

Montana Rides Again

A RAPID-FIRE ROMANCE BY EVAN EVANS

SYNOPSIS: The Montana Kid, brother Pascual, and the steelhead, David, are on the edge of the Valley of the Dead. They are there because Mateo Rubio, with whom Montana tried to do the deed, a signal service, has been captured by the devilish General Estrada and condemned to a living death in the blistering valley. Now they are watching two guards herd a lone string of prisoners toward the valley entrance; one mistreated woman, and Montana is prevented from shooting him by Rubio.

Chapter 24 FIGHT

THE guards were kicking the woman to her feet again, laughing. Then, with a shouted command, they started the string of the condemned forward into the throat of the valley.

But the two guards did not follow immediately. They seemed to realize that whatever the lips of the valley closed over would never pass through them again. They remained to argue heatedly over some money which one of the rascals held in his fist.

Perhaps it was the overplus out of which the officer of the Rurales had been cheated.

But Montana, as he watched, saw a chance for action stranger than anything he had ever dreamed of before. He looked at the friar, still lost in profound prayer.

He looked quizzically at the girl:



"A gift for you, Felipe!"

then he started down the slope behind the rocks, swerving quickly from one to another until he was very close to the spot where the two still argued.

They were not men. They had the faces of beasts. The evil that was in them made them seem like two blood-brothers. And now with snarling mouths and reddened eyes they threatened each other.

They were still at it when the Kid stepped out from behind the nearest boulder.

"There's a better way, brothers," he said.

They started and faced him with one movement. Both were armed, but only with knives, and that long-barreled Colt in the hand of Montana, held no higher than his hip, watched them both with a single eye of darkness.

"I've been hearing," said Montana, "that only choice men can get work in the Valley of the Dead, my friends, and because I want to take a look at the place, I've decided to make a vacancy. Which one of you ought to die?"

They stared at him; they stared at the gun.

"You, there," directed Montana, "you with the frog face, pick up that length of rope and tie it to the wrist of your partner."

The thing was done.

"Now, you on the right, tie the other end of that rope to your friend."

The man obeyed.

"THE pair of you have knives," said Montana. "I sit here as the judge. God knows that there's nothing so useful you can do as die. The winner lives, then, and I step into the sandals of the other rat. Start! You understand? Or do you want me to lift some lead into your hides?"

The smaller of the two seemed to take the idea first. His knife came out in a flash as he said, "A gift for you, Felipe!"

And he struck the blade into his companion. There was weight enough in the blow and it was well

enough aimed, below the left shoulder; but with a light, tinkling sound the blade snapped in two. The point, no doubt, had struck a rib bone.

"Francisco!" screamed Felipe. "Devil!"

And he hurled himself right at the other.

Felipe had the strength, the length of arm, and a knife which was unbroken. He had the relentless vigor of a bulldog, too. But Francisco was as wily as a snake. He could not run, because of the rope that tied him to his companion. But he could use that rope to jerk Felipe off balance.

A long slash had ripped open the breast of Francisco. But he had wit enough to spring far to the left and throw his body to the ground. Felipe toppled after him, met in falling by the up-labbing knife fragment in the hand of his fellow.

They rolled together like two tom-cats.

The fight was as brief. Big Felipe lay on his back, his throat well opened, a dozen other jagged wounds in his breast from the rapid knife-work of Francisco, and Francisco, pouring blood, dragged himself up and sat on the body of the dead man.

HE untied the rope from his left wrist.

"Well," said Francisco, "I am done for. But that doesn't matter. I sit on

SPRAY FOR SCALE AND MITES NEEDED SOON SAYS AGENT

The time is fast approaching when dormant sprays for the control of San Jose scale, blister mite and rust mite should be applied. Pear and apple growers are advised to be prepared and take advantage of any good spraying weather that may now occur, states L. G. Genter, of the Southern Oregon experiment station and County Agent L. P. Wilcox.

Liquid lime sulfur is recommended on pears in preference to other materials because of better control of blister mite and rust mite. Also by so doing trees are prepared for later sulfur sprays for 200 control if such sprays are necessary.

Dilutions for scale control are governed according to the Baume test of the concentrate. A 32 degree concentrate should be used at the rate of ten to twelve gallons per 100 gallons of water. In case of weaker strength concentrates use two to three gallons more per 100 gallons. In order to control blister mite, applications should be made before clusters push out from the bud scales. With this in mind, growers having blister mite infested orchards should not delay their spraying too long.

Dormant oil emulsions are as effective as lime sulfur in the control of San Jose scale if used at the proper strength. Dilutions

should be such that the resulting solution contains at least 4 per cent actual oil. This means that from four to five gallons of the emulsion be diluted in 100 gallons of water. Dormant oil sprays should not be used on the Winter Nells variety of pear, bud and spur damage is apt to occur.

Apple growers may improve their control of rosy apple aphid by delaying their application of dormant oil emulsion until buds have opened and leaves protrude about one-fourth inch.

A thorough wetting of the entire tree is necessary if control of all fruit pests is to be obtained.

Bury Salem Attorney.

