

THE DESPERATE LOVER

By E. O. Phillips
Oppenheim

His withered figure seemed to have gathered strength and dignity, and his appearance and tone, as he gazed scornfully down at the girl at his feet, was full of a strange dramatic force. Her heart sank as she listened to him. This was no idle, vulgar passion, no morbid craving for evil, which animated him. It was a purpose which had become hallowed to him; something which he had come to look upon as his sacred right. She understood how her drawing back must seem to him. As though a flash of light had laid bare his mind, she saw how weak, how pitifully weak, any words of hers must sound, so she was silent.

He had commenced walking up and down the room; and watching him fearfully, she saw that his manner was gradually changing. The unnatural calm into which he had momentarily relapsed was leaving him, and he was becoming every moment more and more excited. Fire flashed in his eyes, and he was muttering broken words and sentences to himself. Once he raised his clasped hands to the roof in a threatening gesture, and in the act of doing so she saw the blue flash of a stiletto in his breast pocket. It frightened her, and she moved toward the door.

It seemed almost as though he read her purpose in her terror-stricken face and it maddened him. He caught her by the wrist and thrust her back.

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

She stood up, still panting, overcome for a moment by the strength of his grip. Before she could recover herself, he had caught up his hat and was gone. Outside, she heard the sound of a key in the lock. She was a prisoner!

Her first thought was the window. Alas! it was too small ever for her to get her head through. She cried out. No one answered; there was no one to answer. She was alone in the cottage, and helpless, and away over the cliffs, toward Miller's Grange, she could see a small, dark figure walking steadily along, with bent head and swift steps. The cottage stood by itself, a mile from the village, and was approached only by a cliff path. She turned away from the window in despair. It seemed to her then that the time for her final sacrifice had indeed come.

It was a warm, drowsy morning, and the air which floated in through the open lattice window was heavy with the perfume of flowers, mingled as

palsied her tongue, and laid a cold weight upon her heart. They stood face to face, breathless and speechless. A host of unforgotten sensations, kindled by her appearance, had leaped up within the Sicilian's heart. He had indeed loved this woman.

"Merciful God! to meet you here," she faltered. "You will help me? Oh, you will help me? My husband is being murdered there on the cliff by an escaped lunatic. Oh! Leonardo, save him, and you may strike me dead at your feet. It is I whom you should hate, not him. Oh, come! Come, or it will be too late!"

He stood quite still, looking at her curiously.

"And it is I to whom you dare to come for help—I whom you ask to save him—your husband? Adrienne, do you remember my words on the sands at Palermo?"

She wrung her hands, frantically imploring.

"How can I remember anything—think of anything now? For the love of God, help him," she begged, seizing his hand. "That was all so long ago. You would not have him killed here before my eyes? Come! Oh, do come!"

"Lead the way," he answered sternly. "Call your loudest for other help. I make no promise, but I will see this tragedy."

She ran back along the path and he followed her. They turned suddenly an abrupt corner, and came upon two men locked in each other's arms, and swaying backward and forward upon the short green turf. The lunatic, an immense fellow, more than six feet high, was clutching his opponent's throat with his left hand, while with his right he brandished a long table-knife with keenly-sharpened edge. The struggle was virtually over. The madman's strength was more than human, and desperately though he had struggled, Lord St. Maurice was lying exhausted and overcome in his arms.

With a final effort he turned his head at the sound of footsteps, and 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. Maurice remained unhurt. With a swiftness which seemed almost incredible, the Sicilian had sprung between them, and the knife was quivering in his side. Behind, the lunatic was struggling helplessly in the grasp of three keepers.

There was a wild cry of horror from Lady St. Maurice, a choking gasp of relief from her husband, and a horrid chuckle of triumph from the madman as he gazed upon his handiwork. But after that there was silence—a deep, awe-stricken silence—the silence of those who stand in the presence of death.

Count Marioni lay on the turf where he had sunk, very white and very still, with the blood dropping slowly from his wound upon the grass, and his eyes closed. At first they thought that he was already dead; but, as though aroused by Lady St. Maurice's broken sobs, he opened his eyes and looked up. His lips moved, and she stooped low down to catch the sound.

"Will you tell Margarita that this was best?" he faltered. "I have heard a whisper from over the sea, and—the White Hyacinth forgives. I

nothing; it is I who owe you a wife. Come, Margarita, let us get out into the sunshine again."

