

Montana Kid and Mateo Rubris Again

A RAPID-FIRE ROMANCE BY EVAN EVANS.

SYNOPSIS: The Montana Kid and Mateo Rubris have stolen back the crown of Our Lady, which had first been stolen by the governor and hidden in the fort of Duraya. They have divided the crown, and the kid has occupied with his half. But Rubris is captured, and Mateo Alvarez has taken Rubris' part of the crown to the general, General Estrada. The only major thinks he can work out a very good deal for himself.

Chapter 25
BARGAIN
EVEN the thought of the kid, and even the memory of the jewels, were dimmed for a moment in the mind of the general. It was true that he loved money, but he loved reputation, equally. He got hold of the major and shook him by the shoulders as a schoolmaster might shake a child.

"Say the thing slowly. Look me in the eye. If you are drunk again and speaking like this, I'll have you shot, Major!"
Alvarez had been drawn quite close by the grip of the general, and now he murmured: "Out of the pocket of Rubris, some goldwork and five big emeralds—"

"Five" muttered the general. "Only five? But that's half. Mateo Rubris and five—five of the lot—Why, it's better this way! Tell me, Alvarez! Did other eyes see those emeralds?"

"The moment I saw them my hand was over them. Not three men could have seen, and those three would believe tomorrow what they saw to-night."

"Alvarez, I've noted you down for a long time. A man of brains. A man of action, with your hands and not with your tongue!"

At that the face of Alvarez actually puckered with delight. His thin nose turned into a broad grin, like the face of a cat.

The thing was arranged quietly. General Estrada sat in his own study and Alvarez stood before him. Upon the table Alvarez laid down the little pouch of heavy gold. He said, also the arc of metalwork which had five points, with an emerald in each one—a big, shining emerald.

"You are going to be rewarded, Alvarez," said the general. "If you should become a colonel, suddenly, would it surprise you?"

"Have I not heard a rumor about your kindness, sir?" answered Alvarez. "But also I am noticing that there are five emeralds."

"Five?" said the general. "There are ten—but only five in this damned broken fragment—"

HE felt that he was talking on a little too freely. No matter what Alvarez might guess, there was no use confirming him in such plain words. So he broke off, scowling a little.

"What I noticed," said Alvarez, "is that five makes an odd number, whereas ten—or four—is exactly even."

The hint was very broad, but the general could not see or understand, without too much pain. Therefore, he only looked wistfully at Major Alvarez, as though at a figure far away.

The wind had changed, clearing the sky and letting the moon shine through. The general now turned his head and looked, with a sigh, at the moon-brightened sea beyond. The strength of his sigh parted the dense brush of his mustache and allowed his pouting lips to be seen, and the full majesty of that enormous chin.

"Five!" muttered the general. "Whereas four," said the major, gently persistent, "would make an exactly even number."

With his strong fingers, slowly, the general broke away an emerald from its setting at the end of the arc. He dropped the jewel into the palm of his hand. As part of the crown it had been beautiful, but seen by itself its beauty increased strangely.

He closed his eyes and held out his hand. Delicately as a bird could pick up a grain, the cold finger tips of the major removed the emerald from the hot hand of Estrada.

Well, there would be a chance, one day, to silence this man's tongue—forever.

"As a matter of fact," said the major, looking down at the emerald. "It is easy to see that this is only a paste imitation."

"Ha!" cried Estrada. "I mean," said Alvarez, "a man with the proper sort of an eye can see that it is not the jewel that was

stolen from the church in Duraya."

Estrada leaned back in his chair with a sigh.

"I understand you," he said. "Therefore, when I drop a word here and there that what Rubris had was no part of the stolen treasure, that the poor fool for once had lost his eye and merely picked up glass—"

"Very well," said the general, wearily.

And his glance followed the movement with which Alvarez carelessly dropped the gem into a pocket.

"Any other orders, sir?" asked Alvarez.

"Yes, go down to the old dungeon. Pick out the westest cell and—prepare the place. I may have to be doing a little questioning, before long. Also, have the girl—that Rosita—brought to me at once."

Alvarez saluted decorously and withdrew a. once. He did not need to be told that full moon was striking on the brightest day of his life. It was an opportunity which would have to be handled carefully, but he was certain that he would be able to rise to every occasion.

Great men cannot help hating those who are useful to them; nevertheless they also cannot help advancing them. Alvarez felt that the promotion was already his. He walked away through Fort Duraya with the bearing of one who is above, correction and close to the command.

IF THE brain of Estrada was not the most astute in the world, it was nevertheless extremely strong because it was extremely simple.

El Keed must have the missing fragment. El Keed it was who had walked through that chosen guard at the postern and made fool of the soldiers. The entire maneuver was covered with his trade-mark of brazen effrontery.

But Rubris must have some meeting-place appointed with his comrade. Somewhere they were to join together. Instead of Rubris, at that meeting-place the men of General Estrada would appear!

At their head would be General Estrada himself, and the general hoped with all his heart that the meeting could be arranged with himself on horseback.

The general knew perfectly his limitations. Afoot, he was not an impressive figure. Astride his horse, backed by his enormous voice and preceded by his huge, swinging moustache, he was an impressive figure.

Ab well, no general could have everything!

Rosita was brought in a hurry. Mateo Rubris was marched into the room between two guards. He was not as tall as either of them, but he made them insignificant; as a little, frail, skinny pair of natives would look beside a huge gorilla from the African forest.

