

6 TOPPING BIKES & 20 MODEL STEAM LAUNCHES

MUST BE WON! (See Inside.)

EVERY TUESDAY. Week Ending March 22nd, 1930. No. 582 (New Series).

# The POPULAR



“THE CATTLE-LIFTERS!”

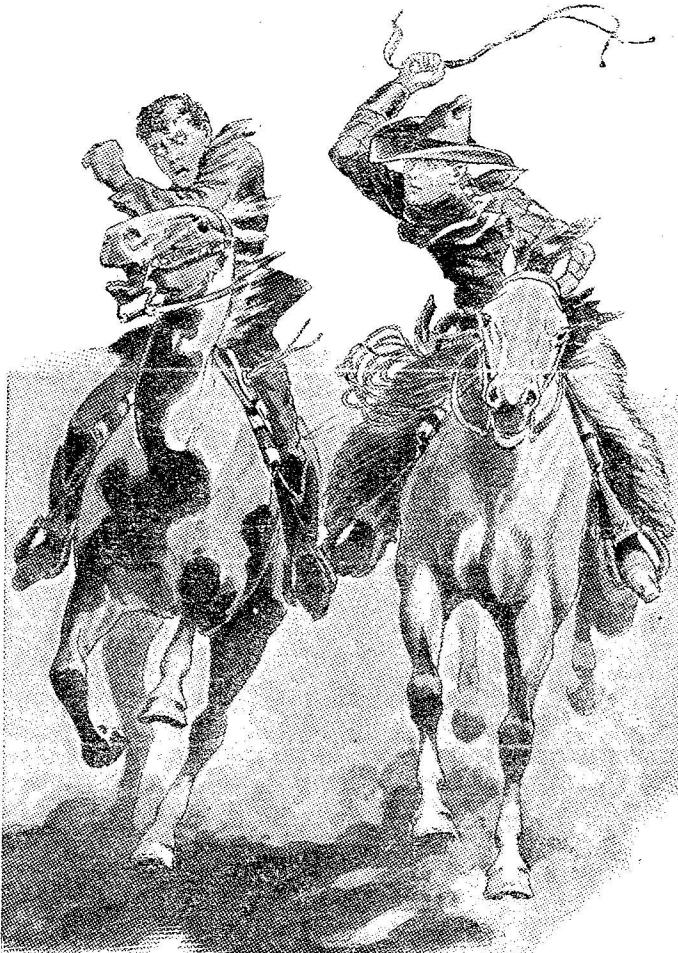
Something New and Original in Western  
Yarns - In this issue!

THE RIO KID VERSUS-

# THE CATTLE-LIFTERS!

BY  
Ralph Redway.

Sent to guard the cattle on the lonely ranges of the Bar-One Ranch, the Rio Kid, with cow-thieves abroad, finds his task full of perils and thrills!



### THE FIRST CHAPTER. The Kid Wants to Know!

**T**HE Rio Kid came out of the stockman's hut, in the fresh, dewy morning, with his saddle on his arm. He threw down the bar at the corral gate, and called to his horse. The mustang's whinny answered him, and Side-Kicker came up at a trot.

The Kid's brow was dark with thought as he saddled the grey mustang. It was not like the Kid to greet the morning with a worried brow. In his outlaw days, when he had ridden lonely trails by llano and chaparral, hunted by sheriffs and rangers, he had ridden with a light heart and a care-free face. And since he had been a member of the Bar-One bunch, in the Kicking Mule country, the Kid had found life good, and he was wont to turn out in the morning with a visage as cheery as any in the outfit. But on this especial morning the Kid looked as if he had a grouch against Fate.

Every day, since he had been posted on the outlying range at Pecan Spring, the Kid had ridden out at dawn, and ridden in at dark, his whole day filled by riding herd, with five hundred cows under his care. But now with his mustang saddled and ready, his foot in the stirrup, the Kid hesitated to mount and ride. He looked back at the stockman's hut, where Frank Sanderson was still in his bunk, and then his glance swept the wide, rolling prairie, that stretched away mile on mile in every direction, a boundless ocean of grass. If the Kid expected to see a horseman on the plains, he was disappointed. Nothing was to be seen save the waving grass, and distant moving dots, which told that the herds were stirring. In an absent way, the Kid stroked the glossy neck of his mustang, and Side Kicker whinnied softly, as if understanding that there was trouble on his master's mind. The Kid detached his spurred boot from the stirrup at last, and walked back to the doorway of the hut. He looked in.

