



Samuel Goldwyn

presents

BRIAN

Aherne

Beloved Enemy

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Dublin, torn by Rebellion, was under martial law. Lord Athleigh came to Ireland for an investigation, accompanied by his daughter, Lady Helen Drummond. Accidentally Helen met Dennis Riordan, leader of the Rebellion; they fell desperately in love. Lord Athleigh returned to England, grimly determined to recommend drastic military action, but Helen's pleading softened his heart. The outcome was a truce. Dennis, with five Irish delegates, went to London to confer with English statesmen. After three days of negotiation, they had reached an impasse. On the night before the final conference Helen rushed to Dennis to tell him that England was about to launch open warfare in Ireland and begged him to sign the Treaty.

Chapter 6

All that day, since early morning, Helen had been waiting in the ante-room adjoining the Council Chamber where, at the final conference, Ireland's fate was being decided. No, not Ireland's, but hers and Dennis'. Up and down, up and down she walked, her heels clicking on the marble floor, her face tense and drawn, not daring to think or hope but praying silently. If Dennis signed the Treaty, if England and Ireland made peace, there would be no more white nights of wondering where he was—no more torture—they would be two young people free to love at last.

Suddenly the door of the Council room was flung open. The Irish Delegation walked down the hall rapidly, Dennis trailing behind. When he saw Helen he stopped. He was haggard and there was a look of defeat rather than of victory about him as he answered her unspoken question.

are at his throat. Liam Burke is a hard man!"

"Burke!" cried Helen. "Where can I find him? Take me to him!" Though Cathleen protested that it was useless, she and Helen hurried together to Roman's Hotel. There, locked in secret conference, Burke, Callahan, O'Rourke and one or two others had reached a decision: Dennis Riordan was a traitor. He had sold them out, and he must pay for his treason tonight. Helen interrupted their confabulation. That they meant to kill him was plainly written on their faces. But her impassioned pleading fell on unresponsive ears. They took no pains to conceal their contempt and hatred, believing her responsible for Dennis' treason. As the clock struck eight O'Rourke took up his gun and hurried out. Her heart pounding madly, Helen followed.

In a public square Dennis stood on a platform brilliantly lit by flares and addressed the people massed about him. His voice rang with passionate sincerity, and they listened, their faces uplifted, moved and silent.

"For eight hundred years," he told them, "Irish patriots have fought for freedom. They died to keep alive the ideal that Ireland might some day achieve a government of its own. And now, for the first time in Irish history, we have that government!"

A burst of wild cheering interrupted him. When it subsided he continued:

"But all they fought for will be lost unless you, who will enjoy the peace for which they struggled, make that peace a permanent and lasting one."

On the outskirts of the crowd Helen and Cathleen were struggling to get closer to Dennis, but their path was blocked by a solid wall of humanity.

"There are among us," Dennis continued, "some men who still believe that Ireland is not yet ready for peace. These men have been my

Gully Control An Aid In Bird Conservation

Methods recommended by the Soil Conservation Service for controlling gullies on North Carolina farms offer an excellent opportunity for increasing wildlife, according to the State College Extension Service.

How these methods of gully erosion control were adapted to favor wildlife development on the farm of J. M. Knox, one of the cooperators in the Charlotte demonstration area of the Soil Conservation Service, is explained by Sidney Franklin, junior biologist.

Gullies on the farm, large and small, were planted with hardy shrubs such as wild plum, wild rose, privet, and caraberry in the winter and early spring in 1935. The plantings were made across the gully bottoms in such a way as to act as living dams.

The gullies were then seeded to a mixture of common and sericea lespedeza, in a ratio of about four to one in favor of the common variety. The ground was prepared by raking before and after seeding and the seeded areas were mulched with pine needles and brush to hold the seed in place until vegetation became established.

These plantings provided both food and cover for wildlife, and in order to round out the program several areas along field borders and other waste spaces not ordinarily used for cultivation were planted to cowpeas, millets and sorghums. This variety of plantings was designed to furnish food throughout all seasons.

Erosion in gullies and galled spots about the farm was completely controlled by these methods. Inspection after the vegetation became firmly established showed that these areas were being extensively used by quail and other species of birds, Franklin said.

RETURN FROM VIRGINIA

Mrs. D. S. Darden has returned from Lynchburg, Va., and Rustburg, Va. where she visited her father and her sisters. She was accompanied by her two daughters, Misses Nancy Coke and Elizabeth.

HOME FOR WEEK-END

Robert Hollowell, who is a student at Duke University, spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Hollowell.

VISITED IN HERTFORD

Miss Katherine Brown, of Edenton, spent Saturday in Hertford with Miss Anna Penelope Tucker.

