

# THE DESPERATE LOVER

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. DRUEN

Palermo is like a night blossom which opens only with the first breath of evening. By day, it is parched and sleepy and stupid; by night, it is alive and joyous—the place itself becomes an al fresco paradise.

By day, those who can sleep, by night, they awake and don their daintiest clothing, and Palermo is gay.

The terrace of the Hotel de l'Europe extends to the very verge of the promenade, and, night by night, is crowded with men of all conditions and nations, who sit before little marble tables facing the sea. At one of these, so close to the promenade that the dresses of the passers-by almost touched them, two men were seated.

One was of an order and race easily to be distinguished in any quarter of the globe—an English country gentleman. He was tall and handsome, and young enough not to have outlived enthusiasm, for he was looking out upon the gay scene with keen interest. His features were well cut, his eyes were blue, and his bronze face was smooth, save for a slight, well-formed moustache. He wore a brown tweed coat and waistcoat, flannel trousers, a straw hat tilted over his eyes, and he was smoking a briar pipe.

His companion was of a different type. He was of medium height only, and thin; his complexion was sallow, and his eyes and hair were black. His features, though not altogether pleasing, were regular, and almost classical in outline. His clothes displayed him to the worst possible advantage. He wore black trousers and a dark frock coat, tightly fitting, which accentuated the narrowness of his shoulders. The only relief to the somberness of his attire consisted in a white flower carefully fastened in his button-hole.

They were only acquaintances, these two men; chance had brought them together for some evil purpose of her own. They had become for a while companions, albeit silent ones.

The Englishman was in far too good a humor with himself, the

tened light, or was there indeed something spiritual, something more than humanly beautiful in the delicate oval face—perfect in its outline, perfect in its faint coloring and stately poise? She was walking slowly, her every movement full of a distinctive and deliberate grace and her head a little upturned, as though her thoughts were far away among the softly burning stars, rather than concerned with the fashionable and picturesque crowd which thronged around her. A remark from her companion, a girl of somewhat slighter stature and darker complexion, caused her to lower her eyes, and in doing so they fell upon the eager, impassioned gaze of the young Englishman.

Afterwards he was never ashamed to confess that that moment brought with it a peculiar lingering sweetness which never altogether died away. It was the birth of a new sensation, the most poignant of all sensations, although philosophers deny and materialists scoff at it. After all, there is something more than refined sensuality in love which has so sudden a dawning; there is a certain innate spirituality which sublimates and purifies it, so that the flame burns softly but brightly still through joy and grief, mocking at satiety, surviving the sorrow of gray hairs, triumphing over the desolation of old age, and sweetening the passage to the grave. He was a headstrong, chivalrous young man, passionate, loyal, and faithful, among all his faults. That first love of his never grew cold, never lessened. It lasted forever. For some men it is not possible to give the better part of themselves up to the worship of a pure woman; selfishness forbids it. But this young Englishman who sat there spellbound, absorbed in the consciousness of this new and sweet emotion, was not one of these.

Suddenly she withdrew her eyes with a faint, conscious blush, and as she did so she saw for the first time the Sicilian. Her whole aspect swiftly changed. A terrified shudder swept across her features, and her lips parted with fear.

"Who is she?" the Englishman asked abruptly.

The Englishman threw a piece of gold into the brown, greedy palm.

"The Signor is noble. The beautiful lady's name is Signorina Adrienne Cartuccio."

"The singer?"

"The same, Signor. The divine singer."

"Ah!"

The Englishman turned toward the wide, open window, and gazed steadily at the place in the crowd where she had vanished.

On the brow of the Hill Fiolesse, at a sharp angle in the white dusty road, a man and a woman stood talking. On one side of them was a grove of flowering magnolias, and on the other a high, closely-trimmed hedge skirted the grounds of the Villa Fiolesse. There was not another soul in sight, but, as though the place were not secure enough from interruption, the girl, every now and then, glanced half fearfully around her, and more than once paused in the middle of a sentence to listen. At last her fears escaped from her lips.

"Leonardo, I wish that you had not come!" she cried. "What is the good of it? I shall have no rest till I know that you are beyond the sea again."

"Beyond the seas, while my heart is chained forever here, Margharita," he answered. "Ah! I have tried, and I know the bitterness of it. You cannot tell what exile has been like to me. I could bear it no longer. Tell me, child! I watched you climb this hill together. You looked back and saw me, and waited. Did she see me, too? Quick! answer me! I will know! She saw me on the Marina. Did she know that I was following her?"

"I think she saw you. She said nothing when I lingered behind. It

was as though she knew."

The Sicilian clasped his hands, and looked away over the sea. The moonlight fell upon his weary pallid face, and glistened in his dark sad eyes. He spoke more to himself than her.

"She knew! And yet she would not wait to speak a single word to me! Ah! it is cruel! If only she could know how night by night, in those far-distant countries, I have lain on the mountain tops, and wandered through the valleys, thinking and dreaming of her—always of her! It has been an evil time with me, my sister, a time of dreary days and sleepless nights. And this is the end of it! My heart is faint and sick with longing, and I have

hastened here before it should break. I must see her, Margharita! Let us hasten on to the villa!"

She laid her hand upon his arm. Her eyes were soft with coming tears.

"Leonardo, listen," she cried. "It is best to tell you. She will not see you. She is quite firm. She is angry with you for coming."

"Angry with me! Angry because I love her, so that I risk my life just to see her, to hear her speak! Ah! but that is cruel! Let me go in and speak to her! Let me plead with her in my own fashion!"

She shook her head.

"Leonardo, the truth is best," she said softly. "Adrienne does not love you. She is quite determined not to see you again. Even I pleading with tears in my eyes, could not persuade her. She has locked herself in her room while she prepares for the concert. You could not see her unless you forced yourself upon her, and that would not do."

"No, I would not do that," he answered wearily. "Margharita, there is a question; I must ask it, though the answer kill me. Is there—any one else?"

"There is no one else, Leonardo, yet. But what matter is that, since it cannot be you? Some day it will come. All that a sister could do I have done. She pities you, Leonardo, but she does not love you. She never will!"

He moved from the open space, where the moonlight fell upon his marble face, to the shadow of the magnolia grove. He stood there quite silent for a moment. Then he spoke in a strained, hard voice,

which she scarcely recognized.

"Margharita, you have done your best for me. You do not know what a man's love is, or you would not wonder that I suffer so much. Yet, if it must be, I must. I will give her up. I will go back to my exile and forget her. Yet since I am here, grant me a last favor. Let me see her to say farewell."

She looked up at him in distress. "Leonardo, how can I? She has given orders that under no circumstances whatever are you to be admitted."

"But to say farewell!"

"She would not believe it. It has been so before, Leonardo, and then you have been passionate, and pleaded your cause all over again. I have promised that I will never ask her to see you again."

"Then let me see her without asking. You can find an opportunity, if you will. For my sake, Margharita!"

(Continued Next Week)

## Bathtub Cause of Quarrels

Chicago.—The bathtub is a leading cause of family quarrels, says Mrs. B. F. Langworthy, Chicago club leader, in a code of "family ethics" she has compiled. "In a house where there is only one bathroom," she says, "the question as to who shall take the first bath or who let the water overflow causes much quarrelling. In general, the wage-earner should have the right of way and the others ought to be willing to wait courteously."

Would you think me extremely uncouth?

If I asked you if it were the truth,

That co-education

'S a great inspiration

To staying in college, forsooth?

For a  
GOOD  
MEAL  
at  
ANY  
TIME

ELKHORN  
RESTAURANT

ED CHINN, Prop.

## NEEDING LUMBER?

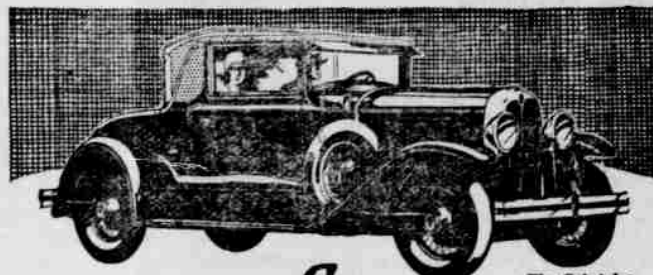
No matter what the quality, we can satisfy your needs at most reasonable prices.

Building material is our specialty, and we believe our service is pleasing.

Heppner Planing Mill & Lumber Yard

A. R. REID, Prop.

Phones: Mill 9F25; Yard Main 1123



The Cabriolet  
Body by Fisher  
\$1265, f. o. b. factory

Some Day Soon  
you're going to Drive this  
Great New Car. . .

Some day soon you're going to drive a New All-American. And what a glorious experience that will be! . . . What a revelation in brilliant performance. In smoothness . . . in silence . . . in flashing change of pace. In the safety provided by its squeakless internal-expanding four-wheel brakes. In the power produced by a big, smooth, silent engine . . . with its dynamically balanced, counter-weighted crankshaft . . . its exclusive patented rubber cushioned mountings . . . its Harmonic Balancer . . . its G-M-R cylinder head. And what a discovery in new and effective beauty . . . Come in and arrange to drive this triumphant new car.

Prices \$1145 to \$1375, f. o. b. factory, plus delivery charges. Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers and spring covers included in list prices. Bumpers and rear fender guards extra. Check Oakland delivered prices—they include lowest handling charges. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.

FERGUSON MOTOR CO.

A NEW  
ALL-AMERICAN SIX  
BY OAKLAND

Heppner Gazette Times, Only \$2.00 Per Year

## John Day Valley Freight Line

(Incorporated)

Operating between Heppner and Portland and John Day Highway Points.

### DAILY SERVICE

Prompt delivery, rates reasonable—plus personal and courteous service.

\$10,000 cargo insurance.

CITY GARAGE, Local Agent, Phone 172

## Central Market

for the best in Meats.

### FRESH AND CURED MEATS

Fish on Fridays. Oysters, Clams, Shell Fish.

## Central Market

HENRY SCHWARZ & SON

ASK FOR

## OLYMPIC

Sperry's high test, hard wheat flour. You will find it superior for best baking results.

A full line of Sperry's Cereals  
always to be had at

PHELPS  
Grocery Co.

THE HOME OF GOOD EATS  
Phone Main 53 We Deliver

### PHONE

or leave orders at

Phelps Grocery Co.

Home Phone 1102

HEPPNER TRANS-  
FER COMPANY



The Englishman looked into the eyes of the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. . .

place, and his surroundings, to hold his place for long. He exchanged his pipe for a Havana, and commenced to talk.

"It's very stupid of me, but, do you know, I've quite forgotten your name for the moment. I remember my cousin, Cis Davenport, introducing us at Rome, and I knew you again directly I saw you. But I'm hanged if I can think of your name! I always had a precious bad memory."

The Sicilian looked none too well pleased at the implied request.

"I do not object to telling you my name," he said in a low tone, sunk almost to a whisper, "but you will pardon me if I make a request which may appear somewhat singular to you. I do not wish you to address me by it here, or mention it. To be frank, there are reasons for wishing my presence in this neighborhood not to be known. You are a gentleman, and you will understand."

"Oh, perfectly," the Englishman answered him, in a tone of blank bewilderment.

"My name is Leonardo di Mar-

oni!"

"By Jove! of course it is!" the Englishman exclaimed. "I should have thought of it in a moment."

"You will not forget my request, and if you have occasion to address me, perhaps you will be so good as to do so by the name of 'Cortegi'."

It is the name by which I am known here, and to which I have some right."

The Englishman nodded.

"All right, I'll remember. By the bye," he went on, "I had the pleasure of meeting your sister in Naples, I believe. She is engaged to marry Martin Briscoe, isn't she?"

The Sicilian's face darkened into a scowl; the thin lips were tightly compressed, and his eyes flashed with angry light.

"I was not aware of it," he answered haughtily.

There was a brief lull in the stream of promenaders.

The Englishman looked into the eyes of the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. A flood of silver moonlight lay upon the Marina, glancing away across the dark blue waters of the bay, and the soft dazling light gently touched her hair, and gleamed in her dark, sweet eyes. She was tall, and clad in white flowing draperies clinging softly around her slim, girlish figure, and giving to her appearance an inexpressible daintiness, as though they were indeed emblematic of the spotless purity of that fair young being. Was it the chas-

"I fear that I do not quite understand you," he said quietly, although his voice and limbs were trembling with passion; "to whom do you allude?"

"The girl in white who passed just now. You knew her! Tell me her name!"

"Why should I?"

"I wish to know it."

"Possibly. But that is no reason why I should tell it to you. That lady is a friend of mine, certainly, but it is not the custom in my country, however it may be in yours, to bandy a lady's name about in a public place."

At the door of the hotel the Englishman paused for a moment, and then, instead of joining the stream of promenaders, he entered and slowly ascended the broad marble staircase toward his room. Just as he reached the first landing, however, he felt a light touch on his arm, and a guttural voice in his ear. He turned sharply round, and found before him one of the waiters—the one who had served him with the coffee outside.

"Well! what do you want?" he asked.

The man answered in a low tone, with his eyes glancing suspiciously around all the time.

"The Signor was inquiring the name of the lady who passed by," he said apologetically.

"Well?"

"I can tell it to the Signor."

"Look sharp then!"

"The Signor is generous," he remarked, with a cunning look. "I have risked my place by leaving the terrace without permission to bring him this news, and I am poor—very, very poor!" he added, with a sudden drop in his voice which resembled a whine.

"Well!"

"I can tell it to the Signor."

"Look sharp then!"

"The Signor is generous," he remarked, with a cunning look. "I have risked my place by leaving the terrace without permission to bring him this news, and I am poor—very, very poor!" he added, with a sudden drop in his voice which resembled a whine.

"Well!"

"I can tell it to the Signor."

"Look sharp then!"

"The Signor is generous," he remarked, with a cunning look. "I have risked my place by leaving the terrace without permission to bring him this news, and I am poor—very, very poor!" he added, with a sudden drop in his voice which resembled a whine.

"Well!"

"I can tell it to the Signor."