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The PILOT 2^D

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The GREAT NEW PAPER FOR READERS OF ALL AGES



RUTHLESSLY, RELENTLESSLY, THE RASCALLY MARSHAL OF BULLWHACKER PLANS HIS VENGEANCE . . . THE VENGEANCE THAT IS TO MAKE KID, RED, AND DAN NOTORIOUS AS—

The Outlawed THREE



DAN OAK stirred uneasily in his sleep, and awakened.

The hot Arizona day had been followed by a windy night. The ancient timbers of the crazy, old Rojo ranch-house creaked and rattled in the wind that whistled down from the Mesa Mountains. Dan had been sleeping uneasily, his dreams haunted by the hard, black-bearded face of Hardfist Hall, the marshal of Bullwhacker.

He sat up in his blankets and peered through the darkness about him. Kid Byrne and Tom Redway, his fellow cowpunchers on the ranch, were sleeping soundly. The room had a window opening on to the veranda, and a creaking old shutter swung loose in the wind, letting in a glimmer of starlight. Dan could make out the plump face of Red—and the handsome features of Kid, which wore a smile as he slept. He was dreaming, perhaps, of the rich gold-mine which the boys had found two days ago on their uncle's ranch, up in the mesa—and perhaps he was dreaming, too, of the way the punchers had put paid to the rascally schemes of Marshal Hall, who had tried to get that gold-mine for himself.

For years old Sam Oak, the owner of the Rojo rancho, had talked of a lost mine on his land, and for years he and his three nephews had searched for it. Hardfist Hall had searched, too!

It had been through a fight between Hall and the Kid that the Kid, thrown headlong into the Rio Rojo waterfall, had discovered the lost mine in a cave under the fall itself, and Hall, mad with rage, had tried to force old Sam to sign a deed selling his ranch at the point of the gun. But Dan, Kid, and Red had put paid to that scheme, and the last they had seen of Hall had been when, earlier that night, they had left him bound and helpless in his own office, swearing vengeance.

Dan sat up in bed and listened. Something had awakened him, and he knew instinctively it was not the wind.

There was a stirring in the adjoining room, where old Sam Oak, the cowboys' uncle, slept. Dan could hear the old rancher moving; and a sound on the wall told him that Sam was taking down his shotgun from its hook. Then another sound came—a creak from the crazy wooden veranda in front of the rancho. Dan caught his breath. It was a footstep!

A glimmer of light came under the door; Sam had lighted a candle in the next room. Evidently the old rancher had also heard the creeping footsteps outside, and had taken the alarm.

Dan slipped from his bed. He hurried on a few clothes, stepped to the door, and opened it. In the candle-light he saw old Sam, half-dressed, loading the shotgun, with a grim expression on his wrinkled, tanned visage. The old rancher gave a start as he saw the boy in the doorway.

"I heard some guy on the veranda, Sam!" said Big Dan, in a low voice. "I guess it's Marshal Hall—he's been mighty sore since we handed him in his office at Bullwhacker. But—"

Sam Oak shook his grizzled head.

"It wouldn't be the marshal," he answered. "What'd the marshal be doin', creeping round like a hoss-thief in the dark?"

GOLD was the lure that turned the law-abiding marshal of a Western State into as big a crook as any he had ever hunted.

There was another loud creak from the dry, old timber of the veranda. This time it came from the wooden steps that led down to the yard. Old Sam grinned.

"I guess that guy's spotted the candle-light, Dan, and he's beating it! Mebbe it's the Jadson gang after the hosses—they're sure the durndest hoss-thieves in Tontine County. Open the door, boy."

The door from Sam's room gave on to the veranda. Dan lifted down the bar and threw it open.

Old Sam, with the shotgun in his horny hands, stepped out, the planks creaking under his feet. Dan followed him, taking a six-gun in his hand.

Outside, the windy night was clear. Bright stars glittered down from a dark blue sky. Away to the north the high ridges of the Mesa Mountains barred the starlit plain. Down from the mesa, like a silvery streak, ran the murmuring waters of the River Rojo. Old Sam moved to the rail, and stood staring across the yard to the corral. There were half a dozen broncos in the corral; but they were not stirring, and he could see that the corral bar was still in place.

Dan joined his uncle at the veranda rail. His keen eyes swept over the starlit yard. Where the starshine fell, all was clear to the view; but there were black shadows under the corral wall, and the shadow of the fence lay in elongated black bars. No one was to be seen—but anyone might have been skulking in cover of the black shadows.

"I guess I'll give the yard the once-over," said Dan.

He went down the steps, leaving old Sam watching, with his shotgun resting on the rail. The yard ran twice a lasso's length to the fence, and Dan disappeared from his uncle's sight among the shadows. With the Colt gripped in his hand, Dan hunted along the fence.

He caught his breath suddenly. A glint of starlight under the shadowy fence gleamed on his eyes. Between two of the posts a six-gun was pushed through from outside.

Dan could not see the hand that held it—but the glint of the barrel flashed on his sight. It was not aimed towards him; it was likely that the man outside the fence did not know that he was there, as he came quietly along. It was

aimed at the veranda where old Sam stood clear in the starlight at the rail.

Dan gave a cry and leaped forward. Even as he moved, the shot rang.

Crack! He was so close to the gun, that he felt the wind of the bullet as it passed. The sudden roar of the revolver, in the silence of the night, was almost like thunder. It was followed by a loud, terrible cry from the veranda and a heavy fall.

Dan spun round, his face white. He heard the clatter of the ranch-owner's shotgun as it fell—he heard the crash of old Sam's falling body on the planks.

For an instant Dan was spellbound. Then he raced back across the yard to the house. Whether another shot might strike him down as he ran, he neither knew nor cared; all his thought was for old Sam. But no shot came; no sound from the man with the six-gun, till a sudden clatter of horse's hoofs rang through the night. The murderer was fleeing.

But Dan gave him no thought. He leaped on the veranda and ran to the old rancher.

"Kid! Red!" he shouted.

The shot had awakened his comrades; he heard their voices within as he threw himself on his knees beside old Sam, his face white with horror. Crumpled on the planks, the old rancher lay, his tanned face colourless, his eyes closed, his shirt soaked crimson from the blood that ran from the wound, where the treacherous bullet had struck him fairly in the chest. Dead or dying, the old rancher lay still, while the man who had shot him down rode away into the night.

"SHOT!"

"Old Sam!"

Kid and Red stammered the words as they reached the spot where Dan knelt by the old rancher.

"Who—" panted Kid.

Dan choked.

"I saw the gun—through the fence—too late! I never saw the doggoned lobo-wolf that pulled trigger! Help me into the house with him! He's not dead—not dead—he can't be dead! Help me."

Old Sam uttered no sound, not the faintest moan, as the horrified punchers raised him and carried him back into his room.

They laid him on his bed, a still, ghastly figure. Red was speechless, aghast. Kid, set



"Stop him, boys!" roared the leader of the hold-up gang. "Let him have it!" The Kid's answer was to urge his horse to even greater speed, and he thundered down on the rustlers like a whirlwind. His best friend lay dying, and nobody was going to stop him fetching a doctor!

and grim, held the candle, while Dan, forcing himself to be cool, examined the old rancher's wound.

It was a terrible one, and the bullet was buried deep. All that Dan could do was to staunch the flow of blood and bind up the wound. There was a haunting terror in his heart that it was useless—that the kindly old man had been struck to death—a death that had been deliberately planned! But he detected a faint flutter of life.

"There's a chance—a chance!" he muttered. "We got to get the doctor to him. Doc Baker—" He groaned aloud. There was no doctor nearer than Doc Baker, at Parkville—thirty miles away across the plains. A ride of thirty miles—and old Sam lying in the shadow of death!

Kid shut his teeth hard. "We got to do it, Dan! You and Red stay with him—I'll ride for the doctor."

Dan nodded. The slim, light Kid was the best rider of the three. Kid Byrne could do it in the quickest time.

"Get to it, Kid!" he breathed. "Say, if that guy's still hanging about—" muttered Red.

"He's gone!" said Dan. "I heard his hoss—he lit out pronto after firing the shot! He came here to get old Sam—and he sure got him—and he beat it after! Get to it, Kid."

Caring little for the chance that the assassin might still be lurking in the shadows, Kid Byrne ran down into the yard and across to the corral.

Swiftly he picked out the fastest pony in the bunch, saddled and bridled the bronc and led him out at the gate. In hardly more than a minute the thudding of hoofs told Dan and Red, as they watched by the unconscious old rancher, that Kid was gone.

Kid could ride! He had carried off the prize at the rodeo at Parkville, riding against the punchers from all the surrounding ranches. But never, even at the rodeo, had Kid ridden as he rode now.

With his left hand hard on the reins, he whipped with the quirt in his right. Very rarely did the Kid use a quirt on horseflesh—but he used it now! His mount, swift and wiry as any pony in Arizona, seemed hardly to touch the earth with its lashing hoofs.

In an hour he was riding through a timber belt, and he knew the distance he had covered was already fifteen miles from Rojo. His horse was sweating even in the sharp wind—but the Kid did not let the bronc slacken.

Under the spreading branches of great cottonwood-trees that shut out the stars, the trail ran deep and dusky. But the Kid rode as hard as before.

He knew the Tontine trails like a book. It was yet an hour to dawn. He would reach Parkville soon after sun-up, and root Doc Baker out of his bed. Fast through the shadows he rode, then—

There was a clattering of hoofs, a jingling of bridles and spurs. Horsemen loomed in the

deep shadows on the timber trail. Kid Byrne stared round him. Who were these riders of the night? Not punchers from the ranches—

"Halt!" came a hoarse shout from the gloom. A rope whizzed in the air, and the Kid instinctively ducked to his pony's mane, so that the lasso slid over the back of his neck.

He gritted his teeth with rage. Time was precious—there was not a split second to spare, if old Sam's life was to be saved, and he had run into a gang of rustlers! A flash came from the darkness, the roar of a six-gun, and a bullet crashed among branches.

"Halt, you!" came the hoarse roar. Horsemen were riding round him—dim shadows looming. A hand clutched at his reins—the Kid brought down his quirt, hard and heavy and savage, and there was a yell of agony as a wrist cracked under the blow.

Another shot—missing wide in the dark. Teeth set, the Kid rode on madly! Rustlers—horse-thieves—if they got his horse from him, old Sam was a dead man!

He glimpsed a burly horseman, a bulldog jaw and a scarred face under a stetson! It was Jad Jadson—boss of the Jadson gang, the night-riders of Tontine County. Even in the dark the Kid knew Jad's scarred face and bulldog jaw. And it flashed into his mind that it could not have been the Jadsons who had shot up old Sam at Rojo—it was not possible, as he had ridden into the gang in the timber, fifteen miles from the ranch!

"Get him!" came Jad's savage shout. A horseman was riding on either side of the Kid—Jad Jadson on one side, one of his gang on the other.

But the Kid at that moment would have fought every horse-thief from the Rio Colorado to the Mexican frontier, rather than have yielded. A revolver almost touched him, in the grip of Jad Jadson, but he lashed out with his quirt, full across the scarred face, and Jad reeled in his saddle. The shot burned the Kid's shirt as the six-gun exploded, but it missed and fell from him—and the rider on his left pitched long from his horse, thudding to the ground, with Jad's bullet through his body.

The Kid galloped on. He was through! Jad, yelling with rage, was pumping bullets after him from his gun, but the Kid bent low in the saddle as he galloped, and the darkness and the shadows saved him.

Shot on shot, ringing from the darkness—thudding hoofs and yelling voices! But he was through the Jadson gang—he had left them behind. With whip and spur he drove his horse on; and the firing died away, the shouting and trampling sank in the silence of the night. The Kid had beaten them all!

He panted as he dashed out of the timber trail out on to the open prairie again.

The stars were paling towards dawn. Up from the east, from the mountains of New Mexico, came a glimmer of the rising sun.

Caked with sweat and dust, his horse lathered under him, the Kid rode—his face set, his eyes fixed.

The sun was up—the day gleamed down on the streets of Parkville, and the weary, dusty rider clattered into the town. He drew rein at long last at the door of Doc Baker's shack—threw himself staggering from the saddle and struck ringing blow after blow on the door with the heavy butt of his quirt.

DAN turned from the truckle-bed, from watching the wax-like face of the old rancher, still as death, as Red touched his arm. Red, the youngest of the three Rojo cowboys, plump and cheery, generally had a cheery grin on his ruddy face, a merry gleam in his eyes. But he was pale now, pale and worn.

He had brought Dan a can of steaming-hot coffee from the kitchen. Dan shook his head; then, to humour Red, he took the coffee and drank it, and he had to admit that it did him good.

The sun was up over the Rio Rojo, over the plains, and the Mesa Mountains. That morning the comrades had planned to start for the mesa, taking old Sam, to show him the spot where gold had been struck—to lay plans for the digging. But now they were not thinking of the gold that lay hidden in the river-cave up in the mesa. They would have given all the gold in the world to see old Sam on his feet again. Kid had been gone for hours—but it was thirty miles to ride to Parkville—thirty miles for the town doctor to drive back in his buckboard. They could not expect to see him yet.

Old Sam still lived! He lay like a log, senseless, scarcely breathing. But he breathed—he lived! There was hope in the boys' hearts—a faint hope.

Dan set the can on the table and looked at Red. The latter had gone to the door and was staring out into the morning sunlight. Dan's ears caught the sound of distant hoofs.

"It's the marshal from Bullwhacker, Dan!" said Red over his shoulder. "And he's got his bunch with him."

"I guess I'll be glad to see Hardfist Hall for once!" said Dan quietly. "It's up to him as town marshal to bring in the lobo wolf that shot up old Sam last night."

Red looked at him. "You don't figure—" he began, and stopped.

"It was in my mind," admitted Dan. "I guess I thought of Bill Hall first shot! But I—"

"I wouldn't put it past him!" muttered Red. "You said it! But I don't rightly see how it'd pay him, shooting up old Sam! He couldn't get the ranch that-a-way," said Dan slowly. "And Sam had enemies among the horse thieves of the section. Anyhow, Bill Hall's head of the law in Bullwhacker, and we got to put it up to him."

Red nodded, and turned to the doorway again.

From the direction of Bullwhacker came a bunch of riders—headed by black-bearded Marshal Hall. With him came his two cronies, Mustang Dave and Jake Sanders, and three other men—roughnecks of Bullwhacker who were sworn in as deputies. It could not have been the shooting of old Sam that brought the marshal there—unless, indeed, he had a guilty knowledge of it—for the news of the shooting was not yet out. But the marshal's posse looked as if they were riding on grim business. Every man in the bunch packed a Colt and had a rifle in the leather scabbard buckled to his saddle.

They came splashing through the ford of the Rojo and in at the gateway, clattering in the yard. Red and Dan stepped out on the veranda—and Dan's hand was near his hip-pocket where he packed a gun. They looked down at Hardist Hall's grim, bearded face as the Bullwhacker posse clattered to a halt.

"What you want here, Hall?" rapped Dan. "I guess you don't want to ask," said the marshal of Bullwhacker grimly. "Yesterday you assaulted me in my office on Main Street and hog-tied me along with my lawyer, Hook. You reckon you're getting by with that?"

Dan's eyes gleamed. "You got no kick coming, marshal!" he said evenly. "You had my uncle, old Sam, there, and you was aiming to make him sign away his land with a six-gun looking him in the eye. I guess no court in Tontine County is going to worry us any for roping you in."

His eyes were sharply on the marshal. Black suspicion was running in his mind. He could not help figuring that the marshal's explanation was only an excuse—that he had other reasons for coming to Rojo. Did he know of the shooting of old Sam—was that why he was there? But he could not know, unless it was by his hand, or his order, that the deadly shot had been fired!

"Where's Sam Oak?" barked the marshal. "I guess I ain't chewing the rag with you! Tell old Sam to show up."

"Old Sam lies in his bed, marshal, with a bullet through him!" said Dan quietly. "Step in and see him—but step soft! I guess I got to put you wise what happened here last night—it's your job to run down the durned skunk that shot up my uncle."

Hardist gave a start. "Old Sam shot up! Dead?" he exclaimed. He looked startled and surprised; but to Dan and Red, watching him, it did not seem that the surprise was genuine. Did he know already?

"He ain't dead!" said Dan quietly. "But he's sure near it—terrible near it—and he ain't opened his eyes, nor spoke, since he was hit. Step in soft, marshal."

The marshal of Bullwhacker dismounted and came up the steps. At a sign from him Mustang Dave and Sanders followed. The other three deputies sat in their saddles, exchanging glances and muttered words. They, at all events, were startled by the tragic news that had met them at the Rojo Ranch.

Bill Hall tramped in heavily. Mustang and Sanders remained at the doorway. The marshal of Bullwhacker stood looking down on old Sam. His hard face wore a strange expression that it was difficult to read. Some trace of compunction, perhaps, showed there for a moment. For a long minute he stood staring at the waxen face of the unconscious man. His brow knitted as he turned to the boys.

"That's murder!" he rapped. "You said it, marshal!" muttered Red. "And it's sure your business to rope in the skunk that did it."

"I'll say I'm the man to do it, too!" announced Hardist Hall. "I sure was plumb mad with old Sam, along of his being such an obstinate old geck—but he was as good a man as any guy in Tontine County, and I'll tell all Arizona that the galoot that shot him up will swing at the end of a rope! If I don't get him inside the calaboose at Bullwhacker inside of twenty-four hours my name ain't Bill Hall!"

"Good for you, marshal!" said Dan; and for once he felt cordial towards the bullying marshal. Suspicion faded to the back of his mind. Hall spoke with grim intensity. Could he have spoken thus if his had been the hand that pulled the trigger?

"I mean it, every word!" said Hall. "Now, you young guys, you put me wise what

happened here last night. I ain't saying yet that you're under suspicion!"

Dan started as if an adder had stung him. Red stared open-eyed, open-mouthed, at the marshal.

"Under suspicion—us!" panted Dan Oak. "You're plumb loco, Bill Hall! You dare to say any guy would figure that we—we—" He choked with rage.

"Clamp it down!" said the marshal coolly. "I ain't said so yet! But I guess you got to tell a straight story. According to what you was telling yesterday, gold's been struck up in the mesa—"

"That's true—"
"On old Sam's land!" said the marshal. "You allowed that it was a big strike—a rich strike! Waal, gold's been struck on old Sam's land—and the same night old Sam is shot up here in this lonely place with only you boys around. Who gets the Rojo land and the gold on it if old Sam passes in his checks? Answer me that!"

Dan trembled with rage. "Liar!" he panted. "You dare—"
"I guess I want to know! I'm marshal of Bullwhacker—I run the law in this section! Give me your year of what's happened."

Dan Oak controlled his rage. The marshal was within his rights there. Forcing himself to speak calmly, Dan told of what had happened. Bill Hall listened quietly—Sanders and Mustang, at the doorway, exchanging significant glances. The other three deputies had come up on the veranda, and were standing bunched outside, listening.

"That the lot?" asked Hall, when Dan had finished.

"Sure!"
"You was out in the yard, with the other two boys fast asleep in bed, when old Sam was shot from the yard?"

"From outside the yard through the fence, marshal."

"That's your say-so!" scoffed Hardist. "You packing a gun? I guess you had a gun in my office yesterday, Dan Oak." His eyes gleamed. "You had a gun last night—"

"Sure!"
"Show it up!"

Dan hesitated. He suspected a trick to disarm him. There was a swift sign from the marshal, and Mustang and Sanders pulled their revolvers and covered the two boys.

"Hands up!" said the marshal of Bullwhacker grimly. "I guess I may have to arrest you on a charge of murder—Hands up! Shoot if they kick, you 'uns!"

"You bet, marshal!" said Mustang.
Dan's hand was on the six-gun in his hip-pocket. But he did not draw it. Setting his teeth, he lifted his hands above his head, and Red followed his example.

"KEEP 'em up!" said Hardist Hall grimly.

He stepped towards Dan Oak and jerked the six-gun from his hip-pocket. Stepping to the door, he examined it in the sunlight.

"Colt .45," he said, "and one shot fired! You allow that old Sam Oak was shot-up by a Colt—through the fence last night? I'll say I've found the Colt that shot him up, and I'll say it was in your fist, you young coyote. One cartridge burned—"

"Sure thing, marshal," said Mustang with a nod.

Dan's eyes glittered at Hall.

"You lying hound!" he breathed. "I guess you know when that cartridge was fired. I shot the gun from your hand yesterday, when you were holding up old Sam in your office!"

"You can tell a judge and jury that!" said Hardist, with a shrug of his burly shoulders. "I ain't saying you're guilty, though I'll say the evidence is pretty strong. You got a fair trial coming to you."

"Trial?" said Dan, between his teeth.

"I guess I'm taking you into custody here and now, in suspicion of having shot Sam Oak last night," said Hardist coolly, "and this Colt is evidence agin you. Whether you was playing a lone hand, or whether your side-kickers was in the game with you, has got to be proved! But I'll tell all Arizona I figure that I've got the guy that shot up Sam Oak, and the gun that he did it with."

Red gave Dan a look of hopeless horror. With their uncle's life hanging in the balance they were to stand a charge of murder! Hall called to his men outside.

"Bring a rope hyer, you 'uns! I guess these guys have got to be hog-tied, to keep them safe."

One of the deputies tramped back to the horses in the yard, for a lasso. Dan and Red stood with their hands up, under cover of the levelled revolvers held by Mustang and Sanders. Red's brain was in a whirl. Big, rugged Dan was cool—he had to be cool. Old Sam lay there on his bed—perhaps his death-bed.

"Bill Hall"—Dan mastered himself and spoke quietly—"you can't get away with this. You're a hard man, Bill Hall; but you can't take us away, with the old man lying there wanting our care. You can't, Bill Hall!"

"I guess old Sam will be looked to," said the marshal carelessly. "I got you, and I'm keeping you! Where's the other guy?"

Dan did not answer that question, and as Red looked at him, he made a swift sign to be silent. Kid, at least, was out of reach of the bully of Bullwhacker.

Minute by minute Dan had been longing, praying, to see the Kid ride back with the doctor from Parksville. But now he hoped that the Kid would not ride in till the marshal's posse was gone. Two of the trio were powerless prisoners; but with the Kid free, old Sam's life might yet be saved. Hall eyed him threateningly, and made a motion with the Colt.

(Continued on page 84.)

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THE OUTLAWED THREE!

(Continued from page 81.)

"Where's Kid Byrne?" he rapped.
"Find out, you pesky polcat!" said Dan, between his teeth.

"You, Euchre!"—Hall snarled to the man who came in with the lasso. "Hog-tie them two young geeks, and make 'em safe, and then the rest of you give the shebang the once-over. I guess we got to rope in the whole outfit while we're about it."

Dan trembled from head to foot with rage.
"What's to come to old Sam, with us taken away?" he muttered.

"What'd you care, when it was you shot him up?" sneered Hall.

Dan gave a roar of rage and sprang at him. He forgot the levelled guns as he hurled himself at the marshal of Bullwhacker. Mustang pulled trigger, but so swift was Dan's leap that the bullet missed him by a foot, as he fastened his grasp on the marshal's throat, and bore him backwards to the floor.

Hall crashed on the pine-wood planks. Dan, over him, with blazing eyes, gripped his throat. The marshal choked and gurgled.

Red was springing to his comrade's aid; but Euchre and another roughneck grasped him and bore him to the floor, planting a sinewy knee on him. Euchre grinned down at the struggling cowboy.

"Forget it!" he grinned. "And Red, struggling and resisting vainly, was twisted over; and his arms were bound with the lasso.

Mustang and Sanders, and the other two deputies, were rushing to the marshal's aid. But he did not need them. Choking and gasping under Dan's fierce grip; Bill Hall struck with the Colt in his hand, and the heavy barrel crashed on Dan's forehead.

He sagged over, and rolled off the marshal.

Almost stunned by the crashing blow, Dan hardly stirred, as he was grasped, and a length of lasso bound round him, securing his arms to his sides.

Hall staggered to his feet.

His hand went to his throat, and he gasped for breath, his face red with fury.

"Take 'em away!" he panted. "Take them out, and stick them on their cayuses, to ride into Bullwhacker. Hustle!"

Dan and Red, bound and helpless, were dragged out of the doorway, clattering down the veranda steps, to the yard. Mustang and

Euchre led a couple of ponies from the corral and saddled them. The two boys were slammed into the saddles, and their feet tied together under the broncs. Euchre remained guarding them in the yard, while the rest joined the marshal in searching the rancho.

But the search only made Bill Hall sure of what he knew already—that Kid Byrne was not there. It was clear that he had planned to cinch all three of the Rojo boys, and his rage was intense, as he strode out of the rancho and stood scanning the plain in the glare of the sunlight.

Dan's eyes, as he sat bound on the bronc, followed the marshal's savage, searching stare. He was thankful that the Kid was not in sight yet. "If only Hall was gone before, the Kid returned!"

Hall strode up to him with a black brow.
"Your goldarned young geck!" he hissed through his gritted teeth. "I'm telling you, I want the whole bunch! Where's Kid Byrne?"

Dan shut his lips.
"Has he gone into the mesa after the gold-mine?" snarled Hall.

"I guess you can ride there and look for him, if you want!" answered Dan. "You'll get nothing from me, you skunk!"

"You putting me wise where to find the Kid?" demanded Hall.

"None!" answered Dan briefly.
He reeled on the bronc, as Hardfist's clenched hand struck him in the face. Only the rope that tied him kept him from falling out of the saddle.

"That's one more on the score, Hardfist Hall, when my turn comes!" breathed Dan.

Hardfist turned from him with an oath. Once more his keen eyes swept the banks of the Rojo, and the undulating plain, as far as the rocky slopes of the mesa. But there was no one to be seen. The Kid, wherever he was, was far away. Hall breathed hard with savage disappointment. One of the Rojo boys frog spelled danger to his schemes—danger to himself! But the Kid was not there!

He stepped to his black bronco at last, and mounted. Dan's heart beat faster. The marshal and his posse were about to ride—with the two prisoners. If only the coast was left clear for the Kid when he came back with Doc Baker—Dan asked no more than that. But that much was not to be granted him. Bill Hall, as he gathered up his reins, rapped an order to his men.

"You, Sanders, Mustang, Euchre! Stop here and watch out for Kid Byrne! I guess he'll hit home soon. Watch out for him and get him—dead or alive! He's charged with

murder, along with his side-pardners—and if you let him slip, I guess I'll talk to you a few!"

"Well sure get him, marshal, if he hits Rojo to-day!" answered Jake Sanders.

"Watch out you do!" snapped the marshal. And he rode out at the gate, followed by two of the deputies leading the prisoners' horses, and hit the trail for Bullwhacker.

Dan and Red looked back as they went. The three roughnecks remained in the veranda, their horses hitched in the yard. And Kid would come riding back with the doctor from Parksville—suspecting nothing! Dan wrenched madly at his bonds. But the tough cowhide rope held him fast, and he gave it up, with a groan of misery.

Not a word was spoken during that ride to the cow town. Hardfist rode ahead, close behind him came his two men with the prisoners. The sun was high in the heavens when they clattered into Main Street, Bullwhacker, and halted before the timber calaboose. A curious crowd gathered to stare, as the prisoners were lifted from the broncs to be taken into the cow town gaol. A score of voices called to the marshal, asking questions. Bill Hall's answer was curt:

"Murder! Old Sam Oak's been shot up at Rojo—and the boys did it, for his gold-mine!"
"It's a lie!" roared Dan. "And Hall knows it better'n any other man in Arizona! You men of Bullwhacker, I'm telling you, I believe it was Hall himself who shot-up old Sam, and—"

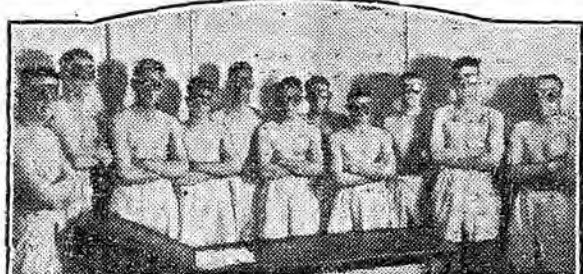
"That's enough from you!" snarled Hall, as he grasped Dan and hurled him headlong in at the door of the calaboose. Red was dragged in after him.

There was a roar of excitement in Main Street. The news that old Sam Oak had been shot-up, and that his nephews were accused of the crime, ran like wildfire through the cow town.

Dan and Red, flung into a cell, with the pine-wood door barred on them, listened with haggard faces to the roar that rose and echoed round the calaboose. Louder and louder it grew, as the crowd thickened, and two terrible words came, again and again, clearly through the roar:

"Lynch them!"

Only Kid Byrne is left to rescue Dan and Red from their plight, and for him Hardfist Hall has laid a trap which cannot fail! What is to be the end of it all—will the marshal triumph at last? You must read next week's thrilling story of "THE OUTLAWED THREE!"



Science aids the modern football side—a Cup-tie team taking sun-ray treatment to keep them fit.

All the Soccer League Forecasts for Saturday, October 19th, 1935

(Home teams are given first. Those in capital letters are selected by our experts to win; both teams in non-capitals signifies a forecasted draw.)

BURNLEY	v.	Notis Forest
Charlton A.	v.	Blackpool
FULHAM	v.	Norwich C.
Hull C.	v.	Doncaster R.
MANCHESTER U.	v.	Sheffield U.
NEWCASTLE U.	v.	Leicester C.
PLYMOUTH A.	v.	West Ham U.
Port Vale	v.	Southampton
TOTTENHAM H.	v.	Bradford

GILLINGHAM	v.	Newport Co.
LUTON TOWN	v.	Brighton
Northampton	v.	Torquay U.
NOTTS COUNTY	v.	Queen's Park R.
READING	v.	Swindon T.
SOUTHEND U.	v.	Millwall

SCOTTISH LEAGUE

DIVISION I.

ABERDEEN	v.	Queen's Park
ALBION ROVERS	v.	Queen of the South
AYR UNITED	v.	Partick Thistle
CELTIC	v.	Airdrie
Dunfermline A.	v.	MOTHERWELL
HAMILTON A.	v.	Kilmarnock
Hibernians	v.	Dundee
RANGERS	v.	Hearts
ST. JOHNSTONE	v.	Clyde
Third Lanark	v.	Arbroath

DIVISION II.

ALLOA	v.	Brechin City
Dumbarton	v.	Forfar Ath.
DUNDEE U.	v.	East Fife
FALKIRK	v.	Edinburgh C.
King's Park	v.	Cowdenbeath
Montrose	v.	East Stirling
Morton	v.	St. Mirren
RAITH ROVERS	v.	Leith Ath.
ST. BERNARDS	v.	Stenhousemuir

DIVISION III (NORTHERN).

ACCRRINGTON S.	v.	Hartlepool U.
BARROW	v.	Darlington
CHESTER	v.	Rotherham U.
Chesterfield	v.	Tranmere R.
CREWE A.	v.	Carlisle U.
Lincoln C.	v.	Wrexham
NEW BRIGHTON	v.	Gateshead
Rochdale	v.	OLDHAM A.
SOUTHPORT	v.	Mansfield T.
STOCKPORT CO.	v.	WALSALL
York C.	v.	HALIFAX T.

DIVISION III (SOUTHERN).

BOURNEMOUTH	v.	Exeter C.
BRISTOL R.	v.	Watford
Cardiff C.	v.	COVENTRY C.
Clapton Orient	v.	Bristol C.
CRYSTAL PAL.	v.	Aldershot

ENGLISH LEAGUE		
DIVISION I.		
ASTON VILLA	v.	West Brom. Albion
BOLTON W.	v.	Liverpool
BRENTFORD	v.	Stoke City
DERBY COUNTY	v.	Blackburn Rovers
EVERTON	v.	Chelsea
HUDDERSFIELD	v.	Grimshy Town
Middlesbrough	v.	Leeds United
Portsmouth	v.	Arsenal
Preston N.E.	v.	MANCHESTER C.
SHEFFIELD W.	v.	Birmingham
Wolverhampton W.	v.	SUNDERLAND

DIVISION II.		
BARNSELEY	v.	Bury
Bradford C.	v.	Swansea T.