# Montana Rides Again

A RAPID-FIRE ROMANCE BY EVAN EVANS

*SYNOPSIS: By a clever ruse, the Montana Kid and Mateo Rubriz, Mexican Robin Hood, have gained entrance to the fort at Durayo. They come to steal in a good cause, for they have promised to return to the good Bishop Emiliano the emerald crown of Our Lady which the governor stole from the Bishop's church. But Montana and Mateo are in great danger in spite of their disguise.*

Chapter 18

THE DANCE

THE map of the fort which the Kid had been able to draw out of the information of Miguel Santos and the girl seemed perfectly accurate, and as Rubriz had boasted, it was perfectly in his mind.

He led the way without a flaw up the two flights of stairs which had been cut into the wall of the fortress and then into a great hall, long and narrow, where only two or three weak lights were burning. Three long tables ran down the center of the room.

In the farther corner of this hall was a door which opened upon a short corridor that ran directly to the tower apartments of General Ignacio Estrada, in command. The two were not quite across the floor when hinges creaked.

Montana, leaping into the black of the corner, whirled to see that a dozen young officers had entered the room, carrying a big hamper, and that Rubriz was still visible to them. His bare foot had slipped on a stone as he strove to spring after Montana.

And at that instant a bawling voice cried: "Hai! Come here and pick up this hamper. What are gentlemen to do? Wait on themselves when there are dogs like you around?"

"Stand fast! Don't move for me!" gasped Rubriz to the Kid, covertly tearing away his mask as he spoke. "Pray for me! I front them!"

And he turned and walked straight back towards the group!

"Run!" shouted one of the officers.

And Rubriz obediently ran, springing forward with wonderful lightness in spite of the bulk of his unwieldy body.

"The basket on the table. Stand away, Pedro, and let this fellow do the work."

"He can't lift it," said Pedro.

"Can't he, though? Look at the shoulders of him. If they're not all fat, he may be able to. These poor devils have strength."

There was a sudden shout as Rubriz leaned, lifted the basket, and slid it onto the table.

"That's Mexico!" said the oldest of the officers. "Look at the muscles in those legs! Pull off your dirty shirt and let's see your body, too!"

"Forgive me," panted Rubriz. "I am called to my work. Another—"

"Hai! Are you working for soldiers and question commands? Show him the way, Pedro! Off with it!"

Two of them grabbed the cheap white shirt and instantly it was ripped from the back of Rubriz.

"There!" called out the commander. "Did I tell you? Not fat, either. All muscle—all pure strength. I'd stake that man against a mule. Where did you get those leg muscles, man?"

"In the mines, sir," said Rubriz, his head bowed, his shaggy hair falling forward.

"Look at him! He's ashamed to be naked, even before men. What are those white marks? Scars? Knife cuts? Come on, and we'll find a story in this one. Open the wine!"

THAT was quickly done. The hamper was thickly packed with wine-bottles, and the corks had barely ceased popping before glasses began to brim and pour down wide throats.

The Kid, from his corner, covered the gay little party with two revolvers and shifted his aim from breast to breast, from head to head. He was perfectly convinced now, that he and Rubriz could never escape from the fort. But if they died, so would some of these jolly sparks.

"What are these scars? What sort of a peon are you?" asked the commander. "More like a damned mountain bandit, to my eye. Look at him and try to remember! Haven't I seen that face on posters with a reward for him, dead or alive?"

The nerves of Montana prickled through his skin. It seemed that the next moment would be the end of Rubriz, or the beginning of the end.

But the deep voice of the outlaw answered: "I was hurt by a fall in the mine, sirs. I was carrying a basket up the ladder —"

"And the damned ladder broke and gave you a fall?" asked the commander.

He leaned back a little, his thin face sneering as he stared at the half-naked, powerful body of Mateo Rubriz.

"No, but the forehead band that supported the basket of ore broke, and the basket fell and knocked another man off the ladder. That man was killed by his fall."

