

# Montana Rides Again

**A RAPID-FIRE ROMANCE BY EVAN EVANS**

**SYNOPSIS:** General Estrada is torturing Mateo Rubris in an effort to extract from him the whereabouts of the Montana Kid. Montana and Rubris stole from the general the emerald crown of Our Lady, which the general had stolen in his turn from the church, Montana escaped with his half of the crown; Mateo was captured. Now Rubris seems to be dying under the torture—and he has said nothing at all.

## Chapter 20 MONTANA AGAIN

ONE more dose of water to flow into the distorted body and there would be an end, but the general did not wish it to be so. He had staked his cards on his immense surety, and his threats and his tortures had drawn only one speech from the outlaw. He had called Estrada a dog and a son of a dog. And now he was to die, triumphant.

It was against this triumph in death that the soul of the general revolted.

And then he told himself, in an interval of impassioned cursing, that he had been a fool to think that he could wear down such a spirit as that of Rubris in a single session.

No, little by little the steel of this spirit must be ground away until it was thin and brittle enough to snap under a finger's weight. And when the general considered how the grinding should be performed, he could think of only one safe and perfect place, because there was only one ultimate, man-made hell on earth.

That was the Valley of the Dead.



He would go with Sally for a care-less cruise.

from which fools whispered that Miguel Santos had escaped. They were fools because no man ever escaped from the Valley. And that was the perfection of its hell—its hopelessness. Out of its bounds no one was ever pardoned, because the tales which could have been told by the saved would have blackened the face of the entire world.

And when the general arrived at this conclusion, he looked suddenly up with an exaltation of his spirit.

There is no absolute hate without fear intermingled, and during the long process of the torture, he had begun to hate his victim because he could not help being struck through with a cold apprehension now and again: suppose that the man should live — should contrive an escape from the fort—should be able at some time to come inside its boundaries once more?

Well, the Valley of the Dead could receive him and hold him forever. Should not such be the fate of those weaker creatures who venture to oppose men of destiny, like Ignacio Estrada?

FOR one whole day, Montana fled into the mountains away from Duraya. Then, for two days, he lived a quiet, idyllic life in the wilderness. He had found a bit of a valley, above timber line, where the forage was good for Sally and where he himself could catch fat fish out of a foolishly small creek.

He would lie prone for hours under the shade of a rock during the day. He had that rare faculty of stopping all thought, almost all sensation, and permitting the river of time to pick up the soul and carry it slow or fast through strange countries.

At night he built two small fires of brush and lay between them, warm, comfortable on a bed of leaves and wily little bushes. And since he did most of his sleeping during the day, he spent the night

gazing at the stars and letting whatever thoughts might come roll painlessly into his mind—and out again.

Or else he would go with Sally for a care-less cruise through the plateaus of that high country where the keen sweetness of the air gave to the body a sense of spiritual purity. The rider was always at ease, on these journeys because the wild mare was capable of being the guide and the scout.

But at the end of the third day since the flight from Duraya, Montana turned back again towards the town.

A steady preoccupation made a dark undercurrent continually in his mind.

Where was Rubris? What had happened to him?

The question would lift him from sleep to wakefulness in the middle of the night, and it rode behind him all day long.

THAT sense of duty unperformed was not a familiar thing to Montana. He had lived as free as the wind; but savage Mateo Rubris had laid a grip on his mind and his heart. He had to return the treasure that was in his possession; but above all, he had to find out what had become of his companion in the robbery.

He took two days, coming down from his high place. And once a day, at high noon, he took the golden ornament with the emeralds in the palm of his hand. He turned it so that the jewels flickered and glared at him like a five-eyed cat, and then he put the thing away again in its chamois wrapping.

He wondered how long it would take for the jewels to enter his blood and become a necessity to him? As to his strength to resist, he knew that there was a border and a boundary beyond which he could not pass. That was why he was glad to see Duraya, white as snow, with the sunset gold of its river looped around.

He left the mare in a hollow at the verge of the town and made her lie down. There she would remain, according to his teaching, like a young fawn left by its mother, until he came again.

And he went on into the town in the early night, forgetting all dangers, gladdening himself with the sounds of human beings again, and the scent of the pungent Mexican cookery.

It was a night of festival. The entire population had gathered in the street that ran past the fort, past the church, past the bishop's palace. So he made a half-mask from the lining of his coat and entered the strong current of noise which flowed along the street. At last he came to the doorway looked back on the scene, the lanterns, the laughter, the faces whose joy could not be masked.

He forgot his danger still farther. It was a cold stream, but it was no higher than his ankles. He began to laugh, himself, and he was still laughing as he went up the stairs.

Montana takes a favor of the bishop, tomorrow.

# ITALY HARD HIT BY BIG DROP IN TOURIST TRADE

**Slump in Dollar Value Keeping Americans Home — Emigrant Remittances to Fatherland Also Lower**

By Thomas H. Morgan  
United Press Staff Correspondent.

ROME—(UP)—Italy suffered a loss of nearly two billion lire in tourist trade between 1929 and 1934.

At the beginning of the world crisis in 1929, nearly two and a half billion lire a year was spent in Italy by tourists. In each of the succeeding years this sum decreased till at the end of 1933 it was reduced to less than a billion lire.

It is estimated that the figures for 1934 hardly will reach six hundred million lire.

Yearly Drop

In 1929, only 15 per cent of the two and a half billion lire spent by tourists in Italy was left by Americans. In 1933 the percentage of the total amount of American tourists had dropped to 12. This year not more than 45,000,000 lire have been spent by Americans in Italy. Americans living permanently in the country, with sources of income from the United States constituted in 1929 an-

other 14 per cent of the annual tourist income. In 1934 this figure was reduced to eight per cent. Another loss has been in the emigrant remittances to the Postal Savings bank.

In 1930 the remittances were nearly three hundred and twenty million lire of which over seventy per cent came from the United States. In 1933 the remittances from all countries had dropped to 147,000,000 lire.

Americans Quit Travel

The decrease in the American tourist trade which once was over 30 per cent of the total, comprising the permanent residents' expenditures in the country) has had more effect in bringing about this unfavorable tourist balance than any other nation, but the restriction of German money in 1933 also had enormous consequences.

In comparison of costs between big cities like Rome and New York, food costs are less in New York. Bents, however, are higher in New York, except for the lower classes, than in Rome; this probably is due to the forced decrease of rents by the Italian government in April, 1933.

On the whole the comparative cost

# DISABLED VETS MEET EAGLES HALL TUESDAY

The Disabled American Veterans of the World War, Jackson County Chapter No. 2, and auxiliary, will hold their regular meeting Tuesday night at 8:00 in the Eagles' hall on West Main street.

In the past meetings were held at the armory but starting from this date all meetings will be held at the Eagles hall.

Jap Ship Disabled

VICTORIA, Feb. 25.—The Pacific Salvage company's tug, Salvage King, today was enroute to the aid of the Japanese motorship Taihei Maru, reported disabled by engine trouble 150 miles from Estevan on the west coast of Vancouver Island.

Phone 542 We'll haul away your refuse City Sanitary Service.

**THE SWEET FLAVORED GUM**

**WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM**

# QUIET

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

WAKES UP AT CRACK OF DAWN. LIES CONTENTEDLY BOUNCING ON BED, RATTLING THE SPRINGS

PUSHES BLANKETS ONTO FLOOR TO GIVE HIMSELF MORE ROOM FOR TURNING SOMERSAULTS

STANDS AT FOOT OF BED AND PRACTICES FLYING DIVES FOR PILLOW AT OTHER END

CLIMBS UP ON HEAD OF BED AND THROWS HIMSELF BACKWARDS ONTO MATTRESS

RUNS OUT OF IDEAS AND SIMPLY JUMPS UP AND DOWN, BED BEGINNING TO SOUND AS IF IT WERE GOING TO SHAKE APART

IS VERY MUCH SURPRISED WHEN PARENTS COME IN, EXPLAINING HE WAS VERY CAREFUL NOT TO SING OR SHOUT SO AS NOT TO WAKE THEM!

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# S MATTER POP

LA-LA-LA-LA-LA!

?

YOU-W-W

SMATTER NOW

I PUT A PIECE OF DIRTY ICE IN THAT HOT WATER TO WASH IT AN I CAN'T FIND IT!

WELL, CAN YA BEAT THAT!

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# TAILSPIN TOMMY

Tommy Wears El Presidente!

MR. PRESIDENT, MAY I PRESENT SENATORS TOMMY TOMKINS AND CLARENCE MILLIGAN, WHO ARE TO MAKE THE AERIAL SURVEY FOR

I HAVE ALREADY HAD THE HONOR OF MEETING THEM—INFORMALLY—THEY SAVED MY LIFE—

WE EXPECTED TO MAKE THIS AERIAL SURVEY, BUT SOMETHING HAS DISRUPTED OUR PLANS

YOU MEAN—THIS BRAGGART WHO CALLS HIMSELF EL LIBERATOR? I SHALL CRUSH HIM OVERNIGHT!

