

DEATH OF G. O. P. SEEN UNLESS NEW LEADERS ARE PLACED AT HELM

chapter 44
DEATH RACE

"THE friar and Rubric—Mateo Rubric! By God, I won't believe my eyes!" one guard was saying, jerking up his rifle uncertainly.

"Be still, you fool! See, they are arm in arm with Juan-Silva!"

And, risking one glance behind him, Montana swung the leaders at the same time towards the archway that opened from the patio to the valley road, and as he did so he saw the servant who had been holding the heads of the leaders standing agape with great eyes of horror.

That man had seen too much. Another moment his voice might begin to speak words that would bring all the men of the household lurching in pursuit—but, ah, to be through the shadow of that arch and into the open road!

He controlled the leaders to a mere prancing walk, nevertheless, as they went under the black of the shadow.

"Good day, señor!" sang out a guard, saluting.

There was no answer. There never would be any answer.

At a smart clipping trot he sent the team forward, and as they took the bend of the road towards the lower valley he heard Rubric cry out, suddenly: "There's nothing! We're clear of them!"

"Look again!" called the Kid, "but don't crane your neck. And keep Juan-Silva straight in his place."

"The barelegged mozo has run out into the road," said Rubric. "He's pointing after us. The two guards are out there with him. Put the whip on the horses! Make them gallop—for our lives, Montana!"

"No; they may be only suspecting. They'll hardly be knowing—not yet!" said the Kid. "Is there an alarm signal in the valley?"

Still at a brisk trot, he drove the team towards the lower mouth of the Valley of the Dead. And he heard Rubric make answer: "Three shots—a time between each one. That's the alarm."

"Steady, steady!" answered the Kid, never turning his head. "There's the guard at the mouth of the valley. Do you think we can ride them down, Mateo? Keep the dead body straight. Look to the face of it. Don't let the mouth sag. You hear?"

The Kid saw the lean, naked arm of the captain of the guard rise in a signal—the other horsemen instantly spread to each side of the road.

Then, high-riding, he heard the challenge: "Halt, there!"

The Kid stood up in his place.

"You gonf-faced, chicken-legged sabonin!" he shouted, keeping the horses at the full trot. "Are you stopping the señor himself?"

The gray-head jerked himself high in his stirrups under the impact of those insults, but the name of the "señor" had the effect of checking and bewildering him.

of the Dead would do its best to recover its lost ones.

There was no more trotting, now. Rubric and the friar pitched the body of Juan-Silva heading from the carriage. And the Kid, lashing the horses to a running gallop, felt the carriage leaping and bucking behind him.

"The guard is through the gate of the valley," shouted Rubric. "They're riding hard, but they're far away, and the damned Indians have rounded to cover before they'll ever get down to us. Can we cut the horses out of the harness and ride away like that? Now, amigo, while there's still time!"

"Pascual can hardly ride a mule. Do you think he could keep his place on one of these white vills?"

The Kid looked back and saw the good friar in the act of leaping from the carriage which his weight encumbered. But Rubric grappled with the big man and dragged him back.

"Stay with us, Pascual!" cried the Kid. "If you leave us, we have to stop and fight for you. Pray for us, Pascual!"

THE friar was too simple to see through this device, and dropping instantly on his knees, since he needed the grip of one hand to keep himself from being jounced out by the reins and the whip of the Kid were busy constantly picking up this horse and steadying that.

He drove well, though that was not his special art. But when he looked back he saw that the men of the valley were gaining, undoubtedly, and still faster the Indians who rushed on a dozen ponies over the higher ground on the left were pulling up. Already they were almost abreast. A little more and they would be able to shoot down from the hill side and cut off the retreat.

It was the eye of Rubric that saw the promise of help, and the voice of Rubric that shouted like ten trumpets.

"Do you see, Montana? It is your red mare—it is my black horse—and that is Rosita Santos. Rosita, divine beautiful, blessed! I strike the lips that spat at you. I beat my head in the dust before you. Child—angel—glorious Rosita, for your sake I love I cherish, I worship all women!"

It was she, beyond all doubt, looking small as a boy, and riding like a trained jockey as she shot on her own line mustang out of a gap between the hills and headed for them with the red mare and the black stallion sweeping along beside her.

Blind men could have known what her purpose was, and the Indians and the men of the valley were far from blind. The thin, distant sounds of their yelling blew like small horns into the ear of Montana.

Here were three horses, to be sure. But four were needed. Well, as for the mule of the friar, it could never have kept pace. And one of the white horses of the team had to be used.

Who could do it? Not the girl. And Red Sally could be ridden, as yet, by none saving himself. And then that problem was solved by Mateo Rubric.

He swung onto the driver's seat. He leaped far out from it, landed on the back of the rear wheeler, sprang almost off from it, and then righted himself and rode erect. He waved his hand behind him, laughing up like a happy child at the Kid.

"It is I, Rubric!" he shouted. "I have him! It is my part. Only the black still carry the bones of Pascual. When you stop for Rosita—God bless her!—help me only one instant to cut this fellow loose."

The girl was hearing them, now.

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Rosita sings a song, Monday.

DEATH OF G. O. P. SEEN UNLESS NEW LEADERS ARE PLACED AT HELM

WASHINGTON, March 15.—(AP)—Representative Welch, republican of San Francisco, said today unless new and more progressive leadership is found by the republican party it will perish.

"Two elections have demonstrated that the republican party is going," Welch said in an interview. "If nothing is done to revive its popular appeal, the next word, as an auctioneer would say, it will be 'gone'."

"The party under the Mellon and Mills types of leadership no longer speaks for the great masses of the people," Welch said. "The party's principles, as outlined by its founder, Abraham Lincoln, would find support today, if they should be reasserted."

"Now the republican party has become tory. Big interests speak through it. It can not expect to attract young men and progressive leaders in its decadence."

"However, the party is bigger than the leaders, and it can be revived. A return to its original principles would do it. It would not have to go the democratic one better or even to tie them to win back popular confidence. It would have to shake out its leaders."

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MUSICAL PROGRAM IS ENJOYED AT GASQUET

CAMP GASQUET, March 15.—(Sp.)—On March 8, a musical program was given at CCC Camp Gasquet. The numbers, both vocal and instrumental, were furnished by the enrollees and by Miss Hamilton and Miss Christine of Crescent City. Lt. Preston E. Bohner, camp commander, responded to requests with a piano solo.

Mr. Bowen, inspector from Washington, D. C., who works directly from Mr. Feckner's office, arrived at Camp Gasquet March 11 and remained over night. He inspected the camp site and work projects, and was favorably impressed with the work and maintenance of the camp.

Lt. Peter A. Doherty, chaplain reserve, made a three-day visit to the camp, conducting religious services during his stay.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

CARETAKERS AT LAKE UNABLE TO GET BACK

TRAIL, March 15.—(Sp.)—Fred Hoek and Willard Horn who are caretakers at Diamond Lake came out more than a week ago on skis for mail and supplies and have been unable to return as the snow is so soft. March 10 Ray Merriman took them to the junction on the Diamond lake road and they started on but found two feet of soft snow and had to return here.

They are hoping they will soon be able to go in as Mrs. Horn and two children and Mrs. Hoek are alone at the lake.

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WET WEATHER



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LIBRARY TO BE OPEN FULL TWELVE HOURS

Beginning March 15, the main reading room at the public library will be open the full twelve hours, from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. Heretofore the library has been closed during the dinner hour, from 6 p. m. to 7 p. m.

It was thought that patrons of the library would appreciate the uninterrupted use of the books and magazines during the evening hour. The new plan will carry through to June 15 at least, and longer if it proves enjoyable to the public.

Wagner Creek

WAGNER CREEK, March 15.—(Sp.)—Mr. and Mrs. John Wagner of Seattle and Mrs. Maggie Earsom of Medford visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Wolgast March 12.

Miss Wagner who has spent the

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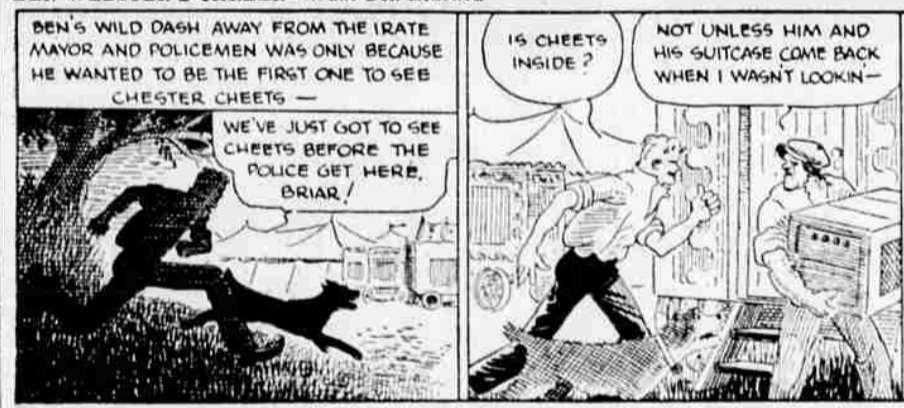
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