So Much for Love

by NARD JONES © 1936 NEA Service, Inc.

CHAPTER VI

hn Courtney looked at Helena in nishment. "But that isn't the way r wanted it, apparently," he said. "Isn't there . . . anyone else?"

ourtney studied his hands a mo- before replying. "There's Pe- uncle, Roger Barnes. He has managing the store. You see, he has been away a good deal."

"Then why shouldn't Barnes have

"Because Peter has provided that shall have it." Courtney told her ently. "I want to be honest with Mrs. Henderson. We may have hile with Roger Barnes. It's al- certain that he will feel the should have come to him. I ex- him to contest the will."

Helena's shoulders sagged wearily. sure I shan't fight it." She d her eyes to Courtney. "Tell me —about Leah Frazier. Peter in- d that she was your friend, but know differently."

Courtney started to speak, then ped. Finally he asked, "Do you y feel like talking now?"

"Please go ahead," Helena told "I—I've got to get things ight now."

"Well . . . I'm afraid you don't very much about Peter Hender- I—please understand me—I don't how you could in the short time . . ." His voice trailed off, and began again with difficulty. "Of se I understand how these things pen. I believe you were sincere. e told me that you knew nothing his financial standing when you ed to marry him."

"That's true," Helena burst out. "I loved him."

Courtney nodded. "He possessed a deal of charm. Women lost their s about him—threw themselves him. As . . . well, as his attorney, ppen to know all this. And Peter d to play. He was rarely in town give attention to the business. liked to be everywhere —and the lt was that lots of people knew And," Courtney paused, "nobody w him well."

"You haven't told me about—about Frazier."

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Courtney cleared his throat. "I'm ing to that. You see, Leah Frazier ngs to one of the town's oldest lies. She and Peter had known other since they were children. n Leah went east to school, finally Europe. Peter went his own way— military prep school in the south, then to Stanford. But when they rned, and were in town together, er called on Leah often. They together at our local affairs. ple began to take it for granted t, whenever Peter got ready to le down, he would marry Leah zier."

"I . . . see," said Helena dully.

Peter knew the town. He knew t they would say when they heard t he'd married someone else. I sup- he felt sorry for her, knowing t she would face. That's why he for her with me. I—I really don't k he was in love with her, Mrs. derson. Peter was an impetuous , and if he had been in love with I'm sure he would have married long ago."

"But he—he must have planned to rry her . . . some time."

"No doubt. As a duty." Courtney ded. "Then you came along."

Helena's fists clenched until the ckles showed white. "God knows I h I—I hadn't." She looked at urtney helplessly. "What can I do? w can I get out of this?"

The attorney shrugged. "I wouldn't doing my duty to Peter if I sug- ed that to you—yet. How do you w you want out of it? The best g for you to do is return home h me. The store is yours. You can it to someone else, or give it them, or you must operate it."

"What do you suggest?" Helena anded evenly. "You're his—his ow's attorney now, and you have a y to me, too."

"Well . . . My idea is that you uld take over the store. Then if find it—ah—inconvenient under circumstances, you sell it for a fortable sum. Possibly to Roger rnes."

"I know what you mean by 'in- venient,'" Helena said slowly. "They'll all hate me."

Courtney looked grim. "They'll re- d you as an interloper for a time, ibly. I wouldn't mislead you there. d Roger Barnes may be an active emy."

"And Leah Frazier?"

Courtney shook his head. "I can't swer that."

But Helena could answer it. Her , woman's instinct told her that h Frazier would be a far more ve enemy than Roger Barnes, atever the latter might be like.

The attorney looked at his watch. "The caretaker has offered to take to the station to catch the after- n train. I'll see to . . . all the ar- gements, and the services, of urse, will be over there. You'll come h us?"

Helena nodded. "Of course I'll want to be at the funeral. Then I'll ide about the—the other."

Courtney left the room briskly, and few moments later Helena sought dra. Briefly, through a fresh flood tears, she told Sandra Leigh what ter had done. "But I can't go ough with it, don't you see? I—I n't belong in Peter's life or in his rs or in his business. I—I haven't right."

The Leigh girl sat squarely in front her, lifted Helena's chin until their es met. "Look here, child. I'm glad e come to me with this. I—I rather I got you into it, and I want chance to see you through it. swer a question for me. Who has better right to it than you?"

"Peter's uncle. Perhaps this—this h Frazier."

"Nonsense! I don't know Peter's le, but there must have been some d reason why he was left out al- ther. As for Leah Frazier, feel ry for her if you want. But I'll y you this, you'd better feel sorrier yourself. She has that town by tail, and she'll swing it against every chance she gets. I think know women, Helena. She's the kind at doesn't fall for a man, toss over ything for him. She had herself r Peter, and she was going to get him. It never mattered whether she loved him, or whether he loved her."

