

THE DESPERATE LOVER

By E. Phillips Oppenheim
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. DRUEN

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE:

Palermo is the scene. There sits Leonardo di Marioni, has come for love of Adrienne Cartuccio, who spurns him. He meets an Englishman, Lord St. Maurice, who falls in love with Adrienne on sight. Leonardo sees his sister Margherita, who tells him his love for Adrienne is hopeless. But he pleads with her to arrange an accidental meeting to say farewell, between Adrienne and him.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

It was a fair spot which their two seconds had chosen to stain with bloodshed. Close almost to their feet, the blue waters of the Mediterranean, glistening in the early morning sunlight, broke in tiny, rippling waves upon the firm white sand. Inland was a semi-circle of steep cliffs, at the base of which there were great boulders of rock, fern-covered and with hacinths of many colors growing out of the crevices, and lending a sweet fragrance to the fresh morning air. It was a spot shut off from the world, for the towering cliffs ran out into the sea on either side, completely enclosing the little cove. There was only one possible approach to it, save by boat, and that a difficult and tedious one, and, looking upward from the shore, hard to discover. But on the northward side the cliffs, suddenly dropped, and in the cleft was a thick plantation of aloes, through which a winding path led down to the beach.

Perhaps of all the little group gathered down there to witness and take part in the coming tragedy, Signor Pruccio, Lord St. Maurice's second, was looking the most disturbed and anxious. His man, he knew, must fall, and an ugly sickening dread was in his heart. It seemed so like a murder. He pictured to himself that fair boyish face—and in the clear morning sunlight the young Englishman's face showed marvelously few signs of the night of agony through which he had passed—ghastly and livid, with the stamp of death upon the forehead, and the deep blue eyes glazed and dull. It was an awful thing, yet what could he do? What hope was there? Leonardo di Marioni he knew to be a famous swordsman; Lord St. Maurice had never fenced since he had left Eton, and scarcely remembered the positions. It was doubtful even whether he had ever held a rapier. But what Signor Pruccio feared most was the pale, unflinching hate in the Sicilian's white face. He loathed it, and yet it fascinated him. He knew, alas! how easily, by one swift turn of the wrist, he would be able to pass his sword through the Englishman's body, mocking at his unskilled defense. He feared that he could see the arms thrown up to heaven, the fixed, wild eyes, the red blood spurting out from the wound and staining the virgin earth; almost he fancied that he could hear the death-cry break from those agonized white lips. Horrible effort of the imagination! What evil chance had made him offer his services to this young English lord, and dragged him into assisting at a duel which could be but a farce—worse than a farce, a murder? He would have given half his fortune for an earthquake to have come and swallowed up that merciless Sicilian.

Signor Pruccio had delayed the duel as long as he could, under the pretext of waiting for the doctor who had been instructed to follow them, but who had not yet arrived. Twice the Sicilian had urged that they should commence, and each time he had pleaded that they might wait for a few minutes longer. To enter upon a duel a l'outrance, save in the presence of a medical man, was a thing unheard of, he declared. But at last this respite was exhausted, for the opposing second, with a pleasant smile, had remarked that he himself was skilled in surgery, and would be happy to officiate should any necessity arise. There was no longer any excuse. Lord St. Maurice himself insisted upon the signal being given. Sady therefore he prepared to give it. Already both men had fallen into position. The word trembled upon his lips.

A flock of sea-birds flew screaming over their heads, and he waited a moment until they should have passed. Then he raised his hand. "Stop!"

The cry was a woman's. They all looked round. Only a few yards away from them stood Adrienne, her fair hair streaming loose in the morning breeze, and her gown torn and soiled. She had just issued from the sloping aloe plantation, and was trembling in every limb from the speed of her descent. The cloud on the Sicilian's face grew black as night. "This is no sight for you to look upon!" he cried, between his teeth. "You will not save your lover by waiting. You had better go, or I will kill him before your eyes!" She walked calmly between them, and looked from one to the other. "Lord St. Maurice, I need not ask you, I know!" This duel is not of your seeking?"

"It is not!" he answered, lowering his sword. "This fellow insulted me, and I punished him publicly in the restaurant of the Hotel de l'Europe last night. In my opinion, that squared matters, but he demanded satisfaction, and from his point of view, I suppose he has a right to it. I am quite ready to give it to him."

