

### BALLAHACK NEWS

Rev. A. A. Butler filled his regular appointment at Great Hope Sunday morning.

Preston and Percy Rogerson and Joe Layden attended the W. O. W. meeting in Elizabeth City Thursday evening.

Misses Selma and Viola Rogerson and Mrs. Joe Layden were visitors in the home of Mrs. C. S. Layden Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Rogerson and little son, and Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Stallings, Miss Peanie Stallings and Willard Stallings attended a birthday party at the home of Nathan Stallings in Gater County Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Layden and Mrs. C. S. Layden visited Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Layden at Beech Spring Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. James Thach of Bethel were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Harrell Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Perry and baby visited friends in this community Sunday afternoon.

### CELEBRATES FIFTH BIRTHDAY

Master Henry Clay O'Neal celebrated his fifth birthday anniversary with a party on Saturday afternoon at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. O'Neal, on Church Street.

On the spacious lawn of the home the little tots enjoyed a deer hunt. The honoree received many gifts from his friends. In the late afternoon dainty refreshments were served, Mrs. O'Neal being assisted by Mrs. W. A. Arnold.

Twelve little girls and boys formed the guest list for the party.



**What was her name?**  
**That's the question.**  
**What was her name?**  
**That's the question.**

scarcely any questions as they drove toward the house that Randolph was occupying.

In Randolph's bedroom the sole attendant was an old family servant. He watched for every motion from the wounded man, and moved to his side at the slightest change of expression.

"What did the doctor say today?" asked Randolph.

"The doctor say yo' all goin' to git well, sah," was the answer.

"Braxton, you're the best friend and the worst liar who's ever served me," murmured Randolph, faintly smiling.

There was a scraping of wheels outside. The sick man turned slightly. His eyes went to the window, then remained at the doorknob. As she silently tried to enter the room Peggy saw that Randolph knew in advance of her presence, although he was too weak to make a gesture of welcome.

"Margaret," his voice issued ever so faintly, as she took a place beside him and smoothed his hair back.

"You couldn't keep me away, darling," whispered Peggy. He nodded his head, as Peggy dropped to her knees and put her arms protectively about him.

"Perhaps," he said, gaining strength to speak, "if I hadn't been a fool all those years, this wonderful moment would never have been so perfect."

Peggy could say nothing, but her hands gently caressed him, and she pulled back a wisp of hair that had slipped over his forehead.

"I've loved you, darling," he continued. "Only because of you I have suffered an otherwise painful life. Now it's finished, but with a beautiful ending . . . you with me, at the end, to know that I love you."

Tenderly they kissed. Randolph tried to raise his head, so that he might look directly into Peggy's eyes.

"Smile for me," he said. She tried her best. "Now please go." Knowing that it was his wish, she obeyed. As she went through the doorway it was hard for her to keep control of herself, but for John Randolph's faded face was a smile of new and utter contentment.

Peggy was still unable to speak when she came up to Rowdy in the driveway outside.

"How is he?" he asked anxiously.

"He's happy," said Peggy softly,

### Chapter Eleven

When Randolph was absent from his place in the Senate during the ensuing week, Peggy gave little thought of it. It was rumored that he was slightly indisposed, and she assumed this to be the case.

Wildly contradictory stories had begun to sweep Washington about the mounting opposition to Jackson. Some persons felt that the President was soon to lose control entirely, many went so far as to predict open national revolt. It was with a great deal of anxiety that Peggy accompanied her husband to the Jefferson Birthday celebration in the Senate. Tales were in the air that Jackson was to be challenged then and there, as he delivered the address of welcome. The apostles of states' freedom were reported to have already established the nucleus of a new Southern government, feeling that Jackson would be discredited and overthrown.

The lobby of the Senate was crowded. The specialty of the souvenir vendors was a fifteen-cent handkerchief adorned with a reasonably good likeness of Jefferson.

Leaving her husband, Peggy took her place in the gallery. A wild confusion of voices sounded all about her, and a sense of imminent crisis seemed to pervade the atmosphere. When a gavel was pounded from the rostrum the chatter did not altogether die out, and not all the people present rose in deferential tribute as Jackson was introduced.



"Gentlemen," began the President, "you are all aware of the significance of this great day, the birthday of that illustrious American, Thomas Jefferson."

"And a good States' Righter!" shouted a heckler from the upper tier.

A buzz of excited comment broke out. It appeared that at any moment a bomb might be set off breaking up the gathering in disorder, and perhaps shattering the bonds of Union at the same time. But Jackson had never had a firmer grip on himself, never before had he felt so vital to impress his will and personality on his listeners.

"A good States' Righter is a devoted servant of Democracy," he went on. "From the depth of my heart I support these great words by a great American, Daniel Webster." He motioned toward Webster, who was seated nearby. "This is what he said: 'When my eyes shall be turned for the last time toward the meridian sun, I hope I may see him shining on my united, free and happy country. I hope I shall not live to see his beams falling upon the dispersed structure of this glorious Union. I hope to see, spread all over my country's flag, blazoned in letters of light and proudly floating above land and sea: 'Union and Liberty, now and forever, one and inseparable.'"

An applause broke forth that almost shook the rafters! Peggy's heart was vanquished, felt her eyes fill with tears. She took the corsage from her dress and threw it on the platform before Jackson, as the entire assemblage joined in spontaneous and patriotic rendition of "Hail, Columbia."

When Peggy rested at home that afternoon, happy beyond words at Jackson's victory, Cuthbert, the old retainer at Franklin Inn, was unsharred inside. He was obviously ill at ease.

"It's about Mr. Randolph o' Rosnoke, ma'am," he said. "They say he's dangerously ill. I thought I should let you know."

"Where is he?" cried Peggy.

Cuthbert drew out a slip of paper that he had already prepared. Peggy pressed his hand in gratitude. With an apprehensive backward glance he left. He was one of the few sensing Peggy's inner secret.

Crossing to the desk, Peggy hurriedly penned a note to the one person she felt she could call on in that emergency, Rowdy Dow. "Rowdy dear: You must help me. Ask no questions. Meet me at Goddy's Inn . . . Warrenton . . . Coach . . . Five before nine tonight."

Fortunately it was an overcast evening, and there were no observers outside Goddy's when Peggy arrived at the appointed time. Rowdy had a canvas sack, and asked

when she was at last able to frame the words.

Out of the shrubbery, at one side, a shadowy figure emerged, Peggy gave a sharp gasp as she was conscious that she and Rowdy were not alone. Then she stared closely at the man who stood there.

It had been so many years since she had seen La Roy Sunderland that she had completely banished him from her thoughts. Her school-girl absorption in him and his mystical divinations had gone as the wind. In fact, since the terrible night when he had stirred up the mob to advance on Franklin Inn and demand the surrender of Cret his very name had been half-legendarious to her.

Had she realized that he had been the medium to take from her the man she had always loved . . . but that was an incredibility that could not occur to her. Randolph had chosen to let no detail of his "accident" become public, and Sunderland was fully aware of this.

"What are you doing here?" asked Rowdy, stepping up to him. Sunderland disregarded this question, and turned to face Peggy.

"You're a woman of means, Mrs. Secretary Eaton," he said cunningly. "I am poor. Surely your reputation in Washington will be worth a trivial consideration."

Rowdy, with an exclamation of fury, seized him by the collar. As Peggy gave a startled cry the two struggled, then fell on the roadbed. Sunderland tore himself free, and, squirming to his feet, whipped out a pistol. Rowdy, seized his wrist, and when the weapon fell to the ground, retrieved it for himself.

Sunderland had one last resource. He brought a knife from an inner pocket, and with a sudden charge rushed on the other. Perhaps it was purely self-defense, or perhaps something in Rowdy's subconscious mind told him that the man before him was a murderer by prior act. At any rate, he fired point blank, and Sunderland fell.

Neighbors had already been attracted by the cry, and with the shot people came pouring from all directions. There was just time for one thing.

Flinging Peggy to the carriage, Rowdy gave a peremptory command to the negro driver. As two constables came up, the vehicle sped away.

Facing a torrent of gossip and a demand that she be outlawed from Washington society, Peggy plays her last dramatic role in this story of nineteenth century love and intrigue.

### Why I Like Hertford

By MRS. ELMER RANKS  
 Hertford, Route Three

I like to go to Hertford, It's not so very far; You can go there on a hike Or in a motor car.

When e'er I see the river And cross the water wide It brings to me contentment Whatever doth betide.

I like to cross the bridge And hear the motors spin. It is pretty as a picture Just as you enter in.

That old weeping willow, With its branches swinging low, Is standing there to greet you As you come and go.

The stores are all remodeled, And are really up-to-date; You always get quick service, You do not have to wait.

There are lots of nice things there Which you surely will want. Just look them over And see if you don't.

There are things for Mother, Dad and small Sister Sue, And one thing and another For little buddy, too.

The people always greet you With smiles—they never frown— They're a pleasant lot of people In a friendly little town.

I like to go to Hertford, The place is hard to beat, For a town of its size It is almost complete.

### SNOW HILL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Odell Cartwright visited Mrs. Cartwright's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ned Mathews, in Old Neck.

Mr. and Mrs. George Eure had as their dinner guests Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Harrell, Mr. and Mrs. Shelton Harrell, Maxine, Ronald, Jane and Leonard Harrell.

Mr. and Mrs. George Eure enter-

ained at an old time candy cooking at their home Saturday night. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. Odell Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Harrell, Blanche and Maude Cartwright and Mrs. J. H. Harrell.

Mr. and Mrs. Moody Harrell, Mrs. George Eure, Mrs. J. H. Harrell and Mrs. George Gregory spent Friday in Norfolk shopping.

J. T. Wood was in Hertford shopping Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Eimer Wood motored to Elizabeth City Thursday.

Elmer Wood, Wallace Benton, Carson Jordan, Marvin Benton and Edward Benton attended the funeral of J. W. Jackson at New Hope Sunday.

Roscoe Smith, Benjamin Smith,

Elmer Wood and John Benton Wood attended the Father-Son Banquet at Hertford High School.

**NEAT PROFITS ON EGGS**  
 Mrs. G. H. Winslow of route 2, Elizabeth City, made a net profit of \$122.88 from her flock of 431 White Leghorns hens during the month of October, reports County Agent G. W. Falls. The feed cost for the flock was \$74.05 and total receipts, including eggs used at home, was \$196.48. A flock of 232 birds, owned by C. W. Ives of the same community, showed a net profit of \$54.54 for the month, says Falls.

Small amounts of fruit jelly may be used for coloring icings.

## Holiday Specials

**GIFTS**  
 Any and Every  
**GIRL Will Welcome**

**Scarf Sets**

PRICED FROM

**50c to \$1.00**

**Mrs. Jake White**

SECOND FLOOR OF SIMON'S  
 HERTFORD, N. C.



Make Your  
**GIFTS**  
 Practical This  
 Year  
 PRE-CHRISTMAS  
 REDUCTION  
 On All Winter  
**COATS**  
**DRESSES**

and  
**HATS**

New Holiday  
 Dresses and Hats

In All High Shades  
 And Pastels

WE HAVE A LARGE  
 ASSORTMENT OF

Handkerchiefs

Scarfs

Bags

Gloves

N negligees

Pajamas

Dance Sets

Lingeries

Hose

Robes

**PRESTON'S**  
 EDENTON, N. C.

THIS CHRISTMAS GET  
**Jewelry**



Solitaires of exquisite beauty with wedding rings to perfectly match — \$10.00 up

A COMPLETE selection of fine silverware . . . reliable diamonds . . . nationally known watches . . . and interesting pieces for home use . . . will make your Christmas shopping more wonderful this year.



Men's Elgin pocket watches with chain and knife to match — \$19.50 up



Dinner rings of the latest designs in platinum, white or yellow gold — \$9.95 up



A complete selection of nationally known wrist watches for ladies and men \$10.00 up



Beautiful mantel clocks for the home in many designs, guaranteed — \$4.85 up



Parker pen sets for men and women. Nationally known. A fine present — \$1.35 up



Black onyx rings set with diamonds, very new and attractive — \$12.50 up



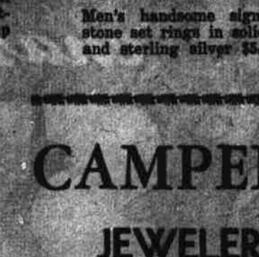
Men's handsome signet or stone set rings in solid gold and sterling silver \$5.00 up



Handsome engraved houndoir sets in many terms



Beautiful and serviceable sets of silverware in many patterns — \$4.50 up



Beautiful chests of drawers



Beautiful chests of drawers. Sterling silverware. A fine gift

**CAMPEN'S**  
**JEWELERS**  
 Edenton, N. C.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS