



Chapter Three

The wheels of Andrew Jackson's coach pounded through the night with some of the unrestrained abandon of the General's own reckless personality. The moon was full, though daylight streaked the east, and the four horses shot along at better than their usual pace, possibly aware that a comfortable stall and a good meal were not far away.

Coming to Washington to take his place in the Senate, the hero of the Battle of New Orleans was chiefly concerned at the moment with thoughts of his wife. She came from the same simple, rugged, little educated stock as that from which he himself had sprung. She was a great-hearted little woman possessed of singular common sense and an intense devotion to her husband. Her manners were unpretentious and unpolished, her code of living straightforward and true.

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difficulty in reaching so intangible an enemy. When Rachel Jackson, whose thoughts ran along the same lines, gave a sigh, the General put out a reassuring hand. "Taint nuthin', Gin'ral," she said. "I ain't worried."

Major O'Neale was about to make some excuse when Peggy herself flashed across the doorway and ran forward to embrace the Jacksons. She had become extremely fond of them during their earlier visit to Washington and she even called the fiery General "Uncle Andy." Now, as Cuthbert wrestled with Rachel's rocking chair and her wooden trunk, she bundled the all-night travelers inside the tavern and made sure that the cook was roused into action to prepare a hearty Tennessee-style breakfast.

Later that morning, while the Jacksons took their ease, Peggy kept her appointment for a more thorough palm-reading by Professor Sanderson. The appointed rendezvous was a little roomy in a neighborhood of the quarters. The Professor, evidently determined to give satisfaction, had brought with him such accessories as a crystal ball, a tarot-board and a pack of playing cards. As he entered into a long and glowing prediction of the future, the General, who had been standing by the attentive subject,

Peggy sat back in her chair and drank in his words. "You really mean that there is a future like that ahead of me?" she asked. "A future that has nothing to do with bills and lodging and taxicabs?"

"Absolutely," said Professor Sanderson. "Your hopes and dreams will be fulfilled a thousand fold."

"How do you know?" queried Peggy breathlessly. "Did we of the occult sciences not believe in our calling," said Sanderson with dignity, "we would have dedicated our lives to it?"

"I will meet you," said Peggy, leaning forward. "Anywhere you see me, understand, apparently moved by her expression of confidence, put his arms gently about her."

As she picked up a vegetable basket and directed her steps to the kitchen door she became aware of a strong masculine voice, somewhere overhead, pounding out an impromptu sea chanty. Peggy stepped backwards and looked up to a second story window, where Bow Timberlake, his face covered with lather, was performing the double ceremony of shaving and giving vent to song. His face lighted up as he saw Peggy and with one motion he dabbed the soap from his toes and leaped over the window sill to the drainpipe, alighting none too gracefully on the ground.

"What do you mean?" asked the worried woman. "Hold the receiver to his ear and let me talk to him."

Statuesque, imperious looking, she attracted much attention as she came down the aisle of the theater during a performance of "Sweet Aloes." She had on a long fur cape, reddish in color and different from anything worn by any other woman. Plainly it was an expensive wrap and the wearer just as plainly was not at all unconscious of that fact and of the eyes turned toward her.

Bus top eavesdropping: "She's got a head on her all right. She gets him to take her to shows twice a week so he can save money by putting the admission tax on his income return."

English Manor of Tenth Century Passes as Inn. Winchester, England.—One of England's most ancient feudal manors, the "God Begot" hotel here, dating back to the Tenth century, no longer will be a mecca for American tourists.

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Lights of New York

by L. L. STEVENSON

New York's hundreds of Chinese laundrymen have been hard hit by the depression. Furthermore, the outlook is dark since their business is not coming back to any great extent. An uptown neighborhood establishment, where six yellow men were busy from early morning until far into the night, washing, ironing, attending to customers and smoking cigarettes, now employs only two. A nearby place where the proprietor employed his three cousins, closed recently because there weren't enough patrons.

That the steleism of the East in the face of disaster may disguise an internal ferment was disclosed recently when the Chinese Laundrymen's association met to elect officers. Usually that is merely a formality but the last session caused four men to be sent to the hospital and three to be arrested. It seems that those in power tried to put through a slate. Objections were voiced, accusations made and polite speech turned to hot words.

In our town, the Chinese population consisted of Wah Lung. He was the most industrious man I ever knew. Not infrequently, he worked all through the night to keep up with the dirty linen of his customers. Also he possessed a remarkable dexterity in manufacturing a cigarette from ordinary pipe tobacco and a piece of newspaper. And I'll never forget the Sunday, he dressed up in peg top trousers, high standing collar—one unclaimed by a patron—toothpick-toed tan shoes and a derby hat and attended the First Presbyterian church.

The best dog story I've heard in some time was told by Miss Anna B. Sprague. It seems that over in Ten Neck, N. J., there is a big friendly police dog that makes frequent calls at homes in the neighborhood. If the dog happens to be hungry, it heads straight for the kitchen and stands in front of the refrigerator until fed. Recently, it called at the home of a friend of Miss Sprague. Unfortunately for the visitor, the refrigerator contained nothing whatsoever that would appeal to a canine appetite. The lady of the house tried to make her caller understand that but the dog merely continued to stand looking longingly at the refrigerator and nothing she did or said caused it to change its position.

Finally in desperation, the housewife called the dog's owner. "I can settle that," said the woman at the other end of the wire. "Put him on the phone."

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Tar Heels Meet Vols In First Home Game

One of the most important early season football games in the South is to be played in Chapel Hill next Saturday when the classy Vols from Tennessee will invade Kenan Stadium to do battle with North Carolina.

Carolina's only defeat in 1934 was at the hands of the Vols, 19-7.

RYLAND

Mr. and Mrs. Maderia and their daughter, Miss Florence, of Pennsylvania, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Parks several days last week.

Among those who spent Sunday as guests of Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Jordan were Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Ward and children, and Mr. and Mrs. Grover Brinkley and children, from near Corapeake; Mrs. Jim Hudson, of Suffolk, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. McShrie Jordan and Mrs. Jordan's sister, from near Suffolk, Va., and Mrs. H. N. Ward.

FAMOUS COMPOSER TO APPEAR IN CONCERT AT U. N. C. SUNDAY. Chapel Hill, Sept. 29.—Everett Stevens, pianist and composer of Washington, D. C., will give the second of a series of bi-monthly concerts to be held in Graham Memorial, students activities center at the University, Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock.

Destroy Cotton Stalks Before Winter Sets In

Every day that cotton stalks are left standing in the field after picking is completed increases the possibility of boll weevil infestations next year.

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Some way or all good cotton farmers. To get the best results in weevil control, he added, while communities should cooperate. If one grower leaves his stalks standing, weevils from his field may infest his neighbor's.

It is especially important that stalks be destroyed before the first killing frost, at the latest. Destroy them sooner if possible, Brannon urged.

He also pointed out that plowing under the stalks is a good farm practice even where there are no weevils, as the stalks will rot under the ground and add organic matter to the soil.

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HOPEWELL NEWS Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Long, of Richmond, Va., were week-end guests of T. J. Long.

Miss Kathryn Fleetwood, accompanied by Miss Mary Alice Felton, of Beach Spring, went to Greenville on Tuesday and entered E. C. T. C.

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ROPHORE ACES WILL MEET IN CAROLINA-TENNESSEE GAME Chapel Hill, N. C., Sept. 28.—Four Rophore aces will be matched against each other when the Universities of Tennessee and North Caro-

linas meet in Chapel Hill next Saturday afternoon at Kenan Stadium at 2:30 o'clock. Van Kolley, center, and Bob Sneed, halfback, are the Vols outstanding second-year men, while Steve Maronic, guard and Tony Carnegie, halfback, are the Tar Heel grid stalwarts.