

EYNOPSIE: The Montono Kid and Maleo Stabrie have outsetted Sergeant Andres and obtained entrance to the last of Duraya. They are about to blow open the government of Out and the stable rount of Out and the stable rount the church by the stable rount the stable have by the stable rount the church by the stable rount the stable by the stable sta more series of Our Lady, recover when they church by the covernor when they are surprised. The governor makes ever the groun is safe, then questions, Andres. He confesses thought Montana and Rubris seers the girl, Resia, when they topped gently of his pute.

Chapter 21 ROSITA

"THAT girl," said the general, "is the daughter of Miguel Santos. She is Rosita Santos, ch? Is she behind this deviltry? Has she been sent for?"

"She has been sent for," said Don Luis, nodding. "Unless she has run for her life, she should be here by the general, grimly, this time." "A week-ten days ago."

"This sergeant," said the general, in a gentle voice, "at the risk of stiffing bimself managed at last to give the alarm. Otherwise, who knows what might have happened? For that reason, see that he's paid bundred pesos. That's a reward

"Also, he was the fool and traitor who let danger into the fort. Because of that, strip the coat from him, tie his hands to his back, and flog him out of the fort and through the town till you've seen the last

A quick smile of appreciation greeted the depth and the wisdom of this judgment. And even Sergeant Andres only rolled up his eyes once to heaven. For he could not sven conceive a beating that would not be healed and instantly forgotten for the sake of a hundred silver pesos. So he was swept out of the room.

The general then demanded that the scoundrels who had entered his girl. rooms and locked the door behind them should be produced instantly.

There was no one to produce! The

whole of the two rooms had been searched, and nothing had been found. People had even looked out the windows

"Did you think that they were birds, that you looked out the win.
dows?" shouted the general, so martial sound of humming steel. dows?" shouted the general, so loudly that his mustache was thrown into confusion by his cry.

"No, you fools! You rushed into the rooms in a crowd, and the two thieves slipped out from behind curtains and joined you in your search. They milled around with you, like two more head among so many cattle. And then they sneaked away from the fort.
"They are in some inn now, drink-

ing and laughing at the soldiers of Duraya. The garrison of the fort becomes a laughing-stock. The President will hear of this. All the army begin to laugh at me-me-

He raised his voice a bit for each of the last three words, until his shout was a hoarse scream. His officers gave back a little. He looked few minutes those lights had been as though he might charge them passing. The fort of Duraya was as with his fists at any moment, and he tensely prepared as though a great had been known to do such a thing army were about to rush to the at-

And then he saw, between two soldiers at the door, the pretty face of Rosits, from the inn of Miguel Santos. Some of his rage dissuppeared at once. He had her brought in As he watched her walk "What chance?" asked Rubriz. forward, he began to forget about averything. Even the emeraids of Our Lady turned into bits of green may get us out of the fort again. glass, so far as he was concerned.
However, he knew that a good way
is to sound the loudest trumpet rain again, and he heard the

to her. "Every woman can at least tell lies. Come out with your pack of words."

Hushi" commanded Montana.

The girl had come into the bed-

"I know nothing except poor Ser-grant Andres," she said. "Why do you call him 'poor' Sergeant Andrea?

gate.

"He's your lover, ch?" "To me he is nothing."

"But you come to tap at the pos-tern when it's his turn to be on tern when it's his turn to be on guard behind it? shouted the at the general with those blank eyes general

never have tapped at it. He told me how to knock if I wanted him. I never wanted him." One of the officers bit his lip to

od to keep from smiling. "Ah." said the general, "and you sold your information to thieves? Is that it? Thieves and murderers and you knew them—and you sold the news to them?" "What did I sell?" said the girl.

"The sergeant owed money to a poor man. The poor man could never meet Sergeant Andres to ask for the money that was owing. So I told him to tap on the postern and how the sergeant would answer him. That is all."

She made a little gesture with both hands, raising her shoulders a trifle. She amiled a bit and shook her head so that all guilt might drop away from her. "When did you tell this?" asked

"To what man!"
"I never knew his name. But he was drinking in the inn and complaining about Sergeant Andres.

That is all."
"Where is he now?"
"How can I tell, Excellency? I only see what comes into the inn, and he has not come there for many

days."
"Friends," said the general, suddenly, to his officers, "is she speak-ing the truth?"

"She is too pretty to tell a lie," answered Don Luis. The general frowned, and the frown pulled the shag of his black hair down over his eyes.

