

# Rapture Beyond

by KATHARINE NEULIN BURT

## NINTH INSTALLMENT

"You are probably right," Felix concluded. "But my instinct is to smash through, to break down that conventional barrier of her will against mine."

"You would lose her?"

"Perhaps. But I like—" Felix pondered cloudily, "sometimes I like to take chances, you know. There's something of the gambler in me."

Marcella opened her eyes upon him suddenly in a fashion that fairly frightened him.

"If you were a gambler, Felix, if I thought you were a gambler, you should not have her—not unless you killed me first."

The cold gray woman had spoken as though fire were at her heart and Felix came to his feet. "My dear Mrs. Harlowe, I am not a gambler in any evil or literal sense. We are all gamblers in one way or another."

In a mood of calm, of almost cold self-possession Jocelyn went two or three evenings later to see her father for farewell. Oh, she would see him again and often certainly. She would tell her secret to Felix; one does not keep secrets from one's husband, and get his help and sympathy for Nick. This visit would be the last one she would make in secret.

She had freed herself, it is to be seen, of any sentimentality toward Jock Ayleward, even of that sentimentality of an overemphasized dislike. She had freed herself too from sentimentality toward Nick; but not of her affection. She would carry him away from Jock, from the degradation and obscurity of this association, from the misery of his present humiliating circumstances.

In this mood of fiery deliverance did Jocelyn Harlowe in one of her own gowns—for Lynda Sandal had been condemned to death—approach her father's new abiding place.

which she found Nick before, a drearily clean lodging, the second floor of what once had been a private house downtown and far even on the west side.

Nick was obviously ill at ease in its stiff ugliness but also just as obviously proud to receive her in a room of respectable cleanliness, neatness and unadorned past. There was no sign of Ayleward's presence.

She had removed her hat and coat and Nick was staring at her. Instead of answering her question he scowled. "So you're Miss Jocelyn Harlowe tonight, are you?"

"No," said Jocelyn quietly, scolding trouble in the air, "although you once said you would like to see me again with sleek hair and in an evening dress. But to you I am always Lynda Sandal."

"I suppose you are. You would hardly, except by accident, expose Miss Harlowe to contamination. Isn't that it? I see you don't like the new apartment much better than you did the old one. I'm afraid, my dear, that living up to you is just a stretch beyond us."

"Nick! I think this beautiful and much, much pleasanter. And nearer for me, too. May I see your other rooms?"

Bent into the likeness of her first fearful glimpse of him, he hobbled through double doors into a large bedroom and showed her a bath and a dressing room beyond.

"Are you well again? Jock told me you'd been sick with pain and fever."

"I'm well. Come back and sit down and ask me about my symptoms and my finances. Isn't that what the Lady Bountiful does when she visits the poor?"

"Father! You have no right to say such a cruel thing to me."

"It's just exactly the right I have. The dispensing of cruel truth is a parent's first privilege, my dear."

"I have had very little of the truth from either of my parents!" cried Lynda. "If it is your privilege to be cruel, then I might at least have the benefit of your honesty."

At that his eyes, his face, his whole soul seemed to narrow itself. "You have more of the truth in your tongue

than you've admitted. The sharp truth, Lynda. I will ask you now to go back to Mrs. Harlowe. You are, after all, her daughter. That is to be remembered."

Lynda started blindly for the door. She was opening it when Nick flung himself after her, caught her and turned her about.

"Aha," he triumphed, malicious, laughing even while he winced with the pain of his impulsive movement. With some extraordinary effort he had changed his front, impelled by a sudden panic at really losing her.

"I've broken down Miss Harlowe's high mightiness, eh?" Roughly he pushed his hand to and fro over her shining head until its repressed curly masses were wild enough to shame a Fiji islander. "You came here to condescend to me, didn't you, my girl? Have I taken the condescension out of you a little?"

It was the truth and she recognized it.

"Come, Lynda, let's go out. I'm darned if I like the rooms myself. I've had a bid to join some of the crowd tonight at rather a swell joint. Want to come? They'll like to look at you."

"Are you really well enough, Nick?" was her only protest. Reassured roughly by being told to mind her own business, she went into his bathroom to wash away her tears and to restore passable order to her hair.

In a taxicab which it cost Nick some torturing moments to enter, Lynda forced herself to ask, "Will Ayleward be there?"

"I dare say."

"Nick, do you know his history?"

"A man's history is the least important thing about him, Lynda. But yes, I know it."

"And you believe his tale of persecution and of treachery? Do you know whom he accuses?"

"Yes. Your young man."

"Believing that, you let me know

how angry you were with me once when I involved you in a secret?"

Ayleward stood above to block her view of the glass doors; so she missed the rhythmic passing of Toni Padrona's woman clenched in the arms of Felix Kent, her eyes blazing into his with something that looked like hunger and reproach.

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

He hailed a taxicab.

"I'll send you home, Miss Sandal?"

"No." She spoke quickly, arrogantly. "To Nick's rooms. I must see him again tonight."

"But, Miss Sandal, I have to go there now myself at once."

"I'll only be a minute."

"Please go back and ask Nick—"

"I'm not ready for him to leave. He'll hold the party together for me."

In the taxi she asked, "Shall I have to wait very long for Nick?"

"No. As soon as I get back there I'll send him to you."

At the door of Nick's lodging house Jock let her in and in spite of her repelling gesture he mounted with her.

"I'm sorry. I must get something."

The something was an automatic pistol. He took it, quite openly from the table drawer, examined it and dropped it into his coat pocket.

Lynda said slowly, "Some day you will see again the inside of that state's prison, I'm afraid. And that will break Nick's heart. He thinks you are—pure gold."

"Please give me the gun. I'll be alone here. Quayle may find his way in."

"Not a chance." But Jock's voice was low and uncertain. "He doesn't know this place."

He took the blunt firearm and slowly, as though her eyes compelled him, lowered it and laid it on her open hand. And over this hand, gun and all, his fingers strongly closed.

Lynda felt a rapture of body and of blood. It was sweeter than honey, more heady than red wine. She sat still, knowing herself possessed. She was not ashamed, nor afraid. And suddenly she knew why she had come back with him, why she had allowed him to accompany her. Jock came round the table edge, drew down her hand to the other in her lap, fell to his knees and laid his forehead on her hands. She felt his lips moving, she heard him say, "I brought

that it caused, she as though for help.

They met Nick's eyes. He had followed them into the cafe instantly. Had come in, had seen them and now throwing himself in one painful contortion across the room set his torturing hands upon Jock's collar and, using all his strength, jerked him up and back.

"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-sharpener!"

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 toward the door. He said nothing, did not turn to look at Lynda.

"Don't be frightened, little Lynda," she heard her father saying. "He won't touch you again."

"She could not speak."

"You did wrong to come to me," grunted Nick. "No matter where I live my life defies your fingers."

Speaking, he was caught by a paroxysm of physical agony which kept Lynda there in piteous and scared 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'll be there."

(Continued Next Week)

### CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our gratitude for the sympathy and kindness shown by our neighbors and friends during the illness and death of our dear aged mother. Also many thanks for the beautiful floral offerings. May God's richest blessings attend each one of you when trouble comes in your home.

MR. & MRS. JOHN SHERRILL  
MR. & MRS. GEO. R. SHERRILL  
MR. & MRS. LEE SWIFT.

## THE DOCTOR Tells the Story

By W. E. AUGHUBAUGH, M. D.

### MICROBES

The records of prehistoric ages show that disease is older than the first man, and this fact is proven by decayed teeth, spongy bones, rheumatic joints and abscessed bones—(one of which recently exhibited a large enough to hold more than a quart of pus)—which have been found and which belonged to creatures living in the reptilian age.

Of course when men had merged from their primitive status and for many centuries thereafter it was commonly believed that disease was caused by evil spirits.

