A DAUGHTER OF THE MARIONIS

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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CHAPTER II.

"WHITE HYACINTHS."

I am driven to what is either the vehicle for the sentimental vaporings of a school girl, or the last resource of a desperate, friendless woman. I am going to set down on blank paper the record of events here just in the way they occur to me. I am going to enjoy the luxury of being honest to myself. I need not say in which of the above states I am. That is soon shown.

I would to God that I had died before I had come here; before I had sought out my uncle, Count Marioni and listened to the pitiful story of his wrongs. I am pledged to a purpose so awful that I dare not think of it. Day by day I am expecting the time to arrive for the accomplishment of my hideous vow. God keep it back! Keep me innocent a little longer!

I write this in a weak moment. There are times when my uncle's wistful eyes seem turned upon me, full of mute pleading, and the old spirit of my race stirs up a great passion of hate in my heart. Then the thing seems easy; I long for a weapon that I may end the struggle and avenge the man who looks to me to strike. Her gentle manners and kind words have no influence. I am adamant. I look across the sea and I see the figure of a man, pale and lonely, languishing year by year in a Roman prison. Then, indeed, my heart is hard and my hand is ready.

But there are other times, such as these, when I loathe myself and the part I am playing; when an unutterable horror comes upon me, and I see myself and my purpose in hideous, ghastly colors. It is such a mood that has driven me to make use of this dumb confidant, that I may confess what this thing is which has dawned upon me. My cheeks are stained with shame as I write it. Never could it have passed my lips. Oh! my love, my love, cursed am I that I love you!

He shall never know it! He thinks me cold and capricious! Let him! It is my purpose to make him suffer, and he shall suffer! In that I will be true to my oath; I will make of this weakness a scourge! No one will know how sweet to me are the words which I train my lips to answer with scorn! Never a tender look or word shall he gain from me; yet this much can I promise myself. No one else shall ever be dear to me! No other lover will I have save his memory! He thinks that I dislike him! He shall think so to the end! He shall never know—never!

I took up a novel this morning, and tried to read, but could not. Ah! those fools who write about a woman's love—what do they know about it? Nothing! less than nothing! I, Margharita, am 19 years old, and I love! I would die this moment cheerfully, sooner than he should know it! Yet, though I shall never hear one word of love from his lips, or rest for one moment in his arms; though I live to be an old woman, I would starve, beg, die, sooner than give myself to any other man. To have loved, even though the love be unknown, and to have been loved, even though it be silently, is sweet to a woman. She can crystallize the memory in her heart, and pass through life sad perhaps, yet content, cold and deaf to all other voices. They say that a man is not like this. Perhaps! A woman's nature is finer than a man's—less passionate, but more devoted.

Tonight, as the dressing-bell rang, and I was coming upstairs to change my gown for dinner, he met me in the hall and offered me—a spray of white hyacinths! How my fingers shook as I took them! White hyacinths! If he had only known what he had been doing. White hyacinths! What was that oath—"Vengeance upon traitors." Does she remember it, I wonder? I think that she does, for I wore them in the bosom of my dress, and she turned pale when she glanced at them. She looked at me as though she were afraid. Does my face remind her of the past, I wonder? She told me that my features are the features of the Marionis, and I know that I am like my mother! I am glad of it! I would have my face bring a pang to her heart every time she looks at it. That is justice.!

She looked, as though fascinated, at the bunch of white flowers in my bosom. I took care to let her know that Lord Lumley had given them to me. I am never so gracious to him as in her presence.

"By-the-bye, mother," he said, during a pause in the conversation, "I have noticed that, while you use every other color of hyacinths for table decorations, you never use any white ones. Why is it?"

She looked at her husband. I saw their eyes meet across the table, and that look told me how near the past was to their thoughts.

"It is a flower I do not care for, Lumley," she said quietly. "The perfume is too faint. Besides, they are so suggestive of funerals."

"Perhaps you would prefer my not wearing mine, then," I remarked carelessly. "I will throw them away."

"I saw him bite his lip and frown, and I laughed to myself. Lady St. Maurice was hesitating.

"I should be sorry for you to do that," she said. "Groves can take them away until after dinner, if you would not mind."

"They are scarcely worth keeping," I went on, drawing them from my corsage. "I care nothing for them after all," and opening the window just behind my chair, I threw them into the darkness.

Lord Lumley came to me in the drawing-room afterwards.

"It was scarcely kind of you to throw my flowers away," he said, bending over my chair.

I turned back with my hands clasped behind my head, and laughed up at him.

"Why not? They were nothing to me. It was kind to your mother at any rate."

Oh! hypocrite! hypocrite! If he could only have seen me a few minutes before, stealing along in the shadow of the shrubs outside looking about in the darkness till I had found them, and holding them passionately to my lips. They were in my pocket then, wrapped in a lace handkerchief. They are in a secret drawer of my desk now, and there will they remain forever. I do not mind confessing that they are very precious to me. But he does not know that.

