

Montana Rides Again

A RAPID-FIRE ROMANCE BY EVAN EVANS.

OF COURSE they could not wait by the fire. They faded into the darkness at the right—and the mare stalked with them, bending her knees, fanning out her nostrils as she snuffed at the air out of which she had read her message.

For all the keenness of the eye of Montana, it was the friar who saw the outline first. He touched the shoulder of his friend.

"There!" he whispered, and raised the great beam of his arm.

And then Montana was able to see one dim, one single silhouette.

"It's only a single scout!" murmured Montana. "Hold the horse here, and I'll see if I can get him; he can tell us where the others may be."

He turned himself into a big cat and slunk forward over the ground, moving in a swift semicircle, drawing up on that single rider. He was so close now that even if he were seen, he would be able to shoot straight. Now he was close enough to make the distance with one step and leap, and take the man captive, living.

Beware of quick knife work, however, when he was in close. This figure in the thick black of the night seemed small, almost fragile, but an ounce of Indian is often worth a pound of other flesh when it comes to hand-to-hand fighting.

QUARTERING from the rear, he came in on that silhouette—then a step and a leap brought him right on the back of the little Mustang with the crushing strength of his arms cast around the body—of a woman.

The Mustang reared, ready to pitch, and Montana slid off with a twisting, gasping, fighting figure in his grasp, and the big friar coming up at the run to help.

"Be still!" said Montana, through his teeth. "I'll do you no harm if—"

"Montana!" said the voice of Rosita.

His arms fell away from her. He was so stunned that the darkness moved before his eyes and the little dim stars in the zenith whirled around above his head. He could hear the friar exclaiming over her.

He went in with the two of them towards the camp, but still he would not let his brain understand, for something inside him kept saying that it could not be. No woman who had seen the Valley of the Dead could willingly come closer than the first glance into the depths of it. And yet this was she, this was her voice.

Now she was sitting crosslegged by the fire, and the friar was giving her food, and she was eating, and lifting her eyes to the pain-struck face of Brother Pascual.

She looked thinner and older a little; her eyes were larger than they had been. She was quiet. All the bubble and the flash had gone from her. She looked like some product of the desert—brown and slender as a deer, with a sense of lightness, as though she could be away from this place in a flash.

Pascual was still pouring forth his gentle words, telling her of the danger here, and that she must start back at once towards a Christian land.

"Here," he said, "you are already on the lip of the Valley of the Dead!"

"Why do you talk to me, Brother?" she asked him, suddenly, "I am here on the lip of the cup—and you two will soon be inside it!"

Then said Montana angrily, "What could you do, Rosita?"

EXPERIMENT MAY SAVE BURNS FROM HEAD TO FOOT LEFT UNTREATED

PHILADELPHIA.—(UP)—Experiments are being conducted here which may mean the saving of eyesight of thousands of infants each year.

The disease—Ophthalmia neonatorum—commonly called "babies' sore eyes," is contracted on an average by two out of every 100 infants, and unless promptly checked, frequently results in blindness.

Dr. Louis Leherfeld, of Philadelphia General Hospital, who is conducting experiments expressed the theory of checking the disease by protection against infection at the source—the mother. He said the theory will revolutionize existing methods.

STONE DISEASE CURES FLOOD IN FOR VICTIMS

MUNCIE, Ind. (UP)—Letters from all over the nation flood the sick room here of Charles and William Wagner, victims of a disease which is slowly causing petrification of their muscles.

Some of the letters express sympathy. Others extend self-appointed advice on how to cure the disease, which doctors have called incurable.

A message from Texas tells how "a pretty girl was saved from turning to stone" by a diet. An Illinois woman who was "similarly afflicted 30 years ago" says she was cured by herbs.

ROANOKE VET HOSPITAL TAKES PATIENTS SOON

ROANOKE, Va. (UP)—The Veterans hospital near here, dedicated last November by President Roosevelt, will begin receiving patients suffering from neuropsychiatric ailments April 1.

