

# RAPTURE BEYOND

by KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT



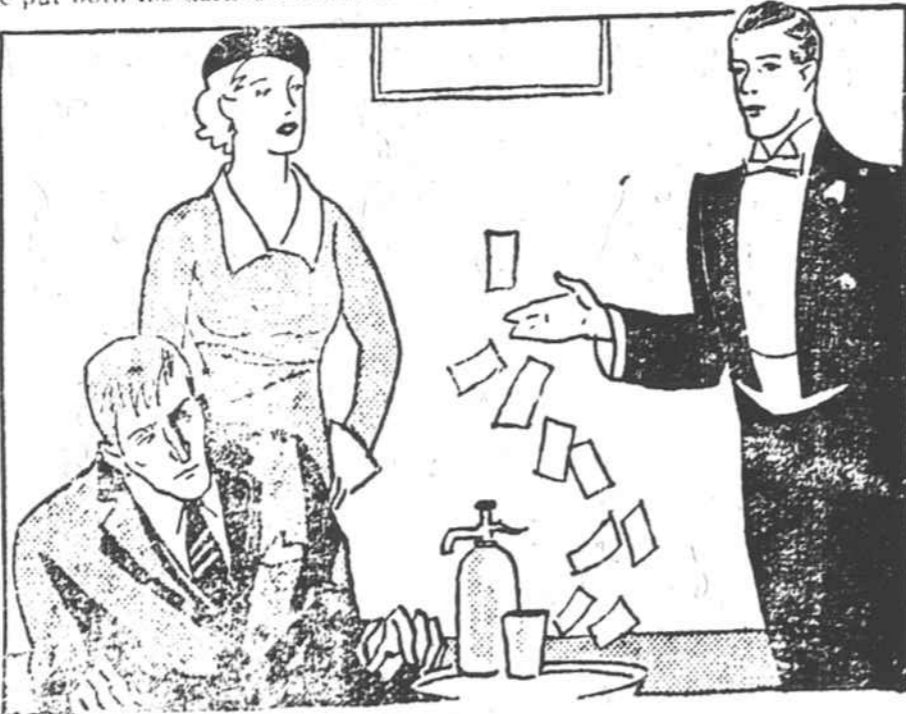
© 1931 CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY

## Third Installment

Fresh from a... Harlowe returns to... the girl is... the reality... Sandal, surprised... one night, Harlowe... Lynda Sandal... desire to see... part of her... studies her... Lynda... quarters, she... when she... word, her... him, but... NOW ON

days—and Jocelyn rather anxiously recognized that she missed him—there came a night, Mary's night out, when Jocelyn drew from her old trunk the faded skirt and the small dark jacket and the tam-o'-shanter and ran her fingers through her hair. This time she found her father in the outer room of his lodging, alone. He was doubled over a shabby desk and looked so queer, so almost grotesque over his papers, with his brilliant squinting eyes, that Lynda had again that sick flash of repulsion. Perhaps he recognized it for he put both his dark distorted hands

dained by God and man for anything so unimportant to the race as happiness. Don't let them fool you as to that. It's for your discipline, my angel. My father hath chastised you with scorpions. Don't you know the Old Testament? "We were not allowed to study our Bible," said Lynda, white and scared. "Nick, Nick, I must be happy. I don't want to be chastised. I want not to be afraid—as my mother is. As my mother is—" And at that instant first did the child know what it was in Marcella that so disturbed, so alienated her. Nick had hastily finished his drink,



He tossed a handful of paper money in the air before he noticed Lynda.

It silenced Lynda. He chuckled and the evening color and the "And that," she said delightfully. He put her hand into a taxicab, escorting her down through the house with its runners of gentry and play. She turned the beam behind one of the closed doors of the ground floor, she heard Jack Ayleward's voice, soft, amused and excited. It brought back upon her oddly that light flash of fear, of unhappiness and of regret. At the very beginning there was this essential difference between Lynda Sandal and Jocelyn Harlowe. Lynda was without question the more open and ardent of the two. Her eye had burned upon Nick, his home, his life, his friends with a golden glance of interest, of sympathy, of the will to understand. It was the girl which Marcella had refused and Felix Kent had not even deigned to touch.

