

# 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 sees his sister Margarita, 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 Margarita, 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 Margarita, 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 refused 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.

Margarita 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, advertises 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 Margarita. She is sympathetic.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

Letter from Margarita Briscoe to the Count Leonardo di Marioni, care of the Princess di Carlotti, Palazzo Carlotti, Rome.

"My dear, dear Uncle: I am inclined to scold you for your letter, for it made me very sad. Why should you be so sure of dying just as the vengeance which is your due becomes yours? You are not very old, and I can nurse you even as I did before. Think how lonely I should be without you. No, you must not think of leaving me. I forbid it! It is morbid. Banish that fancy for my sake, and try and think of a quiet happy life together away in some southern city, where the sea and the sky are blue, and the sun is warm, and the breezes are soft and laden with the perfume of sweet flowers. We would never live in this country, would we? I do not like it. It is cold and damp, and it chills me, chills even my heart. Oh! I know just the life we could live together, and be very, very happy. Write to me no more of death.

"I am quite settled down here, waiting. My duties are light, and I do not find them irksome. Every day I realize that I did well in coming here as a governess, and not as one seeking a home. They think that it is because of my pride that I have willed it so. They do not know.

"Lady St. Maurice tries to be kind to me in her way; but when the honeyed words are upon her lips, I think of you and my heart is steel. She must have been a very beautiful woman—nay, she is beautiful now! You asked me in your first letter to watch and to tell you whether they were happy together. You asked me and I tell you the truth.

"Yes! I think that of all the women whom I have ever seen, her life seems to have flown along the most calmly and peacefully. I have never seen a cloud upon her brow. I hate her for it. She has no right to be happy; she who by such treachery condemned you to a living death. Once my anger rose up so fiercely that I nearly struck her, and I had to hurry from the room lest I should betray myself before the time. Truly she deserves punishment, and my hand shall not shrink from inflicting it.

"Yet, after all, is death the most complete form of punishment. Sometimes I doubt it. I would mar the beauty of her face for ever, and laugh. I would strike her blind gladly; I would make her a cripple for life, without remorse, without hesitation. To see her suffer would please me. I should have no pity!

"But death, uncle! If anything of our religion be true, would death be so terrible a thing? Against my will I see that her life is good. She has made her home what it should be, and her husband happy. She is a devoted Christian, and, wet or fine, every Sunday morning before breakfast, she goes to the little church in the village and kneels before the altar. She visits the sick and the poor, and they love her. For me, religion has become something of a dream. I was brought up a Roman Catholic. What I am now I do not know! When I vowed my life to its present purpose I filled it with new thoughts; I put my religion away from me. I could not kneel with hate in my heart; I could not confess, with the desire to kill in my bosom.

"Yet let that pass. Supposing there be a heaven, if we kill her for her treachery to you will not that sin be wiped out? May she not gain heaven? And if so, what of our vengeance? Death is swift! What will she suffer? It will be those who are left behind who will feel the pain; for her, there will be a happiness beyond even the happiness of earth. She will be shriven of her sin by our vengeance.

"Think of this, my dear uncle! Do not imagine that I am growing faint-hearted; do not imagine that I am drawing back from the task which I now claim as my right. Death, or some other sore of pun-

ishment, shall surely fall upon her; she shall not escape! Only think what is best.

"Write to me all that is in your heart. Fear not to speak out! I would know all. Farewell! Your loving

"Margarita."

Letter from the Count Leonardo di Marioni, the Palazzo Carlotti, Rome, to Miss Margarita Briscoe, Mallory Grange, Lincolnshire.

"Beloved Margarita: I will confess that your letter troubles me. If there be heaven for this woman who wrecked my life, there is no heaven for me, no religion, no God. You say that she is a good woman. She is then a good woman through fear. She seeks to atone, but she can never atone. She won a boy's passionate love; she wore his heart upon her sleeve; she cast it away at the moment of her pleasure. She broke the vows of an order, which should have been sacred to her, as the face of God to the angels; and she sent a Marioni to rot through a useless life in a miserable prison. The boy whose heart she broke, and the man whose unchanging and unchangeable hate for her, away with all other thoughts, my vengeance knows but one end, and that is death! Not sudden death, mind! but death—slow, lingering, and painful. I would see the struggle against some mysterious sickness, with my own eyes; I would stand by the bedside and mock. I would watch the cheeks grow thin and pale, and the eyes grow dim. She should know me in those lost moments. She should see me, the wasted shadow of a man, myself on the threshold of the grave, standing by her bedside, cold and un pitying, and holding out toward her a white hyacinth.

"That is how I would have it, though thus is may not be. Yet speak to me not of any other vengeance save death. Let none other dwell for a moment in your thoughts, I solemnly charge you, Margarita.

"As to my search, it has not yet, alas, been successful. Think not that I have lost heart, or that I am discouraged. Never fear but that I shall find the man whom I seek—if not, there are others. I give myself one month longer; at the end of that time, if Paschull be not found, another must serve my purpose.

"The Princess is much interested in you, and sends her love. She is impatient to take you under her care. I have told her that it will not be long—nor will it.

"Farewell, my child. Soon I shall send you the good news.—Yours, Leonardo di Marioni, Palazzo Carlotti, Rome."

"Margarita.—Beloved. Success! success! My search is over, my purpose is accomplished. I have found Paschull. Enclosed in this letter you will find a smaller envelope. It contains the powder.

"Can you wonder that my hand is shaking, and that there is a mist before my eyes? I am an old man, and great joy is hard to bear; harder still after a weary, wretched

life such as mine. You will understand, though—you will be able to decipher this faint, uncertain handwriting, and you will forgive me if it tires you. Ay, you will do that, Margarita, I know!

"Let me tell you how I found him. It was by the purest accident. I turned aside into an old curio shop to buy some trifle for you which took my fancy, and it was Paschull himself who served me. Thus you see how indirectly even your star always shines over mine and leads me aright. If it had not been for you I should never have dreamed of entering the place, but I thought of you and your taste for Roman jewelry, and behold, I found myself in the presence of the man for whom I was making vain search. My Margarita! my good angel! I have you to thank even for the successful accomplishment of my part in that edict of our Order which you and I are banded together to carry out.

"At first Paschull did not recognize me, and it was long before I could make him believe that I was indeed that most unfortunate of men, Leonardo di Marioni. But when he was convinced, he promised me what I sought. That same evening he gave it to me.

"Margarita, there is no poison in the world like that which I send you in this letter. The merest grain of it is sufficient, in wine or water, or in food of any sort. There is no rat of medicine which could detect it—no means by which the death, which will surely follow, can be averted; so you run no risk, my child! Bide your time, and then—"

"Margarita, I am coming to you. Nay, do not be alarmed, I run no risk. I shall come disguised, and no one will know me, but I must see something of the end with my own eyes, or half its sweetness would be untasted. I would see her face and die! I would trace day by day, the workings of the poison; and in the last moments of her agony, I would reveal myself, and would point to my withered frame and the hand of death upon my forehead, and cry out to her that the Order of the White Hyacinth had kept its vow. I would have her eyes meet mine as the mists of death closed in upon her. I would have her know that the oath of a Marioni, in friendship or in hate, in protection or in vengeance, is one with his honor. This may not be, Margarita! I cannot see all this! I cannot even stand by her bedside for a moment and show her my face, that she might know whose hand it is which has stricken her down. Yet, I must be near! Fear not but I shall manage it safely! I would not bring danger or the shadow of danger upon you, my beloved.

"I leave Rome tonight and I leave it with joy. You cannot imagine how inexpressibly sad it has been for me to find myself in the place where the greater part of my youth—my too ambitious youth—was spent. All is changed and strange to me. There are new

streets and many innovations which puzzle me; and although my friends are kind, twenty-five years have crushed our sympathies. To them I am like a sad figure from a by-gone world, a Banquo at the feast, something to pity a little—no more. I am nothing to anybody beyond that. I am a wearisome old man, whose mind is a blank, and who only cumber the way. Ah, well, it is not for long. The day of my desire is at hand, and God has given me you, Margarita, to accomplish it, and to close my eyes in peace. Bless you, my dear, dear child! You have sweetened the end of a marred and wretched life! Yours has been an angel's task, and you will have an angel's reward.

"We shall meet before long, but of the manner of our meeting I cannot tell you yet. Till then adieu!—Yours in hope, Leonardo di Marioni."

"P. S.—I forgot to say that the whole of the poison, or even half a teaspoonful, would produce sudden and abrupt death. Just a pinch, administered twice, perhaps, in order to be quite secure, would be sufficient."

"My Beloved Margarita.—Many a time have I reproached myself for my imprudence last night, and the effects which I fear it had upon you. It was thoughtless and rash of me to come near the house at all; but, indeed, I meant only to watch from a safe distance; only, as I crouched behind a shrub upon the lawn, I saw her face, and the sight

drew me nearer against my better judgment. I met your eyes, and I knew that you were overcome with fright; but I feared to linger lest they might ask what it was that alarmed you, and seek for me. And although I fancy that I am altered past recognition, yet I would run no risks.

(Continued next week.)

Earl W. Gordon returned Sunday from a business visit of a few days in Portland, accompanying Harry Duncan from Arlington Sunday evening on the return. Mr. Duncan was in Arlington to represent the local club at the Wheatland Baseball league meeting.

PHONE  
or leave orders at  
Phelps Grocery Co.  
Home Phone 1102  
HEPPNER TRANS-  
FER COMPANY

Central Market  
for the best in Meats.

FRESH AND CURED MEATS

Fish on Fridays. Oysters, Clams, Shell Fish.