"Listen! I told you there were stories in this lump of a man."

"I was only a few steps from the top of the ladder, and as I came up the overseer, who had seen what had happened, hit me with the butt of his man-whip, and that knocked me down into the shaft again."

"You see how they treat these fellows? The other man was killed, but you lived through it, eh?"

"I was weeks in the hospital," said Rubriz.

"Discipline," declared the officer. "That's what it takes. Knock fools over the head when they make mistakes, and there'll be fewer mistakes."

"There'll be more broken heads," said Pedro.

"What do you mean? Look at this head! It would still take a parcel of breaking. Not many brains under that shock of hair, but enough to know how to lift hampers of wine for his betters. And for all that he's been through, he still has a light enough foot and hand — a light enough hand to steal the gold out of your teeth while you sleep, I'll wager. Jump up there on the table and give us a dance, you!"

"There is no music, sir," said Rubriz.

The officer picked up a quirt, drew the lashes through his hand, and then struck the table.

"Up on the table, and we'll give you music!" he shouted. "Up with you!"

And he slashed Rubriz across the naked body.

IT seemed to Montana, as his thumbs hooked over the hammers of the revolvers, ready to open fire, that Rubriz swayed in the very act of hurling himself at the man of the whip. Instead, without touching the table with his hands, he leaped lightly on top of it.

The officers shouted. They began to strike the table in a quick rhythm with their whips. And to that rhythm poor Rubriz had to dance. When some of them made a mistake and landed heavily on his body instead of on the table, he had to leap the higher.

It was frantic work. In a few minutes he was staggering. And at last Pedro it was who called out: "Let the poor fool stop. See, Luis, where you draw the blood on him! He's had enough exercise for one evening. Get down."

Rubriz jumped to the floor.

"Give him a few coppers," said Pedro, "and he'll be able to forget his torn shirt."

"What about his torn skin?"

"What does skin matter? It grows again without any cost!"

"Here's the money."

"It's too much," decided thin-faced Luis, the superior officer. And he dropped a portion of it, calmly, into his own pocket.

"Give him the rest, then," said Pedro.

"Give it to him? Give a dog food with my own hands? Let him root for it, the swine!"

So Luis hurled the money from him. It rattled on the floor. It rolled clinking into the farthest corners, and Rubriz darted after it, sometimes almost skidding on hands and knees in his apparent eagerness. The officers followed his antics with yells of the highest appreciation.

But a toast proposed by one of them suddenly called all heads and all eyes towards their own group. It was at that moment that Montana drew open the door into the corridor of the general rooms and big Rubriz sprang through the gap.

His eyes were insane. There was only one guttering light here, in the foul air, by which to see the outlaw, but even that light was too much for Montana. Rubriz, for an instant, buried his hands in his hair. Then he turned and beat his head against the wall.

Only after a long moment could he hold up one hand. When he opened it Montana could see a dozen copper coins in the palm.

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Tomorrow, Montana and Rubriz enter the apartment of the governor.

# SCIENCE HOPE OF KLAMATH INDIAN IN MURDER TRIAL

## Deduction Would Show Physical Impossibility of Committing Crime Declares Defense Attorney

PORTLAND, Feb. 13.—(AP)—Science was ranged against faulty human recollection and drink-dimmed memory today in the trial of Willard Williams, 19, Klamath Indian, in federal court for murder.

Young Williams is charged with second degree murder for the killing of Charlie Cowan, 17, Modoc tribesman. Cowan was shot to death in a reservation shack last November, the death climaxing a drinking bout during which a rifle was fired indiscriminately within the house.

The Indian youth, now dead, purchased the whisky, it is said, that led to the tragic climax. He, Williams and Garbiel Baker, a Montana Sioux, were in the fateful party. The three had a half-gallon of firewater.

**Defendant Hurt in Crash.**

On their return from Klamath Falls to the Baker cabin, their automobile crashed from the roadway and Williams was badly hurt, although the injury was not at first apparent.

Williams was declared so intoxicated he remembers nothing of the events which led to his murder trial J. C. O'Neil, his attorney, said today only scientific deduction can save the 19-year-old Indian from imprisonment. Williams, he declared, was helpless from the accident injury and from drink, and could not have committed the shooting.

The mute evidence of bloodstains under a mattress will be the testimony which O'Neil hopes will clear his client. The death rifle, the attorney declared, was later hidden under the mattress without Williams' knowledge, but while Baker was present. There was blood on the gun, O'Neil said, and a large bloodstain underneath the mattress. Williams had no wound from which the blood could have come, the attorney stated, whereas Baker suffered a bullet wound in the hand during the brawl.

O'Neil made no charge against Baker, who will be a government witness against Williams, but declared simply it would have been physically impossible for Williams to have done the shooting and to have spilled the blood on the underside of the mattress.

**Claims Drunk Frenzy.**

The government charges that Williams, in a drunken frenzy, entered the Baker cabin, grabbed the rifle and began shooting indiscriminately, after vowing he was "a bad Indian." The blood, the federal attorneys declare, came from Baker after he had been shot and was wrestling with Williams for possession of the weapon after Cowan had been killed.

Mason Dillard, government counsel, said Baker will testify that he was sober enough to recall that Williams did all the shooting. Baker was first accused of the shooting, but an investigation by the government led to the charges against Williams.

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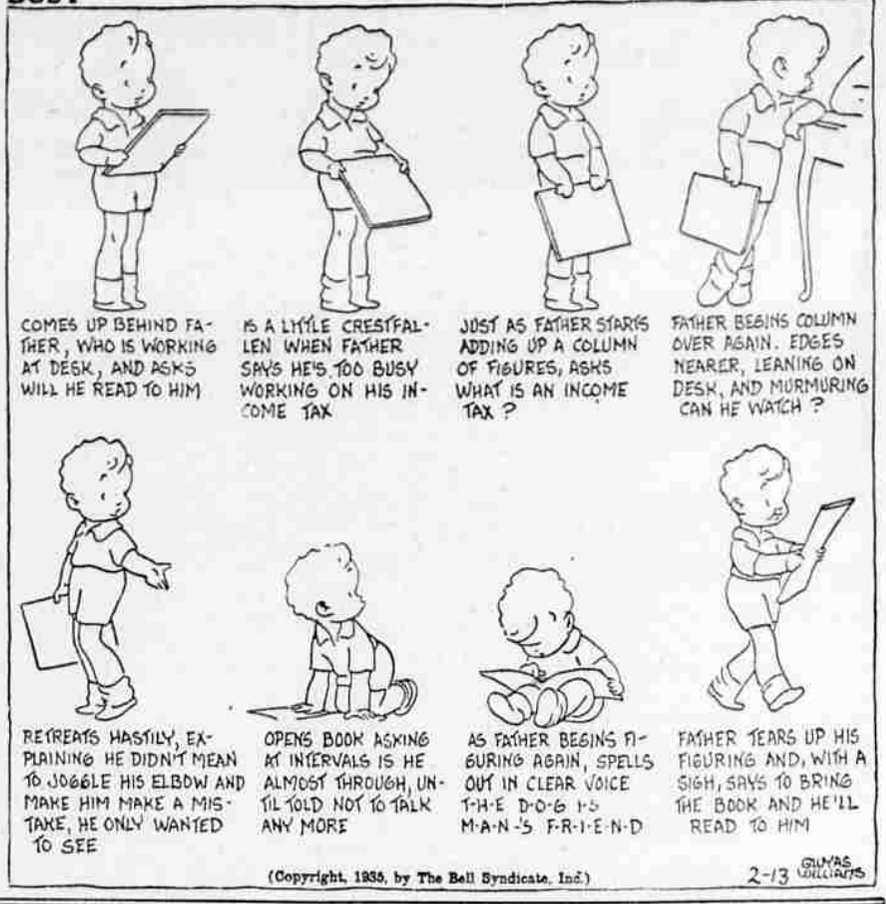


S'MATTER POP— By C. M. Payne

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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Chester Cheets Hears Something By EDWIN ALGER

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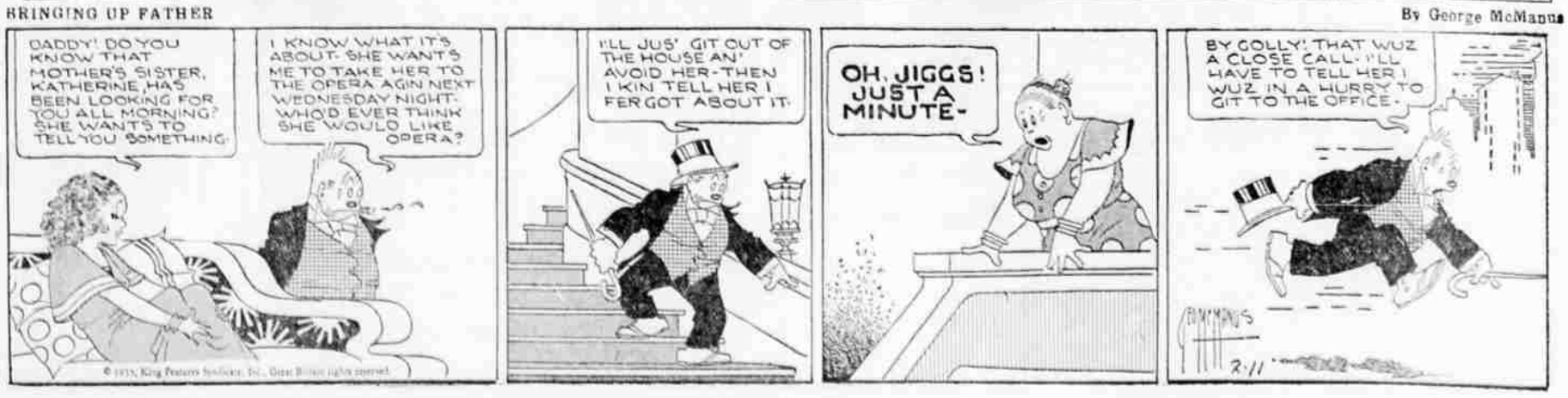


# DAILY GOOD TURN CALLED MAIN TEST SCOUT CHARACTER

(Contributed.)

The daily good turn is the essence of scouting. The full and chief test of a scout is the doing of a good turn to somebody every day, quietly and without boasting. This is the proof of the scout. A good turn is the going out of one's way to do something for somebody who is not expecting it.

Thousands of good turns have been done by the scouts of the Crater Lake council during the past year. These good turns may be the smallest and most ordinary act conceivable—picking up a banana-peel, cleaning glass from the street, showing a stranger his way, or it may be the saving of a life or relieving suffering. It may also consist of public service. The deed must be something extra and must be conscientiously performed or the good turn loses its educative habit-forming value.

Some of the good turns that have come to the attention of scout headquarters are the distribution of Christmas seal and Red Cross posters, preparing and delivering 15 Christmas baskets, repairing and providing toys for children at Christmas, volunteering for traffic duty, building two rowboats for camp, to be used by all campers, helping with Decoration day parade, assisting at school graduation exercises, cleaning up a cemetery, cutting and carrying wood for elderly lady, collecting clothing for needy, cleaning up courthouse park, securing and cutting wood for poor family, securing and cutting Christmas trees. During the Diamond Jubilee, Boy Scouts gave 893 hours of service assisting with the parades, acting as orderlies at Jubilee headquarters, distributing posters and acting as ushers for the pageant.

During the past year, as a result of the alertness and training of scouts two lives were saved.

These are only a few of the good turns done by the scouts, but they indicate that the boys are willing and ready to serve.