

# Rapture Beyond

by KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

## TWELFTH INSTALLMENT

"My jewels," Marcella faltered close to Jocelyn's ear. "They're not where they should be. You've taken them?"

"I don't know anything about them, Mother."

But she was remembering her father's silent visit—the visit she had called fruitless—and the footmarks that came and went across her floor.

Marcella kept on urgently pleading: "You stood there staring at me. You looked like a sleepwalker but I'm sure you saw the jewels. I was so startled that I left the key there in the lock, behind the cloth on the wall. Of course after I had gone to bed and the place was still, you went back. I am sure you took them, forgot to return them."

"I didn't take them."

"Please, Jocelyn, my darling. I won't be angry. It's natural to love jewels. They are so wonderfully beautiful. They seem to be alive. I will forgive you. Don't be afraid of me. Jewels are brave things; they are full of fire. Only tell me . . . for God's sake!"

"Mother, I didn't take them. Truly."

Marcella released her, dropped down at the foot of the bed and rocked herself to and fro, holding her dark disheveled head in both her hands.

"Someone has taken them. I must think." She sprang up. "We'll look. We'll find them. We'll look everywhere. Don't say a word. No one must know but you and me. You see how I trust you? Get up quietly and

help me look. We'll find them. We must find them."

They both looked into impossible places. They both stood and tried to imagine traps and corners and dark spots where they might look with hope.

At breakfast time quite suddenly Marcella regained composure. Her dark face looked in its passion. Austere, pale, in her accustomed dress with the silver cross again upon her bosom, she rearranged the apartment and bade Jocelyn go into the dining room.

"I can't eat, Mother. I feel sick."

"You must eat. We must not let Mary guess that anything is wrong. No one must know. That is more important than you can possibly imagine. You see, I am admitting you into my confidence. If I can't trust you, my own daughter . . ."

Jocelyn's eyes fell. She crept in and took her usual place at the daintily appointed breakfast table. Mary, dull and methodical like some clumsy but well-oiled machine, waited upon her.

Jocelyn loved Nick. Even now she loved him; this knowing climber-in at bedroom windows, this beaten man whose friends had hard faces and quick eyes . . . Here pain took her heart in both its hands and squeezed it.

She had herself admitted these men into her mother's house with her own hands. "If I can't trust my own daughter . . ."

Thoughts came to Jocelyn like this, in sharp stitches through her mind. She could not swallow her breakfast.

Flinging herself away from the breakfast table, she hurried to her bathroom and washed and washed her hands.

She knew the truth now. This was what her daring, her brave adventuring had brought her. The truth. The face of her fear, uglier than fear itself.

Now she knew what name her father and Jock Azward carried on the shrewd implacable tongue of the law. She knew the secret of their quick wealth, their sudden poverty. Of their hidden and sordid homes that changed and changed.

Marcella came to her door and stood, cold and grave, on its threshold. She was entirely her old self now.

"I will take steps to discover the thief, Jocelyn, very quiet and private steps. There are reasons which you can't know . . ."

she did know, too, many reasons why I must move very carefully. I will engage the services of a private detective. Meanwhile I entreat you, I command you—to say not a word, not so much as a breath about the jewels and my loss of them."

"I promise you, Mother. On my honor." Was that what honor meant—was she learning it now too late—an undivided loyalty?

"Not a word to anyone, not even to Felix Kent."

Felix Kent; the name flourished in her ears with the sound of salvation. He rode life proudly with quiet and spur, knight errant. A warm current of reassurance flooded her chilled heart.

She would marry Felix Kent. At once.

Felix Kent had already left his Park Avenue apartment. She rang his office. Miss Deal's voice came with a brisk, authoritative clicking:

"Mr. Kent's office, yes . . . Yes, indeed, Miss Harlowe . . . No, he's not here . . . He will be back . . . Yes, Miss Harlowe, he said positively that he would be back about noon . . . Why, yes, Miss Harlowe, of course you may come here and wait for him."

The diamond air of the city sparkled when she came out into it. The atmosphere of Kent's office when she reached it, braced her mood. Miss Deal was briskly cordial.

"You haven't been to see us at all, have you, Miss Harlowe? After that first visit we rather hoped, you know, that you might make a habit of dropping in upon us. You were just like a child at a party, your eyes so bright! Mr. Kent and I found it so refreshing. Your enthusiasm, I mean to say."

