

Chapter One

Riding full into the setting sun, Ramerren the bandit sat jauntily in his saddle, while melody, pure as Jalifornia's new gold, poured from his lips. The band behind him rode gaily too, joining in on the lusty biscrus of the song. He turned to his friend and aide,

Mosquito, riding at his side. "Our trip was very successful so tonight we'll celebrate. I have presents for

sveryone."
Mosquito nodded, then said reminiscently. "You know, Mi Capitan, I am most sorry we leave that last town so queeck. The leetle girl Tonio - how she hate to see me

Ramerrez glanced at him sharply.
"How many times I tell you that it isn't good for a bandit to fall in love? Sing to the girls a little, dance with them a little, give them a little kiss and then forget them."

He had learned this lesson from the law to the she flun she fl

his Mexican father. Ah yes, the American mother who had given American mother who had given him hair as yellow and eyes as bure as her own had poisoned his father's soul all too well and in the end he had died of it. For in the way of women who defy their families and marry on the high crest of passion, she had left her husband and child and returned to her own people when the glamour had dimmed for her.

had dimmed for her.

They rode into the camp now where the evening supper was be-ing prepared by the women. Nina was waiting for Ramerrez under was waiting for Ramerrez under the trysting tree. Her long dark eyes glowed as she spoke to him caressingly. "I have miss you so very much, Amado mio." Then, "what you bring me this time?" Ramerrez laughed. Her coquet-ries were so transparent. "Here," he said, bringing forth a delicately wrought fleur-de-lys time-piece

wrought fleur-de-lys time-piece which he had taken from a nervous stage-coach passenger, "it's a watch from Switzerland."

Nina hugged him tightly. "How long you stay this time?"

He shrugged. Nina's adoration sometimes made him uneasy. It was too intense—too onesided. He removed her arms gently and sud-

removed her arms gently and sud-denly his startled eyes fell on a poster which some one in the camp had found and tacked to the tree. The printed words stated that there a five thousand dollar reward the capture of the Ramerrez.

"You see, Nina, now I am worth five thousand dollars. If I work hard maybe someday I will be worth ten thousand." "Si, if the Americans they do not

eatch you. He looked off into the distance somberly. In these days of 1849 with gold running like a fever through men's veins, even \$5000 was through men's veins, even \$5000 was not too much to pay for a real, live bandit whose depredations took from the miners what they had won from the earth by labor and sweat. Once, this had been a quiet, pastoral land. Then the word "gold" had migrated across the country and there had come the greedy influx. Now, men were cutting down the trees to build houses—houses with fours walls to shut out the fresh air, with roofs on them to shut out the stars.

"And this is what the world calls

"And this is what the world calls civilization," he thought sardoni-

cally.

Then, as always, when melancholy overtook him he picked up his guitar and began to sing softly.

"Shadows-

met beside a caravan campfire one night. The next morning camp had broken and he had never seen her again. But he had never for-gotten her, as she had stood beside the fire with the wind blowing through her golden hair. through her golden hair. .

On one of the mountain trails of Cloudy, a spot not far distant from the mountain camp, "that very little girl" of whom Ramerrez was thinking at this moment, was

BELVIDERE NEWS

Miss Edith Trivette, who teaches

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. White and

Miss Catherine White, a student at

Miss Addie White, of Guilford Coi-

Monterey and singing for him at the church again.

He was a wonderful man, the Padre, sympathetic and understanding. Never a word of reproach, because she ran the Polka saloon in Cloudy. Of course she hadn't started the place. Pop had. But because the boys had asked her to keep on with it after he died, she had kept it going, running it straight and clean.

She was nearing the place when suddenly two shots split the evening stillness. There was a quivering silence. Then Mary tightened her reins and spurred her horse down the trail. Those shots had come from the Polka.

Riding into the hitching yard an

Riding into the hitching yard an icy breath blew over her as she saw an inert object being carried out that had once been the minor,

"Who done it?" she demanded.
"I mean, who did it?" she corrected herself, remembering her
mail-order grammar book. "Rance," came the answer. Whipping around, she flung open the door of the Polka. Groups of men dotted the

game."
Her eyes evaded his. "Oh Jack,"
she said, striving for tightness, "you
know you couldn't leave Cloudy any
more than I could. You're aimin'
for somethin' big out here and
well—" she finished off lamely, "I
couldn't leave the boys or the West, either."

either."