Central Market  
HENRY SCHWARZ & SON

Heppner Gazette Times, Only \$2.00 Per Year

Heppner Hotel Building

CASH AND CARRY

STONE'S

MODERN FOOD STORES

Phone Main 1082

CHAIN STORES

## March Canned Goods Sale

Never before since we came to Heppner have we been able to offer Foods at the unusual Low Prices that we offer in this sale. Every item backed by a Money-Back Guarantee assures you of the unusual quality of these goods. Many items in canned goods are now becoming scarce, which means higher prices. Consequently the more you buy the more you save.

PRICES EFFECTIVE FROM MARCH 22nd TO MARCH 29th.

<b>PEAS</b> Standard No. 2 Tins	<b>CORN</b> Extra Standard No. 2 Cans	<b>TOMATOES</b> Large No. 2½ Cans, Standard
4 Cans ..... <b>47c</b>	4 Cans ..... <b>47c</b>	4 Cans ..... <b>47c</b>
12 Cans ..... <b>\$1.39</b>	12 Cans ..... <b>\$1.39</b>	8 Cans ..... <b>\$1.39</b>
24 Cans (Case) ..... <b>\$2.75</b>	24 Cans (Case) ..... <b>\$2.75</b>	12 Cans ..... <b>\$2.75</b>

Corn, Peas and Tomatoes assorted as you wish at Case Prices, or dozen prices. Note the Saving.

<b>FLOUR</b> Sperry Hard Wheat. GUARANTEED TO PLEASE	<b>SUGAR</b> Pure Cane C. & H. Berry	<b>BEANS - RICE</b> Red Mexican Beans
49 Pounds ..... <b>\$1.75</b>	25 Pounds ..... <b>\$1.49</b>	5 Pounds ..... <b>39c</b>
4 Sacks (Barrel) ..... <b>\$6.95</b>	100 Pounds ..... <b>\$5.59</b>	RICE 5 Pounds ..... <b>35c</b>
	Not Sold to Dealers	<b>SALMON</b> No. 1 Tall Cans Libby Red Sockeye
<b>CLAMS</b> Fancy Minced, free from sand ½s Flat	<b>HAMS</b> SWIFT'S PREMIUM Half or Whole	2 Cans ..... <b>55c</b>
3 Cans ..... <b>49c</b>	<b>33c lb.</b>	<b>SHRIMP</b> 5-oz. Cans American Beauty
<b>SARDINES</b> Booth's Large Oval Cans	Delicious for your Easter Dinner	3 Cans ..... <b>49c</b>
3 Cans ..... <b>35c</b>	<b>HOMINY</b> Large No. 2½ Cans	<b>PINEAPPLE</b> Large No. 2½ Tins, Broken Slice
<b>CATSUP</b> Large Bottles Det Monte	3 Cans ..... <b>39c</b>	3 Cans ..... <b>65c</b>
3 Bottles ..... <b>59c</b>	<b>SAUERKRAUT</b> Large No. 2½ Cans, Libby's	<b>SWEET SPUDS</b> Large 2½ Tins, Del Monte
<b>SPINACH</b> Large No. 2½ Cans Del Monte	4 Cans ..... <b>65c</b>	2 Cans ..... <b>35c</b>
4 Cans ..... <b>69c</b>	<b>CLEANSER</b> Old Dutch Chases Dirt	<b>JAM</b>
<b>PEAS</b> No. 2 Cans Del Monte, Early Garden	3 Cans ..... <b>19c</b>	10-Pound Cans ..... <b>\$1.25</b>
4 Cans ..... <b>69c</b>	<b>SOUP</b> Campbell's Tomato	3-Pound Jars ..... <b>59c</b>
<b>SOAP</b> Large Bars P. & G.	3 Cans ..... <b>25c</b>	<b>MATCHES</b> 6-Box Cartons
10 Bars ..... <b>37c</b>	<b>SYRUP</b> Stone's Cane and Maple	2 Cartons ..... <b>35c</b>
<b>BROOMS</b> 5-sew, \$1.00 Value	5-Pound Tins ..... <b>79c</b>	<b>JELL WELL</b> The Perfect Jell Powder
Each ..... <b>79c</b>		3 Packages ..... <b>19c</b>
<b>COFFEE</b> Stone's Supreme		<b>RAISINS</b> Market Day Sunmaid
3 Pounds ..... <b>\$1.45</b>		4 Pounds ..... <b>25c</b>

Stone's Serves You Better and Saves You Most

Rug and Felt Base Special

APRIL FIRST

\$12.50 Rugs ..... \$8.75

9 x 12 Rugs ..... \$7.00

75c and 85c Felt Yardage 60c

Special Felt Base ..... 39c

\$500.00 stock at sacrifice clearance sale. Spring house cleaning time is here.

SAVE MONEY! BUY NOW!

Case Furniture Co.

ARE YOU PAYING TAXES ON A VACANT LOT?

Build a house on that lot and enjoy a nice income from the rent. Somebody will build there some day, and whoever does will make some money. Might as well be you—it's your lot!

Let us help you with plans and advice—and when you are ready for the lumber we will treat you right.

Heppner Planing Mill & Lumber Yard  
A. R. REID, Prop.  
Phones: Mill 9F25; Yard Main 1123