

GYPSY GIRL

THE STORY OF AN IMPASSIONED ROMANCE

READ THIS FIRST:

Consuelo, a beautiful gypsy girl who longs to dance, is loved by the Duke, a great noble, and Marcu. She despises her mother, Anica, but is fond of her father, Girtza. Marcu tempts Consuelo with a huge diamond and she agrees to marry him. But on her wedding day she boards a train for New York on which are riding Stewart Blackmore, theatrical producer; Doug, his secretary, and Bill, a friend. Consuelo had danced for them 10 days previously when their private car had been waiting on a railroad siding in town. In New York she is met by a beautiful man who prepares the supper for her but in the Palace, she has an altercation with Louise, star of the show and Stewart's friend. Doug takes Consuelo to a fashionable shop to outfit her in American clothes. The gypsy's first dance on a Broadway stage proves a magnificent hit. Stewart is amazed how beautiful Consuelo looks in American clothes when he takes her to supper after her first performance. Meantime the gypsies are lost without Consuelo, their favorite.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER 25

GIRTZA, TOO, missed Consuelo. His heart was heavy. There were no dancing feet in camp; no laughing song; no saucy impertinence; no child of his own in the camp; no dusty black curls to rest against his shoulder. After his first roaring anger had spent itself, he ceased to reproach her. He tried to hate her but could not.

He dispelled the thoughts that there was a room, but he knew her love of jewels and finery, and so he sighed, the ache in his heart dull and heavy. He did not think of her returning. Perhaps it would be better if she never did. He told himself that he would never forgive her if she did come back, and yet he knew that his loneliness would compel him to.

Of all the camp there was only one who was glad that she was gone, and that was Anica, her mother. Her black eyes rested often on Marcu now. Her hands were restless, but there was no hurry. She was docile to Girtza and he did not notice that she wore her best clothes and her finest jewelry and kept her hair combed.

So life in the camp moved on without the girl. Little Gita was dancing in the tents but the moon did not crowd after her and her nockers were never heavy with gold. Voda and Honey played and wrestled and entertained the gypsies, but Voda forgot to flirt with the white girls. They did not look good to him and he remembered the light he had almost kissed her—if Honey had not tripped him. Peter's flute did not sound so gay and the dancing around the fires was not as spirited now.

Oftentimes they had no more than unhitched the horses and put the cows to feed and set up the tents when Girtza would lean out in his great voice that this place was not fit for a gypsy. They would look at the grass and the trees and the clearness of the brook all in one glance. The

moment before it had seemed good and the year before it was an excellent camping place, but now truly it was not fit for a gypsy and they would eat a hasty meal and go on and on and on.

So success had come quickly and easily to the gypsy girl. All in one night it had given to her more than it gives to most in a long lifetime. Gypsy that she was, she counted it as nothing. Hadn't she dreamed of this? Then of course it must come true, for dreams of the heart are as real as life itself. Back in camp when she left she knew that this would happen, just how, no, but it would happen and it had.

So it was the next morning that she lay asleep in the bed as contented and satisfied as a kitten. The room was filled with flowers and she breathed in their fragrance and it brought into her dreams remembrance of a morning long ago. She thought that once again she was lying on a hillside covered with lilies. She had left the camp one evening in the springtime and had come upon this hillside that was massed with lilies, overturned bells that grew no more than a few inches high, but filled the mountainside with their sweet scent. She lay down among them and their perfume became a robe about her and she fell asleep. The moon rose high in the heavens and its beams caressed her and touched her with pale beauty. It passed on and the sun rose and dropped its rays of gold about her. And now again she was awakening on the hillside and life was good and beautiful. She opened her eyes and saw where she was and that it was the flowers that had brought the dream.

"I'm glad you've awakened, miss." It was Ann beside her. "They've called you to come to the theater at 11. I've ordered your breakfast. I've brought in the papers and there's telegrams that have come in." She paused, looking at the girl. "Ah, miss, I never saw anyone so beautiful as you were last night. When you danced it was easy and graceful and wild, as if nothing in the whole world mattered except your dancing. When you sang I was not Ann serving in a foreign country, but Ann at my own home, back where the trees are green and the cows come up to the sill and the cock crows at dawn—I'll bring your breakfast in now, miss."

The girl stretched lazily and kicked down the covers and wiggled her toes. She propped up the pillows behind her, sat cross-legged on the bed, and opened the newspapers. There was a large picture of her in her white dress. Another holding flowers. One in costume. A flashlight showing her at limousine. One walking down the gley with Goldberg and Stewart and Doug behind her and the people, a dark blur, waving their hands. She poked her finger through the paper and tore out the small head of Stewart. It was not in focus and it made him look funny. She laughed and wet the back of the paper with her tongue and patted the picture on her head and looked down at him. "Now you are my man," she whispered.

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pered. On her other arm was a new bracelet of square cut rubies set in platinum that matched the necklace he had given her. She looked down at it now and fingered the little sapphire chain.

"I wonder whether you are real or if you, too, are only a piece of glass!" She looked away. "Now surely he would kill me!" She shook the thought from her and idly, without much interest, looked through the rest of the papers and with difficulty read the telegrams of congratulations. "Now this is silly, for I do not even know who these people are who send me these things that are so hard to read." And she tossed them to the floor.

She sprang from the bed and going to a basket of flowers tore off the buds and made a crown of them for around her head and stuck others in the lace of her silken nightgown. She was humming to herself and thinking that her man would be coming to see her soon.

So she was sitting in the bed like a young wood nymph when Ann brought her breakfast and had her at breakfast and she was because there were not enough potatoes. She laughed when Ann said she would get fat eating so much starch like that. Before she had finished Douglas called. At first she was disappointed that it was he and not his other one, but then, after all, she was glad he had come and commanded that he be brought in.

"My darling, come eat some breakfast with me."

Doug held his hand over his face. "Yes, my pet, but will you remember that night is less than nothing. Ann, cover up the young lady—quickly!"

Consuelo laughed and tucked her legs under the covers.

"Oh, you are the kidding one! Come, tell me about last night, my Douglas!"

Doug sat down beside her. "You're a tempting morsel this morning. Tell me, have you been out in the woods picking flowers and putting them in your hair like this?" He took one and put it in the lapel of his coat. "Now about last night, you were quite the loveliest thing I ever saw. Scrumptious, gorgeous, sweet, elegant and what-not. But will me this, young lady, where did you disappear to? I saw you and then I saw you not and you had disappeared like a rabbit. Tell Doug."

"The girl was blushing. She fumbled with the toast on the plate and made great pretense of buttering it. "Anah—so, a man—a villain enters this peaceful scene. Tell Doug, who is this brute?"

She nibbled the toast and sipped the coffee and would not answer him. He saw the bracelet on her arm and recognized it—after all, hadn't he purchased it only yesterday at Tiffany's for Stewart? He rose from the bed and crossed to the window and looked down into the street.

After a while he said, "Get your clothes on, we're going to the theater; you're late now. They want to see you and talk over an encore and start planning a new act for you. Hurry up." He left the bedroom.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WORK STARTED ON REPAIR BALL PARK

Players Being Signed And Funds Collected to Finance Repair

Work got underway today on the restoration of League Park for the coming season during which Henderson will have a team in the Central States League along with Oxford, Durham, Hillsboro, Ca-Vel and Jalong the two latter teams coming from Roxboro, representing manufacturing concerns in that city.

Manager Otto Pahlman has been busy soliciting funds to carry on the repair work, and the signing of players in this section are invited to try out for the team, no places being cinched by any one. The manager plans to have some exhibition games before the regular season opens.

Practice will begin April 3, giving the team 10 days to get into shape before the league opening.

A meeting will be held in Roxboro Friday night at which the schedule for the season will be released. Pahlman hopes that his team will open the league at home, and is pointing to that goal.

The league promises to be a fast

one, playing two games a week, Wednesday and Saturday, and other games will be played by the local team on the off days.

NO STEPS TAKEN FOR CITY LEAGUE

Amateur Baseball Circuit for City May Be Organized in Near Future.

No move as yet has been made for the reorganization of the City Baseball league so far as could be learned from those who were interested in the circuit when it was operated in the city for the past two or three years.

An effort will be made in the near future to line the teams up again for another season, if possible, and play a regular schedule as has been the custom during the league's operation.

Last season was one of the best in the point of the brand of baseball displayed. The Lions Club entry and the M. F. Braves were to play off a series at the end of the season for the flag, the Lions finishing on top, the M. F.'s second, but a misunderstanding caused the series not to be played.

Four clubs completed the season last year and about that many are expected to form the loop this year.

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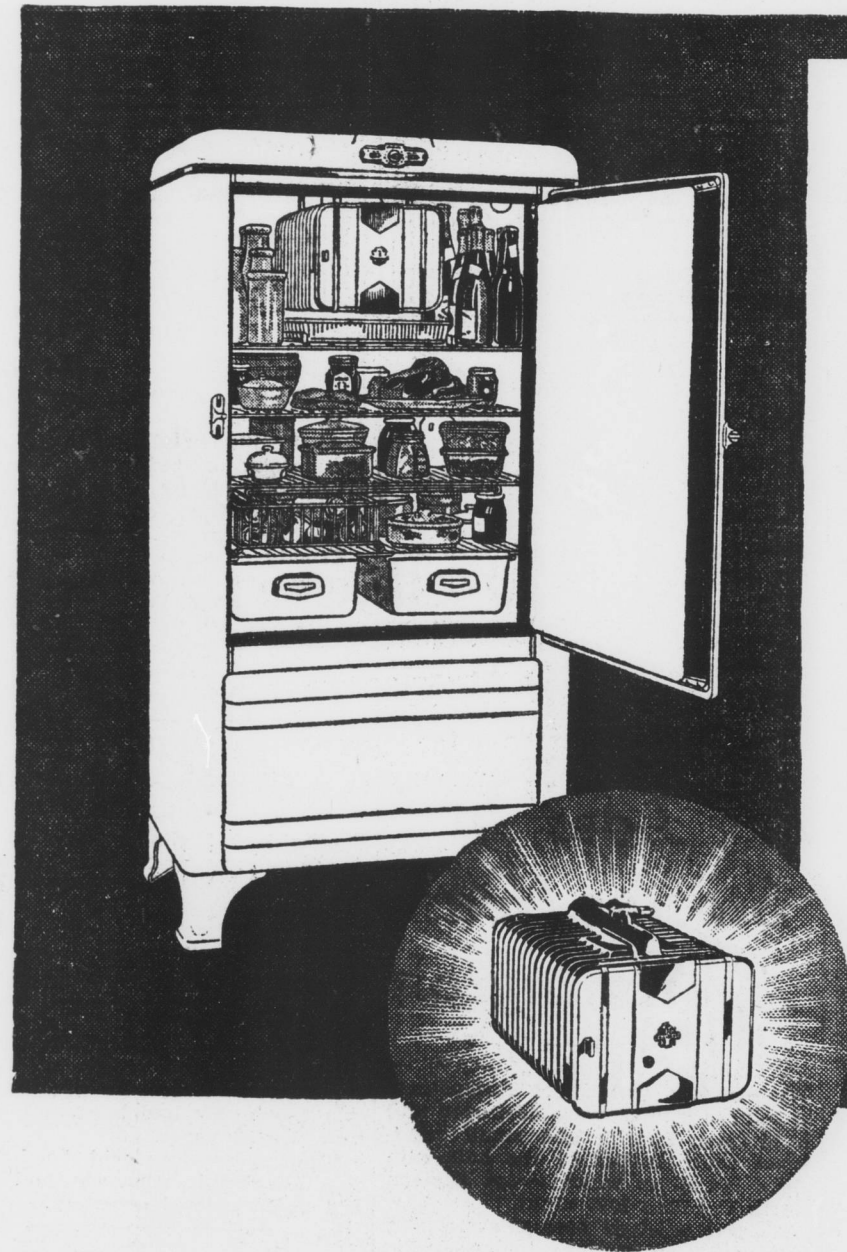
CITY TAX PAYERS

Who fail to pay their taxes on or before **Monday, April 1, 1935**

Call phone 203 for any information concerning your taxes.

S. B. BURWELL
City Clerk and Tax Collector.

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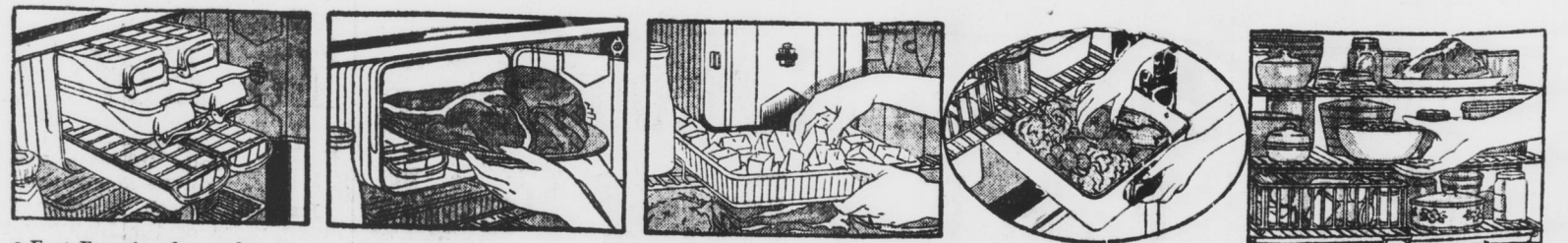


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Henderson, N. C.

WEST END MEETING WEDNESDAY EVENING

Directors, Members to Gather at 7:30; Name Officers and Committee

A meeting of the stockholders and members of West End Country Club has been called for Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock at the club house, the group being notified today by T. S. Kittrell, secretary-treasurer of the club.

At this meeting, the stockholders will elect the directors of the club for another year and other officers of the organization. Committees are expected to be named at this meeting to govern the club's function during the coming year, and plans will probably be made for the entertainment program to be had at the club.

All stockholders and members of the club were urged to be present at this session.

"Gold Diggers" At Stevenson Theatre 2 Days Next Week

First National, always famed for magnificent musical spectacles, has outdone itself; in this picture, which marks the advent of Busby Berkeley as the director of a complete production.

Berkeley, it is claimed, has taken a funny, clever story, gathered together a cast of film favorites that includes ten of Warner Bros.' outstanding stars, and, with the assistance of more than 300 of the prettiest dancing girls in Hollywood, has assembled the whole into a tuneful comedy in which his talent for spectacular screen innovations has been given full sway.

In "Gold Diggers of 1935" he is said to have created the most gorgeous and unique dance numbers of his career. There are three outstanding specialties including a dance in which 90 snow white grand pianos actually cavort on the stage. The dance team of Ramon and Rosita is also featured.

In the cast are Dick Powell, Adolphe Menjou, Gloria Stuart, Alice Brady, Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Hugh Herbert, Joseph Cawthorn, Grant Mitchell, Dorothy Dare and Winifred Shaw.