

Building the First Transcontinental Railroad

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.

Margharita stops the duel by coming just in the nick of time to urge the Englishman from his fate, with two officers who arrest the exile Leonardo. Leonardo vows vengeance. After 25 years in jail he is again at his hotel, an old, broken man with only memories left to him.

As he left the hotel the proprietor, worried about him, advertises for his friends and Leonardo is first visited by the woman he had loved, whom he shoots out of his sight. Then there comes to him the daughter of his sister, whom he greets in great surprise. He learns that his sister is dead.

Count Leonardo tells his niece the story of his love for Margharita. She is sympathetic.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY—

Margharita looked like a beautiful wild animal in her passion. He had fallen over her face, and was streaming down her back. Her small white hand was clenched and upraised, and her straight, supple figure, panther-like in its grace, was distended until she towered over the little shrunken form before her. Terrible was the gleam in her eyes, and terrible the fixed rigidity of her features. Yet she was as beautiful as a young goddess in her wrath.

"No!" she cried fiercely. "The Order shall not die! You belong to it still; and I—I too, swear the oath of vengeance! Together we will hunt her down—this woman! She shall suffer."

"She shall die!" he cried.

A slight shudder passed across the girl's face, but she repeated his words.

"She shall die! But, uncle, you are ill. What is it?"

She chafed his hands and held him up. He had fainted.

"Where am I, Margharita?"

She leaned over him, and drew a long deep breath of relief. It was the reward of many weary days and nights of constant watching and careful nursing. His reason was saved.

"In your own room at the hotel," she whispered. "Don't you remember? You were taken ill."

He looked at her, helpless and puzzled. Slowly the mists began to roll away.

"Yes, you were with me," he murmured softly. "I remember now. I was telling you the story of the past—my child. You are Margharita's child. Yes, I remember. Was it this afternoon?"

She kissed his forehead, and then drew back suddenly, lest the warm tear which was quivering on her eyelids should fall back upon his face.

"It was three weeks ago!"

"Three weeks ago!" He looked wonderingly around—at the little table at his side, where a huge bowl of sweet-scented roses was surrounded by a little army of empty medicine bottles, at Margharita's pale, wan face,

and at a couch drawn up to the bedside.

"And you have been nursing me all the time?" he whispered.

She smiled brightly through the tears which she could not hide.

"Of course I have. Who has a better right, I should like to know?"

He sighed and closed his eyes. In a few minutes he was asleep.

For a fortnight his life had hung upon a thread, and even when the doctor had declared him out of danger the question of his sanity or insanity quivered upon the balance for another week. He would either awake perfectly reasonable, in all respects his old self, or he would open his eyes upon a world, the keynote to which he had lost forever. In other words he would either awake a perfectly sane man or hopelessly and incurably insane. There would be no middle course. That was the doctor's verdict.

And through all those long days and nights Margharita had watched over him as though he had been her own father. All the passionate sympathy of her warm southern nature had been kindled by the story of his wrongs. Day by day the sight of his helpless suffering had increased her indignation toward those whom she really believed to have bitterly wronged him. Through those long quiet days and silent nights, she had brooded upon them. She never for one moment repented of having allied herself to that wild oath of vengeance, whose echoes often at dead of night seemed to ring in her ears. Her only fear was that he would emerge from the fierce illness under which he was laboring, so weakened and shaken, that the desire of his life should have passed from him. She had grown to love this shrunken old man. In her girlhood she had heard stories of him from her nurse, and many times the hot tears had stood in her eyes as she conjured up to herself that pathetic figure, waiting and waiting, year by year, for that liberty which was to come only with old age. She had thought of him, sad-eyed and weary, pacing his lonely prison cell, and ever watching through his barred window the little segment of blue sky and sunlight which penetrated into the high-walled court. How he must long for the scent of flowers, the fresh open air, the rustle of leaves, and the hum of moving insects. How his heart must ache for the sound of men's voices, the touch of their hands, some sense of loving or friendly companionship to break the icy monotony of his dreary, stagnant existence. Her imagination had been touched, and she had been all ready to welcome and love him as a hero and a martyr, even if he had appealed to her in no other way. But when she had seen him stricken down and helpless, with that look of ineffable sadness in his soft dark eyes, it was more than her sympathy which was aroused, more than her imagination which was stirred. Her large pitying heart became his absolutely. She was alone in the world, and she must needs love some one. For good or for evil, fate had brought this strange old man to her, and wove this tie between them.

He held out his hands; she grasped them fondly.

"Margharita, she came here!" he whispered.

"What, here? Here in this room?"

He nodded.

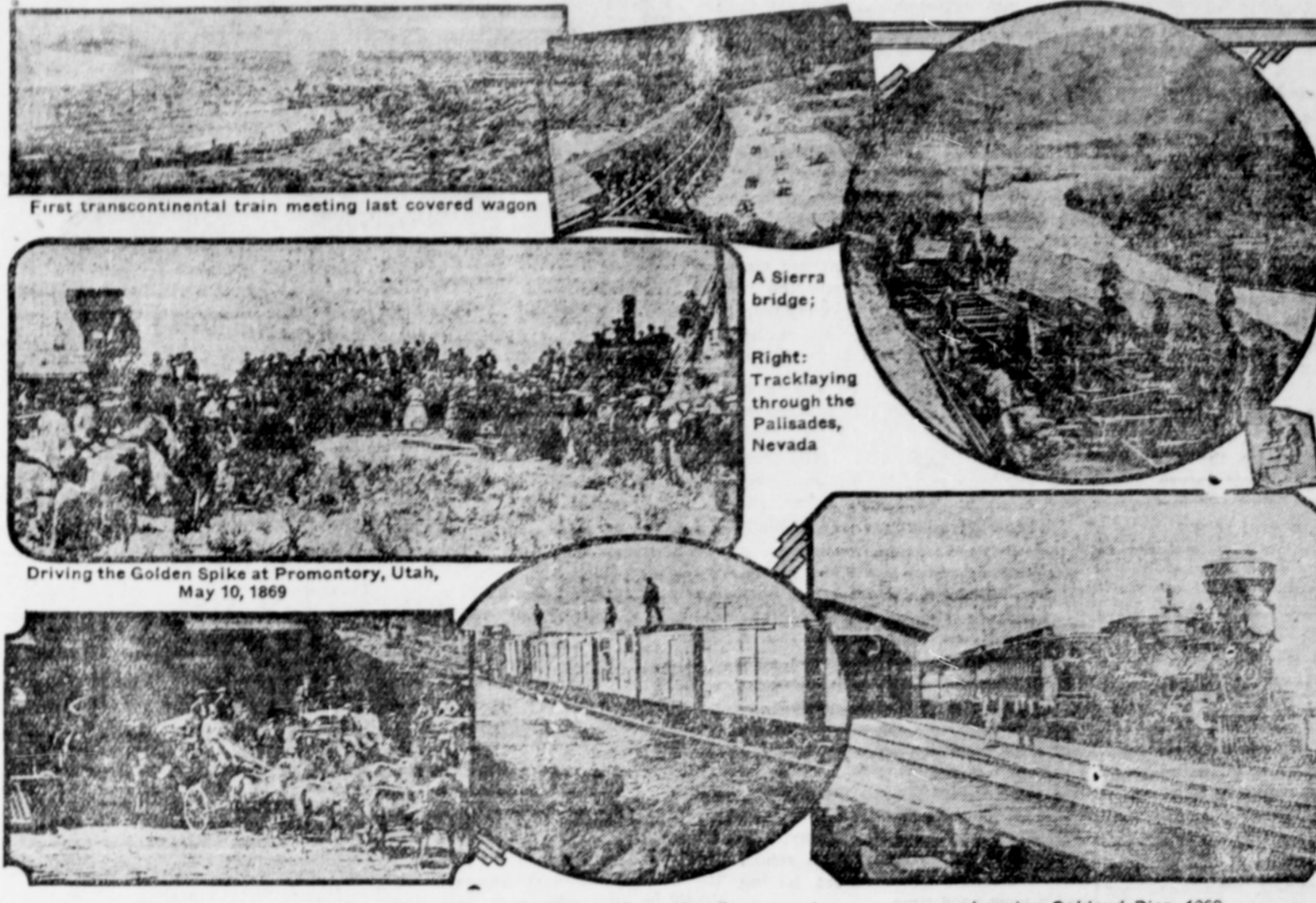
"It was two days before you came. I was sitting alone in the twilight. The door opened. I thought I was dreaming. It was she, as beautiful as ever, richly dressed, happy, comely. She came to pity, to sue for pardon. I let her talk, and then, when I had gathered strength, I stood up and cursed her. I thrust her away; I cursed her with the fiercest and cruellest words which my lips could utter. It drove the warm color from her cheeks, and the light from her eyes. I cursed her till her heart shook with fear. She staggered out of the room a stricken woman. I—"

"Tell me her name."

"It was Adrienne Cartuccio. It is now Lady Maurice."

"The Lady St. Maurice! She was my mother's friend then?"

"Yes."



First transcontinental train meeting last covered wagon

A Sierra bridge;

Right: Tracklaying through the Palisades, Nevada

Driving the Golden Spike at Promontory, Utah, May 10, 1869

Stage Coach bridged gap between ends of track

Rounding "Cape Horn" on way to Summit

Leaving Oakland Pier, 1869

The sixtieth birthday of the Southern Pacific, first transcontinental railroad, is being celebrated May 10 by a radio broadcast from K P O San Francisco, over the Pacific Coast network of the National Broadcasting Company and from K S L, Salt Lake, Utah. The

broadcast will be from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Pacific standard time.

Reinold Werrenrath, famous baritone, is coming from New York specially to take part in this entertainment. To a musical accompaniment of Construction day music there will

be told over the air the epic story of the conquest of Sierra and desert, which was probably the greatest of pioneer accomplishments.