And Signor Paschull kept the note. But he had come to the conclusion that all Englishmen traveling on their honeymoon are mad.

THE END

HONOR ROLL FOR YEAR NAMES MANY PUPILS

(Continued from Page 1)

La Doris Walker, Franklin Wardlow, Doris Worley.

Certificates of Award

Perfect Attendance for Entire Year

Sixth A
Charles Cole, LaVerne Pugh, Winifred Franz.

Fifth A
Oren Lansberg, Jo Lana Putman, Druelle Ogilvie.

Sixth
Velma Peddicord.

Third
Rose Ogden, Edgar Troller, Emil Uchytill, 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 Mulligan, Frances Oram, Jane Alice Pengra, Frank Anderson, Billy Dow, Merle Nice, Arthur Prochnow, Bobbie 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 Perry, Bernie Slagle, John Spore, Maxine Cogill, Bettie Currie, Iyl Keeler, Doris Munn, Roberta Putman, Muriel Tyson, Mary Pursell, Margaret Purcell, Billy Githens, Jewel Farnworth.

Third Grade
Scholarship: six weeks, Francis Jean Lloyd, Bernice Smith, Ruth Keeler. For term, Francis Jean Lloyd, Bernice Smith.

Attendance: six weeks, Hazel Hufford, Dale Carson, Ruth Keeler, Jennie Jackson, Mahlon Pengra, Bernice Smith, Leland Hufford, Neal Pederson, Scott Wright, Mary Fritts, Ila Putman, Delmas Glaspey, Earl House, Billy Burnett, Jean Daniels, Mabel Siemsen, Ralph Hickman. For year, Ruth Keeler, Jennie Jackson, Dale Carson, Neal Pederson.

5 B
Scholarship: for term, Barbara Barnell, Florence May. Six weeks, Barbara Barnell, Florence May, Margaret Meek, Frances Keeler, Roscoe Cole. For year, Barbara Barnell, Florence May.

Attendance: for term, Frances Keeler, Gordon Gillette, Floyd Green, Stephen Rice. Six weeks, Elmer Chase, Gordon Gillette, Floyd Green, Stephen Rice, Irene Anderson, Bernice Barnes, Marjorie Davis, Elizabeth Johnson, Frances Keeler, Florence

"LUCKY BOY," TALKIE HIT AT McDONALD

George Jessel is the leading attraction for this week-end at the McDonald, 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 George to become a mender of watches, but George wants to sing and make jokes and mamma thinks his songs and jokes are the best in the world and she encourages him.

It's all the encouragement he does get for a long time, and if his troubles are rough on George they're far from that for the audience as the boy breaks into manager's offices, tries amateur gigs, sings in night 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 him.

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 harmony. The dialogue and titles are of Jessel's own authorship.

MRS. HINSON RESIGNS FROM LIBRARY BOARD

Mrs. Fred Hinson, who has been a member of the Springfield public library board for the past several years, resigned her position because of poor health at the meeting of the board 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. W. Emery, the president; Mrs. L. K. Page, the secretary; Mrs. Vina McLean, and Miss Mary Roberts, the librarian. Mrs. Dave Saltzman 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.....	431
Books loaned to children.....	93
Books loaned to schools.....	29
Magazines loaned.....	139
New readers.....	19
Fines.....	\$2.77

Visit With Bakers—Mr. and Mrs. Clair Baker, Mr. and Mrs. John Graham, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Graham of Portland, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Paris of Marcola visited here Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Baker.

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PONGEE 33 inch imported first quality all silk Japanese Pongee. 39c	SPUN SILK An imported all silk fabrics in a large assortment of colors. 79c
TOWELS Double loops, colored border, 18x36 extra heavy Turkish Towel. 25c	DRESSES Nicely tailored printed Dresses, just the thing for afternoon wear. 98c
SILK DRESSES The newest Cretonne in printed or plain silks, should be sold for \$15.00 \$9.90	VOILE DRESSES Just received, a new shipment of printed voile Dresses in the newest of styles. \$1.85
COOLIE COATS To see these lovely Japanese Coolie Coats with all the oriental colors is to desire one. 98c	SHORTIES Striped and plaid broad-cloth Shorties, with brasieres to match. 98c
FLAT CREPES An all silk flat extra heavy weight, in all the beautiful summer shades. \$1.98	