

RAPTURE BEYOND

By Katharine Newlin Burt

Fresh from a French convent, Jocelyn Harlowe returns to New York to her socially elect mother, a religious, ambitious woman. The girl is hurried into an engagement with the wealthy Felix Kent. Her father, Nick Sandal, surreptitiously enters the girl's home one night. He tells her he used to call her Lynda Sandal. The girl is torn by her desire to see life in the raw and to become part of her mother's society. Her father studies her surroundings.

Lynda visits her father in his dingy quarters. She finds four men playing cards when she arrives. One of them, Jock Ayleward, her father tells her, is like a son to him, but warns the girl he is a trifle.

Lynda pays a second visit to her father and Jock takes her home, on the way stopping with her at an underworld cabaret.

Jock gets into a fight with a gangster who insists on dancing with Lynda. He then takes Lynda home. Later she mentions Felix's name to Jock and Ayleward's face displays his demoniac hatred of the millionaire.

Jock tells Lynda that Felix caused him to be sent to jail unjustly by fixing up his report on a mine. Lynda says she doesn't believe his story. She pays another visit to her father and goes to a cabaret with him and dances with Jock, who suddenly stops and tells her he is going to take her right home. He had seen Felix dancing with another woman.

Nick discovers Jock making love to Lynda when he returns home immediately after the others get there and reviles him for being a convict. Returning home Jocelyn finds her mother handling some immensely valuable jewels, hidden behind her prie dieu.

Felix tells Jocelyn that Jock is a worthless scamp. Later Lynda tells Jock she does not believe in his innocence but will try and find, through Felix, some letters Jock claims will clear his name.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
Seventh Installment
"And you were going to leave without a word to me? Nick was going to."

"It was my plan."
"I'm sure of that. From the beginning you've tried to separate us. Can't you see how wicked that is! And how selfish. I can help him, save him."

Jock who was now on his feet stood looking down at her. "Save him—from what?"

She flushed but went on bravely, "from you, Jock Ayleward. From this life of his with—you."

Jock began to move up and down the littered room. With rough hair and in his shirt sleeves he looked younger than she remembered him . . . so many years younger than Felix Kent. Scarred, yes, by life; but so much younger and more flexible. . .

The eyes in his spent face began unwillingly to flare, to widen, as she told him of her ride with Felix.

"Ask Kent about your father now. Tomorrow. Tell him about me. Put him to the test."

"I will." Her heart labored. "Yes. I will. I've already asked him about you."

The young man turned to stone. Gray stone. He wet his lips and asked slowly, not looking at her, "Did you ask him (to prove his case)?"

"Why should I? To me it's proved by his word."

"Then ask him to give you his correspondence with Algernon Talley during the summer of 1920."

"He would have none."

"And if you find the letters?"

"If I find even a scrap of paper that has anything to do with your case, I promise you that you shall have it. I am going now. I won't wait for Nick. I don't believe you will be cruel enough now to take him away from me. Let me go, Jock." He had seized her hands in a firm grip.

She fled from him. She heard herself laughing breathlessly as she ran down the stairs.

That night after she had finally fallen asleep with her last memory of Jock on her mind, she was awakened early by Marcella.

"The jewels—the jewels are gone. Get up and help me. Tell me where you've hidden them."

Her mother's hands tore her dreams to pieces, hurting her. They were trying to wring something out of her.

"Mother, Mother, please! What is the matter? What have I done?"

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

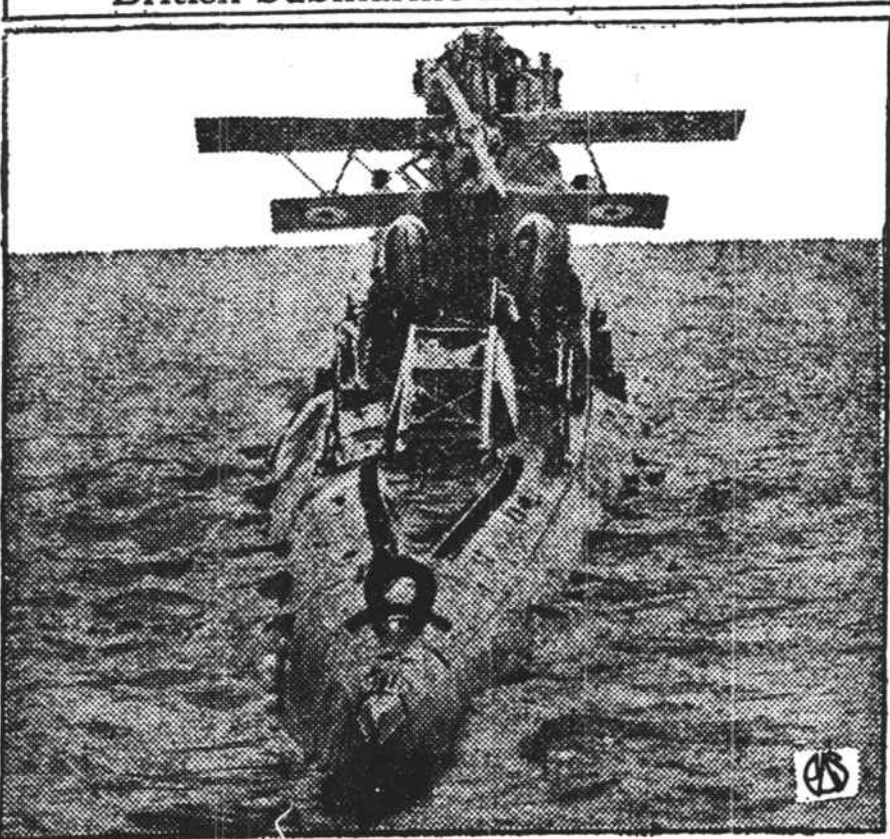
It was spoken, Jocelyn now realized, in hope.

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

But she was remembering her father's silent visits—the visits she had called fruitless.

She loved Nick. Even now she loved him; this knowing climber-in at bedroom windows, this beaten

British Submarine Lost in Channel



The M-2, one of the latest type of plane-carrying overseas vessels in the British Navy, was unable to rise after submerging off Portland, on the south coast of England. She carried a crew of four officers and fifty men.

man whose friends had hard faces and quick eyes . . . Here pain took her heart in both its hands and squeezed it. "Jock-in-the-box, Boxy." What creatures went about under such sobriquets? A hideous clamor came to her mind whose ears she tried in vain to close! "Thief! Stop, thief!"

She had herself admitted these men into her mother's house with her own hands.

He had not come himself that other night. He had sent Jock. She had admitted Jock herself. He had stayed a long time. He had not been watching her while she played. He had busied his eyes elsewhere. He had quick eyes . . . Her wrist watch was gone . . . He had lightfingered hands . . . they had held her own—Kent's diamond upon them—against his face.

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

The next morning Marcella had recovered her self-possession. She came to Jocelyn's room early.

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

"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.

She controlled her nervous sobbing and went to summon him.

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 . . . Why, naturally, that's entirely up to you."

After a time the two women heard Kent enter the outer office.

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

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

Miss Deal, unsmiling, balefully replied, "He forgot the scrap basket."

Jocelyn threw back her head and laughed.

At that raining of golden careless laughter, 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."

"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!"

"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.

"I am married to him now", thought Jocelyn, "now I am really married safely to him," and she sat there as still as a trapped mouse in her gray fur with her chin bent but with that look of somber June thunder in her eyes.

When she returned home she found a small thin man with horn-rimmed spectacles, his hair very closely cut, 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 pleated skirt with a tight jacket."

Miss Jocelyn Harlowe, turning to the mirror, sleeked her hair and fitted down upon it her small felt hat. No nun had ever looked paler. She came into that room quickly with her proudest grace.

Marcella said, "This is my daughter, Mr. Catring. She has been told of—my loss."

The horn-rimmed spectacles were turned and rested, shining, upon her face.

"May I search your bedroom?" he asked her.

"Why certainly, if mother wishes you to."

Jocelyn went along the hall. For a merciful twenty minutes the inspection of her own room was delayed. Catring stayed first to examine Mary's quarters.

During that twenty minutes Jocelyn took down her skirt and tam-

o-shanter and jacket from the closet hanger and hook, folded them as flatly as she could and hid them between her mattress and the springs.

Mr. Catring came in at his leisure and made a quick and sharp examination of her closet, her bathroom, her window and her fire escape. He looked down for some time at the court below with its opening into the alley.

An hour later she breathed easier when she heard the detective take his leave.

Jocelyn thereupon studied coldly and fiercely what must now be done before her wedding day.

She said to Lynda Sandal, "You must find Nick, if he is to be found and persuade him to return the jewels."

She said to Jocelyn Harlowe, "Before you marry Felix Kent you must prove to Ayleward and to yourself that you do not fear the contents of that safe."

And speaking in the character of Mrs. Felix Kent she said to both these girls, "You must be very careful and you must not be afraid."

A small number of church invitations had been sent out, an even smaller number of invitations to a breakfast afterward, a larger number of announcements went through the mails and the papers had their information and their photographs.

To these matters Marcella, with the speech and movements of a marionette, had carefully attended. Jocelyn had stood for the first and second fittings of her wedding gown and the apartment began, surprisingly to her, to fill itself with gifts.

"You're giving me everything, Felix," she murmured late one evening, the wedding day just sixty-two hours ahead, except one thing and that is what I want most."

He had been about to say good night, one of those lingering good nights that taxed her patience and tormented all her nerves. They were seated together on the small brocade sofa. Felix sat back in the sofa corner and held Jocelyn close against him.

"It's just—" the pale girl faltered, lifting her eyes to him and letting them fall again with a convent child's timidity or shame, "your confidence."

Felix stiffened, then drew her even closer. "All right. You shall have it. What do you want to know? Ask me for a secret."

There fell a silence which Felix

pleasantly employed, stroking her hair, touching her warm cheek. Jocelyn whispered, "I wish — you will think I'm worse than a baby! —but I do wish I could tell Miss Deal that I knew the combination of your private safe."

Felix threw back his head and laughed heartily and tenderly, the laughter of an indulgent elder.

"Little goose! What good would that do you?"

"No good of course: No practical good. But—spiritually—"

(Continued Next Week)

Will Always Grow Cotton and Tobacco

North Carolina farmers will always grow cotton and tobacco. They know how to grow the two crops; they are trained and equipped to grow them; and they know that during any given series of years, these two crops have returned the highest acre income.

In this manner, C. B. Williams, head of the department of agronomy at State College, sums up the question of whether Tarhell farmers should plant cotton and tobacco this year. Mr. Williams contends that prices below the cost of production are no new thing. This has been true since 1830 when the early colonists of Virginia said that only the best quality of tobacco paid the cost of production. In 1894, cotton brought only 4.6 cents a pound on December first. At times since then the price of both crops has been below the cost of production.

"But," says Mr. Williams, "despite these low prices, farmers have

reduced their acreages, have made good yields on what acres they have planted, and, when increased consumption came about, the ruinous prices did not usually remain for any great length of time."

Mr. Williams suggests seven points for consideration by the cotton and tobacco farmer this year. These are: grow the two crops on land best suited which in itself will cause a heavy reduction; prepare this selected land better than it has ever been prepared before; plant at the right time and in the best manner of varieties adapted to the section; use the kind and amount of fertilizer suited to the crop and the soil; space the rows and the plants on the row to the fertility of the land or the fertilizer used; cultivate thoroughly, and use the best methods of harvesting and preparing for the market.

If these precautions are observed,

the grower will obtain the highest possible acre production and the best quality of product, says Mr. Williams.

Surry county farmers are organizing milk routes to ship surplus milk to the new plant at North Wilkesboro.

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