lilting to the tune he had worked

Gesturing wildly, he sprang up.
"What are you driving at? Why
should I be tired? I think it's you
who ought to lie down. You look
pale and tired."

She spoke gently. "It's only natural that a wife can't sleep when her husband is out — in

danger maybe."

danger maybe."

Her serenity enraged him the more. "Then you'll have to stop that. I'm not your prisoner that you must keep guard over me. We're not chained to each other." All at once though, he broke. Crossing to her he kissed her. "Forgive me for shouting Poldi. I don't know what's the matter with me."

She cocked her head and said

what's the matter with me."

She cocked her head and said whimsically, "I wouldn't change you for the best-tempered man alive." A knock at the door and the maid entered. A Count Hohenfried was waiting downstairs. He wanted to talk to Mr. Strauss. Poldi began to sparkle. Perhaps this meant a concert for Schani.

this meant a concert for Schani. She went swiftly to the door. "Now call me the minute he's gone."

Schani was standing stiffly erect as Hohenfried entered a moment later. His brain spun. What had ever made him think he could pull the Emperor's nose and not pay a

penalty?

His visitor looked around ironically, "I'm sorry to interrupt your work Mr. Strauss but — this is important." His eyes snapped. "Bluntly, I suggest that you leave Vienna within forty-eight hours."

Schani stepped back, shocked. "Leave Vienna? Is this a com-mand?"

"Please understand, Mr. Strauss

"Please understand, Mr. Strauss
that I am here unofficially. However, if you should think of refusing you would find yourself under
immediate arrest." He started for
the door. "I hope you will not find
th difficult to forget — Vlenna."

Poldi was in the room before
Schani realized it. Dully, he fold
her shout the order of exile.

"We'll be happier. I don't need anna." He was talking more to

himself than to her. "I can write my music where I am. All I need

is myself and my piano — and you, Poldi. Don't you see?"

"Of course, Schani." She laughed too loudly. "And in Paris I'll spend all your money on clothes."

But for a sickening second they probed each others' eyes and found the truth. Then, "Come on Poldi. We'll go down and tell Mama. What a surprise this will be."

e city he loves - and Car

the woman he loves. Read the

her about the order of exile. She clung to him. "But Schauf, what will we do?"

He flung his head h

ly. "We" Vienna."



however, organises his erchestra and becomes moderately successful. He meets Carla Donner, a famous soprime but turns against her when she parodies his music at a reception. He and Poldi are married and settle down but one day Schanijoins a band of revolutionists who are rebelling against Frans Joseph.

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## Chapter Two

Marching, singing, shouting, Schani was swept down the street with the others. He felt uplifted, reborn and fiercely akin to this rabble. He stopped though as a cry went up. Then his eyes widned.

sened.
Sitting in an open carriage near-by was Carla Donner. A group of marchers had already surrounded by was Carla Donner. A group of marchers had already surrounded her. Schani pushed forward to the coach. He must get her out of this. "Wait a minute. Don't touch her. She's one of us, I tell you." He flung his arms wide. "She's Carle Donner, a singer, an artist. She's our Goddess of Liberty."

It ran like wildfire through the crowd as they picked her up and carried her forward on their shoulders. She bent and whispered venomously to Schani, "You should stick to your music, Mr. Strauss."

Now they were at Count Hohen-

Now they were at Count Hohen-fried's palace. Schani knew that he must avert more trouble. Rush-ing through the door at the upper landing he grabbed Hohenfried. "Don't call to her. If they find sout she's a friend of yours, they'll

Everything seemed to happen at once then. Struggling furiously he tried to put Schani out. Then a young officer dashed into the room

young officer dashed into the room and went to Hohenfried's aid. Schani was breathing hard. Reaching suit, he tweaked the officer's nose. "Mind your own business." The next few hours were like a bad dream. The uprising had been put down and Schani, along with all the others, was taken to a tumbril cart to be driven to prison. A voice beside him spoke. It was Carla. She, of all people, had been arrested.

"Mr. Strauss, will you please get off my dress." Then she added shivering, "Goddess of Liberty. Just what I've always wanted to be."

The tumbrils halted. A bar-

The tumbrils halted. A barricade blocked their way. Schani stared. In the light of the flares he could see Kienzl and Dudelman from the orchestra. Good Heavens, they were all in it to-

gether.

He looked again. They were making signs. There was a plan afoot. Dudelman and Kienzl would start a fight so he and Carla could get away. Schani was about to decline the offer when the men went into action.

The fray was wild and exciting. Within sixty seconds, everyone, including the Uhlan guard were in a hand-to-hand scuffle. Schani jumped to the street. Then he put up his arms urgently. "Come on. I'll help you."

She looked at him disdainfully.

'Again?' "Hurry up, Liberty," someone the tumbril said and gave her a gentle shove.

In and out of streets, up an ulley, across a courtyard they ran. Once Carla stopped to pick up her shoe. Then Schani saw a flacre. "Hey. Coachman. Are you appaged?"

"A man has to sleep sometime," "A man has to sleen sometime,"
was the indifferent reply but the
toacaman's face lighted up as he
spend Carla Ah, a pair of lovers.
This was different. He beamed,
"Haven you two heard thire's
been a revention?" He started
off and volunteered more informance. No he could not go to Madames address. That street was berricaded. And so too, was the gantleman's street. Where to, the?

The coachman sent a sly wink to Schani. "There are always the Vienna Woods. A lovely ride."
"The Vienna Woods," Schani directed and the horses started. Comfortable and warm beneath their robe Schani and Caria fell asleep. The night passed and the gray of dawn lifted. It was morning, clear, bright and sunny. The birds were trilling and everything had come to life, rejoicing in the new day.

Caris and Schani awakened at the same moment and with the realization that they were in each others' arms moved to opposite sides of the coach.

The coachman said expansively,
"We are now in the Vienna
weods. You have a long and beautiful day ahead of you." In a
burst of exuberance he cracked
his whip and his horse gave a
little jump. The carriage jerked
and Carla and Schani were thrown
in each others' embrace awain in each others' embrace again.
What use, enmity, bitterness? They
laughed together. Then Schani began to whistle with the birds.

Presently he was humming.
Then he stopped uncertainly. A
melody was there. If he could
only catch it. Suddenly Carla's
lovely coloratura rippled out, continuing the music in his thoughts.
Now they all began to sing. Carla
and Schani looked deep into each

marching song. Then Hisnai and Dudelman rushed at him and there was a violent reunion. They stop-ped however, abashed at the sight His return trip home that morning was strange and unreal. He recalled waving goodbys to Kleas and Dudelman, greeting Poidi Friefly and after that headed for his room. From that moment on, he sat at the keys of the piano, working incessantly.

Soft words came from his throat litting to the tune he had worked

Dudelman rushed at him and there was a violent reunion. They stopped however, abashed at the sight of Caria.

Turning to Schani, Kienzi said heartily, "Now that you're free, come and play for us." Disregarding protests, he called to the crowd, "Here is our Strauss. Our leader. He's going to play our march." A delighted sell sent up and everyone surged about Schani. Just beside him, Caria spoke quietly. "Play for them. All your men are here. The crowd's expecting it. You belong to them now. We have so much time."

He was carried off and a moment later the crowd was singing with the music.

"Madame Donner?" someone asked. "Count Hohenfried awaits you." She turned to find an orderlyabe.

"You told me you loved me -

"You told me you loved me — When we were young one day—" Standing in the doorway with the coffee tray, Poldi felt her heart lift. If he could think of words like this then he must love her dearly. What agony she had suffered last night. Nearly frantic with worry she had sat at the window until sunrise. And now all day, he had been working like a madman, refusing to answer questions, taking his proffered food grudgingly. Even his mother had remarked upon it. She glanced at the music. "It's beautiful Schanl. What made you think of it now?" ed. "Count Hohenfried awaits you."
She turned to find an orderlyabeside her. Then her breath caught.'
She could see Tony just outside
the gates. What could she say to
him? She had love for him no
more. That was over now.

When she was standing beside
him she began evenly, "Tony, I'm
sorry, but I'm not going back to
Vlenna with you."

beautiful Schani. What made you think of it now?"

His words came in a shout. "How do I know? Must I analyze every note? I write as music comes to me. Out of my life, out of my experience, my inspiration, out of Heaven-knows-what."

She ignored the outburst and poured the coffee. "You must be tired Schani."

Gesturing wildly, he sprang up. Vienna with you." He was like a ramrod his slate gray eyes cold and hard. "Strauss is in there, isn't he?" "Yes."

An oath tore from him. Then,



They had been heading for the suburb of Grinzing just the other side of the Vienna woods. Arriving there, Schani and Carla dashed straight for a piano and for two thrilling hours they worked. Dimly, Schani had decided that his new composition would be en-titled, "Vienna Woods."

Finally, Carla rose and went to the door. It was then that Schani became aware of her again. Outside, someone else was carrying on the song with a guitar. He rose and followed her. Without a

drew her out to the dance floor.

Round and round they whirled until they were in a little arbor adjoining the garden.

They were intoxicated, dizzy with a newfound rapture. Schani's lips pressed hers and ecstasy beat from one heart to the other. "Oh darling," she murmured, touching her breast, "I'm pounding so in here — "

going off with another.

"I just thought you would like to know, Mr. Strauss," she said maliclously, "that the young lady nas left."

Schani looked at her dazedly. "Left? When? Where did she go? Quickly, tell me."

Mrs. Bruck sniffed. "That's not my business, Mr. Strauss."

"Mine has stopped." Then he moved away. Poldi. He could see her trusting face. "It's impossible Carla. Oh, my beautiful Carla."

There was a long throbbing mo-ment between them. She shut her eyes and thought. "He has re-membered his wife, the little bride that he married out of pique a few weeks ago. I thought I had made him forget. I love him so." Her lids flew open. "It's your marriage, isn't it? But I think I could fight death himself if he came between us.

A crowd of tattered men were storming into the tavern ground. Happy shouting and singing filled the place. Schani could hear his

others' eyes and something blazed between them.

They had been heading for the suburb of Grinzing just the other she bowed before the inevitable.

She would return now. It was best to avoid a scene. Later, she and Schani would talk together, make plans, see what their future held for them. "Very well Tony. Shall we start?"

Schani had just finished the March when Mrs. Bruck, the Inn-keeper's wife approached him. She was fuming inwardly. How dared they have fooled her this way? And she had thought they were married. Hmmph. Fine doings. word he grasped her hands and drew her out to the dance floor. going off with another.

In a heavy silence Schani left the stand and went indoors with Kienzi and Dudelman. So it was over. Would he ever see her again? She had come into his life and gone out of it like a will o' the

Someone was holding up a beer-mug. "Long live the Emperor," he cried.

Schani's gaze strayed to the portrait on the wall. Then his eves almost started from his head. "You see that nose?" he gasped. "That nose on the Emperor?"

Kienzi shrugged. "What about it?

(In his heart Schani knows that he will never compose again should he be exiled from

concluding installment.) Printed in P. S. A.

GOLD IMPORTS

Gold imports in October set a new high record, with \$562,381,561 worth of the yellow metal seeking refuge in this country. In September, the figure was \$520,907,282. Early reports for November show decline.

PLAN NEW USAGE Producers, ginners, warehousemen crushers, and merchant-shippers from 15 states gathered at Memphis In the midst of the fighting in November 21 to perfect organization Spain a child is born with four arms. of a National Cotton Council to bring

PEANUT REPORT

Virginia - North Carolina Section: The weather during the past week, with snow and rain on several days, has not been favorable for caring and has not been favorable for curing and picking peanuts, and many farmers were unable to get in their fields for several days. The lack of supply of farmers' stock has strengthened the market about 1-8c per lb. for the better grades. Cleaners and shellers are apparently willing to buy all good peanuts offered, with only a light movement to cooperative warehouses. Reports from Virginia and North Carolina continue to stress the irre-Carolina continue to stress the irregular quality of this year's crop. A few section's report peanuts of both good quality and good size, but generally the size is below that of last year and the quality irregular, with many lots medium or below in qual-turkeys, 25; guineas, each, 30-35. ity. Of recent inspections more peanuts fall in U. S. No. 3 Class A than in any other class. The percentage of peanuts picked varies from 30 to 70 or more in different areas. Pre- Pate Montgomery Blanchard left her vailing prices of farmers' stock, de-Jumbos 314-31/2c; Bunch, best 3 3-8-3½c, few heavy weight stock 3 5-8c, medium Bunch 3 1-8-34c; best shelling stock 3 1-8-3 %c, lighter weight U. S. No. 1 grade are moving slowly at 97%c-\$1.00 per 30-lb. bushel delivered, with medium to poorer stock

As the shortage of good farmers' market for finished goods continues to stock becomes more evident the market for finished goods continues to strengthen. Jumbos, fancys and extra large are definitely stronger; No. 1 and No. 2 Virginias and shelled Spanish slightly stronger.

quoted 90-95c per bushel.

Prevailing prives for finished goods, per lb., f. o. b. shipping points, follow: Cleaned: Virginias, jumbos 6%-7c, few 61/2c; fancys 5%-6c, few 51/2-5 5-8c. Shelled: Virginias, extra

large 7%7%c, few 7 7-8 7 3-8; No. 1, 8-6 1-8c; few 5%c. Spanish No. 1,

5%-5%c. Direct diversions repo operative associations throvember 30 were as follows: ginia, 800 tons of C Grade V in North Carolina, 750 ton grade Virginias.

## Weekly Market Repor

POULTRY AND EGG Courtesy Division of Markets N. C. Dept. of Agriculture Eggs, per dozen-Hennery whit 30-33; hennery browns, 30-33; current

Live Poultry, per lb .- Rocks, 15-18

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT On Wednesday morning, Octobe 12, 1938, the gentle spirit of Mrs

earthly home for her heavenly one livery point basis: Virginias, Jumbos, lt is with deep sorrow that we, best 3 5-8-3%c, few 3 7-8-4c; medium the members of the Hertford Missionary Society, record the passing of one of our most beloved members. She was ever active and concern about the affairs of her church. Her 2%-3c, according to weight, size and life was a living example of loyalty quality. Spanish farmers' stock of and fidelity, always ready to give of her best.

Therefore, be it resolved: First, that we bow in humble submission to the will of our loving heavenly Father, who doeth all things well; Secon that we pray God's richest blessing upon each member of her family; and Third, that a copy of these resolu tions be sent to the family, a copy be recorded in the minutes of our Society, and copies be sent to The Perquimans Weekly and North Carolina Christian Advocate for publica-

MRS. C. W. MORGAN MRS. H. C. STOKES

MISS ELIZABETH KNOWLES

## TATE THEATR

HERTFORD, N. C. CAROLINA'S FINEST THEATRE

Friday Only, December 9-



Monday Only, December 12-



NEWS and ACT

ednesday Only, December 14-

Starring Richard Dix

Chester Morris Joan Fontain PRIZE NIGHT

COMEDY - ACT



Saturday Only, December 10-

"ZORRO" No. 12 "LONE RANGER" No. 1 ACT

l'uesday Only, December 13-



Thursday Only, December 15-



ALSO NEWS

NO MATTER WHERE YOU LIVE IN THE ALBEMARLE INVITES YOU TO DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING HERE If You Cannot Find It In Your Home Town-You Can Surely Find It In Elizabeth City! Welcome You

Attractive, Well Stocked Stores-Fair Prices-Friendly Merchants Before You Cross the State Line-Try to Buy It at Home! Part of Every Dollar Spent In North Carolina Helps Build Your Roads, Maintain Your Schools!

CROSS ROADS

Mrs. Z. W. Evans is visiting relatives in Baltimore, Md. Mrs. Mattie Evans visited Mrs. E. N. Elliott and Mrs. Fannie B. Knight

Thursday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Fred White and children spent Saturday in Suffolk, Virginia.

Mrs. A. S. Bush and Miss Louise Bush visited Mrs. E. N. Elliott and Mrs. Fannie B. Knight Friday after-Miss Elise Hines and Robert Win-

borne, of Suffolk, Va., were supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Winborne Sunday evening. Mr. and Mrs . E. N. Elliott and

Mrs. Fannie B. Knight were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Byrum, in Edenton, Friday evening. Mr. and Mrs. John Saunders and

sons visited Mr. and Mrs. Z. T. Edenton, Thursday morning. Evans, in Rocky Hock, Sunday after-Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jones, Mr. and

and Mrs. H. W. Dail. baby visited Mrs. H. W. Dail Sunday day evening.

evening. Mrs. Alma Boyce Sunday evening.

Mrs. P. L. Baumgardner and daughter, Anne, were dinner guests of Mrs.
Lillie Bond, in Edenton, Friday.
Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Perry and sons

sited Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Copeland Mrs. J. . Hobbs visited Mrs. Alms Sunday afternoon.

Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Alma Boyce, who has been very sick, is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Madre and baby, of Hertford, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Harrell, of Brayhall, spent Sunday, with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Privott.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Perry had as their guests on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Perry and children, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Hollowell, Jr., and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Leary and children, Mrs. Rosser Ward and children.

Miss Louise Evans spent the weekend with Mrs. B. W. Evans. Miss May Belle Edwards spent the

week-end at her home at Whaley ville, Va. Mrs. E. N. Elliott visited Mrs.

Alma Boyce Monday evening. Mrs. W. A. Perry visited Mrs. T. E. Parker and Mrs. J. B. Parker, in

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blow, Mrs. Bill Jones and daughter, Judy, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hollowell and daugh-Mrs. F. H. Jones and daughter, of ter, Anne, of Edenton, spent Sunday

Norfolk, Va., spent Sunday with Mr. with Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hollowell. Mrs. Lindsay Evans and Mrs. E. N. Mr. and Mrs. Wayland Perry and Elliott visited Mrs. A. S. Bush Mon-

E. C. Perry, of Center Hill, visited Mrs. C. W. Blanchard called to see his son-in-law and daughter, Mr and Mrs. W. F. Perry, Sunday morning. Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Baumgardner and daughter, Anne, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hollowell Sunday

afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Evans a sons visited Mr. and Mrs. Edna Asbell

oyce Sunday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Elliott spent
Misses Geraldine and Frances Sunday in Tarboro with Mr. and Mrs.
PCTY visited Miss Vashti Bowman R. V. Knight. They were accompa-

But Schani was remembering that young officer who had interfered in nied there by Mrs. Fannie B. Knight, who had been their guest for a few

who wanted to marry me." "Yes, and not one of the ungrateful boobs has been around to even so much as thank me."

Ingratitude "There are plenty of other men

Born Signaler A useful future is predicted for the cotton consumption closer to the level little fellow, with the signal corps.— of production through market expan Atlanta Constitution. sion and the devising of new uses.