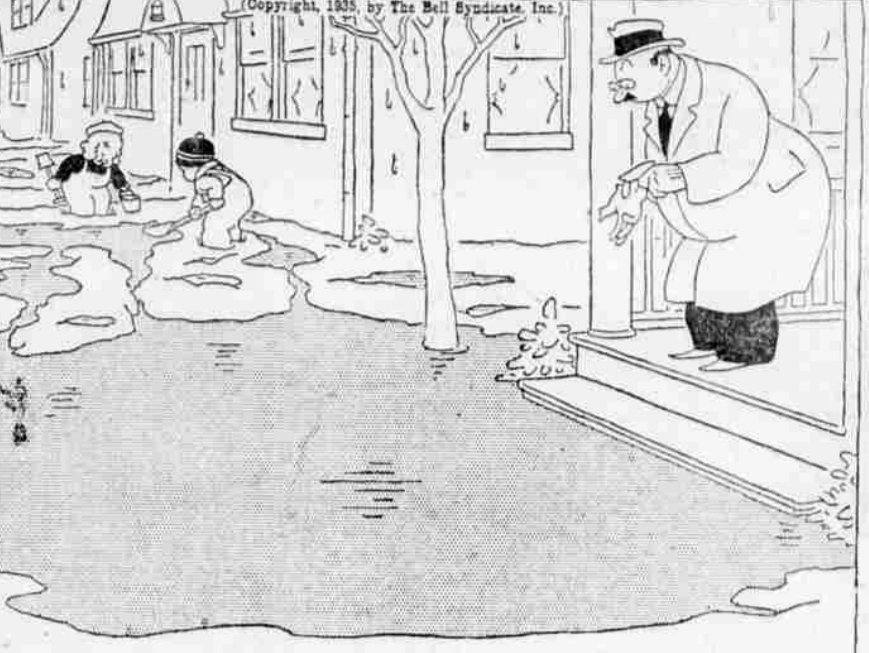
The hospital will serve Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and the District of Columbia.

Col. E. W. Jordan, regional manager of the Veterans bureau, announced that he has received 10,000 applications for membership on the hospital working staff, which will consist of 200 persons.

Take \$1000 But No Liquor

NEW PHILADELPHIA, O.—(UP)—Two masked holdup men forced O. J. Miller, state liquor store manager, to open the establishment's safe and escaped with \$1000, but took no liquor.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS



FRED PERLEY WAS MAROONED DURING THE THAW BECAUSE THE PLUMER CHILDREN NEXT DOOR, HAD JUST BEEN HEARING FROM THEIR FATHER ABOUT THE DIGGING OF THE PANAMA CANAL

WORLD OF FLAVOR

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

SWEETENS THE BREATH

S'MATER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Friendship With Tommy!



EXCEPT IT WAS NO TROUBLE FER MY POP!

THA TROUBLE WUZ MOST ALL FER ME!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ben's Bombshell!



THE NEBBS—I Was Just Feeling



LISTEN, BETTY, THIS IS MADNESS! YOU WILL BE KILLED!

TOM'S RIGHT, BETTY, WE JUST GOTTA DO IT!

WAIT! I HAVE A BETTER PLAN—WE MAY SAVE YOUR FRIEND AND CRUSH EL LIBERATOR BEFORE HIS PLANES ARE ASSEMBLED!

BRINGING UP FATHER



PAUL REVERE 'BELL' WILL RING NO MORE



JUST WHAT I'VE SAID, ALL THE PERFORMERS, WHO SERVED NOTICE ON YOU, HAVE JOINED UP WITH US!

SO YOU'RE THE BIRD WHO PUT THAT OVER, EH?

YES, I AM! AND, BEFORE YOU REACH FOR A GUN OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT, WE'D BETTER TALK ABOUT THE REST OF THE CIRCUS—

PAUL REVERE 'BELL' WILL RING NO MORE

CLEVELAND (UP)—"Bell," a self-appointed Paul Revere, has been indicted finally by police.

About 30 and "obviously a mental case," according to Detective Chief James Bill, of suburban Cleveland Heights, "Bell" is "under observation" by officers.

For months, Bell, who signed no other name, had deluged financial institutions, individuals and Chambers of Commerce with letters darkly warning of some impending bank robbery and surreptitious plots by politicians.

The one who may suffer most from Bell's capture is Postmaster-General James A. Paay. Bell was no lightweight with his stamper.

"Smoke" Costa Woman's Life

CLEVELAND.—(UP)—A "smoke" in bed cost the life of Mrs. Elizabeth Bert, 26-year-old stenographer. She fell asleep as she puffed a cigarette, and was burned to death.

WILSON, N. C.—(UP)—A motorist

whose car bore Tennessee license plates sold W. H. Johnson, filling station operator here, a punchboard on which, it was explained, a few numbers paid 10 to 1, regardless of the wager involved.

Soon another Tennessee car rolled in. Its occupants punched the board, betting \$10. They drove away with \$100 of Johnson's money.

Curious Johnson punched the board. Then he punched again, and again. All of the punches, he found, paid 10 to 1.

Gives Violin Concert at 92 FORT WORTH, Texas.—(UP)—If's only 92 years old and he can play a violin with the best of them. Charles Untermeothen recently was guest artist at a civic musical. Critics hailed his playing as superb. He is a native of Germany and has been playing since he was five years old.

PUNCHBOARD FIGURES IN ORIGINAL RACKET



HELLO, CAPTAIN! THIS IS ME, SISTER, MAGGIE—

HORRORS!

HI—THERE KATHERINE! BRING THE OLD GIRL ON BOARD WID YOU.

By George McManus