# JOHN BOLES and GLADYS SWARTHOUT in "ROSE of the RANCHO"

Serialized by Wallace West

from the **Paramount Picture** of the same name.

*SYNOPSIS*

*Shortly after California's admission to the Union, Joe Kincaid, an American land-grabber, begins to plunder Spanish ranchos and file claims on them under the law. He is opposed by a band of vigilantes led by a mysterious Don Carlos. Jim Kearney, a secret agent of the government traveling incognito, rescues Kincaid from a vigilante hanging party. Later Jim meets Rosita, daughter of Don Pascual Castro, wealthy land-owner, and falls in love with her. At a fiesta in Monterey, Rosita openly displays her interest in Jim, much to the disgust of her father and her fiance, Don Luis.*

CHAPTER IV

"YOU had better keep my hat, Senor," said the old Spaniard from whom Kearney had borrowed the sombrero, after the American had treated him to a glass of wine. "It is the only souvenir you will have of Rosita Castro's smile. A Spanish girl of that caste is guarded like a jewel." With a low bow, he stepped into the crowd, leaving Kearney holding the huge headpiece.

He was looking down at it in perplexity when a harsh voice spoke, and a huge hand prodded him in the ribs.

"There's the hat she stepped on," said the intruder. "How much'll you take for it, stranger."

"It's not for sale." Kearney eyed the big fellow and his rat-eyed companion with distaste.

"I said how much'll you take for it?" growled the bully.

"You heard me."

"Talks mean, huh?" snickered rat-eye.

"Give me that thing," snarled the big fellow as he grabbed the hat.

Kearney emptied his glass of wine in the man's face. As he yelled and tried to rub the stinging liquid out of his eyes, rat-eye drew a knife and several other evil-looking cowhands pinned Kearney against the wall.

Things looked bad for the government agent until Kincaid unexpectedly elbowed his way through the crowd.

"Hold on, wait a minute," he shouted to his men "What's the trouble here."

"Howdy there," panted Kearney as he recognized the man he had saved from Don Carlos. "How's the sore throat?"

"Well . . . I'll be a . . . Put it there, partner, put it there."

"We didn't know he was a friend of yours, boss," whined rat-eye as the two men shook hands.

"A friend! He saved my life tonight. That's all. Well, why don't you step up and apologize?"

"What do you say when you do that, boss?" puzzled the other.

"What can I do for you pardner?" boomed the land-grabber. "Any thing in the world you want."

"Well, I'd like to have my hat back," grinned Kearney. "And there's another little matter coming up in a few days which I'll talk to you about later."

"I'm buying drinks for the crowd," shouted Kincaid as he waved magnificently toward the bartender.

• • •

The next morning Kearney appeared at the Castro ranch to pay his respects. A servant brought him into the presence of Dona Petrona. The sprightly little old lady looked up from her embroidery frame and surveyed her visitor quizzically.

"So you want to see my son?" she inquired. "Unfortunately he's gone away for the day."

"Perhaps I could speak to Miss Rosita," hesitated Jim. "It's a matter of business."

"Why couldn't you have discussed it with my son when you passed him on the road just now?"

"Why I . . ." Kearney flushed and shifted his feet. "Was that Don Castro? I . . ."

"No need to stammer and stutter and look surprised. Now what is it you really want?"

"Just to see Miss Rosita," he confessed.

"Well, have you a letter from your parents saying that your grandfather knew ours in Spain a hundred years ago?"

"No."

"Are you so rich it doesn't matter who your grandfather knew?"

"No, but . . ."

"Then it's a very extraordinary request," she interrupted. "Guadalupe," she then said to the servant. "Tell Rosita to come here." You know our Spanish custom?" she then asked Jim. "That when a man calls on a girl a duenna is always present."

"Yes, Senora."

"I understand there is no such custom in the States but that courtship there is very insipid nevertheless. What's the matter? No blood in your veins?" She eyed him sharply.

"You want me, Grandmother?" asked Rosita as she hurried in.

"The young man from the fiesta," said Dona Petrona. "He seems to have no qualifications whatever for a visit. What are you going to talk about?"

"Can't I just look at her?" grinned Kearney.

