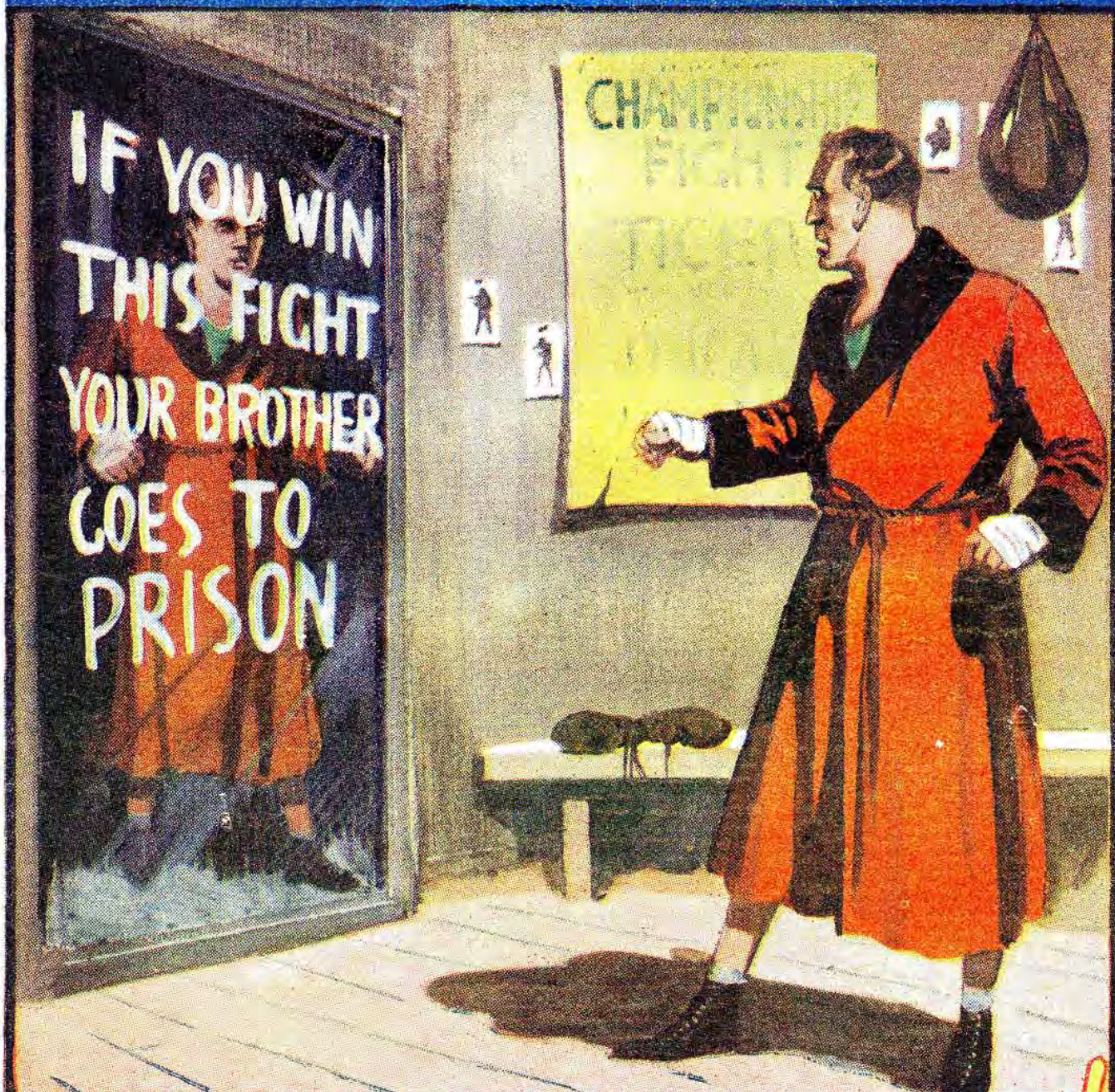


"KANG!" THE GREATEST ANIMAL STORY EVER WRITTEN and 6 Other Super Yarns.

The PILOT 2ND

No. 7. Vol. 1.
Every Friday
Week ending
Nov. 16th, 1935.

The GREAT NEW PAPER for READERS OF ALL AGES



They Called Him- **THE QUITTER!**
SPECIAL LONG COMPLETE BOXING STORY

DRIVEN FROM PILLAR TO POST—HUNTED BY THE LAW AND BY THE MEN THEY USED TO CALL FRIENDS

The Outlawed THREE



500 DOLLARS
REWARD
Will Be Paid for
the Outlawed
Three—DEAD
OR ALIVE!

"RECKON we're outlaws now, you fellers!" muttered Kid Byrne, his handsome face dark and somber.

"But we ain't cattle thieves, nor ever will be," said big Dag Oak quietly.

"I'll stand for raiding Hardfist Hall," put in Tom Redway, giving his stetson a tilt, "but that's all. The pesky marshal drove us outside the law, an' I guess he deserves all he gets coming to him."

The Outlawed Three stood outside a rough shack built high up in the Mesa Mountains of Arizona. A blazing sun poured down heat into the rocky gulch where the Jadson gang had their lair.

The previous night, Kid, Red, and Dan had helped the Jadsos to rustle a herd of cattle from the ranch owned by Hardfist Hall, marshal of Bullwhacker. Hardfist was their enemy—the man who had made them outlaws—and the three pard had been glad to get in a blow against the rascally marshal. But to ride with the Jadson gang in all their lawless raids, to join a bunch of cutthroats who killed and plundered—that went against the grain with Red and Dan.

"I got to ride with the Jadsos!" said the Kid, stubbornly. "When Hardfist had you uns in the calaboose at Bullwhacker, and a lynch mob howling for your blood, Jad stood by me, and helped me get you out—and I said then that I'd be his man, and ride with him as far as a sheriff's rope! And I got to keep my word."

"But—" muttered Red.

"Aw, can it!" snapped the Kid. "I guess I'm going to speak to Jad!"

He strode across to where the leader of the Jadson gang sat on a boulder. Jad looked up at him, a grim smile on his scarred face. He laid down the rifle he was cleaning, and, as if by accident, shifted his gun-belt a little, bringing the butt of his Colt a little nearer to his grasp. The Kid noted the action, and he smiled sourly.

"You won't want your gun, Jad!" he said. "I'm your man, and standing to your orders so long as you hold me to the word I gave you. Seeing as I saved your life last night, when Doc Baker shot your cayuse, and Hardfist's riders nearly cinched you, I reckoned you might—"

"Forget it!" snapped Jadson.

"It's your say-so!" said the Kid quietly. "I ain't never broke my word yet, and I ain't going to begin by breaking it to the man that helped me get my side-kickers out of gaol! I'm your man, Jad, so long as you want me. But Dan and Red—they ain't standing for it, and I don't want them to, neither. It sure will hit me hard to part with them—but that's what I got to do if I ride with your bunch, Jad. I'm staying—but they're going."

"Forget it!" repeated Jad.

The Kid's eyes smoldered. But he kept cool. He loathed this man—the most ruthless and savage outcast in all Arizona—a man wanted by the law for a dozen killings. The mere sight of Jad's evil, scarred face got the Kid's goat. But Jad had stood by him to save Dan and Red from the lynch mob, and the Kid had to remember that.

"I don't rightly get you, Jad!" said the Kid. "You got no call to keep Dan Oak and Tom Redway here agin their will. They ain't

promised you nothing and they're free to ride when they want."

Jad shrugged his brawny shoulders.

The other Jadsos, who had been idly sprawling, were on their feet now. They exchanged glances, as if scenting trouble in the air. Bull Jadson and Hank Jadson moved off towards the shack where Dan and Red were standing. Pike and Wolf Jadson, the other two, drew a little nearer to their leader, sitting on the rocky boulder. Jad's evil eyes were fixed on the Kid.

"I guess I said forget it, Kid Byrne!" said Jad slowly. "No guy ain't riding out of my bunch without my leave. I guess I want you."

Kid Byrne breathed hard.

"It won't do, Jad!" he said. "I'm telling you, Dan and Red have got to quit. I'm your man, Jad, so long as you treat me white; but I'm saying right out that if you aim to keep Dan and Red here, I'm agin you, tooth and toenail!"

Jad laughed harshly.

"You want me to let them ride? And I guess they'd be scooping the gold out of the big strike you've made somewhere up in the mesa! Forget it."

Kid Byrne started. For the first time it flashed into his mind that Jad had other motives, of which he had known nothing, for getting the Rojo boys into his bunch. The Kid's jaw set squarely, and a glitter came into his eyes.

"That strike in the mesa ain't nothing to do with you, Jad!" he said evenly. "That strike was made on old Sam Oak's land—the mine that was lost for forty years after his father found it. It belongs to old Sam, who's lying wounded now at Doc Baker's at Parkville—and when he gets on his feet agin, he's going to have it—us being outlaws won't make no difference to that! The lost mine of the mesa is our secret, Jad, not yours."

"You loosed young gink!" said Jad, with savage scorn. "Did you figure that I roped you into my bunch jest to ride and shoot? Once you'd rode with the Jadson gang you'd never get on the right side of the law agin—and I'll tell you that's what I aimed for. That gold mine belongs to us—and I guess you'll stand in with the rest of the bunch."

The Kid almost choked.

"So that was the game?" he muttered thickly. "While I was keeping my word to

you, Jad, you was playing it low-down on me—stringing me along thataway! Why, you pizen polecat, I'll see you strung up by Hardfist Hall afore I'll let you put a paw on old Sam's mine. And now you've shown your teeth, you pesky piecean, I take back my word—you can't keep me in your gang against my will!"

The Kid's hand dropped on the gun in his belt as he rapped out the angry words. He was ready for Jad to draw.

But he was not ready for what came. Even as he dropped his hand to his gun, Pike and Wolf Jadson whipped out their Colts and covered him. On either side of the Kid, the muzzles of their six-guns almost touched him.

"Stick 'em up, you!" barked Pike.

The Kid's fingers closed almost convulsively on the butt of his gun.

But he did not pull. He would have been riddled with lead before it left his holster, and he knew it. Jad, not troubling to touch a weapon, grinned.

"You pizen skunk!" choked the Kid. "You had this fixed afore after what I said to you last night about quitting—"

"You said it!" agreed Jad coolly. "Hands up, Kid Byrne, or you get yours sudden!"

Slowly the Kid's hands went up over his stetson.

He looked round towards the shack. Bull and Hank had acted as promptly as the others. Their Colts covered Dan and Red.

With their hands up, the two boys stepped out of the shack. Jad Jadson rose to his feet with a grim laugh. He stepped to one after another of the three Rojo boys and disarmed them. The Kid's face was white with rage. He had kept faith with the scarred outlaw—for this! The treacherous rascal had been deceiving him all along!

"I guess you're going to point out the gold strike, Kid!" said Jad. "Hardfist Hall ain't getting his claws on it—but I'll say that Jad Jadson is!"

"Never!" breathed the Kid. "You doggoned thief, you double-crossing pizen polecat, fill me with lead, if you like, but you ain't getting a word from me, no more than Hardfist Hall."

"You got another guess coming!" grinned Jad. "Fix them up, fellers, and stick them in the shack. I guess they'll talk when I want."

With strong rawhide rope, Kid and Dan and Red were bound, hand and foot, and pitched into the shack by the grinning Jadsos. While

the outlaws were preparing for the cattle drive into Mexico, the Rojo boys lay there, bound and helpless, as the sun went down on the mesa.

WITH the dark the Jadsos were gone. Dan and Kid and Red lay in the shack, staring out at the glimmer of the camp-fire flickering against the dark rocks, gleaming on the tumbling stream; listening to the trampling and grunting of the stolen herd, driven away by mountain paths.

Only one of the gang remained in charge of the camp and the prisoners—Bull Jadson, sitting on a log by the camp-fire, smoking and yawning.

The sounds of the cattle-drive died away into silence. Jad and his men were gone. It was likely to be a couple of days before they came back, after getting rid of the rustled cows. And then—

Kid Byrne gritted his teeth in helpless rage as he thought of it. He knew the ways of the Jadsos. They would not stand on ceremony in wringing a secret of gold from their prisoners.

And there was no help—no escape! Bull Jadson rose at last, knocked out his pipe, and stepped towards the shack. He was going to turn into his blankets, but he was going to give the prisoners the once-over first, though he knew that they were safe. He leaned into the shack, groping over the knotted rawhide.

"I guess you'uns will keep," grinned the ruffian.

"You ain't letting us loose for cats?" muttered the Kid.

On the earthen floor stood a large can of water, and beside it lay a hunk of Mexican maize bread. That was the rough fare of the prisoners—and by that time they would have been glad of it. But Bull grinned and shook his head.

"I guess I ain't risking it none," he answered. "Jad would sure be plumb mad if he came back and found you had skipped."

And, having satisfied himself that the knotted rawhide was safe, Bull left the shack.

With grim faces the Rojo boys watched him roll in his blanket, his feet to the fire. The day had been blazing; but night was cold in the Arizona uplands. In a few minutes Bull was sleeping; though he slept like a cougar, ready to wake at a sound.

Kid and Dan strained at the rawhide. Red sat motionless with wrinkled brow. Dan gave it up at last, sweating and panting. He rolled over, dipped in the open top of the can, and drank.

The Kid lay watching the sleeping outlaw by the fire with burning eyes. None of them thought of sleep. Red stirred at last.

"I reckon that bulldozer is fast asleep," whispered the youngest of the Rojo boys, in the faintest of whispers.

"Sure!"

Kid glanced curiously at his friend. Something was working in Red's mind. Red moved, and drank from the water in the open can as Dan had done. Kid did not trouble about it. In his rage and bitterness he seemed indifferent to hunger and thirst. But he stared at Red, squatting by the can, plunged his bound wrists into the water.

"I guess it hurts a few, Red," muttered the Kid.

He figured that Red was seeking to relieve the pain in his wrists, caused by the cruel grip of the knotted rawhide.

"Quiet, Kid!" breathed Red. "I guess that hombre ain't hard to wake."

Even Bull Jadson, the Kid reckoned, would not have cared if he had seen Red relieve the pain in his bound wrists by holding them in the water. But he said no more. He lay quiet, with his own black and bitter thoughts. Red sat silent and motionless, his hands under water.

Dan Oak fell into an uneasy doze at last. The Kid's thoughts began to grow dimmer as the night grew old. But Red's eyes were open and unwinking, and every now and then he strained silently at the rawhide.

"By the great horn spoon!" he breathed.

The Kid raised his head.

"Quiet!" breathed Red. "It's a cinch, Kid! It's a cinch! But quiet!"

"I don't get you," muttered the Kid, in amazement. "What—"

Red grinned.

"Ain't you never knowed a rawhide rope stretch when it was wet, Kid?" he whispered.

Kid Byrne's heart gave a great bound. With steady patience Red had sat there for hours, with his hands steeped in the chill of the water. It was a chance—a slim chance. Red had not banked on it, but he had hoped. And his hope was coming round.

Dan had caught the whispering, and sat up. Both the elder boys fixed their eyes on Red, dim in the shadows. They scarcely breathed. Once free of their bonds—The Kid's eyes danced at that thought.

Red drew his hands from the water.

The perspiration started out on his brow as he strained at his wrists; and the wet rawhide gave.

A long, long effort that cost Red the exertion of every ounce of his strength—and his hands slipped free. The knotted rawhide dropped, and Red rubbed his chafed wrists.

It was some time before Red could use his numbed fingers. Then he rolled over to Dan and started to work on the rawhide

Red's foot struck a loose fragment of rock, and it rolled and clinked. The sound was slight, but it was enough to wake the outlaw.

Bull Jadson's blanket rolled back, and his head was lifted. The three boys stopped, their hearts almost ceasing to beat. They were not six yards from him, and if he looked in their direction—

Silently the Kid stooped and gripped the jagged fragment on which Red's foot had struck. They saw the outlaw glance round. He gave a convulsive start as he spotted three half-crouching figures against the pale glimmer of dawn, and then he was on his feet in a split second, his hand on his gun.

Up went the Kid's arm. The fragment of rock whizzed through the air like a bullet, and crashed into the bearded face of the outlaw.

With a yell, his gun half-drawn, the burly ruffian staggered back, blood streaming from his face, and fell on his blanket.

"Burn the wind!" panted the Kid.

Like startled antelopes the Rojo boys fled down the rocky gulch. Behind them they heard the enraged roar of the rustler. Bull Jadson scrambled to his feet, tugging at his gun.

Hot lead spattered on the rocks round the Rojo boys as they ran. But they had a start, and they vanished among the rocky boulders down the gulch, while Bull Jadson, spitting oaths, loosed off shot after shot.

HARDFIST HALL scowled in the bright sunrise.

In the great canyon of the mesa, through which the Rio Rojo rolled down to the plain, the marshal of Bullwhacker and his men were camped. Under his stetson the marshal's head was bandaged—it still throbbed from the blow the Kid had dealt him in the night raid on the Hall Ranch.

For a whole day he had ridden the wild trails in the mesa, with a dozen punchers from his ranch, armed to the teeth, in search of the Jadson gang and the stolen steers—and still more keenly in search of the Rojo boys.

At night the outfit had camped in the canyon, after a day of weary and futile trailing, and now a new day had dawned, and Hardfist was figuring whether it was worth while to ride longer in quest of the elusive rustlers or whether to send his men back to the ranch and ride for Bullwhacker. He hated to give up the trail, and he had a hunch that, as the first gleam of the sun came up over the mesa, he had heard an echo of distant firing, somewhere in the hills—which might, or might not, be a clue to the gang he was hunting.

His men were still in their blankets, the tethered horses sleeping in the grass by the water, when Bill Hall strode out of the camp, his keen eyes searching the high, rugged sides of the great canyon.

"By the great horn spoon!" breathed Hall suddenly.

On a ridge of rock, up the rugged slopes of the canyon, a figure appeared in the sunrise—a slim figure that the marshal knew.

Kid Byrne looked small in the distance—but the marshal knew him, and his eyes gleamed. Standing on the ridge, the Kid was looking up the rugged slope—not down towards the marshal. He looked like a man who feared pursuit—watching for a pursuer.

Bill Hall half-drew the gun—but paused and watched. As if satisfied, the Kid waved his arm in sign to others, and two more figures clambered over the rocky ridge. The marshal knew them—Dan Oak and Red.

He side-stepped into the cover of a pine and watched. He could see that none of the three was armed, and he gave a savage grin of satisfaction as he noted it. With a gun in his hand, the three cowboys were at his mercy.

They clambered over the ridge and dropped on the other side, disappearing from his eyes. Instantly the marshal was hurrying on.

He sighted them again. Kid Byrne was moving ahead—Dan following him, and helping Red, who was clearly the weariest of the weary three. They were winding among the rocks, heading down towards the river, apparently with the intention of crossing it to put it between themselves and pursuit.

"SINK ME——!"



"There you are, you silly mutt. I told you that we were past the mouth of the Thames!"

knots at his wrists. In ten minutes Dan Oak's hands were free, and he rolled over to the Kid, and began to unknit his bonds.

No sound or movement came from Bull Jadson, fast asleep in his blanket by the dying fire. But far off in the east there was an almost imperceptible paling of the dark. Dawn was coming. With sunrise the ruffian would stir.

With feverish energy the Rojo boys worked at the knotted ropes on their legs. They were free at last. Had the Kid had a weapon, he would have stepped out and called Bull Jadson to account on the spot. But he had no weapon; and there was a six-gun in the outlaw's belt, close to his hand as he slept.

"We got to beat it without that bulldozer getting wise," breathed the Kid. "He will sure throw lead at the first sound."

He stepped silently from the shack, Dan and Red following after him. Up from the east came a glimmer over the summits of the hills. Their way lay down the gulch, and they had to pass within a dozen feet of the outlaw slumbering by the smouldering embers of the fire. With beating hearts they trod softly.

Clink!

Bill Hall quickened pace, closing in on the three.

His hard, black-bearded face was merciless. Under his gun, if they gave in, he would drive them back to his camp—to be gaoled again in the calaboose at Bullwhacker, there to choose between the rope of Judge Lynch or revealing the secret of the lost goldmine of the mesa. But if they gave trouble—the slightest spot of trouble—his gun would talk. One of them would be enough to tell the secret!

Burly and heavy as he was, the marshal of Bullwhacker was used to trails, and he trod lightly. As yet, the Rojo cowboys had not heard him or seen him. But the Kid's keen glance, sweeping back for a sign of Bull Jadson, suddenly picked up the stetson on the bandaged head, the hard, black-bearded face under it. He gave a sharp cry of surprise. Dan and Red looked back. He was seen now and Bill Hall leaped forward at a rapid run, his gun half-raised.

Crack!

From higher up the rugged canyon came the roar of a gun, and the stetson spun on the marshal's bandaged head.

He gave a yell of surprise and spun round, glaring for his enemy.

The shot did not come from the Rojo cowboys—they were unarmed, and ahead of the marshal, near the river. It came from high up the canyon behind, and it flashed into Bill Hall's mind that it came from the unseen pursuer of the three. The gun roared again, and a bullet gashed along the marshal's tanned, bearded cheek.

His lips snarled over his gritted teeth; his finger was on the trigger of his Colt. But he saw nothing but rock and pine and trickling water. He knew he must be clear to the view of the man high up in the rocks, but of the marksman himself he had no glimpse.

Twice the gun roared again, and Hardfist Hall bounded back. One bullet grazed his shoulder—the other clipped his ear as he leaped. He panted with rage.

He had no chance. He had to break away or be riddled with lead by the gunman he could not see. He leaped away among the rocks, running for his life, and as he ran, Bull Jadson stood up among the boulders, high up the hillside, and pumped bullets after him. Lead crashed on the rocks and splattered round the running marshal of Bullwhacker. Winding and dodging like a coyote he ran, and vanished down the canyon like a hunted deer.

Not till he was in sight of his camp did the marshal of Bullwhacker pause to take breath and stare back with burning eyes. He had escaped—but three gashes from the bullets bled red on his face and shoulder. He was not pursued—he reckoned that the Jadson had gone on after the Rojo boys. He panted and panted for breath, mad with rage, as he tramped on to his camp—to call his men to the trail of Bull Jadson.

"QUICK!" panted the Kid.

He grabbed Red by one arm—Dan had him by the other. They plunged into the waters of the Rojo. For the moment, as they sighted the black-bearded face of the marshal of Bullwhacker in the distance, the Rojo boys had reckoned that all was lost. They had escaped one enemy to fall to another. Then came the burst of firing from the high rocks, and Bill Hall ran. And they panted on breathlessly to the river—saved from that sudden danger by the desperado who was pursuing them.

It was a respite, though a brief one. Once across the river, the Kid knew of the safest hide-out in all Arizona—the cave of the secret goldmine, hidden from all eyes by the screen of falling water in the arroyo. Minutes, even seconds, were precious now. The marshal of Bullwhacker was gone—and Bull Jadson had been delayed in his pursuit.

They plunged recklessly into the rushing waters of the Rojo at a place where it was possible to ford the mountain stream neck-deep. Red's feet did not touch bottom, but his comrades supported him on either side.

There was a sudden splash in the water, a foot from the Kid's head. He flashed round a glance, as the report of a Colt rolled on



"You dirty, pizen polecat!" grated Kid, his hand dropping to his gun-butt. "You can't keep me in your gang against my will!" But before he could draw, two of the Jadson gang were at either side of him, their leveled Colts almost touching his!

the air. Bull Jadson, still high up in the rocks, had sighted them in the water, and he was shooting. The Kid spotted the brawny outlaw, black against the sunrise, the six-gun in his hand spitting smoke and flame.

Splash, splash! came again. There was a sharp cry from Dan Oak, and a crimson tinge floated down the rushing water.

"Dan!" panted Red.

"Jest a scratch—get on!" snapped Dan.

"You'uns get on and let me go!" gasped Red.

"I guess—"

"Can it, you!" barked the Kid.

Splash, splash! The outlaw was throwing lead fast. It seemed a miracle to the Kid that he found himself alive at the farther bank, and dragged Red out of the water.

Dan followed, the blood running down his arm from a gash where a bullet had cut the skin. The six-gun roared again, and a bullet chipped rock at their feet as they clambered up the bank.

But they hunted cover now; the great boulders, wildly strewn, hid them as they struggled on up the rugged, western side of the Rojo canyon.

The Kid panted with relief as he led the way into the narrow, steep arroyo, down which the torrent came tumbling in a series of cascades.

High up that steep ravine was the hidden cave of the goldmine; and if they could reach it unseen they were saved.

"Burn the wind!" hissed the Kid.

But the way was steep—their limbs were weary. Haste, haste, was what was needed, with every second precious; but the ascent of the arroyo, by the rugged, rocky bank of the tumbling torrent, was slow. It seemed an age to the Kid before they reached the spot, half-way up the ravine, where the waterfall roared down in sheets of water and spray and foam.

Looking at it, the Kid would never have guessed, any more than his comrades, that a deep cave was hidden in the rock behind the sheet of falling water. But he knew—and he did not hesitate a moment.

Lower down the arroyo, behind them, trampling boots rang on the rocks. Bull Jadson was close on their tracks, and at any second he might come into sight, and the six-gun would roar again, at close range. Only the winding course of the mountain torrent had saved them, so far. Kid Byrne gripped Red by the arm.

"Follow on, Dan!" he panted.

"You bet!"

It seemed like death to Dan and Red, to plunge into the roar of the falling torrent,

sweeping madly down the steep ravine to join the Rojo in the canyon below. But they knew what the Kid knew, and they trusted to his guidance.

Deafened by the roaring water, blinded by the spray, Kid Byrne ducked under the edge of the torrent and plunged on, dragging Red—and Dan Oak followed, with shut teeth.

For a long moment they were blind and deaf in a cauldron of foaming waters; the next, they were through, standing on the rocky shelf by the pool in the cavern, in a deep twilight.

Drenched to the skin, panting for breath, they peered about them in the gloom, the thundering torrent, falling past the mouth of the cave, only a few feet from them.

Dan Oak drew a deep, quivering breath.

"And this is the place, Kid?" he muttered.

"Sure! This is where I picked up the nugget, and found the workings left by old Sam's father forty years ago!" said the Kid. "I guess it will come home to old Sam, even if Hardfist Hall gets us three and strings us up, as he aims to do."

"He won't get us easy!" said Red. "I'll say Hardfist won't spot this hide-out if he hunts till the cows come home."

"You said it!" agreed the Kid.