Jocelyn had flushed under this eulogy. "I think you must have had a good laugh at my visit. But laugh all you like, I intend when I am married to understand all this business-abracadabra of yours."

"I see you're still curious about our safe." Jocelyn had been staring at the shingling gray box in the corner. "Has Mr. Kent given you the combination yet?"

"I haven't asked him to." Jocelyn's eyes moved from the safe and sought Miss Deal's ruddy and inexpressive face. This woman must know many of Felix's secrets.

"After all, she heard her own soft voice murmuring carelessly, 'I don't believe its contents are as impressive as its outside. There's a good deal of hocus pocus, of bluff, isn't there, about these captains of finance, the big business men?'"

"Not about our big business man, Mr. Kent's the genuine article. I guess there are men living in all parts of the world that would give the eyes out of their heads to see the contents of that safe, Miss Harlowe . . . Ah!" Her face glittered, teeth and glasses.

"There he is now. I hear him speaking to young Arthur."

Kent was speaking to young Arthur in a low hard tone and Arthur's own young voice lifted in reply piped such a tune of object cringing contrition that Jocelyn's blood came to her face in sympathy.

"What do you suppose Arthur has done?" she whispered.

"He forgot the scrapbasket," Jocelyn threw back her head and laughed.

Felix became aware of her presence in the inner office, cut short his tongue-lashing and hurried to greet her.

"Jocelyn, darling, you here?"

"Yes, I tried to get you on the telephone at your apartment and then here. Miss Deal said you'd be in. I want to lunch with you."

"Splendid."

"Just a moment, darling. I've two letters to dictate; and a couple of papers to sign."

"Contracts, Felix?"

He did not answer. A little hard line shot up between his eyes. So, like all the people she loved, he did not like to be questioned, this king of finance, this great business man. Jocelyn withdrew to a chair near the back window and waited until he should be through. She looked idly from her window. A fire escape along her blood went chill again.

Three stories below lay a neat court which opened through an archway in the next building upon a street, no thoroughfare, where vans and trucks were parked. It was an easier fire escape to climb than the one Nick had used to enter her own small bedroom window.

"Hoping you will see matters in this light and avoid any such regrettable development as will inevitably suggest itself to you upon perusal of this letter, should you persist in your own interpretation of this incident, I remain, etc. . . . That ends it, doesn't it Miss Becky?"

"Well, sir, there's that Brent matter."

"Oh, yes. Wait a moment." Felix rose and walked over to the safe.

Jocelyn turned from the window and watched him with a quickened action of her heart. He touched and twirled the knob quickly and deftly. She tried with all her eyes to watch and to memorize the rapid movements. Impossible, of course.

Felix heard her little sharp intake of breath as the thick door swung open, and looked up at her, smiling. "Did that miracle startle you, darling?" he asked.

Inside in metal boxes, each in its compartment and all marked and labelled, lay his secrets, the fates of mines and men. She went over and stood close to Felix. He rose instantly and shut the safe.

"No, you don't, Pandora! There are a million troubles in that box and not a hope among them."

He sat at his desk and bustled himself with papers for a moment. Presently he dismissed Miss Deal, looked at Jocelyn and smiled.

"Now then, let's go," he said. "Where will you lunch with me?"

"Some quiet place, Felix."

On their way, in the back seat of the limousine, Jocelyn spoke quickly: "I want to marry you

sooner, Felix. How soon can we arrange it?"

He sat straight, visibly excited. "Dearest—my darling—this goes through me like lightning. How soon? Today!"

"No. No. But sensibly. Will Mother agree?"

"Will she agree? Dearest, why have you changed? I love you!"

"It isn't that I've changed, it's just that I've suddenly grown up. I've graduated from the convent."

"God bless you! You're the loveliest graduate I ever saw. I'm going to kiss you . . . now."

"Not here, Felix, please. People on the street."

"Very well. I'll wait. But after lunch I'll carry you off somewhere and show you . . ."

"No, Felix, please. Let this be enough, won't you?"

He restrained his rapture instantly. But his face was scarlet and his eyes shone. "Just as you say. When will it be?"

"Next week, Felix? If Mother can manage it? That's not too soon?"

He smothered her—the people on the sidewalk notwithstanding—and let her go.

"My beautiful, dear wife," said Felix, "you are mine."

"Yes," answered Jocelyn, trying to look at him. "Yes. I am . . . truly . . . yours."

