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**ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT
WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE**

Giles Chitttenham swears to avenge
the death of his young half-brother
Rodney, driven to suicide by the no-
torious 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 ho-
tel on the St. Bernard Pass, and suc-
ceeds 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 con-
fesses his love and his inability to
marry her. They meet later in Lon-
don, where she is going the pace that
kills. Another man, Lawrence Scho-
field, 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 stran-
gers.

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

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. He threatens that if Chit-
tenham does not give him money he
will spread the tale that he and Julie
had spent the night together at St.
Bernard Pass. Giles is indignant
and shows Lombard out. Later Julie
and Schofield go to a movie together
and the pictures remind Julie of the
Alps. She finds Chitttenham waiting
for her. She Bernard and Schofield
becomes suspicious. On the way
home they get a newspaper which con-
tains the news of the death abroad of
the other Julie. At her flat she finds
Chitttenham waiting for her. She
confesses to him that she loves him.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
"You can't say it! Julie..." With
a fierce little movement he drew her
into his arms and kissed her lips.
"I love you," he whispered. "I've
never loved any one but you. Forgive
me, Julie..."
She put her hands against his chest,
trying to hold him from her.
"Forgive you? And then what?"
she asked hoarsely. She began to cry,
softly and brokenly. "You might
leave me alone—you might leave me
alone," she sobbed, helplessly.
She knew she had reached the end
of her endurance. She knew that if
she gave in to him now there would
be no tracing her steps. She tried
to think of Lawrence Schofield—tried
to believe that he was far the better
man of the two, and that with him she
would stand a greater chance of hap-
piness, but common-sense and logic
died against the magic of Chitttenham's
arms and the touch of his lips. She
only knew that during all the
weeks since they parted in Switzer-
land, she had ached for this moment,
dreamed of it and longed for it, and
that now in spite of her proud defian-
ce, it had come, and when Chitttenham
asked again:

"Do you love me,—do you want me
after all, Julie?" she had no answer.

She let him draw her closely into
his arms, and when he pressed her
head down against his shoulder, she
closed her eyes with a little sigh of
spent resignation.

It was a long time before either of
them spoke again. Chitttenham did
not attempt to kiss her, he just held
her in his arms, his cheek against her
hair, as if she had been a tired child
who had come to him for comfort and
protection.

It was Julie who moved first.

"Bim will be in soon. Poor Bim,
I've been such a beast to her lately."
She drew a little back from him,
looking at him with eyes that were all
wet and ashamed, and yet happier
than he had seen them since that night
in Switzerland.

It was typical of Julie that now she
had given in, she was ready to ac-

knowledge herself fully beaten. With
Chitttenham's first kiss she put the
past behind her and kept her eyes closed
to the future. For the moment
the present was all sufficient. The
great ache and unhappiness of her
heart had been taken away; he was
there and he loved her. The happiness
of that knowledge and the relief of her
own admission that she loved him, for
a little while blinded her to everything
else.

"Bim is away—" Chitttenham said.
"I rang her up before I came here."
She was called out of town—I forget
what reason she gave—some friend, I
think..."

Julie flushed.
"I wonder if that was true? Or, if
it was I who really drove her away.
I've been horrible lately—"

He folded her close to his heart once
more.
"It's all over and done with," he
whispered.

"Is it?" A little line of pain creased
her forehead. "You must be a
wonderful man if you can say that
with such confidence," she told him
sadly.

"What do you mean?"
She closed her eyes wearily before
the insistence of his.

"I mean... I suppose no miracles
have happened, have they?"
"Only that you are here, in my
arms."

"That is not what I mean."
He knew what she meant, and he
answered her directly.

"I am still married, if that is what
you mean, Julie?"
"Yes." He could hardly catch the
whisper.

He turned her face from its resting-
place against his shoulder, and kissed
her.

"I shall ask my wife to set me free.
We are nothing to one another."
Julie shivered.

"Supposing she won't consent? ...
Shall you tell her about me?"
Chitttenham hesitated.

"She may not be sufficiently inter-
ested to want to know. She and I
have not been anything to one another
for a long time. Where are you going?"

Julie had risen to her feet, gently
disengaging his arms.

"I am just wondering how all this
came about," she said brokenly. "How
I... how you made me give in to
you. It was the last thought in my
mind when I came in. No—don't
touch me, please—" For he had risen
also and moved towards her.

"Giles... do you think I've been
very easy to break?"
Chitttenham winced. Her words
hurt him. She looked infinitely
pathetic as she stood there, her face still
stained with tears, and her lips trem-
bling. He made a swiftly passionate
movement towards her.

"Julie... do you really love me,
my dear?"
The hot colour rushed from her chin
to her brow.

"Will it sound very horrid of me if
I say that I wish I didn't?" she
whispered. "No—no, stay there. I want
to talk to you. It's still all so unreal
—I feel so muddled—as if it's just a
dream that I can only faintly remem-
ber. Tell me—why did you come
back here this evening?"

"Because I heard that you were to
marry Schofield."
"Oh!" Her eyes fell. Poor Law-
rence! She had forgotten him com-
pletely.

"And now—what do we do now?"
she asked softly.

Chitttenham held out his arms.
"Come here, and I will tell you."
She went to him readily enough, and
for a little while everything was for-
gotten in kisses, and the foolish words
of lovers which yet hold all the wis-
dom of the world.