Frank Sanderson was sitting up in his bunk, his eyes on the doorway. He started as he saw the Kid looking in, and a flush came over his face.

"I reckoned you was riding," he said. The Kid nodded.

"It's sure time for me to ride, Mister Frank, sir," he said. "But I guess you and me has got to chew the rag a piece afore I hit the trail."

"I guess there ain't nothing to chew the rag about," grunted the son of the boss of the Bar-One. "What's biting you?"

The Kid stepped into the hut.

The rancher's son eyed him uneasily. He made a motion with his hand towards the six-gun that hung over the side of the bunk, as if in anticipation of trouble. But if he had thought of grasping the gun, he changed his mind. He had learned already how quick the boy puncher was on the draw. No man on the Bar-One ranch, excepting Colonel Sanderson, knew that "Two-gun Carson" was in truth the Rio Kid, the boy outlaw of the Rio Grande. But every man on the ranch knew how he could handle a gun.

"I got to spill it, Mister Frank, sir," said the Kid, in the respectful tone he always used to the boss' son, scallywag as he was, and little as the Kid could respect him. "The boss sent you and me, sir, to this post at Pecan Spring, to ride herd together. I guess you ain't ridden herd none since we've been here, and I ain't got no kick coming; you're free to do as you want. But—"

"But what?" growled the scallywag of the Bar-One. "You're sure chewing the rag a whole lot, Two-gun."

"I guess I want to know," said the Kid quietly. "A few days ago, I rounded up Jas Cassidy and Mexican

Pete, blottin' brands—stealin' your father's cattle, over to Lizard Creek. You let them pizen polecats go, after I'd got them safe cinched. I guess it ain't no good denying it, sir. I'm wise to it, and so's the colonel, sure."

Frank Sanderson shrugged his shoulders.

"They was friends of mine, long ago," he said. "I wasn't going back on old friends, even if they was caught blottin' brands. So you can chew on that, and be darned to you. If you're aimin' to make trouble about that—"

"I ain't," said the Kid.

"Then what's biting you?" "Yesterday, while I was on the ranges, some guy horned in here," said the Kid.

"There ain't been nobody—"

"I guess I saw his Stetson when he was vamooseing, and there was his tracks left behind him," said the Kid patiently. "I don't know who that guy was, sir, but I know he was here sceeing you."

Sanderson drew in a deep breath. "Is that the whole lot?"

"It ain't!" said the Kid. "Last night, Mister Frank, when you thought I was asleep in my bunk, you got out, and was out for more'n an hour, and came sneaking back quiet, thinking I wasn't awake."

Sanderson started violently. "Dog-gone you, you was awake!" he ejaculated.

"I was, sir!" said the Kid. The rancher's son compressed his lips. THE POPULAR.—No. 532.

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"Well, what about it?" he said suddenly. "I couldn't sleep, and I took a walk round the corral. What about it?"

"Nothin', if that's all," answered the Kid. "But I guess that ain't the lot, sir. I got a powerful hunch that the man that horned in hyer yesterday was one of the brand-blottin' crowd—Jas Cassidy or Mexican Pete, mebber—"

"Is 'a lie!" muttered Sanderson. "And you offered to ride herd to-day, instead of me, for the first time since we've struck Pecan Spring," said the Kid; "and you refused to ride herd in company, like I said. And then you sneaked out at night—"

He paused. "Spill the rest," sneered Sanderson. "What you reckon you're getting at, you dog-goned gink?"

"I ain't sure of that, Mister Frank," said the Kid quietly. "But I don't need telling that there's some game on here—some darned gum-game—and I've got my eyes peeled. Looks to me like you're getting in cahoots with Jas Cassidy's crowd, and headin' for bad trouble. If Jas has struck this section, he's after cattle-stealin'. He's had to skip Kicking Mule, since the marshal got after him for brand-blottin'; but, I guess, once a cow-thief always a cow-thief, Mister Frank"—the Kid's voice and face were deeply earnest—"a game like that ain't good enough for the son of Colonel Sanderson, the whitest man in Kicking Mule. I guess it would break your father's heart, if he found that you was in cahoots with a crowd like that. Give it a miss, sir, if that's how it stands."

"That ain't how it stands," muttered Frank Sanderson. "I ain't seen nothing of Jas Cassidy since the day you roped him at Lizard Creek. I guess he's skipped the country, like everybody allows."

"Then who was it horned in here while I was riding range yesterday?" "Nobody. If any galoot rode this way, I never saw him," said the rancher's son stubbornly.

"And you never got out last night to speak to any guy that was hanging around for news?" asked the Kid.

"I sure did not." The Kid compressed his lips. "If you wasn't the son of the man I respect most in all Texas, you geek, I'd sure root you outer that bunk, and lay my quirt around you," he said. "It's a darned lie—and you ain't telling no darned lies for nothing. Don't touch that gun, you scallywag, or I'll fill you so full of holes you'd be useful for a colander. I'll tell the world, you're lying like a dog-goned Greaser. It ain't no use talking turkey to you, Frank Sanderson—you're a bad egg, you sure are. I'm going to tell you this—" The Kid made a step towards the bunk, and the rancher's son shrank back, eyeing him with mingled rage and fear. Standing beside the bunk, the Kid looked down at the evil face, scornfully. "I'm telling you this, Frank Sanderson—I'm here to ride herd over your father's cows, and to keep them safe for him—and if there's any cow-stealin' on this range, there's goin' to be shootin'—and if you're in cahoots with cow-thieves, and you come up agin my gun, it's you for the long range, if you was the boss' son ten times over. Chew on that, you lying scallywag."

And with that, the Rio Kid swung round on his heel, and tramped out of the stockman's hut.

The cowering man in the bunk flung a curse after him.

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Outside the hut, the Kid leaped into the saddle, and rode away with a jingle of bridle and spur.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Shot for Shot!

THE shot that came from the clump of pecans did not take the Rio Kid by surprise. A mile from the stockman's hut, riding out to the herd, the Kid passed within easy shot of the clump; and he noted the blue jay that fluttered restlessly over the branches. Something, the Kid figured, had scared the bird; and whatever had scared it, was still there, or the jay would have settled down again. It might be a crouching cougar, a crawling rattlesnake, a wandering coyote; but the Kid did not reckon that it was. The Kid reckoned that it was something human that had startled the blue jay out of the trees, and he was as watchful as a wildcat as he rode.

The flash of the rifle came, at a distance of fifty yards. The roar of the report followed; but ere it echoed across the plain, the Kid had slumped down from the saddle and dropped heavily in the grass.

From the pecans came a shout of triumph.

A dark-skinned man leaped up, and into view; a Mexican, whom the Kid would have recognised as Mexican Pete had he been looking at him. But the Kid lay in the thick grass, covered from sight, where he had fallen from his horse. Beside him, Side-Kicker neighed and whinnied, with a shrill, alarmed note.

"Muy bien!" chuckled Mexican Pete, grinning over his smoking rifle, in the direction of the riderless horse. "Tocos los Santos, it was easy! He is killed, por Dios!"

And the cow-thief ran swiftly across the intervening space, reloading his rifle as he ran. His dark face was full of triumph; his black eyes glittered gleefully.

Not till he was within a dozen paces of the Kid, did he see the fallen form, in the thick waving grass.

As he glimpsed it, lying there motionless close by the whinnying mustang, Mexican Pete halted, and put the rifle to his shoulder. His enemy had fallen at the first shot; but the brand-blotter was leaving nothing to chance; it was his intention to riddle the body with balls before he approached more closely. He did not know that "Two-gun" of the Bar-One was the Rio Kid; but he knew that he was too dangerous a hombre for chances to be taken with him.

But as the Mexican cow-thief's black eye gleamed along the rifle, there came the sudden roar of a six-gun from the spot where the puncher lay in the grass. "Caramba!" gasped the Mexican.

