

# THE DESPERATE LOVER

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. DRUEN

### WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE:

Palermo is the scene. There an exile, 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, now seen Adrienne often, Margharita, 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.

She consents. That night the Englishman is informed of an attempt being made to carry off Signorina Cartuccio and Margharita, who are walking, by brigands employed by a rejected suitor, on a lonely road. He rushes to the scene, and proves able to rescue the ladies.

Inflamed by the failure of his scheme, Leonardo sees Margharita, who shows him she knows that he was instigator of the attempted attack. The Englishman now sees Adrienne often. The Englishman, sitting in the hotel, finds a dagger at his feet. Looking up he sees the Sicilian, and scents trouble.

"We sat here a week ago," recalls Leonardo. Lord St. Maurice nods.

Leonardo and the Englishman quarrel. The Englishman at first refuses to accept a challenge to duel, then when the Italian slaps him consents. The two men face each other ready to fight to the death.

Margharita stops the duel by coming just in the nick of time to save the Englishman from his fate, with two officers who arrest the exile Leonardo. Leonardo vows vengeance. After 25 years in jail he is again at his hotel, an old, broken man with only memories left to him.

At his hotel the proprietor, worried about him, advises for his friends and Leonardo is first visited by the woman he had loved, whom he shoots out of his sight. Then there comes to him the daughter of his sister, whom he greets in great surprise. He learns that his sister is dead.

Count Leonardo tells his niece the story of his love for Margharita. She is sympathetic.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Margharita looked like a beautiful wild animal in her passion. Her hair had fallen all over her face, and was streaming down her back. Her small white hand was clenched and upraised, and her straight, supple figure, panther-like in its grace, was distended until she towered over the little shrunken form before her. Terrible was the beam in her eyes, and terrible the fixed rigidity of her features. Yet she was as beautiful as a young goddess in her wrath.

"No!" she cried fiercely. "The Order shall not die! You belong to it still; and I—I, too, swear the oath of vengeance! Together we will hunt her down—this woman! She shall suffer."

"She shall die!" he cried. A slight shudder passed across the girl's face, but she repeated his words.

"She shall die! But, uncle, you are ill. What is it?" She clasped his hands and held him up. He had fainted.

"Where am I, Margharita?" She leaned over him, and drew a long deep breath of relief. It was the reward of many weary days and nights of constant watching and careful nursing. His reason was saved.

"In your own room at the hotel," she whispered. "Don't you remember? You were taken ill."

He looked at her, helpless and puzzled. Slowly the mists began to roll away.

"Yes, you were with me," he murmured softly. "I remember now. I was telling you the story of the past—my past. You are Margharita's child. Yes, I remember. Was it this afternoon?"

She kissed his forehead, and then drew back suddenly, lest the warm tear which was quivering on her eyelid should fall back upon his face.

had thought of him, sad-eyed and weary, pacing his lonely prison cell, and ever watching through his barred window the little segment of blue sky and sunlight which penetrated into the high-walled court. How he must long for the scent of flowers, the fresh open air, the rustle of leaves, and the hum of moving insects. How his heart must ache for the sound of men's voices, the touch of their hands, some sense of loving or friendly companionship to break the icy monotony of his weary, stagnant existence. Her imagination had been touched, and she had been all ready to welcome and to love him as a hero and a martyr, even if he had appealed to her in no other way. But when she had seen him stricken down and helpless, with that look of ineffable sadness in his soft dark eyes, it was more than her sympathy which was aroused, more than her imagination which was stirred. Her large pitying heart became his absolutely. She was alone in the world, and she must needs love someone. For good or for evil, fate had brought this strange old man to her, and wove this tie between them.

He held out his hands; she grasped them fondly.

"Margharita, she came here!" he whispered.

"What, here? Here in this room?" He nodded.

"It was two days before you came. I was sitting alone in the twilight. The door opened. I thought I was dreaming. It was she, as beautiful as ever, richly dressed, happy, comely. She came to pity, to sue for pardon. I let her talk, and then, when I had gathered strength, I stood up and cursed her. I thrust her away; I cursed her with the fiercest and cruellest words which my lips could utter. It drove the warm color from her cheeks, and the light from her eyes. I cursed her till her heart shook with fear. She staggered out of the room a stricken woman. I—"

"Tell me her name."

"It was Adrienne Cartuccio. It is now Lady Maurice."

"The Lady St. Maurice! She was my mother's friend then?"

"Yes."

Margharita's eyes were bright, and her voice trembled.

"Listen!" she cried. "When my mother was dying she gave me a letter. If ever you need a friend or help, she whispered, 'go to Lady St. Maurice. This letter is to her. She will help you for my sake.' Uncle, fate is on our side. Just before I came to you I wrote to Lady St. Maurice. I told her that I was unhappy in my life, and I wished for a situation as a governess. I sent her my mother's letter."

"And she replied?"

"Yes. She offered me a home. If I wished I could teach her little girl."

Her voice was trembling, and her eyes, dry and brilliant, were fixed

upon his. He was sitting upright in bed, leaning a little forward toward her, and the sunbeam which had stolen in through the parted curtains fell upon his white corpe-like face. A strange look was in his eyes; his fingers clutched the bedclothes nervously.

"You will go?" he asked hoarsely. "You will go to Lady St. Maurice?"

An answering light shot back from her eyes. She was suddenly pale to the lips. Her voice was hushed as though in fear, but it was firm.

"Yes, I shall go. To-night I shall accept her offer."

PART III  
"Mother, don't you think that Miss Briscoe is a very strange girl?"

Lady St. Maurice looked up from her work quickly. Nine o'clock was just striking, and her son only a moment before had replaced his watch in his pocket with an impatient little gesture.

"Yes, I do think so," she answered quietly. "I think her very strange indeed. Why do you ask me?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I don't know exactly. It seems odd that she should want to spend all her evening alone, and that she should have so many long letters to write. Do you think that she quite understands that you would like her to come down with us?"

"I am quite sure that she does, Lumley. I even objected to having her come here as a governess at all. Her mother was a dear friend of mine many years ago, and I told Margharita from the first that I would rather have her here as my daughter. She would have been very welcome to a home with us."

"It was only her pride which has made her insist upon coming as Gracie's governess, and I suppose it is the same feeling which prompts her to keep herself so much aloof from us. I am sorry, but I can do no more than I have done toward making her see things differently."

Lord Lumley fidgeted about for a minute or two on the hearth-rug. There was a certain reserve in his mother's manner which made the task which he had set himself more difficult even than it would have been under ordinary circumstances.

Besides, he felt that from her low seat she was watching him intently, and the knowledge did not tend toward setting him more at his ease.

"You loved her mother, then?"

"I did. She was my dearest friend."

"And yet—forgive me if I am wrong—but sometimes I fancy that you do not even like Miss Briscoe."

"She will not let me like or dislike her, Lumley."

He shook his head.

"It isn't that exactly. I have seen you watching her sometimes—as for instance when she sang that Sicilian song here—as though you were—"

well, almost afraid of her; as though there was something about her which almost repelled you."

The Countess laid down her work, and looked steadfastly into the fire. There was a moment's silence.

"You have been a close watcher, Lumley."

"I admit it. But, tell me, have I not watched to some purpose. There is no mistaking the look in your face sometimes, when she comes in to the room unexpectedly. If the thing were not absurd, I should say that you were afraid of her."

Lady St. Maurice held her hand to her side for a moment, as though she felt a sudden pain. She repeated her son's words without looking up at him.

"Afraid of her! No, no, Lumley. I am afraid of something else, something of which her face continually reminds me. It is the shadow of the past which seems to follow her footsteps."

A tragic note had suddenly been struck in the conversation between mother and son. Lord Lumley, who had been altogether unprepared for it, was full of interest.

"The past!" he repeated. "Whose past? Tell me all about it, mother."

She looked up at him, and he saw that her face was unusually pale.

"Lumley, it is only a little while ago since your father and I told you the story of our strange meeting and marriage. You remember it?"

"Every word! Every word, mother!"

"You remember the duel which the Count di Marioni sought to force upon your father, but which I prevented? You remember the means which I was driven to use to prevent it, and the oath of vengeance which Leonardo—the Count di Marioni—swore against both of us?"

(Continued next week.)

### REV. HUGH J. MARSHALL DIES.

Rev. Thomas J. Brady

The announcement in this heading will no doubt create a look of surprise and evoke a prayer of sorrow over the death of Father Hugh J. Marshall, who was well known to many of the people of the entire counties of Morrow and Gilliam. Heppner itself will bow its head in sorrow over this sad announcement.

Father Marshall passed away Saturday morning in St. Vincent's hospital, Portland, where he had been confined during the last six weeks.

### Lupe Velez to Marry.

Lupe Velez, beautiful Mexican film star, will, it is reported, become the bride of Gary Cooper.



Maybelle Gilman Corey, former actress, divorced wife of W. E. Corey, steel magnate, has admitted that she soon will marry Don Luis de Bourbon, first cousin to the King of Spain.