Then he waved his hand, saying: "The rest of you leave me. Remain outside the door. I am going to see

what the truth of this may be."
He added, with a roar, "Stop your damned smiling and get out!" The officers got out in haste, and left Ignacio Estrada alone with the

He pointed to a chair. She thanked him with a little bow and slipped into it. For a time he remained with his thoughts. Then he arose and began to pace up and down the room with his left hand on the hill of his sword. He knew how to move his hand a little so as to bring from

He began to marshal words like soldiers; for he felt that he was about to attack a prize greater to him than any rich city.

whipped those aching bodies which remained rigid on the ledge under

the windows of the governor's room,
"After a time we'll grow cold and
weak enough to fall," said Rubriz to his friend. "And then we'll climb back inside to make a last stand. But we'll be no good, then, it would have been better if we had fought it out in the beginning, when they broke down the door."

He pointed down, Below them went the lights of a patrol. Every

"Still wait for a little," said Mon-

"To draw soldiers from their duty, that is treason!" he thundered the window of the befroom again.

At her. "Do you know the punishment for treason?"

He could look in over the sill, while Rubrix was posted on the farming while Rubrix was posted on the farming the while Rubrix was posted on the farming the stream of the st

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Rosita turns traiter, tomerrow.

Boy Scout Notes

school Pebruary 13 at 7:30 p. m. The meeting was opened with colors and pledging of allegiance. Roll was taken and a number of boys paid fees to re-register for another year in Scouting. During test period. George Bigler, Bijl Taylor and Dean Forq passed tests, some of the boys passing two or three. The game period was omitted. Instead, stories were told and information given on wild animals and their habits. The colors were posted, followed by the Scout cast naid the troop was dismissed.

Troop No. 8.—By Larry Schade. J. Troop No. 18. Eagle Point. Begular meeting bed Tuisrany evening. The Western Schade of the troop as to its patroid to the Meeting and J. Miller. Western Schade of the troop as to its patroid to the Meeting and Juneary Schade. J. Troop No. 18.—Eagle Point. Begular meeting the schade of the troop as to its patroid to the Meeting adjourned at 2 p. m.

ENGISTON Jameses. Feb. 16.—

THE wind had fallen from a yell to a moan and the rain no longer

tack, and every man was at his post.

There had been a slight full in the rain again, and he heard the sweet voice of the girl, penetrant because of its high pitch. He worked quickly

"To be stood against a wall and ther side, whispering: "Now that not down," said the girl. And she he's alone there with the girl-we spoke with such a quiet, even voice could leap in and kill him, Mon-that Ignacio Estrada was moved.

"You have a story to tell," he said than slaughtering a dozen of the

room and was looking quietly around her. Behind her moved the governor, his eyes glittering through grant Andres?"

"They were beating him with still pitched from his forehead Genwhips as I came in through the eral Estrada was excited; but the girl had in her eyes that blank look which the Kid had seen in them once before, as though thought were mastering her senses.

which were seeing the future, per-

Troop No. 5—By Armine Lewis.

Troop No. 5 met at the Washington
L Lareet discussed with the boys
school Pebruary 13 at 7:30 p. m. The
maeting was opened with colors and

was played, after which "taps" sound- Haiti.

ed and meeting adjourned.
Troop No. 18-By Irwin Doty: Troop No. 16 met at Howard school Monday



HAR YA.

AMTOTE OSE.

How's TRICKS

S'MATTER POP-

2-15-35

what is left of
the day is a formus fragment. He
is shipwrecked on a tatter of time.
And there's the long night ahead to
stare into space wondering if the
seizure is temporary or permanent.
The nightmare that clouds the horizon of every writer is that seternal
horror: Am I written out? In the
grip of such a dolor, he fattens his
self pity with the most pathetic of
fancies. He will pack the portmanteaux and away, leaving perhaps a
wistful little note: "I can't go on!"
But morning paints the invariable
raibow. And he is likely tearing
into his column and battering it out
before noon. Somewhere there is
sanalogy between such ffiditydical despair and their srt are remind,
ful there are no literary salons any
more. The Richard Watson Gilders
loud there's a the louds the horliterate Sunday aller the Oliver
Herfords Sunday afternoons aureated
a long remembered charm. Everyhody who was anybody came early
self pity with the most pathetic of
fancies. He will pack the portmanteaux and away, leaving perhaps a
swistful little note: "I can't go on!"
But morning paints the invariable
raibow. And he is likely tearing
into his column and battering it out
before noon. Somewhere there is
sanalogy between such ffiditydical despair and the mass of a glood troubled world. One morning we awaken
and it is gone.

Many of us are solaced in such
paucify by a story told about Eu
Many of us are solaced in such
paucify by a story told about Eu
SMATTER POP—

NEW YORK
DAY BY DAY
By O. O. McIntyre

New York, Feb. 16.—It is 4 o'clock of a droopy afternoon and a column tinat should liave been finished hours along than this.
The se intervals of mental string force of lightning. Zipana for mental string force of lightning. Zipana and there's a complete blank.
The se intervals of mental string force of lightning. Zipana and there's a complete blank.
The se intervals of mental string force of lightning. Zipana and there's a complete blank.
The se intervals of mental string force of lightning. Zipana and there's a complete blank.
The most exquisite writings flower for the depths. Heywood Broun has not written a more graceful easy than the one that followed within a more synthesis to string up. The first editorial in shead of the deadline. But what is left of the day is a forcoust fragment. He is shipwrecked on a taster of time.

And there's the long night shead to stare into space wondering if the lightness of the case into space wondering if the lightness of the case into space wondering if the stare into space wondering if the lightness of the case into space wondering if the lightness of the case into space wondering if the lightness of the case into space wondering if the lightness of the case into space wondering if the lightness of the case into space wondering if the lightness of the case into space wondering if the lightness of the case into space wondering if the lightness of the case into space wondering if the lightness of the case into space wondering if the lightness of the case into the beautiful bloops of the case into space wondering if the lightness of the case into space wondering if the lightness of the case into space wondering if the lightness of the case into space wondering if the lightness of the case in the corner in the case in the lightness of the case in the lightness of the case in the lightness of the case in this stock into the case in this st

WELL, I'VE GOT

MY NEW UNERWEAR

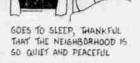
MY TRATH AN PICKED

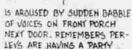
ON, AN' MAW SIMME

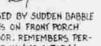
A PIMPLE ON MY

NECK

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS—THE PARTY NEXT DOOR





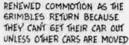




By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

FOR HAVING TO LEAVE EARLY. GOOD BYES ARE CALLED AND ALL IS QUIET AGAIN





SUDDEN SHRIEKS FROM EVERY

ONE ESPECIALLY FRED PERLEY.

AS MILT GRIGSBY STARTS BACK

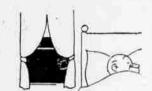
ING HIS CAR INTO TREE



CARS BEGIN TO FADE INTO DIS TANCE - ALL EXCEPT THE WIMPLES! MRS WIMPLE HAVING MISLAID

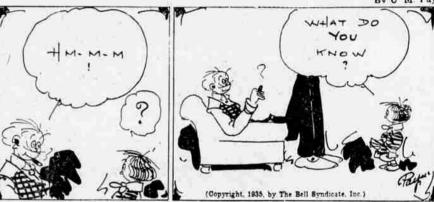


ROUSED ALMOST AT ONCE BY FINAL BREAKING UP OF PARTY, EVERYBODY SHOUTING GOOD-BYES TO EVERYBODY ELSE



WIMPLES LEAVE AT LAST. FRED PERLEY ON HIS PORCH EXCLAIMS THANK GOODNESS, THAT'S OVER AND ALL IS QUIET AGAIN

Bv C M Payne



By Hal Forrest

TAILSPIN TOMMY-A Sour Reception! DESPITE THE MY COUNTRYMEN, * SALUD!! DAUGHTER NOT DAUGHTER, NOT TO MAKE HIS ADDRESS BEFORE THE CITIZENS OF MAZIL TODAY EL PRESIDENTE BONZALES IS ON HIS WAY TO THE PLAZA TO COUNTRY MEN THAT A REVOLT
WILL GAIN THEM
NOTHING. HE
DOES NOT KNOW,
HOWEYER, THAT
THERE IS A PLOT
AFOOT AFOO7 ASSASSINATE HIM-

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER-A Few Questions

TENTHUSIASTIC THAT GREETS 45 HE-

TIS JUST AROUND THE ME CORNER SOON NAZIL WILL FLOW WITH MILK AND HONEY SOON WE SHALL MAKE THE COWARDLY REVOLUTIONISTS FLEE MY COUNTRYMEN, I BEG OF YOU-IN THE FERDINAND DE CANOSA TO HAVE PATIENCE - SOON NAZIL SHALL ENJOY GREAT PROSPERITY SOON WE SHALL .-











THE NEBBS-Good Advice

NOT YET, I HAVENT GOT ENOUGH DOUGH RUDY WHY DON'T YOU SELL THAT STOCK? YOU'VE GOT RUDYS A BIG SMART YET PROFIT AND YOU GUY NOW -CAN'T GO BROKE HE'S \$400 WINNER IN CARBONIATED BEVERAGE COMPANY . HIS ESTIMATE OF HIS JUDGMENT GOES UP AND DOWN WITH THE STOCK 2-16 BRINGING UP FATHER





By George Mumanus







