

THE DESPERATE LOVER

BY E. D. Phillips
Oppenheim

Letter from Margarita Briscoe, to the Count Leonardo di Marioni, care of the Princess di Carlotti, Palazzo Carlotti, Rome.

"My dear, dear Uncle: I am inclined to scold you for your letter for it made me very sad. Why should you be so sure of dying just as the vengeance which is your due becomes yours? You are not very old, and I can nurse you even as I did before. Think how lonely I should be without you. No, you must not think of leaving me. I forbid it! It is morbid. Banish that fancy for my sake, and try and think of a quiet happy life together, away in some southern city, where the sea and the sky are blue, and the sun is warm, and the breezes are soft and laden with the perfume of sweet flowers. We would never live in this country, would we? I do not like it. It is cold and damp, and it chills me, chills even my heart. Oh! I know just the life we could live together, and be very, very happy. Write to me no more of death.

"I am quite settled down here, waiting. My duties are light, and I do not find them irksome. Every day I realize that I did well in coming here as a governess, and not as one seeking a home. They think that it is because of my pride that I have willed it so. They do not know.

"Lady St. Maurice tries to be kind to me in her way; but when the honeyed words are upon her lips, I think of you and my heart is steel. She must have been a very beautiful woman—nay, she is beautiful now! You asked me in your first letter to watch and tell you whether they were happy together. You asked me and I tell you the truth.

"Yes! I think that of all the women whom I have ever seen, her life seems to have flown along the most calmly and peacefully. I have never seen a cloud upon her brow; I hate her for it. She has no right to be happy; she who by such treachery condemned you to a living death. Once my anger rose up so fiercely that I nearly struck her, and I had to hurry from the room lest I should betray myself before the time. Truly she deserves punishment, and my hand shall not shrink from inflicting it.

"Yet, after all, is death the most complete form of punishment? Sometimes I doubt it. I would mar the beauty of her face for ever, and laugh. I would strike her blind gladly; I would make her a cripple for life, without remorse, without hesitation. To see her suffer would please me. I should have no pity!

"But death, uncle! If anything of our religion be true, would death be so terrible a thing? Against my will I see that her life is good. She has made her home what it should be, and her husband happy. She is a devoted Christian and, wet or fine, every Sunday morning before breakfast she goes to the little church in the village and kneels before the altar. She visits the sick and the poor, and they love her. For me, religion has become something of a dream. I was brought up a Roman Catholic. What I am now I do not know! When I vowed my life to its present purpose I filled it with new thoughts; I put my religion away from me. I could not kneel with hate in my heart; I could not confess, with the desire to kill in my bosom.

"Yet let that pass. Supposing there be a heaven, if we kill her for her treachery to you will not that sin be wiped out? May she not gain heaven? And if so, what of our vengeance? Death is swift! What will she suffer? It will be those who are left behind who will feel the pain; for her, there will be a happiness beyond the happiness of earth. She will be shriven of her sin by our vengeance.

"Think of this, my dear uncle! Do not imagine that I am growing faint-hearted; do not imagine that I am drawing back from the task which I now claim as my right. Death, or some other sort of punishment, shall surely fall upon her; she shall not escape! Only think what is best.

"Write to me all that is in your heart. Fear not to speak out! I would know all. Farewell! Your

loving

MARGHARITA."

Letter from the Count Leonardo di Marioni, the Palazzo Carlotti, Rome, to Miss Margarita Briscoe, Malory Grange, Lincolnshire.

"Beloved Margarita: I will confess that your letter troubles me. If there be heaven for the woman who wrecked my life, there is no heaven for me, no religion, no God. You say that she is a good woman. She is then a good woman through fear. She seeks to atone, but she can never atone. She won a boy's passionate love; she wore his heart upon her sleeve; she cast it away at the moment of her pleasure. She broke the vows of an order, which should have been as sacred to her as the face of God to the angels; and she sent a Marioni to rot through a useless life in a miserable prison. The boy whose heart she broke and the man whose life she severed, lives only to nurse his unchanging and unchangeable hate for her. Away with all other thoughts, my vengeance knows but one end, and that is death! Not sudden death, mind! but death—slow, lingering, and painful. I would see the struggle against some mysterious sickness, with my own eyes; I would stand by the bedside and mock. I would watch the cheeks grow thin and pale, and the eyes grow dim. She should know me in those last moments. She should see me, the wasted shadow of a man, myself on the threshold of the grave, standing by her bedside, cold and un pitying, and holding out toward her a white hyacinth.

"That is how I would have it, though thus it may not be. Yet speak to me not of any other vengeance save death. Let none other dwell for a moment in your thoughts, I solemnly charge you, Margarita.

"As to my search, it has not yet, alas, been successful. Think not that I have lost heart, or that I am discouraged. Never fear but that I shall find the man whom I seek—if not, there are others. I give myself one month longer; at the end of that time, if Paschull be not found, another must serve my purpose.

"The Princess is much interested in you and sends her love. She is impatient to take you under her care. I have told her that it will not be long—nor will it.

"Farewell, my child. Soon I shall send you the good news.—Yours,

Leonardo di Marioni,
Palazzo Carlotti, Rome.

"Margarita, — Beloved. Success! success! My search is over, my purpose is accomplished. I have found Paschull. Enclosed in this letter you will find a smaller envelope. It contains the powder.

"Can you wonder that my hand is shaking, and that there is a mist before my eyes? I am an old man, and great joy is hard to bear; harder still after a weary, wretched life such as mine. You will understand, though—you will be able to decipher this faint, uncertain handwriting, and you will forgive me if it tires you. Ay, you will do that, Margarita, I know!

"Let me tell you how I found him. It was by the purest accident. I turned aside into an old curio shop to buy some trifle for you which took my fancy, and it was Paschull himself who served me. Thus you see how indirectly ever your star always shined over mine and leads me aright. If it had not been for you I should never have dreamed of entering the place, but I thought of you and your taste for Roman jewelry, and behold, I found myself in the presence of the man for whom I was making vain search. My Margarita! my good angel! I have you to thank even for the successful accomplishment of my part in that edict of our Order which you and I are banded together to carry out.

"At first, Paschull did not recognize me, and it was long before I could make him believe that I was indeed that most unfortunate of men, Leonardo di Marioni. But when he was convinced, he promised me, what I sought. That same evening he gave it to me.

"Margarita, there is no poison in the world like that which I send you

SPRINGFIELD LIBRARY GETS 26 NEW BOOKS FROM BENEFIT SHOW

Twenty-six new books of fiction, purchased from the proceeds of the benefit motion picture show held recently at the Bell theater, have been received at the Springfield public library. All of the books are by well-known authors, action, mystery and juvenile books.

The new books purchased are as follows: "Deeper Scar," by Sinclair Gluck; "Rimrock Trail," by J. Allen Dunn; "Mystery Ranch," by Arthur Chapman; "Wild Horse Mesa," by Zane Grey; "Green Blot," by Sinclair Gluck; "Anna of the Island," by L. M. Montgomery; "We Live But Once," by Rupert Hughes; "A Chain of Evidence," by Carolyn Wells; "Back to God's Country," by James Oliver Curwood; "Queer Judson," by Joseph C. Lincoln; "Scientific Sprague," by Francis Lynde; "Mountain Madness," by Anna Alice Chapin; "Lights Up," by Grace S. Richmond; "Rugged Water," by Joseph C. Lincoln; "Destiny," by Rupert Hughes; "Arrowsmith," by Sinclair Lewis; "Rose of the World," by Kathleen Norris; "Giants in the Earth," by O. E. Rolvaag.

"The Deadfall," by Edison Marshall; "Riders of the Silences," by John Frederick; "Diddle Dupps and Tot," by Mrs. L. C. Pyne; "A Little Son of Sunshine," by Ellen Douglas Deland; "The Border Boys on the Trail," by Fremont B. Deering; "The King Condor of the Andes," by Elliott Whitney; "The Radio Boys as Soldiers of Fortune," and "The Radio Boys Search for the Inca's Treasure," by Gerald Breckenridge.

In this letter. The merest grain of it is sufficient, in wine or water, or food of any sort. There is no art of medicine which could detect it—no means by which the death, which will surely follow, can be averted; so you run no risk, my child! Bide your time, and then—then!

"Margarita, I am coming to you. Nay, do not be alarmed, I run no risk. I shall come disguised, and no one will know me, but I must see something of the end with my own eyes, or half its sweetness would be untaasted. I would see her face and die! I would trace, day by day, the workings of the poison; and in the last moments of her agony I would reveal myself, and would point to my withered frame and the hand of death upon my forehead, and cry out to her that the Order of the White Hyacinth had kept its vow. I would have her eyes meet mine as the mists of death closed in upon her. I would have her know that the oath of a Marioni, in friendship or in hate, in protection or in vengeance, is one with his honor. This may not be, Margarita! I cannot see all this! I cannot even stand by her bedside for a moment and show her my face, that she might know whose hand it is which has stricken her down. Yet, I must be near! Fear not but that I shall manage it safely! I would not bring danger of the shadow of danger upon you, my beloved.

"I leave Rome tonight, and I leave it with joy. You cannot imagine how inexpressibly sad it has been for me to find myself in the place where the greater part of my youth—my too ambitious youth was spent. All is changed and strange to me. There are new streets and many innovations which puzzle me; and although my friends are kind, twenty-five years have crushed our sympathies. To them I am like a sad figure from a bygone world, a Banquo at the feast, something to pity at little—no more. I am nothing to anyone beyond that I am a wearisome old man, whose mind is a blank and who only cumber the way. Ah, well, it is not for long. The day of my desire is at hand, and God has given me you, Margarita, to accomplish it, and to close my eyes in peace. Bless you, my dear, dear child! You have sweetened the end of a marred and wretched life! Yours has been an angel's task, and you will have an angel's reward.

"We shall meet before long, but of the manner of our meeting I cannot tell you yet. Till then adieu!—Yours in hope,

Leonardo di Marioni."
"P. S.—I forgot to say that the whole of the poison, or even half a teaspoonful, would produce sudden and abrupt death. Just a pinch, administered twice, perhaps, in order to be quite secure, would be sufficient."

