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NOTICE OF FINAL HEARING

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed her final account as administratrix of the Estate of Frank W. Shinnors, Deceased, and that the court has set 10:00 A. M. of Friday, Dec. 26, 1930, at the time when at the chambers of the county court in the Court House, in Eugene, Oregon, the court will take up said final account for examination and allowance and make an order for the assignment of the residue of said estate. All persons interested therein may appear at said hearing and be heard in reference thereto.

BRIDGET SHINNORS,
Administratrix.
S. D. Allen, attorney for Estate.
N27-D4-11-18-25

CHRISTMAS CARDS

There are still some nice Christmas cards in stock at the Springfield News office. We can give prompt service in printing your names on these individual cards.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN That Maude E. Caley, the executrix of the last will and testament and estate of Edith Caley, deceased, has rendered and filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane her final account and on Saturday, the 10th day of January, 1931, at the County Court room in the Court House in the City of Eugene, Oregon, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day has been by order of said Court filed and appointed as the day, time and place for the hearing of objections to said final account and the settlement thereof. All objections must be in writing and filed with the Clerk of said Court on or before said day and time.

Dated this 11th day of December, 1930.

MAUDE E. CALEY,
D. 11-18-25-J-18

NOTICE OF FINAL HEARING

Notice is hereby given that Edna R. Whisler has filed in the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, her final account as administratrix of the estate of D. R. Whisler, Deceased, and that the court has set 10:00 A. M. of Friday, January 9, 1931, at the time when said account will come up for examination and allowance. All persons interested therein may appear before said court at said time and be heard in reference thereto.

EDNA R. WHISLER,
Administratrix.
S. D. Allen, Attorney for Estate.
D. 11-18-25-J-18

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

The undersigned, administrator of the estate of HARRY L. SPENCER, deceased, has filed his final account in the matter of said estate, with the County Clerk of Lane County, Oregon, and an order has been made and entered of record by the County Court of said County, directing this notice and appointing the 20th day of December, 1930, at ten o'clock, A. M., as the time for the hearing of objections to said account, and the settlement of said estate.

Dated this 20th day of November, 1930.

EDNA B. YARNALL,
Administratrix of the Estate of A. L. Yarnall, deceased.
N20-27-D4-11-18

NOTICE OF FINAL HEARING

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of HARRY L. SPENCER, deceased, has filed his final account in the matter of said estate, with the County Clerk of Lane County, Oregon, and an order has been made and entered of record by the County Court of said County, directing this notice and appointing the 20th day of December, 1930, at ten o'clock, A. M., as the time for the hearing of objections to said account, and the settlement of said estate.

Dated at Eugene, Oregon, this 20th day of November, 1930.

E. R. MORRIS,
Administrator of the estate of Harry L. Spencer, deceased.
Immel & Evans, attorneys for Estate.
N20-27-D4-11-18

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN That Cornelia S. Chase, as executrix of the last will and testament and estate of Henry W. Chase, deceased, has filed her final account in said estate, and the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, has fixed Monday, the 12th day of January, 1931 at the hour of 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the County Courthouse in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon as the time and place for the hearing of said final account.

All persons having objections to said final account are notified to present the same in writing on or before said time.

Dated this 11th day of December, 1930.

CORNELIA S. CHASE,
Executrix of Last Will and Testament and Estate of Henry W. Chase, deceased.
Hugh Edwards and Bryson, Eugene, Oregon, Attorneys for Executrix.
D. 11-18-25-J-18

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the order of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County, as administrator of the estate of Harry C. Jackson, deceased; all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same properly verified to the undersigned administrator at the office of Fred E. Smith, Attorney at Law, 445-6 Miner Building, Eugene, Oregon, within six months after the date of this notice.

CHAS. W. JOHNSON,
Administrator.
Fred E. Smith,
Attorney for Administrator.
D. 11-18-25-J-18

NOTICE OF HEARING ON FINAL ACCOUNT

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned administratrix of the estate of J. W. Ish, deceased, has filed her account for the final settlement of said estate in the County Court for Lane County, Oregon, and that Saturday, the 3rd day of January, 1931, at the Court Room of said Court, in the County Court House, in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, has been by said Court fixed as the time and place for hearing objections thereto, and for the final settlement of said estate.

BIRDIE L. ISH,
Administratrix of the Estate.
L. L. Ray, Attorney for Estate.
D. 4-11-18-25-J-1

Wanted Work

The Community Center has the following people listed who need work:

- One Painter and Paper Hanger
- Four Common Laborer
- One Skilled Steel Sharpener
- One Stationary Engineer
- One Skilled Rock Man
- Four Women for House Work.

Help the unemployed whenever you can. List your jobs with the Community Red Cross Center at the Chamber of Commerce.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County November 21st, 1930, upon and pursuant to a decree duly given and made by the said Court November 20th, 1930, in a suit pending therein in which Mary Hostick was plaintiff and Carl Marks, H. C. Kenney and Ella Kenney, his wife, were defendants, which execution and order of sale was to me directed and commanded me to sell the real property hereinafter described to satisfy certain liens and charges in said decree specified, I will on Saturday, the 27th day of December, 1930, at the hour of one o'clock P. M. at the southwest door of the County Court-house in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, offer for sale and sell at public auction for cash, subject to redemption as provided by law, all of the right, title and interest of the defendants in said suit and of all parties claiming by, through or under them or any of them since the 20th day of November, 1930, in or to the following described real property, to-wit:

The North half of the Southeast quarter, and the South half of the Northeast quarter of Sec. twenty-one (21) in Township Fifteen (15) South, Range One (1) West of the Willamette Meridian, Lane County, Oregon, excepting therefrom forty two acres sold to D. F. Marks as shown by deed dated April 25th, 1922, and recorded in Book 131, page 616 Lane County Deed Records, together with the water right therein reserved.

Dated this 26th day of November, 1930.

H. L. BOWN,
Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.
N27-D4-11-18-25

Estate of Elizabeth Morehouse, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Lewis H. Morehouse has been by the County Court of the State of Oregon, in and for Lane County, appointed executor of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Morehouse, deceased.

All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are hereby notified to present the same, duly stated and verified at the residence of A. E. Wheeler, 710 Lawrence street, in Eugene, Oregon, within six months from this 27th day of November, 1930.

LEWIS H. MOREHOUSE,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Elizabeth Morehouse, deceased.
A. E. Wheeler, Attorney.
N27-D4-11-18-25

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All that part of the South half of the Northeast quarter and the North half of the Southeast quarter of Section 21 tp. 15, S. R. 1 W. W. M. Lane County, Oregon, lying east of the County Road, and more particularly described as follows to-wit: Beginning at a point in the East line of Section 21, Tp. 15 S. R. 1 W. W. M. 20.00 chains South of the Northeast corner thereof and running thence along the section line, south 40.00 chains; thence west 10.25 chains to the center of the County road; thence Northerly along the center of the county road to a point due west of the point of beginning; thence east 11.74 chains to the place of beginning; containing 42.00 acres of land in Lane County, Oregon, together with the use of the water from the spring on the land adjoining the above described property in Sec. 21, Tp. 15 S. R. 1 W. W. M. Lane County, Oregon, which said land belonged to Carl Marks as shown by that certain deed dated April 25th, 1922 and recorded in Book 131 page 626 Lane County Deed Records.

Dated this 26th day of November, 1930.

H. L. BOWN,
Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.
Nov. 27-D4-11-18-25



By Ruby M. Ayres

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. 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 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.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

about something else."

"Very well. Say—have you met the other Julie yet?"

"Yes. A night or two ago. I was agreeably surprised," he said at last. "You know she has gone abroad?"

"I saw something about it in the paper."

"Of course every one is saying that she has gone with some man."

Chitttenham made a swift gesture of anger, but he instantly controlled himself.

"I know that is absolutely untrue," he said.

Doris flushed.

"I am only telling you what people are saying."

"People are too charitable!" Giles said with a sneer, and he thought of the woman whom he had left crouching by the fire in that lonely room.

"I suppose if I allow myself to be identified with this menagerie much longer, they will credit me with a scandal of my own."

"I think they have done that already," Doris said lightly.

He turned and looked at her.

"Really? may I ask what it is?"

"I hardly know the facts myself, but I know it was something to do with Julie Farrow—this Julie Farrow—"

She watched him closely as she spoke.

Miles managed to laugh.

"How futile! I never met her in my life till that night at the Faun where I met you."

She looked at him steadily.

"That is not what Mr. Lombard insinuates."

In spite of himself Chitttenham changed colour.

"So Lombard is the liar."

Mrs. Ardron floated into the doorway. Giles rose, glad of the interruption.

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hind her.

Julie lay back on the pillows. She was trembling in every limb.

"How dared she say such a thing! how dared she?" she asked herself passionately. "In love with that man! I hate him—How dare she... how dare she!"

She shut her eyes tightly, afraid of the scalding tears that suddenly seemed to rise from her heart.

Hate him! the man in whose arms she had found the meaning of love; the man whose tragic mistake had broken her, body and soul. Until now she had hardly realized how much she had suffered since that evening in Switzerland when Chitttenham had told her the truth.

She was morbidly afraid lest Giles should guess how he had hurt her, and to counteract that fear she sometimes deliberately sought his society, crucifying herself in order to deceive him. And it had all been in vain, for Bim knew!

With a swift little movement Julie threw aside the bedclothes and caught up a wrap.

"Bim!" she went out of the room and to Bim's door. Julie flung it open. She entered with a little rush, and, running across to her friend, dropped down on her knees beside her.

"I didn't mean it. I'm sorry. Forget I said it... I'm a beast—a mean beast, but you made me angry."

"Give it up, Julie," Bim urged gently. "Come away with me. We've had good times together before, and the country is Heaven now—"

She turned round, her arms hanging limply at her sides, her hair ruffled.

"I can't!" she said. "I've got to stay and face it out. He'll think I'm afraid—that I'm running away."

She spoke quickly and incoherently, almost as if some power outside herself was forcing the words from her.

"I'd rather die than that he should think that. I'd rather marry Lawrence Schofield."

"My dear, I don't understand in the least what happened between you." Bim said in her cool, smooth voice. "You would never tell me when I asked you. If I only knew perhaps I could help you better—"

Julie flung her head with a violent jerk.

"He's married," she said defiantly.

Her head went down again on her outflung arms and she began to sob.

Bim sat quite still, her hand on the girl's hair till Julie was quieter, then she tried again.

"Don't be a coward, Julie. Cut it all out and come away with me."

"I should be more of a coward if I did that. He'd know I was afraid."

There was a little silence, then Bim asked:

"Julie, have you seen his wife?"

"Whose wife?"

"Mr. Chitttenham's?"

"Good Lord, no. He told me they were separated, or something, but if they are, I daresay it's his fault. He must be a brute to live with."

Bim got up slowly and walked into Julie's room.

"I suppose it's true?" she submitted hesitatingly.

"What is true?"

"That he is married?"

Julie turned round, her eyes wide, her lips parted.

"I—suppose so," she said slowly, then the colour blazed suddenly in her cheeks. "Do you mean that... you think he just said it—as an excuse... to get rid of me?"

"Well..."

Julie went on with her dressing, but her hands shook badly.

"If I really thought that—" she said. "Perhaps I ought not to have suggested it, Bim said hurriedly. "But he makes love to you—asks you to marry him—"

"No, he never asked me to marry him," Julie interrupted ruthlessly. "He just said... oh, why need we go all over it again?" she asked passionately.

"I'm only trying to help you, Julie. If it is true that he is married, why did he make love to you?"

Julie laughed.

"Don't all married men make love to other women?" she asked cynically.

"I shouldn't have thought a man like Mr. Chitttenham would," Bim said.

Julie made a little sound of anger.

"I suppose I shall have to tell you all the truth," she said. "It all sounds so silly—like a cheap drama. He thought I was Jewel! I never told you that, did I? He had some quixotic idea of paying me out for what he thought I had done to Rodney—they all blamed Jewel because he killed himself, you know. Well, Giles thought it would be a good idea to make me fall in love with him and then laugh at me as a punishment. Funny, isn't it?" she submitted quiveringly. "Well, I fell in love with him all right—and then after he'd found out his mistake, and that I wasn't Jewel after all, he told me the truth. But first he said he really loved me—he said that part of it wasn't pretence at all but the real thing... I remember I was fool enough to think it must be alright then. I was quite ready to fall into his arms again and forgive him—"

Her voice was hoarse with dreary self-scorn. "And then he had to tell me the rest—that he was married!..."

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There was a little silence, then Bim asked:

"Julie, have you seen his wife?"

"Whose wife?"

"Mr. Chitttenham's?"

"Good Lord, no. He told me they were separated, or something, but if they are, I daresay it's his fault. He must be a brute to live with."

Bim got up slowly and walked into Julie's room.

"I suppose it's true?" she submitted hesitatingly.

"What is true?"

"That he is married?"

Julie turned round, her eyes wide, her lips parted.

"I—suppose so," she said slowly, then the colour blazed suddenly in her cheeks. "Do you mean that... you think he just said it—as an excuse... to get rid of me?"

"Well..."

Julie went on with her dressing, but her hands shook badly.

"If I really thought that—" she said. "Perhaps I ought not to have suggested it, Bim said hurriedly. "But he makes love to you—asks you to marry him—"

"No, he never asked me to marry him," Julie interrupted ruthlessly. "He just said... oh, why need we go all over it again?" she asked passionately.

"I'm only trying to help you, Julie. If it is true that he is married, why did he make love to you?"

Julie laughed.

"Don't all married men make love to other women?" she asked cynically.

"I shouldn't have thought a man like Mr. Chitttenham would," Bim said.

Julie made a little sound of anger.

"I suppose I shall have to tell you all the truth," she said. "It all sounds so silly—like a cheap drama. He thought I was Jewel! I never told you that, did I? He had some quixotic idea of paying me out for what he thought I had done to Rodney—they all blamed Jewel because he killed himself, you know. Well, Giles thought it would be a good idea to make me fall in love with him and then laugh at me as a punishment. Funny, isn't it?" she submitted quiveringly. "Well, I fell in love with him all right—and then after he'd found out his mistake, and that I wasn't Jewel after all, he told me the truth. But first he said he really loved me—he said that part of it wasn't pretence at all but the real thing... I remember I was fool enough to think it must be alright then. I was quite ready to fall into his arms again and forgive him—"

Her voice was hoarse with dreary self-scorn. "And then he had to tell me the rest—that he was married!..."

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