beginning of the night was cool. but the fire of the world's desire burned in her cheeks, and she was afraid. She stepped to the railing, faced the purpling mountains and sang "Die Zauberflote." Hillard dared not touch her till the last note was gone.

"I did not come here because of friendship," he said. "Only one thing brought me-love and the hope of love.'

She stared at him, her hand at her throat.

Then he took her in his arms sud denly, hungrily, even roughly. "You are mine, mine, and nothing in the world shall take you from my arms again, Sonia."

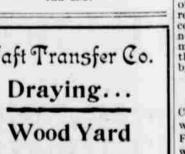
She pressed her paims against him and stood away. She looked bravely into his eyes now.

"I sent the message because I want- diptheria and scarlet fever, four of ed you, because I am tired of lying to my heart, because I have a right to be happy, because-because I love you! Take me and, oh, be good and kind to me, for 1 have been very lonely and unhappy. Kiss me!" with a touch of the old imperiousness

She clasped him rondly to herself. "See Naples and die," she whispered, "but the spirit will come to Bellaggio." THE END.

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Convention

The third annual convention of the Christian and Missionary Alliance will be held in the Alliance chapel Feb. 23 27. The principal speakers will be Rev. C. H. Chrisman, district superintendent, Portland, and Miss. Emma Krater, India. Service each afternoon and evening. The public is cordially invited to attend. C. E. Perry, pastor.