

Montana Rises Again

Chapter 48
ACTION!

They worked with Juan-Silva silently, wiped the red from the lips of the dead man and drew him back in his chair so that his head was at a balance, supported against the high back of the chair.

"Now," said Montana, and he strode on past the fountain, to the door of that farther room out of the voice of great-throated Estrada was making a steady rumbling.

Then he thrust the door open, and saw the general walking back and forth. The major and Jack Lascar were sprawling in chairs out of which they leaped at the sight of the Kid.

He smiled back at them, a very slow smile of a genuine amusement. "Juan-Silva wants to speak to General Estrada," said the Kid. "Juan-Silva wants to talk to the general alone—or with me present."

The general looked rather wildly about him. "Stay here!" urged Lascar through the twisting side of his mouth. "Go, for God's sake!" said Major Alvarez. "Or are we to stay forever in this hell-hole?"

gingerly, as men must do, wish to disturb their aim. There was not a word spoken. Then the two put their hands above their heads. To ask for mercy was a folly. They said nothing as the cords were fastened about their wrists. Then Pascual took them out of the room to the table where the dead man and the living prisoner already waited.

They were bound into chairs. "Search them, first—search every inch of them," said the Kid. They searched, quickly, using the flat of the hand carefully to feel whatever lay in pockets. And that was how Pascual suddenly produced from Alvarez the gleaming green eye of the last emerald.

HE held it up. The Kid was already speaking. "We have one passport, and only one. That's the word of Juan-Silva. He'll never write again, and the best we can do is to take him with us. Pascual, take that scarf on the chair—wrap it around his skinny neck and see if that will keep his mouth closed."

The friar obeyed. And as he twisted the scarf's length strongly around the neck of Juan-Silva, the pressure of the upper layers of the cloth forced the jaws to close.

"I am going out into the patio, there, to be the coachman," said Montana. "There's no weight to



With a frown Estrada strode for the door.

Estrada strode straight for the door as one resolved.

"The general is coming," called the Kid, over his shoulder, and as Estrada crossed the threshold he quickly closed the door behind him.

Turning, he heard a soft beating in the air. That was all. So they bore the general into the middle of the room.

By that time his two guns were in the hands of Montana, and the weight of the revolvers seemed to clothe the Kid with a new strength.

PERHAPS it was mere chance that made the friar deposit Estrada in the chair opposite to the death grin of Juan-Silva. But the sight of that hideous grimace turned the governor right.

He offered no resistance as the Kid tore his uniform coat open and reached inside it. There, in a soft coating of camels, he felt the hardness of metal, and knew that his guess had been right. He gave one glance inside the leather and saw the green of the emeralds. That was enough. He flashed the gold and the green at Rubriz and then dropped it into his pocket.

Brother Pascual and the outlaw, in the meantime, had bound the general to the chair he sat in.

Mateo Rubriz, standing back from the bound and gagged general, folded his arms and they rose almost to his chin with the greatness of the breath he drew. But then, gradually relaxing, he was heard to mutter: "San Juan of Capistrano, keep my hands from him. Save this dog meat for the dog!"

"Now—Mateo—now, Pascual—we have the other pair. Here we have guns. And there are only two. You first, Mateo."

Mateo looked at his friend aside, with a grin wider than that of a snarling cat. Then he went to the door, with Montana at his heels, and threw it open. The long-stepping Pascual was right behind them.

They went over the threshold with their guns before them, walking

Juan-Silva. You can seem to be merely walking beside him, and you can hold him up. Pascual—draw that end of the scarf down his back under his cloak. Now if you keep a hand on that, his head will be raised. Not too much. He always walked with it bent forward.

"Support him—one of you on each side. I'll back the carriage to the door. When you hear the wheels, open the door and come straight out with the dead man between you—quickly, too, so that the swing of his legs may look like walking. I'll try to keep the eye of the people yonder. One chance in ten, others—our only chance!"

A black pang of desperation struck through the brain of Montana. But he gathered himself for half a second, and then stepped out into the white blaze of the patio. There was a pair of guards on the farther side of the open space, in the shadow of the wall. They were smoking their cigars, idly. And the heads of the leaders were held, now, by a mere house mouse.

The Kid sprang up lightly into the driver's place and gathered the reins, singing out, "Let their heads go, boy!"

One of the guards, calmly, deliberately, raised his rifle to his shoulder.