He turned away offended and left me. But I went to the piano and sang a wild Neapolitan love song, and when I had finished he was leaning over me with a deep glow in his pale cheeks, and his eyes fixed upon mine. Does he know how handsome he is, I wonder? Whence did I get the strength to look into those deep blue eyes, burning with passion, and mock him?

"You sing divinely of what you know nothing!" he said.

"Isn't that rather a rash assumption?" I answered lightly. "You are paying me a poor compliment in taking it for granted that I never had a lover, Lord Lumley."

"Have you?"

"Oh, yes, heaps!"

"Are you engaged, then?" he asked fiercely.

"How like a man you jump at conclusions!"

"But, are you?"

"Is it your business, Lord Lumley?"

"Yes!"

"Then if you make everybody's love affairs your concern, you must find plenty to interest you."

"There is only one person in the world in whose love affairs I am interested."

"Naturally!" I answered. "Whose else should be so interesting as your own?"

"I did not mean that!" he exclaimed, almost angrily. "You are bandying words with me."

"On the contrary, it is you who seem bent on mystifying me," I answered, laughing.

"You shall hear me speak more plainly then."

"I would rather not, Enigmas are so much more interesting. Will you allow me to pass?"

"Why?" he asked, without moving an inch.

"Because, as your mother does not seem to be coming in again, I should prefer going to my room."

"She is coming in again. I heard her order coffee here in 10 minutes."

"I don't want any coffee, and I won't be kept here. Lord Lumley, be so good as to allow me to pass."

"In one minute, Margharita. I——"

"Lord Lumley, I allow no man to call me by my Christian name without permission."

"Then give me permission."

"Never!"

"You don't mean that?"

"I do! Lord Lumley, allow me to pass. I will not be kept here against my will!"

He caught hold of my wrist, but I snatched my hand away.

"Margharita, listen! I love you. Why should you be angry? I want you to be my wife."

I believe he thought that I was won. I had sunk down upon the music stool, and covered my face with my hands. My bosom was heaving with sobs. With all my strength I was battling with a strange bewildering succession of feelings. In reality I was more exquisitely and perfectly happy than I had ever dreamed of.

I felt his strong hands close over my fingers, and remove them one by one. His head was quite close to mine, and suddenly I felt his mustache brush my cheek.

To be Continued Tomorrow.

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A 30-horse-power, phaeton-bodied automobile stopped in front of the Belvedere Hotel yesterday afternoon, and a fresh-faced young man in his early twenties and a little woman, who scarcely appeared to be his elder, got out. They were Melvin A. Hall and his mother, Mrs. William A. Hall, of 1008 Fifth avenue, New York city, who for the last 20 months have been circling the globe in their machine. Exactly 39,600 miles have been traversed, and pretty nearly every country in Europe and Asia has been visited by the plucky wanderers.

Mr. Hall is 24 years old, a graduate of Princeton University, class of 1910, and the son of William A. Hall, the millionaire New Yorker. "The most interesting feature of the trip," he said in narrating his adventures and mishaps, at the Belvedere, "was the fact that my mother and I had no intention of making such a remarkable trip when we left America on the Adriatic in July, 1911. We 'did' every country in Europe except Norway, Russia and Greece, and it was not until we were in Sicily and received invitations to the Durbar in India that we suddenly decided to go right on around the world."

The experiences of the two automobilists would fill several large volumes. "It is the first time in the history of automobiling that amateurs have made such a trip," said Mr. Hall. "Four or five times before professionals have done it, but in every case their sole object was to get around. Mother and I went for pleasure, and we certainly had it, too! India was the most interesting land we saw, and our worst roads were right here in the United States.

Traveled Nearly 40,000 Miles.

"We had an awful time in New Mexico, owing to the blizzard we encountered there, and in the Middle West the Ohio River did its best to drown us. We passed through 33 countries, and we went almost 40,000 miles. I did all the driving and attended to the machine—a Packard—for the entire time. Five thousand gallons of gasoline were used, and 117 tires failed to stand the pressure. But we didn't have a single serious breakdown."

All the native princes and rajahs in India have automobiles, Mr. Hall declares, and they were most courteous to him. This friendship proved most valuable at times, for instance, when they were fighting their way across the Rajputana desert, upon which no automobile had ever run before.

"How about your food in such places as India, Mr. Hall?" was asked. "We carried most of it," was the reply. "All over India there are many chickens, on which we lived. We selected the live fowl and presto! off came his head, and presently we were eating him. I don't ever want to see another chicken."

Mr. and Mrs. Hall were in Delhi three weeks. They naturally saw a good deal of King George and his queen. "The King is fine," was the way in which Mr. Hall summed up his impressions of the British ruler, "but his wife is just the opposite. I saw the King and Queen present some polo cups to a group of army poloists. The former was most gracious. The latter was unwilling to waste a smile on the recipients of the trophies. She did not impress us very favorably."

