

how pitifully weak, any words of hers it might be so! God grant it! must sound, so she was silent.

roof in a threatening gesture, and in still burning in her veins. the act of doing so she saw the blue flash of a stilleto in his breast pocket. toward the door.

face and it maddened him. He caught

"You shall not leave this room, girl!" her cried. "Wait, and soon J will bring you news.

to get her head through. She cried seldom women. out. No one answered; there was no "Help, for God's sake, help!" She was alone in the She turned away from the window in to fall. despair. It seemed to her then that Her face was as white as his own. stooped low down to catch the sound.

His withered figure seemed to have with the faint ozone of the sea. Out of God, help him," she begged siezing a history. You will see that it bears gathered strength and dignity, and his side, the placid silence was broken his hand. "That was all so long ago. the arms and motto of the Marionis. appearance and tone, as he gazed only by the murmurous buzzing of You would not have him killed here once the most powerful family in scornfully down at the girl at his feet, insects and the soft lapping of the tide before my eyes? Come! Oh, do Sicily. I had it from the late Count was full of a strange dramatic force. upon the shingly sands. Within the come!" Her heart sank as she listened to him. room, a pale-faced girl knelt upon the "Lead the way." he answered Lady Lumley sank into the little This was no idle, vulgar passion, no floor, with her long, slim fingers sternly. "Call your loudest for other chair by the counter, holding the ring morbid craving for evil, which ani- stretched upward, and the passionate help. I make no promise, but I will tightly in her hand. mated him. It was a purpose which despair of death in her cold, white see this tragedy." had become hallowed to him; some features. The sunshine laughed upon She ran back along thte path and he thing which he had come to look upon her hair, and glanced around her, followed her. They turned suddenly as his sacred right. She understood bathing her beautiful face in its fresh, an abrupt corner, and came upon two how her drawing back must seem to bright glory. Was it an answer to men locked in each other's arms, him. As though a flash of light had her prayer, she wondered-her prayer and swaying backward and forward laid bare his mind, she saw how weak, for peace and forgiveness? Oh, that upon the short green turf. The luna-

He had commenced walking up and though only a moment before she had nent's throat with his left hand, while down the room; and watching him taken out and swallowed the contents with his right he brandished a long fearfully, she saw that his manner was of that little packet of poison which table - knife with keenly - sharpened gradually changing. The unnatural had burned in her bosom for those edge. The struggle was virtually over. calm into which he had momentarily last few days. But there had been The madman's strength was more relapsed was leaving him, and he was just one passing shade of bitterness. than human, and desperately though becoming every moment more and Her life had been so short, so joyless he had struggled, Lord St. Maurice more excited. Fire flashed in his until there had come to her that brief was lying exhausted and overcome in eyes, and he was muttering broken taste of wonderful, amazing happiness. his arms. words and sentences to himself. Once She was so young to die-to die with he raised his clasped hands to the the delirium of that passionate joy head at the sound of footsteps, and

"Yet, after all, it is best!" she whispered softly, at the end of that It frightened her, and she moved unspoken prayer; and with those words of calm resignation, a change It seemed almost as though he read crept softly in upon her face. It her purpose in her terror-stricken seemed almost as though, while yet on earth, there had come to her a uplifting into a purer, sweeter life. She stood up, still panting, overcome light, and darkness stole in upon her was struggling helplessly in the grasp powerful poison, and the mischief Smith, Leland Hufford, Neal Pederson W. Emery, the president; Mrs. L. K. for a moment by the strength of his senses. She lay quite still upon the of three keepers. grip. Before she could recover her- floor; but the smile still lingered upon There was a wild cry of horror a little consideration, I made up quite man, Delmas Glaspey, Earl House, self, he had caught up his hat and her lips, making her face more lovely from Lady St. Maurice, a choking an innocent powder, which might Billy Burnett, Jean Daniels, Mabel was gone. Ootside, she heard the even in its cold repose than when the gasp of relief from her husband, and cause a little momentary faintness, but Siemsen, Ralph Hickman. For year, sound of a key in the lock. She was glow (t youth and life had shone in a horrid chuckle of triumph from the which could do no further harm, and Ruth Keeler, Jennie Jackson, Dale Her first thought was the window, sion to her features. Saints like St. work. But after that there was silence I couldn't take money for doing a Alas! it was too small ever for her Francis of Assisi may die thus, but -a deep, awe-stricken silence-the thing like that, so he pressed this ring

cottage, and helpless, and away over upon the sweet morning stillness he had sunk, very white and very still, and pressed it tenderly. In the deep May the cliffs, toward Mallory Grange, she Count Marioni, who had been hurry- with the blood dropping slowly from gloom of the shop the curio dealer could see a small, dark figure walking ing on with downcast head, stood still his wound upon the grass, and his could not see the tears which glistened steadily along, with bent head and in the cliff path and lifted his head, eyes closed. At first they thought in her dark eyes. swift steps. The cottage stood by It was the woman whose memory he that he was already dead; but, as "We will have the ring!" Lord Lum. itself, a mile from the village, and had cursed who stood before him-the though aroused by Lady St. Maurice's ley said, taking a note from his pocketwas approached only by a cliff path. woman on whom his vengeance was broken sobs, he opened his eyes and book and handing it across the

the time for her final sacrifice had and in the swiftness of her flight her hat had fallen away and her hair was was best?" he faltered. "I have heard ed. It was a warm, drowsy morning, streaming in the breeze. Yet in that a whisper from over the sea, and- ninety." and the air which floated in through moment of her awful fear she recog- and the White Hyacinth forgives. 1 "No, Signor Paschuli, you owe me the open lattice window was heavy nized him, and shrank back trembling, with the perfume of flowers, mingled as though some unseen hand had

palsied her tongue, and laid a cold forgive. She will understand." face to face, breathless and speech geanceless. A host of unforgotten sensations, kindled by her appearance, had leaped up within the Silician's heart. He had indeed loved this woman.

"Merciful God! to meet you here," she faltered. "You will help me? breeze sprung up from the sea, and Oh, you will help me? My husband the tall blood-red poppies, which stood is being murdered there on the cliff up all around him like a regiment of by an escaped lunatic. Oh! Leonardo, soldiers, bent their quivering heads save him, and you may strike me dead | till one or two of ther actually touched at your feet. It is I whom you should his cheek. He did not move; he was hate, not him. Oh, come! Come, or dead. it will be too late.!"

curiously.

sands at Palermo?"

"How can I remember anything-

tic, an immerse fellow, more than six There was no fear in her face, feet high, was clutching his oppo-

> With a final effort he turned his saw them come-his wife and this shrunken little old man. But close at hand though they were, nothing could help him now. He saw the steel flashing in the sunlight, and he closed his eyes.

> The knife descended, but Lord St.

her dark, clear eyes, and lent expres. madman as he gazed upon his handi- I gave it to him as the real thing. Carson, Neal Pederson. silence of those who stand in the upon me. You see, it really has a presence of death.

looked up. His lips moved, and she

"Will you tell Margharita that this

weight upon her heart. They stood | "Leonardo," she sobbed, your ven Come, Margharita, let us get out into

He interrupted her. "I have kept my oath!"

Then he closed his eyes, and a gray honeymoon are mad. shade stole into his pallid face. A

Lord and Lady Rumley had lingered Doris Worley. He stood quite still, looking at her long in Rome, and now, on the eve of their departure, they had spent "And it is I to whom you dare to the afternoon buying curios of a wizcome for help-I whom you ask to ened old dealer, whose shop they had save him-your husband? Adrienne, found in one of the dark narrow fred Franz. do you remember my words on the streets at the back of the Piazzo Angelo. Lady Lumley had taken up a She wrung her hands, frantically curious old ring, and was examining it Drucile Ogilvie. with a vague sense of familiarity.

"Ten pounds for that ring, my lady," think of anything now? For the love the curio dealer remarked, "and it has himself."

'Will you tell us the history?" she

asked in a low tone. The man hesitataed.

"If I do so," he said doubtfully, wil you promise to keep it absolutely secret?" 'Yes.'

"Well, then, I have told it to no one yet, but I will tell it to you. Many years ago I was a chemist, and among my customers was Count Leonardo di Marioni. His history was a very sad one, as doubtless you may have heard. When he was quite a young man he was arrested on some political charge, and imprisoned for five-and-twenty years-a cruel time. Well, scarcely more than twelve months ago he came to me here, so altered that I found it hard indeed to recognize him. Poor old gentleman. when he had talked for a while, I felt quite sure that his long confinement had affected his mind, and his Purcell, Billy Githens, Jewel Farnerrand with me made me sure of it, worth. He came to buy a celebrated poison which I used at one time to be touch of that exquisite spiritual beauty Maurice remained unhurt. With a from his manner that he wanted it for Keeler. For term, Francis Jean Lloyd, health at the meeting of the board which follows only upon the extinc- swiftness which seemed almost un. some fatal use. Well, I thought at Bernice Smith. tion of all earthly passion, and the credible, the Sicilian had sprung be- first of refusing it altogether, but tween them, and the knife was quiver- what was the use of that? Some one And her eyes closed upon the sun. ing in his side. Behind, the lunatic else would have sold him an equally

history.

The man held it up to the light. "One hundred pounds," he remark-"I shall owe your lordship

nothing; it is I who owe you a wife. May. For Year, Frances Keeler. the sunshine again."

And Signor Paschuli kept the note. Baker, Melba Lowery, Lela Peterson, "This is my vengeance!" he said. But he had come to the conclusion Vivian Hunt, Juanita Seamans, Mary that all Englishmen traveling on their Smitson, Echo June Tomseth, Evelyn

THE END

HONOR ROLL FOR YEAR NAMES MANY PUPILS cus, Mary Smitson.

(Continued from Page 1) La Doris Walker, Franklin Wardlow.

Certificates of Award Perfect Attendance for Entire Year Sixth A

Charles Cole, LaVerne Pugh, Wini Fifth A

Oren Lansberg, Jo Lana Putman,

Sixth Velma Peddicord.

Third Rose Ogden, Edgar Troller, Emil Uchytil, Lloyd Seamans.

Fourth B Elizabeth Wardlow, Louisa Cowden. LINCOLN SCHOOL First Grade

Scholarship: Dorothy Jean Stewart, Bobbie Pollard, Frank Stuart, Beryl Robertson, Winifred Lyons, Frank Anderson, Alberta Keeler, Jane Alice Pengra, Arthur Prochnow.

Attendance: Janie Apger, Alberta Keeler, Winifred Lyons, Dorothy Mul. are rough on Georgie they're far from ligan, Frances Oram, Jane Alice Pen. that for the audience as the boy gra, Frank Anderson, Billy Dow, Merle Nice, Arthur Prochnow, Bobbie amateur night shows, sings in night Pollard, Dave Smith, Joe Slaggle.

Second Grade Scholarship: Kenneth Ables, Frank

Bennett, Robert Nice, John Spore, Lawrence Thompson, Doris Munn, Roberta Putman, Muriel Tyson, Robert Davis.

Attendance: Frank Bennett, Harold Duke, Junior Endicott, Bobby Foster. Bonney Findley, Donald House, Norman Nealon, Robert Nice, Robert harmony. The dialogue and titles Perry, Bernie Slagle, John Spore, are of Jessel's own authorship. Maxine Cogill, Bettie Currie, Isyl Keeler, Doris Munn, Roberta Putman, MRS, HINSON RESIGNS Muriel Tyson, Mary Pursell, Margaret | 8

Third Grade

secretly noted for, and I could tell Jean Lloyd, Bernice Smith, Ruth resigned her position because of poor

ford, Dale Carson, Ruth Keeler, Jennie Jackson, Mahlon Pengra, Bernice

Scholarship: for term, Barbara Barnell, Florence May. Six weeks, Barbara Barnell, Florence May, Margaret Meek, Frances Keeler, Rose

Attendance: for term, Frances Keeler, Gordon Gillette, Floyd Green, Chase, Gordon Gillette, Floyd Green, nice Barnes, Marjorie Davis, Elizabeth Johnson, Frances Keeler. Florence Ira Baker.

7th and 8th Grades

Attendance: six weeks, Eileen Bacus, Beatrice Carson, June Geiger, Alys Thatcher, Lamar Brattain, Wayne Kendall. For year, John Jamese, Lela Mexwell, Dorothty Nice. Rose Inky, Keith Curry, Evelyn Ba-

LUCKY BOY," TALKIE HIT AT McDONALD

George Jessel is the leading attraction for this week-end at the Mc-Donald, in Eugene, with "Lucky Boy," which is the first time this excellent entertainer has talked and sung in a feature length picture, and we hope it won't be the last, for these new talkies seem to have been invented for the talents that Jessel has to display.

Jessel is the whole show, and that's fine. He works in a New York song shop and lives on the East Side where his poppa keeps a jewelry shop and is ambitious for Georgie to become a mender of watches, but Georgie wants to sing and make jokes and momma thinks his songs and jokes are the best in the world and she encourages

It's all the encouragement he does get for a long time, and if his troubles breaks into manager's offices, tries clubs and then bursts onto Broadway in a blaze of song and glory, having had time between Frisco and New York to win the heart of a girl, despite the ban her family puts upon

It's a chronicle, rather than a plot, but that is of minor importance, so long as Jessel is there to keep it crackling and bristling with wit and

FROM LIBRARY BOARD

Mrs. Fred Hinson, who has been a member of the Springfield public lib-Scholarship: six weeks, Francis rary board for the past several years, Tuesday night. The board accepted Mrs. Hinson's resignation, but has not yet chosen a successor. The members present at the meeting were Mrs. N. would be done all the same. So, after Scott Wright, Mary Fritts, Ila Put- Page, the secretary; Mrs. Vina Mc-Lean, and Miss Mary Roberts, the librarian. Mrs. Dave Saltsman and Mrs. C. H. Blom were absent.

> The report for the month of May made by Miss Roberts was as follows: Books loaned to adults ... Books loaned to children 9.3 Books loaned to schools Magazines loaned 139

Visit With Bakers-Mr. and Mrs. Clair Baker, Mr. and Mrs. John Gra-Stephen Rice. Six weeks, Elmer ham, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Graham of Portland, and Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Rice, Irene Anderson, Ber- Charles Paris of Marcola visite! here Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs.

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border, 18x36 extra heavy Turkish Towel,

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59.90

COOLIE COATS

To see these lovely Japanese Coolie Coats with all the oriental colors is to desire one.

98c

SPUN SILK

An imported all silk fabrics in a large assortment of colors.

79c

DRESSES

Nicely tailored printed Dresses, just the thing for afternoon wear.

98c

VOILE DRESSES

Just received, a new shipment of printed voile Dresses in the newest of styles.

\$1.85

SHORTIES

Striped and plaid broadcloth Shorties, with brassieres to match.

98c

FLAT CREPES

An all silk flat extra heavy weight, in all the beautiful

\$1,98

PREVIEW THURS. NIGHT

SUNDAY

NOW

MONTE BLUE

"NO DEFENSE"

PLAYING