

# Montana Rides Again

A RAPID-FIRE ROMANCE BY EVAN EVANS

SYNOPSIS: Today Montana, a Red in the Mountains, is to marry Ruth Lavery, the daughter of a wealthy rancher, after several postponements for which he is to blame. Now Montana, in order to secure his help in recovering the emerald crown of Our Lady, stolen from the church by the governor of Montana's province, Montana decides to answer the challenge, in spite of the insult to Ruth.

## Chapter Eight

### PARTING

"I've got the call that a man has to answer, Ruth," Montana said. She only stared at him. Her lips were parted a little. She looked older; she seemed to be squinting at a bright, distant light. The future, as like as not, Montana tried to feel sorry, but couldn't.

Richard Lavery did the speaking. He said: "This will be about all, my lad. My girl has put up with a good bit. You'll forget about Jack Lascar here and now, or else you'd better forget about Ruth."

Montana dismounted. The "widow" started to follow him up the steps, but shrank away from these strangers. Her master stood over Ruth.

"He's speaking for you, I suppose?" said Montana. But she only kept on staring. One could not say whether there was more pain or fear in her eyes.

"It appears that I am speaking for her," said Lavery. "We know what we owe to you, but there's a future as well as a past to think of."

"Wait a minute," said Montana. "You can only talk for yourself. Say something, Ruth!"

"I can't," she answered. "If I try to talk—I'll only be weeping."

"People cry about things that are gone, finished. Am I finished as far as you're concerned?"

She shook her head. "I gave you a promise about the riding of the mare, and then I broke it. Does that make you feel that you can never trust me?"

"Do you trust yourself?" she asked. This struck him very hard, apparently. He began to redden on her side: "It's our wedding day—and I ride off—I'll always be riding off. Is that what you feel?"

"I know," concluded Montana. "I can see it. What's left in you is mostly fear."

"I want to be braver and bigger," said the girl, "but I can't help it. Why are you this way?"

"Because the devil got into me between breaths, I suppose," said Montana. "You won't believe how my heart's aching for you now. You seem to me everything that's right and beautiful. If I go away, the best part of the world will be behind me. But I can't stay and be the happy cat by the fire. Ruth, I'm going away. . . . No matter what happens today, there's no coming back for me."

He took her suddenly in his arms. The tears began to run down her face, but she said, very gently: "I'm not pitying myself. It's for you! I think God pities you, too—and loves you."

She lifted her face and he kissed her. Then he turned to Lavery and shook hands. "I was hating you a minute ago—but you're right," he said.

"There'll be another chance for me to show you that I'll never forget you," said Lavery. "If you'll still listen to me, I'll still beg you—"

He checked himself. His unspoken words filled a beating moment of silence, and then Montana was walking jauntily down the steps and waving his hand.

"So long, everyone," he called. Afterward, as he sat the saddle, he heard Ruth crying: "But he'll be killed! Father, he's going to be—"

The sudden beating of the hoofs of the red mare drowned out that complaint. As he came to the turn of the road, he felt an invisible hand tugging at his shoulder and therefore he turned into the saddle and rode out of view with his hat waving over his head.

Now he let the red mare race to get through the pass between the hills, pointing towards far-off Bentonville. After that he felt that he had slipped the hand of the past from his shoulder. He began to laugh like a child. He had not realized how he had dreaded double harness until he was started on the empty trail again!

It was ten-twenty by his watch.

When he headed into the main street of Bentonville. That was cutting the time a bit short, perhaps, but he did not want to burn up the strength of Sally with too hard a run. For, supposing that he met Lascar and survived the fight with him, he might need all the speed that was in the mare immediately.

Gun-fights were barred in Bentonville. A message had been sent to the sheriff, who was probably running a horse at a dead gallop to get back to the town in time to prevent this duel. And that same sheriff, solemnly and with careful words, had warned Montana that a single flash of a gun in his hand would be enough to land him in jail.

It was curious, in a way, that Jack Lascar should have called for a show-down—public show-down. Because there was nothing public about the character or the past of Jack. He loved twilight and twilight ways like a cat.