"But I—"

"Let me finish, Helena. You thought you were in love with Peter. I think you were, but whether it was love or just an infatuation that swept you off your feet doesn't matter now. You were willing to take the chance, and you took it. You couldn't know this was going to happen. And don't think you're being handed something free. Life doesn't work out that way. If you make a go of it in Peter's home town with what he left you, then you'll fight like hell for it and win it on your own."

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There was a knock at the door, and at Sandra's invitation it opened and revealed a tall, cool blond.

"Miss Frazier . . ." Sandra said clearly, "this is Mrs. Henderson."

Leah Frazier's gaze was sharp, penetrating, and under it Helena felt her face growing crimson. "How do you do?" said Leah, immediately ignoring Helena. She turned to Sandra. "I was wondering about the plane schedule to the city. I—I'm rather upset and I don't think I'll return home for a few days."

While Leah stood there facing Sandra, Helena examined her. She was indeed beautiful. Her features, her figure were perfect, almost as though she had been done in marble by some sculptor—but a sculptor who had somehow been unable to breathe softness into his work. Her poise was a mosaic, nicely fitted together, a pattern from smart schools, from Cannes, from Paris, from Florida and Palm Springs. For a moment Helena felt strangely afraid. This, then, was the woman who would have been Peter Henderson's wife. "Sandra was right," Helena thought. "She didn't love Peter. She couldn't love anyone. She—she's not even going to his funeral."

A troublesome voice somewhere in her brain kept asking, "Did you love Peter? How do you know? How do you know it wasn't the new environment, the gaiety of Sandra's crowd—Peter making love to you in the moonlight—how do you now it wasn't that?" In a sudden flash of self-revelation she saw that what she was feeling for Peter's death was not so much grief as shock. Grief was something that welled up out of the years, out of an association between two people through happiness and sorrow, through success and defeat.

But her brain was too weary to follow things out. Her life seemed to have been taken into other hands. John Courtney seemed to symbolize a fate that was steering her along in the rut of the law.

Before she could be certain of anything at all, she was on the train with him, bound for Peter's town . . . the owner of the Henderson Department store and the big Henderson home she had never seen.

(To Be Continued)

Farewell Party Is Walterville Event

WALTERVILLE, July 24.—(Special)—A party was given Wednesday evening at the upper and lower N. O. W. halls honoring the M. J. Drury family with a farewell reception as they are moving to Cottage Grove the first of August. Mr. and Mrs. Drury and George have lived in this vicinity for several years. Mr. Drury has been a member of the Walterville school board and at present is holding office in this capacity. They are members of the local grange also. Upstairs the guests were playing games and visiting while downstairs the young people were playing party games. Refreshments were served at 11 o'clock. The following guests were present for the evening: Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Drury and son, George, Mrs. A. T. Easton, Gail Eas- Campbell, Hartha Campbell, Howard Campbell, Claude Campbell, Jesse Schwering, Mrs. Ed Schwering, Mrs. Gina Momb, George Momb, Pete Momb, Mrs. N. Y. Brown, Merton Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Albert May and family, Elizabeth, Willard, Irene and Leslie, C. C. Polley, Mrs. Mina Ellis, Ted Magness, Mr. and Mrs. Matt Emmerick, Frank Emmerick, Matt Emmerick, Wilbur Dehne, Mr. and Mrs. John Kickbusch, Evelyn Kickbusch, Winnifred Kickbusch, John Kickbusch, Mrs. J. W. Fountain, Mrs. Fred Easton, Marvin Easton, Nellie Easton, Walter Ebbert and family, Meredith, Marion, Betty, Ardeth, Mrs. Drew, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Huston, Mary Knowles, Mr. and Mrs. George Marx, Mrs. Joe O'Dell, Martheda O'Dell, Mrs. Joe Yoakum and son Joe.

CLUB HAS PICNIC

HEBRON, July 24.—(Special)—The Jolly Hikers Camp Cookery club of Hebron met at Cedar creek picnic grounds for a supper to be cooked by groups over the campfire. Mrs. Fred Patten chaperoned the group of 18 members.

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S. L. Smith et ux to Irene Swazey —55.235 A. tp. 17-4 W. $10.

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George C. Stanley et ux to Anna W. Tuck—Lot 1, blk. 1, Riverwood, $1.

Fred Scheiber to John L. Rush—5 A. tp. 17-2 W, $500.

P. C. Pratt et ux to Flora Agnes Denniston—Lot 12, blk. 17 Veneta, $1.

F. M. Keller et ux to Harry B. Plaisted et ux—Tract sec. 23, tp. 18-3 W, $10.

Lane County to M. G. Howard—Lots in Hollenbeck add. Eugene, $570.80.