Crack! came the roar of a six-gun close at hand. Bull Jadson was tramping on the rocky bank, where two or three minutes ago the Rojo boys had been standing. They had only been in time, and they wondered, with throbbing hearts, whether they had been in time.

If the pursuing rustler had been near enough to see them plunge under the falling water, he might guess—he would guess. They had had to take the chance of that.

Had the bullet come through the screen of falling water, it would have told that he knew. But it was not fired into the cave. The rustler was losing off a random shot up the arroyo. So near was he, that they could hear his heavy boots grinding on the rocks; but the trampling footsteps passed on, clambering higher up the ravine. He did not know!

The Outlawed Three waited and listened. With their ears accustomed to the roar of the torrent, other sounds came clear. Minutes—long minutes of anxiety—passed, and then came the sound of heavy, trampling boots again. Bull Jadson was coming back down the steep arroyo.

They heard him halt on the rocky bank beside the foot of the waterfall. Somewhere

(Continued on back page.)

With bearing near the young tramp suddenly started to creep closer, gripping his stick tightly.

But scarcely had he moved when the other man returned. Over the wall they came with the same silent speed as they had departed. Only this time they brought something else with them—something wrapped untidily in a blanket that lay in one of the men's arms, and, as the fellow dropped to the ground, Peter caught the sound of a faint whimpering cry. It was instantly stifled, yet it told him all he wanted to know. Those men were kidnapers, and the captive in the blanket was a child!

PETER GREVILLE went into action then with a bang! He realised now that he should have raised the alarm earlier. However, this was no time for vain regrets. It was up to him to make amends.

Out of the darkness he sprang, just as the men thrust their small victim into the car. They whirled on him, too late.

"Crack! Thwack!" Two stinging blows of his stick knocked the wall-climbers senseless. And so enthusiastically did Peter lash out that the second stroke snapped his stout ashplant. He snorted fiercely, cast the useless stump away, then he slammed into the third man—the leader of the gang.

Utterly surprised by the smashing attack, the fellow had shrunk back helplessly as his confederates were beaten down. But now, as Peter hurled himself forward, the man recovered with a vicious snarl. Blued steel glinted in his hand. There came a sudden jet of flame, followed by a deafening report.

"Go ash!" Peter reeled in his stride. Something had happened to his ribs—they were on fire! A wave of agony tore through him.

But instead of dropping him in his tracks, the wound sent him berserk.

"You scum!" he gritted, and pounced tigerishly, grabbing the man's gun wrist as a second report shattered the stillness.

Next moment the pair were fighting like fiends.

The crook was strong, desperate, and as dirty a fighter as ever used knives, and boot. Yet there was no stopping young Peter Greville then. Heedless of savage punishment, he wrenched the kidnapper's gun away, and sent the man staggering with a blow to the body. Then, with all his beef, he hooked a last right uppercut—and that was that!

"Crack!" The man went down flat on his

TIME WILL TELL!



"Garn! Your hands are dirtier than mine!" "Well, I'm two years older than you, ain't I?"

back, falling with arms outstretched, and face upturned.

Peter bent over him, rummaged his pocket until he found a box of matches. He struck one, and peered at the fellow's lean features.

"I knew it! I thought I recognised you, Ferguson, you rat!" Peter burst out.

And then as the match died away, there in the rain-swept darkness, with three senseless crooks sprawled out around him, he flung back his head and laughed and laughed till the tears ran down his face.

Blood was streaming from his bullet wound, too, but he never even noticed it.

"Wax in his hands, was it? Oh, gosh! But I've given him the last twisting!" he gurgled weakly.

And Peter was still languishing when two of Lord Cleaver's ганкстеплс, attracted by the shots, came rubbing down the lane.

By the time young Greville had told his story, he was in a state of collapse through loss of blood and exhaustion. Nor did he fully recover his faculties until two days later, when he revived sufficiently to discover that he was an invalid, and an honoured guest in Lord Cleaver's country mansion.

Naturally the attempted kidnapping of his

lordship's son and heir had been splashed in all the newspapers, and Peter, babbling in delirium, had given away his own identity. Almost the first person he recognised was his father, old Cedric, who had been sent for immediately by Lord Cleaver.

Quite a happy reconciliation followed. Nevertheless, old Cedric could not shake off his crustiness—or maybe he clung to it just to disguise his real feelings.

"Well, Peter, my lad, you've done something at last to make me proud of you!" he growled. "Though don't run away with the idea that you've acted the shrewd man's part in this affair. If you'd been really shrewd, my son, you'd have gone for help at once, instead of waiting to tackle those three fellows by yourself, and getting two ribs broken by a bullet. But"—at last the old man's expression genuinely softened—"but, shrewd or not, son, you've at last proved yourself a man. You'll come home again with me as soon as you're fit to travel, and—ah—maybe we can settle down to the old law business together at last."

"Oh, but was!" smiled Lord Cleaver, who was present. "Law business sounds very dry to me, Mr. Greville—too dry for such a young man as your son. I can do with a young man myself of grit and character. In fact, I've already made up my mind to offer Peter the post of my personal secretary."

Peter, white-faced and thin, chuckled.

"Thanks, both of you; but after what I've been through for the past months, I don't think the prospect of any sort of office job would interest me, if you don't mind my saying so. As a matter of fact, I've been thinking things over while I've been lying here, and I know the sort of job I'd like to get, if you are willing to help me. I want to go into the Army. Will you help me get an officer's commission?"

"It took a lot of persuasion before Lord Cleaver and Peter's father saw things in Peter's light, but, true to their word in the end, they helped him, and got him his commission.

After that Peter never looked back. He rose to be a major, and when he retired the authorities decided he was still too fine a man to leave in idleness. And a good job they did, say I, for he's now the best boss a man ever had.

How do I know? Because they made him governor of Blackmoor Prison, and he's governor there still.

Another grand yarn from **Warder Strong next week—the story of an amazing friendship that put a crook on the straight path and a honest man behind prison bars!**

THE OUTLAWED THREE!

(Continued from page 151)

there, he knew, they were hiding—he knew that they could not be far. He was not ten feet away; but the screen of falling water was between, and of the secret cave he knew and suspected nothing. But would he guess when he had searched among the rocks and found no trace of them?

His rough, savage voice came to their ears, growling oaths. He was beaten and perplexed, but not dreaming, for a moment, of giving up the hunt.

He dared not face Jad Jadsen, when the gang-leader came back from the Mexican border, and tell him that the prisoners had escaped, and with them the secret of the lost mine.

Then suddenly came another sound—another voice ringing up the ravine—a voice whose hard, metallic tones the Rojo boys knew well.

"The marshal!" breathed Kid. "Hands up, Jadsen!" came the shout of the marshal of Bullwhacker. "We got you covered, you lobo-wolf! Hands up, or you get yours!"

The boys heard a roar of rage from Bull Jadsen, immediately followed by the crack of a gun. He had not known, any more than

the Rojo boys, that the marshal's outfit was cauped down the Rojo canyon; he had reckoned, as they had reckoned, that the last had been seen of Hardfist, when he ran from the whizzing bullets. But Bull Jadsen knew better now, as the ravine below him swarmed with armed men—grim-faced punchers, with lifted revolvers in their grip.

They had him covered; but surrender was not in the ruffian's thoughts—surrender to a rope!

He threw up his revolver and fired, even as the marshal of Bullwhacker shouted—and there was a roar from a dozen six-guns. Silent, white-faced, the Rojo boys heard a heavy fall on the rocks—a trampling of feet as the Hall outfit rushed up; a groan and a curse from the wounded rustler as the grasp of many hands closed on him. They heard the voice of Hardfist Hall again.

"That's Bull Jadsen, and I guess we cinched him! You doggone cow thief, I got the marks of your lead on me; but I'll tell all Arizona you won't throw lead agin! Tote him along, you uns! I guess there's a cottonwood down in the canyon that will suit him fine!"

Another groan—a gasping curse—a trampling of feet—as the captured rustler was dragged away down the ravine.

The sounds died away, and only the boom

of the falling waters sounded in the ears of the boys hidden in the river-cave.

They peered at one another in the gloom-silent. The same thought was in all their minds—Bull Jadsen, if he suspected their hide-out, would never find it now, and would never tell what he suspected!

Bull Jadsen, shot-up by the Hall punchers, dragged away to the nearest tree, had gone to the sudden end of his savage life-trail.

Outlawed and hunted, the Rojo boys were safe in their hide-out—where they trod with a golden fortune under their feet.

Under cover of another night, the Jadsen gang rode back from the Mexican border to their lair in the mesa; but Jad looked in vain for his prisoners, and in vain for the man he had left to guard them.

It was not for two or three days that he learned what had become of Bull Jadsen—and he learned it when, in the Rojo canyon, he came to a figure that swung in the wind from a rope on the branch of a cottonwood!

Kid, Dan and Red have escaped their pursuers—and next week they carry the war into their enemies' camp! Read how Kid Byrne, disguised as a Mexican, goes after the reward that Hardfist Hall has placed on the heads of the Outlawed Three!