The chiming of a clock brought
them back to earth.

She pushed him from her.
"It was your fault," she said fever-
ishly. "I was weak enough to let it
be your fault. I suppose I haven't
any pride, or I should just have gone
on and got over it—"

"I'm glad you didn't, Julie."
With sudden impulse, Julie raised
his hand to her lips and kissed it, then
with revulsion of feeling she almost
angrily pushed it from her.

He took her face between his hands,
and kissed her passionately.

"Nothing shall ever part us any-
more," he whispered against her lips.
But she was not satisfied.

"Giles—supposing she won't divorce
you?"
"I am not afraid of that."
"But supposing she won't?" Julie
insisted feverishly.

"Need we suppose any such thing?"
"I want to suppose everything. I
want to know what the worst is that
we may have to face."

Chitttenham looked away from her,
and there was a hard line about his
mouth.

"If such a thing happened—it would
be for you to say—" he answered at
last.

"What do you mean?"
He looked at her sadly.

"That then there would be only one
way in which we could belong to each
other, Julie."

She did not pretend to misunder-
stand him, but the hot blood rose to
her soft hair and her eyes fell.

"Would you care well enough for
that... if there was no other way,
Julie?"

For a moment she was silent, then
with a swift little gesture she turned
to him, hiding her face against his
breast.

It was two o'clock before Giles
thought of leaving the flat.

"Such a scandal!" he teased Julie.
"Neither of us would have a shred of
reputation left if our best and dearest
friends knew how abominably we have
been behaving."

"I haven't any best and dearest
friends except Bim—" she answered,
and then abruptly: "Giles, what do
you think of Sadie?"
"Sadie—" He was glad that as her
cheek was resting against his shoulder
she could not see his face. It seemed
an ill omen that at this moment she
should speak of his wife. He avoid-
ed a deliberate answer.

"What a question! I hardly know
what to say," he said lightly.

"I only asked because she has spok-
en about you several times. I think
she rather likes you."

"Nonsense!"
His voice sounded almost angry and
Julie looked up at him in surprise.

"Don't you want her to like you?
She and I are great friends. I prefer
her to any one I have met since—"
She stopped with a little shrug of her
shoulders.

"Since you and I met on the top of
the world," Giles added for her.

It was nearly three in the morning
when he left the flat, and the streets
were silent and deserted as he walked
away through the darkness, pausing
for a moment to look back at the light-
ed window where Julie stood with her
face pressed to the pane to catch a
last glimpse of him.

Behind him was the sound of other
steps, a little slower than his, and yet
in some strange way seeming delib-
erately to be dogging him.

Chitttenham glanced over his should-
er, irritatingly conscious of being fol-
lowed.

A taxicab on the lookout for a late
fare turned a corner, and Giles hailed
it. At all events it would put an end
once and for all to his interested fol-
lower. As he slammed up the door
he glanced backwards along the road
the way he had come.

The man was passing beneath a
street lamp, and in the sudden light
his figure seemed strangely familiar,
although for the moment Chitttenham
could not place the resemblance.

The taxicab moved away and then
all at once he knew—it was Lombard.
That was the resemblance he
had seen—Harry Lombard!

For an instant he was conscious of
angry premonition; what did it mean?
—then he laughed at himself. The
idea was preposterous! Why should
Lombard have followed him? He re-
membered their last meeting—and
Lombard's detestable insinuations.

Chitttenham's face grew grim.

Supposing Lombard had been wait-
ing outside Julie's flat during the past
five hours?

When Chitttenham was dressing in
the morning his mother rang through
on the phone.

"I only rang up to ask if you will
come this afternoon."

"Why do you want me to come?
You know I'm an unbeliever."

There was a little hesitation before
the plaintive voice came again.

"To tell you the truth, I'm just a
tiny bit nervous! I've never been mix-
ed up in anything of the kind before,
and I thought with you there—"

"The evil spirits couldn't get you,
eh?—don't worry—" Giles laughed.

"I meant to come anyway."

"And, Giles—in case you're angry
at meeting her again after what hap-
pened the other night—Miss Farrow is
coming! I know I said I wouldn't
have her in the house any more, but
after all, one must be broad-minded—"

Giles guffawed.

"It takes all sorts to make a world"
his mother went on. "So you will be

nice and polite to her, won't you,
dear?"

"I think I can safely promise you
that."

He smiled to himself as he hung up
the receiver. It seemed absurd that
his mother should have thought it ne-
cessary to ask him to be polite to Julie!

He had hardly finished dressing
when a message came to say that
Lombard was downstairs waiting to
see him.

(Continued Next Week)

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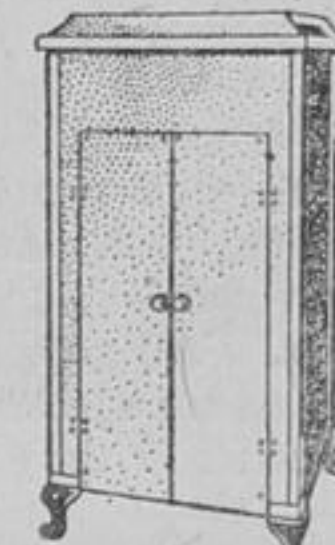
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