

THE DESPERATE LOVER

BY E. D. Phillips
Oppenheim

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE:

Palermo is the scene. There an exile, Leonardo di Marioni, has come for love of Adrienne Cartuccio, who spurns him. He meets an Englishman, Lord St. Maurice, who falls in love with Adrienne on sight. Leonardo sees his sister Margharita, who tells him his love for Adrienne is hopeless. But he pleads with her to arrange an accidental meeting, to say farewell, between Adrienne and him.

She consents. That night the Englishman is informed of an attempt being made to carry off Signorina Cartuccio and Margharita, who are walking, by bigrands employed by a rejected suitor, on a lonely road. He rushes to the scene, and proves able to rescue the ladies.

Inflamed by the failure of his scheme, Leonardo sees Margharita who shows him she knows that he was instigator of the attempted attack. The Englishman now sees Adrienne often. The Englishman sitting in the hotel, finds a dagger at his feet. Looking up, he sees the Sicilian and scents trouble.

Leonardo and the Englishman quarrel. The Englishman at first refused to accept a challenge to duel, then when the Italian slaps him consents. The two men face each other ready to fight to the death.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY—

It was a fair spot which their two seconds had chosen to stain with bloodshed. Close almost to their feet, the blue waters of the Mediterranean, glistening in the early morning sunlight, broke in tiny, rippling waves, upon the firm, white sand. Inland was a semi-circle of steep cliffs, at the base of which there were great boulders of rock, fern-covered and with hyacinths of many colors growing out of the crevices and lending a sweet fragrance to the fresh morning air. It was a spot shut off from the world, for the towering cliffs ran out into the sea on either side, completely enclosing the little cove. There was only one possible approach to it, save by boat, and that a difficult and tedious one, and looking upward from the shore, hard to discover. But on the northward, side the cliffs suddenly dropped, and in the cleft was a thick plantation of aloes, through which a winding path led down to the beach.

Perhaps of all the little group gathered down there to witness and take part in the coming tragedy, Signor Prucio, Lord St. Maurice's second, was looking the most disturbed and anxious. His man, he knew, must fall, and an ugly sickening dread was in his heart. It was so like a murder. He pictured to himself that fair boy's face—and in the clear morning sunlight the young Englishman's face showed marvelous few signs of the night of agony through which he had passed—ghastly and livid, with the stamp of death upon the forehead, and the deep blue eyes glazed and dull. It was an awful thing, yet what could he do? What hope was there? Leonardo di Marioni he knew to be a famous swordsman; Lord St. Maurice had never fenced since he had left Eton, and scarcely remembered the positions. It was doubtful even whether he had ever held a hapier. But what Signor Prucio feared most was the pale, unflinching hate in the Sicilian's white face. He loathed it, and yet it fascinated him. He knew, alas! how easily, by one swift turn of the wrist, he would be able to pass his sword through the Englishman's body, mocking at his unskilled defense. He fancied that he could see the arms thrown up to heaven, the fixed, wild eyes, the red blood spurting out from the wound and staining the virgin earth; almost he fancied that he could hear the death-cry break from those agonized white lips. Horrible effort of the imagination! What evil chance had made him offer his services to this young English lord, and dragged him into assisting at a duel which could be but a farce—worse than a farce, a murder? He would have given half his fortune for an earthquake to have come and swallowed up that merciless Sicilian.

Signor Prucio had delayed the duel as long as he could, under the pretext

of waiting for the doctor who had been instructed to follow them, but who had not yet arrived. Twice the Sicilian had urged that they should commence, and each time he had pleaded that they wait for a few minutes longer. To enter upon a duel a l'outrance save in the presence of a medical man, was a thing unheard of, he declared. But at last this respite was exhausted, for the opposing second, with a pleasant smile, had remarked that he himself was skilled in surgery, and would be happy to officiate should any necessity arise. There was no longer any excuse. Lord St. Maurice himself insisted upon the signal being given—sadly therefore he prepared to give it. Already both men had fallen into position. The word trembled upon his lips.

A flock of sea-birds flew screaming over their heads, and he waited a moment until they should have passed. Then he raised his hand.

"Stop!"

The cry was a woman's. They all looked around. Only a few yards away from them stood Adrienne, her fair hair streaming loose in the morning breeze, and her gown torn and soiled. She had just issued from the sloping aloe plantation, and was trembling in every limb from the speed of her descent.

The cloud on the Sicilian's face grew black as night.

"This is no sight for you to look upon!" he cried, between his teeth "You will not save your lover by waiting. You had better go, or I will kill him before your eyes.

She walked calmly between them, and looked from one to the other.

"Lord St. Maurice, I need not ask you, I know! This duel is not of your seeking?"

"It is not!" he answered, lowering his sword. "This fellow insulted me, and I punished him publicly in the restaurant of the Hotel de l'Europe last night. In my opinion, that squared matters, but he demanded satisfaction, and from his point of view, I suppose he has a right to it. I am quite ready to give it to him."

The seconds had fallen back. They three were alone. She went up to the Sicilian and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Leonardo, we have been friends, have we not? Why should you seek to do that which will make us enemies for ever? I have broken no faith with you; I never gave you one word of hope. I never loved you; I never could have loved you. Why should you seek to murder the man whom I do love, and make me miserable for ever?"

His face was ghastly, but he showed no sign of being moved by her words.

"Bah! You talk as you feel—just now!" he quickly said. "I tell you that I do not believe one word. If he had not come between us, you would have been mine some day. Love like mine would have conquered in the end. Away! away!" he cried, pushing her back in growing excitement, and stamping on the ground with his feet. "The sight of you only maddens me, and nerves my arm to kill! Though you beg on your knees for his life, that man shall die."

"I shall not beg upon my knees," she answered proudly. Yet, Leonardo, for your own sake, for the sake of your own happiness, I bid you once more consider. You would stain your hand with the blood of the man who is more to me than you can ever be. Is this what you call love? Leonardo, beware! I am not a woman to be lightly robbed of what is dear to me. Put up your sword, or you will repent it to your dying day."

The Sicilian was unmoved. The sight of the woman he loved championing his foe seemed to madden him.

"Out of my way!" he cried, grasping his sword firmly. "Lord St. Maurice, are you not wery of skulking behind a woman's petticoats? On guard!"

She suddenly flung her hands above her head, and there was what seemed to be miraculous increase in the little group. Three men in plain, dark clothes sprang from behind a gigantic bowlder, and, in an instant, the Sicilian

was seized from behind. He looked around at his captors, pale and furious. They were strangers to him. As yet, he did not realize what had happened.

"What does this mean?" he cried, furiously. "Who dares to lay hands upon me? We are on free ground!" She shook her head.

"Leonardo, you have brought this upon yourself," she said, firmly but compassionately. "You plotted to murder the man I love. I warned you that, to protect him, there was nothing which I would not dare. Only a moment ago I gave you another chance. One word from you and I would have thrown these papers into the sea," producing a packet from her bosom, "rather than have placed them where I do now!"

A fourth man had strolled out of the aloe grove, smoking a long cigarette. Into his hands Adrienne had placed the little packet of letters, which he accepted with a low bow.

Even now the Sicilian felt bewildered; but as his eyes fell upon the violently, gazing at him as though fascinated.

"I do not understand!" he faltered. The fourth man removed his cigarette from his teeth and produced a paper.

"Permit me to explain," he said politely. "I have here a warrant for your arrest, Count di Marioni, alias Leonardo di Cortegi, on two accounts; first, that you, being an exile, have returned to Italian soil; and secondly, on a further and separate charge of conspiracy against the Italian Government, in collusion with a secret society, calling themselves 'Members of the Order of the White Hyacinth.' The proof of the latter conspiracy, which were wanting at your first trial, have now been furnished."

He touched the little roll of papers which he had just received, and, with a bow, fell back. There was an ominous silence.

At the mention of his first name a deathlike pallor had swept upon the Sicilian's face. His manner suddenly became quite quiet and free from excitement. But there was a look in his dark eyes more awful than had been his previous fury.

"You have done a brave thing indeed, Adrienne!" he said slowly. "You have saved your lover. Lou have betrayed the man who would have given his life to serve you. Listen to me! As I loved you before so do I hate you now! As my love for you in the past has governed my life, so in the days to come shall my undying hate for you and for that man shape my actions and mold my life, and bring me over sea and land to the farthest corners of the earth to wreak my vengeance upon you. Be it ten, or twenty, or thirty years, they keep me rotting in their prisons, the time will come when I shall be free again; and then, beware! Search your memory for the legends of our race! Was ever a hate forgotten, or an oath broken? Hear me swear," he cried, raising his clasped hands above his head with a sudden passionate gesture, "by the sun, and the sky, and the sea, and the earth, I swear that, as they continue unchanged and unchanging, so shall my hate for you remain! Ah! you can take your lover's hand, traitress, and think to find protection there. But in your heart I read your fear. The day shall

come when you shall kneel at my feet for mercy, and there shall be no mercy. Gentlemen, my sword. I tm at your service."

PART TWO

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS LATER

For three days Count Leonardo di Marioni abode in his sitting-room at the Hotel Continental, living the life of a man in a dream. So far as the outside world was concerned, it was a complete case of suspended animation. Of all that passed around him he was only dimly conscious. The faces of his fellow creatures were strange to him. He had lost touch with the world, and the light of his reason was flickering; almost it seemed as though it would go out indeed, and leave him groping in the chaos of insanity. Mechanically he rose late in the morning, ate what was brought to him, or ordered what was suggested. All day long he sat in a sort of dream, less apathy, living still the life of the last five-and-twenty years of imprisonment, and finding no change, save that the chair in which he sat was softer, and the fire over which he stretched his withered palms was a new experience to him. There were things even which he missed in the freedom—if freedom it could be called. He missed the warm dancing sunlight which, day by day, had filled the shabby sitting-room of his confinement. He missed that patch of deep blue sky seen through his high, barred window, and the fragrant scents of the outside world which, day by day, had floated through it. He missed the kindly greeting of his pitying gaoler, and the simple food—the macaroni, the black coffee, and the fruit—which had been served to him; and above all, there was something else which he missed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HAIR DECLARED INDEX TO PEOPLE'S CHARACTER; THIN HAIR FOR BRAINS

Prospective brides and grooms may select their mates by their hair.

This was the startling revelation made by Georgia O. George, hair authority from Los Angeles, in an address at the Mid-West Beauty and Trades Show in Chicago.

"Hair and brains are biological twins," said Miss George. "Thin, brittle hair, for instance, is indicative of great cerebral capacity and mental concentration. Heavy, flowing locks, on the other hand, are usually the trade mark of stupidity.

"Fair hair denotes a sanguine or phlegmatic disposition. Red hair reveals a very cunning, or very good character. Black, curly, stiff hair denotes a lachrymose temperament. Very fine hair marks an extremely nervous person with either artistic or literary aspirations.

"With hair as a recognized index of temperament, it is quite conceivable that matrimonially-inclined Romeo, casting about among their feminine acquaintances for Juliet, will consider hair as a vitally important qualification. However, daily shampooing, which refines the coarsest locks and restores them to their pristine lustre, will make it possible for a woman to masquerade as a she-sheep."

Beginning at the cradle, according to Miss George, the scalp should be

shampooed daily. Such eternal cleanliness not only frees the scalp of dirt but insures it against the fatal cradle crust.

"Cradle crust which appears on a person's head shortly after birth and which, unless eradicated, will starve and choke the natural growth of hair, is the cause of most baldness and grayness. No one who permits it to 'em' may hope to have beautiful hair."

Marriage Licenses Issued

During the past week marriage licenses have been issued by the county clerk to the following: Charles Simons, Portland, and Lucile Parsons, Eugene; Robert Wilkes and Thelma Calder, both of Wendling; Frank Burgess, Eugene, and Leona Woodring, Seattle; Lloyd Cochran and Thelma Hughes, both of Eugene; Charles Boyd and Ailie Geneva Brown, both of Eugene; Ellery Hall and Marlon Schwarz, both of Eugene.

Montana People Here—Mrs. I. G. King and son, Ted, of Cabin Creek, Montana, visited here last week-end at the home of Mrs. King's nephew, K. E. Gerber. She and her son are enroute home after visiting for some time in California.



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Harmony Rolling Massage Cream	2 for 51c
Medicated Skin Soap	2 for 26c
Klenzo Tar Shampoo Soap	2 for 26c
Klanzo Liquid Antiseptic	2 for 51c
Rexall Toilet Soap	2 for 16c
Egyptian Palm Soap	2 for 11c
Quinine Hair Tonic	2 for 51c
Bouquet Ramee Toilet Water, 3-oz.	2 for 1.51
Bouquet Ramee Talcum	2 for 51c
Bouquet Ramee Compact or Rouge	2 for 51c
Klenzo Magnesia Dental Powder	2 for 26c
Narcisse Perfume, 3 1/2 drams	2 for 76c
Harmony Cream of Almonds	2 for 36c
Harmony Lilac Vegetal	2 for 76c
Harmony Cocoa Butter Cold Cream	2 for 51c
Olivo Shampoo	2 for 51c
Rexall Tooth Paste	2 for 26c
Rexall Shaving Lotion	2 for 51c
Georgia Rose Cold Cream	2 for 26c
Georgia Rose Soap	2 for 26c
Georgia Rose Talcum	2 for 26c
Georgia Rose Face Powder	2 for 51c

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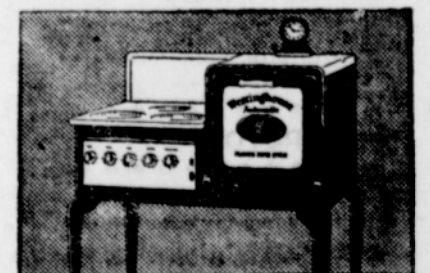
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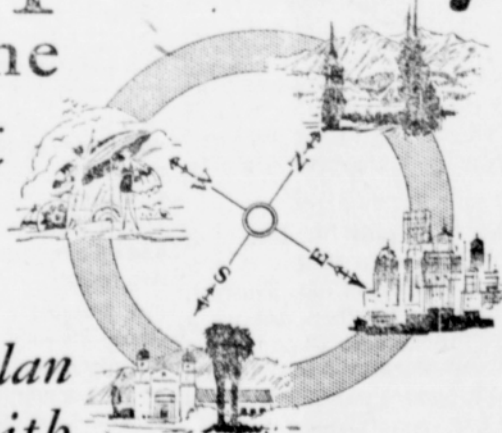
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