

HEAVY CHESTNUT CROP

The chestnut crop in many districts has been exceptionally heavy this year with the market very poor. Many rural stores have found themselves with large quantities on hand and no buyers. In Norfolk County one of the largest producers of chestnuts, the buying price opened at 25 cents per pound and dropped as low as four cents per pound in some places. The city markets, which in other years have taken copious quantities of chestnuts, have not been buying heavily this year, although the demand has picked up in recent days.

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TENTH INSTALLMENT

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE
Giles Chitttenham swears to avenge the death of his young half-brother Rodney, driven to suicide by the notorious Julie Farrow who had spurned his love. He will make Julie love him, then throw her aside as she threw Rodney. He meets her in Switzerland, goes with her to the hotel on the St. Bernard Pass, and succeeds in winning her love. To his amazement, he discovers that he has fallen overwhelmingly in love with her himself! And he is married, to an American girl with whom he has nothing in common.

Then he discovers that this girl is not the same Julie Farrow who ruined Rodney, but her cousin of the same name. She scorns him when he confesses his love and his inability to marry her. They meet later in London, where she is going the pace that kills. Another man, Lawrence Schofield, wants to marry her, in spite of her wild life.

Through his friend Lombard, Giles Chitttenham meets the "other Julie," the notorious woman who had ruined Rodney's life. She tells him that she is going to die; the doctors have given her up as incurable and she is leaving England. She is worried about her cousin, the girl Chitttenham loves. That Julie — his Julie — is going in fast company, among them a common little American girl named Sadie Barrow.

And Sadie Barrow is Giles Chitttenham's wife. He did not know that she was in England. That night he meets her at a party at his mother's house. They pretend to be strangers.

Giles learns that Sadie Barrow, his wife, has gone in for spiritualism and is attending seances by a medium named Chryer.

He calls on Julie, who is cold to him. He reproaches her for her reckless life. They quarrel, and she leaves with Lawrence Schofield. Her friend, Bim Lennox, tells Giles that Julie really loves him. Lombard calls on him and says he is in need of money.

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A slyly amused smile crossed Lombard's face, and Giles broke out savagely:

"Damn you; do you think I'm afraid for myself? If it were only a question of that, I'd give you the biggest thrashing you ever had, and kick you out in the street. But as there is some one else in the case . . ."

"And some one for whom you have a great regard, eh?" Lombard sneered. "My dear fellow, don't think I'm not sympathetic. I know a great deal more than you think I do. For instance—our mutual friend, the charming little American . . ."

"What the hell do you mean?"

"Only that I overheard last night—quite by accident—something which both of you apparently are most anxious to keep from the rest of the world. I've always found that it's most dangerous to talk secrets in a crowded room, and your wife, you will agree, has rather an insistent voice—"

"You sneaking hound—"

Lombard shrugged his shoulders. "As you please! I'm not in a position to resent anything you say. After all, it's common knowledge that opportunity makes the thief—"

"And if I refuse to give you anything at all?"

"Then probably Mrs. Chitttenham will be very pleased to buy the information I have to sell."

"Then go to her, and be damned to you."

"So Julie Farrow's reputation is nothing to you, after all?"

Giles went very white. He knew he was in Lombard's power. "Get out, or . . ." The door closed hurriedly between them.

It was not true that Julie had promised to marry Lawrence Schofield, but when, after her stormy interview with Chitttenham, he again urged her to accept him, she suddenly gave in. She felt over-wrought and weak, almost as if the combat between herself and the man she loved had been a physical one.

Lawrence Schofield's kindly devotion was like a cool hand laid on her feverishness, and when once again he asked if she could not make up her mind to marry him, she suddenly gave in—

"Very well—if you are willing to take the risk."

"I am quite willing."

He wanted to go straight away and buy her the finest diamond ring in London, but Julie would not allow it.

"Not yet. You must give me a little time to get used to it. I don't want people to know just yet."

He was disappointed, but he fell in with her wishes.

"Just as you like. Everything shall always be just as you like."

Sudden tears filled her eyes.

"That's foolish of you," she told him. "But it's dear of you too. I'm not half good enough for you, Lawrence."

It was a bright, sunny afternoon, so he would not let her go back to the flat when they had lunched.

"I'm going to take you for a drive in the country. London is racketing your nerves to pieces."