Construction of the Southern Pacific's first unit, which was the Western end of the first transcontinental rail-

road, cost \$61,000,000. The Southern Pacific, which has grown with the west, is still driving spikes and has just completed in the last 15 years construction to open up new territory at a cost of \$38,000,000.

Margharita's eyes were bright, and her voice trembled.

"Listen!" she cried. "When my mother was dying she gave me a letter. If ever you need a friend or help," she whispered, "go to Lady St. Maurice. This letter is to her. She will help you for my sake. Uncle, fate is on our side. Just before I came to you I wrote to Lady St. Maurice. I told her that I was unhappy in my life, and I wished for a situation as a governess. I sent her my mother's letter."

"And she replied?"

"Yes. She offered me a home. If I wished I could teach her little girl." Her voice was trembling, and her eyes, dry and brilliant, were fixed upon him. He was sitting upright in bed, leaning a little forward toward her, and the sunbeam which had stolen in through the parted curtains fell upon his white corpse-like face. A strange look was in his eyes; his fingers clutched the bedclothes nervously.

"You will—go?" he asked hoarsely.

"You will go to Lady St. Maurice?"

An answering light shot back from her eyes. She was suddenly pale to the lips. He voice was hushed as though in fear, but it was firm.

"Yes, I shall go. Tonight I shall accept her offer."

PART III

"Mother, don't you think that Miss Briscoe is a very strange girl?"

Lady St. Maurice looked up from her work quickly. Nine o'clock was just striking, and her son only a moment before had replaced his watch in his pocket with an impatient little gesture.

"Yes, I do think so," she answered quietly. "I think her very strange indeed. Why do you ask me?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly. It seems odd that she should want to spend all her evenings alone, and that she should have so many long letters to write. Do you think that she quite understands that you would like her to come down with us?"

"I am quite sure that she does, Lumley. I even objected to having her come here as a governess at all. Her mother was a dear friend of mine many years ago, and I told Margharita from the first that I would rather have her here as my daughter. She would have been very welcome to a home with us. It was only her pride which made her insist upon coming as Grace's governess, and I suppose it is the same feeling which prompts her to keep herself so much aloof from us. I am sorry, but I can do no more than I have done toward making her see things differently."

Lord Lumley fidgeted about for a minute or two on the hearthrug. There was a certain reserve in his mother's manner which made the task which he had set himself more difficult ever than it would have been under ordinary circumstances. Besides, he felt that from her low seat she was watching him intently, and the knowledge did not tend toward setting him more at his ease.

"You loved her mother, then?"

"I did. She was my dearest friend."

"And yet—forgive me if I am wrong—but sometimes I fancy that you do not even like Miss Briscoe."

"She will not let me like or dislike her, Lumley."

He shook his head.

"It isn't that exactly. I have seen you watching her sometimes—as for instance when she sang that Sicilian song here—as though you were—well, almost afraid of her; as though there was something about her which almost repelled you."

The Countess laid down her work, and looked steadfastly into the fire. There was a moment's silence.

"You have been a close watcher, Lumley."

"I admit it. But tell me, have I not watched to some purpose. There is no mistaking the look in your face sometimes, when she comes into the room unexpectedly. If the thing were not absurd, I should say that you were afraid of her."

Lady St. Maurice held her hand to her side for a moment, as though she felt a sudden pain. She repeated her son's words without looking up at him.

"Afraid of her! No, no, Lumley. I am afraid of something else, some-

thing of which her face continually reminds me. It is the shadow of the past which seems to follow her footsteps.

A tragic note had suddenly been struck in the conversation between mother and son. Lord Lumley, who had been altogether unprepared for it, was full of interest.

"The past!" he repeated. "Whose past? Tell me all about it, mother."

She looked up at him, and he saw that her face was unusually pale.

"Lumley, it is only a little while ago since your father and I told you the story of our strange meeting and marriage. You remember it?"

"Every word! Every word, mother!"

"You remember the duel which the Count di Marioni sought to force upon your father, but which I prevented? You remember the means which I was driven to use to prevent it, and the oath of vengeance which Leonardo—the Count di Marioni—swore against us both?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Lions Endorse Pageant

The Springfield Lions club endorsed the production of the pageant at the regular meeting of the organization last Friday. No definite plans for the event were made at that time.

Hugh Rosson, of Eugene, professor of law in the University of Oregon and business manager of the pageant, was the principal speaker at the meeting of the Lions. Bob Callahan and Mr. Edwards, of Eugene, and C. E. Kenyon, Larason Wright, and Dr. R. P. Mortensen, of Springfield, were guests at the meeting.

Here From Noti—W. E. James, Noti resident, spent Monday in town.

In Monday—Mrs. R. W. Callison of Fall Creek was a business visitor in Springfield Monday.

Visit Over Week-end—Mr. and Mrs. Sam Miller of Junction City spent the week-end in Springfield visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Larson.

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