SALEM, March 4.—(AP)—Private funeral services were held here Saturday evening for Martin F. Perry, 46, Salem attorney, who died at his home early Saturday after several weeks' illness. Mr. Perry came to Salem in 1921 as pastor of the Unitarian church, and graduated from the Willamette university law school in 1924.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Sacred Concert Nazarene Church Tonight at 7:30

A trio from the Northwest Nazarene college will give a sacred concert tonight at the local Church of the Nazarene, Central avenue at Jackson, at 7:30. The trio is composed of Miss Geraldine House, Mable Scheel and Myrtle Mangum, the first two being members of the local Church of the Nazarene.

The young ladies of the college are accompanying Mrs. Dr. Thomas Mangum, who will speak briefly in the interests of "The Missionary Institute for the Training of Missionary Nurses," which is located at Nampa, Idaho. The Northwest Nazarene college is located in the same city.

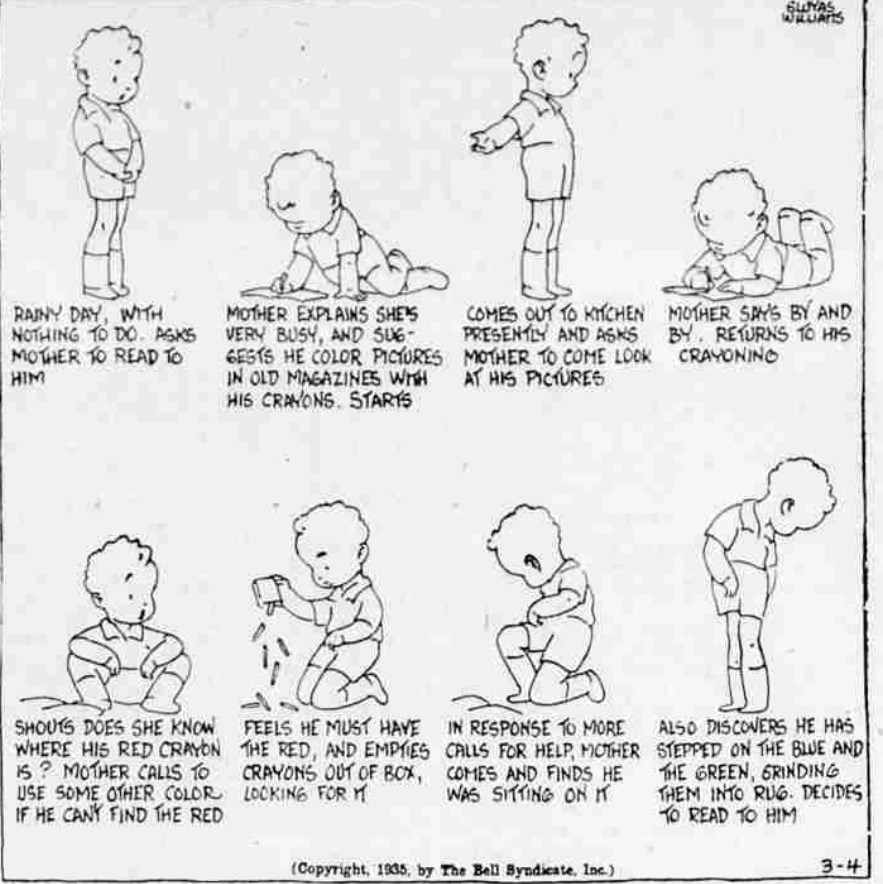
SALEM, March 4.—(AP)—Funeral services will be held Tuesday for Dr. W. G. Morehouse, 58, Salem veterinarian, who died suddenly here late Saturday night.

Phone 642. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

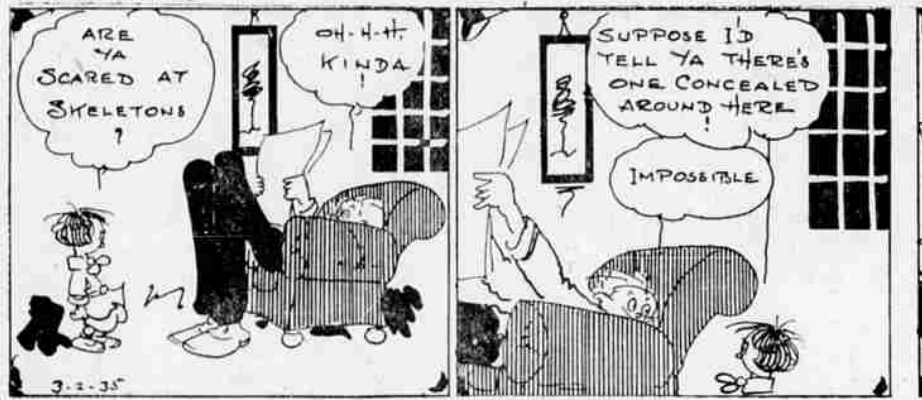


CRAYONS

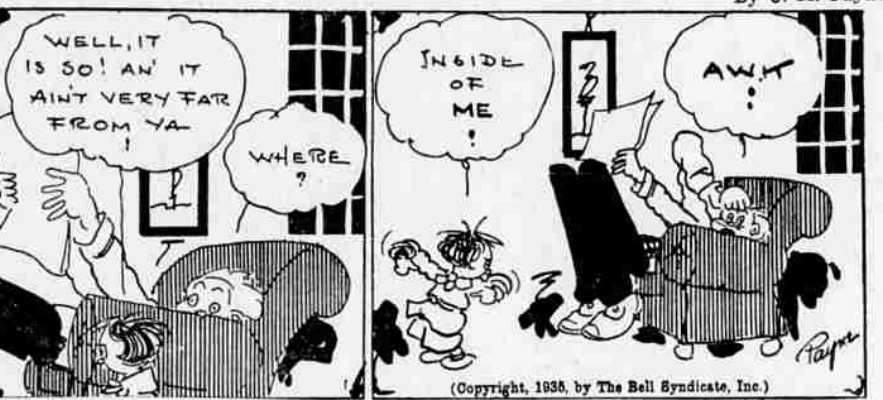
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S-MATTER POP—



By C. M. Payne



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Fate of a Nation—In Tommy's Hands!



YOU HAVE THE INSTRUCTIONS FOR GENERAL GOMEZ, IN THE NAME OF MY COUNTRYMEN I THANK YOU, SENORES!



By Hal Forrest



KEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Complete Surrender?



HELLO, GWEN! WHERE IS EVERYBODY? OH, I KNOW—YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME ARCHIE'S INSIDE, AREN'T YOU?



....SIZZLING SUSIE, BEN, YOU DON'T MEAN IT, DO YOU? YOU'RE SURE CHESTER CHEETS SAID YOU HAD HIM LICKED?



ABSOLUTELY!



WAHOO! WAHOO! WAHOO! THAT'S IT, WILLIE! THAT'S OUR VICTORY CHANT! ROAR IT OUT, BOY! ROAR IT OUT!



THE NEBB—Coward



MR. NEBB? YES... JUST A MINUTE



OH-H-H-NIX! I'M NOT HERE—I'M OUT! SAY YOU WERE MISTAKEN!



THE CLERK WANTS ME TO TELL YOU THAT THAT RESERVATION WAS CONFIRMED... WHATS THE IDEA? WHY DO YOU WANT ME TO LIE FOR YOU?



THERES A GUY WHO WANTS TO BORROW \$500 FROM ME AND I DONT WANT TO SEE HIM



WELL, IF YOU FEEL YOU'RE OBLIGATED TO GIVE IT TO HIM, GIVE IT— IF NOT, WHY DONT YOU TELL HIM SO. ITS YOUR MONEY INVOLVED... FACE THE ISSUE, KING JELLYFISH!



250 UNLICENSED DOGS REMAIN IN COUNTY IS OFFICIALS' ESTIMATE

Most of the dogs in Jackson county now wear license tags for the coming year. Up to March 2, a total of 2002 licenses had been issued. Dog population of the county is estimated at around 2350. If this estimate is correct, there are only about 250 canines unlicensed. Most of this number are present in the Human society pound, or otherwise accounted for. Of the licenses, 1372 were issued by the county clerk's office and 260 by the chief of police of Ashland.

county court made last Saturday. County Judge Day said today he appreciated the cooperation of dog owners in both city and county, in complying with the license law.

Last year only 763 dog licenses were issued in the county.

The county clerk's records show that 10 per cent of the dogs in the county are named "Ladaine." Other popular names are "Queen," "Skip-Py," "Bruno" and "Tico."

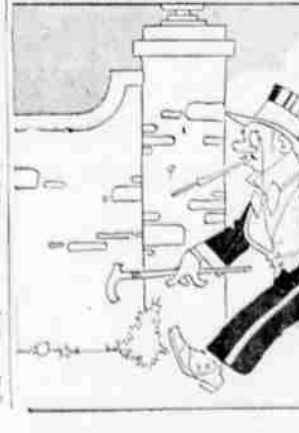
Bain In Penitentiary
PENITENTIARY, Med. & (AP)—About a half inch of rain fell here over the week-end. More precipitation was expected today.

For How That Wear Buy
NOLDE & HORST
Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann

Ask the customers who have their watch repairing done here. Johnson the Jeweler.

From Grants Pass—P. Korbek of Grants Pass arrived here morning to spend the day here on business.

BRINGING UP FATHER



OH GOODY! HERE COMES LORD SHUNNBERK TO CALL ON ME—WON'T THE ENIVIOUS NEIGHBORS BE JEALOUS SEEING HIM COMING HERE?



YOU SAY YOU DONT WANT ME TO MEET HIM?



NO! HE IS TOO HIGH-BROW FOR YOU—HE IS A REAL SOCIAL LION! I WONDER WHY JARVIS DOESNT ANNOUNCE HIM?



BUT, MADAM! HE DIDNT ASK FOR YOU—HE CALLED TO SEE YOUR SISTER AND WHEN I TOLD HIM SHE WAS OUT, HE JUST SAID, "SORRY" AND LEFT.



By George McManus