

RAPTURE BEYOND

By Katharine Newlin Burt

FIRST INSTALLMENT

When Jocelyn forgetting what her music master taught her, played a stranger in the house. She rose from the prie-dieu in the living room of a New York apartment, and came forward past intervening massive furniture to look at the player.

There she sat, the daughter Marcella had put into a foreign convent twelve years before, a smooth, sleek, golden girl eighteen years old, full-bosomed, narrow-waisted and round-hipped. She used, when her eyes met her mother's a slow smile, she did nothing quickly. But when she played this music of her own there was a chance. Marcella was quick to recognize it. Jocelyn had thrust down her chin and there was in her eyes when the slow music left them, the difference between June sky and thunder sky.

Then Marcella thought of the contents of that little crypt above her prie-dieu and of Julian . . . and of all the things that this daughter must never know.

"I want her to be safe," she murmured to a nun when twelve years before she had left the little girl trembling in the dim waxy-smell-parlor of the convent. And greeting her on the wharf of her native city with all the wharf tail tapers stretching up behind them Marcella had said again to the same nun, twelve years older, more waxy and more frail. "Oh, dear sister Delice, how shall I keep her safe?"

Jocelyn Harlowe's first ball gown—it was for a costume ball—was white as all first ball gowns probably should be. Standing sheathed in all this purity of color Jocelyn herself had a look of sleek brilliance which did not express her age, her simplicity or her profound lack of all worldly experience.

It was not the convent child's fault that she looked so unconventional. She was really ignorant, a veritable novice in living, but there was in her blood and in her brain a swift rebellious maturity to which her body had subtly shaped itself.

A husband in her mind. It must be managed quickly before Jocelyn was fully awakened to reality. She must be made to long for it ignorantly as a release. If marriage, if this man, could be presented to her as an escape, as the opening rather than the closing of life's doors. . .

Before Jocelyn's return from France Marcella had been busy warming chilled contacts, melting the edges from metallic connections of one kind or another. She had once a great position in the city and it was not too difficult, in spite of what had once shattered her life to make herself remembered. So when she brought Jocelyn into the ballroom she was able to obtain for her, aided by her own exotic charm, a sufficiency of fantastic partners—to Jocelyn they all seemed Romeos and the ballroom an iridescent bubble of delight—and at last even to attract for her the superior partner, Marcella had desired.

This was Felix Kent, dressed as the Jack of Diamonds, and with his regular Saxon face and large eyes curiously resembling that conventionalized gentleman of fortune:

"But you don't look it," he said, seating himself beside flushed Juliet at the small palmy rosy table they had taken for themselves. "You don't look it and you don't act it and you don't—yes, you do speak it. You have a delicious little French accent. And, well there's something about the way you move your lips and use your eyes in different conventional. Perhaps I'm not going to be disappointed after all."

This was the address altogether different from any Jocelyn had yet received. On older man, evidently, he condescended to her. Well that was of course to be expected.

"Mr. Kent," she said, "you have really no right to any disappointment, have you? Because you can't have had an interest in me (there was shadowy delicate drum-roll on the "r") ever before tonight."

"You're wrong, I've had an interest in you for—let me see—twelve years."

"But you are just seely," scoffed Jocelyn at her sweetest. "And I have not any French accent at all."

"Twelve years ago I saw you in a bank in Paris. And I said to your mother, 'Give me first option when she comes out, won't you, Marcella?'"

"But Mr. Kent, you are not so old as that."

"I am nineteen years older than you are, Miss Jocelyn."

"And my mother did give you a first-option?" questioned Jocelyn with her eyes down.

Kent stared and laughed delightedly and drew in about her as though he had become for her a warm curtain, sheltering, darkening.

"She did, really. She said to me

that day in Paris, 'There isn't a man in the world I'd be so glad to trust her to, Felix.'"

Kent laughed. But he was giddy and filled with instant fear. There had never in the world been a lovely child like this one, so frankly hungry, so ignorantly passionate, and so untaught; with not a jot of the deep cold wisdom of experience. He could hardly bear to surrender her to her next partner.

Kent sought out Jocelyn's mother and bending his fair lean height above her he talked and talked and talked.

Marcella was wise. She declined innumerable invitations.