They stopped at a little country inn for tea. In one of the rooms somebody was playing a gramophone, and there was the sound of laughter and dancing feet.

"They sound happy, don't they?" Julie said with an effort.

"I hope they are as happy as we are," Schofield answered impulsively. "My greatest happiness will be in giving you everything you want."

Julie laughed brokenly.

It was on her lips to say that if she had been rich she would not have consented to marry him. It was more than she could bear; she started restlessly to her feet.

"Shall we go? It's getting dark, and the country is so dreary when it gets dark."

They drove back to London and dined together.

Julie sat up stiffly, her heart beating fast.

"I've been there—" she said in a strange little voice. "I drove my car up there only a month or two ago." She laughed with shaken excitement. "I stayed at the hotel . . . it's so cold and cheerless."

"It looks wonderful," Schofield said. "I've never been out of England myself," he added humbly.

"Yes—it was wonderful," Julie whispered. She sat with her hands clasped together, her eyes fixed on the screen. It was as if some one had taken her back three months, and was making her live those few hours of complete happiness once more.

"That's the Monastery—" she said. "You could hardly see it for snow when we were there—"

"We?" Schofield said quickly. "You were not alone then?"

"There are always a great many tourists," Julie answered.

A newsboy came along crying his news.

"Tragic death of a well-known society beauty . . ."

"I'll get a paper," Schofield said. They stopped under a lamp to read the short paragraph on the front page.

"What is it?" Julie asked. She bent lower to read the words. Then suddenly she gave a cry. "It's Jewel! My cousin Julie! Oh, poor Julie . . ."

The details were meagre, and without entire corroboration, but it appeared that Julie—the other Julie who had unwittingly brought about the tragedy of her cousin's life—while on her way to India, where she had been going for a holiday—was suddenly missed from the ship, and was presumed to have fallen overboard. There followed a brief account of her life—her popularity in society—her marriage and divorce—her vogue as a beauty—her tremendous luck and good fortune in every way.

"Every way except in happiness—"

Julie said passionately. "She never had any happiness . . . oh, poor Julie!" The tears were running down her cheeks.

They drove back to the flat and she bade him good-night.

She wondered if Bim had heard about the tragedy. She opened the door. She held the newspaper still clutched in her hand. There was a little movement in the room and some one pushed back a chair from in front of the fire.

"Jewel is dead—" Julie said, sobbing. "I suppose you know. She's dead . . . she's been lucky to the end, you see . . . I only wish I were dead too . . ."

Then she broke off with a little choking cry, for it was not Bim who rose to meet her, but Giles Chitttenham.

There was a tragic silence. Chitttenham made a quick step forward.

"Julie . . . what is it—?"

Julie laughed sobbingly. "My cousin—the other Julie . . . the one you wanted to punish—you'll never be able to hurt her now—she's dead . . ."

She almost threw the newspaper at him, and, dropping into a chair, hid her face in her out-flung arms.

He laid the paper down on the table and looked at Julie. He could not think of anything save that she was unhappy, and with sudden impulse went down on his knees beside her and took her into his arms.

"Julie!"

For a moment she resisted violently. "Don't! How dare you! Leave me alone . . ."

Then quite suddenly her resistance was gone, and she ceased to struggle. She looked at him with tragic eyes.

"If only it had been me—" she said wildly. "If only I could die too—"

"You don't mean that. There's much happiness in store for us—and together. Listen to me—Julie, you must listen—"

She shivered away from him, her shoulders hunched, her face averted.

"I suppose I can't stop you saying what you want to, but it's no use. I don't know why you have come back. I told you I never wished to see you again—"

"I came because I love you, and because I know you love me—"

"You are very sure of that!" she said bitterly.

"I am proud to be sure. Look at me, Julie—"

ely.
Chitttenham put his hands on her shoulders and forced her to turn to him.

"If you can look me in the eyes and say honestly that you do not love me, and that you wish me to go away and never come back, I will believe you," he said.

There was poignant silence, Julie raised her tear-drowned eyes with weary defiance, and her lips moved, but no words came.

Chitttenham laughed triumphantly. (Continued Next Week)

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1 Black and white cow, due time of sale
1 Black and white cow, full flow, bred October 7th
1 Red and white cow, full flow
1 Black and white cow, full flow, bred October 1st
1 Black and white cow, full flow
1 Black and white heifer, due Nov 25
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