I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE OF THAT, MR. PRESIDENT!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

HAL FORREST

# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER

By EDWIN ALGER

COME ON, BRIAR—WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO—

GOOD LUCK, BEN—

IF GAMGON WALLOPER HAD AS MUCH BRAINS AS HE HAS MUSCLE, HE WOULDN'T BE SPENDING ALL HIS TIME WORRYING ARCHIE—

BUT BEN WEBSTER HAD A REAL PROBLEM ON HIS HANDS—WOULD HE SUCCEED IN REGAINING CONTROL OF THE BIG CIRCUS FOR ARCHIE?

—IT ALL DEPENDS ON WHETHER OR NOT THE PERFORMERS WILL QUIT CHESTER CHEETS—

OH, I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU—I'M MR. LEAN, THE THIN MAN YOU KNOW—WANTED TO TELL YOU THAT WE'VE ALL VOTED TO RESIGN FROM THE CIRCUS—

YOU HAVE?!

# THE NEBBE

Look Before You Leap

NEBBE'S SUCCESS IN CARBONATED BEVERAGES IS NO SECRET.

HE'S GIVING THE NEWS TO ANYONE WHO WILL TAKE TIME TO LISTEN!

I'M IN A STOCK DEAL THAT'S MAKING ME A FLOCK OF DOUGH—I GRABBED MYSELF 400 BUCKS YESTERDAY

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? DON'T SLAM THOSE DISHES LIKE THAT—I GOT NERVOUS TROUBLE

I JUST HEARD NEBBE TELLING A CUSTOMER ABOUT ALL THE DOUGH HE IS MAKING OUTTA STOCK—HE MADE \$400 YESTERDAY

AND I'M WORKING FOR SIX BUCKS A WEEK TWO MEALS AND TIPS AND IF ANYBODY EVER DROPPED 25 CENTS ON MY TABLE, HE'D DIVE FOR IT HIMSELF—I'M GOING TO GET MORE DOUGH OR QUIT

THERE'S A LOT OF GIRLS OUT OF WORK IN THIS TOWN—SO LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP—YOU MIGHT LAND IN A FLOCK OF DEPRESSION

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# BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

O. K., MR. JIGGS

I WANT YOU TO ACT AS HOUSE DETECTIVE SPEND MOST OF YOUR TIME IN THE ANTE ROOM

WELL, THAT WILL STOP THOSE GUY'S FROM TAKING THINGS OUTA HERE

FARDON ME, MR. JIGGS, BUT IT'S VERY TIRESOME STANDING OUT THERE

WELL, WHY DON'T YOU SIT DOWN?

I CAN'T—SOMEBODY STOLE THE CHAIRS

# REFUSES TO FIGHT DUEL OF CENTURY

PARIS, Feb. 22.—(UP)—Well, folks, the duel of a century is off! M. Julien Duvivier, the movie director, refuses to fight.

He sent word by his seconds to young Bertrand de Jouvenel, blue-blood movie critic that he thought during an untoward way of settling a dispute—a declaration which seemed to de Jouvenel to fall short of the dramatic impulses believed to motivate men of the screen.

"I am deeply shocked," said the critic, whose criticism of a Duvivier film, particularly the character of Judas, started the trouble. "I never expected such a cowardly refusal to meet me on the field of honor, with swords and bare fists."

"Apparently M. Duvivier has not sufficient background to realize what poor etiquette he has shown."

"The next time I see him, I'll slap his face—but I won't punch him. He's not gentleman enough to be punched."

# CCC AIDS GROWTH PARK PROPERTIES

WASHINGTON—(UP)—Approximately 500,000 acres have been added to state park areas throughout the country as a result of the Civilian Conservation Corps' park development program, reports Director Robert Fechner.

Figures compiled by the National Resources Board showed that 32 states have added a total of 574,946 acres of recreational lands to their park facilities during 1934 and the first nine months of 1935.

Since that survey was completed, more than 100,000 additional acres have been added to state park properties in various sections of the country.

At present, Fechner said, about 70,000 men are engaged in state park development and improvement work.

When it comes to radio remittance, "Fruit's can do it." Phone 22.