

Montana Rides Again

A RAPID-FIRE ROMANCE BY EVAN EVANS

SYNOPSIS: Montana and Rubric have entered the fort of Durango and requested for the church the emerald cross of Our Lady, stolen in the first place by the governor. Montana found the cross with the help of Rubric; now Rubric has betrayed him to the governor. He and Rubric are trying to escape from the aroused fort—and the chances are very slim.

Chapter 24 AT THE POSTERN

MONTANA reached the stairs that slanted steeply down through the wall. Someone came running up toward him, almost crashed into him. The soldier jumped back against the wall. "Pardon, señor!" he gasped.

Montana went silently past. He was down the second flight of stairs. He was at the entrance to the guardroom. There had been three men in the place when he and Rubric made their entrance, terrible hours before. They were almost a dozen present now, and there was a captain among them!

From the depths of his throat the Kid summoned a guttural roar: "Attention!" and strode in on the wings of that word.

They came to rigid attention, all of them, their eyes foolishly staring, their arms foolishly stiff at their sides. So the Kid crossed to the door.

"Open!" he thundered.

"But, Excellency—" said the captain.

There was a corporal who heard the word "excellency" and sprang like a frightened rabbit to do the first bidding. He worked feverishly, wrenching back the three bolts. He thrust them so fast and hard that they clanged loudly. The heavy door yawned a little.

"Excellency—" said the captain. "Silence!" roared El Keed. "Silence be damned!" exclaimed the captain. "What are you and who are you?"

He came striding, with a jingle of spurs, and the Kid leaped through the widening lip of the door.

The night struck at him like a wet black hand. He heard, from behind him, a scream of rage and astonishment like the shriek of a woman.

Hard to the left he turned, shedding the encumbering cloak as he ran. Behind him, the arm of light was widening, reaching into the rain of the night. And the guard was pouring out, each man shooting at the brilliant phantom nothingness of the light and the rain.

Then they had sight of Montana and to their left, already dim with night and distance, and running straight down the slope towards those willows which stood by the bank of the river. They paused even now to fire a few shots, in hope of good fortune and also to catch the ear of the rest of the fort. Then they burst into pursuit of a fugitive who was already invisible.

One cry came out of the throat of the Kid as he neared the willows. And when he came through them he found the gigantic form of the friar. The Kid leaped on the red mare.

"Take the black and the mule," he commanded. "I have half of the crown. The soldiers are after me. We must ford the river. Rubric will never come this way tonight!"

They pushed straight out from the trees into the water. The rain, sent out of a kind heaven, the same wind and rain that had tortured Montana on the ledge beneath the window, now stormed down in an impenetrable veil. He could hear gunshots from behind, but he could see nothing. The water rose to his knees. It shoaled. He came out on the farther shore, with Brother Pascual beside him.

AS Montana had guessed, it was not on the strength of his hands that Rubric was depending when he determined to leave the governor's room by the open way.

When he came to the faller door, he picked it up and placed the burden of it over his shoulder and the back of his neck. He had barely put the thing in position when many men stormed in from the hall with panting General Ignacio Estrada at their head.

He caught Rubric by the shoulder. His grip slipped on the great rubbery muscles that shod the bones of Rubric.

"What's this? What's happening here?" cried Estrada.

"I carry away the door to be repaired," said Rubric. "I know nothing but orders. I am a poor servant, señor."

"All half-wits. All fools. Nothing but blind men around me tonight," shouted Estrada.

He strode on into his room. The others followed, and with the bugles

FINAL DEBATE AT TALENT THURSDAY

The two teams of the Talent debating squad will give their final debate February 21, at 7:30 p. m. in the Talent high school auditorium. The question being debated is: Resolved that the Federal Government should adopt the policy of equalizing Educational Opportunities Throughout the Nation by Means of Annual Grants to the Several States for Public Elementary and Secondary Education.

The affirmative will be upheld by Alvin Smith, Clarence Mathes, and Irene Alock. The negative by Kenneth Hays, Dorothy Mathes, and Dorothy Wells.

