

THE DESPERATE LOVER

BY E. D. Phillips
Oppenheim

"I too, had a great surprise, Margharita. You will not wonder what I mean by that when I tell you that in the light that streamed from the uncurtained window everything in the room was distinctly visible to me. Was I dreaming child, or were you indeed assenting to the embrace of the man whose arms were surely around you? Him, I could not see, for his back was turned to the window; but you will laugh at me, I wonder if I tell you that I feel strangely jealous of him. I am a foolish old man, Margharita, but all of the love of my heart is yours, and I had begun almost to look upon you—in my thoughts—as my own child. I cannot bear the thought of giving you up to any one. You will not think me very, very selfish. I have only a few more months to live, and I know that you will not grudge that much out of your future, that you will stay by me to the end. Afterwards, I have no wish save for your happiness; and although I must confess that I had hoped you might have married one of the sons of our own country, still it is you who I must choose, and I owe you, or shall owe you soon, too great a debt to press upon you any desire of mine which is not at one with your wishes. But tell me this—Is he an Englishman? Alas! I fear so. Send me a word by the bearer, and tell me; tell me, too, of what family he is, and whether he is noble. But of that I feel already assured, if he indeed the man to whom your love is given. "You must surely have sustained a shock at my sudden and rash appearance. Doubtless you wonder at seeing me here at all. I could not keep away. I must have news day by day, almost hour by hour. It is all that keeps me alive. I must be near to feel that I am breathing the same air as the woman on whom a long-delayed vengeance is about to fall. "I have taken a furnished cottage on the outskirts of this village, and a little more than a mile from Mallory Grange. But do not come to me. Dearly as I would love to have you talk to me, and hear from your own lips that all goes well, yet at present it were better not. I will devise some means of communication, and let you know of it shortly. I am living here as Mr. Angus.—Yours ever,

Maurice! Yet I grieve that you have let such a feeling steal into your heart Pluck it out, Margharita, I charge you; pluck it out by the roots! Think not of the wrong done to me, or, if you do, think of me not as a man and your uncle, but as Count Leonardo di Marioni, the head of my family, the head of your family. We have been the victims, but the day of our vengeance is at hand. There is no life without its sorrows, child! In the days to come, happiness will teach you to forget this one. "Farewell, my child. I shall send you no more notes. Write or come to me the moment the deed is done; Come to me, if you can; I would hear your own lips tell me the news. Yet do as seems best to you. In sympathy and love, L. di M. "One word more, child. Do not for a moment imagine that I blame you for what has happened. Old man though I am, I too know something of the marvels and the vagaries of this same love. Will can have little to do with its course. I, too, have suffered so deeply, Margharita, can and do sympathize and feel for you.

PART IV. "Margharita! You have come at last. It is done, then. Say that it is done!" She stood quite still in the humble red-tiled sitting-room, and looked at him with a great compassion shining out of her dark, clear eyes. He was worn almost to a shadow, and his limbs were shaking with weakness as he half rose to greet her. Only his eyes were still alight and burning. Save for them he might have been a corpse.

Something of the old passionate pity swept through her as she stood there, but its fierceness had died away. Her heart leaped to longer in quick response to the fire in those still, un-dimmed eyes. She had been a girl then, a girl with all the fierce untrained nature of her mother's race; she was a woman now, a sad-faced,

sorrowful woman. He was quick to see the change. "Margharita, my child, you have been ill." Still she did not answer. Silently she knelt down by the side of his armchair and took his withered, delicate hand in hers. A great bowl of white hyacinths stood on a table by the window and the air was faint with their perfume. "I am not ill," she said gently. "I was frightened on my way here, and had to run. There was a fire last night at the lunatic asylum at Fritton, and some of the mad people have escaped. I saw one of them in the distance, and the keepers after him. They wanted me to go back, but I would come."

He stooped down and kissed her forehead, with cold, dry lips. "I knew that you would be here soon," he said. "My letters reached you safely?" "Yes." She shuddered at the gathering strength in his tone, and the fierce light which had swept into his face. "It is done, child. Say that it is done!" "No." Something in her sad tone and subdued manner seemed to strike a note of fear in his heart. He leaned forward, grasping the sides of his chair with nervous, quivering fingers, and looked hurriedly into her face. "No; you have had no chance, then? But you will have soon? Is it not so? Soon, very soon?"