"El Kee!" he called out. "Get down from that place!"

The Kid merely tossed him a phrase across his shoulder.

"Why do you think Juan-Silva has been taking me out with him every day? Because he wants a real coachman, amigo."

With that he swung the leaders, and backed the wheeled with a strong pull. The carriage lurched well back to the main door of the house from which he had just stepped.

He heard one guard saying, "Put down your gun, fool! I have seen Juan-Silva making him a friend. Look! Here's the senior himself."

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Tomorrow, the three friends begin a mad dash for freedom.

DIAMOND MAKING THROUGH SCIENCE NOT SUCCESSFUL

Efforts Down Through the Ages Prove Failure—Manufacture of Gold Like-wise Fails Realization

NEW YORK—(UP)—Down through the ages alchemists and scientists have sought to manufacture diamonds and gold. These efforts never have been successful commercially. A recent report from London that a new method of making diamonds had been discovered, recalled to old time diamond men here the long list of attempts to create the gems artificially.

The first to attempt the manufacture of diamonds were the alchemists of the middle ages who labored tirelessly for centuries. It was believed in their day that a potency might be discovered of such potency that its mere repetition would create diamonds, and also transform lead into gold. With the development of chemistry the ancient problem was attacked more scientifically.

One of the most elaborate attempts was made by Sir William Crookes who exploded cordite in closed steel cylinders under a pressure of 8000

atmospheres at a temperature of 7000 degrees Fahrenheit. He thus obtained tiny crystals which he thought were diamonds, and which had some of the properties of the natural stone, but were not of the slightest commercial value.

Another elaborate attempt was made by Sir Charles Parsons who subjected carbon to a pressure of 15,000 atmospheres, but without making diamonds. Moissan, the French scientist, carried on similar experiments with the same disappointing results.

Two German scientists, Dr. von Haslinger and Wolf, after years of labor, announced that they had produced diamonds by crystallizing magnesium silicate, but the process has been forgotten. A French engineer, Guyot de Bolomeu, attacked the problem electrically and believed for a time he had made a diamond nearly one-eighth of an inch in size, but failed to develop any practical method. A similar futile announcement was made recently by a professor at Columbia university.

Exhaustive tests made in German universities show that while microscopic crystals resembling diamonds may be made at great expense, there is no proof that real diamonds ever have been made, or that they ever will be made. The tiny diamond like crystals thus formed never have the beauty of the diamond and only resemble it in hardness. The only possible use for such so-called diamonds is to crush them to form diamond dust to be used for abrasive purposes, and diamonds of this kind are plentiful and cheap.

Despite the countless efforts to change the base metals into gold and to transform carbon into diamonds, gold remains gold and diamonds still are diamonds.

When it comes to radios, remember. "Prutt's can do it." Phone 22.

OREGON REGIMENT GIVEN HIGH RATE

SALEM, Ore., March 14.—(AP)—Oregon's coast defense regiment, the 249th coast artillery, rated second in the United States, during the past year in efficiency, it was learned here through information received from the war department.

The Oregon regiment was 1.4 points below the first place winner, the 15th coast artillery regiment of the Delaware national guard.

The Oregon regiment is commanded by Lieut.-Col. Clifton M. Irwin of Salem, and is composed of units located in Klamath Falls, Ashland, Cottage Grove, Marshfield, Albany and Salem.

WOMAN PIPE SMOKER OUTLASTS TEN MEN

LONDON, March 14.—(AP)—The Englishman's proud boast of pipe-smoking superiority was shattered today.

A mere woman outlasted 10 men in a pipe-smoking contest at Covent Garden. She kept 1-12 ounce of tobacco alight for 20 minutes.

Moscow Subway to Start Soon.

MOSCOW—(UP)—The first section of Moscow's new underground railroad, the Metropolitain, is expected to start operation next month. This great engineering project was carried out in large part by voluntary labor of office and factory workers who contributed their "free days" to work in the subway.