The seconds had fallen back. They three were alone. She went up to the Sicilian and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Leonardo, we have been friends, have we not? Why should you seek to do that which will make us enemies for ever? I have broken no faith with you; I never gave you one word of hope. I never loved you; I never could have loved you! Why should you seek to murder the man whom I do love, and make me miserable for ever?"

His face was ghastly but he showed no sign of being moved by her words.

"Bah! You talk as you feel—just now!" he said quickly. "I tell you that I do not believe one word. If he had not come between us, you would have been mine some day. Love like mine would have conquered in the end. Away! away!" he cried, pushing her back in growing excitement, and stamping on the ground with his feet. "The sight of you only maddens me, and nerves my arm to kill! Though you beg on your knees for his life, that man shall die!"

"I shall not beg upon my knees," she answered proudly. "Yet, Leonardo, for your own sake, for the sake of your own happiness, I bid you once more consider. You would stain your hand with the blood of the man who is more to me than you could ever be. Is this what you call love? Leonardo, beware! I am not a woman to be lightly robbed of what is dear to me. Put up your sword, or you will repent it to your dying day."

The Sicilian was unmoved. The sight of the woman he loved championing his foe seemed to madden him.

"Out of my way!" he cried, grasping his sword firmly. "Lord St. Maurice, are you not weary of skulking behind a woman's petticoats? On guard! I say. On guard!"

She suddenly flung her hands above her head, and there was what seemed to be a miraculous increase in the little group. Three men in plain, dark clothes sprang from behind a gigantic boulder, and, in an instant, the Sicilian was seized from behind.

He looked around at his captors, pale and furious. They were strangers to him. As yet, he did not realize what had happened.

"What does this mean?" he cried furiously. "Who dares to lay hands upon me? We are on free ground!"

She shook her head.

"Leonardo, you have brought this upon yourself," she said, firmly but compassionately. "You plotted to murder the man I love. I warned you that, to protect him, there was nothing which I would not dare. Only a moment ago I gave you another chance. One word from you and I would have thrown these papers into the sea, producing a packet from her bosom, rather than have placed them where I do now!"

A fourth man had strolled out of the aloe grove, smoking a long cigarette. Into his hands Adrienne had placed the little packet of letters, which he accepted with a low bow.

Even now the Sicilian felt bewildered; but as his eyes fell upon the fourth man he started and trembled violently, gazing at him as though fascinated.

"I do not understand!" he faltered.

The fourth man removed his cigarette from his teeth and produced a paper.

"Permit me to explain," he said politely. "I have here a warrant for your arrest, Count di Marioni, alias Leonardo di Cortegi, on two counts: first, that you, being an exile, have returned to Italian soil; and secondly, on a further and separate charge of conspiracy against the Italian Government, in collusion with a secret society, calling themselves 'Members of the Order of the White Hyacinth.' The proofs of the latter conspiracy, which were wanting at your first trial, have now been furnished."

He touched the little roll of papers which he had just received, and, with a bow, fell back. There was an ominous silence.

At the mention of his first name a deathlike pallor had swept in upon the Sicilian's face. His manner suddenly became quite quiet and free from excitement. But there was a look in his dark eyes more awful than had been his previous fury.

"You have done a brave thing indeed, Adrienne!" he said slowly. "You have saved your lover. You have betrayed the man who would have given his life to serve you."

Listen to me! As I loved you before so do I hate you now! As my love for you in the past has governed my life, and brought me always to your side, so in the days to come shall my undying hate for you and for that man shape my actions and mold my life, and bring me over sea and land to the farthest corners of the earth to wreak my vengeance upon you. Be it ten, or twenty, or thirty years, they keep me rotting in their prisons, the time will come when I shall be free again; and then, beware! Search your memory for the legends of our race! Was ever a hate forgotten, or an oath broken? Hear me swear," he cried, raising his clasped hands above his head with a sudden passionate gesture, "by the sun, and the sky, and the sea, and the earth, I swear that, as they continue unchanged and unchanging, so shall my hate for you remain! Ah! you can take your lover's hand, traitress, and think to find protection there. But in your heart I read your fear. The day shall come when you shall kneel at my feet for mercy, and there shall be no mercy. Gentlemen, my sword. I am at your service."