Attend Feast at "City of God."

Next to the Durbar the feature of the trip through India was a three-day visit to the Magh Mela, the famous Hindoo festival at Allahabad, the City of God, which is held but once in 12 years, on the banks of the Ganges. There were two and a quarter million people there, and one day there was a parade of 20,000 holy men, whose sole raiment consisted of a necklace of beads—"a unique sight," as Mr. Hall phrased it. Mr. Hall told of seeing one poor fellow who intended to get to Heaven (or Nirvana) through spending his days crouched in a cage. For 24 years he has been in his self-made prison, which permits of no movement at all. Another queer character had been living on top of a high pillar, about three feet square, for 38 years.

"Ceylon is the most beautiful land in the world," is the verdict of both the travelers after seeing almost every section of the known world, for they have traveled extensively in every land before this last trip. "We were there for five weeks, and the roads were superb. There are none better, although in certain sections of this country, in England, Southern France, the Austrian Tyrol, parts of Switzerland, the Malay States and the Philippines there are roads which are fully equal to them."

Amid Tigers and Cannibals.

In Sumatra the wanderers had to be wary, for the northern part of that rather wild land is full of Bataks, natives who are cannibals, and most dangerous, naturally. There were tigers all around them there, too, and at night, when Mr. Hall attempted to hire a native to guard his machine he found it impossible to do so, owing to the dread of the striped animals so numerous there. A long tour was taken through Singapore, Cochin China, Hong Kong, Japan and the Philippines, where, according to Mr. Hall, the new government roads are unsurpassed anywhere in the world. The old Spanish roads were found impossible for automobile travel.

After attending the Mikado's funeral in Japan and going through the worst typhoon in the last half century, near Nagaya, mother and son at last boarded a steamer and reached San Francisco the first of November. Mexico was "done" immediately, and ever since they have been plowing through the mud and snow of their native land.

They reached Baltimore about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon and neither of them has ever felt or looked better. Not the least interesting of the many things stored away in the specially made fittings of the dusty, but stalwart and well-proved Packard, is a collection of 5,000 beautiful photographs taken along the way in all of the 33 countries traversed.

Mr. Hall and his mother have a number of friends in the city, and last night they were given quite a reception by them. A number of the callers were old Princeton men who met the traveler at Old Nassau. They will probably leave for the metropolis today.

J. H. Baker for Limited Suffrage.

What kind of a suffrage bill shall the Maryland suffragists send to the next legislature? Opinions on this vital topic are to be the subject of the weekly talks at the Equal Suffrage League headquarters, 829 North Charles street, at which Mrs. William M. Ellicott presides, each Wednesday evening, from 4 o'clock till 5.

Mr. J. Henry Baker was the first speaker. Mr. Baker is a prominent lawyer, and his advice comes with weight. In a talk on Wednesday he argued for a bill for municipal suffrage, and limited suffrage at that. Mr. Baker stated for the encouragement of the suffragists that the bill last year was treated with a great deal more seriousness than it was accorded four years ago. This fact he thought to be favorable for more consideration next time. He recommended that the women have the bill thoroughly defined and talked over and brought to the notice of the legislators before they go to the legislature. They are too busy when they get there to consider new subjects.

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Read the story by Ian Hay in the February American Magazine. Exactly the right size.

COMMITTEE ON CHARITIES

M. & M. Takes Up Matter for Business Men.

At a meeting of the general committee of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association yesterday afternoon to take up the report of the subcommittee appointed to consider the matter of the indorsement of charities it was recommended that a committee of seven, consisting of two representatives from the association, two from the Chamber of Commerce, two from the City Club and one to be elected by the other six, be appointed. These men will arrange plans for the establishment of a permanent charities indorsement committee to pass on schemes of a charitable and advertising nature. It was also recommended that an advisory committee, consisting of one representative from each trade organization in Baltimore, be appointed to co-operate with the executive committee to formulate plans for the establishment of the permanent committee and to outline the extent of its activities.

Those present at yesterday's meeting were Messrs. Hans Froelicher, J. W. Magruder, W. H. Maltbie, H. C. Sheridan, Robert J. Beacham and John R. Carey. The recommendations of the committee will be sent to the Chamber of Commerce and the City Club for their approval.

The object of the movement is the establishment of a committee representing the business men of Baltimore to pass upon charitable schemes and advertising propositions which are presented to them. It is pointed out that many such propositions are presented to busy men, who have no time to investigate them. It is planned to have all such schemes and plans investigated by the charities indorsement committee, and when a proposition is made to a business man by calling up the committee he can instantly ascertain whether the scheme is one that deserves support or condemnation. The work will in no way conflict with that of the Federated Charities. It is proposed to have the headquarters of the committee at the offices of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, which has, for the present, volunteered to perform all of the clerical work incident to the establishment of the proposed committee. It is estimated that the expense of such a committee will amount approximately to $1,000 a year. Among other activities of the committee will be the preparing of an approved list of charitable organizations and advertising schemes.