He staggered back, the rifle falling from his hands. He pitched blindly forward and fell.

The cow-thief lay groaning in the grass.

There was a heavy trampling of cowboy's riding-boots, and a Stetson showed against the sky. The Bar-one puncher was coming. The Mexican made a desperate effort to grasp the rifle; but his strength failed him, and he collapsed again with a groan. A moment more, and the Rio Kid stood over him, his six-gun, still smoking, levelled at the swarthy face of the cow-thief.

The black eyes of the Mexican burned with rage and hatred. The cool, smiling puncher, showed no sign of a wound. The shot from the pecans had

not touched him; Mexican Pete knew that now

"Say, hombre, you sure slipped up on that, a piece!" drawled the Rio Kid. "Why, you pesky skunk, I was looking for that shot ten minutes or more before you burned powder, and I reckoned I'd draw you outer cover and give you your medicine. And you sure got it."

The Kid picked up the rifle, smashed the lock under his heavy heel, and tossed the weapon away. The Mexican watched him with burning eyes. The Bar-One puncher took the revolver from the cow-thief's belt, and served it as he had served the rifle. Then he drew the long-bladed cuchillo from Mexican Pete's boot-leg, and snapped the blade under his boot. Having run his hands over the fallen cow-thief for concealed weapons, and found none, the Kid seated himself on a grassy knoll a few feet away from Mexican Pete, rested his six-gun on his knee, and eyed the ghastly face of the cow-thief coolly and scrutinisingly.

"I guess you're for the long range, Pete!" he said. "You got yours, you pesky son-of-a-gun! Anything to say afore you hit Jordan?"

"Caramba!"

"Aw, can it!" advised the Kid. "Don't I keep on telling you that cursing won't buy you anything? Say, where's Jas Cassidy?"

The Mexican made no answer.

"I guess that where you are, he ain't fur off," said the Kid. "I sure want to know where Jas Cassidy is; and what he's got to do with Frank Sanderson at the hut, hombre."

Mexican Pete started.

"That hits you, does it?" grinned the Kid. "You didn't figure that I was wise to that. Dog-gone you for a yellow Greaser, I'm wise to a good many things you ain't guessed. Say, I want to know."

"I will tell you nothing!" snarled Mexican Pete.

"I guess you'll think again," said the Kid pleasantly, "I'm sure a civil and polite guy when I'm stroked down; but when I get my mad up, I'm just one wildcat. Now, I guess you're hard hit, Mexican Pete—you got 'a Colt's slug in your chest, and if I mount my cayuse and ride, you'll be buzzards' meat afore noon. You want me to tie you up and stick you on your hoss, and give you a chance to hit a town and see a doc? I guess you got a hoss hidden in the pecans yonder. Shoot!"

The Mexican was silent.

"Or," said the Kid, in a tone of quiet, deadly menace, "you want me to burn powder agin, and blow your brains out afore you're left for the turkey buzzards? You only got to say."

He lifted the six-gun, and his eyes gleamed over it at the swarthy face of the cow-thief.

Mexican Pete shrank in the grass.

"Mercy, senior!" he panted. "I will speak! Give me my life—"

"I guess your pesky life ain't worth a cartridge," said the Kid contemptuously. "I'd sure hate to waste a Colt cartridge in blottin' out a coyote of your heft, I sure would. You talk turkey, you yellow polecat, and I'll let you live till some sheriff strings you up to a cottonwood. Where's Jas Cassidy?"

"Nombre de Dios! He is waiting at the mesa—northward of the stockman's hut—"

"I guess I know the place," assented the Kid, "and who's that cow-thief waiting for at the mesa?"

The Mexican hesitated. But the deadly gleam in the eyes that looked

at him over the long-barrelled Colt checked the lie on his lips.

"For the Senor Sanderson!" he muttered.

"Frank Sanderson?"

"Si, senior!"

"It was Jas that horned in at the hut yesterday to see that young scallywag?" asked the Kid.

"Si, senior!"

"And fixed it up with him to ride range alone to-day, leaving me in the hut?" said the Kid.

"Si!"

"And I guess he waited around to get the news if it was a cinch, and the scallywag sneaked out last night to tell him there was nothing to it, and that I'd be riding range to-day."

"Si!"

"And what's the big idea?" asked the Kid quietly. "Now Jas has been stopped brand-blottin', and has had to skip out of Kicking Mule, he's takin' to runnin' cows, is he? And young Frank Sanderson is in cahoots with him to run his father's cows?"

"Si, senior!"

"I guess I figured it out suthin' that-a-way," said the Kid. "And they fixed

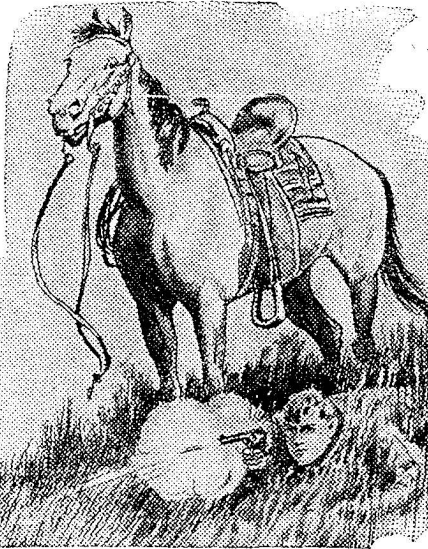
"In the pecans, senior, tied to a tree." The Kid called to Side-Kicker, mounted the mustang, and rode away to the pecan belt, from which Mexican Pete had fired on him. He came back in a few minutes leading a saddled cow-pony.

"I guess you ain't worth the trouble, Greaser!" growled the Kid. "But I said I'd tie you up, if you talked, and I'll sure do it!"

"Gracias—"

"Aw, quit it!" snapped the Kid.

There came the roar of a six-gun and the Mexican staggered back.



He knelt by the wounded cow-thief and bandaged his wound. Then, exerting his strength, he lifted the Mexican to the saddle of the cow-pony.

"I guess," said the Kid, "that you got a chance. You don't want to hit Kicking Mule—I reckon you'd be shot up or strung up in that burg. You want to hit south for Apache Creek—you'll find a doctor there. You got a chance to pull through—more'n you deserve, you pesky, all-fired, cow-stealin' coyote! And, say," added the Kid grimly, "I'm goin' all out for the mesa on the northern feedin' ground, and if I don't find Jas Cassidy there, I'm riding after you, hell-for-leather, and I guess I'll get you! You savvy?"

"Por todos los Santos, senior—" "Aw, can it!"

The Kid leaped on Side-Kicker, and rode away to the north. The Mexican cow-thief, sagging in the saddle, with a ghastly face, rode southward. The Rio Kid gave him no further thought. Whether he lived to reach the cow-town or not, he was out of the game, and the Bar-One puncher had no further concern with him. The Kid touched his mustang with the quirt, and rode northward at a furious gallop.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.  
At Close Quarters!

"DOG-GONE it!" the Rio Kid muttered, as he came in sight of the mesa. "Dog-gone it! I guess this gets my goat a few! The pesky scallywag!"

His suspicions of the scallywag of the Bar-One had been strong and deep, and what the Mexican cow-thief had be-

trayed had confirmed what he suspected. Frank Sanderson, the worthless son of the whitest man in Texas, was in cahoots with Jas Cassidy, hand-in-glove with the cattle-thief to run off Bar-One herds.

So far as Jas was concerned, the Kid had no doubts. It would be gun-play as soon as he sighted the cattle-lifter, and either Jas or the Kid would be left on the prairie for the buzzards and the coyotes. But Frank Sanderson was a problem. The wretched waster and gambler, penniless after his last jamboree at Kicking Mule, with no prospect of raising fresh funds for dissipation save by working as a cow-puncher on the ranch, had thrown in his lot with the cattle thieves. But he was still the son of Colonel Sanderson, the Kid's boss—the boss who had treated the Kid like a white man, and earned his undying gratitude. How he was to deal with Frank Sanderson was a problem to the Kid which he had not solved when the mesa came in sight across the rolling prairie, against the sunny sky.

Beyond the mesa was the feeding-ground of a section of the Pecan Spring herd—two hundred of the five hundred head that were in the Kid's charge—and in Frank Sanderson's charge. The herd on the southern range, no doubt, would have been driven off by Mexican Pete, had he succeeded in getting the Kid. The Kid reckoned that the cattle-thieves had aimed to make a clean sweep at Pecan Spring. And he reckoned, too, that he was going to put "paid" to it. The mesa rose larger and larger to his view, as he galloped on, Side-Kicker stretching his wiry limbs to their utmost speed. The Kid came abreast of the mesa at last, and galloped along its rugged side. Now the rolling plain north of it was in his view, and the plain was dusty with the tramp of a herd in motion.

The cow-thieves had the cattle on the run, and on the wind the cracking of quirts came to the Kid's ears as he rode. Amid the dust raised by eight hundred hoofs of cattle, he discerned the figures of two horsemen—and he knew that one was Jas Cassidy, the other the boss's son.

He gave Side-Kicker a touch of the spur, and the mustang leaped on. The dust of the trampling herd came down the wind, with the cracking of the quirts that urged the stolen cattle onward towards the distant hills. But it was long miles to the range of hills for which the cattle-lifters were aiming. The stolen cattle were never likely to reach them, unless the cow-thieves got the upper hand of the Kid.

The roar of a six-gun, from amid the dust of the herd, told the Kid that he had been seen.

He set his teeth, and galloped on, a six-gun in either hand now, guiding Side-Kicker with his knees.

Frank Anderson was on the right of the rolling herd, Jas Cassidy on the left. It was to the left that the Kid

rode, aiming to deal first with the brand-blotter who had turned outlaw and cattle-lifter.

Across the heaving backs of the trampling cows they exchanged shots, the lead flying wild from the haste and movement.

Jas Cassidy, his hard, bearded face set with rage, dragged in his broncho, and faced round at the Kid.

"You or me, dog-gone you!" he shouted hoarsely.

"You've said it!" muttered the Kid grimly.

The cow-thief came charging towards him, firing as he came. Bang, bang, bang! roared the six-gun in the cow-thief's hand.

A bullet clipped the brim of the Kid's Stetson, and spun it on his head; another cut a streak in his sunburnt cheek. But the Kid, silent and grim, held his fire till he was within easy shooting, and then his six-gun roared—once.

Jas Cassidy fired again, but his gun was sinking in a nerveless hand as he pulled the trigger. Backwards over the tail of his broncho he went, to crash into the grass amid the lumbering cows.

From the fallen man came one fearful cry; and then the trampling hoofs were over him, trampling every vestige of life from him. The bellowing cows trampled on, leaving behind them that at which the Kid, iron-nerved as he was, did not care to look.

Through the dust of the herd lead was whistling. The Kid wheeled his mustang. Frank Sanderson was firing on him—firing with a white and desperate face. But the hand that held the six-gun was shaking; the bullets flew wild and wide. The Kid drove his way through the lumbering cows towards the rancher's son.

He dashed up to the rancher's son, gun lifted.

"Drop that Colt, you pizen skunk!"

Frank Sanderson's gun went to the earth with a crash. The Kid drew in his mustang beside him.

"You pizen polecat!" he said, between his teeth. "You dog-goned, pizen scallywag! If you wasn't the boss' son, I'd sure make it last sickness for you, and send you where Jas Cassidy has gone. Dog-gone you, I guess it would be doing the boss a service to wipe you out!"

Sanderson answered with a curse. "I ain't shooting you up!" said the Kid savagely. "I reckon if the boss knowed you was double-crossing him he wouldn't blame me none. But I guess I got to let you live, dog-gone you! It sure gets my goat a whole lot, but I got to let you live!"

The Kid glanced round at the herd. The cows, already excited by the hurried drive, and now scared by the shooting, were breaking into a wild stampede.

With a thunder of hoofs, the herd swept away across the prairie. And at the sight of the stampede the Kid forgot everything but that he was a cowman with cows in charge. He turned to Sanderson again, waving his hand towards the herd.

"I guess them cows is stampeding!" he shouted. "You got to help me round them up, and get them back to the range. I guess if they scatter we'll lose half the herd. You get me?"

