

# THE DESPERATE LOVER

By E. Phillips Oppenheim  
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. DRUEN

## Eighth Installment

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Palermo is the scene. There an exile, Leonardo di Marioni, has come for love of Adrienne Cartuccio, who spurs him. He meets an Englishman, Lord St. Maurice, who falls in love with Adrienne on sight. Leonardo sees his sister 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, sitting in the hotel, finds a dagger at his feet. Looking up, he sees the Sicilian, and seems troubled. "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. 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, 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 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 she 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 gleam 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.

"It was three weeks ago!"

"Three weeks ago!" He looked wonderingly around—at the little table at his side, where a huge bowl of sweet-scented roses was surrounded by a little army of empty medicine bottles, at Margharita's pale, wan face, and at a couch drawn up to the bedside.

"And you have been nursing me all the time?" he whispered.

She smiled brightly through the tears which she could not hide.

"Of course I have. Who has a better right, I should like to know?"

He sighed and closed his eyes. In a few minutes he was asleep.

For a fortnight his life had hung upon a thread, and even when the doctor had declared him out of danger, the question of his sanity or insanity quivered upon the balance for another week. He would either awake perfectly reasonable, in all respects his old self, or he would open his eyes upon a world, the keynote to which he had lost forever. In other words he would either awake a perfectly sane man, or hopelessly and incurably insane. There would be no middle course. That was the doctor's verdict.

And through all those long days and nights Margharita had watched over him as though he had been her own father. All the passionate sympathy of her warm southern nature had been kindled by the story of his wrongs. Day by day the sight of his helpless suffering had increased her indignation toward those whom she really believed to have bitterly wronged him. Through those long quiet days and silent nights, she had brooded upon them. She never for one moment repented of having allied herself to that wild oath of vengeance, whose echoes often at dead of night seemed still to ring in her ears. Her only fear was that he would emerge from the fierce illness under which he was laboring, so weak-

ened and shaken, that the desire of his life should have passed from him. She had grown to love this shrunken old man. In her girlhood she had heard stories of him from her nurse, and many times the hot tears had stood in her eyes as she conjured up to herself that pathetic figure, waiting and waiting, year by year, for that liberty which was to come only with old age. She 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

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,



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

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 incredible 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 some one. For good or for evil, fate had brought this strange old man to her, and woven 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 corpse-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."

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 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 hearthrug. 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 steadily 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 into 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 us both?"

## PART III

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

## Continued Next Week

## WANT COLUMN

The rate for classified ads in this column is 10c. per line for each insertion, averaging six (6) words to a line.

WANTED To Exchange Chrysler Roadster for smaller car and difference. \$100 worth of extra equipment, good paint and tires, good running condition, a good trade. Call Journal for particulars.

STRAIGHT SALARY—\$35 per week and ex. nses. Man or woman with rig to introduce Poultry Mixture. Eureka Mfg. Co., East St. Louis, Ill.

FOR SALE—Four Building Lots, close in on paved street. Terms to quick buyer. Call Journal Office for particulars.

LOST—1 Tan traveling bag. Left in front of Parker Hasket Store or lost on Cullowhee Road. Return to J. R. Cochran, Sylva, N. C.—It.

LOST—About three weeks ago, between Sylva and Cullowhee, a long red pocketbook, with compact, gloves and photograph proof inside. Return to the Jackson County Journal Office. 1-31-1tpd

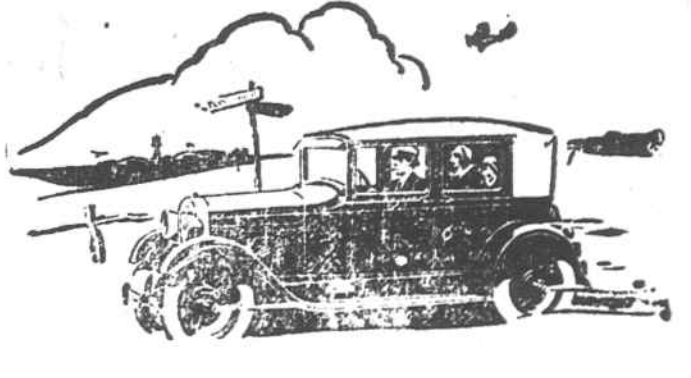
WANTED—To Rent Farm—Want to rent farm 100 or more acres. Prefer with stock, crops, improvements. Box 69, Miami, Florida. 2-28-4ts.

LOST—ONE LADIES RED HAT, Between Sylva and Dillsboro. Finder please return to Journal Office and receive reward.

Expert Watch and Jewelry Repairing  
RAYMOND GLENN

No Appetite?  
Keep Your Digestion Right  
EVERY MORNING AND NIGHT TAKE  
Dr. Thacher's Vegetable SYRUP  
LIBERAL SAMPLE BOTTLE AT YOUR DEALER  
SYLVA PHARMACY

## Tires for the new Ford are specially made to give long wear



WHEN the new Ford was designed, it was immediately apparent that a new tire would have to be made to match the car's performance. It was distinctly a new problem, for here was a car with quicker acceleration, greater speed and more braking efficiency than any car of similar size or weight.