FUNDS FOR INVESTIGATION

Public Service Commission Can Proceed in Telephone Case.

The Public Service Commission has been informed by Governor Goldsborough that it has his authority to draw up the appropriation to the commission to meet the expenses incidental to a rehearing of the telephone rate case. With this authority the commission will be in position to employ a counsel to represent the complainants, who in this case are the Telephone Protective Association, which will be represented by Messrs. French & Marbury.

The post of assistant chief counsel of the Public Service Commission was offered to Osborne I. Yellott, of Towson, yesterday by Chief Counsel W. Cabell Bruce, but as Mr. Yellott asked for a week to consider the offer, the place remains unfilled—at least permanently—as Albert C. Ritchie is merely serving until a successor can be selected.

Mr. Yellott, who is a son of Major John I. Yellott, is a prominent young attorney, with offices at Towson and in this city. He has been identified with the Baltimore county sewerage sale case, representing the County Commissioners. To those with whom he has talked over the offer it is said he will accept.

In the meantime Mr. Ritchie will continue in office, but only to dispose of a case or two that he has personally conducted and which he has been requested to see to the end.

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IN MEMORY OF LEE

Rev. Dr. Kinsolving Delivers a Lengthy Address.

The anniversary of the birth of General Robert E. Lee was celebrated yesterday afternoon at the Arundell Hall by the members of the Baltimore Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Rev. Dr. Arthur B. Kinsolving, of Old St. Paul's Church, was the principal speaker for the occasion. He took as his subject Lee, and paid high tributes to the great Southern general. His speech was very lengthy.

Following the speech of Dr. Kinsolving, Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, the first vice president general of the United Daughters, read a paper on the monument which is to be erected to General Lee in the Arlington Cemetery next June. The most interesting part of the paper was the fact that Maryland stood foremost in the contributions for the monument, which at the present time is nearing completion.

In the absence of Mrs. John P. Poe, who is slightly ill at her home, Mrs. Charles Marshall presided and introduced the speakers.

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GUSDORFF & JOSEPH, 117 & 119 N. Howard St.
HECHT BROS. & CO., 582 to 587 W. Baltimore.
HOWARD FURNITURE CO., 109-111 N. Howard street.
MURPHY, FRANK J., 520-522 W. Lexington St.
POLLACK, U. A., Howard and Saratoga Sts.

FOREIGN FRUITS.
PALMER, HARVEY & CO., 113-115 Cheapside.

HARNESS, SADDLERY, ROBES AND BLANKETS.
O. F. DAY, SON & CO., 404-406 W. German St.

HOTELS.
HOTEL LEXINGTON, Holliday & Lex. A. P. & E. P.

HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.
J. SETH HOPKINS-MANSFIELD CO., 4, 6 and 8 W. Fayette St.
PUTTS, J. W., Lexington St. and Park Ave.

LOAN OFFICES.
BENJAMIN & CO., 420, 422, 424 E. Fayette St.
CONSOLIDATED LOAN CO., 1 N. Gay St.
SALABES & CO., 675 W. Baltimore St.

LUMBER.
SHRYOCK, T. J., & CO. (also Mfrs.), Shryock's Wharf.

MACHINISTS AND BOILERMAKERS.
BASSHOR, THOS. G., & CO., 28 Light St.
CODD CO., E. J., 706 and 708 S. Caroline St.

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MEYER, A. C., & CO., 118 W. Lombard St.
PETZOLD GERMAN BITTERS. All druggists.

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SHAW BROS., 10 South St.

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EISENBRANDT & SONS, H. R., 228-30 North Howard St.
SANDERS & STAYMAN, S. E. Cor. Charles and Fayette Sts.

PRINTERS.
YOUNG, JAMES, N. E. Cor. Baltimore and North Sts.

PRINTERS' ROLLERS.
MARK D. HARRIGAN, Printers' Rollers and Inks, 310 N. Holliday St.

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LINDSAY, GEO. W., & SONS, 112 N. Paca St.
LIVEZEY, E., N. W. Cor. St. Paul & Lexington.

SHOES.
DALSHEIMER BROS., 229 W. Lexington St.
SLESINGER, L., 196 N. Charles St.

STOVE DEALERS AND FOUNDERS.
BENNETT BROS., 523 N. Fremont Ave.

TEA AND COFFEE DEALERS.
KENNY, C. D., Cor. Eutaw and Lexington Sts.

WALL PAPER.
West Balto. Wall Paper Co., 648 W. Balto. St. c23-d&S1d

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