

RAPTURE BEYOND

KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

FIFTH INSTALLMENT

Fresh from a French convent, Jocelyn Harlowe returns to New York to her socially-elect mother, a religious, ambitious woman. The girl is hurried into an engagement with the wealthy Felix Kent. Her father, Nick Sandal, surreptitiously enters the girl's home one night. He tells her he used to call her Lynda Sandal. The girl is torn by her desire to see life in the raw and to become part of her mother's society. Her father studies her surroundings.

Lynda visits her father in his dingy quarters. She finds four men playing cards when she arrives. One of them, Jock Ayleward, her father tells her, is like a son to him, but warns the girl he is a trifle.

Lynda pays a second visit to her father and Jock takes her home, on the way stopping with her at an underworld cabaret.

Jock gets into a fight with a gangster who insists on dancing with Lynda. He then takes Lynda home. Later she mentions Felix's name to Jock and Ayleward's face displays his demonic hatred of the millionaire.

Jock tells Lynda that Felix caused him to be sent to jail unjustly by fixing up his report on a mine. Lynda says she doesn't believe his story. She pays another visit to her father and goes to a cabaret with him and dances with Jock, who suddenly stops and tells her he is going to take her right home. He had seen Felix dancing with another woman.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

A few moments later she stood outside on the pavement with Jock.

He hailed at taxicab. At the door of Nick's lodging house Jock let her in and in spite of her repelling gesture, sort of instinctive protest against her own confused submission, he mounted with her.

As Jock turned to rejoin Nick, Lynda approached him and offered him her hand. It was an unconscious gesture of trust and forgiveness. Over his hand, his fingers closed strongly.

Lynda felt a rapture of body and of blood. It was sweeter than honey, more ready than red wine. She felt his lips moving, she heard him say "Love... I love..."

And she was conscious of what he said, of its meaning, of the havoc that it caused. She lifted her eyes as though for help.

They met Nick's eyes. He had followed them from the cafe instantly, had come in and had seen them and now throwing himself in one painful contention across the room set his tormented hands upon Jock's collar and, using all his strength, jerked him up and back. The young man half rose and was forced into a chair by Nick, who shouted at him:

"You dare to take my daughter here to make love to her. My daughter! Kiss her with your mouth of a convict, touch her with your hands of a card-sharper!"

Jock fairly cowered. His face looked dazed. He quivered at the two words as though Nick had used a lash upon him. Then, carefully, not to hurt Nick's hands, he freed himself and went out into the night.

Nick went over and laid down on the couch exhausted.

"You did wrong to come to me," groaned Nick. "No matter where I live my life defiles your fingers." Speaking, he was caught by a paroxysm of physical agony which kept Lynda there in piteful and sacred attendance until nearly morning.

At last she was driven to summoning Jock Ayleward. Her father had gasped out a number and almost at once after she had taken down the receiver Jock answered:

"Nick's suffering terribly. I have to leave him."

His reasonable, cool voice answered instantly, "I've been expecting it. I will be there."

In fifteen minutes Lynda admitted him to Nick's bedroom. He passed her and went to Nick. The sick man's contorted face smiled crookedly. Jock passed his arm under the writhing body and seemed at once to give it greater ease. Neither of them said good bye to Lynda nor even seemed to notice that she went away.

When she climbed in at her bedroom window she was scared by the brightening sky.

Jocelyn came as far as this door. She could see then that the leather entrance to her mother's little sanctuary had not been closed, that its curtain, too, had been pulled aside. The two tall candles burned steadily and a figure crouched before its altar, surely the figure of a stranger. With a chill upon her flesh Jocelyn then recognized Marcella.

Marcella spoke breathlessly and harshly. "Go back to your own room. What are you doing there?"

A few moments later there came a

knock at Jocelyn's room. She opened it and stood aside. She was trembling. But the woman who entered in a long red dressing gown was now Marcella, her usual self, sterner, perhaps, prepared to deliver a reproof.

"Did you feel ill, Jocelyn?" "No Mother. I heard you moving about. I wondered who it could be. You might have known that at this time I should be at prayer."

"I'm sorry, Mother. I—I did not think that you were at your prayers. You were holding something. I thought that you were..." "You must have been dreaming. Perhaps you walked in your sleep. I shall have to lock you in."

bed now. You're cold. If you hear such sounds again you will know better than to disturb me?" Seeing the girl upon her pillow, Marcella bent over her for one of the dry kisses and went out.

Jocelyn lay broad awake. The clock in the living room chimed five, and then six.

Jocelyn's suspicion, her curiosity, had become a fever, pain that she could not endure. Ghost-softly she crept out again to the living room.

Almost instinctively her hand rose to the velvet drapery behind the altar. She lifted it.

A small deep-set door with a lock, the key still in it, lay behind this altarpiece. Marcella had been startled, had moved away quickly, had left her key.

Jocelyn tightened her lips and spoke to her uneasy conscience: "She will not let me know her secrets. She will not love me. I must learn the truth of my own life by my own efforts."

She turned the little key and drew open the thick small metal door.

Behind it lay a leather box and this she drew out and set upon the top of the prie-dieu. She raised the lid.

The glory that had lain hidden there glittered across her eyes like a mesh of living stars. Jewels as rich as a queen's. Rubies, emeralds, sapphires and white diamonds cut into blazing angles and set in a heavy intricacy of white gold. The barbaric Slavic splendor of this ornament made even the ignorant convent child catch her breath, it was so beautiful. Two long earrings to match were cradled at either end of the old leather box which was decorated with a worn golden coronet. The value of these jewels in such a setting must be fabulous.

She returned them to their hiding place. All other thoughts and fears were obliterated by the shock of her discovery. She knew that she had in her hands a treasure. She knew that she was a queen. She knew that she was a queen.

Marcella was a somber woman in a black gown with a silver cross against its breast but within it a blaze of jewels glimmered an earthly spirit. Marcella and she were strangers. No explanation could move her toward the woman who had crouched, greedily absorbed, above those jewels.

The shock and the excitement of the long night were suddenly too much for her. She fell down and wept in a sort of helpless spiritual agony.

When Felix Kent came to see his young fiancée the next morning, which was Sunday, he found her so white and heavy-eyed that not only his pride of a possessor but his lover's tenderness was roused startled.

He suggested a day's trip to the seashore. So they drove down. Felix proved so sympathetic that Jocelyn was encouraged to ask him if he had ever known a man named Ayleward.

Felix turned his head to look at her more sharply than ever he had turned or looked before. His condescension which was so integral a part of his really great desire for her—the little innocent girl—was momentarily shaken.

"What the devil! Now where did you ever dig up that name, child?" For the first time, to keep Lynda's secret, Jocelyn made use of an invention.

"Cousin Sara Mullet once knew a clergyman of that name..." who had a son.

"And who kicked the son out and changed his own name in order not to share it with a convict. Wasn't that it? Yes. I knew that unlucky parson."

"What did the son do to be sent to prison? A clergyman's son—it seems so dreadful."

"Clergymen's sons are a proverb, darling. This one took a bribe handed in a false report on a zinc mine. I lost a good lot of money myself through that report. Ayleward junior got away with his part all right, I guess, but I was lucky enough to catch him out and I had him sent up."

"I was sorry for his father and his two sisters, but if ever a man deserved what he got it was that fellow, the dirty trickster!"

"You don't think there could have been any mistake, that the owner

of the mine perhaps deceived him? I mean... I feel sorry for the clergyman..."

"Be sorry for the clergyman by all means but don't waste your pity on the young one. I knew the boy, knew him from the time he was a kid. He was always a pretty slick young cut-throat. Queer how it came out in him. He had a crafty gift for sleight of hand. He could make a pack of cards do anything. He'd pull coins out of the air. Got a circus chap to show him how to throw a knife. I got this little scar on my cheek bone letting Jock practice knife-throwing on me. I certainly did trounce him for that. And his father gave him a bigger whipping afterward. The old man was always trying to beat some virtue into him."

"He was a no-account entry from the starting post. Seemed to settle down at college and came through the mining school with honors. But that yellow streak was there and when it came to riding life—he didn't put his spurs in straight and, well—he hit the dust."

Jocelyn schooled herself to believe him.

By ten o'clock of that Sunday morning Nick's fever, with the worst of his pain, had left him and he lay still with a white racked face and looked sanely at Jock. The young man had not yet changed from his evening clothes.

"I'd better go and get some sleep," Nick whispered. "Business good last night?"

"Pretty fair. We lost Judson."

Nick's eyes began to bead.

"I'm a great one to call you a convict and a card sharper, eh? When I taught you most of the game myself and live on what you make from it. Why don't you chuck me, Ayleward?"

"Got the habit of holding on to you."

"Last night—when I came in... you and Lynda, you know? I'd like you to understand why I—why I flew out the way I did. When I saw you making love to her I thought of other women I had seen you with—and of myself—and..."

"Why not shut up?" he suggested. "You were right at that. Only it was a superfluous exhibition of natural modesty. I don't love your daughter, Nick."

"What were you doing, saying then for your confounded knees... holding her hands?"

"I was teaching her something about an automatic pistol. I lost my head for a second; but she Jock's love. I tell you I don't love her."

Nick looked at him hard but could make nothing of the cool set smiling face.

But, between them, they agreed they must move and hide from the girl, for her own good.

A few days later, spurred by an impulse, Lynda hurried to her father's house. She opened Nick's door and found herself looking down upon Jock Ayleward. In the midst of a great confusion of things, of scattered clothing, of trunks and boxes, he knelt busy with packing.

Lynda went weak and breathless.

"Is Nick here? I thought—I thought—" she closed the door, flustered over to the old sofa and sat down there as though her legs refused to hold her up.

"You thought we'd give you the ship? We were foolish enough to think so, too."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

State Dairymen Find Ideal Legume Plant

Because lespedeza has a three-point value long enough sought by dairymen of this State, the legume is destined to become of great economic importance to the dairy industry of North Carolina.

Dairymen of North Carolina have been searching for many years for a legume which would reseed itself, could be used for producing both hay and pasture and would grow on an acid soil. They have found such a crop in lespedeza, says John A. Arey, dairy extension specialist at State College. Arey points out that most soils in the State are acid and it is a waste of money to sow a lime-loving legume on an acid soil. Yet dairymen must have legumes because cows cannot produce a profitable flow on grass hays or grass pastures. Therefore, if the dairymen cannot sweeten his soil by an application of limestone, he must grow those legumes which tolerate an acid soil.

Lespedeza does this and it takes a high rank among the legumes. Mr. Arey says it will furnish an abundance of grazing of a high protein content during July, August and September when grass pastures are drying up and furnishing little nourishing feed. The four lespedeza varieties commonly grown in North Carolina are the common, Korean, Kobe and Tennessee 76. Common and Kobe are two most used for grazing and either of these may be sown on the small grain about the middle of

February at the rate of 15 to 20 pounds an acre and will furnish grazing by the time the small grain is cut.

By sowing 15 pounds of seed an acre on permanent pastures in February, the lespedeza sod will furnish grazing by the time the grasses begin to decline. The feeding value of lespedeza is next to alfalfa, Mr. Arey says.

Equipment Is Needed For Home Sewing

Time and worry will be saved and better work done if the farm woman who makes her own clothes and most of those for the family will collect a supply of working tools and arrange them in a convenient place. Time spent in looking for scissors, thread and needles could be put to better use.

"The ideal thing would be to have a well equipped sewing room, but this is impossible for most farm women," says Miss Willie Hunter, clothing specialist at State College. "Since few can afford such a luxury as this, the next best thing is to get a few good working tools and arrange them in a drawer, a box or on a table in that room most convenient for sewing. No expert starts to work without good tools and good equipment is an essential for good work in dress making. This does not mean expensive tools but it does mean a few well selected articles."

Miss Hunter says sewing equipment is divided into the large and small tools. The large equipment consists of cutting table, charts, a sewing machine, dress form, mirror, ironing board and some storage space. A cutting table is almost a necessity and the bed will not serve. A dining table will do. A dress form is a necessity for having well-fitting clothes and helps in making alterations. A nice bag with lots of pockets will be needed for the patterns.

Among the things needed in small equipment are: tape measure, pins, needles, thread, thimble, darning board, tailor's chalk, bodkin for running ribbons, pin cushion, hem gauge and other things to be placed in the sewing basket. The housekeeper ought to add to her list when she goes shopping and keep a supply of things that one is constantly needing. Among these are buttons, tapes, hook and eyes, snaps, braids and so on. These things to hand makes the home sewing job easier to do, Miss Hunter says.

Canned Rat Bait Is New Control Idea

Canned bait prepared by the United States Biological Survey is now available for rat control in North Carolina, through A. E. Oman, in charge of rodent control work for the survey and attached to the extension division of the North Carolina State College.