"My beloved Margarita,—Many a time have I reproached myself for my imprudence last night, and the effects which I fear it had upon you. It was thoughtless and rash of me to come near the house at all; but, indeed, I meant only to watch from a safe distance; only, as I crouched behind a shrub upon the lawn, I saw her face, and the sight drew me nearer against my better judgment. I met your eyes, and I knew that you were overcome with fright; but I feared to linger lest they might ask what it was that alarmed you, and seek for me. And although I fancy that I am altered past recognition, yet I would run no risks.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LONG JOURNEY VIA AIR THRILLS LOCAL MEN

(Continued from Page 1)

Malheur county, Oregon. The dam across the Snake river at Boise is nearly a mile long, Flanery said. Behind it the water is backed up, covering many thousand acres. Then there was more of the rough country coming through south-eastern Oregon.

"We passed over a range of mountains," he said, "the peaks were snow-capped, with deep canyons in between and practically no timber. Far away to the south we could see the Malheur lakes. Through that part of the country we saw a house with a corral every twenty-five miles or so, but there seemed to be no nearer neighbors. North of Burns we passed over the Warm Springs irrigation project, and then, southeast of Bend, a plateau covered with hundreds of extinct volcanic craters and flocks of black lava.

"About one o'clock we came in sight of the Three Sisters. Now we were forced to rise to 10,000 feet again. We crossed the range between the South Sister and Bachelor mountain. It was the most beautiful scenery we had seen on our trip. We could see Mt. Jefferson and to the

north Mt. McLoughlin to the south, besides the Sisters and Bachelor mountain and the other smaller peaks, all covered with snow. At one time we could see sixteen mountain lakes, all fair sized. It looked as though it were only half a mile between Bachelor mountain and the South Sister, although it was in reality about 10 miles. Near the foot of Bachelor mountain we could see the headwaters of the Willamette river.

"It felt like a warm wind striking us after we dropped down to 8,000 feet again after flying at 10,000 among the snow-covered peaks. Coming down the McKenzie valley after the desert country to the east seemed almost like we had passed from one world into another. We reached Springfield and landed at the airport about half-past one (it was half-past two then in Salt Lake), after having been in the air about seven hours."

Mr. Flanery highly praised Major Eckerson's ability as an air pilot. In the course of his trip from Salt Lake City to Springfield, Flanery took 18 pictures from the plane with a small single lens camera. Of these 16 turned out well. Many of them are beautiful scenes of snow-capped mountains over which they crossed, and a number are of the rough coun-

try of Idaho and Eastern Oregon. A large crowd of Springfield people gathered at the airport to meet the major on his return to Springfield Saturday afternoon. After he landed, City Recorder I. M. Peterson, in the absence of Mayor C. O. Wilson, made a short address of welcome on behalf of the city of Springfield. Dr. W. C. Rebhan spoke on behalf of the local aviation committee which had promoted the airport here.

MUSIC LESSONS

I will begin a class in piano for beginners and advanced pupils in Springfield for this summer on or about June 15.

Phone 35-F-12 Springfield for arrangements of private lessons.

BERNICE NEHER

A Change in Plans at Kennett's

WHEN WE OPENED OUR STORE IN SPRINGFIELD WE EXPECTED TO CLOSE OUT ALL DRY GOODS AND CONDUCT ONLY A MEN'S STORE, BUT CONDITIONS HAVE FORCED US TO CHANGE OUR PLANS. THE DEMAND FOR STAPLE DRY GOODS HAS BEEN SO GREAT THAT WE HAVE RESTOCKED AS NEAR AS IT WAS POSSIBLE FOR US TO DO, WITH NEW SNAPPY MERCHANDISE. EVERY DOLLAR'S WORTH OF IT BOUGHT FOR CASH, WHICH WILL ENABLE US TO CONTINUE SELLING MERCHANDISE AT PRICES THAT ARE BOUND TO PLEASE YOU.

We Are Here to Serve the People of Springfield

AND THERE WILL BE NOTHING LEFT UNDONE WITHIN OUR POWER TO GIVE YOU SERVICE AND MERCHANDISE AT PRICES THAT WILL WARRANT A PORTION OF YOUR PATRONAGE, STRIVING AT ALL TIMES TO MEET ANY COMPETITION WHICH WE FEEL WE WILL BE ABLE TO DO, DUE TO OUR LOW OVERHEAD EXPENSES.

We Invite You to this Store

COME AND GET ACQUAINTED WITH US. YOU ARE WELCOME WHETHER YOU BUY OR NOT. WE WANT TO MAKE THIS A BETTER STORE. WE WANT YOUR PATRONAGE BUT WE DO NOT WANT IT OR EXPECT IT WITHOUT OUR PRICES AND MERCHANDISE JUSTIFIES YOU GIVING US YOUR BUSINESS. ALL WE ASK IS AN OPPORTUNITY TO SERVE YOU.

Yours For More Business

Kennett's