There was some mystery behind this challenge—or was it that the memory of that other defeat, that public shaming, had driven Jack Lascar into a frenzy at last, until death was better than a life in which men smiled behind his back?

A freckled-faced boy ran out from a yard and at the side of Montana: "Are you gonna do it, Montana?" he shrieked. "Are you gonna kill him? The sheriff'll chase you if you pull a gun in this town! Don't get yourself chased away from us, Montana. Everybody knows you licked Lascar once. Everybody knows you ain't afraid!"

"Things will be all right, thanks, brother," said the Kid.

The boy, panting, drew off to the side, shaking his head; and then set down into a steady dog-trot to get to the appointed place of the meeting.

THEN Montana saw Hi Bailey's blacksmith shop in the distance. Thin blue wisps of smoke leaking out through the big, open doors of the place. No horses were tethered in front of it, waiting their turn to be shod. Instead, the string was hitched on the near side of the place.

Well, if bullets were to fly, horse-flesh is as penetrable as the bodies of men, but the Kid knew himself and he knew Jack Lascar. There would be no wild shots in this fight!

No wonder the rest of the town had seemed deserted. All the life of it was concentrated here. The wind down, the doorways were filled, and people stood at the corners of the houses. A dull murmur rose, swelled into a many-throated voice. The women and children gave the shrill to the sound.

The Kid looked down and saw that his hat was white with dust. He had stuffed the trousers into the tops of his boots and dust was thick in the folds beneath the knee.

Then he saw a slender figure walk slowly out from under an awning and step into the street with feet that lifted high, as though this man did not wish to kick the dust up over the polish of his boots.

That was Jack Lascar. His bright Mexican jacket flashed dazzling in the sun.

"I'll put a red spot on that jacket," said Montana softly.

He dismounted. The mare followed him, shying a bit from side to side as she kept seeing fresh crowds of humans on either side of the street.

Lascar stood in the exact center of the street, with his hands on his hips. If he had more light on the face, he would try his shot for the head. Well he might try; for the head, anyway. The bright buckle of the hat-belt would be a neat target—neat and small. And the rather had chances of Jack Lascar would be evened a little.

Some one yelled: "Hurry it up! Hurry it up! The sheriff's comin'! he'll beat!"

Then out of the distance Montana could hear the distant beating of hoofs.

Jack Lascar had turned sideways. He was not fool enough to offer the full breadth of his body to an enemy. He forgot that this turn brought the buckle of the hat-belt into fuller view.

They were twenty paces apart. "How does this suit you, Jack?" asked Montana.

Lascar's whole body jerked with the violence of his words. He barked his curses like a dog. Any distance suited him. Ten paces would be better.

The Kid smiled and walked straight on.

Montana meets an enemy who also is a friend, Monday.

## PORTLAND MINER IS SWINDLED BY OLD WALLET GAG

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 1.—(AP)—Frank Rahn, Portland mining man, told Oakland police today he had been swindled of \$11,000 by a trio of men who worked the old "wallet gag" on him early in January.

The first man, giving the name "George Ward," straped acquaintance with him on a train en route here from Portland, later met him in an expensive hotel, where the two "accidentally" found a wallet containing a \$5,000 bond and roll of money.

Returning it to the man whose card was in the wallet, the owner, who said he was "Frank Sterling," offered a reward, and when this was declined, said he was a speculator and would "invest" \$100 for them.

This later resulted in winnings of \$300. Lured on by promise of more money by the new found friend, who was "on the inside" of the market, Rahn turned over \$500, which resulted in first in huge winnings, and then loss. Then Rahn contributed the \$11,000 for a "pool" with which to recoup the losses.

"Sterling," who had moved to Oakland from this city during the transactions, reported that his firm had ordered him to Helena, Mont. Rahn was given a ticket to go there and meet him. "Ward" and a third man known as "Eames." He never found them. He told police he then returned to Portland, reported his loss.