One evening Felix questioned her. Hereafter, Jocelyn had been the questioner. "Why," he asked her, "do you look so contented?" "Oh," said Lynda, "realizing that she must answer when used to a child's look as I ought to, contented that I am."

had risen, was not looking at her but at his dog. The step was mounting rapidly. "Oh, that!" he threw back at her hastily over his rounded shoulder. "I never said you had to be afraid, did I. That's just exactly the one thing you mustn't be, my girl. If Mr. Felix Kent really scares you in any profound sense of the word, quit him cold. . . . It is Jack!"

Her heart went for joy and for the life of her. I come back don't you want, and did say a fair but it can't be tested each sufficiently to each other with these things. He under the com will be the key, to be of a lower his wait. I can't wait, she dreamt, all the anguish of a life.

"I don't love you," said Lynda. "I can't love you. You are not a man to me." "Above all things," she started, "I don't love you." "I don't love you," he said simply. "I like to be a part of your life, but I can't be a part of it while you are with me. I really have to finish this when you come back, well talk."

As he spoke he was pulling from his pocket's great handfuls of paper money which he shook before Nick's eyes and then tossed up in the air so that they fell about the room like dead leaves. In this moment of some triumph mystery to Lynda he had dropped the grim mask in his mobile and will-winged face. Lynda saw that he was young, ten years younger than Felix Kent, young enough to be Sandal's son.

But she endured, withdrawing into some fact, she never drew herself up to the chair as though she were a queen. She listened to Felix and Marcella dispassionately. She breathed deeply, her heart bitter, at defiance. She was left alone in her imagination of the man. "Oh, no," said Lynda Sandal, speaking desperately to her own heart, "we shall see it. There will be a fortnight at least of liberty and of experience. Perhaps my mother is wrong. Perhaps this Felix does not understand me. Perhaps this one correct and most intelligent gentleman is not the only doorway into life and love. I have a chance to learn the truth, just a brief mad chance, and if during this fortnight I discover that my anger and my shame and my terror under the embrace of a future husband is not what my mother assures me that they mean," her chest lifted, a wall seemed to blow across her mind, "then I will never marry him, so help me God, not even to escape from . . . her!" To the terrible estrangement of this pronouncement had Marcella driven her.

On the table there were no photographs, no knick-knacks, there were no pictures in his walls, but top of a tall chest of drawers, however, a set of clean camp toilet articles had been neatly arranged and there was a great picture of a dog, one of those magnificent, some heads which, loyal, brave, and true, have a nobility greater than humanity's. "Tell me about your dog, Father," was the girl's next question when after a very brief inspection she came back into the outer room. "He's such a beauty."

"I don't love you," said Lynda. "I can't love you. You are not a man to me." "Above all things," she started, "I don't love you." "I don't love you," he said simply. "I like to be a part of your life, but I can't be a part of it while you are with me. I really have to finish this when you come back, well talk."

Events shaped themselves rapidly to make her quest the best possible. Cousin Sara came in an old woman with an air of being very active and very lame, who talked about the city all day with a hearty enthusiasm for shopping, and went to bed at night exhausted by her own nervous activity. So, after Felix had been gone four

days—and Jocelyn rather anxiously recognized that she missed him—there came a night, Mary's night out, when Jocelyn drew from her old trunk the faded skirt and the small dark jacket and the tam-o'-shanter and ran her fingers through her hair. This time she found her father in the outer room of his lodging, alone. He was doubled over a shabby desk and looked so queer, so almost grotesque over his papers, with his brilliant squinting eyes, that Lynda had again that sick flash of repulsion. Perhaps he recognized it for he put both his dark distorted hands

had risen, was not looking at her but at his dog. The step was mounting rapidly. "Oh, that!" he threw back at her hastily over his rounded shoulder. "I never said you had to be afraid, did I. That's just exactly the one thing you mustn't be, my girl. If Mr. Felix Kent really scares you in any profound sense of the word, quit him cold. . . . It is Jack!"

But she endured, withdrawing into some fact, she never drew herself up to the chair as though she were a queen. She listened to Felix and Marcella dispassionately. She breathed deeply, her heart bitter, at defiance. She was left alone in her imagination of the man. "Oh, no," said Lynda Sandal, speaking desperately to her own heart, "we shall see it. There will be a fortnight at least of liberty and of experience. Perhaps my mother is wrong. Perhaps this Felix does not understand me. Perhaps this one correct and most intelligent gentleman is not the only doorway into life and love. I have a chance to learn the truth, just a brief mad chance, and if during this fortnight I discover that my anger and my shame and my terror under the embrace of a future husband is not what my mother assures me that they mean," her chest lifted, a wall seemed to blow across her mind, "then I will never marry him, so help me God, not even to escape from . . . her!" To the terrible estrangement of this pronouncement had Marcella driven her.

On the table there were no photographs, no knick-knacks, there were no pictures in his walls, but top of a tall chest of drawers, however, a set of clean camp toilet articles had been neatly arranged and there was a great picture of a dog, one of those magnificent, some heads which, loyal, brave, and true, have a nobility greater than humanity's. "Tell me about your dog, Father," was the girl's next question when after a very brief inspection she came back into the outer room. "He's such a beauty."

"I don't love you," said Lynda. "I can't love you. You are not a man to me." "Above all things," she started, "I don't love you." "I don't love you," he said simply. "I like to be a part of your life, but I can't be a part of it while you are with me. I really have to finish this when you come back, well talk."

Events shaped themselves rapidly to make her quest the best possible. Cousin Sara came in an old woman with an air of being very active and very lame, who talked about the city all day with a hearty enthusiasm for shopping, and went to bed at night exhausted by her own nervous activity. So, after Felix had been gone four

days—and Jocelyn rather anxiously recognized that she missed him—there came a night, Mary's night out, when Jocelyn drew from her old trunk the faded skirt and the small dark jacket and the tam-o'-shanter and ran her fingers through her hair. This time she found her father in the outer room of his lodging, alone. He was doubled over a shabby desk and looked so queer, so almost grotesque over his papers, with his brilliant squinting eyes, that Lynda had again that sick flash of repulsion. Perhaps he recognized it for he put both his dark distorted hands

had risen, was not looking at her but at his dog. The step was mounting rapidly. "Oh, that!" he threw back at her hastily over his rounded shoulder. "I never said you had to be afraid, did I. That's just exactly the one thing you mustn't be, my girl. If Mr. Felix Kent really scares you in any profound sense of the word, quit him cold. . . . It is Jack!"

But she endured, withdrawing into some fact, she never drew herself up to the chair as though she were a queen. She listened to Felix and Marcella dispassionately. She breathed deeply, her heart bitter, at defiance. She was left alone in her imagination of the man. "Oh, no," said Lynda Sandal, speaking desperately to her own heart, "we shall see it. There will be a fortnight at least of liberty and of experience. Perhaps my mother is wrong. Perhaps this Felix does not understand me. Perhaps this one correct and most intelligent gentleman is not the only doorway into life and love. I have a chance to learn the truth, just a brief mad chance, and if during this fortnight I discover that my anger and my shame and my terror under the embrace of a future husband is not what my mother assures me that they mean," her chest lifted, a wall seemed to blow across her mind, "then I will never marry him, so help me God, not even to escape from . . . her!" To the terrible estrangement of this pronouncement had Marcella driven her.

Continued Next Week

# \$3000

## That's What We Want to Collect On Our Subscription List During the Next Two Weeks

## To Get This We Are Willing to Sacrifice \$1,000

## During the two weeks of February court we are offering The Jackson County Journal two years for \$2.00.

## This applies to both new and renewal subscriptions. If your subscription has just expired, if you are behind, if your subscription will expire in a short time, here is your opportunity. Don't overlook it.

## February 22nd to March 5th

# The Jackson County Journal

### NOTICE OF SALE

Notice is hereby given that the lands embraced in the deed of trust from M. M. Higdon to Delia Higdon, et al, for Tuckalee far Tuckalee Bank, Sylva, N. C., dated October 20, 1921, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Jackson County, in Book 88 page 42,

were sold at public auction to the highest bidder for cash on the 22 day of January, 1932, and since the sale and within the time limit the bid of said lands has been raised, ten percent, therefore, by order of Dan Allison Clerk of the Superior Court of Jackson County, N. C., this property will again be offered for sale at public auction for cash at the Court House Door in the Town of Sylva, Jackson County, N. C., by the trustee, on the 20 day of February, 1932, described as follows: 45 acres more or less in Savannah township, Jackson County, adjoining the lands of H. G. Crisp, J. L. Higdon and Young tract being the home place of M. M. Higdon, further reference to which may be found in Book 88 at page 43 Record of Deeds, Jackson County. This the 10 day of February, 1932. Dan K. Moore, trustee. 2 11 2ts TB