"Most unusual." Grandmother turned back to her embroidery. "One of our young men would have paid her twenty compliments by now, or he'd have whipped out a mandolin or a guitar and begun to strum." Oh, I'm not reproving him," she hasened on. "I detest music and compliments too. They keep me from talking."

"I know a song," teased Jim as he caught her mood.

"Very rude, young man, very rude," sniffed the old lady. Then, turning aside to hide a smile, she added to Rosita: "Do you suppose that cloud of dust could be your father coming back?"

"No!" gasped the girl. But she turned to the American, and added: "I'll take you to the gate just in case."

"Goodbye, Dona Petrona," bowed Kearney.

"So you're what Americans are like," she snapped "Don't even kiss an old woman's hand." Then, as Jim stepped forward and touched his lips to her white fingers, she unbent at last and said, almost tenderly: "Goodbye."

"When can I see you again, and where?" asked their visitor while Rosita was escorting him across the cool, flower-perfumed patio.

"I go to the Mission quite often in the afternoon," she answered, her eyes downcast.

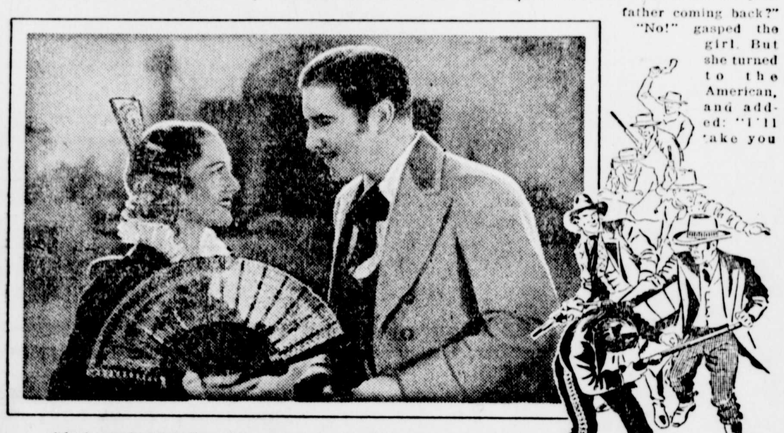
"I'll be there at three."

"But what afternoon?" She looked at him in surprise.

"Every afternoon, senorita!"

"And grandmother thought you were backward?" laughed the girl as she held out her slim hands to be kissed.

*(To be continued)*



"And grandmother thought you were backward?" laughed the girl.

# TRY THIS TRICK

By PONJAY HARRAH

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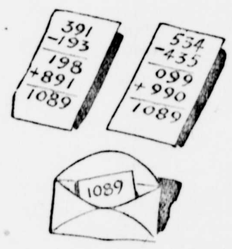


MAGIC NUMBERS

THIS is a mystic prediction. The magician writes something on a slip of paper which he seals in an envelope. A person is asked to write a number of three figures—all figures different. For instance, 193.

The magician does not see the number. He merely tells the person to reverse it and subtract the smaller from the larger. Example: 193, reversed, is 391. The subtraction leaves 198.

That, too, is kept from the wizard. He says to reverse the result and add. And 198, reversed, is 891. The two, added, produce 1089. The envelope is opened. On the paper is the number 1,089.

Whatever the original number used, the final total will be 1,089. That is the secret of the trick. One point: always mention that a zero must be placed in front if the subtraction brings a two-figure number. Thus, 99 (which sometimes arrives) is treated as 099. Reversed, it is 990.

In this afternoon ensemble in green, a woolen swagger coat with three-quarter-length sleeves edged with natural lynx is combined with a print silk crepe dress having an unusual scarf-like neckline.

—o—

**Famous Nurse's Voice Saved**

Florence Nightingale's voice has been saved and reproduced on a phonograph record entitled "Florence Nightingale—An Episode of the Crimean war," which gives a scene of her work.

## Earleville

The Rev. Robert Frazer, radio's blind singing evangelist, will visit and preach at St. Paul's M. E. Church at Johntown near Earleville on Sunday, December 20. Thirty-five assistants, consisting of choir singer and the orchestra will accompany him here, by chartered bus from Philadelphia. Everyone is welcome to see and hear this preacher, who has done so much wonderful work in his field of training.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Knock entertained the Willing Workers Society on Thursday evening at their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Smith, of Elkton, will be prepared to entertain the society in January.

A variety shower was given Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow Loller by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Price at their home on Friday evening. Regardless of stormy weather, a large crowd attended.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bryan, of Chester, has returned to her home after spending a fortnight wit hMr. and Mrs. Rayner Matthews.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fears and children, of Perryville, were week end guests of Mr. J. W. Husfelt. Messrs. Fears and Husfelt and Miss Jean Husfelt were Saturday visitors in Chestertown.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pearce, of Wilmington, and Mrs. Daniel Fletcher, of Warwick, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Hevlow and children were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boyles.

Mr. and Mrs. George Long, Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, Mrs. J. A. Brown, Master John Brown, Master George Long, Miss Irene Wolfe and Miss Mae Long were numbered among Wilmington visitors Saturday

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Brown spent part of last week with Mr. and Mrs. Lee Matthews.

Mrs. Edith eLe, who has been spending a few days with her father, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wolfe, of Wilmington, and Mr. Howard Loller were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Loller.

Mrs. J. P. Bolton, Jr. and Mr. and Mrs. William Wiltbanks were Sunday visitors in Elkton and called at Union Hospital, where Master Franklyn Wiltbanks is a patient. He received a fractured elbow about four weeks ago and has had two operations, the latter is thought to be successful.

**Wm. Pepper Constable**

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**.. Notice To Trespassers ..**

Having reason to believe that certain parties are in the habit of trespassing upon the property of this company, and removing firewood and other timber, we hereby warn all persons to refrain from trespassing in any manner, and from removing wood of any kind, from the Company's property or shores. A reward of twenty-five ($25) dollars will be paid in each and every instance for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of parties trespassing on any of the property of this Company within Cecil county.

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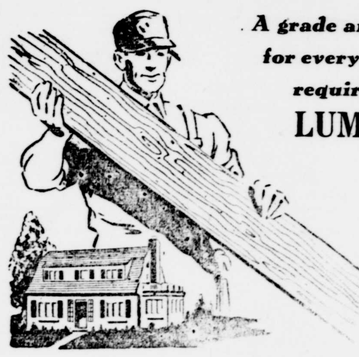

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## Assignee's Sale

*Of Valuable*

## FARM PROPERTY

Located in the Second Election District of Cecil County, Maryland.

Under and by virtue of Power of Sale contained in a mortgage from Joseph Grabowski and Bertha Grabowski, his wife, dated June 25, 1934, and recorded among the Mortgage Records of Cecil County, Maryland, in Liber S. R. A. No. 23, folio 373, which said mortgage was duly assigned to the undersigned Assignee for the purpose of collection and foreclosure, default having occurred, the said undersigned Assignee will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder at the Court House in Elkton, Cecil County, Maryland, on

**Monday, Dec. 21, 1936**

AT 1:15 O'CLOCK, P. M.

All that tract of land situate in the Second Election District of Cecil County, Maryland, containing

**226.6 Acres**

More or Less

and BEING all the same land conveyed to the said Joseph Grabowski and Bertha Grabowski, his wife, by deed from Julia M. Vecander and her husband, dated March 28, 1934, and recorded among the Land Records of said County in Liber S. R. A. No. 21, folio 155, to which deed reference is hereby made for a more particular description of this land.

This farm is located in a good farming region on State highway No. 312, leading from Chesapeake City to Elkton, four miles south of Elkton. There are 170 acres suitable for cultivation and the balance pasture land. The improvements consist of a two and one-half story substantial

**Brick Dwelling**

BARN, GARAGE and GRANARY

The property will be sold subject to the legal operation and effect of a prior mortgage, the terms of which and the balance due whereon will be announced at the time and place of sale, and further subject to two pole line rights of way, the first dated March 3, 1924, and and recorded among said Land Records 247, and the second dated July 2, 1924, in Liber H. W. L. No. 14, folio 121.

TERMS OF SALE

$500.00 cash will be required at the time and place of sale and the balance upon final ratification of sale by the Circuit Court of said County. Taxes adjusted to December 31, 1936. Deed and title papers at cost of purchaser.

THOMAS M. HARRINGTON
Assignee.

David Randolph, Auctioneer.