(Continued Next Week)

Antelope are increasing rapidly in Oregon according to the state game commission. A state refuge for these fleet of foot little animals was established in Harney and Lake counties in 1925. Within this preserve there are now approximately 20,000 antelope. Bands of them now wander outside the preserve in localities where they have not been seen for 20 years. As the herd increases the scattering bands will move farther away in search of food.

Flying Baron Dies

Baron von Huenefeld, backer and passenger of the Bremen in its east-west transatlantic flight, passed away in Berlin.



Baron von Huenefeld, backer and passenger of the Bremen in its east-west transatlantic flight, passed away in Berlin.

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

A Phantasy

For service rendered, electricity is the smallest item in the family budget. Twenty-eight dollars and thirty cents a year, or eight cents a day, is the average amount spent by the electric family for

What tremendous forces are at work today adding to the sum of human happiness, comfort and achievement! Of these, none is more vital than electricity. Yet so accustomed have we become to un-falling service that it is taken for granted.

Suppose, however, this service should suddenly cease. What would happen?

First, darkness—a total absence of all artificial light except gas and that cast by automobile lamps.

Next, silence—transportation crippled; telephone bells silenced, fires unheeded because of the failure of fire alarm systems; hospitals thrown into confusion.

Industry at a standstill—the doors of banks and stores, shops and theaters locked; newspaper presses idle; elevators left suspended somewhere between sky and earth; the radio stilled.

It is a picture which fortunately is only a phantasy. The electric light and power companies of this country have seen to it that such a catastrophe cannot occur. Through interconnection of their systems continuous, dependable service is assured.

Pacific Power & Light Co.

It is unlawful to kill antelope at any season of the year.

Mr. Kink (to a professor in Biddle University, S. C.): "Perfesser!"

"Well, Mr. Kink?"

"Which is the past tense of the verb 'to hoodoo'—'hoodone' or 'hoodid'?"

Mrs. Meyster—Could you give me a little money, my dear?

Mr. Meyster—Certainly, my dear, about how little?

Straw for Sale—Lexington, 5F32.

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

Heppner Gazette Times, Only \$2.00 Per Year

Central Market

for the best in Meats.

FRESH AND CURED MEATS

Fish on Fridays. Oysters, Clams, Shell Fish.

Central Market

HENRY SCHWARZ & SON

STONE'S

CASH AND CARRY MODERN FOOD STORES

QUALITY

The price of inferior merchandise, even though a few cents cheaper when purchased, generally proves the most expensive. Why? Because it very often lacks quality.

We never sacrifice quality to obtain price. Below are listed some very attractive prices on quality merchandise.

Friday and Saturday Features

PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO, 1-lb. tins	98c	COIL SPAGHETTI 6 lbs.	49c
OYSTER CRACKERS BULK	25c	SODA CRACKERS BULK	25c
National Brooms	89c	Cheese	
Domestic	\$1.09	Our Cheese Department is Complete. We Feature MEADOWGROVE The Superior Cheese	
Veribest	None Better	Brick	39c lb.
SPERRY'S OATS	35c	Pimento	43c lb.
Quick or Regular		Swiss	45c lb.
Per Package		American	35c lb.
Large Package		When You Think of Cheese, Think of Stone's	
AMMONIA	12c	SPERRY'S FLOUR	
Pint Bottles		White Down	
Per Bottle		49 Lbs.	\$1.85
		Barrel	\$7.25

We Deliver Orders Over \$3.00—FREE—in the City Limits

Rhubarb	25c	STONE'S COFFEE		Ironing Pads	69c
FANCY FRESH		SPECIAL BLEND		WHITE KING	
2 lbs.		1 Lb.	39c	\$1.50 Value	
		3 Lbs.	\$1.10	They never wrinkle or curl and are non-inflammable	
		SUPREME BLEND			
		1 Lb.	49c		
		3 Lbs.	\$1.45		
		Rhubarb Pie—A wonderful treat.			

PHONE

or leave orders at

Phelps Grocery Co.

Home Phone 1102

HEPPNER TRANSFER COMPANY