At the time of his death he was the pastor of St. Mary's Catholic church in Hood River, and a short time after Christmas he was stricken with what seemed apoplexy. The funeral took place in Hood River on Wednesday of this week. The Right Reverend Bishop Joseph F. McGrath, of Baker, officiated at the obsequies. Rev. Thomas J. Brady, pastor of the Heppner Catholic church, attended the funeral ceremonies, leaving Heppner on Monday of this week and returning on Thursday by stage.

### To Wed Royalty

At the time of his death he was the pastor of St. Mary's Catholic church in Hood River, and a short time after Christmas he was stricken with what seemed apoplexy. The funeral took place in Hood River on Wednesday of this week. The Right Reverend Bishop Joseph F. McGrath, of Baker, officiated at the obsequies. Rev. Thomas J. Brady, pastor of the Heppner Catholic church, attended the funeral ceremonies, leaving Heppner on Monday of this week and returning on Thursday by stage.

### PHONE

or leave orders at  
Phelps Grocery Co.

Home Phone 1102

HEPPNER TRANSFER COMPANY

Re-roof With  
**JOHNS-MANVILLE**  
Asbestos Shingles  
ABESTOS SHINGLES, ROLL ROOFING,  
ASPHALT SHINGLES and ROOFING  
For Sale By  
**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

Heppner Hotel Building  
**STONE'S** MODERN FOOD STORES  
CASH AND CARRY CHAIN STORES  
Phone Main 1082  
**WEEK END FEATURES**  
There is real Economy and Satisfaction in trading at Stones'. Make your own comparison of price, quality and service.

<b>SPUDS</b> Netted Gems <b>\$1.49</b> 1 Sack	<b>Picnic Shoulders</b> Mild Cure <b>23c</b> Lb.	<b>APPLES</b> Fancy Winesaps <b>\$1.29</b> Box
--	---	---

**BREAD** White, Rye or WholeWheat **3 Loaves 19c**

<b>Pure Lard</b> BULK 2 lbs. .... <b>39c</b> 4 lbs. .... <b>75c</b> 8 lbs. .... <b>\$1.45</b>	<b>Sugar</b> C. & H. FineCane <b>\$5.89</b> SACK	<b>Pitted Dates</b> Fancy Pack 2 Pkgs. .... <b>39c</b>
---	---	--

**SEED SPUDS**  
We have several varieties of early seed potatoes at a very attractive price. See us before you buy.

**P. & G. Laundry Soap**  
20 Bars ..... **85c**  
A White Naptha Soap.

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

<b>Sperry's Flour</b> White Down 49-lb Sack <b>\$1.85</b> Per Barrel <b>\$7.25</b>	<b>STONE'S COFFEE</b> Special Blend 1 Lb. .... <b>39c</b> 3 Lbs. .... <b>\$1.10</b> Supreme Blend 1 Lb. .... <b>49c</b> 3 Lbs. .... <b>\$1.45</b> The Better Coffee	<b>Stone's Syrup</b> Cane and Maple 1/2-Gallon ..... <b>89c</b> 1 Gallon ..... <b>\$1.59</b>
---	--	---

**Spaghetti**  
Coiled  
5 Lbs. .... **39c**

**Pancake Flour**  
Sperry's  
9-lb. Sack ..... **69c**

**How much power is in your garden?**

NATURE can do only so much with any seed. The seed itself must contain the promise and the power. You would feel convinced of the power of Ferry's purebred Seeds if you could see the great Ferry stock seed farm and trial gardens.

Here are acres and acres of specimen plants. Every plant that is mature is big, vigorous, beautiful, and bountiful. Only the best plants are allowed to mature—all else are weeded out. Any plant that doesn't produce true to type gets weeded out. And only seeds from the plants that measure up to the Ferry standards in size, color, flavor, productivity—are the Ferry's Seeds you can buy.

In these seeds is the power to produce flowers of superb beauty, and vegetables of superior flavor and size.

Surely all the work you put into your garden deserves just these seeds. Ferry's Seeds have to be all you expect when you buy them. In addition, they are fresh. No packet of Ferry's Seeds is ever carried over by the dealer for sale the second season. Ferry's Seeds may be had at "the store around the corner." Write at once for Ferry's Seed Annual—with its good garden advice. Address D. M. Ferry & Co., Dept. H, 500 Paul Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

**FERRY'S pure bred SEEDS**  
Your garden will have its best possible start with Ferry's purebred Seeds.