Baltimore National Bank, Committee
John Baylor, Attorney

**ORDER NISI**

John Baylor, Regional Attorney &c.
vs.
Joe Grabosky, An Incompetent

In the Circuit Court for Cecil County.
In Equity, No. 4129

ORDERED, This 7th day of December 1936 that the report of Henry L. Constable, Auditor, mentioned in these proceedings, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 1st day of January next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Cecil County once in each of two successive weeks before the 18th day of December next.

WALTER E. BUCK, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:

WALTER E. BUCK, Clerk.

Baltimore National Bank, Committee
John Baylor, Attorney

**ORDER NISI**

John Baylor, Regional Attorney &c.
vs.
George P. Conklin, An Incompetent

In the Circuit Court for Cecil County.
In Equity, No. 4158

ORDERED, This 7th day of December 1936 that the report of Henry L. Constable, Auditor, mentioned in these proceedings, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 1st day of January next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Cecil County once in each of two successive weeks before the 18th day of December next.

WALTER E. BUCK, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:

WALTER E. BUCK, Clerk.

***ORDER NISI***

John Baylor, Regional Attorney &c.
vs.
Charles F. Smith, An Incompetent.
In the Circuit Court for Cecil County.
In Euity, No. 4131

ORDERED, This 30th day of November, 1936, that the report of Henry L. Constable, Auditor, mentioned in these proceedings, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of December next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Cecil County, once in each of two successive weeks before the 11th day of December next.

WALTER E. BUCK, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:

WALTER E. BUCK, Clerk.

# "Little Stories for Bedtime"

by Thornton W Burgess

LIGHTFOOT DOES THE WISE THING

ALL the rest of that day the hunter with the terrible gun lay hidden in the bushes of the pasture where he could watch for Lightfoot the Deer to leave the place of safety he had found when he swam across the Big River. It required a lot of patience on the part of the hunter, but the hunter had plenty of patience. It sometimes seems as if hunters have more patience than any other people.

Lightfoot Got Up and Stepped Out Under the Stars.

But this hunter waited in vain. Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun sank down in the west to his bed behind the Purple Hills. The Black Shadows crept out and grew blacker. One by one the stars began to twinkle. Still the hunter waited, and still there was no sign of Lightfoot. At last it became so dark that it was useless for the hunter to remain longer.

Disappointed and once more becoming angry, he tramped back to the Big River, got into his boat, and rowed across to the other side. Then he tramped home and his thoughts were very bitter. He knew that he would have shot Lightfoot had it not been for the man who had protected Lightfoot. He even began to suspect that this man had himself killed Lightfoot, for he had been sure that as soon as he had become rested Lightfoot would start for the woods and Lightfoot had done nothing of the kind. In fact, the hunter had not had so much as another glimpse of Lightfoot.

The reason the hunter had been so disappointed was that Lightfoot was smart. He was smart enough to understand that the man who was saving him from the hunter had done it because he was a true friend. All afternoon Lightfoot had rested on a bed of soft hay in an open shed and had watched this man going about his work and taking the utmost care to do nothing to frighten him.

"He not only will let no one else harm me, but he himself will not harm me," thought Lightfoot. "As long as he is near I am safe. I'll stay right around here until the hunting season is over, then I'll swim back across the Big River to my home in the dear Green Forest."

So all afternoon Lightfoot rested and did not so much as put his nose outside that open shed. That is why the hunter got no glimpse of him. When it became dark, so dark that he knew there was no longer danger, Lightfoot got up and stepped out under the stars. He was feeling quite himself again. His splendid strength had returned. He bounded lightly across the meadow and up into the brushy pasture where the hunter had been hidden.

There and in the woods back of the pasture he browsed, filling his stomach. But at the first hint of the coming of another day Lightfoot turned back, and when his friend the farmer came out early in the morning to milk the cows there was Lightfoot back in the open shed. The farmer smiled. "You are as wise as you are handsome, old fellow," said he.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

### Puffs From Leftovers

Left over mashed potatoes may be made into delicious puffs. Just add one well-beaten egg to three cups of potatoes. Mix and season with salt and pepper. Drop by spoonfuls on greased pan and bake in a moderate oven until brown.

### Use For Leftovers

A new idea for using the cranberry sauce, celery and roast fowl that is left from the special dinner is to cut a mold of cranberry sauce into cubes; dice celery and left-over chicken, turkey, etc. Mix with well seasoned French dressing and serve with a touch of mayonnaise.

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