

5 GRAND GIFTS - **4** *100 PAGE BOOK OF FOOTBALL*
COLOURED PORTRAIT CARDS OF FOOTER STARS

The **PILOT** **2^D**

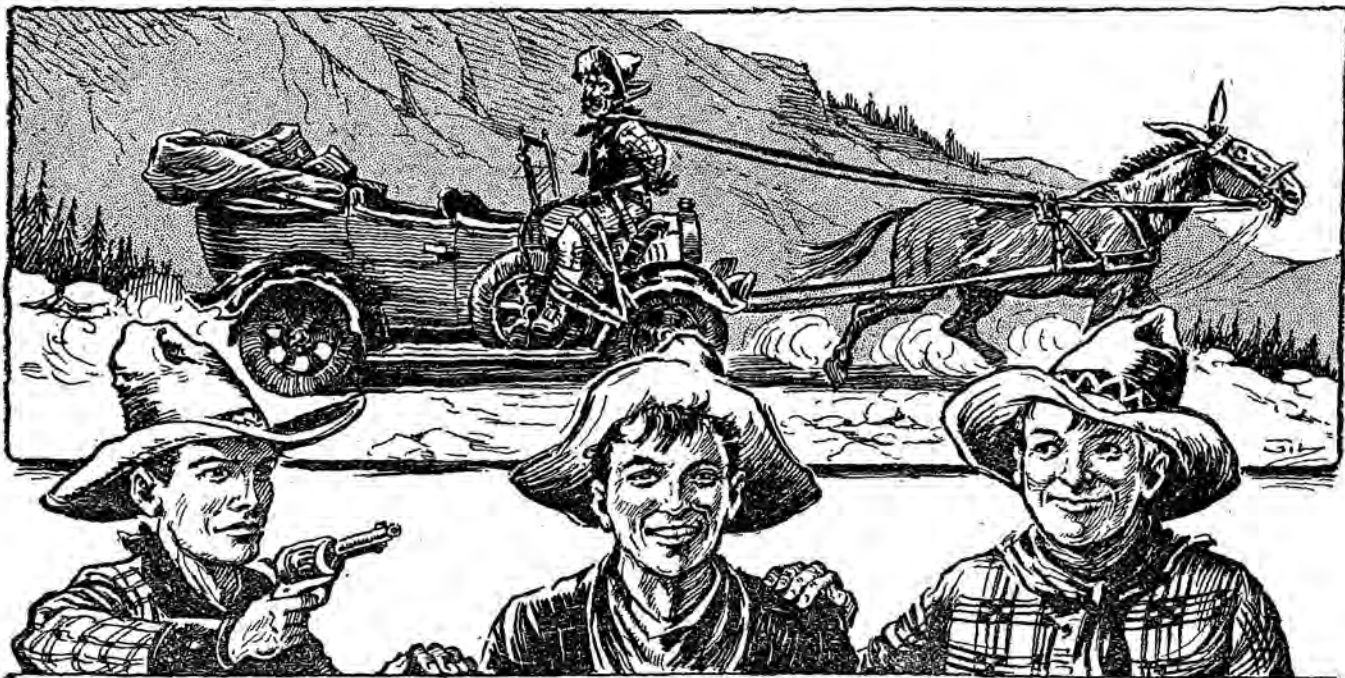
No 1 of *the GREAT NEW PAPER for READERS OF ALL AGES*



**WE HAVE A
SHORT WAY
WITH SPIES!**
Rasped the gunman

The **BOYS WHO
KNEW TOO MUCH**

KID, RED and DAN — THERE WASN'T ANY HARM IN THE BUNCH OF THEM, BUT FATE TURNED THEM INTO OUTLAWS. HERE IS THE THRILLING STORY OF HOW THEY BECAME—



The Outlawed Three

THAT doggoned marshal agin!" growled old Sam Oak.

There was a rattle of wheels on the sun-baked trail. The old rancher pushed back his stetson, drew his horny hand across his perspiring forehead, and stared grimly at the ramshackle remains of a motor-car which was crawling up the trail from Bullwhacker.

He frowned at the sight of Hardfist Hall, marshal of Bullwhacker, who was seated at the wheel. But Dan and Kid and Red grinned.

Dan Oak, Kid Byrne, and Tom Redway were rubbing down horses in front of the dilapidated old rancho on the bank of the Rio Rojo, under the blaze of the Arizona sun.

For miles along the river, and up the rocky slopes of the Mesa Mountains, old Sam's land extended—most of it barren rock and sagebrush. Sam and his three nephews scraped a bare living out of it. It was only affection for the old man, who had cared for them from childhood, that kept the three boys there. The place ached with poverty. The old rancho, patched and repaired times out of number, was almost a ruin. There was little feed for cattle, and very few cattle to feed, for Sam's stock was limited to a few cows and a bunch of broncos. Whenever he sold a horse to a puncher in a ranch outfit there was a brief period of plenty at Rojo. Between whiles there were lean times.

"I'll say Hardfist is a sticker!" remarked Dan. "How many times has he offered to buy the ranch, nunk?"

"More'n I can remember!" grunted Sam.

"And why won't you sell, you old benehead, you?" asked Kid, with a wink at Dan and Red, who grinned.

"Ain't I told you, heap times, that there's gold on this land?" grunted the old man. "Ain't you prospected for it, you 'uns, since you was big enough to carry a miner's pick?"

"We sure have!" grinned Red. "But we ain't raised any, nunk. I guess your old popper was dreaming when he fancied he potted pay-dirt up in the mesa."

"Bill Hall don't reckon he was dreaming!" ranted Sam. "He sure don't want to buy this land to feed cattle. He's offered to buy me

out a heap times, and now hyer he comes to say it all over agin."

Bill Hall stopped his ancient car before the rancho, and old Sam, leaving the boys, walked across to meet him.

Dan and Kid and Red watched him rather curiously. For years they had been used to old Sam's belief that the barren lands of Rojo were rich in gold—if only it could be found. Many and many a time they had gone searching in the rocky arroyos and draws of the mesa; but never a gleam of the yellow metal had rewarded them. They had lost all faith in it. Yet it was a standing puzzle to them why Marshal Hall wanted to buy the ranch.

"Mornin', marshal!" grunted old Sam. "But I guess you can pack up afore you begin chewing the rag. I ain't selling, like I've told you twenty times already. You're wasting your time."

A grim smile came over the marshal's hard face.

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"I guess that ain't the business that's brought me here this time, Sam Oak," he said. "But the offer's still open, if you want to trade. I'll put up a thousand dollars for the ranch."

"Forget it!" said Sam.

"Aw, you doggoned obstinate old geck!" growled Hall. "You're getting old, Sam Oak, and you sure won't last long, and I guess you ought to be thinking of the boys. What's this patch of desert worth to them? Yct you could give them a start with a thousand bucks—"

"Pack it up, marshal!" said old Sam tersely. "If you got business hyer, shoot! If not, I guess I'm busy."

"You said it!" agreed Hall. "I got business here. I guess I'll put it plain. Last

week you sold a bronc to a man at Paek Mule. Mustang Dave, at Bullwhacker, allows that that cayuse is his'n, and was rustled from his corral three months ago. What you got to say to that?"

The old rancher trembled with rage.

"I got this to say!" he gasped. "Mustang Dave is your side-kicker, as every galoot in the county knows, and if he says that the cayuse was his'n, he's a liar, Marshal Hall, and you're another liar, and worse! You've framed this up just because I won't sell out to you!"

Sam had slipped his quirt under his arm. Now he slid it down into his hand. He brandished it before the marshal's face.

"Git off my land!" he roared. "Beat it, you lobo-wolf! Beat it pronto, afore I quirt you a few!"

Hall's eyes glittered under his knitted brows.

"Can it!" he snarled. "I'm telling you—" He broke off, with a yell of rage, as the quirt lashed him. Dan and Kid and Red looked on breathlessly. In his rage, old Sam Oak struck, and struck again. Hall reeled to right and left, but he could not dodge the furious rain of blows.

"Gee-whiz!" breathed Dan. "There's sure going to be trouble!"

"I'm telling you to beat it!" roared Sam. "Git that iron bedstead of yours moving, you doggoned coyote! By the great horned toad, I'll sure quirt you a few more if you don't beat it pronto!"

The marshal of Bullwhacker staggered out of the car. He stood panting, crimson with fury, and dragged at the six-gun in his belt. In a moment more the gun would have been out, and the old rancher would have dropped with a bullet through his body. But in that moment, Dan Oak grabbed up the bucket of water he had been using to wash down the horses. He jerked it forward, and the water streamed in the marshal's face.

Hall staggered back, drenched, and blind for the moment. Red was on him in a second, tearing the revolver from his grasp. He flung it into the air, and it dropped with a splash into the river.

The marshal dashed the water from his eyes. Mad with rage, he made a jump at Red. But Dan was rushing at him, with the bucket in his grasp. He slammed it down on the marshal's head, and it fairly bounced him, the rim crashing on his broad shoulders. Hardfist Hall went staggering wildly away, while the three pals roared with laughter.

"I guess you want to beat it, marshal!" grinned old Sam. "Boot him out, you 'uns!" "I'll say we will!" grinned Dan. "And we'll fix him in such a way that he sure won't come up here visitin' any more."

And Dan and his pals went about that task in their own mischievous way. They roped the marshal to the bonnet of his flivver before they took the bucket from his head. Then they harnessed an old mule to the front axle of the ramshackle car.

"Hyer! You can't do this thing to me!" howled Hall, struggling furiously.

"Your mistake, feller!" chuckled Dan. "It's happened."

With that he touched up the mule with a quirt, and started the animal off down the trail to Bullwhacker. Behind the mule rolled the ancient car, with the helpless marshal yelling blue murder.

"Explain that lot off when you git into town!" yelled Dan, after the rocking car.

And it took Marshal Hall quite a lot of explaining when he did arrive in Bullwhacker.

PICK on shoulder, Kid Byrne stared up the rocky, steep arroyo, down which the water came tumbling, with showers of spray. High up in the mesa, the Rio Rojo was a mountain torrent, leaping from rock to rock, cascade to cascade. It was not easy to climb the steep bank between the tumbling water, and the rugged side of the ravine. But Kid, slim though he was, was hard as nails. He slung his pick over his shoulder, jammed his stetson firmly on his curly head, and started up the rugged path.

Dan and Red were left behind in the lower canyon. The three boys were prospecting in the mesa—hunting for old Sam's mythical gold-mine. Hundreds of times they had prospected, but luck had never come their way. There was gold in the section—only ten miles from the old rancho was the mining-camp of Pack-Mule, where the great stampmills roared with incessant din. But on old Sam's land they had never found a speck of pay-dirt so far. It was rather to humour the old man than for any other reason that they kept up the quest; though there was always the lingering hope of "striking it rich."

"Hokey! It's not!" murmured Kid, stopping to rest and fan his burning face with his stetson.

There was a footstep on the rocks, and he spun round, surprised.

"You!" he exclaimed.

He stared at Hardfist Hall. The meeting in that solitary untrodden ravine in the heart of the mesa, surprised him—and he could see that the marshal of Bullwhacker was equally startled.

"What are you doing here, Hall?" demanded Kid. He stared at the hard-featured, black-bearded face of the marshal with grim suspicion.

Hall's hand flew for one moment to the butt of the six-gun in his belt. It was some days since his visit to the Rojo ranch, and his black look told that he had not forgotten what had happened there. But he released his gun-butt the next moment.

"You've no right to prospect on my uncle's land, Bill Hall!" snapped Kid.

"Who's prospecting?" grunted Hall.

Kid's lip curled.

"I guess you never came up here to look for lost cows! Your best move is to get back to your ranch at Bullwhacker, Bill Hall! If there's gold on Sam Oak's land, it's not for you to raise."

Hardfist looked at him quietly and grimly.

"There's gold on old Sam's land!" he said.

"His father picked nuggets out of the Rojo years and years ago, and where there was some I'll say there's more! I guess if the land belonged to me I'd raise it fast enough."

"The land don't belong to you, and never will!" retorted Kid. "What's more, you sure ain't prospecting here. You're going—and I'm

seeing you go!" He pointed down the rugged bank of the stream. "That's your way, marshal, and I'm starting you."

Hardfist laughed defiantly. Kid's pick was in his hands, but he had no other weapon.

As the boy advanced on him, grim and determined, his hand flew to the six-gun again. This time he pulled.

But even as the revolver left its holster, Kid lashed out with the pick. There was a crash as it struck the gun from the marshal's hand, and the weapon whirled through the air and splashed into the fall of the Rojo.

A yell of rage broke from the marshal of Bullwhacker. With the spring of a tiger, he hurled himself at Kid.

Kid Byrne dropped the pick and grappled with him.

On the rugged rock, almost on the verge of the waterfall, they wrestled and struggled.

The marshal was a powerful man, but Kid was a match for him. The cowboy was strong and sturdy, wiry and tough, active as a cat. In muscle he was no match for the black-bearded man, but he held his own.

Suddenly, he hooked Hall's leg and the marshal, slipping on the wet rock, went crashing over.

He lay panting. Kid stood over him panting, too. His eyes gleamed down at the marshal of Bullwhacker.

"You'll git!" he said between his teeth. "Or, by hoker, I'll paste you to glory! Git off old Sam's land."

Hall leaped to his feet. The marshal's face was crimson with rage; his eyes burning. He rushed at the boy, driving him back by sheer weight.

Back went Kid—and back! He would have rallied in a moment or two—and renewed the fight. But the wet rock, slippery from the spray of the Rojo, was his undoing. He slipped and staggered, and for a second received the crashing fists of the marshal full on his chest. A second more and he went backwards over the bank of the torrent, falling head-long into the rushing water.

A cry broke from Kid as he plunged under. He had an instant's glimpse of the hard, black-bearded face staring after him. Then he was under water, torn away helplessly by the rushing torrent.

His head came up in a whirl of foam, a roar of waters. Kid could swim well—but in that torrent he tossed like a cork. He struggled frantically, but still went rushing down the stream. The fall was below—where the

Rojo dropped thirty feet over an edge of rock, to a lower level of the ravine. If he was swept over that fall—

He fought madly for his life. Once his fingers touched the rocky bank, and he clutched, but he was torn away again.

A deafening roar was in his ears. Whirled over and over like a log of driftwood, he was rushed over the fall. Water, in crashing tons, thundered on his head. Down—and down—and down—his senses whirling and spinning. Down—to terrible death on the sharp rocks and whirling waters below!

KID wondered if he was dreaming.

The roar of the waters was still in his ears; spray was falling on him.

The rocks echoed with thundering sound. Where was he—what had happened?

He was in water—shallow water, almost calm under the thunder of the falls. He dragged himself to his feet, standing with water swishing round his shoulders, and staring dazedly about him.

For the first few moments it seemed quite dark to Kid's dizzy eyes. Then he could see—in a dim twilight! Water was rushing past him from above—a screen of water that shut off the daylight. He realised he was behind the fall in a hollow of the cliff over which it tumbled. A hundred times he had clambered up and down the Rojo ravine and never dreamed that there was anything but solid rock under the waterfall. Now he found himself in a deep, dusky cavern, extending far back into the earth.

He had dropped through the waterfall, not to be dashed among the rocks of the lower stream, but into the pool in the cavern under the fall. He stared round him and swam and waded till he dragged himself from the water.

The pool extended twenty feet or more into the cavern. Beyond, the ground was higher, and he was able to crawl out. Round him was dimness, but as his eyes became accustomed to the gloom he could make out his surroundings. Glinting sunlight came through the screen of dropping water at the cavern's mouth.

Kid grinned breathlessly.

"Gee! I guess Hall figures that I'm gone!" he muttered. "By the great horn spoon, I guess I ought to be—but I ain't—I sure ain't!"

There was no doubt that the marshal of Bullwhacker must believe him dead. But Kid was very much alive, and little the worse for his ducking when he had recovered his breath.

"Kid, old-timer, I guess you want to beat it out of this!" he said to himself.

He found a narrow, rocky ledge a foot or more above the pool at the side of the cavern. By stepping along it he could reach the opening under the falling torrent. He was about to try his luck when he stopped suddenly—and stood staring—with blank, astonished, almost unbelieving eyes.

On the rocky floor of the cavern, almost at his feet, lay an object that, familiar enough to his eyes elsewhere, was amazing to see in that hidden cavern under the waterfall.

It was an old rusted miner's pick!

The wooden handle was almost rotted away. The iron head was deeply bitten with rust. For years, evidently—many a long, long year—it had lain there! Kid's heart gave a mighty jump.

That cavern under the waterfall, which he had thought utterly unknown to any other, had been trodden by human feet before! Some lonely prospector had penetrated there in search of gold—the miner's pick was proof of that!

Kid caught his breath. He hardly dared believe what flashed into his mind. Old Sam's tale of gold in the mesa—was it true? Old Sam's father had found gold, long years ago, but he had died under a rustler's bullet, and his secret had died with him. That was the tale that old Sam had always told. Had old Sam, after all, got it right? Was this the hidden place where that old miner, in the early days of Arizona, had dug out nuggets?

Leaving the rotted pick where it lay, Kid searched along the cavern. He was accustomed to the gloom now; the twilight did not trouble his keen eyes. He gave a sudden



Bonneted by the water-bucket, the marshal of Bullwhacker staggered wildly away, leaving Dan, Kid, and Red roaring with laughter. But they didn't know to what lengths Hardfist Hall would go to get his vengeance on them!

cry. He had stumbled on the rotted remains of a miner's leather sack.

Through the gloom came a gleam—a faint gleam of yellow! Falling on his knees, Kid groped in the rotten sack. The fragments fell from his fingers—which closed on a rugged lump! Even in the gloom of the cavern, it gleamed and glistened.

Trembling, Kid carried it back towards the clearer light under the fall. In the sunlight glimmering through the screen of water he stared at it—gold!

It was a nugget—a nugget of almost pure gold weighing, he calculated, over a pound! Over a pound of gold—with gold at over thirty dollars an ounce! That one lump in his hand was worth five hundred dollars!

"Gee!" breathed Kid.

Eager as he was to find more gold, he was still more eager to carry the great news to his comrades—to carry it to old Sam at the rancho. He crammed the nugget into his pocket. Then he stepped along the ledge at the side of the cavern to reach the opening.

The way was easier than he had counted on. Perhaps it had been made easier by a miner's pick, for he knew now that old Abe Oak, Sam's father, must have entered and left many a time in those old days when he had worked the claim for gold.

The end of the ledge projected through the dripping water. Standing in falling spray, Kid could see that ledges and points of rock gave handhold and foothold, so that he could climb up the rugged bank beside the water-fall.

Drenched to the skin, but heedless of soaking spray, Kid clambered out, and in a few minutes stood on the high bank in the ravine. Shaking the water in great drops from his clothes, he started down the arroyo at a run for the lower canyon.

"**S**AY, whose cayuse?" exclaimed Red.

Big Dan Oak stopped and stared at the tethered bronco tied up under the shade of a rock by the river. Since Kid had left them and gone up the ravine by the torrent, Dan and Red had been working along the bank of the Rojo, broader and slower in the wide canyon. They had come suddenly on the black bronco. At the second glance, Dan Oak recognised the animal.

"I guess that's Marshal Hall's cayuse!" he said.

"You said it!" agreed Red. He glanced round quickly. "That means that Hall's here—on our land! What's his game?"

"Fossicking, same as we are!" grunted Dan. "Looking for sign of old Sam's goldmine, I reckon. the pizen skunk. He wouldn't want anything else up here in the mesa. Say—"

He broke off suddenly. Something that whirled and spun in the river, borne down from the torrent in the ravine, caught his eye. It was a stetson hat. Dan's eyes fixed on the whirling hat in the water, and he gave a cry:

"Kid's stetson!"

He plunged waist-deep in the river and grabbed the hat as it whirled past on the current. Red watched him as he came scrambling back to the bank, the soaked and crumpled stetson in his hand.

Red found his voice. He spoke huskily.

"It's durned dangerous up the ravine! But Kid ain't the guy to take a tumble into the water—he sure ain't—"

Dan shut his teeth hard.

"Bill Hall's around," he said. "Here's his cayuse, and Hall himself sure ain't far off. If there's been foul play—"

"Listen!" breathed Red.

A clatter of hurrying feet sounded on the rocks of the canyon from the direction of the ravine.

The two boys looked round and sighted a man in the distance. A minute later they recognised Hardfist Hall—hurrying breathlessly towards the spot where they stood. The marshal of Bullwhacker was coming back for his horse—coming at a hurrying run, his face white and strained. And he came from the arroyo, whence Kid's hat had whirled down on the torrent a few minutes ago.

He did not see the boys till he was close on them. Then he stopped, his hand shooting to his belt. But the gun he had carried was gone.

Dan's eyes met Red's. There had been foul play in the ravine up by the torrent; they both felt that.

Hardfist Hall came on towards his horse. Dan stepped into his way, his jaw set grimly.

"Where's the Kid Byrne, marshal?" he asked. "What you done to Kid?"

Hall pulled himself together. "Kid Byrne?" he repeated. "What'd I know about him? I guess I ain't met up with him."

"That's a durned lie!" said Dan between his teeth. "Kid went up the arroyo, and he must have passed you—unless you stopped him! You've sure seen him. What you done to Kid, you lobo-wolf?"

He held up the drenched hat. Hall stared at it with starting eyes.

"You've lost your gun!" said Dan. "I guess you lost it about the same time that Kid lost his hat! You met up with him, up the ravine—and you sure pulled on him—and him unarmed! What you done to him? Spill it, you hound."

Hall, setting his teeth, made a spring towards the bronco. Dan's grasp was on him the same moment.

With all his strength, the marshal of Bullwhacker strove to tear himself loose. But Red's grasp was added to Dan's, and he was dragged over on the rocky earth. They pinned him down on the rocks.

"Let up!" panted the marshal. "Let up! I'll sure have you in the calaboose at Bullwhacker for this—"

Dan shook him savagely.

"I guess you won't see Bullwhacker agin, marshal, if Kid has passed in his chips! Red, get that rope off'n his cayuse, and hogtie the galoot while I keep him cinched."

There was a coiled lasso at the marshal's saddle-bow. Red snatched it and cut a length from it, while the marshal struggled wildly on his back, pinned down by Dan's sinewy knee. Hard and savagely he struggled, but Big Dan kept him pinned, while Red dragged his wrists together and pinned them.

Then the marshal was allowed to rise to his feet, his face burning with fury, his hands tied behind his back. He stood panting, wrenching fiercely at his bonds. Dan's eyes gleamed at him.

"Stick him on his cayuse, Red!"

Red lent a hand, without asking questions. The burly marshal was slammed into the saddle, and Dan cast loose the black bronco.

"Bring that rope along!" he snapped, as he led the horse away.

Red followed him, lasso in hand.

At a little distance, where there was a fertile

patch on the bank of the Rojo, like an oasis in the barren canyon, a tall cottonwood grew. Dan halted the bronco under its great branches.

He made a sign to Red, who threw the lasso over a branch directly over the rider's head. The noose came dangling down, and Dan slipped it round the neck of the marshal of Bullwhacker.

Hall's face was deathly white now. With his hands bound, he could make no resistance. Dan fastened the end of the rope to a rock. A touch on the horse now, and it would pass on from under the marshal of Bullwhacker, leaving him swinging on the rope.

Hall stared wildly at the boys. But their faces were hard, set, and merciless.

"Now you going to spill it?" snarled Dan Oak. "What you done with Kid?"

"You pulled on him up in the arroyo?" muttered Red.

Bill Hall gasped.

"I'll swear I never shot him up!" he panted huskily. "He ordered me off the ranch, and—and—he went over the fall of the Rojo! I never meant—"

"You dog-goned coyote!" Dan gritted, between his teeth. "What was you doing on our land? Kid's gone down in the fall of the Rojo, and I guess he'll never come out of it alive—you murderer!"

"Kid—dead!" muttered Red, and his face worked. "Dan, that dog-goned murderer ain't going to ride back to Bullwhacker, leaving our pard dead in the mesa! I'm telling you—"

"That murderer's going to hang at the end of his own rope!" said Dan fiercely.

"Ride me to Bullwhacker!" breathed Hall. "I'm ready to face a trial!"

"Where all your gang would pull guns to see you through!" said Dan. "I guess if we rode you into Bullwhacker, you pizen skunk, and charged you with murder, it would be the last thing we'd do this side of Jordan! Make the most of the five minutes you've got left, Hall! You're a hard man, and a bad one, and I guess you got plenty on your conscience! You've shot up better men than yourself and got away with it! But you ain't getting away with this! Five minutes, and you swing!"

He grasped the marshal's own quirt, holding it ready to lash the waiting bronco. There was no mercy in his tanned, lean face, or in Red's. A life for a life was the law of the mountains!

The marshal of Bullwhacker sat in the saddle, the sweat pouring down his hard face in great drops. He panted huskily.

"You'd never dare—"

"Time's going!" said Dan grimly. "Don't waste it!"

The marshal's eyes swept wildly over the solitary canyon. There was no help, no hope! For mile on mile the Rio Rojo rolled—a barren, mountainous country, seldom ridden. No sign of a human being; no sign of life at all, save the lizards crawling on the hot rocks and a black vulture, high up, winging in the blue! Silence and solitude—and the grim shadow of death! He licked his drp lips.

"Time's up!" said Dan curtly.

A cry broke from the doomed man, sitting bound on his horse, as Dan raised the whip to lash. It was a husky, incoherent cry. As if in answer to it came a shout, ringing and echoing down the rocky canyon.

Hall started convulsively. Dan dropped his arm, the quirt sagging in his hand. Red leaped almost clear of the ground. Then, with a bound, he was at the horse's head, grasping the bridle. For the shout that rang and echoed down the canyon was the voice of Kid Byrne!

KID, hatless, still wet from the waters of the Rojo, came panting down the rugged canyon. As he came, he shouted—and shouted again. The golden nugget was in his hand now, gleaming and glistening in the sun. The great rocks hid the group under the cottonwood from his eyes. But he knew that Dan and Red were somewhere in the Rojo canyon, and he shouted again and again, his joyous call ringing and echoing far and wide.

"Say, Dan! Red! I've struck it!" came Kid's yell.

(Continued on page 27.)

HE KNEW!



"Mention any two great National figures, Johnnie—quick!"

"1,500 metres and 261.1 metres, sir."

tree-trunk and the explorer counted, roughly, eighty sleeping forms.

"Go back, Sammy!" whispered Richards. "Awake the others—silently. Bring them within a hundred paces. Tell Baas Wilson to have many rifles fired and make much noise to alarm these sleepers. Many will flee, and maybe I'll catch one that we can make talk. Hurry!"

Nearly half an hour elapsed. The sentry dozed on. Richards kept a sharp look out, but the M'Bela slept soundly.

Then pandemonium broke out! Wild and fierce yells rent the air, the jungle echoed to the crack of rifle and revolver shots.

The M'Bela sprang to their feet. This kind of attack was new to them. With wild shrieks they broke and ran, many of them leaving their weapons behind them.

Then Garry Richards had the shock of his life.

He saw Jack Scotton! The young leader of the fighting men had scrambled to his feet. Panic had not seized him. He was not scared, but mystified.

Garry Richards leaped forward and faced Jack Scotton.

"Don't kill! I am a friend!" cried the explorer in the M'Bela dialect.

Wilson and Ambrose Scotton came hurrying forward now. The white boy stared.

These were men of his own race—men whose white faces stirred almost forgotten memories.

He dropped his hands, looked round, and saw that his M'Bela fighting men had vanished. His head then dropped in surrender.

He expected death at the hands of his captors and waited submissively for the end with all the courage of a jungle warrior. Yet the hand of death never reached out at him; his ju-jus—those certificates and the wedding-ring his dead and gone mother had pressed into his keeping—set the white men talking and arguing eagerly, once they had pried into the little goatskin bag he carried at his waist.

Wilson came towards him, his face alive with excitement, his hand outstretched.

"My lord," he said gravely, "we have come far to find the lost Earl of Claremont, and you are he. These documents you carry and your mother's wedding-ring prove that beyond all doubt."

The eyes of She-ack flickered; his heart began to beat wildly. His mother's words came back to him in a flood:

"Some day they will find you and take you back where you belong—"

Wilson was speaking again and She-ack listened to him gravely.

"We must break camp, return to the coast, and take ship to England without delay."

"England?" echoed She-ack.

Wilson smiled.

"That is the country to which you belong. There you will be sent to a great school. You will forget that you are a warrior of the M'Bela. From this day forth you will be known as Jack Scotton, Earl of Claremont."

To She-ack, Earl of Claremont, this is the beginning of a new world. His heart recoils at the thought of leaving the wild life of the jungle behind. But his destiny is as unalterable as the stars. In this far-away England he will go to school; he will make friends; he will make enemies. Already the evil mind of Ambrose Scotton, the uncle who never thought to see him alive, is plotting, scheming to dispossess the young cannibal of the title which is his birthright. In next week's chapters of this epic story you will see She-ack, the World's Wildest Boy, at Britain's Poshest School.

BILL PLAYED FOR THE BOOKIES!

(Continued from page 20.)

to the agreement—I only wanted to get my hands on proof of their crookedness."

"Why didn't you come straight away to us? It would have been the easiest course," Mr. Deane said gently.

"I know, sir," Bill's frank eyes met the manager's challengingly. "But not the best course. There was a spy in the camp, you see, sir. Creech! If I'd come to you and blown the gaff, the gang would have been warned, would have escaped, and the racket would have gone on."

The superintendent nodded slowly. Mr. Deane pursed his lips.

"It might have been worth it but for this robbery, Randall," the manager said. "A fraction harder blow and poor Capel would have been dead."

"I didn't know he was going to be attacked, sir. My only instructions were to take the bag and carry it to the car. You can see that on the paper they gave me."

"Take the bag from whom, Randall?" the super asked.

"From that fellow they call Domino. He was under the stand, waiting around, with a steward's badge on. When I took the bag I'd no idea he'd downed poor Mr. Capel."

"And when you got to the car?"

"Steinberg was in it, and Glevs. They were all right for a bit. It was when they got to the house they turned on me. They seemed afraid of me and gagged me, putting me in a straight jacket in that room where Mac and Jack found me. In some way they must have got word that—"

"They did," Jack sprang forward eagerly. "Creech found your letter to Mr. Deane and opened it. He dashed to the telephone and rang up Steinberg. I know, because he got me to get the number."

Mac Rentfrew confirmed Jack's words.

"Is that all right, then, sir?" Jack went on. "Are you quite satisfied now—about Bill?"

"All right, my boy!" exclaimed Mr. Deane warmly. "I should think it is. It would have been worth losing a score of matches to rout out this nest of scoundrels. And don't worry about your brother being ordered off," he added, smiling. "I'll see that a private report goes to the proper quarter, without delay."

It was a happy trio who later came out of the Rovers' office and hailed a taxi.

"We thought Bill was playing for the bookies," Jack said happily. "and all the while he was playing with them. He beat them all in the end, didn't he, Mac?"

Mac grinned in his slow way as he swung into the cab beside them.

"Ay," he said. "Bill beat 'em down and I beat 'em up!"

It was the only joke he'd ever been known to make!

"Tiger" Herne they called him, and was he tough! Gee, there was only one other convict in the prison who came within a yard of him for toughness—and that was Mike Cavan. How these two "BROAD-ARROW MEN" set the whole world talking with their daring escape from prison, and their subsequent adventures, is told to you in even more thrilling fashion than the story you have just read. "BROAD-ARROW MEN" is the special extra long complete story in store for you next Friday. It's human, it's thrilling, it's mysterious—it's the perfect story!

THE OUTLAWED THREE

(Continued from page 10.)

"Kid!" yelled Red. "This way—goldam my boots!"

There was a trampling of running feet, and Kid came in sight.

"I've struck it!" he yelled, breathless, his eyes dancing. "Say, you guys, look! I'll tell all Arizona old Sam wasn't dreaming—or, if he was, his dream's come true! I've struck it, and struck it rich!"

Dan and Red rushed to meet him. They blinked at the shining nugget in his hand.

"Gold!" panted Red.

"Don't I keep on telling you I've struck it?" grinned Kid. "Say, I reckon old Sam will smile a few when he gives this the once-over! I guess—" He broke off, and stared at the marshal of Bullwhacker. Hall's eyes were blazing at the nugget in his hand. "Say, what you got him fixed up that-a-way for?"

Dan explained.

"Forget it!" grinned the Kid. "I'll tell you—" He checked himself. "I guess I ain't chewing the rag for that lobo-wolf to hear—nope! It sure ain't no thanks to him that I'm still alive, old-timer! But I guess I'm still kicking, and you can let that lobo-wolf beat it!"

Dan Oak went back to the horse. With a slash of his knife, he cut the cords that bound the marshal's hands, and threw off the lasso.

"Beat it, you!" snapped Dan. "I reckon you'll never be nearer to going up the flume, marshal, than you've been to-day; and I'll tell you your best guess is to ride clear of Sam Oak's land and of our bunch! Beat it!"

Dan struck the marshal's horse a sharp blow on the flank, and the horse jumped and shied, and broke into a gallop. Once Hall looked back, and the Kid, with a grin, waved the gleaming nugget at him in farewell.

With eager faces, the boys examined the nugget. It was success—success after all these years! Fortune had favoured them at last!

"And I guess Bill Hall helped some, though he never meant, and ain't wise to it!" grinned Kid. "He put me on to it by pitching me into the fall of the Rojo! Say, you 'uns, I guess we want to beat it for the ranch, pronto!"

The three started for home, swinging down the rocky canyon with rapid strides. As they came out of the canyon, down the steep slopes of the Mesa, Dan shaded his eyes with his hand and stared across the plain stretching at the foot of the hills. Far in the distance, a spot on the plain, lay the Rojo ranch. But nearer at hand was a moving speck on the plain, tiny in the distance, but clearly visible in the sunlight—a horseman riding hard.

Dan's eyes gleamed.

"That's Hall—and he ain't heading for Bullwhacker! He's heading for the ranch! He knows we've struck gold, and I guess his game is to put it across Sam before old Sam knows!"

"Put it on!" snapped Dan. They raced down the rugged hillside. But far ahead of them, heading for the ranch, the marshal of Bullwhacker was riding like the wind.

Marshal Hall is riding hell-for-leather for the Rojo Ranch. If he can get old Sam Oak's signature to a deed selling his land, the villainous marshal will become the owner of the gold mine Kid has discovered. It's a gamble for a fortune—with the dice heavily loaded against the three young punchers. The finish of the race is vividly told in next week's thrilling chapters of this live Western. WHO WINS?

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