His manner was calmly composed. His eye was full, open, direct. When he spoke there was no tremor of his voice. No one could have guessed that his last chances of living were passing away.

Estrada said, "Rosita, this is not the man you thought to be El Keed?"

"No," said the girl. "Do you know who this is? Have you ever seen him before?"

"Never before. But I think I've seen pictures of a man who has been kind to the poor—Mateo Rubris!"

She drew a little towards him as she spoke. Rubris spat at her.

"Strike him on the mouth!" commanded Estrada.

"No, in the name of Heaven!" said the girl.

The soldier, his fist raised, looked with an inquiring grin at his commander, and Estrada in turn stared at the girl. She was pale. And the smile that had been on her lips for years was entirely gone. She looked like an older sister of that Rosita he had known. She looked like a woman who has borne children and lost them.

"Let Rubris be," said Estrada. "You can go, Rosita. You are only sure that you never saw this man before? If you saw El Keed, you did not see him with this Rubris?"

"No," said the girl.

She was turning away when Rubris said to her: "Take a gift from me away with you, sweetheart. A cure on your pretty little face. May the small-pox bite white holes in it!"

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Estrada, Monday, tries to break the will of Rubris.

ASHLAND NORMAL GYM TO BE READY FOR FALL OPENING

Enrollment Increased 22 Per Cent Last Fall Over Previous Year — Graduates Find Teaching Positions

SOUTHERN OREGON NORMAL SCHOOL, Ashland, Feb. 22.—(Sp1)—P. W. A. has just recently allotted \$45,000 to the Southern Oregon Normal for building a gymnasium. This building, to be erected in time for the opening of school in the fall of 1935, is the third building of a plant which is planned to meet the teacher-training and junior college needs of southern Oregon.

Enrollment at the Normal and Junior College increased last fall 22 per cent over that of the previous year. While the majority of these students are from southern Oregon, the enrollment is by no means limited to this area. Students are enrolled from all parts of the state.

About one-third of the student group consists of junior college students. The junior college department was officially recognized by the state board of higher education only last year, and has made marked progress since that time. New courses have been added to make the junior college offerings at southern Oregon a

ACCIDENT EPIDEMIC HITS EAGLE POINT

EAGLE POINT, Feb. 22.—(Sp1)—An epidemic of accidents has broken out here. Earl Hamrah recently suffered a broken right wrist while cranking an auto. He is a patient in the Community hospital. Fred Stanley lost the little finger on his right hand in an accident which occurred as he was pushing a truck into a garage, and Roy Chamberlain received a broken nose, Monday, while cranking a car.

The graduates of Southern Oregon Teacher-Training department have been markedly successful in the teaching field. They find employment throughout the state. Last year 85 were employed in the schools of the state. This year prospects for employment are bright. Applications for teachers are already being received and the institution is hoping to place advantageously practically all the graduating class.

Home portraits of family groups and children at Special Prices Shangie Studio. Phone 1308.

BANDIT HOLDS UP BANK AS PEOPLE WATCH FIRE

ROANN, Ind., Feb. 21.—(UP)—A bandit set fire to a barn on the outskirts of Roann today and while most of the populace, including police, watched the blaze he held up the Roann State bank and escaped with between \$1000 and \$1500.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



AFTER A FIFTY-MILE DRIVE ON SLIPPERY ROADS, ENLIVENED BY A WARM ARGUMENT WITH YOUR WIFE WHO MAINTAINS YOU NEED THE CHAINS ON, YOU GET STUCK IN YOUR OWN DRIVEWAY

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S'MATTER POP—



By C M Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Tide of Sentiment Turns!



By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Welcome to Archie!



By Edwin Alger

THE NEBBIS—You Piker You!



By Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

IRA SPARLIN OF WILLIAMS PASSES

Ira Sparlin, 60, who has lived all his life in Josephine county, died at 2:00 a. m. Thursday at his home in the Williams creek district. He has been ill for two years and succumbed to heart trouble complicated with asthma.

Funeral services have been arranged for 2 p. m. Sunday at Williams with L. B. Ha's funeral home of Grants Pass in charge. The services will be conducted by the Woodmen of the World and interment will be in Sparlin cemetery at Williams.

Sparlin was born at Williams, near his present home April 11, 1865. About forty years ago he took up the homestead on which he lived at time of death. In 1892 he was married to Etta Lovelace, who survives him.

Besides his widow he is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Ben Smith of Portland; two sons, Lester of Williams and Robert of Klamath Falls; three brothers, George of Williams, John of Grants Pass, and Harvey of Ashland; and two sisters, Mrs. Lester Layton of Grants Pass and Mrs. Alice Bowells of Los Angeles. There are also five grandchildren surviving.

Coin Over 1,800 Years Old
SARNIA, Ont. (UP)—Similar in size to a one-cent piece, a coin owned by Bruce Armstrong is believed by collectors to be over 1,800 years old. Markings on it indicate, they say, it was printed in Rome during the reign of Emperor Claudius, about 54 B. C.

Survived Subzero Weather
PENDLETON, Ore. (UP)—Oswald Hunt, 74-year old hermit living in the backwoods of the Blue Mountains, survived one of the most frigid periods of recent years during which the temperature hovered near 45 degrees below zero.

Baby Had Two Teeth at Birth
KLAMATH FALLS, Ore. (UP)—A baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Hinch anticipates early weaning, as he was born with two lower teeth.

Phone 422. Will mail you four rubus. City sanitary service.