Mr. Oman says this bait is made by the Barnstable, Mass., laboratory of the Survey and comes in neat paper-wrapped packages each containing three cans, one filled with fish, the other with meat, and the third with cereal. All are mixed with enough red squill poison to accomplish the desired results. Mr. Oman says the bait will keep indefinitely.

It was first used by the Biological Survey in the New England and Middle Atlantic States last fall where it gave splendid results. Since this last November, the bait has been available to residents of North Carolina. Mr. Oman urges farmers and others afflicted with rats on their premises to get in touch with him about the new bait so that the pests may be controlled with a minimum of effort and cost.

"The only good rat is a dead rat," says Mr. Oman, "nor is it necessary for the cost of killing him to be a burden. Farmers should not look upon rats as a necessary evil and spend long hours producing food and feed which the pests consume. The rats should be fought in season and out, but more especially in winter when the rodents gather in sheltered places and make heavy inroads on the stored produce."

"This canned bait reduces the cost of killing the rats since each package costs less than the bushel of corn which a few rats will quickly consume or waste."

Mr. Oman hopes to begin a movement in this State whereby the killing of rats will be looked upon as a necessary duty similar to the spraying of crops to reduce insect damage."

Sixty Pitt County farmers have enough tobacco seed re-cleaned and treated last week to plant 152,800 yards of plant bed.

Man Thin As Rail—Iron Adds 10 Pounds

"I was tired, run-down and thin as a rail. Since taking Vinol, I sleep well, feel better and have gained 10 pounds."—R. A. Cromberg.

Thin, run-down nervous men or women need the help of iron, lime and cod liver peptone as contained in Vinol. Even the first bottle brings new pep, a good appetite and sound sleep. Aids digestion and makes red blood. Tastes delicious. Get a bottle of Vinol today. The results will amaze you. Hodges Drug Company. (Adv.)

Weds Governor's Son



Miss Elizabeth Browning Donner, of Villanova, Pa., was married to Elliott Roosevelt, son of the New York Governor, at a brilliant church ceremony.

HIGHWAY PATROL MAKES COLLECTIONS OF \$260,000

Raleigh, N. C.—The State Highway Patrol cost \$148,432.62 in 1931 and resulted in collections of \$260,666.32 in license fees, costs and fines, Captain Charles D. Farmer reported yesterday.

License fees credited as collected

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE PEOPLES INDUSTRIAL BANK

At Boone, North Carolina, to the Commissioner of Banks, at the Close of Business on the 31st Day of December, 1931.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$144,866.57
All Other Stocks and Bonds	308.00
Furniture and Fixtures	3,579.00
Cash in Vault and Amts. Due from Approved Depository Banks	4,217.27
Checks for Clearing and Transit Items	553.50
Due from Banks (Not Approved Depositories)	111.77
Cash Items (Items Held Over 24 Hours)	443.50
Other Real Estate	5,575.00
Other Assets	884.94
TOTAL	\$160,539.55
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock Paid In	\$ 25,000.00
Undivided Profits (Net Amount)	3,802.60
Other Deposits Subject to Check	15,680.49
Cashier's Checks Outstanding	182.95
Time Certificates of Deposit (Due on or After 30 Days)	25,616.72
Savings Deposits (Due on or After 30 Days)	8,801.16
Uninvested Trust Deposits	None
Monthly Cards	66.00
Redeemables	None
Fully paid investment certificates of deposit	45,699.00
Bills Payable	31,600.00
Due Banks	539.33
Other Obligations	3,750.00
Christmas Card	1.00
TOTAL	\$160,539.55

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA

County of Watauga:

R. T. Greer, president, Avery Y. Howell, cashier, and W. H. Gragg, director of the Peoples Industrial Bank, each personally appeared before me this day, and, being duly sworn, each for himself, says that the foregoing report is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

AWERY Y. HOWELL, Cashier
SMITH HAGAMAN, Director
W. H. GRAGG, Director

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 21st day of January, 1932.
(SEAL) G. D. BRINKLEY, Notary Public.

My commission expires May 8, 1933.

THE GREENSBORO DAILY NEWS

The first appeal of this newspaper is its wealth of news, accurate and unbiased from all over the world. Every issue is full of news and views in sufficient volume to enable its large number of discriminating and intelligent readers completely to keep in touch with what is going on in this old world. Only a dependable and an independent newspaper can satisfy such a demand.

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By
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