

Montana Rides Again

A RAPID-FIRE ROMANCE BY EVAN EVANS

SYNOPSIS: Brother Pascual has arrived at the late of Mateo Rubric, Mexican bandit who grows out on the rich. Rubric offers Pascual money for his poor, but Pascual wants only food. The bandit, who has great admiration for the priest, declares that some day he will return and do a great work. But right now he wants more wine.

Chapter Two PEACEMAKER

AS Pascual ate, Mateo Rubric strode up and down with his jeweled wine cup in one hand and in the other a fat second joint from which he tore long shreds with those powerful teeth of his.

"Now is the time to speak, Lucio," said Rubric. "You have been sitting there with fire in your eyes, devouring José with glances. Tell me what was wrong."

Lucio stood up. He lacked the rounded, hilly face of a peon; his features were more the type of the aristocrat and his cheeks were so hollow that he pulled at the corners of his mouth and kept him with the semblance of a sneering smile. He said, "José, stand up!"

"At you or to any man!" said a youth with very wide shoulders and very bowed legs. He was the true peon type. He swaggered out and stood well forward on the floor.

"WHEN they came chasing after us," said Lucio, "my horse went down under me. I ran as well as my legs would carry me. I heard

a dismounted comrade? Leave a friend behind for the Rurales? However, you have been with me only a short time. What I tell you now you will remember. Not?"

"I WILL remember," said José, suddenly abashed and staring at the floor.

"Are you satisfied, Lucio?" asked the master.

"No," said Lucio.

"Take knives, then. Strip to the waist. Carve each other or kill each other. That is the law. But we'll have no hatreds inside my hand."

"Good!" said José, and began to tear off his jacket. Lucio said nothing, but there was speech in the burning of his eyes and in his sneering lips.

That was when Brother Pascual stood up and went to Lucio.

"Lucio," he said, "when your brother was sick in the mountains, I searched till I found him and carried him into the corral on my shoulders."

"Therefore," said Lucio, "ask me for my right hand and it is yours."

"Give it to me, then," said the gigantic friar. So he took the right hand of the astonished Lucio and half led and half dragged him across the floor to confront José. "Give your hand to me, José," he commanded.

"My hand is my own," said José sullenly.

The huge grip of Pascual closed suddenly on the nape of José's neck. He shook the young bandit violently. A knife flashed into the hand of José. It jerked back, but it was not driven home into the great, fearless



The huge grip of Pascual closed suddenly on José.

hoof-beats. I looked back and saw that a friend was riding up. It was José. I held out my hand to let him help me up, but St. Christopher! he galloped right past me! He even tried to look the other way. And the Rurales and the soldiers were sure to get me, except that I found a crack among the rocks and ran and fell into it like a lizard. Mateo Rubric, give me a judgment! Is that fellowship? A lame dog would be better treated by its fellows."

A little murmur came out of the throats of the crowd. It was not loud, but it was high-pitched, and therefore the friar knew the strain of anger from which it proceeded.

"Now speak, José," said Rubric.

"This!" said José, loudly. "I saw Lucio running, of course, I wanted to help him. But I had a whole sack of the gold in the saddle bag. To throw away myself and my horse—that was nothing, though the Rurales were sure to catch us both if I tried to make the pinto carry double. But there was the gold. So I rode on. Speak up with a big voice, Lucio. Are you worth thirty pounds of gold?"

Lucio said nothing. He looked ready to leap at José, but he could not bring up words from his throat.

The whole room was hushed. Men leaned from their places, their eyes intent on the leader, who still walked calmly up and down. But now he paused and pointed the ragged joint of roast meat at José.

"Silver is a good thing and gold is better, but silver and gold and emeralds and diamonds are not worth one drop of blood. Blood is better than money. José, you have not been with me long. You have not learned. Otherwise, by San Juan of Capistrano! I would hang you from that rafter with my own hands! Ride by

breast of Brother Pascual. It was awe of the friar rather than the fierce yell that went up from the others that caused the knife to drop to the floor.

"Now give me your hand!" shouted Pascual, enraged, "or I'll carry you out and throw you into the slime of the hog-wallow, where I've thrown bigger and stronger men than you!"

"Brother, forgive me!" said José, helplessly, and he gave his right hand. Pascual instantly clasped it into that of Lucio. He stood over the two men, who glared at one another.

There was a moment of pause, so tense that the breathing of the men in the room could be heard, and the ripping sounds as Mateo Rubric tore at his joint of roast meat.

"It was wrong, Lucio. I hated you because you got the black mare that I wanted. Will you forget?"

"Is it true?" said Lucio, stunned and quaking. "Do you confess this before them all? Then you are my brother!" And suddenly he had flung his arms around José.

Mateo Rubric hurled towards the hearth the big bone which he had picked clean.

"Ha!" cried Rubric, "my men have turned into women. Well, let them go so long as I have you, Pascual. Have you only come here to make my poor fellows drop their knives on the floor?"