Sanderson gritted his teeth. "Round them up yourself, darn you!" he snarled.

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"You got to help round them up, you cur!" snapped the Kid. "You hear me talking—you got to help drive them cows in!"

"Forget it!" snarled Sanderson.

The Kid had holstered his guns. He gripped his quirt, and rode closer to Frank Sanderson. The heavy whip was raised and it came down with a crash across the back of the rancher's son.

With a yell, the scallywag of the Bar-One spurred his pinto away. The Kid rode after him savagely, the heavy quirt rising and falling in a succession of blows. The rancher's son cowered and howled under the cracking lashes of the leather.

"Let up!" he yelled. "Let up, dog-gone you! I guess I'll do as you want! Let up!"

The Kid, breathing hard, lowered the quirt.

"Now ride for it, you dog!"

The Kid, without another word or look, dashed after the thundering herd. And the scallywag of the Bar-One, cowed and beaten, rode as he was ordered.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Play Up!

**T**WO weary horsemen—even the iron-limbed Kid weary to the bone—trailed down to the stockman's hut in the sinking sunlight. They were weary with incessant riding; their horses were weary; even Side-Kicker's gallant head drooped.

But weary as the Rio Kid was, there was satisfaction in his face. The man beside him, too worn down by fatigue even to scowl or curse, sagged in his saddle, lurching to every stride of the pinto.

The stampeding herd had been rounded up, and driven back to their pasture. Not more than a dozen cows had escaped into the trackless plains; and even those strays, the Kid reckoned, he would rope in later.

At the door Frank Sanderson fell rather than dismounted from his pinto, and staggered into the hut. He did not trouble to turn his horse into the corral; he staggered to his bunk and threw himself upon it and lay still, aching with fatigue, careless even of hunger and thirst.

The Kid led both horses to the corral and put up the bar. Then he walked into the hut, dead tired, but far from sinking under fatigue as the scallywag had done.

He jammed wood into the iron stove and lighted the fire. Bacon in thick slices was soon sizzling in the frying-pan, filling the hut with an appetising scent.

Frank Sanderson lay unheeding. But when the meal was cooked the Kid carried a plate of bacon and beans to the bunk, and placed it there; and the rancher's son, sitting up, ate ravenously. The Kid, sitting by the stove, ate his supper with keen appreciation; he, like his companion, had tasted nothing since breakfast.

After feeding, Frank threw himself down again, and either slept or appeared to sleep. The Kid, leaning back on the wall, rested his eyes on the last red of the sunset through the open doorway. From the distance came the lowing of cattle.

The Kid had time to think now. Until the herd was safe he had had no time for that. The bounden duty of the cowman came before everything else.

The night came on darkly. Stars

came out in the sky, glimmering over the shadowy plains.

Sanderson did not move. Fatigue chained him down; it was likely that he would not stir till morning, if then. But the Kid, when he had rested, rose and left the hut; and, taking a fresh horse from the corral, he mounted and rode. The cattle were in an uneasy mood, and the herd required care, and there was little sleep for the Kid that night, worn as he was.

For long hours, under the glistening stars, the Kid rode round the herds, north and south. It was drawing near to morning when he came back to the stockman's hut.

Frank Sanderson still lay, inert, as he had been left. The Kid gave him a glance, and threw himself on his own bunk.

He slept for a couple of hours and turned out with the sun streaming in at the chinks of the hut. He threw the door wide open to the fresh morning breeze.

Not till he had made breakfast did he call the rancher's son. Frank Sanderson turned out of his bunk then, with a black brow and a sullen face, still stiff and weary.

He lounged to the doorway, and stood leaning on a post, lighting a cigar. His eyes were furtively on the Kid.

"What you aim to do?" he asked suddenly.

The Kid shook his head. "I sure don't rightly know," he answered. "I'm beat to a frazzle! You got me guessing, feller!"

"If you aim to tell my father, I guess I'm riding this morning—and I ain't riding back to the Bar-One!" muttered Frank.

The Kid shook his head again.

"How can I tell the boss that his son is a thief and a cattle-lifter?" he snapped. "It would break his heart if he knew. I guess I'm giving you a chance, feller. You're a bad egg—a durned bad egg—and I reckon if the boss knew he'd quirt you off'n the ranch. But I ain't spilling the beans—not if you go straight about this! Jas Cassidy sure can't talk about it—he's gone over the range—and I guess Mexican Pete ain't likely to horn into Kicking Mule country again. You run straight Frank Sanderson, and I'll give you a chance to make good."

The Kid rose from the stool.

"Now saddle up!" he said. "I ain't riding range," said the scallywag sullenly.

"Guess again!" said the Kid coolly. "You been loafing ever since we came up to Pecan Spring and it sure ain't done you any good. You gotta quit loafing. You're riding range every day from now on, under my eye; and I'm goin' to see that you do a full day's work every day, like you was a real man—with my quirt. Got that?"

Sanderson eyed him.

"And if I don't—"

"I guess I still got my quirt," said the Kid grimly. "If you make me use it on you, feller, you'll sure be sorry. You got to be a man, while you're riding herd with me, or you got to take your medicine! There ain't no two ways about it—you got to play up!"

And when the Kid rode out to the herd in the fresh morning the Scallywag of the Bar-One rode with him.

THE END.

(Next week's Western adventure-thriller is entitled: "THE KID'S SACRIFICE!")

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## 20 MODEL STEAM LAUNCHES (Supplied by Messrs. Hobbies).



### ALL PRIZES MUST BE WON—ENTER NOW!

Now then, you fellows, here's something both new and really attractive in competitions for you. See that you don't miss it—for in a few short weeks, winners **MUST** be found for all these topping prizes, and remember, *one of those winners might be you!* Also, there is nothing at all to pay—so come along, gather round, and start winning **NOW!**

You will find the competition as easy as it is attractive. All you have to do is to solve a few sets of simple silhouette puzzles such as you see here. This is Set 1, and you will notice that the artist has drawn the silhouettes of nine ordinary, well-known objects. In some cases, he has taken unusual views of them, and that makes them all the more interesting.

Take the first "shadow" for instance; after looking at it for a moment, you will realise that it is an **ELEPHANT**, seen head on, and so we have filled that answer in for you. In the same way, see if you can solve the other eight puzzles. They are all equally easy, but in case you have any difficulty with them, we give on page 14 the Full List of Objects in which you can find the name of every object shadowed throughout the entire contest.

As you recognise each object, write the name of it **IN INK** in the space provided underneath. Then cut out this set and keep it until next week, when the second set will appear. The competition will last for four weeks in all, and, with the final set, will be given full directions for the sending in of your entries.

You can find all the answers in the list on page 14.

## "Shadographs" Set 1

## RULES

(which must be strictly adhered to).

The Six Splendid "Mead" Cycles will be awarded to the six readers whose solutions of the four sets of "Shadographs" are correct or most nearly correct, the Twenty Model Motor-Boats following in order of merit.


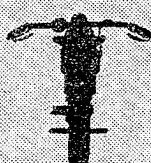

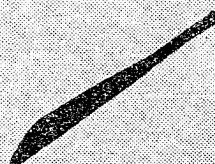

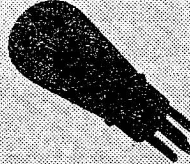



In the event of ties, the Editor reserves the right to divide the value of the prizes as he thinks fit, but no competitor may receive more than one prize. The Editor's decision will be final and binding. You may send in as many attempts as you like, but only complete attempts made out **IN INK** on the "Shadographs" Sets Nos. 1 to 4, inclusive, for each attempt, will be considered.

Only one name may be written under each picture. Entries mutilated or bearing alterations or alternative solutions will be disqualified. No correspondence will be allowed. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no responsibility can be taken for entries lost, or mislaid, or delayed in the post or otherwise.

Employees of the proprietors of THE POPULAR and of "Modern Boy," whose readers are also taking part, must not compete.



Fill in Your Answers  
**IN INK** and keep the  
Set by you until Next  
Week's Puzzles  
Appear.

 ELEPHANT.	 2	 3
 4	 5	 6
 7	 8	 9