

**TWIST OF FATE CON'T**

and life wishing he could join Diane; the forced return last night to the hill they had loved to climb together.

He began blindly walking through the trees along the cliff as he thought of the days before the accident. Diane seemed to be still running a few steps ahead, her laughing face turning to urge him on as she found a thousand new things to delight in. She was always enchanted by the delicate flowers along the cliff growing out of the crevices of rock; the vegetation under the roof of the dark pines; the soft mats of needles spread in the forest aisles. She had filled her home with huge sprays of goldenrod and the first turning leaves of autumn he remembered. His first visit to the Lane home had been just a year ago as the leaves were beginning to drift from the trees making huge heaps on the lawn to burn. The pungent odor assailed his nostrils as it had then bringing tears to his eyes.

They had walked up this hill. Di's hair floated softly around her face as the gentle breeze caught it and the sun struck amber sparks from its dusky depths, and reflected from her sparkling blue eyes full of laughter. She was so alive, so thrilled by everything around her, so taken up with the small treasures of life that she still lived in the haunts she had loved.

Living over the past, as he had been unable to do before, seemed to relieve the pent-up grief and as he walked he at last accepted the fact of Diane's death. He realized that he could not continue ignoring life, that he must pick up the threads of his life, untangle them, and live as Di would have wished.

Lost in his reverie, the man did not watch the steps his feet were making, he did not realize that he was approaching the east edge of the precipice that dropped abruptly straight down and which was hidden by high-flung brush clinging tenaciously to the very edge of the cliff.

As his feet struck the loose projections of rock at the edge he came awake to the reality of what was happening ... too late. In the last moments of thought his mind violently rejected the tragic irony of his fate. Last night he had wanted to fall, he had stepped to the edge and tried to force the flight but could not. Today he had wanted to live again

for the first time, and had decided on the course of action he must take, but fate had sent him to join the spirit of his beloved Diane.

The squirrel, returning to his special tree over the cliff after a long day gathering acorns which were scattered profusely over the ground in preparation for the long winter, heard the last echoes of the fall. As the last resounding waves struck the pine tree, its twisted limbs seemed to tremble.

Fall...chill night air, harbinger of cold winter...beautiful change from summer green to brilliant hues..death of summer..death of a year .... and death on the rocks below.

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Miss Eunice Freeman has returned to her home in Goldsboro, N. C. after spending the summer at Hotel Edwards. Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Bird have as their guests this week, Mr. Bird's brother and family, Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Bird, John, Perry, and Dianne of Albany, N.Y.

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