The squad has had several practice debates with Medford and Ashland high schools in which they displayed a knowledge of the question and an ability in debating that would have furnished a fair threat in the debate tournament.

There is rather an odd odor in the air," said one of the officers. "The damned moldy smell always blows up with a storm out of the old rats!" declared the general.

"There is this black burn on the carpet," said another officer. "Burn on the carpet? What burn, you fool!" belted the general.

Then he saw it, and followed the irregular course of the little black spots to the point where they disappeared under the door of the closet. At that, a suspicion too terrible to pass up into words overwhelmed him. He passed a hand across his shaggy hair.

It seemed to him that a ghost, not Ignacio Estrada, had been rejoicing himself not long before with the pretty face of a girl. Compared with such a loss as might befall him, what were all the women of the world?

He tore open the closet door. Inside, the thick, strange smell which had been noticeable in the bedroom was much more pronounced. And the door of the safe hung open on one hinge—the drawers had been jerked out, half the contents scattered, half taken!

He had a good hold on the edge of the door or he would have staggered. He might even have fallen to his knees under the weight of this calamity. Instead, he merely rolled back his head and started upwards.

"Father in heaven, what have I done to you?" muttered Estrada.

HE turned slowly on the others. "Get out into every corner of the building!" he exclaimed. "Burrow into the cracks of the stones. Because El Keed is here among us. My God! how can a man walk invisible? I am robbed. Do you hear? And El Keed—"

A loud and sustained rattling of guns began at this moment. The general ran to the open window and leaned out.

"It's from the postern! If the thief has escaped by the way he came, I'll skin the guards and eat them with my own teeth!"

"No, Excellency. He could not have gone that way. I myself posted ten men and Captain—"

"Damn the men—damn the captain! Names are no good. Numbers are nothing. Brains are what rule the world. Scatter! Use your feet if you can't use your wits!"

The door was heavy, but Rubric could have carried it like a feather if he had not known that it was better to assume the swinging, slow pace of the true laborer. So he went patiently down the stairs, and through the lower gallery, and finally into the great open courtyard, where he was shocked by a noise of firing just outside the fort and a clamoring of voices made high and thin by excitement.

He dropped the door to the ground, but noticing that some soldiers were watching him, he hastily put it on his back once more and went on.

Had they captured Montana? Well, at least the curse of the alarm bell was still in his ear, beating on his brain with the impulse to flee as fast as he could. He kept to his steady gait right across the inside parade-ground. He was right at the gate before he was halted.

"Who goes there?" "Luis Lapaz."

"What's that?" "The door of the room of General Estrada."

"What are you doing with the door of the commander?" asked the lieutenant. He began to laugh as he asked the question.

"I am carrying it," said Rubric, simply.

"I can see you are, donkey. But why are you carrying it?" "I am taking it away," said Rubric.

"Be patient," said another young officer. "You can see that the man is not right, up here."

"Well, these fools! Luis Lapaz?" "Yes, señor."

"Where is your pass?" "I lost it, my señor."

"Come, come! Simpleton or no simpleton, that won't do here! Where did you lose it?"

Tomorrow, recognition brings added danger to Rubric.

PHOENIX LADIES PLAN CHURCH SUPPER FRIDAY

PHOENIX, Feb. 19.—(Sp.)—Ladies of the Presbyterian church of this community will give their annual George Washington chicken supper on Friday night of this week.

All in the community and vicinity are asked to bear this date in mind and attend.

The supper recently given at the Grange hall at Phoenix won much praise by merchants and business men of Medford and these individuals may be interested to know this supper will be equally as good and prepared and served by many of the same persons.

Serving will commence at 5:30.

FINNELL NEW PENNEY MANAGER IN ASHLAND

ASHLAND, Feb. 20.—(Sp.)—Paul R. Finnell, of Pendleton, assumed the management of the local J. C. Penney store Saturday, H. G. Diggins, who came the first of last week from Chico to manage the store resigned the latter part of the week to return to California, according to the announcement from the store.

Mr. Finnell has been with the J.

BONDS FOR BONUS URGED BY TYDINGS

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—(AP)—Senator Tydings (D., Md.) today introduced a bill calling for the payment of the soldiers' bonus in negotiable government bonds at their present face value.

The bonds, issued at the present face value of the certificates, would bear three per cent interest and would mature in 1945.

Tydings explained that "the measure will not cost any additional money and veterans needing cash can sell the bonds and those who want to keep them can get three per cent interest."

When it comes to radios, remember "Fruit's can do it." Phone 32.

THE SWEET FLAVORED GUM

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM

GETTING DRY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

GETS ALL BUNDLED UP IN BIG TOWEL AFTER HIS BATH
DONES'T MIND HAVING HIS HAIR DRIED BECAUSE THERE ISN'T VERY MUCH OF IT
AND LIKES HAVING FACE WIPED SO HE CAN OPEN EYES WITHOUT GETTING SOAP IN THEM
THEN HIS ARMS
AND GETTING HIS BACK DONE IS FUN
NOW FOR HIS LEGS
BUT OH HE'D FORGOTTEN HOW HAVING HIS TOES DONE TICKLES
AND SO THE DRYING OF THE LAST FOOT ENDS IN THE USUAL RIOT OF WAVING ARMS AND LEGS

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 2-20 (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S MATTER POP

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IN CASE OF A BURGLAR? BET YA DONT KNOW!
SEE, WHAT DID I TELL YA!
I'D HIDE HIS HAT!
AN' BEFORE HED FIND IT AN' GO HOME, THE COPS WOULD BE HERE

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Just in Time!

OMY GRAPPLED WITH THE ANARCHIST WHO WAS JUST ABOUT TO HURL A BOMB AT EL PRESIDENTE

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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Large Order

OF COURSE, BEN, I'LL BE GLAD TO SEE THE FOLKS WHO USED TO WORK FOR ME AT THE OLD CIRCUS. BUT—
AND THEY'RE GOING TO BE GLAD TO SEE YOU, TOO, ARCHIE.
--BUT THAT ISN'T THE POINT--WHEN THEY COME OVER HERE TODAY I WANT YOU TO OFFER THEM JOBS--
--THEY ALL WANT TO GET AWAY FROM CHEETS--THEY HATE HIM-- AND THIS IS OUR BIG CHANCE, ARCHIE--CHEETS WON'T HAVE A CHANCE WHEN WE GET THROUGH WITH HIM--
--I KNOW--I KNOW-- BUT WHAT ARE WE GOING TO USE FOR MONEY, BEN?
YOU LEAVE THAT TO ME!

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THE NEBBS—Going Down

OH, OH! NO WONDER HE HAD THE PAPER—HIS STOCK IS OFF TWO POINTS TODAY
I SEE ON THE PAGE OF SORROW AND GRIEF THAT YOU TOOK A NOSE DIVE FOR \$400—IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE ON THE TOBOGGAN FOR RICHES
YES, AND I SUPPOSE YOU'RE HAPPY AND I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING THAT I KNOW IS GOING TO MAKE YOU MAD— I'M STILL \$200 TO THE GOOD

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BRINGING UP FATHER

MAYBE I DONT TREAT JIGGS RIGHT—AFTER ALL, THERE'S NO ONE LIKE HIM
DEAR - I WAS JUST THINKING HOW HAPPY WE WERE WHEN WE WERE FIRST MARRIED--
I GUESS I'M THE LUCKIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD--AND YOU--
OH, WELL--
THE WHOLE FAMILY CANT BE LUCKY--

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RADIO DAMAGE SUIT DEMURRER HEARING SCHEDULED FEB. 25

Arguments on a demurrer, filed in a damage suit instituted by Mrs. Henrietta B. Martin, former president of the self-styled "Good Government" congress, against Mrs. Blanche Virginia, operator of station KMGD, for \$20,000 alleged damages, and \$4500 attorney fees, will be heard February 25, in federal court at Portland.

MONKEY LAW TO STAY ON TENNESSEE BOOKS

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 20.—(AP)—By a vote of 67 to 20 the state house of representatives today killed a bill to repeal Tennessee's "monkey-law," which prohibits the teaching in schools of any theory that man descended from a lower order of animals.