Classified Legals

FLORIST WANTS RELIABLE REPRESENTATIVE in Hertford, preferably an established place of business that would have a little window space available at times; or will consider individual who is well known and has following. Our arrangement is attractive and profitable. Address Florist, care the Perquimans Weekly.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

Having qualified as Administratrix of the estate of W. A. Butts, deceased, late of Perquimans County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Hertford, N. C., on or before the 6th day of January, 1938, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 6th day of January, 1937.

JENNIE BUTTS

Administratrix of W. A. Butts
Jan 29 Feb 5, 12, 19, 26 Mar 5

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

Having qualified as Administratrix of the estate of James E. Riddick, deceased, late of Perquimans County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Hertford, N. C., Route 3, on or before the 9th day of January 1938, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 9th day of January, 1937.

GRIZZEL RIDDICK

Administratrix of James E. Riddick
Jan. 15, 22, 29, Feb. 5, 12, 19

NOTICE OF SALE

By virtue of the authority contained in that certain deed of trust executed on the 8th day of August, 1912, by James Lassiter and wife, Fannie A. E. Lassiter, to T. A. Cox, Trustee, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Perquimans County, N. C., in book 10, page 218, default having been made in the conditions of said deed of trust, the undersigned Trustee will, on the 27th day of February, 1937, at 12 o'clock noon, at the Court House door of Perquimans County, N. C., offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the following described property:

All that certain property situated in Belvidere Township, Perquimans County, N. C., adjoining the land

Rias White left in a will to James White, the lands of D. A. Carver and the lands of Mrs. Nina P. Cox, containing 25 acres, more or less, and being the land heired by said Fannie Lassiter from Rias White, as per will of said Rias White, recorded in Will Book H, page 378, Perquimans County, N. C.

It being that part of the cleared land of the said Rias White, lying Southeast of the first ditch running through land on Southeast and parallel with Hinton's Turnpike.

A deposit of five per cent of the amount of bid will be required of the successful bidder at the hour of sale. This notice dated and posted this 28th day of January, 1937.

T. A. COX, Trustee.

Feb. 5, 12, 19, 26

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

Having qualified as Administratrix of the estate of Nora Rountree, deceased, late of Perquimans County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Belvidere, N. C., on or before the 6th day of January, 1938, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 6th day of January, 1937.

CORA STALLINGS

Administratrix of Nora Rountree
Jan. 15, 22, 29, Feb. 5, 12, 19

NOTICE

By virtue of a certain Deed of Trust executed to me by Dennis Johnson on the 1st day of January, 1932, for certain purposes expressed, the same being recorded in the Registry of Perquimans County in Mortgage Book No. 18, page 169; I shall offer for sale for cash to the highest bidder at the Court House Door in said County at 12 o'clock M., on Monday, the 15th day of February, 1937, the property conveyed to me and described substantially as follows:

Containing 8 acres more or less and bounded on the East by an "old dirt road" leading from Winfall to Belvidere; on the South by the lands of John Bemby Lane; on the West by Hugh Symons land; on the North by an old lane running from said Symons land to the above "old dirt road". For other and more particular description reference is hereby

made to the above said Deed of Trust and to the Deed of even date from T. L. Felton and wife to Dennis Johnson.

Dated and posted this the 14th day of January 1937.

J. S. MCNIDER, Trustee.

Jan. 22, 29, Feb. 5, 12

NOTICE OF SALE

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Perquimans County entered in the cause of Mary E. White, widow of J. L. White, et al. against Mildred E. Weeks et al. the undersigned commissioner will on Monday, February 22nd, 1937, at 12 O'clock M., offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash at the Court House Door in Hertford, N. C., the following described lands in Belvidere Township, Perquimans County, North Carolina.

1st Tract: Bounded by the lands of Eugene Winslow, R. J. White, R. M. Baker, Perquimans River, heirs of Dempsey Winslow, Jesse Rountree and Lafayette Lane, containing 75 acres, more or less. Being the Home Place of J. L. White, deceased.

2nd Tract: Bounded by the lands of the heirs of J. F. Winslow, Nina P. Cox, Perquimans River, heirs of B. F. Wilkins, Richmond Onley and others, containing 75 acres, more or less. Known as Juniper Run.

3rd Tract: Bounded by the lands of J. H. Baker, C. O. White, Lavinia Newbold and the Turn Pike Road, containing 40 acres, more or less. Being the tract conveyed to J. L. White, deceased by P. W. McMullan, Com'r.

4th Tract: Bounded by the lands of David Cox, the heirs of Eliza Winslow, the heirs of J. L. White, Lane and others, containing 30 acres, more or less. Being the tract conveyed by Robert J. White, Sr., et al. to J. L. White, deceased.

5th Tract: That certain tract adjoining tract four, described above, conveyed by Nina P. Cox and husband David Cox to J. L. White, deceased, containing 2 1/2 acres.

6th Tract: Bounded by the lands of J. L. White, deceased, the heirs of Lydia White, Gurney Winslow and the Turn Pike Road, containing 40 acres, more or less, being the tract conveyed by John O. White and wife to J. L. White, deceased.

7th Tract: Bounded by the lands of the heirs of John F. Winslow, the

heirs of Morris Winslow, the heirs of John O. White, Cypress Run, heirs of J. C. Rountree, Richmond Cedar Works and others, same being in two separate tracts—one tract 52 acres, more or less, and the other 28 acres, more or less.

This 20th day of January, 1937.

H. G. WINSLOW, Com'r.

Jan. 22, 29, Feb. 5, 12



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Slowly, as if he were taking an oath, he said, "I shall love you, with all my heart, forever. Can you remember those words?"

"Yes," he told her, "I signed it. It must have been right—or God could not have let it happen—I wanted peace for Ireland..."

Helen laughed excitedly. "I'm so glad—Oh, Dennis! There's nothing to keep us apart any more, is there?" Still unsmiling, he shook his head. "My poor solemn one—it's over now! Over!"

He broke in quickly: "I must go. I have to take the Treaty back to Dublin tonight."

"Let me go with you!" she begged. "No—no!" She looked as forlorn as the man who took her hand and said softly, "Helen, darling—I have so much to say to you—and no time to say it—"

He kissed her then, hungrily but without joy. And slowly, as if he were taking an oath, he said, "I shall love you—with all my heart—forever. Can you remember those words?"

She repeated after him, "I shall love you, with all my heart, forever!" She was bewildered and alarmed. "Dennis—what do you mean?"

"No," he said, making an effort to smile, "we're not going to say goodbye—ever."

Once more, before she could speak, he took her in his arms and kissed her. Then he was gone. Helen stood looking after him, torn by doubts and confusion and longing. Her father came up behind her.

"I've come to respect that man," muttered Lord Athleigh. "The bravest man I've ever known. Heaven help him!"

"What's wrong?" she cried in anguish.

"When he signed the Treaty he admitted he was signing his own death warrant."

It was a happy day for Ireland—a day for jubilation and laughter and singing. "Lorries" rumbled through the streets of Dublin, piled high with soldiers waving goodbye to the cheering throng. Cathleen O'Brien stood at the window, her arm about little Jerry. There was a knock at the door and she went to open it. Helen stood on the threshold, tense and breathless.

"Mrs. O'Brien," she began urgently, "where can I find Dennis Riordan?"

"Come in!" Cathleen invited hospitably. "He's speaking at a street meeting tonight." She perceived Helen's suffering and her warm heart went out to the girl. "Oh, Lady Helen, I wish I could help you—he's brought us peace, but the darkness

friends and it is my hope that I may live long enough to prove to them that what has been gained today is everything we could hope for at this time and that what will be gained in the future depends no longer on gunpowder and hatred but upon the peaceful understanding and unity of our people. You must build a free and healthy Ireland! But it must be built wisely and sanely—and above all, it must be built in Peace!"

As he uttered the last word, the crowd broke into an uproar of cheering. Several young men advanced upon the platform and raised Dennis to their shoulders, carrying him triumphantly to his waiting car. On the running board he raised his arm for silence. "Eria Go Bagh!" he shouted.

A shot rang out. Dennis staggered, shot through the heart. In the parlor of a house close by to which he had been carried, Dennis lay on a couch, the tunic of his uniform still wet with blood. The doctor opened the door and beckoned to Helen. She came in swiftly and knelt on the floor beside Dennis.

He looked at her and made a painful effort to smile. "It's such a little time to see you," he said haltingly. "It's always such a little time. It's been a funny kind of love! We knew in the beginning we never had a chance."

Helen fought desperately to keep back the hot tears that welled up in her eyes. She murmured:

"We're going to have our chance now! Oh, Dennis, we're going to live with each other the way young people live. Oh, my darling, when you're well—"

He smiled again, sadly. "Your hair is such a fine color—I never had the time to tell you." He stirred a little, as if in pain.

She bent over him. "Darling, does it hurt?"

"Funny," he whispered. "We've said goodbye to each other every time we've met. We'll never say goodbye again, because we'll always pop up again some place, won't we, darling?"

She was crying now, softly, the tears streaming unheeded down her white face. "Yes, darling, we'll always pop up again—some place!"

Outside in the street the people of Dublin stood in the driving rain, their heads bowed reverently. Somewhere a boy began to sing a plaintive Irish air.

THE END

BILL JESSUP AT HOME

Bill Jessup, who is a student at Duke University, Durham, spent the week-end at home.

HERE SHOPPING

Mrs. N. Q. Ward, of Belvidere, was shopping in Hertford on Saturday morning.

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