"There are men who steal things," she thought, "and men who acquire them. I have been acquired."

In the vestibule of Marcella's apartment there hung a round mirror. As Jocelyn came in from her long afternoon with a triumphant lover she was startled by the image of her face. It looked like the sweet composed face of a young nun. All the rich trouble of her own youth had left it.

Through the glass doors which opened from the vestibule to the large living-room she became aware of the murmur of a masculine voice. Her mother had a visitor.

A small thin man with horn-rimmed spectacles, his hair very closely cut, was leaning forward from the sofa toward Marcella who, rigid and white, looked an apparition in her carved high-backed chair. The man was in the middle of a long speech. His voice lifted itself for an instant into her hearing: "It can hardly be a mistake, I think, Mrs. Harlowe, she has been seen twice by two different people."

"Going in by the alley entrance?"

"Once, ma'am, yes. And once

again just leaving a taxi at the corner of this block; a conspicuous-looking young woman with a big bush of hair under a tam and

a full plated skirt with a tight jacket."

(Continued Next Week)

BEFORE NERVES GET JITTERY, JUMPY...

# LET UP - LIGHT UP A CAMEL



RALPH S. WILLARD'S analytical work puts a premium on steady hands, steady eyes. He's a specialist in industrial chemistry—a job that causes plenty of strain on nerves. Says Mr. Willard: "I've found that tension doesn't 'get' my nerves when I rest them regularly. My rule is a simple, enjoyable one—it's to let up and light up a Camel when I can. A moment's pause and a refreshing Camel help smooth out that feeling of tension."

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves!

ALWAYS The Pick of the PICTURES!



YOU'LL ENJOY Our New and Improved SOUND The Best Equipment Possible to Obtain

TODAY AND FRIDAY—

Dear S. . . they may chuck Linda out of school for staying out all night. They're wondering where she was and what she was doing—

SHARE THE LOVES AND HEARTACHES OF A HUNDRED LOVELY GIRLS..!

**GIRLS' SCHOOL**

ANNE SHIRLEY  
NAN GREY  
RALPH BELLAMY

Directed by JOHN BRAHM

News

Admission 10c-25c

NEXT WEEK, MONDAY - TUESDAY—

LOVING, LOSING, CONQUERING . . . heroic de Lesseps lives again . . . taming the terrifying black simoon . . . that ships might sail the desert!

Twentieth Century-Fox Presents

**QUEZ**

A miracle of production achievement!

TYRONE LORITA  
POWER YOUNG  
ANNABELLA

J. EDWARD BROMBERG · JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT  
HENRY STEPHENSON · SIDNEY BLACKMER  
SIG RUMANN · MAURICE MOSCOWICH  
DARRYL F. ZANUCK  
In Charge of Production

News - Cartoon

Admission 10c-30c

SATURDAY—

SWEEPING THE SCREEN WITH THUNDERING THRILLS AND STIRRING SONGS

RUSTLERS SPREAD TERROR WITH TORCH AND BULLET!

**STARRETT**

West of the Santa Fe

THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS

ON THE STAGE

ON THE STAGE

BACK AGAIN

With a Complete New Show!

# Shaver's DeLuxe Entertainers

SINGING - DANCING - COMEDY

Also Cartoon-Serial-Comedy—Adm. 10c-30c

NEXT WEEK—WEDNESDAY—

# "HOLD THAT COED"

Cartoon - Serial — Adm. Only 10c to All

COMING SPECIALS

Feb. 6-7—"That Certain Age"

Feb. 9-10—Shirley Temple in "Just Around the Corner"

Feb. 16-17—"Submarine Patrol"

## Let us do your worrying for you!

Nothing can free your mind from worry if you are not insured!

### PAUL GWYN INSURANCE

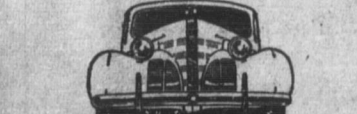
Phone 258  
West Main St. Elkin, N. C.

Pay Only \$758 and up

THIS YEAR AND GET YOURSELF A BIG BEAUTIFUL QUALITY Pontiac

\*Delivered at Pontiac, Michigan. Price subject to change without notice. Transportation, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra.

Price reductions up to \$921 This means you can buy a Pontiac instead of the next lower-priced cars for a difference of only a few cents a day. Get all the facts before you buy any other car.



Greenwood Auto Co., Elkin, N. C.

# LYRIC THEATRE