"I have come to speak seriously with you, Mateo," answered the big friar.

"You hear that he wants to speak to me!" called Rubric. "Then why do you others wait? Away with you!"

Pascual tells, Monday, the purpose of his journey.

PARISIANS ADOPT FUR CAPE, LATEST IN WINTER MODES

By RITA FERRE

(Associated Press Fashion Editor.) PARIS.—Fur capes have stepped on to the style stage here as the last word in winter chic.

In soft luxurious models of fox, ermine or mink, they parade across the night time scene, while in seal, nutria or leopard they swagger into the daytime pageant. Their lengths vary all the way from the elbows to the knees, but the favorite is a hip length design.

A whole row of foxes make a new model designed by Helm—one of the most luxurious looking wraps Paris has seen in years. The pelts, complete to tail, are hung clear across the back of the shoulders, falling to mid thigh in the back and cut on a rising line in front. Another simpler design is composed of two skins that enclose the shoulders and upper arms and descend to a point in the back.

Meggy Rouff makes a hip length ermine model with the pelts running horizontally and adds a muff finished with black-tipped tails for dash, while other designers favor luxurious fluffy affairs of white.

The Duchesse de Caylus and the Duchesse de Leeds are among smart continentalists who like fur capes for daytime wear. Both are wearing Molyneux capes of silver fox with the pelts worked on the straight, the length extending to the hipline. Both

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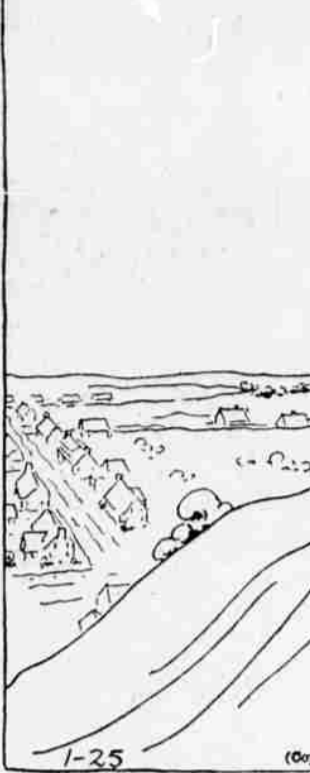
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DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



YOU WANT TO BE A HE-MAN AND GO DOWN WHERE THE BIG BOYS COAST, BUT YOU HAVEN'T REALIZED BEFORE HOW VERY PERPENDICULAR THE HILL LOOKS

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3000 PENNIES PAY FOR BIRTH OF BABY

AUSTIN, TEX.—(UP)—A baby is worth slightly more than twice its weight in copper, a local physician has discovered.

The physician, who had delivered an infant for a young couple, was surprised one morning to find a sack containing 3000 pennies on his desk.

A note explained that the pennies were in payment for the child. The couple evidently had been saving them for a long time.

When born the baby weighed just seven pounds. The pennies weighed sixteen and a half pounds.

FAMILY REUNION FIRST IN QUARTER CENTURY

KENTON, O.—(UP)—Separated by the death of their parents 25 years ago, five members of one family were reunited recently at a family dinner in the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Probasco at Mt. Victory, near here.

Members of the family are W. B. Wilson, Ada, O.; Mrs. Veris Flora, Toledo, Mo.; H. P. Curry, Columbus, Mo.; O. K. Probasco and Miss Mary Wilson, both of Mt. Victory. It was the first time in the two and one-half decades the five had congregated, though all lived in Ohio.

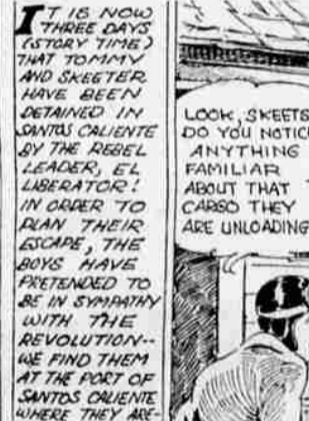
Small Forest Fire Loss. PUEBLO, Col.—(UP)—At the end of the 1934 fire season a survey revealed that only 75 acres of forest land were burned in the San Isabel national forest. It was the smallest fire loss in the state. A total of 8941 acres of Colorado forest was destroyed by fire during 1934. The heaviest loss was in the Roosevelt forest, where 835 acres were burned.

The path of least resistance leads to least success.

S MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Battle Planes Arrive!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Plan!



THE NEBBS—Vanity



BRINGING UP FATHER



Explained His Pistol. KANSAS CITY, Mo.—(UP)—Tom McMullen, ex-convict, had a ready explanation for the possession of a pistol when detectives stopped him. "I have a trial in justice court today," he said, "and I was going to sell the pistol to pay the expense." But besides the pistol, which was loaded, McMullen was carrying extra ammunition, so detectives locked him up for investigation.

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