## NEWBRY ELECTED SHRINE BAND HEAD

ASHLAND, Feb. 1.—(Sp.)—Earl T. Newbry was elected president and manager of the Hillah Temple band at its annual meeting in the Masonic temple. Other new officers are: Ward V. Croft, director; H. G. Ender, assistant director; C. H. Thomas, secretary-treasurer; Perry Ashcraft, drum major, and Dr. R. L. Burdick, quartermaster.

Several new members were elected to membership and regular rehearsals are to be held through the year. It being the intention of Hillah Temple to build up a band that will take high rank with the fraternal bands of the state.

The principal objective at this time is the Shrine imperial council meeting to be held in Seattle next year.

A concert is to be given at the postmaster's hall in Ashland next month.

ILLUSTRIOUS POTENTATE Floyd F. Whittle was elected to honorary membership.

## PARAGUAYANS MARCH ON LAST BOLIVIAN HOLDOUT

BUENOS AIRES, Feb. 1.—(AP)—The Paraguayan army, deployed in two powerful columns, began a drive on Bolivia's last stronghold in the Chaco, Villa Montes, today, according to dispatches from Asuncion, Paraguay.

CAPITOL, OLYMPIA, Feb. 1.—(AP)—The senate today memorialized congress to protect the incandescent bulb industry in this state by re-enacting the embargo against foreign bulbs which was recently revoked by Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace.

Dairymen advise against giving cows highly flavored feeds just before milking time because of their tendency to give the milk an unnatural taste.

## GRAZING ACT CONFAB SCHEDULED IN DENVER

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—(AP)—The top-brass of officialdom and the broad-brimmed stewards of the cow-country will hang on the same rack in Denver, February 11, at the national grazing conference called to discuss the administration of the Taylor grazing act.

Some 80,000,000 acres of public lands were brought under jurisdiction of the interior department by the Taylor act, passed by the last congress. Stockmen of the west who look to the public domain for their livelihood have expressed a desire for some knowledge of regulatory measures being planned which will affect the grazing of their sheep and cattle.

Fish Story.

WRENTHAM, Mass.—(UP)—Edgar A. Dart hooked two fish—one inside the other. A member of the Wrentham Sportsmen's association, Dart caught a 2½-pound pickerel and inside was an eight-inch trout.

## SIX-TIME LOSER GETS LIFE IN PENITENTIARY

PORTLAND, Feb. 1.—(AP)—Circuit Judge Lusk today imposed a sentence of life imprisonment on Albert Howard, 44, found guilty on a charge of assault with intent to rob.

The unusually heavy punishment was meted out to Howard on recommendation of Deputy District Attorney Joe Price, who told the court that Howard was a six-time offender and life imprisonment "would save the expense of trying him again."

Has 23rd Child.

BROCKTON, Mass.—(UP)—Mrs. Frank Santaro, who three months ago became a grandmother at 40, recently gave birth to her 23rd child. Only 12 of the 23 are living. She was married at the age of 14.

Between 300 and 400 volcanic centers, believed to have been inactive for nearly half a century, have been explored south of Arizona's border in Mexico.

### THE SWEET FLAVORED GUM

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM  
FASCINATING FLAVOR

## PAYMASTER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

ASKS MOTHER, WHO IS MAKING TEN-CENT PURCHASE AT DRUG STORE, CAN HE GIVE THE MAN THE MONEY FOR IT

KEEPS MONEY CLUTCHED IN FIST, WHILE PURCHASE IS BEING WRAPPED UP. LOOKS TO SEE IF THE TWO NICKELS ARE STILL SAFE

AND DROPS ONE OF THEM, WHICH ROLLS UNDER COUNTER, REQUIRING MOTHER, CLERK AND AN UMBRELLA TO GET IT OUT

PROMISES HE WON'T DROP IT AGAIN, AND DISCOVERS THE OTHER NICKEL IS GONE

LOCATES IT AT LAST IN POCKET WHERE HE PUT IT FOR SAFE-KEEPING

MOTHER HAS TO TAKE HIS COAT OFF TO GET IT OUT, BECAUSE IT HAD SLIPPED THROUGH A HOLE INTO THE LINING

PUTS COAT ON AGAIN, AND AFTER SOME DELAY SHAKES OTHER NICKEL OUT OF MITTEN WHERE HE HAD PUT IT

PAYS CLERK, DECIDING THAT HANDLING MONEY IS PRETTY COMPLICATED

GLUYAS WILLIAMS (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) 2-1

## 8 MATTER POP

CRASH!

BANG!

OOMP!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—M. Gaire is in a "jam!"

## By C M Payne

CAN'T YOU DO THINGS WITHOUT MAKING SO MUCH NOISE?

YETH YATH

EIKTHEFT, FALLIN' DOWN STAIRS!

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I HOPE MCGUIRE HASN'T PUT HIMSELF ON THE SPOT BY HELPING US.

ME, TOO, IF THERE EVER WAS A SQUARE GUY IT'S HIM!

2094

## By Hal Forrest

MEET SEEMS STRANGE TO ME, SENOR MCGUIRE THAT YOU ASK US TO PLAY THE DICE GAME—AN THOSE YANQUIS FLYERS MAK' THEIR ESCAPE JUS WHEN I WAS WINNING

MEANIN' WOT?—WHY YOU POOR GOOF—WHILE YOU WERE TRYIN TO FIND YOUR GUNS I WAS SHOOTIN AT 'EM WITH MY PISTOL.

BUT, SENOR, OW'S COME YO NO 'EET HEEM?

SI! OW'S COME?

WILL BILL MCGUIRE BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN HIS WAY OUT OF THIS—?

HAL FORREST

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAPPEP—A R-ttle Povel!

YES, I'VE GOT A GUN, HAYGHAKER! LINE UP WITH THEM TWO PUNKS OR YOU'LL GET BETTER ACQUAINTED WITH IT!

RUBE, GET THEM TWO DOGS—NEVER MIND WILLIE—WE AIN'T LEAVIN' HERE EMPTY HANDED, THOUGH!

YOU'LL NEVER GET THESE DOGS! GRAB HIM, BRIAR!

BREAK LOOSE. RUBE! BREAK LOOSE!

HANG ONTO HIM, BRIAR! HANG ONTO HIM!

## By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEWS

LISTEN, LITTLE BIT OF NOTHING—I'M GOING TO PUT YOU INTO THE MINT WITH A GOVERNMENT LICENSE TO STEAL

HERE IT IS—CARBONATED BEVERAGE—TAKE A FEW HUNDRED DOLLARS OUT OF THE MOTH BALLS AND SEND IT AFTER A FORTUNE

I DON'T SEE WHERE IT PAYS ANY DIVIDENDS I'M TOO OLD TO BUY STUFF WITH A PROMISE

WHEN I BUY ANYTHING IT'S GOT TO HAVE A REPUTATION TO BRING SOMETHING BACK—IT'S GOT TO BE OLD—TRIED AND TRUE

YOU CAN'T MAKE ANY DOUGH ON SUCH STUFF—EVERYBODY KNOWS WHAT IT'S WORTH—YOU'VE GOT TO BUY SOMETHING THAT GOES UP.

I GOT A TIP ON THIS THAT'S SO HOT IT BURNED THE GUYS TONGUE WHEN HE GAVE IT TO ME

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## By Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER

AH I'VE GOT AN IDEA! I DON'T WANT MAGGIE'S BROTHER TO VISIT US, SO I'LL TELL HER SISTER WE DON'T WANT HER TO LEAVE—SHE DON'T LIKE TO HEAR MAGGIE SING—AN THAT'S A BIG HELP.

LISTEN, YOU MUSTN'T GO HOME—MAGGIE AN ME WOULD BE SO LONESOME IF YOU LEFT—

THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU TO SAY THAT.

HOW ABOUT IT? CAN'T YOU STAY?

SURE! I JUST GOT A WIRE SAYIN' THAT MY BROTHER CAN'T COME HERE NOW, SO I'LL STAY TO PLEASE YOU AN MAGGIE—

I WISH I COULD FIND AN AX!!!

1-30

## By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER