

# MAN MADE THE TOWN

## by RUBY M. AYRES

### Fourteenth Instalment

Diana, a young English girl, in love with Dennis Waterman, a married man, undergoes a nervous collapse and is sent to the country to recuperate under the care of Dr. Donald Rathbone, who lives near the cottage where she stays. She finds herself falling in love with the doctor, but still trying to hold Dennis' affection. Linda, Dennis' wife, tells her that she offered Dennis a divorce but he would not accept it; he would have felt compelled to marry Diana. Diana's love for Doctor Rathbone is tempered by jealousy of a woman named Rosalie, who lives in the doctor's house. At last Rathbone finds that he is deeply in love with Diana, but he confesses to her that Rosalie is his wife.

He had married her out of sympathy, when his husband had been killed in the war. But Rosalie was hopelessly insane. Diana and Rathbone were hopelessly insane. Diana and Rathbone were hopelessly insane.

Dennis comes to see her. She discovers that she is all through with him. As she is leaving for London a letter comes from Dr. Rathbone, expressing his hopeless love. Back in London she learns that Linda Waterman, in a married man whose wife has just died, in an insane asylum. Life seems a frightful, an insane affair. She goes to a party, a puzzling affair. She goes to a party, a puzzling affair. She goes to a party, a puzzling affair.

Dr. Donald Rathbone.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Diana had been idly watching the scene before her, her thoughts far away, but at the sound of that name her slender body stiffened, and her face went as white as her gown.

"No... no... no..." Her heart cried out in passionate protest even as her dilated eyes met Rathbone's across the long room.

And she had been afraid that she was beginning to forget him! Forget him! Forget his big, powerful body against which she had once been held in such perfect happiness and peace? His grave steady eyes, and the mouth that looked as if it rarely smiled?

He did not smile now, though a little flash passed across his sombre eyes before he turned to greet his hostess.

It seemed an eternity to Diana before Rathbone began to make his way across to her. He seemed to know a great many people; many of whom stopped to engage him in conversation.

Rathbone was beside her now, but he made no attempt to take her hand. It did not offer it.

"Good evening, Miss Gladys."

"Diana's eyes that were infinitely pathetic, because they fought so hard for indifference.

"Good-evening, Dr. Rathbone."

"A great rock in a weary land..." How silly to think of that now, and yet—oh, how wonderful to feel once again the peace and safety of his presence!

"I hope you are well?" he said formally.

"Yes, thank you."

"Quite well?"

She tried to answer, but now that suffocating feeling had mastered her, and she could only nod silently.

"Then someone came and took him away."

At dinner he was a long way from her; he sat on Mrs. Foster's left hand with the great newspaper magazine on her right; evidently Rathbone was the second most important guest.

The dinner was endless; to Diana's overwrought imagination, the long table seemed to grow longer till Rathbone appeared to be separated from her by miles; course after course followed one another in terrible monotony. How could people go on eating for such hours?

She almost said, "Thank God," when at last the ordeal was ended.

Rathbone would come and talk to her now, she was sure; he would find some way of shaking off all the other people, and he would come to her, and he would say something that would stop this dreadful pain. He would know what she was suffering; perhaps he was suffering equally himself.

But though she watched the door of the great unfriendly drawing room with strained eyes till the men began to appear, Rathbone was not among them.

Then she learned that Rathbone had been called away suddenly on an urgent call.

He had gone without even saying good-bye to her.

Diana sat up in bed, rocking herself to and fro.

She wished she could cry, but her eyes felt too hot and burning to allow the relief of tears.

Were other girls made to suffer like this, or were they too wise to allow themselves to care very much for anyone?

With a terrible feeling of restlessness she got out of bed and began to walk about the room.

If only he had bid her good-bye at Mrs. Foster's. Shown some affection for her.

If only she could sleep!... Her head

to call," Hobson said tartly. He half turned to go, then came back.

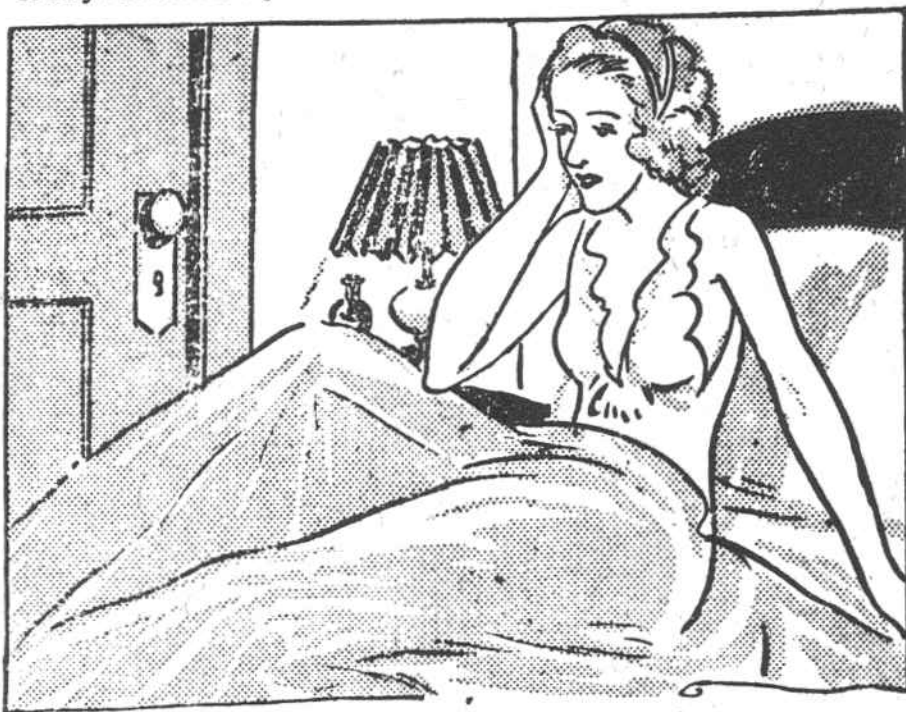
"Which way did you come?" he asked, lowering his voice.

"Oh—well—you didn't see anything of our Miss Rosalie, I suppose?"

"Miss Rosalie? No. Why?"

"Why?" Hobson echoed with the impatience of anxiety.

"Why, because she's out somewhere, of course. Been out since nine o'clock this morning, as far as we can make out. Not very nice for a young lady to go wandering off on her own a morning like this, is it?"



If only she could sleep!... Her head was throbbing so.

was throbbing so; it reminded her of that night at the Savoy with Dennis, when the world had seemed to be filled with a million demons, all of whom were conspiring together to torment her.

Anna's sleeping draught had been useless; it had only excited her and raked her nerves.

Perhaps if she took some more...

She looked round the room eagerly; yes, the bottle was there on the dressing table.

Diana crossed the room. She was a childish figure in her white nightgown with her bare feet and disordered

Her hands shook a little, making the bottle rattle against the glass as she measured out some of the drops.

It had a nasty bitter taste.

"That's because I haven't put any water with it," Diana thought vaguely.

"I don't care; perhaps it will really make me sleep this time."

She shivered and made a little grimace as she crept back to bed. Why were all the things that were supposed to be good for one so nasty?

CHAPTER XXII

Jonas was putting the pony and trap away in the stable when Mr. Shurey came down the yard, a giant figure looming out of the gray mist.

"Don't let me put her away yet," he said. "There's some things for Rathbone's."

Jonas turned round.

"It'll be difficult to get so far in this fog," he said rather sullenly.

The farmer frowned.

"When I was your age I didn't argue about things being difficult," he said bluntly.

"I did 'em. If you go up to the house the missus'll give you what's to go."

Jonas shrugged his shoulders and obeyed. He did not really object to the fog, but he was in no mood to go. There was a dark spot in his mind whenever he thought of Donald Rathbone.

He felt as if, during the past weeks since he first met her, she had unconsciously been giving him broken pieces of a puzzle, which had slowly and carefully formed themselves into one, until this morning, he suddenly realized that it was complete. And it was Rathbone's face that he saw in the finished picture.

The love Jonas felt for Diana was the kind of love which Dante had felt for Beatrice. He had been content to love on his poet's dreams of her, asking nothing more for himself than that he might be allowed to continue to dream.

But that she should be unhappy was more than he could endure.

It was nearly midday before Jonas reached Rathbone's. The big gates were wide open—a most unusual thing in his experience, and as he neared the house he saw that the front door was wide open also, regardless of the damp fog that swirled in.

He drove round to the side door and got down.

Nobody answered his repeated knock, and presently he turned the handle and looked into the kitchen.

Nobody about. He set his basket of eggs and butter down on the table and had turned to go when Hobson, the chauffeur, suddenly appeared.

Jonas looked at him.

"Where's everybody?" he asked. He indicated the basket. "I've just brought that. Isn't there anybody about?"

"We've got something else to do besides hang round waiting for you

"Alone?" Jonas said.

"You mean—she's lost?" Jonas asked.

"No, I don't mean nothing of the sort," Hobson retorted angrily.

"You can't get lost round here. It's just the fog that makes it difficult to find her. If you see anything of her it'd be a kindness to let us know or to bring her back."

"All right," Jonas said briefly. He had turned to go when Hobson called to him again.

"Look here," he said more confidentially. "You won't open your mouth all over the village, I know, so I'll tell you."

"Miss Rosalie has been missing ever since it was light. Nobody knows how she managed to get out—it's never happened before, and there'll be hell to pay if the doctor comes home and she isn't here."

"Isn't the doctor at home?"

"No, he isn't, hasn't been home for two nights, lucky for us; but we've got to find her before it gets dark, and that's all there is about it. I've been out myself since seven—haven't had any breakfast yet!" Hobson grumbled, trying to hide his anxiety.

"If I tell Mr. Shurey he'll send some of us along to help," Jonas said.

"I'll get dark early to-day, with this fog hanging about."

"If you tell Shurey the whole village'll know," Hobson said lugubriously.

"Not but what I don't think you're right. The more of us that look for her, the sooner she'll be found."

"Have you tried the woods?" She used to go there a lot in the summer."

"Tried the woods," Hobson said scornfully. "When you can't see your hand before your face out in the main road, how do you think you're going to see in the woods? Not but what it isn't an idea," he added.

"I could find my way through them in the dark," Jonas said quickly, but Hobson shook his head.

"What I'm afraid of is the river," he admitted reluctantly. "It always had a wonderful fascination for the poor lady. Sit for hours watching it, she would, and singing to herself. He broke off with a touch of emotion, then pulled himself together to say gruffly: "I can't waste my time talking to you; but if you do see anything of her—"

"I'll keep a lookout," Jonas promised.

He went back to the trap and drove slowly away.

The river!... It was a disagreeable thought on a morning like this. His imagination was deeply stirred. The river would be icy cold and full of dead weeds.

It seemed to be getting dark already, although it was not yet three o'clock; the grayness of the mist was deepening and intensifying, as if someone were blowing black smoke into it and the two were slowly mingling together.

Before he had gone a mile on the road he was obliged to get down and lead the little pony. It was almost impossible to see the ditch or any turnings. And somewhere, wandering hopelessly about, was Rosalie—a poor "mad" thing, as Diana had called her.

The curious acrid smell of a river was in the air, a mingling of rotting vegetation and dank water. If he was indeed anywhere near the river, then he had wandered very far from the right direction, for the river wound half a mile behind the village in a wide semicircle.

Continued Next Week

the following described land and premises with the improvement thereon, to-wit: Situate, lying and being in Cullowhee Township, County of Jackson and State of North Carolina, to-wit:

**First Tract:** Adjoining the ends of the Smith Company, Lewis Tilson, State Highway 106; Beginning at a stake, the Smith Company's corner, and runs South 59 deg. East with the Smith Company's line fifty feet to a stake in their line; thence North 31 deg. East 50 feet to a stake; thence North 59 deg. West 50 feet to a stake near the road; thence South 31 deg. West 50 feet to the Beginning. And being the Lot on which is erected the Garage Building used by the Cullowhee Motor Company, and also being and comprehending the same lot described in, and conveyed by deed dated the 8th day of October, 1921, from John Phillips and wife, Bertie Phillips, to Wade Galloway, which said deed is duly recorded in the Jackson County Public Registry in Book 86 at page 29 et seq., to which said deed and record reference is hereby had.

**Second Tract:** Adjoining the lands of W. M. Galloway, Smith Company, Thomas A. Cox, Jr., and John F. Bryson: Beginning at a stake, W. M. Galloway and Smith Companies corner and runs South 42 deg. East 91 1/2 feet to a stake in the line of the old John E. Ensley Mill tract; thence North 22 deg. East 155 feet to a stake in the line of the old S. B. Ensley tract thence North 44 deg. West 104 feet to John F. Bryson's corner; thence with said Bryson's back line to Tilson's corner; thence with said Tilson's line to W. M. Galloway's corner; thence with said Galloway's line to the BEGINNING, and being and comprehending the same lands described in, and conveyed by deed dated 14th day of November, 1925, from John Phillips and wife, Bertie Phillips, to David T. Brown and W. M. Galloway, which said deed is duly recorded in the Jackson County Public Registry in Book No. 97 at page 371 et seq., to which said deed and record reference is hereby had for a more full and complete description of said lands.

As stated above the property above described shall be sold for cash. The Successor Trustee, however, will accept 10 per cent of the bid for the property in cash at time of accepting bid at the sale and the remainder of the purchase price will be payable in cash upon delivery of the deed. No bids will be accepted unless 10 per cent of same is deposited in cash with the Successor Trustee.

This the 11th day of August, 1932 ASHEVILLE SAFE DEPOSIT CO., Successor Trustee

By J. C. Alexander, Trust Officer 3-11-9-1

**NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE** NORTH CAROLINA, JACKSON COUNTY. Under and by virtue of the power and authority contained in a certain deed of trust, executed the 30th day of March, 1927, by Wade Galloway and wife, Eulah Galloway, to A. J. Dills, Trustee for the Sylva Coal & Lumber Company, which deed of trust is on record in the Office of the Register of Deeds, in Book 101, at Page 129, thereby securing certain indebtedness, which indebtedness is long past due and unpaid, and demand having been made for the payment of said indebtedness, and the payment of same having been refused, the holder of said deed of trust having made demand upon the undersigned Trustee that the power of sale contained in said deed of trust be exercised:

Now, therefore, I, A. J. Dills, Trustee aforesaid, will, on Monday, August the 29th, 1932, at 12:00 o'clock, noon, at the Court House door in the town of Sylva, North Carolina, in order to satisfy said indebtedness, offer for sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described real estate:

Being Lots Numbers 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 of the W. L. Henson farm, in Cullowhee Township, Jackson County, North Carolina, as shown by a plot of said farm made by O. B. Coward, Surveyor, November, 1924, and recorded in the Office of the Register of Deeds for Jackson County, North Carolina, in Book of Maps No. 1, at Page 28, to which said plot reference is made for a further description of said lots.

This the 27th day of July, 1932. A. J. DILLS, Trustee.

8-28-4ts

**NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE** Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust made by L. B. Woodruff to E. P. Stillwell trustee, dated the 29th day of May, 1926, and recorded in Book 96, page 279, in the office of the Register of Deeds of Jackson County North Carolina, default having been made in the payment of the

debt thereby secured, and the holder thereof having directed that the deed of trust be foreclosed, the undersigned trustee will offer for sale at the court house door in the City of Sylva, North Carolina, at twelve o'clock noon on Monday the 22 day of August 1932, and will sell to the highest bidder for cash a certain piece or parcel of land situated in Sylva Township, Jackson County, North Carolina, and more particularly described as follows:

Being lots Nos. Four (4), Five (5), and Six (6) of the Sunrise Park Sub-division of the W. H. Rhodes property located in Sylva Township, Jackson County, N. C., as shown on the map or plat prepared by H. R. Queen and S. M. Parker, surveyors, in May, 1926 which said map or plat is recorded in the Jackson County Public Registry in Map Book No. 1 at page 68, to which said map, plat or record reference is hereby had for a more full and complete description of said lots; and also being the same lots this day conveyed by W. H. Rhodes and wife by deed to L. B. Woodruff.

This the 18 day of July, 1932. E. P. Stillwell, Trustee

7 22 4ts BW

**NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION** Having qualified as Administratrix of the Estate of Charles Jones, Jr.,

I have relinquished my interest in Cagle Bros. Cafe, and will not be responsible for any debt, that has been made or that might be made in the future.

This July 26, 1932 7-28 A. G. CAGLE.

**Men Wanted** to conduct would be named Rawleigh Home Service business in and near city of Sylva, Counties of South Jackson, Swain, and Macon. Reliable hustler can start earning \$35 weekly and increase rapidly. Write immediately Rawleigh Co., Dept. NC-126-S, Richmond, Va.

Deceased, late of Jackson County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Balsam, North Carolina, or file them with the Clerk of the Superior Court at Sylva, North Carolina, on or before the 16th day of July, 1932, or their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This the 16th day of July, 1932 Stella Jones Rabb, Administratrix of the Estate of Charles Jones, Jr., Deceased. 7-21-8-25 mgs

**NOTICE** I have relinquished my interest in Cagle Bros. Cafe, and will not be responsible for any debt, that has been made or that might be made in the future.

This July 26, 1932 7-28 A. G. CAGLE.

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Twin Shingles  
**THICK-BUTT**

Give extra protection on the exposed portion — where the wear comes.

Ask us to show you the variety of colors obtainable in these shingles.

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Most of your suffering from common every-day aches and pains is unnecessary and unwise. Unnecessary, because Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills relieve quickly and without unpleasant after effects; unwise, because pain makes your physical condition worse instead of better. One pill usually brings relief in a few minutes.

If you suffer from any of the disorders listed above, take Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. If they do not give you greater relief in less time than anything else you have used, go to your druggist and get your money back.

A package of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills in your medicine cabinet, pocket, or hand-bag means fewer aches and pains.

25 for 25 cents 125 for \$1.00

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The credit of all teachers is good, until they get their pay checks.

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Cole Bldg. Mill St.

**TRUSTEE'S SALE** Whereas, D. H. Brown and wife, Grace Hall Brown, and W. M. Galloway and wife, Eulah Galloway, made and executed a certain deed of trust to the Central Bank and Trust Company, Trustee for bearer, dated April 1, 1927, and recorded in Book 102 at page 209 in the office of the Register of Deeds for Jackson County, North Carolina, to secure certain indebtedness, and, Whereas, on account of the inability

and refusal of said Central Bank and Trust Company, Trustee, to act in compliance with the provisions of said deed of trust has been appointed Successor Trustee under said deed of trust, by an instrument in writing executed by the Baltimore Trust Company Trustee, and recorded in Book 111, at page 356 in the office of the Register of Deeds for Jackson County, North Carolina, and, Whereas, default having been made

in the payment of the indebtedness secured by said deed of trust, and the holder has demanded that the undersigned exercise said power of sale and sell the property thereby conveyed as provided in said deed of trust, and, Therefore, the undersigned successor Trustee will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, at 12 o'clock noon on the 13th day of September, 1932, at the Court House door in the city of Sylva, North Carolina,

the following described land and premises with the improvement thereon, to-wit: Situate, lying and being in Cullowhee Township, County of Jackson and State of North Carolina, to-wit: