

THE DESPERATE LOVER

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. OPELV

First Installment

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 damiest 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

discernible 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 raven hair was smooth, save for a slight, well-formed moustache. He wore a brown tweed coat and waistcoat, flannel trousers, a



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her. A remark from her companion, a girl of somewhat lighter stature and darker complexion, caused her to lower her eyes, and in doing so they fell upon the eager, insatiable gaze of the young Englishman.

Afterwards he was never ashamed to confess that that moment brought with it a peculiar feeling, sweeter than which never altogether died away. It was the birth of a new sensation, the

straw hat tilted over his eyes, and he was smoking a cigar. 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 world possibly to his advantage. He wore black trousers, and a dark frock coat, neatly 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 buttonhole.

They were only acquaintances, these two men; chance had brought them together for some civil 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 place, and his surroundings, to hold his peace 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 hazy if I can think of your name!"

"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 to 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 Marioni!"

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

"All right," the Englishman replied. "By the bye," he went on, "I had the pleasure of meeting your sister in Naples, I believe. She is going to marry Martin Brisson, 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 lamely.

There was a brief lull in the stream of conversation.

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

in his voice which resembled a whine. The Englishman threw a piece of gold into the brown, greedy palm.

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

"The singer?"

"The same, Signor. The divine singer."

"Ah!"

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

On the brow of the Hill Fioliese, at a sharp angle in the white dusty road, a man and 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 Fioliese.

There was not another soul in sight, but, as though the place were not secure enough from interruption, she 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 came from her lips.

"Leonardo, what you had not come!" she cried. "What is the good of it? I shall never see you! I know that you are beyond the sea."

"Beyond the sea, 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 might by night, in those far-distant countries, I have lain on the mountain tops, and wondered at the fate of the children of my blood."

"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 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?"

"She shook her head. "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, it 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"

if desired, the following described tract of land, to-wit:

BEGINNING at a maple at a spring and runs N. 59 d. E. 8 poles and two links in D. L. Cowan's line to a maple on the West bank of the road, W. H. Cowan's corner; thence S. 42d. E. with said road 48 poles to the West bank of the road; thence N. 40d E. 5 poles to a Spanish-oak stump; thence N. 30d E. 9 poles to a white-oak, corner of the Ashe and Deitz lands; thence a North direction with Joe Allison's line to a white-oak on top of the ridge; thence S. 60 degrees W. 70 poles to a locust; thence N. 60d W., 52 poles to a sourwood; thence S. 42 1-2 W., 34 1-2 poles to a Spanish-oak; thence S. 43 1-2 d W., 31 poles to a white-oak; thence S. 18 d. W., 43 poles to a white-oak on top of the mountain; thence N. 37d E., 29 poles to a chestnut-oak thence N. 52 d. E., 51 poles to a chestnut-oak; thence N. 28 d. E., 70 poles to a stake on the West side of W. H. Cowan's house; thence N. 30 1-2 d. E., 17 poles and nine links to a holly bush; thence S. 67 degrees E., 10 poles and seven links to the Beginning, Containing 50 acres more or less.

This the 4th day of January, 1929. W. R. Sherrill, Commissioner of Court. 1-9-4ts, WRS.

For colds, grip and flu take



Relieves the congestion, prevents complications, and hastens recovery.

Poultry club members of Catawba county made a net profit of \$14,133.39 on their projects this year, reports county agent J. W. Hendricks.

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When and where business men discuss banks, this institution's name usually crops up in the conversation. It is a big wheel in the machinery of business in this locality. It provides real service to the men and firms who form the local business structure. Our financial weight works as a flywheel to smooth out business money matters. Talk about banking with us!



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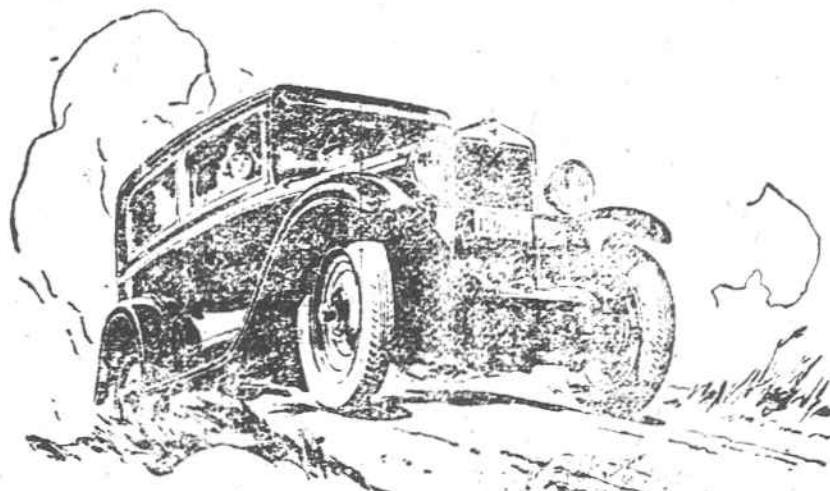
order of well-balanced excellence—a combination of performance, comfort, beauty and handling ease that is truly remarkable—with a fuel economy of better than 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

You owe it to yourself to see and inspect this remarkable car. Come in today!

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- The Phaeton.....\$25
- The Coupe.....\$595
- The Sedan.....\$675
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- Sedan Delivery.....\$595
- Light Delivery Chassis.....\$400
- 1 1/2 Ton.....\$545
- 1 1/2 Ton Chassis with Cab.....\$650

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan



JACKSON-CHEVROLET CO, Sylva, N. C

QUALITY AT LOW COST

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND FOR PARTITION

NORTH CAROLINA, JACKSON COUNTY.

Under and by virtue of an order directed to the undersigned commissioner from the Superior Court of Jackson County, North Carolina, made in a Special Proceeding for partition entitled: In The Matter of

R. B. Cowan, T. B. Cowan, W H Cowan, J N Cowan, R. T Cowan, Lillian Cowan Ashe and her husband, James Ashe, Corrie Cowan Davis and her husband, A. W. Davis, Ellen Cowan Fullbright, deceased, and her husband, T. P. Fullbright, Sadie Fullbright Cline and her husband, Osear Cline, Jesse Fullbright Jones and her husband, Jim Jones, Nellie Fullbright, Alvin Fullbright, Namie Fullbright, and Monroe Fullbright, the last three above named are minors by their Guardian Ad Litem, T. P. Fullbright,—Ex Parte. J. W. R. Sherrill, Commissioner of Court, will on Monday, February 4, 1929, at 12:00 o'clock, noon, at the Court House door in the town of Sylva, Jackson County, North Carolina, offer for sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash, or on terms