So that every Ford owner might be assured of maximum tire mileage at the lowest cost, the Ford Motor Company devoted many months to research and experiment in conjunction with the leading tire manufacturers.

Though the Ford tires are designated as 30 x 4.50, they have the resiliency and air space of much larger tires because of the drop center rim of the steel-spoke wheels.

For best results, the tires on the new Ford should be kept inflated to an air pressure of 35 pounds and checked regularly to insure this pressure all the time. This is important. Low inflation breaks down the sidewalls of a tire. By causing overheating, it also destroys the rubber that acts as an insulation, with consequent separation of the cord.

As a result, certain definite specifications were developed for tires for the new Ford. These specially made tires have a different texture, a large volume of tread and side walls which are reinforced with special rubber compounds for protection against road damage—and the strong stability of construction formerly considered the only way to get long life.

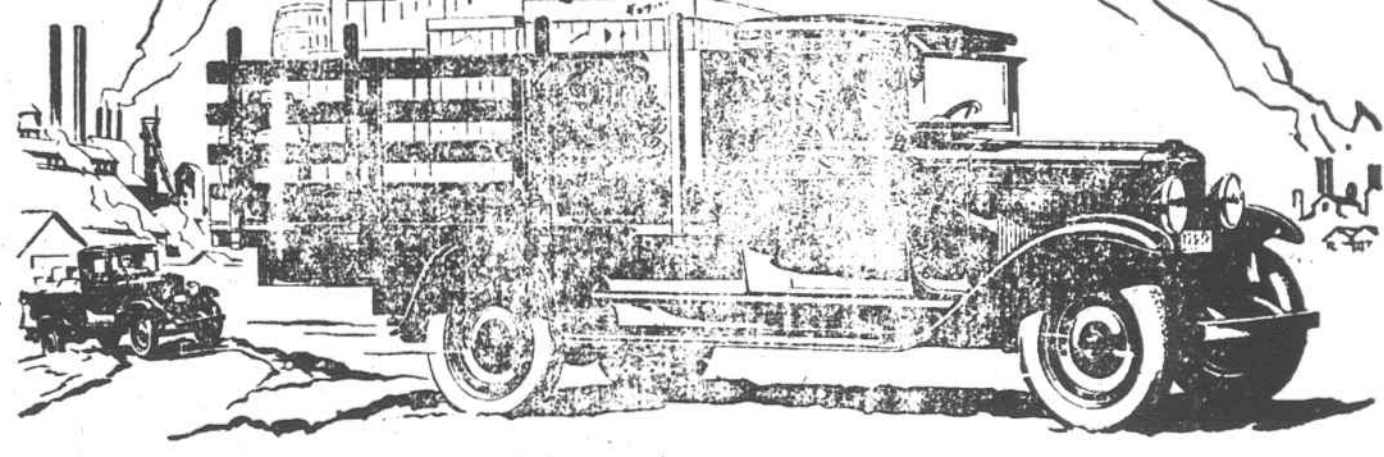
And when you have taken these new tires on your Ford, you will find the Ford dealer particularly well-equipped to make repairs quickly and at small cost. See him, too, for replacements. Then you will be sure of getting tires built specially for the Ford car according to definite Ford specifications.

## FORD MOTOR COMPANY

for Economical Transportation

# now—Six Cylinder Trucks

with the economy of the four!



CROWDED traffic conditions today demand six-cylinder performance—with its greater flexibility, greater reserve power, higher speed and swifter acceleration. And now—for the first time in commercial car history—this desirable six-cylinder performance has been made available with the economy of the four. For the new six-cylinder Chevrolet trucks are not only offered in the price range of the four—but they are as economical to operate as their famous four-cylinder predecessors! Both the Light Delivery and the 1½ Ton Utility Chassis are available with an unusually wide selection of body types—and among them is one exactly suited to your requirements. Come in today. We'll gladly arrange a trial load demonstration—load the truck as you would load it, and drive it over the roads your truck must travel in a regular day's work.

Sedan Delivery, \$595; Light Delivery Chassis, \$400; 1½ Ton Chassis, \$545; 1½ Ton Chassis with Cab, \$650. All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Mich.

## JACKSON-CHEVROLET CO, Sylva, N. C

A SIX IN THE PRICE, RANGE OF THE FOUR

Thirty-nine Jersey cows on test in Catawba county produced in one year 4.3 times as much milk and 5.5 times as much butter as he average cow in the State.

Top-dressing wheat with quick-acting nitrogen material increased the yield per acre about 24 bushels on a demonstration conducted last year by E. F. Pickel of Davidson County.

Randolph farmers have never before shown such interest in grazing and hay crops as it is apparent this year, reports county agent E. S. Millsaps.

"Approved Practices For Sweet Potato Growers" is the title of bulletin 263 recently issued by the North Carolina Experiment Station.

Farmers of Edgecombe county have organized a county livestock association to promote the growth of this industry in the county.

Demonstrations before 2,330 school children featured a rat-killing campaign made in Anson county recently. Forty-two farm boys recently joined the 4-H corn club of Halifax County.