Lane County to H. E. Raymond et ux—1.5 A. tp. 20-1 W, $25.

Jess Gates et ux to Lulu Layne—Tract tp. 17-2 W, $1.

Leslie C. Kirkham to Caroline Venting—Lot 2, blk. 2, Whitney's add. Eugene, $150.

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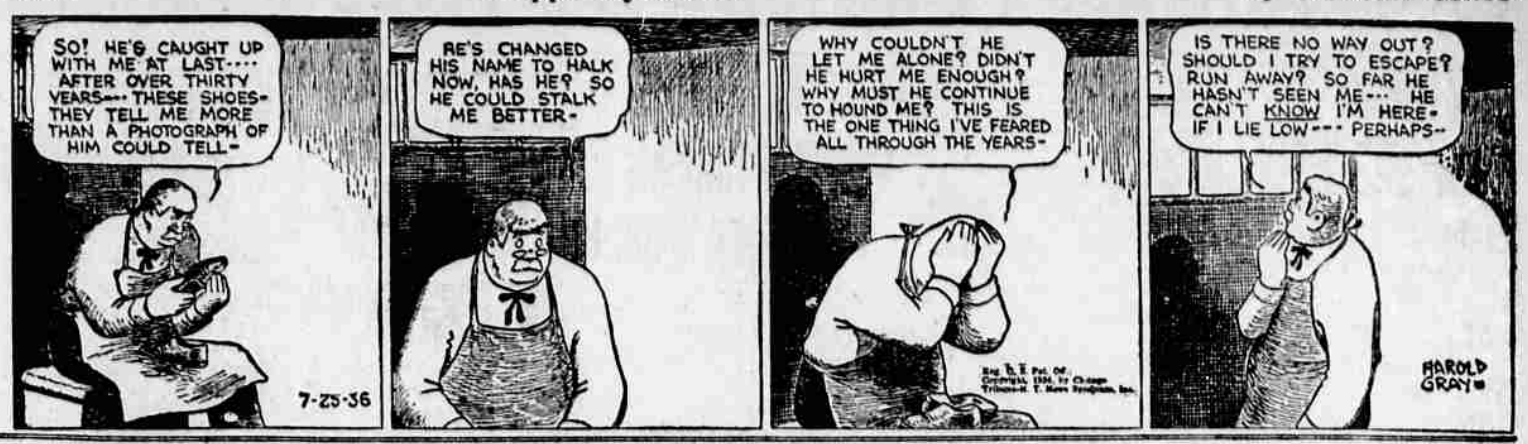

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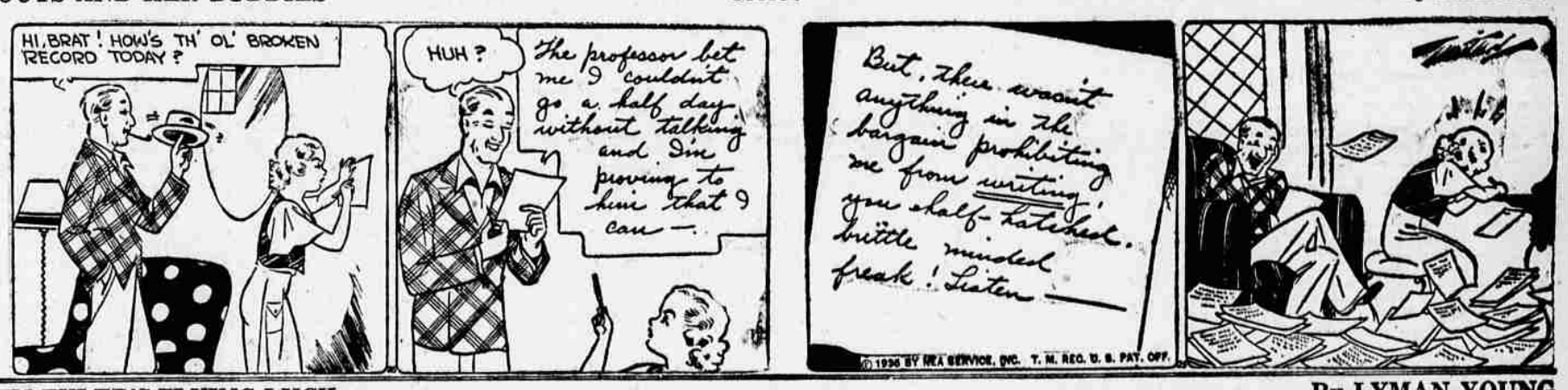

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