With the discovery of the microscope, medical men were quick to learn that the causes of most diseases were bacteria, and then there stepped into the picture the master mind of such scientists as Pasteur, Lister and Koch, who ascertained that there was another world of which little was known and that it was peopled by a population invisible to the naked eye—a truly dangerous and "murderous" population. Dr. Howard Haggard calls them.

In addition there were also found various bacteria which were silently working in the interest of mankind—genuine benefactors of humanity.

How long can bacteria live is a question that has puzzled scientists. Do they live weeks, months, years or centuries? Within recent years it has been absolutely demonstrated that bacteria remain viable for long periods of time.

In fact one may with propriety say that they live almost indefinitely, provided of course, that conditions are favorable for their survival.

For example, Dr. C. R. Lipman of the University of California has shown that living bacteria exists in coal taken from deep mines in Wales and also from Pennsylvania. In addition to this he learned that soil which had been sealed and kept immune from outside interference for periods varying from twenty-five to sixty-five years, all contained living bacteria.

Adobe bricks—that is bricks made from clay and water, and dried in the hot California sun—have been

are increased to four pounds, the hay cut to six pounds, and six pounds of cottonseed hulls are added.

**NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE**

Under and by virtue of an order of the superior court of Catawba county, N. C., in a proceeding therein entitled "F. A. Abernethy, First Security Trust Company and others vs. Estelle Abernethy and others," the undersigned receivers will, at 11 o'clock a. m., on Monday, January 9, 1939, on the premises in Blowing Rock, Watauga county, N. C., offer for sale at public auction to the best and highest bidder for cash the following described lands:

Those certain lots belonging to the A. S. Abernethy estate located on the highway which runs from Blowing Rock to Boone, more fully described as follows:

First Tract: Lots 1 and 2 in Block A, as per map of C. C. Bath, engineer for A. S. Abernethy, owner, surveyed August 17, 1925, and bounded as follows:

Beginning at a point in the eastern margin of a 36-foot street and the southwestern margin of the highway and runs with the street south 12 degrees west 121 feet to a stake, corner of lot No. 3; thence south 89 degrees 30 feet east 50 feet to the corner of lots 1 and 2; thence south 77 degrees east 75 feet to the southwest corner of lot No. 2; thence north 9 degrees 25 feet east 95 feet to the southwestern margin of the highway; thence with said margin north 53 degrees west 57 feet to the beginning.

Second Tract: That certain lot not far from the above described lot which was reserved by A. S. Abernethy at the time of the first sale of any of the Abernethy lands, having a 100-ft. frontage by 162 feet by 398 feet by 356 feet and more fully described as follows:

Beginning on a rock south 75 degrees 40 feet east 100 feet, north 14 degrees east 462 feet, north 87 west 398 feet, south 63 40 east 200 feet to a rock, south 15 degrees 30 west 356 feet to the point of beginning, adjoining the property of J. L. Snyder and Mrs. C. B. Calvert.

This the 3rd day of December, 1938

M. H. YOUNT,  
T. P. FRUITT,  
FIRST SECURITY TRUST  
CO., Receivers. 19-16-38

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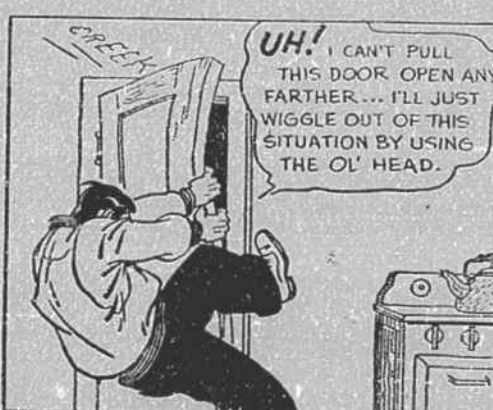
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## THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS

By Mac Arthur



2 1/2 WHY OF COURSE... YOU'RE RIGHT DEAR... I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT ?