

# Montana Rides Again

A RAPID-FIRE ROMANCE BY EVAN EVANS

SYNOPSIS: Mateo Rubris and the Montana Kid, "El Kead" as Mateo, have streaked into the fort at Durango to steal the emerald crown of Our Lady and return it to Bishop Estelico. The governor has stolen the crown from the Bishop's church. Now, just as they set to work on the governor's safe, they hear the men whom they overpowered at the fortress gate pounding on the door of the apartment in which the safe stands.

## Chapter 20

### DANGEROUS TRICK

MONTANA sprang into the nearest casement. Below him, the wall dropped a kiddy height. There were no stars. A moon was up, but it only lighted the swirling confusion of the storm clouds which had spread out of the east until almost the entire sky was covered. Gusty, warm breaths of the coming storm struck into the face of the Kid.

He dropped to his knees and peered into the dimness below him. Then the hand of Rubris fell on his shoulder.

"This is a thing I have always known," said the outlaw—"that one day I should be in such a place, with no escape, and the enemy all before me, and behind me a cliff that could not be climbed. Well, San Juan of Capistrano has been my friend, but now he is tired, perhaps. Let us be ready to die together, like men. Let us pile up the dead!"

"Look!" said Montana. "There is a ledge here, under the window. It is wide enough for a man to lie on—if the man uses care—it is almost a foot wide—it is more than a foot wide—you see?"

"Misery of my soul!" breathed the bandit, peering down through the darkness beside his friend. "Lie there? Even a bird with wings would be afraid to lie there."

"It has to be this way, or are we to surrender to bad luck, Mateo? I'll show you the way!"

As he slid through the window, the first gust of the rain struck him. The big, wind-swept drops drove through his clothing instantly to the skin, and made him tremble. Then his feet found the ledge. It was a yard and a half below the window and consisted merely of the space left when the wall reached in one of its set-backs, of which there were several between the bottom and the top.

"Follow me, Mateo!" he called. "It is possible to stand on it. Let yourself down. Stand with your toes on the outside of the ledge to stent your body in against the wall. And then—"

He could not speak again, for the outer door to the rooms—the governor now went down with a prodigious crash. He saw Mateo's bulky form swing down from the window. Then the Mexican was beside him, edging in pursuit as he worked his way cautiously along the narrow ledge.

Overhead, there was thundering of footfalls. A light swung out from the window almost instantly and disappeared again. It flashed from another window around the corner of the tower, a radiance that glittered for a moment through the slant lines of the falling rain.

And then the wind came! A billow and with a booming sound and began to pr at Montana to loosen him from his hold.

HE came to the corner of the tower. And here the ledge disappeared. It did not turn onto the other side of the wall. So that they were utterly blocked and held, here, to a standstill.

But Mateo was cheerful beside him. "I was wrong!" said Rubris. "That saint of Capistrano, that fellow is not one to lose heart. He will make this as wide as a road to us and—"

Here the voice went out of him. The wind, screaming suddenly, staggered Rubris so that he fought for his balance with swinging arms on the verge of the foothold. And Montana, digging his feet strongly in on the edge of the rock, getting a partial handhold on the corner masonry of the tower, reached out with his left hand and pulled at the big Mexican.

The pull and the jar of the wind swung him sideways so that the storm could get at him more fully. His left foot slipped from its purchase. He waited for the next gust to tear him loose. But as it had come suddenly, so the wind ceased for a moment, while the handhold of Montana still held good.

He regained his former position, with Rubris now desperately flattened against the wall, his arms spread out.

"Mother of Heaven! Mother of Heaven! Kind San Juan—remember me!" gasped Rubris. "I am no longer bad. I am only a poor, fat foolish old man. If I must die, let me at least have my hands in the throat of another man. Gentle San Juan, do not let Rubris die in the company of a gringo, only!"

But he followed that naive prayer by saying, instantly: "No other man in the world would have risked himself to grab at me then!"

"It must have been your saint who made me do it," answered the Kid. And he chuckled a little, till the violence of the wind and the rushing of the rain filled his eyes and his throat.

"Death of my soul!" he heard Rubris saying. "He laughs!"

The general had come lik a whirlwind as soon as the alarm reached him, and with him poured in the eleven young officers who had been drinking in their mess-hall. Officers, servants, private soldiers—formed a solid pack with the general, but he rushed through them and ran straight to the closet in which his safe was standing. There he slammed the door in the faces of the rest.

Speechless, awful fear worked in his throat. He could hardly fit the key into the old lock. But at last the heavy door swung wide and made a little moaning sound that snot despair through the heart of Ignacio Estrada.

HE pulled open the one drawer that really mattered, and there he found, by the blind grasp of his hands, the treasure. Only when his hands had closed on it was he able to look. And now he saw it again, clearly, the semi-circle which had broken when he tore it from its place with the eyes of the brown image looking up towards him in resignation and in pain.

The general crowded the treasure back into its chamois bag, with the door of the safe still open, he remained on his knees for a moment, allowing the sickness to pass from his heart, while his attitude was that of old prayer.

He had been a fool to keep the emeralds so long, bargaining with the "fences" who were willing to receive the stolen goods at a certain price. After all, they were only natural in wishing to make their profit.

Finally, he was able to get to his feet, close and lock the old safe. It was madness, he thought, to keep such valuables in such an antiquated place of safe-keeping! That would be his first step—to demand a modern safe, to preserve safely the pay of the soldiers which had to pass through his hands.

After he had come to these conclusions he took two or three deep breaths and then rubbed the color into his swarthy cheeks and gave a few turns to his prodigious mustaches.

When he had shrugged his shoulders more snugly into his tight uniform coat the general strode out of the closet which held the safe, and went into the outer rooms. He was indignant as he saw the crowd which filled the chambers. And he said to Don Luis, that thin-faced major who had been overseer in the tormenting of Rubris, "Clear the rooms!"

It was done at once. Only a few officers remained, and an armed guard outside the broken door. The sign of the shattered wood stirred the general more than bloodshed on a battle-field. It was only when he had seated himself in his big throne-like chair, however, that he began to ask questions.

Sergeant Andres was the first to be called. Black blood was still dried on his wrists. His features remained discolored. Yet his eyes were clear and courageous.

## MRS. ROOSEVELT SEES HARD TASK GIVING ALL JOBS

ITHACA, N. Y., Feb. 15.—(AP)—Whether you are "a Dr. Townsend with an old age plan or a Senator Huey Long with a share-the-wealth program," said Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt, in an address on Cornell farm and home week program today "you are going to be stumped when it comes to outlining a program of how to give every human being a job who wants it."

"My generation has a responsibility for today's youth which it cannot escape," she said, addressing 3,000 persons in Bailey hall where a "standing room only" sign was hung out half an hour before the address was scheduled.

"We have undertaken to say that individuals shall neither starve or freeze. But all of us are doing a rather poor job of it. All over the country today, while people are not actually starving, there are people and children growing up improperly fed, improperly housed, and improperly clothed. Families are moving constantly because there is no stability or security in life. Children are struggling through these things and looking for work and there is no work."

"Now somewhere there is the explanation and the reason for this, and we have got to find it."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—(AP)—The National Retail Lumber Dealers association criticized James A. Moffett's administration of the new housing act today before the house banking committee.

I. P. Level, of Cincinnati, secretary of the association, told the committee:

"The housing act became a law and was put into operation nearly eight months ago, and I am frank to say that we have not yet got the results that we anticipated.

"Mr. Moffett is laboring under difficulties, but I don't think Mr. Moffett has gotten up to this time the

## HOUSING ACT HEAD DRAWS CRITICISM FROM LUMBERMEN

LONDON, Feb. 15.—(AP)—General Evangeline Booth, 66-year-old commander of the Salvation Army, embarked today on an executive tour that will take her around the world accompanied by four army officials. The Auburn haired leader left by train for Marseille, where tomorrow she will board the S. S. Mooltan for India and Australia.

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 15.—(AP) The signed contract of Floyd (Babe) Herman, outfielder acquired from the Chicago Cubs, was received by the Pittsburgh Pirates today. Herman's contract is for one year. The terms were not disclosed.

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Because of his courage, rather than his discretion, he told a clear, straight, ward story, from the moment when the tapping was heard at the postern to that time when he had nearly suffocated and yet had continued to work at the gag until it was loosened and he was able to cry out for help.

The general said, "What tapping could have called you out from your post?"

"There is a girl in the inn next to the fort. I told her that if she ever tapped in a certain way, I would speak to her."

The general was so angered that he almost leaped up from his chair. And his officers muttered together sympathetically.

Estrada questions the Rukle Rukita, Monday.

**THE SWEET FLAVORED GUM**  
WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM

## THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



YOU DISCOVER THAT THE BLUE SUIT, IN THE POCKET OF WHICH YOU WERE HOARDING A CHOCOLATE CARAMEL, HAS BEEN SENT TO THE CLEANERS

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

2-15

## S'MATTER POP—



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By C. M. Payne

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—El Presidente Is Unafraid!



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By Hal Forrest

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Captive!



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By Edwin Albee

## THE NEBBS—Oh, Happy Day



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By George McManus

## BRINGING UP FATHER



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By George McManus

## GERMANY TO DISCUSS EUROPEAN AIR TREATY

BERLIN, Feb. 15.—(AP)—Germany today agreed to discuss the Franco-British proposal of a western European air pact in a note given jointly to the ambassadors of Great Britain and France.

Although the text of the note was not immediately made public, a foreign office spokesman said the Anglo-French suggestion for a pact of non-interference in Austria and for an eastern European securities treaty was dismissed with a few lines.

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SAN JEAN, Puerto Rico, Feb. 15.—(AP)—The Duke and Duchess of Kent rose at 4:45 a. m. this Valentine's day, to continue their honeymoon air cruise, taking off at 6:15 a. m. by flying boat for Hatal.

## SEEK DEPORTATION UNFROCKED MINISTER

PORTLAND, Feb. 15.—(AP)—A deportation proceedings were instituted today by Roy Norene, immigration inspector, against Duncan P. Cameron, unfrocked clergyman, formerly of Cottage Grove.

Cameron, convicted several times on bad check charges, now is held in the state hospital at Salem. He is a native of Canada.

## PRINCE OF WALES FINDS DRINK COSTLY IN ALPS

VIENNA, Feb. 15.—(AP) The Prince of Wales, whose presence in Kitzbuehel has worked a miracle of prosperity for that Alpine winter resort, has been charged 70 shillings—almost \$14—for a bottle of whisky.