An occasional theatre-party she accented. Several of these were given in Jocelyn's honor by Felix Kent. But Marcella brought her charge home after the play, forbidding any extension of gaiety for Jocelyn. She was not to be whirled off to the cafe or restaurants of after midnight joy. Jocelyn was meek, had suffered a long discipline in meekness. But her nerves began to quiver.

"The other girls," she said with a sort of fierce timidity, "the other girls go on, Mother."

"You are not like the other girls," said Marcella, "and I will not let you become like them."

Jocelyn murmured "They're very nice."

Marcella's hand fell upon hers and tightened sternly.

"I am the judge of niceness."

And Jocelyn sat still under that touch.

Often Felix Kent came to see them. During his visits in the living room Marcella was a constant chaperon. Jocelyn would play her piano or sit with her eyes down listening to her mother's hard manufactured conversation with an older man.

She had never before studied a man at such close quarters. Felix Kent was a man shapely and hard and different in every fiber from her thrilled self. The convent child felt this difference in all her nerves and pulses.

There came an evening when Marcella left them alone.

Jocelyn was at her piano dutifully executing a commended melody. It was intricate and held all her attention. She did not know that she had been left unchaperoned in the room with Felix Kent.

He came and stood close to her leaning on the piano. In the slim severity of evening dress he looked sleek and attractive, like a panther his eyes were now filled with their extraordinary incandescence.

"Stop playing just a minute, Jocelyn, please."

She obeyed, let her hands fall and gave him her meek child's look and her slow, unchildish smile.

"Your mother has left us together. You know I love you."

"Yes," said Jocelyn, looking down and trembling.

"Do you think you can love me?"

"I don't know, monsieur."

He laughed in a soft delight and drew closer.

"I may put my arm around you, loveliest?"

She made no movement or sound but he, interpreting her silence, did draw her to him and she came softly suddenly, so that all of her young body seemed to be his own. Then he kissed her mouth.

At that she was up and at the far side of the room. Never had he seen a living creature move so swiftly. Both her hands were pressed against her lips. Her bosom panted. Her eyes were distended and wet.

"Oh, no," she whispered. "Oh . . . no . . . no . . . no. I can't."

Kent came toward her, not close, for her arms were stretched out to keep him at a distance. He even went back against the window which held an amazing picture of lighted towers and silver smoke and of a sky colored like the petals of dark pansies.

"Darling, I'm sorry. I beg your pardon. I know I frightened you. Please do forgive me." He felt as though he had been sent back in a dream to play the part of a Victorian lover. Phrases came to him from half-forgotten old romantic novels "I won't do it again. You

may take your own time. I want you so I want you to marry me."

After a considerable silence Jocelyn composed herself. But she stayed against her window, drawn up there as though for an instant spring backward into the great dark city of refuge beyond the window-panes.

"You won't do that again?"

"Not until you wish it. Please, Jocelyn give me just the tip of your silly little convent fingers."

She let him take her hand and kiss it. She brushed the other hand across her eyes and smiled.

"Then it's alright?" he asked her.

"I think so. Yes: If my mother . . ."

"Your mother gave me her consent at that same costume ball when I was the Jack of Diamonds."

"Do you mean that I will marry you . . . you are asking?"

"Yes."

He had kept her hand, was holding it close to him in both of his own.

"May I have a piano?" whispered Jocelyn.

The question sounded so like mere childishness that Felix laughed out, and again but very carefully, put his arm around her. She came to him but no so softly, so completely as before.

"You shall have everything," promised the Jack of Diamonds.

The engagement of Miss Jocelyn Harlowe of New York City to Mr. Felix Kent of Chicago with all possible other details of information was presently in due form announced. And Jocelyn wore upon her third finger a diamond as splendid as a star.

"You shall be married in the spring after a four months engagement," Marcella promised. Later there were evenings, however, when Felix's new role of restraint was difficult to maintain. On one such evening he left Jocelyn abruptly with a manufactured excuse.

She went back into the room and sat down by her piano, brooding.

The door from the passage which led back toward the bedrooms opened softly. Jocelyn whirled about, surprised. She could see no one. But the door had moved.

She was startled.

Then she saw him, coming round a great throne of a chair which had interposed between them. The little bent man sidelong, with bright eager eyes.

Jocelyn would have screamed but he arrested her with speech.

"Don't be frightened Jocelyn," he

said gently in a voice full of pleasantness, "I wouldn't scare . . . I wouldn't hurt you for the world. You see, you poor child, I am your father."

And Jocelyn recognized him.

For years Jocelyn had had a photograph in her possession, secretly. All other pictures of Nick Sandal had been destroyed, clipped into splinters and burned to black feathers by his wife. When the bent man came round the corner of the chair and spoke to her, Jocelyn was therefore able to identify him.

"I'm not afraid of you," she said—a queer first speech from child to parent.

"I'm glad my daughter is not afraid of me. I thought by this time you'd be made . . . of fear—I used to call you 'Lynda'."

He lifted her hand to his lips.

"I came to ask you . . . are you happy?"

"Yes. And thr-rilled."

Continued Next Week

State-Wide Public Shooting Ground Proves A Success

North Carolina's first State-wide public shooting ground has proved a sound investment from the standpoint of direct returns and a paying enterprise in indirect results, State Game Warden Charles H. England asserted today in summing up a year's operation of Holly Shelter State Game Refuge and Public Shooting Ground.

Administration of the Holly Shelter area, consisting of about 45,000 acres in Pender County, was turned over to the Department of Conservation and Development about two years ago by the Board of Education. About 25,000 acres of the property was set aside as a breeding area or refuge and about 20,000 acres on the outer circumference is open during the season to the public for hunting.

Last season more than 100 persons, all of whom were non-residents of Pender County, and approximately 40 non-residents of the State hunted on the public shooting area. Thus far this season, approximately a score of non-residents have been referred to the grounds and many of them have already hunted thereon.

"As a result of several non-residents hunting in this area," Mr. England said, "tracts of property have been purchased in Pender County and that section of the State by non-residents for the establishment of hunting lodges as well as for business purposes."

"A number of non-residents upon their return home have written commendatory letters, expressing complete satisfaction with their

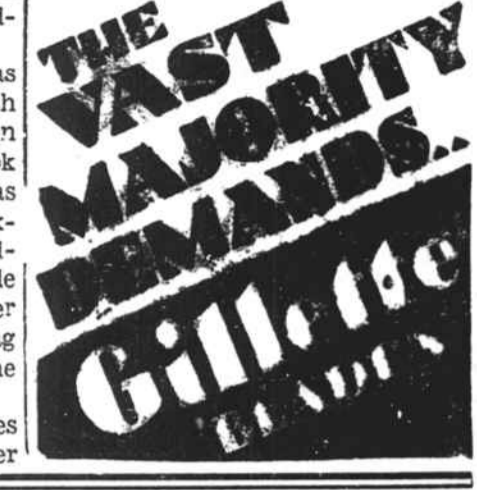
success in hunting in this area, and calling attention to the courtesy shown them by the county Warden, Joe F. Johnson, and his deputies and by the refuge warden, Oscar Chadwick."

Fees received from those hunting on the public shooting grounds in the Holly Shelter area, according to Mr. England, have more than defrayed the expenses of its supervision, thereby relieving the general game fund of any burden in its operation. Collections from fees for hunting in the shooting grounds last year amounted to \$757 with only \$600 being expended in administration.

The Holly Shelter property was comparatively well stocked with deer, bears, turkey and quail when the conservation department took over its management, and it has been necessary to do little restocking. Rather heavy hunting, according to the warden, has had little effect on the stock of game under protection of breeding seasons, bag limits, and other features of the game law.

State Warden England believes that operation of Holly Shelter

demonstrates conclusively the value and need of a series of public shooting and fishing grounds scattered throughout the State. An increasingly large number of non-residents will be attracted to North Carolina when assurance is given of ample provisions for public shooting. These visitors not only spend considerable sums of money in pursuing their favorite sport, but often make investments in the community and sometimes become permanent residents.



Nearly Half N. C. Farms Have Autos

North Carolina farms had 132,876 automobiles on them in 1929, the Census Bureau has reported, and the machines were found on 125,196 of the farms in the State, which was 44.8 per cent of all farms.

There were 17,613 farms which reported at total of 18,558 motor trucks on them.

North Carolina led all states of the South Atlantic territory in number of tractors when 11,426 were reported on 11,034 farms, which was 3.9 per cent of all farms.

There were 2,320 electric motors reported on 1,633 farms and 4,921 stationary gas engines were reported on 4,547 farms.

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Sale of Personal Property

OF J. M. COLEMAN, J. L. COLEMAN; E. H. RUSSELL, J. J. NICHOLSON, COLEMAN BROS. COMPANY, AND COLEMAN AND NICHOLSON

Pursuant to order of Hon. W. B. Duncan, U. S. Referee in bankruptcy, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, at Macon, N. C., Wednesday, January 13th, 1932, the following personal property:

Property of J. M. Coleman 7 mules 4 horses 3 double wagons 2 single wagons 1 stalk cutter 2 fertilizer distributors 10 single plows 3 double plows 3 double drags 5 corn kings 3 cultivators	Property of J. L. Coleman 2 cotton planters 3 cotton plows A lot of hoes, pitchforks, harness and other items of personal property. Note of Eaton Jones secured by deed of trust on land. Notes and accounts receivable. Notes of G. H. Carroll, Prince Carter and Mrs. E. Dickerson now held by Mrs. W. B. Crinkley as collateral.
Property of E. H. Russell 10 shares common and 10 preferred in Cade Mfg. Co. 1 share common stock Buckhorn Lithia Water Co.	Property of J. J. Nicholson Notes and accounts receivable (2) 2 shares common stock Bank of Macon.
Property of Coleman Bros. Company Stock of merchandise inventoried at \$136.22 Furniture and Fixtures inventoried at \$78.50 Accounts, Notes and Judgments due the Company.	Property of Coleman and Nicholson Accounts and Notes due the Company.

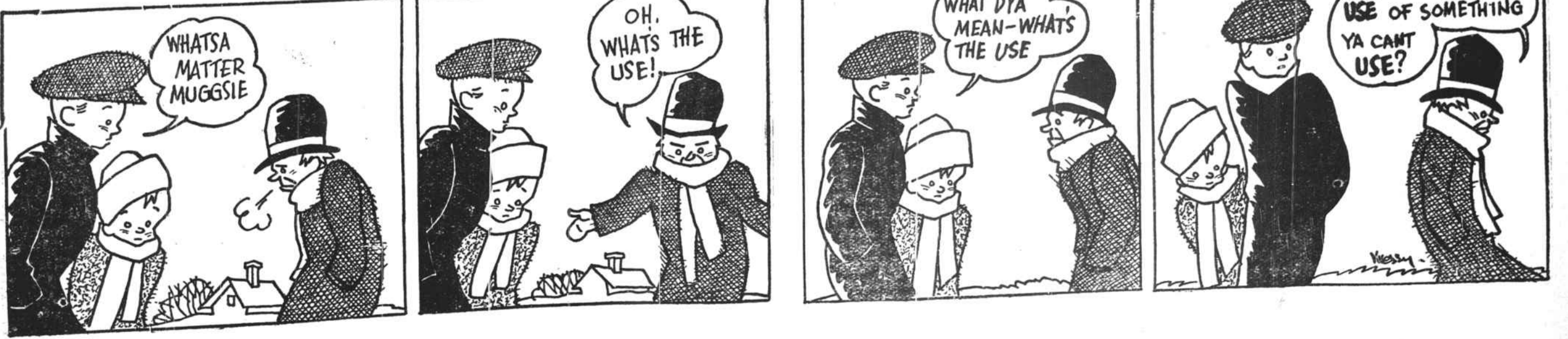
Sale will begin at 10 a. m.

The Trustee will also sell at this time any other personal property of anyone of the above bankrupts coming into his hands for creditors. The trustee reserves the right to continue the sale of any of the above Judgments, Notes and Accounts until 12 noon the same day and to make this sale at the Court House door at Warrenton, N. C. This sale will be made by order of and is subject to confirmation by the Referee in Bankruptcy, without notice.

J. G. ELLIS

Trustee in Bankruptcy for J. M. Coleman, J. L. Coleman, E. H. Russell, Coleman Bros. Company, J. J. Nicholson, and Coleman and Nicholson.

BUD 'N' BUB



By ED. KRESSY