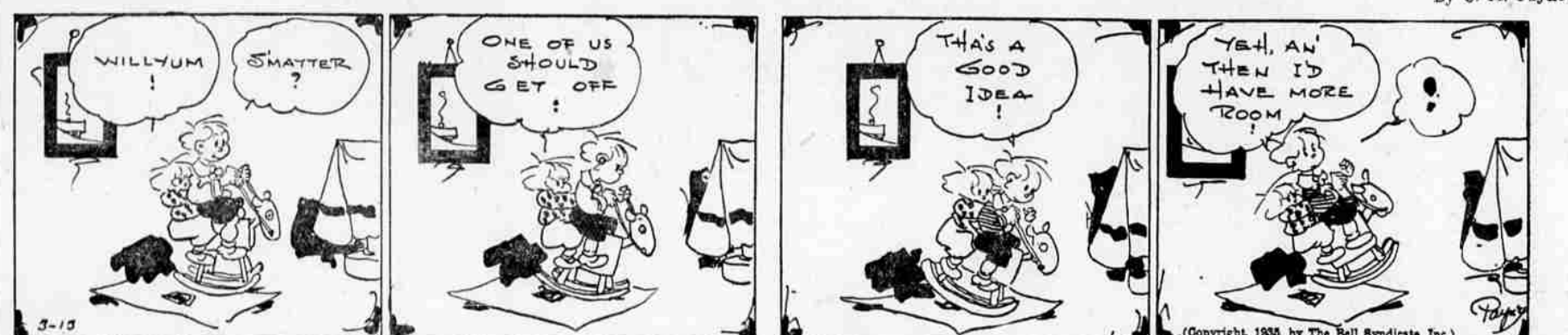
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By George McManus

NAVY YARD RADICALS MAY BE PROSECUTED

WASHINGTON, March 14.—(AP)—Secretary Swanson indicated today he was considering filing formal charges against 26 alleged communist civilian employees at the Washington navy yard.

Earlier, labor department officials said a deportation hearing probably would be held tomorrow in Chicago for John Strachey, British writer and lecturer, who was arrested there last night charged with being an alien communist.

Rush to Invite Movie Stars.

MOSCOW—(UP)—A number of foreign "movie stars" have been invited here to take part in the celebration of the 15th anniversary of the Soviet cinema next month. They include Charlie Chaplin, Greta Garbo, Rene Clair and Jean Renoir.

'PINK SLIP' REPEAL HAS COMMITTEE OKED

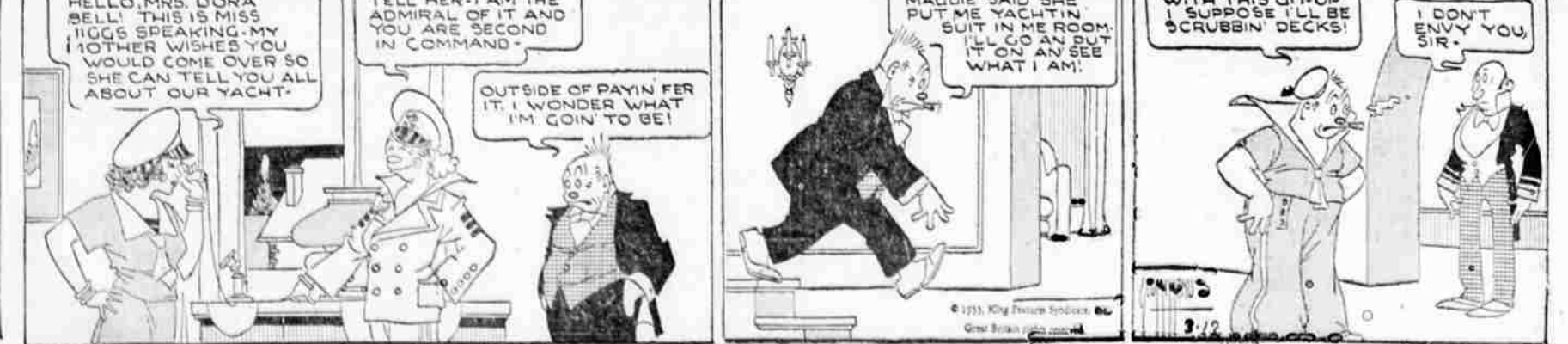
WASHINGTON, March 14.—(AP)—The senate finance committee today approved the house resolution to repeal the "pink slip" provision for publication of income tax figures.

The committee rejected an amendment by Senator Couzens (R. Mich.) to impose a graduated excess profits tax designed to raise \$250,000,000.

Explorers Must Dance.

MOSCOW—(UP)—The Soviet Union's future Arctic explorers must know how to dance and play games, as well as read scientific instruments. To guard against boredom during the long winter nights in the polar regions, those who are in training for service in the Soviet's Arctic stations are being given a course in "amusements."

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus