The Gorgeous Hussy

HALSEY RAINES

What has happened so far: Peggy O'Neale, vivacious nineteen-year-old daughter of a Washington innkeeper, is very much interested in two new arrivals at the Franklin Inn on an April day in 1828. They are Lieut. Bowie Timberlake of the U. S. Navy, and Prof. Le Roy Sunderland, a phrenology expert.

Chapter Two

Seated alone at one end of a long table in the Franklin taproom was Daniel Webster, his massive head bowed in meditation. The greatest orator the American Senate has ever known was absorbed in his thoughts — and his mint julep. He paid no apparent heed to the sounds of laughter at the small tables back of him, nor did he glance upwards at the walls of the room, adorned with portraits of Washington, Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin.

Horatius, the dilatory, white-jacketed black jack-of-all-trades of the inn, passed by, carrying a tray.

"Kin ah freshen up yo' julep, Mister Webster?" he asked.

"Drink should be the companion piece to noble discourse," said Webster, waving him away. "Not an accompaniment to empty headed cackle."

Lieutenant Bowie Timberlake might have been tempted to make some flippant reply, but at that moment Peggy's smiling face and lissome figure were mirrored in the doorway. She went over to Major O'Neale and put an arm about him.

"Father," she asked with seeming innocence, "why didn't you tell me we had company?"

Major O'Neale accepted the cue and proudly introduced his daughter to the newly arrived guests. Professor Sunderland seized the opportunity to join a compliment for Peggy with a bit of sarcasm directed at his naval traveling companion.

"A most pleasant ending to a rather unpleasant journey, Miss O'Neale," he said with a bow.

Slightly embarrassed when she realized she was the center of so many admiring masculine eyes, Peggy slipped over to Daniel Webster's table.

"Isn't anyone taking care of you, Mr. Webster?" she inquired.

No one was proof against Peggy's volatile spirits, and the famous statesman drew himself out of his reverie.

"Have you shaped any new political doctrines, Peggy?" he asked.

"Political doctrines?" she echoed. "Why, I'm nothing but an impressionable young woman."

"Who might all too easily fall under the influence of a benighted States Rights' rebel," said Webster meaningfully.

"If you mean your dearest enemy John Randolph," said Peggy, "he left me to walk home alone on some silly excuse about state business."

"State of Virginia business, I'll warrant," cried Webster, catching up her words. "Not the business of the United States."

This thrust was perfectly timed, for at that very moment Senator Randolph's rather angular shadow fell across the threshold. Like two lions ready to join in combat, he and Webster exchanged piercing glances.

"Is it true, Senator Randolph," asked Webster, "that you said the state of Virginia would never submit to any distasteful laws hatched by the frozen-noses of Massachusetts and Connecticut?"

"No," said Randolph coldly, drawing himself up, "but I do say the state of Virginia will never submit to any violation of her sovereign rights, be it an amendment forbidding slavery, or any other ill-conceived law."

"What will the state of Virginia do about it?" retaliated Webster.

"She will prevent the enforcement of that law within her bounds!" cried his verbal antagonist.

"I warn you, sir," thundered Webster, "that the Stars and Stripes will never become a pocket handkerchief of *any* Virginian!"

"If the price of Union is the individual freedom of the states," replied Randolph, weighing his phrase deliberately, "then let us have done with Union!"

Peggy, hating any semblance of a political quarrel, had slipped over to the doorway, but when these heated words reached her ears she [illegible] to restrain herself.

"John Randolph, that's treason!" she cried, flashing. "If it weren't for the Union you and your little [illegible] would be making home-spun!"

"[illegible]," said Randolph, not [illegible] his eyes [illegible] his new opponent, "you're not old enough to understand these things."

This was a gibe to which Peggy was particularly sensitive. Eyes flashing with all the inherited fury of a line of Irish ancestors, her mind forgetful of her sentimental feeling for Randolph, she clenched her two hands.

"How about President Monroe?" she cried. "Is he old enough? Is Andrew Jackson? Wait till Andy Jackson gets to Washington! He'll settle you and your states' rights!"

"Andrew Jackson will be the first to agree with me," answered Randolph.

"If he is you can count me as the last!" flung out Peggy, rushing from the room.

When Rowdy Dow came to press his matrimonial suit that evening Peggy had quieted down. In fact, she was sorry she had been so forceful in expressing her thoughts to the man she secretly admired above all others, but her father's reprimands had nothing to do with this change of heart. When Randolph, with expressionless face, crossed the reception room on his way to the bar, Rowdy caught Peggy's furtive look of contrition, and realized there was something more back of it.

"I thought so," he murmured. "So that's why you're not interested in me."

"You'd better go home," said Peggy, "and duck your head in some nice cold water."

"Why?" asked Rowdy. "You needn't get flustered just because I see what anybody else ought to be able to."

"Oh, Rowdy, have some sense," pleaded Peggy. "I'm the daughter of an innkeeper. He's the first gentleman of America. Besides, I'm still making mud pies as far as he's concerned."

Rowdy did not press the subject, nor did he press his suit, but he did make an excuse to leave early. When he left Professor Sunderland heaved a sigh of relief, and seized the chance for a private conference with Peggy.

"You know, I've made an intensive study of hands," he said. "May I see yours?"

Peggy held out her palm, half-believing that this magnetic visitor could indeed determine her fortune from the convolutions visible there.

"A magnificant coalescence of lines," said Sunderland, after a profound study. "Just as I thought, *Ab igne ignem.*"

"What on earth does that mean?" asked Peggy.

"From fire comes fire," was the reply. "Deep down in your soul a flame burns eternally. A flame which has a magic power."

Peggy involuntarily drew her hand away. The Professor sensed that it was time to terminate the preliminary examination, and looked up at her with a disarming smile.

"I should be honored," he said, "if you'd permit me to give you a more complete reading. Perhaps tomorrow?"

Peggy smiled her approval of this suggestion.

Meanwhile, inside the taproom, John Randolph was listening to some stories narrated by Lieutenant Timberlake. As the latter's array of empty glasses rose, his spirits became more and more ebullient.

"Shall you be on shore leave long?" asked Randolph.

"I hadn't intended to," said Bow, "but I find it curiously interesting."

"If you mean Margaret," said the Senator, following his glance, "I support you. I sometimes think she knows more politics than I do."

"You're forgetting her best points, aren't you?" laughed Bow.

"What do you mean?" asked Randolph.

"Oh, come," rejoined Bow. "We don't have to mince words about a pretty little tavern girl."

Before he knew what had happened Lieutenant Timberlake was knocked back over his chair. He rose to see Randolph's eyes glaring at him like those of some nocturnal animal. He hadn't dreamed that such a seemingly cold man could give way to such a burst of physical violence.

"I rather like you," said Randolph. "I wouldn't want to do you any further harm."

"I'm not afraid of that," replied Bow, genuinely dazed. "But what the devil was it I said just now?"

"I'm sorry," said Randolph, taking the other by the arm. "I must explain. You see, Margaret was just a little youngster in pigtails when I first came to the Inn, and I forget every now and then that to others she isn't that any more."

"I understand," said Bow, taking his hand. "It was stupid of me to talk as I did."

Together they raised a glass in silent toast to the absent subject of the quarrel.

NEXT WEEK—*General Andrew Jackson arrives at Franklin Inn, and Peggy keeps an appointment with Professor Sunderland.*

"John Randolph, that's treason!" Peggy cried.

"HIS BROTHER'S WIFE"

Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor and Joseph [illegible] in a scene from "His Brother's Wife," showing at the Taylor Theatre today (Thursday) and Friday.

Personals

Miss Joyce Stokes spent the week-end with friends in Greensboro.

Misses Carolyn and Frances Lamb will leave Monday for Greenville, where they will enter East Carolina Teachers College.

Mrs. J. G. Campbell has returned from Myrtle Beach, S. C., where she spent the past two weeks. Mr. Campbell, who recently closed a newspaper subscription campaign at Myrtle Beach, spent the week-end at home.

Miss Joyce Stokes will leave Tuesday for Kenly, where she will be a member of the school faculty this year.

Miss Jean White will leave Monday for Greenville, where she will attend East Carolina Teachers College this year.

Mrs. Irving White is sick at her home on Grubb Street.

Miss Gladys Hamrick spent the week-end with friends at Gatesville

J. S. Vick has returned from a trip to New York.

The condition of Mrs. W. T. McMullan, who has been sick for some time, is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Perry and their two children visited Mrs. Perry's mother, Mrs. W. M. Lane, at Chapanoke, on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Braxton Dawson and their daughter, Nancy, of Elizabeth City, were guests of Mrs. Dawson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nixon, on Sunday.

Misses Esther and Frances Evans spent the week-end at their home in Chowan County.

Mrs. Arthur Woods, Jr., and her little son, Arthur III, have returned to their home in Philadelphia, Pa., after a visit to Mrs. Woods' mother, Mrs. L. R. Crawford.

Mrs. Jimmie Jernigan, of Suffolk, Va., is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irving White.

Dr. T. A. Cox is a patient at St. Vincent's Hospital, Norfolk, Va., where he is undergoing treatment.

Henry Stokes, who is a student at Louisburg College, accompanied by Ben Robinson, spent the week-end at home.

Mrs. L. R. Crawford is visiting her sister, Mrs. G. C. Talbott, at Norwood, Pa.

Miss Mildred Reed has returned to Selma to resume her duties as teacher, after spending the summer vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Reed.

Miss Prue Newby will leave Monday for Greenville to enter E. C. T. College.

DO YOU KNOW—

That our common house cat is probably a descendant of the North-African "gloved" or "Caffre" cat still found wild in the Nile Valley and which was made a domestic animal by the Egyptians about thirteen centuries B.C. From the earliest ages cats have been the objects of superstition and in Egypt they are held in the highest reverence.

UNCLE SAM TO BUY CURRENCY PAPER

Appropriation Calls for Expenditure of $600,000.

Washington.—During the fiscal year beginning July 1, the treasury expects to print about 825 tons of currency paper. Contracts for the year's supply of the distinctive paper used for printed currency have been awarded. The current appropriation calls for the expenditure of about $600,000. Under the terms of the contract, which will cover the full requirements of the treasury, the government will pay 37 cents a pound for paper that has a 75 per cent linen and a 25 per cent cotton content. Two years ago the contract price was 30.25 cents per pound.

Large annual replacements for the paper currency in circulation are necessary. In recent years paper currency has not worn out in circulation as quickly as before. The average dollar bill now lasts nine months. The higher the denomination, the longer the life of the bill; on the average bills above a dollar endure a year.

It costs the treasury about seven mills to manufacture each bill. Having some time ago cut down the size of the bills, the treasury is now saving about $[illegible],000 annually on the cost of the paper. For the coming fiscal year it is proposed to print about 60,000,000 sheets of paper currency. The production of dollar bills will require nearly 43,000,000 sheets.

Replacement of damaged currency is a continuing process. Federal Reserve banks examine paper money received from commercial banks; those that are not fit to go into circulation again are canceled and each bill is cut in two lengthwise. The lower halves go to the division of loans and currency by parcel post. On receipt, each bill is inventoried, and the federal reserve bank is notified by wire, after which the upper half is forwarded to the treasurer of the United States. A count is then made, and all halves are delivered to the destruction committee, who destroy them at the bureau of engraving and printing.

Egyptian Beauty Dead 37 Centuries Is Found

London.—Perfectly preserved 5,736 years after burial, the slender body of a lovely princess of ancient Egypt has been discovered intact, reposing in a tomb under one of the Gizeh pyramids, the Daily Telegraph reported in a dispatch from Cairo.

The discovery was made by the Egyptian antiquarian, Prof. [illegible] Hassan.

The beautiful princess, who died 3600 B. C., was believed to have been a daughter of the great Pharaoh Cheops, who erected the second-loftiest pyramid in Egypt.

Costly and delicately carved pieces of jewelry decorated the body of the princess. At her feet lay two heaps of gold.

Working with infinite patience, Professor Hassan toiled for 34 hours removing the thin layer of mud on the mummy.

The finely featured face of the princess, and her soft, smooth neck were particularly well preserved.

In an attitude more of graceful slumber than of death, the princess' body was reclining on its side.

Her small wrists were encircled with bracelets of thin gold.

So fragile is the body that work of excavating and removing it from the dark depths of the pyramid is expected to require a great deal of time.

Loops Glider 54 Times

San Diego, Calif.—Don Stevens, of Glendale, Calif., claimed the world record for consecutive loop-the-loops in a glider here after he looped his motorless craft 54 times in descent from the height of 16,000 feet to which he had been towed by an airplane.