

# THE GOUGEON MURDER

HALSEY RAINES



**WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR?** In the Washington of 1823, political turmoil is the air. Peggy O'Neale, attractive young daughter of the owner of the Franklin Inn, is a friend of Andrew Jackson. But she disregards the latter's advice in order to keep a secret tryst with a handsome young admiral and mystic, Prof. La Roy Sunderland.

**Chapter Four**

Peggy had never visited this part of the city before, and the houses on McComb Street looked all alike; they were rather pretentious, with jutting brick facades, lace-draped windows and potted plants. Masking her inner excitement with an assumed calmness, Peggy walked up the steps of Number 23 and rang the bell. The door was opened by a hard-featured woman of middle years.

"What do you want?" she asked, staring at the girl.

"Why, I have an appointment at three o'clock," replied Peggy. "It's with Professor Sunderland."

The woman gave her an odd and singularly unpleasant half-smile. Then she opened the door further and beckoned the way inside. Peggy was escorted through a dimly lighted alcove into a small room outfitted with several fortune-reading devices, and a number of colored wall prints. Then the woman excused herself, drawing the curtains behind her. In a few minutes a servant girl came in, bringing some tea and cakes. She seemed startled by something about Peggy's appearance and in a hoarse whisper, asked her what she was doing there.

"I'm waiting for a gentleman," replied Peggy.

"You don't belong here!" urged the girl. "Get out as quick as you can."

At that moment the front door bell rang, and the woman upstairs called out to the maid to answer. Peggy caught the sound of a mas-



"You won't go anywhere without me," threatened Sunderland.

culine voice that sounded very familiar. She put her ear close to the curtains. She was not mistaken. It was John Randolph!

"I am here at the behest of the United States Senate," Randolph said coldly. "You have just twenty-four hours to pack your bags and leave the vicinity of the Capitol."

"What have I done?" said the lady of the house anxiously. "I ain't bothered none of the noise."

"I'm not here to argue with you," retorted Randolph. "Get out of Washington!"

Peggy, mystified by this dialogue, could not control her feelings any longer and impulsively parted the curtains. Randolph stared at her as though thunderstruck, and it was several moments before he could speak.

"What are you doing in this place, Margaret?" he said, in biting, icy tones.

"I came here alone, to meet a gentleman," answered Peggy.

"Who is he?" asked Randolph.

"I can't tell you," said Peggy.

"She just wanted to have her fortune told," put in the proprietress, but Randolph waved aside the interruption, and turned again to Peggy.

"My carriage is outside," he said. "I can take you home."

"I'm not ready to go," said Peggy. "Besides, John Randolph, this is none of your business."

Randolph produced a small pistol from his pocket and the woman who had admitted Peggy suppressed a cry.

"I will make it my business," he said grimly.

Peggy stared at him, and this time, unlike the occasion in the slave market, he was the one who exercised the stronger will-power. Slowly she moved to the doorway, and, giving him her arm, walked to the waiting carriage.

Professor Sunderland, fortunately for himself, had been delayed in keeping his three o'clock appointment by the lure of a former grog shop specializing in English ale. As he sat there, awaiting a group with his cousin Outhbert, one drink led to another, and it was with a sudden start that he discovered the idea of a party to be given in his honor and make off with an amount of money which he had accumulated over the years.

There was the Randolph's carriage waiting for her with Peggy and the proprietress sitting in opposite seats, and Outhbert in the middle seat. "Go down!" cried Outhbert, noting the right change of appearance on the other's face. "You told me you had an engagement with a lady, but you wouldn't say who." He shook his head. "Well, my fine niece, she ain't for the likes of you."

The carriage was coming from the direction of McComb Street, and Sunderland suspected what had transpired. He wiped his brow as he considered the dilemma that would have confronted him had he been more prompt. Then a quickly thought of a way to handle the situation from that point on.

Lying on her bed, on the verge of tears, Peggy became aware of a slight sound at the door. A note was being pushed underneath. Hurriedly she picked it up, to read the following message:

"My conscience as a gentleman did not permit me to keep the rendezvous. Marriage, my beloved, is the one tender proof of my affection. I will await you with a carriage in the black lane at eight tonight. Do not disappoint me."

During the hours that intervened before nightfall Peggy gave up all thought of responding to this secret message. But when eight o'clock arrived she could not resist the temptation of turning back the curtains in her room and peering out. Sunderland, as he had promised, was waiting with his carriage in the outer lane. He caught sight of her and signalled that she should open the window.

"I'm sorry," Peggy called to him, when she had done so. "This is impossible."

"I must see you, if only for a second," begged Sunderland.

Peggy hesitated. Then she decided that it might be a courteous thing to bid him good-bye. At the lower stairs she hesitated again. No one was about — but of course it was safe!

"Peggy, come with me," breathed Sunderland, when she emerged.

"You won't be sorry?"

"Please!" she replied, pulling her hand away. "I must go right back."

"You won't go anywhere without me!" answered Sunderland, in a new and threatening tone.

Roughly he seized the girl, who in point of physical strength was no match for him. She was able to cry out only once, but it was enough to center the attention of Cree on what was happening. He had observed the waiting vehicle before, and now he lumbered out from behind the servants' lodge toward the lane. There was no time to spread the alarm. All he could do was rush at the intruder.

When Cree lunged at him Sunderland was forced to let go of Peggy. In a fury he whipped out a knife, but his thrust miscarried. Cree wrapped his powerful arms about him, and pinioned him until the two men lost their balance. As they toppled over, the knife dropped from Sunderland's hand. He fell directly on it and received a bleeding gash.

By now the commotion had aroused those within the inn. Andrew Jackson threw open his window, and Major O'Neale appeared with a lantern at the post-entrance.

A dangerous black at the patrons. A dangerous black at the patrons. A dangerous black at the patrons. A dangerous black at the patrons.

## RANKS OF AGING IN NATION IS GROWING

### Trend Means More Older Workers in Industry.

New York—Changes in the "age distribution" of the population that are occurring as the immigrant portion ages soon will present a "new challenge" to American business management, Dr. Robert E. Chaddock, professor of statistics in Columbia university, asserted.

Declaring that older persons are increasing numerically in proportion to the rest of the population Dr. Chaddock estimated that the number of those over sixty-five years old, now about 6,500,000, will be trebled in fifty years. With the population approaching a stationary level, he asserted, the general death rate soon will begin to rise.

### Burden of Aged Grows

"The period of youth in our industrial organization is passing and our economic structure must be adapted to age changes," he wrote. "Institutions and agencies for the care of the aged, the burden of old-age pensions and the costs of dependency will increase rapidly."

"The increasing burden of the aged upon the productive workers need not affect adversely the standard of living, because the proportion of persons in the productive ages, twenty to sixty-four, is not decreasing and the burden of support for the young dependent group is declining."

Adaptation of the industrial structure to employ the ever increasing number of older workers, forty-five to sixty-four, will be necessary if the high American standard of living is to be maintained, Dr. Chaddock declared. Otherwise, an increasing number may become semi-dependent, he warned, thus increasing the total burden of support resting upon the productive workers.

### Aged in Industry

Due to the restriction of immigration and to the aging of the foreign-born here, the percentage of those who immigrated to this country and are now over sixty-five is twice as great as that of the native Americans over sixty-five, Dr. Chaddock observed.

The net result of all population changes, he wrote, is a steadily declining proportion of persons under twenty and a corresponding increase of those over forty-five. There is little change in the proportion of the productive group, twenty to forty-four, the survey noted.

Discussing the sex composition of the population, Dr. Chaddock said that the trend is toward numerical equality of the sexes among whites.

He noted that the proportion of people twenty to sixty-four years old is much greater in the cities than in the country. In the rural districts the number of children in proportion to the entire population was found greater than in the urban areas.

## LAUGHS FROM THE DAY'S NEWS!

**POTATO SHORTAGE SENDS PRICE SOARING!!**

NEWS ITEM:-

POTATOES ARE ALMOST AS RARE AS HEN'S TEETH=

A POTATO?? WELL I ER-

CAN'T WE FIX THIS LITTLE TICKET MATTER OFFICER?

WOW POTATOES!

AN' ME ONLY MOPIN' TO FIND JEWELS

MUSEUM

HOW THRILLING!

A REAL POTATO!

THE PRINCE IS COMING TO DINNER, MEADOWS GET OUT ONE OF THE POTATO CHIPS

IF OUR BANK GRANTS YOU THE LOAN, WE'LL WANT THAT BASKET OF POTATOES AS SECURITY

IN THAT CASE I'LL WANT A LARGER LOAN

### Flowers From Bulbs

Jimson was relating his experiences in India.

"I was taking my usual morning dip when I spotted three gladiators making for me, so I had to swim for dear life!"

"You mean navigators—something like a crocodile?" interposed Johnson.

"Well, what are gladiators?"

"Gladiators? Why they're a sort of flower grown from bulbs."—Pearson's Weekly.

### Increase Reported In Farm Income For 1935

The gross income of North Carolina farmers in 1935 was \$305,122,000.00, according to figures supplied Dean I. O. Schaub, of State College, by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

The figure includes benefit payments distributed by the AAA and the value of commodities produced for consumption on the farm.

Cash income from the sale of farm products amounted to \$217,475,000. AAA benefit payments of \$12,293,000 swelled the total cash income to \$229,768,000.

Farm commodities consumed on the farm were conservatively valued at \$75,354,000, the dean stated.

By way of comparison, he said that the 1934 gross income was \$299,075,000, of which \$219,279, was derived from the sale of crops and livestock and \$17,814,000 from AAA payments. Products consumed at home were valued at \$62,482,000.

For both years, the cash income

### 500,000 Take Trailers on Their Vacation Trips

Chicago—Five hundred thousand Americans annually take trailers on their vacations and 250,000 live in them the year around, according to Bert Vanderwarf, touring manager of the Chicago Motor club.

"Touring authorities are now called upon to plan trips ranging from one month to twelve in length," Vanderwarf says. "Trailer manufacturers are having a hard time turning out trailers fast enough to meet the demand."

### Man, 60, Weds Girl, 22, Son Weds Her Sister

Helmetta, N. J.—William B. Tilton, sixty-year-old Gravel Hill farmer, married Julia Scott, twenty-two, his housekeeper, as his son Ernest, twenty-four, married her sister, Celia, eighteen.

The ceremony was performed at the Holy Trinity Catholic church by the Rev. John Budziak.

The two sisters wore white satin veils, as Tilton said they would, and the grooms were slicked up in their Sunday clothes just to please them.

Tilton, who wanted a "quiet little wedding," one that wouldn't interfere with his "business routine," found traffic blocked by a crowd gathered in front of the church when the party arrived.

Following the ceremony, the two couples left for Freshfield, where they planned a wedding dinner in a hotel before returning to Tilton's ninety-nine-acre farm, where all four will live together.

The farmer saw no reason why his age and that of his bride should interfere with their happiness. He said:

"Happiness in married life depends on how much love one has for the other. Marriage is like business. You have to take a chance."

### Uses First Pay Check to Repay Relief Fund

Paterson, N. J.—Amir Hassman, a forty-seven-year-old Arabian who believes, he said, that "a man who breaks promises soon breaks friendships," has started to make good a debt of \$29.10 to Paterson.

Several months ago Hassman, who has been in this country sixteen years, lost his job. At first he refused to take relief because, he said, it was against his "principles."

Finally, however, Hassman was convinced that at least he should get enough so that he might buy food. So he reluctantly applied to Poormaster James O'Gorman, insisting he needed little on which to live, he accepted a \$1.00 weekly allowance. He lived on that until two weeks ago when he obtained a job at 96 cents an hour. Today he received his first pay check and went immediately to O'Gorman. He turned over \$10 of his salary and promised that the other \$19.10 would be forthcoming within a few weeks.

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