She threw her arms around his neck. He made no response, nor did he thrust her away. He remained quite passive. "It is not that, uncle. Oh, listen to me. Do not thrust me away. I cannot do this thing." He sat as still as marble. There was no change, no emotion in his face. Yet her heart sank within her. "Oh, listen to me," she pleaded passionately. "You do not know her as she is now. She is good and kind—a gentle-hearted woman. It was so long ago; and it was not out of malice to you, but to save the man she loved. You hear me, do you not? You are listening. She has not forgotten you. Often she sorrows for you. It was cruel—I know that it was cruel—but she was a woman, and she loved him. Let us steal away together and bury these dark dreams of the past. I will never leave you; I will wait upon you always; I will be your slave. Forgiveness is more sweet than vengeance. Oh, tell me that it shall be so. Why do you not speak to me?"

He sat quite still, like a man who is stunned by some sudden and unexpected blow. He seemed dazed. She wondered even, whether he had heard her. "Uncle, shall it not be so?" she whispered. "Let us go away from here and leave her. I am not thinking about him. I will not see him again. I will never dream of marrying him."

Let us go this very day, this very hour!" Then he turned slowly toward her, thrust her hand from around his neck, and stood up.

"You have been false to me, Margharita," he said, in a slow, quiet tone. "After all, it is only natural. When you first came to me, I thought I saw your mother's spirit blazing in your dark eyes, and I trusted you. I was to blame. I forgot the tradesman's blood. I do not curse you. You do not understand, that is all. Learn now that the oath of a Marioni is as deathless and unchangeable as the hills of his native land. Will you go away at once, please? I do not wish to see you again."

His speech so quiet, so self-contained, bewildered her. There was not a single trace of passion or bitterness in it. She stretched out her hands toward him, but she felt chilled. "Uncle, you—" "Will you go away, please?" he interrupted coldly.

She turned toward the door, weeping. She had not meant to go far—only out on to the garden seat, where she might sit and think. But he saw another purpose in her departure, and a sudden passion fired him. She heard his step as he rose hastily, and she felt his cold fingers upon her wrist.

"You would go to warn her!" he cried, his voice trembling with anger; "I read it in your face. You are as false as sin, but you shall not rob me of the crown of my life! No one shall rob me of it! Vengeance belongs to me, and by this symbol of my oath I will have it!"

He snatched a handful of white blossoms from the bowl, and crushed them in his fingers. Then he threw them upon the ground and trampled upon them.

"Thus did she betray the sacred bonds of our Order when, for her lover's sake, she added treachery to cunning, and wrecked my life, made Leonardo, Count of the Marionis, the lonely inmate of prison walls, the scorn and pity of all men. Thus did she write her own fate upon a far future page of the tablets of time. Talk to me not of forgiveness or mercy, girl! My hate lives in me as the breath of my body, and with my body alone it will die!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FORCED TO SLEEP IN CHAIR—CAS SO BAD

"Nights I sat up in a chair, I had such stomach gas. I took Adlerika and nothing I eat hurts me now. I sleep fine."—Mrs. Glenn Butler.

Even the FIRST spoonful of Adlerika relieves gas on the stomach and removes astonishing amounts of old waste matter from the system. Makes you enjoy your meals and sleep better. No matter what you have tried for your stomach and bowels, Adlerika will surprise you. Flanery's Drug Store.

Loveliest Legs



Miss Barbara Newberry, 19, of Chicago, has been selected by Flo Ziegfeld as the girl having the most beautiful legs in America.

Marriage Licenses Issued
During the past week marriage licenses were issued by the county clerk to the following: Damon Scott and Veseta Stivers, both of Eugene; Fred Tracer and Mary Hopkins, both of Junction City; Edward Nevers, Eugene and Louise Garrison, Seattle; Carl Hemphill, Eugene and Letitia Campbell, Portland; Del R. Woodcock Klamath Falls, and Wilma Felmley, Medford; William Peck, Eugene, and Helen Gilbert, Lorane; Leonard Paul, St. Helens, and Thelma Hart, Salem; Harold A. Moore and Reva Myers, both of Eugene; T. J. McCracken, Springfield, and L. B. Reason, St. Antonio, Texas.

Taken Literally
"I asked her if I could see her home."
"And what did she say?"
"Said she would send me a picture of it."

Mary's Lamb Again
Teacher: "Mary, why doesn't the lamb follow you to school nowadays?"
Mary: "What, at fifty miles an hour?"

Then Henry Said—
"My razor doesn't cut at all."
"Why Henry, you don't mean to tell me that your beard is tougher than the oilcloth?"

A Fast Worker
"Every time I kiss you, it makes me a better man."
"Well, you don't have to try to get to heaven in one night."

Su mmer School a Pleasure

In new, light, cool, and well ventilated rooms on the second floor of the Miner Building—
Our three-months' Summer School opens Monday June 3
Hours: 8:00 a. m. to 1:00 p. m. each school day, during June, July, and August. Ask about it. It's a good school.

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A. E. Roberts, President
Telephone 666 Miner Building Eugene, Oregon

Years of service in MODEL T FORDS

THE Model T was so strongly and sturdily built that it is still rendering reliable, economical service to motorists in every section of the country. Millions of these cars can be put in shape for two, three and five more years of use at very small cost.

So that you may have this work done economically and satisfactorily, the Ford Motor Company is still devoting a considerable section of its plants to the manufacture of Model T parts. It will continue to do so as long as they are needed by Model T owners. The following list gives the approximate labor charges for reconditioning the Model T Ford:—

Engine	
Tune motor (including replacement of commutator case, brush and vibrator points if necessary)	\$1.00
Grind valves and clean carbon	\$3.75 to 4.00
Overhaul carburetor	1.50
Refine detachable car transmission bands	1.50
Install new pistons or connecting rods	6.00
Tighten all main bearings	6.00
Overhaul motor and transmission	\$20.00 to 25.00
Rear System	
Replace rear axle assembly	2.50
Install universal joint	3.00
Refine brake shoes	1.50
Replace rear axle shaft, drive shaft pinion, or drive gear	5.00
Overhaul complete rear axle assembly	\$5.75 to 7.00
Rebush spring and perches	1.75
Oil and graphite springs	3.00
Front System	
Overhaul front axle	\$4.00 to 5.00
Rebush spindle bodies and arms (both sides)	2.50
Replace or straighten spindle connecting rod	.75
Tighten radius rod or steering ball cap	.60
Tighten all sockets and joints of front end	1.50
Replace front spring tie bolt or new leaf	2.50
Straighten front axle	3.00
Chassis	
Replace rear fender	1.75
Overhaul steering gear	3.50
Repair muffler	1.00
Overhaul radiator	7.50
Repaint Coupe	25.00
Repaint Sedan	25.00
Repaint Touring Car	20.00
Reupholster Runabout	8.00
Reupholster Touring Car	15.00
Replace top deck (Coupe or Sedan)	4.00
Overhaul starting motor	3.00
Overhaul generator	2.60

These prices are approximate and are for labor only, because the need and number of new parts depend on the condition of each car. The charge for these parts is low, however, because of the established Ford policy of manufacturing and selling at a small margin of profit.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

William's Self-Service Store

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LADIES' BLOOMERS A fine quality Cotton Crepe Bloomers, peach and flesh colors. Regular and extra sizes 48c to 79c	BOYS' UNIONS Boys' Athletic Unions, none better at this low price. Serve yourself and save. 48c
Linen Crash Toweling Blue and red stripe border. 10 yards for 98c	Hemstitched and Stamped Pillow Cases 2 pairs for \$1

L. M.
"My dear Uncle—I am a culprit—a miserable pleading culprit. It is true that I love an Englishman—the man who was standing by my side last night; and it is true that he has asked me to marry him. But I have not told him so, and I have not promised to marry him. That is not all of my confession. Not only is he an Englishman, but his name is Lord Lumley St. Maurice, and he is—her son.
"Now you know the terrible trouble I am in. Last night he was telling me of his love, and assuring me of his mother's sanction and approval, when your face appeared at the window. Can you wonder at my start, and that I fainted? Can you wonder that I sit here after a sleepless night, with eyes that are dim and a heart that has become a stone? I dread to stir from the room. My position is horrible. I have tried my utmost to avoid him, to treat him with disdain, to send him away from me. I have steeled my heart and clothed my face with frowns—in vain! The bald fact remains that I love him. Do you despise me, uncle? Sometimes I feel that I deserve it; but I have suffered, I am suffering now. I am punished. Do not add your anger to my load!
"Immediately you get this, sit down and write to me. Write to me just what is in your heart. Your words I shall set before me as my law. Do not delay, and, if you blame, do not fall to pity me.—Yours ever unchanged,
Margharita."
"Margharita, — I have received your letter, and I have pondered over it. You are young to have such a sorrow, yet I do not doubt but that you will act as becomes your race. You can never think of marriage with this man; you are a Marioni, he a St.