He was silent then, "I guess you got me there Girl. But some day you're goin' to change your mind about marryin' me." He looked at her sharply. "There isn't any one else, is there?"

"Nope."

"I there ever was, I don't think I'd like it"

I'd like it."

Next morning, as the stage-coach bumped and swayed along the road, Mary let her thoughts roam at will. Rance had spoken of backing her so that she could become famous like Jenny Lind. But that was just a dream. Anyhow, that wasn't what she wanted out of life. A shy thought crept up her cheeks in a pink tide of color. Someday maybe there'd be a man she could love. Not just she flung open the door of the a man she could love. Not just Polka. Groups of men dotted the room, some at the bar, some at the roulette wheel. At one table as she heard the thud of horses' sat Sheriff Jack Rance, playing hooves and the driver frantically

"I'm Lieutenant Rich-

heart." Then he spoke to his man sternly. "Pedro, put eet back. How can lady go to Monterey without pretty drasses? But," he added cas-ually, "take the lady's rings. They are very nice."

she had been about to thank him. Now she was ready to explode. Then, suddenly there was the sound of horses hooves again. The posses. There came a flashing inspiration. She'd show this insolent bully with the musical laugh that she could outwit him even if she was just a girl. Snatching off her rings she threw them to the ground in simulated petulance. Then, as she had expected, Pedro bent down. In response to her nudge, Wowkle planted a kick in his ribs and Mary, quick as lightning, snatched his gun from his holster. The next instant she was levelling it at Ramerrez. levelling it at Ramerrez.

"Put up your hands," she cried in a voice gone shrill with hysteria. 'Put 'em up, all of you.'

For a second there was a stunned silence. Then Ramerrez broke it with loud laughter. "Anagos," he shouted, "this is terrible disgrace— the great Rametrez and has lead captured by one girl."

But Mary's heart had already sunk to her took. The posse had indeed arrived but they were all seated sheepishly on their horses, bound hand and foot. Mosquito had made a fine capture for the

There was black rage in Mary's heart and one last desperate hope. Wildly, she pressed the trigger of the gun. A bullet spat, whistling close to Ramerrez' head. Then the horizon darkened for Mary and with an exhausted little sigh, she crumpled to the ground in a swoon.

For a long moment Ramerrez gazed down at her, an odd, soft light in his eyes. "Golden Hair." he whispered softly, "you shoot like a man but you faint like a hady." He turned to Pedro. "Put her back in the coach. And put her things all back. We take nothing from her." He called to the driver. "All right, Go ahead."

As if she were hovering between dream and reality Mary gazed out of the window the rest of that day of the window the rest of that day and saw neither mountains nor sky. A sort of trance engagined her senses through which there came, every now and then, a man's musical laugh. That evening the coach reached Monterey and as Mary walked into the Parish house and came to the study she called a soft creeting to the white hard Father resting to the white hard Parish. greeting to the white-haired Father sitting at the organ.

His fine old face lighted up. Then he leaned forward and clasped her hands. "Well Mary, now that you've learned the Ave Maria, you're going to sing it tomorrow at service. Even the Governor will be there."

She swallowed hard. "The Governor! Jeepers!"

But even the Padre could not have guessed the exciting outcome of Mary's debut next day. The Governor had indeed been there with a large party and an hour after his departure an adjutant had called on Mary to convey the Gov-

Nervously, she began to fan herse !.
"Miss Robbins," a mar a voice She turned and a thrill i se wa

wine passed over her. An officer faced her, deshingly attired in dress uniform. He was tall and magni-ficently shouldered and his hair was with laughter.

"I'm Lieutenant Richard son, said Punierrez the bands, and did not even hesitate over the words. "Under orders to escut words. "I'nder orders to estant Miss Robbins to the Governo. 2 Ranche."

(To be continued)

Durham; Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Spivey daughter, Faye, were in Edenton on and daughters, of Oxford; Mr. and Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Gilbert Woolworth and daughMrs. Isaac Byrum

days. Miss Rachel Ellis returned to her W. E. Copeland and Mrs. W. C. Ward

Mr. and Mrs. Randelph Ward and Mrs. Isaac Byrum, Mr. and Mrs

Mr. and Mrs. Vance Moore and son. Mrs. O. N. Jordan and children, Mrs.



sternly, "you can't make a shootin' gallery out of my place. Next time, take care of your business outside."

Rance didn't answer but his look

Im off my customers?"

Imperturbably he answered, "caught the low-down varmint cheating at cards. And when I called him, he tried to beat me to the draw."

"Oh." Her anger subsided a bit. "Well, I don't blame you none for callin' him. A cheat is sure outside of my corral, 'But," she added sternly, "you can't make a shootin'

of Cloudy, a spot not far distant from the mountain camp, "that very little gir!" of whom Ramerrez was thinking at this moment, was trotting happily along, thinking of the morrow. She'd be making her annual visit to Father Sienna in



Mary bore down on him. "Listen here," she burst out, "you gun-to-tin' trigger-pullin' Sheriff, what's the idea of comin' in here and kil-lin' on my customers?"

and immediately there came back the door. Mary looked around. to him the memory of that very little girl who had sung it with him she gasped. There, in a far alcove of the room was a large, ivorymet beside a caravan campfire one night. The next morning camp came to her eyes. It was just what

she'd always wanted.

She turned to him and said softly, "Jack, you been doin' things like this ever since you came to Cloudy. Don't you ever get tired of heerin' me say thanks?"

yelling "Whoa! Whoa! Hey folks, it's Ramerrez! A holdup!"
With a sharp breath of fear,
Mary took her bags of gold and stuffed them into the papoose basket that Wowkle, her Indian servant was carrying. Then horses thundered up and a deep, resonant voice directed everyone to step out.
Gripping her courses firmly.

voice directed everyone to step out.
Gripping her courage firmly,
Mary dared to look at the bandits.
Leading them was a tall, broadshouldered fellow, no doubt Ramerrez, his face covered by a bandanna. As the men passengers
started to emerge, he made a mocking reprimand. "Senores. Tch,
tch, you have forgot the manners.
The ladies—she always come first."
Then, when Mary and Wowkle
were standing beside the coach one
of the bandits repidly began to

eyes. Coloring a little she walked away. The trouble with Jack was, that he was so hard and ruthless. Even about her. She knew he meant to win her someday, somehow. Well, maybe one morning she'd wake up and find herself loving tim too. But it hadn't happened yet.

She was standing at the bar when Rance suddenly called, "well good night girl" and sauntered to the form of the coach one of the bandits rapidly began to collect the jewelry and money from everyone. Mary glanced frantically up the road, Where was the posse that night. An officer of the garrison would be sent to escort her.

Utterly lovely in a gleaming white satin gown she stood, that evening, on the railed balcony just above the lobby. Her heart was thundering. Suppose the made a mistake, down her travelling box. Running to him she tried to jerk it out of him she tried to jerk it out of him she tried to jerk it out of him shend. "You leave my baggage alone. This box is mine and neither you or anybody else is going to take it."

Ramerrez peered under the lid. What you got there? Gold?" She throttled her tempestuous ongue. "Why no. Just my dresses. I'm going to Montercy."

"Ah, maybe you wear them in Monterey for your sweetheart, si?" "I have no sweetheart, thank you.'

He moved close to her at that and took her small, rounded chin between his fingers. Incredibly, Mary felt her pulse bent fast and a tingling thrill raced up her spine. "Don't thank me," Pamerre said, "because if I have come hing

Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon Boyce, of ters, of Erwin, were guests of Mrs. Joe White and sons, Mrs. H. N. Ward C. A. Spivey during the Easter holi-

home near Sunbury Sunday, after were among those calling to see Mrs. visiting her sister, Mrs. G. A. Boyce. Harriett Parks Sunday.



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Okapi of Giraffe Family

Okapi is the native African name for an animal of the giraffe family (Ocapia johnstoni). The okapi is about five feet high at the withers. The forehead is red, the cheeks yellowish white, while the neck, shoulders and body range from jet-black to purplish and wine red. The hind quarters and hind and fore legs are snowy white or cream color, touched with orange and transversely barred with purplish black stripes and blotches.

Zion Park Named by Mormons Zion National park in Utah, created by act of congress in 1919, was prior to its reservation as a park a national monument, called by the Indian name of the river, Muhuntuweap. The later name is appropriate, however, for in early days its principal accessible feature was named Zion canyon by the Mormon settlers, who, being deeply religious, felt the great mountains forming the canyon walls were in



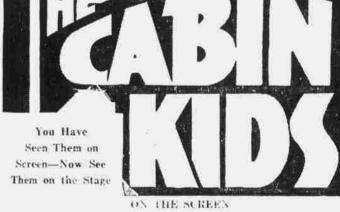
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Today Only-Thursday, April 21-ON OUR STAGE-IN PERSON



Dick Foran and June Travis in

Matinge: Picture, 3:30. Cabin Eids 4:45. Admission, 10c-25c Night: Picture, 7:15 and 9:50. Cabin Kids, 9:50. Admission, 10c-35c

Friday Only-April 22-

Alice Faye, Tony Martin, Joan Davis, Jimmie Durante, Fred Allen and Marjorie Weaver in

"SALLY, IRENE AND MARY"

Saturday, April 23-

Roy Rogers and Smiley Burnette in

"UNDER WESTERN STARS"

Zorro Rides Again No. 9 - Comedy - Cartoon

Monday and Tuesday, April 25-26-

SHIRLEY TEMPLE in

With RANDOLPH SCOTT, JACK HALEY, GLORIA STUART. SLIM SUMMERVILLE and BILL ROBINSON

Popeye Cartoon - News

Wednesday, April 27-

Richard Arlen and Beverly Roberts in

"CALL OF THE YUKON"

Thursday and Friday, April 28-29-

BETTE DAVIS in "JEZEBEL"

at Colfax, spent the Easter holidays as a guest of her parents, the Rev. Pittman, of Goldsboro. family spent the week-end in Norfolk, Va., as the guests of relatives.

Norfolk Business College, spent the Easter holidays with her mother, Mrs. H. P. White. atives in Raleigh.

lege, is the guest of Dr. E. S. White and his sisters Misses Mary Louise Chappell and Julia Miller Chappell, of Norfolk, Va., spent the week-end as the guests of

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Rogerson, Jr., spent Sunday as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Baccus.

RYLAND

The community sympathize with Mr. and Mrs. Cleatus Harrell in the and Mrs. J. C. Trivette. She had as death of their six-months-old son. her guest, Miss Mary Elizabeth The baby died at the home of its parents, near Harrellville, after a few days illness of double pneumonia. Mrs. Harrell was Miss Ronella Ward, daughter of O. C. Ward, who attend-

ed the funeral. Mrs. Harriett Parks continues ill. Mrs. Roy Parks spent Thursday

with Mrs. Dempsey Copeland. Mrs. L. W. Anderson returned Mr. and Mrs. Joe Perry, of Nor-home Saturday after a visit with rel-folk, Va., were guests of Mrs. Perry's sister, Mrs. Herbert Lane, and Mr. Lane, during the week-end.

William Ward spent Saturday afternoon in Norfolk, Va., and returned to Edenton, where he visited George Ward until Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Hollowell and children, Aubrey and Anne, and Mrs. J. A. Craft, of Edenton, spent Mrs. Archie Baccus.

Miss Grace Chappell, who teaches Wilson, spent the week-end with reparents, Mrs. and Mrs. E. L. Ward and Mrs. Louisa Ward called during the afternoon.

Mrs. W. H. Boyce is word and Mrs. W. H. Boyce is word with the speell.

Chappell,
Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Winslow spent
Sunday as guests of Mr. and Mrs. J.
M. Mock, in Norfolk, Va. They
were accompanied home by Mrs. R.
M. White and son, Jay, who will be
their guests for a week.

Mrs. Nereus Chappell and children,
and Mrs. Nereus Chappell and sons
Ward Mr. White and son, Jay, who will their guests for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Forbes and family, of Norfolk, Va., spent the week-end as guests of Mrs. Tom Forbes.

Wilmington, Del.,

Wilmington, Del.,

Wilmington, Del.,

nnie Chappell and a friend, of